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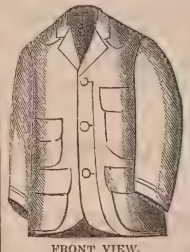
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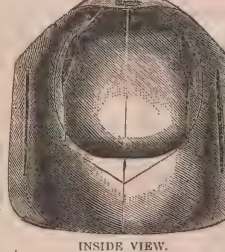
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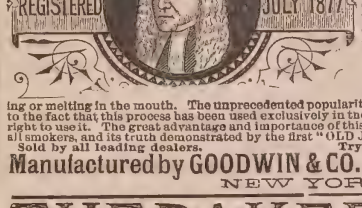
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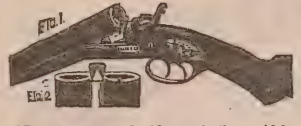
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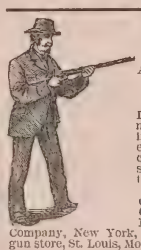
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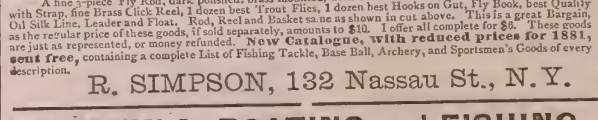


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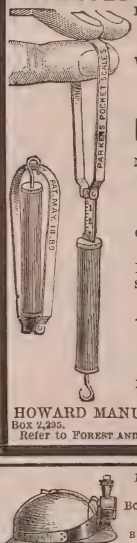
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1881.

A GROWING INTEREST.

THE present number of this journal, which is the first of our sixteenth volume, contains more matter than any of the 390 issues which have preceded it. A more compact type has been adopted in several of the departments, whereby an additional amount of reading, equivalent to two pages, is furnished every week.

This is substantially an enlargement of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Such a step has been made imperative because of the broadening of our field and consequent greatly increased demand upon our space. It has been found impossible to compress into the space at our command the contributions sent to us each week by our friends, and we have therefore determined to increase the amount of matter furnished to our readers.

In the initial announcement of this journal, seven years ago, it was stated as the aim of its projectors to make it "a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other." That purpose has been accomplished. The columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are to day the recognized repository of all that pertains to legitimate field sports. Its correspondents represent every State and Territory in the Union and every Province of Canada. The FOREST AND STREAM has gathered its riches from the uttermost parts of the earth. During the past year we have published letters from Alaska and from South Africa, from Russia and Australasia.

The diversity of professions and occupations represented by those who read the paper and contribute to its columns affords a suggestive commentary upon the very general interest taken in the pursuits of the rod and gun. Men of all classes and of all occupations read the paper and contribute, each one his mite, to add to the general fund of good things which we offer to the great constituency which it reaches.

The departments of the FOREST AND STREAM are now confined strictly to the specialties represented in the table of contents. It is the only paper in the world devoted exclusively to these subjects, and presents more reading of a sterling character on each one of these topics than has ever been attempted by any other journal of field sports.

The editorial policy of the FOREST AND STREAM is guided by the single purpose to advance the interests of its constituents by contending for that which is in accord with genuine sportsmanship. The paper is honest, independent and fearless. It claims and will always exercise the right of exposing the pretension of a dangerous fraud when it becomes cognizant of it; and if in the pursuit of such a policy bitter opposition is provoked, there is yet the satisfaction which ever attends the discharge of duty and the knowledge that by a manly course we have gained the increased respect of our patrons.

The paper has no secondary interests to serve. It will not permit its columns to be used for bolstering up the sale of injurious articles, nor is it paid to advance any one strain of dogs to the front.

We make here a kindly acknowledgment of the innumerable and courteous expressions of good will and esteem which come to us in our mails. We try to deserve such expressions, and to have the good will of all men. We strive to treat all alike and all well. We may sometimes, in attacking a principle, be unable to separate it from the individual who represents it, but we have always endeavored to keep the personal element out of our columns.

In providing these increased facilities the expenses of publishing the FOREST AND STREAM have been largely augmented. The change is our earnest that we mean to keep abreast of the times. Whether or not the publishers are justified in assuming this expense will depend altogether upon how the change is appreciated and substantially indorsed by the fraternity of American sportsmen.

REVISION OF THE PACIFIC COAST SALMONIDÆ.

WE recently had the pleasure of meeting Prof. D. S. Jordan in the basement of the Smithsonian Institution where he was arranging and labeling his recent valuable collection of Pacific coast fishes, and the conversation naturally turned to the vexed question of the number of species of the numerous salmon family of that region. Many of our readers are aware that some thirty or more species were described by the earlier workers in this field who gave distinct names to the different sexes and ages, to say nothing of naming skins and specimens which could not readily be placed anywhere in their already full list. Later workers have had the advantage of a great number of specimens, and it is a fact worthy of note that in this last revision Prof. Jordan and Dr. Bean working from different points have arrived at the same conclusions.

There are five salmons, four trouts and one red-spotted trout on the Pacific coast. Suckley's name *Oncorhynchus* (hook-jaw) will stand as the generic name of all the salmons. The name *Salmo*, of Linnæus, will be the generic name of the four black-spotted trouts, and *Salvelinus*, Richardson, the generic name of the red-spotted one.

The salmons are: The "King salmon," *Oncorhynchus chouycha* (a Russian name pronounced chow-e-cha), formerly *O. quinnat*, it having been found that the fish to which the Indian name *quinnat* was applied is identical with the *chouycha* formerly described by some Russian naturalist under this name.

"Silver salmon," *O. kisutch.*

The "Dog salmon," *O. keta.*

The "Hump-backed salmon," *O. gorbusha.*

The "Red salmon," *O. kennerlyi.* This latter fish is now known to be identical with the famous "Red fish of Idaho," as specimens were received by Prof. Jordan directly from our correspondent, Capt. Bendire, whose articles on the red fish attracted so much attention from our readers. It is also the "red fish" of Alaska, and identical with the *O. nerka* of Walbaum, which is merely the grilse form of it. The vastly different appearance of the not uncomely female from her slab-sided, hideous mate is certainly an excuse for the mistake of former investigators in making two species of them, the female being fat and fair, while none but a dog or a starved Indian would touch the famished, fiendish looking males. The male grilse of this species bears little resemblance to his respected parent, and so he was given a distinct cognomen.

The black-spotted trouts are: "Mountain trout," *Salmo purpuratus*; "Steel head," *S. gairdneri*; the "Rio Grande trout," *S. spilurus*; and the "Rainbow," or "California trout" *S. iridens.* The single red-spotted trout is the "Dolly Varden," *Salvelinus malma.*

It will come hard to write *chouycha* instead of *quinnat*, to which our fishculturists have so long been acdustomed, but if science says that the fishes are the same and that the Russian name was first given, of couse *quinnat* must be relegated to a synonym and we must sneeze out *chow-e-cha—ca-chew!*

THE REFRIGERATOR AGAIN.

AT the meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association to-morrow night, the proposed amendments of the New York game law will be brought before the members for their indorsement.

Among the amendments talked of by the committee, having the revision in charge, is one which will allow game killed in season and stored in refrigerators to be sold out of season.

We have already pointed out the pernicious working of such a law. It is not necessary to rehearse the arguments now. The views expressed by this journal have been indorsed by individual sportsmen and game clubs throughout the State. The opposition aroused is serious, active and determined. Out of deference to this decided and unequivocal disapproval of the vast majority of clubs composing the State Association, and for the sake of reasonable game protection, it is to be hoped that this amendment may not even be brought before the association to-morrow night.

If it is presented the Long Island Sportsmen's Association will gain for itself credit throughout the State and country by refusing to sanction it.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.—With the January number the *American Journal of Science* begins the twenty-first volume of its third series. As for many years in the past, so now it is the first authority on matters of science in this country, and yields to no periodical in the world in importance and value in its own field.

The *Journal* was founded in 1818, by Professor Silliman, and as the scope of scientific research has since that time been growing wider and wider, the influence wielded by this monthly has been constantly increasing. It ended its first series of fifty volumes as a quarterly in 1845, and its second series of fifty volumes as a two-monthly in 1870, since which it has been issued as a monthly. The twelve numbers of the year make up two volumes of 480 pages each. Among its contributors are numbered all the leading workers in science in this country and many of the best minds among European investigators.

The January *Journal* contains an important article by Professor Loomis, entitled Contributions to Meteorology, illustrated by three plates; an account of the Albany Granite of New Hampshire and its Contact Phenomena, by G. W. Hawes; Theory of the Constitution of the Sun, by Charles S. Hastings; Review of Professor Hall's Devonian fossils of New York, by Charles Barrois; Earthquake at the Philippine Islands of July, 1880, and other papers. The miscellany contains as usual a great amount of new and interesting matter.

WESTERN RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—It is proposed for the encouragement of long-range shooting in the West to organize a Western Rifle Association, with headquarters either at Chicago or Milwaukee. By all means let us have such that our shooters at Creedmoor may be able at last to find out and meet the long-talked, but rather mythical marksman of the prairies. Nothing would please the Eastern riflemen more than a real East vs. West contest, and even in the Wilwaukee Rifle Club there are a sufficient number of long-range experts to make up a good team; but all the time let it be borne in mind that we have a "National Rifle Association of America."

MODESTY WOULD BE BECOMING in a young and inexperienced editor, but we do not always look for it in older men. "Virginianus," who writes of pipes and smoking, is a veteran editor and should therefore have no hesitation about seeing his name in print; but he forbids our publishing it, even in acknowledgment of the box of curiously carved and

fantastic briar-wood pipes, which he gathered, whittled out with his own jack-knife and sent to the editorial corps of the FOREST AND STREAM. The essay, in another column, will be appreciated by all who have shared the calm pleasures of a smoke about the camp-fire at night.

UNSIGNED CONTRIBUTIONS.—Some of our correspondents are notified that they are only wasting time, postage and stationery by forwarding to this office anonymous or pseudonymous contributions. We have not the slightest wish to print the names of those who, when writing to us, desire to conceal their identity, but we must have those names if their letters are to appear.

This statement may well explain to a number of correspondents why their unsigned letters have not appeared, and to a number of seekers after knowledge why their questions have not been answered.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GAME COMMISSIONERS.—In our notice of the Maine system of game protection, we might have mentioned the fact which is familiar to our readers, that this was the first State to adopt the plan of adding the protection of game to the other duties of her fish commissioners. Messrs. Webber, Hayes and Powersan, are the members of the present very efficient commission.

THE flight of a rifle ball is a subject concerning which we have had of late many inquiries. The excellent paper by Maj. H. W. Merrill on another page is a revision of an article on the same topic, contributed by him to this paper some years ago. In its present shape it embodies the results of recent studies by the author, and is a most valuable exposition of the principles involved.

THE PISTOL TOURNAMENT.—To lovers of pistol shooting the tournament now in progress at Conlin's gallery, 1,222 Broadway, will prove an immensely interesting exhibition. Every variety of shooting with the petty arm may be seen, and the man who comes out victor in the several tests would prove a very uncomfortable antagonist under the code.

OUR KENNEL NOTES are a good index of how the FOREST AND STREAM stands among dog men. We publish to-day a column and a half of them, set in the smallest type and solid. The weekly average is greater than that ever attempted by any other paper in the world. Owners and breeders of dogs are invited to register their notes in our columns.

OUR CAPE TOWN CORRESPONDENT, Mr. E. B. Biggar, concludes this week his graphic picture of ostrich farming in South Africa. We hope that at some future time he may supplement these papers with a further description of life in that far off land.

WE publish elsewhere a report of the second day's proceedings of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, and have made arrangements to print the full minutes of the meeting as early as Secretary Riney can furnish them to us.

WE HAVE RECEIVED the circular of the Petersburg Fish and Game Protective Association, of whose admirable method of work we shall speak further.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Theo. Morford, of Newton, N. J., has gone to Florida where he will spend several weeks.

AMONG the callers at this office the past week was Mr. J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, Ill

The Sportsman Tourist.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN VIRGINIA.

OUR old stand-bys, Dash and Cora, were comfortably coiled up sleeping on the rug in front of a roaring old-fashioned wood fire, only giving signs of life occasionally by a nervous twitching of the muscles, and hysterical little yelps as they dreamed, perhaps, of "ole hars" jumping from under their very noses, then suddenly remembering the rawhide whip, which in their younger days, before they had learned discretion, so often impressed upon their minds that "Mollie Cottontails" were game for hounds but not for bird dogs. The lesson had been well learned, and now, except maybe in their dreams, both dogs treat such temptations with, at least, pretended contempt. My friend Tom and myself sat smoking our cigars, with our legs stretched over the dogs, toasting our feet by the fire in his cosy bachelor quarters, discussing the prospect of fall shooting and kindred subjects so dear to the heart of sportsmen.

After a meditative silence of several minutes, Tom broke the spell with "What say you, Charlie, to going out to Brown's to-morrow and trying the quail?"

This struck right home, and I replied, "I'm with you, old fellow," as the terrapin said to my pointer pup when it caught him by the paw.

At once there began an examination of necessary outfit; hunting-shoes, leggi s, dog-whips, spurs, riding-whips, powder-cans, shot-bags etc., were soon scattered in endless confusion about the room. The dogs, roused from their slumbers, were frisking about smelling game-bags, guns, etc., knowing it all meant fun for them as well as us. "Down, Dash, you rascal, if you don't stop chawing up that whip I'll break every bone in your body. You, Cora, charge. Tom, you must put these dogs out, or I shall be slobbered all over, and the only clothes I have with me fit for civilized society will be ruined. By the way, have you a needle and thread with which I can sew up this rip in my corduroy pants?" After putting the dogs out, we succeeded in getting everything ready for an early start.

Next morning we were up at 5 o'clock; breakfast was waiting. After a hot cup of coffee and some nice buckwheat cakes and sausage, we found our horses awaiting us at the door. We mounted and whistled for the dogs, who answered our call with a series of yelps and barks, plainly telling their distress at finding an eight-foot board fence between them and us. Dash, however, did succeed in getting over the top of it, just as old "Aunt Roxy" opened the gate, and was knocked flat by the rush of insuppressibles from within. The old woman picked herself up, exclaiming: "Lor', Mars Tom, dat ole fool dog Dan done most toe my clocs off; and dat ole mean musk-rat puppy done step his ole foot in my eye, and kicked my mouf full ob rocks." I had to dismount to assist "Aunt Roxy," and get the dogs we did not want to "carry" with us, back into the yard. We decided to take Dash, Cora and a ten-month puppy, "Bang," with us. Bang had been hunted several times, was of good stock and pretty well broken, but very hard-headed. On several previous occasions he had shown promise of making a remarkably fine dog.

Just after light, as the ruddy glow in the East proclaimed sunrise near at hand, and a clear day, we started at a brisk pace, with a cold, nor'-west wind in our faces, that brought tears to our eyes, and soon filled our beards with icicles and our checks with color that art would find it hard to imitate. The ardor of our dogs made it hard to keep them "to heel," every piece of stubble and every inviting "branch" we passed were temptations hard for them to resist. After riding about four miles we came to a fine stubble field of about two acres. The road at this point being sufficiently elevated to command a view of nearly all the field, we did not dismount but put the dogs in. Dash and Cora started around the field in opposite directions. Bang ranging out finely in the middle, when suddenly he came to a stiff point. Being afraid he would not stand very long, we dismounted, but before we got over the fence up went a lark just in front of him, and he started after it as if heaven and earth depended on his catching that bird. However, at a sharp command from me he came in cringing and begging, well knowing what to expect. Two or three sharp taps with the whip, and the command "Take care, sir," toned him down. He soon saw Dash and Cora both working slowly up a little hollow and started for them as if he had a whole fourth of July celebration tied to his tail. No command would he heed. No vision of raw-hide was before his eyes, only his uncontrollable ambition that his nostrils might sniff the first scent of the birds governed his actions, and I feared the result. But my fears were vain; just as he got half way to the other dogs he suddenly wheeled to the right, going with head up, cautiously, yet fast, to the head of the hollow, where he "froze" stiff and rigid as a statue cut out of stone. We hastened up to him, the two old dogs following at our heels, "back standing" all the way. When we got to the puppy Dash made a detour and pointed on the other side. This excited Bang and he started, but at command "charged" close. Whirr, whirr; up went the birds, and away went Bang after them full tilt. Both old dogs charged at shot where they were. We killed four birds. Tom one with each barrel, and I two with my first, but missing my second through my annoyance at Bang. He came back, after having his run, and took his thrashing with philosophical stoicism. The covey flew to a dense pine thicket. We followed them, making Bang stay close to my heels. I killed one bird in the pines, over Cora's point, and missed three, two of which Tom killed. We then remounted and rode until we came to a pea patch and small oat stubble, in the edge of which we found a small covey, only killing two on the rise, though I feathered my second bird so badly that I concluded to follow it. Some 300 yards in the woods Cora pointed; Dash ran in, got the dead bird and brought it to me. We were unable to mark the others, so left them. On our way back to the horses, Bang pointed a rabbit in its bed, and when it started he started to chase it, but timely remembrance of consequences stopped him at my first command. In a little piece of springy ground through which we passed Cora pointed a woodcock which I shot.

Our next stop was at Capt. Brown's, where we were met by a little bow-legged "yellow nigger," with a head big enough for two Daniel Websters. After he had "carried" our horses to the stable, I asked, "What is your name, my worthy son of Ham?" "Lor' goodness! Mars Charlie, has you done forgot Washington Clay Brown, what tote the dinner, an all de ole hars las time you an Mars Joe was heah?" "Well! well! well! I declare, Washington, I did almost forget you; you 'done' grown so handsome; where is Capt. Brown?" "Mars Brown done gone to mill wid a turn of corn; I reckon he be back bout a hour, an be mighty glad to see you gemmen."

Just then we heard some one pulling down the draw-bars, and looked around; there was the captain in all his glory of six feet two, and 238 pounds avcirdupois. "Dad bone my buttons, but that is a powerful good-looking pup," said the captain, and continued, "Well, I am mighty glad, for certain, to see you all. Go into the house by the fire." We needed no second invitation, and were soon seated in the sitting room with a plate of apples and decanter of blackberry brandy by us on the table; the children beginning to climb all over us, and Mrs. Brown telling us how many fine chickens she had lost by the hawks, when, followed by his black setter, in walked the captain, carrying his old muzzle-loader, barrel in one hand and stock in the other. He pulled some tow out from behind the old-fashioned clock and proceeded to wipe out his gun. In less than half an hour we were again in the field. The captain knowing the location of every covey, we found plenty of birds, starting seventeen coveys during the day, all of them except one going to thick cover at first flight. One covey, however, scattered nicely in an open field of broom straw, and I verily believe we got the last one of them, Cora working fast and splendidly on single birds, in spite of old age. The puppy got some good points, and after his whipping in the morning worked well. But Cora, with her years of experience, was too quick for all the other dogs to get many points. All three of our dogs twice pointed separate single birds, the captain's dog back-standing. Washington Clay B. accompanied us all day on horseback "to tote de dinner and de game." When the sun was about "half an hour" high, we instructed him to proceed home by a short cut, and have our horses and things ready for an immediate start when we came. Old Cora was pretty well broken down and limping badly, so we started home. As we were crossing a log over a "branch," Tom being nearly across, and I, just with one foot on the log, looked down, and there was Bang right in the branch under the log pointing. I was tangled in blackberry briars, so I called to Tom to look out, when up went one bird from sight under our feet, and flew over my head back of me. Tom wheeled where he stood on the log, and fired both barrels. He missed the bird, but fell flat on his back, full length in the water. As it was almost freezing we did not waste much time into getting the house. There we found a nice warm supper of the best the country afforded prepared for us.

After allowing Tom time to change his wet suit for a dry one of the captain's, the sleeves and ankles having to be turned up some three inches, we fell to and demolished our share of the eatables. Upon counting up we found our bag to contain forty-seven quail, one woodcock and seven rabbits, shot by Tom and myself. We took an after-supper smoke, and bid our genial captain and his wife good-bye, mounted our horses, and were soon galloping toward home. Poor old Cora was so tired that I had to let her ride in my lap to town, where we arrived in good bedtime. On the way we made up another hunt for the following week, at a place where we knew we could get some fine turkey shooting as well as plenty of quail.

BEDFORD.

TROUTING IN THE VALE OF ARNO.

BOSTON, Jan. 8, 1881.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

THE following incident apropos of snakes eating fish may seem to you worth putting on record. In the summer of 1863, I made a pedestrian tour with three friends through the Tuscan Appenines, and for three or four days enjoyed the hospitality of the Monks of Camaldoli. This celebrated monastery is situated on the western slope of the main ridge of the Appenines, and at that time was one of the richest and most prosperous of the religious fraternities. The convent owned large farms on the slopes, and in the fertile bottom lands of the Val d' Arno, which literally overflowed with corn, wine and oil. The upper regions of their land was kept as forest and was celebrated for the size and quality of its pines, on the judicious cutting of which by no means a small part of the Monks large revenues depended. I remember being shown the stumps of four huge trees that had been cut and shipped to the East to be used as columns for some mosque. I should be afraid to state my recollection of what the diameter of the largest was, but we were told, and readily believed, that a party of travelers who were visiting the monastery danced a quadrille on the flat stump of one of them.

By-the-bye a most striking proof of the benefit of wise protection of forest lands is to be seen there. That part which is owned by the monastery has been kept in wood, especially on the steep heights, and the openings and clearing that have been made are probably as fertile pastures, grain-growing fields and vineyard, as are to be found. All around their domain are to be seen bare sterile hills, washed down to rock by the heavy showers, which, until the short-sighted cupidity of the ignorant owners had cut off every stick, were as productive as what belonged to the convent.

On mounting the ridge behind the monastery one of the highest points of the back-bone of the Appenines is reached, and on climbing into the branches of a tree, on a clear day the Adriatic sea can be seen to the eastward, and the Ligurian sea, or Mediterranean, to the West. On the western slope of this chain of hills there are many brooks, which, in the upper part of their course, run through the woodland, and as the ground is very steep, they form a series of small cascades, with little pools below each fall which were full of trout. These small brooks all run together, and by the time they reach the tableland on which the monastery stands, they have united to form a good sized stream, which, for a half mile or so, runs alongside of the road, and after passing the convent pitches down the decline to join the Arno. Along this comparatively level point the brook was divided up into a series of sandy shallows and rocky pools, all of which were swarming with trout.

The Abbot having paid us the compliment of coming in to see us after our dinner (they had a set of most elegant apartments which were kept for lodging tourists, travelers, etc.), on my mentioning having seen trout in his streams, turned out to be a most enthusiastic admirer of the trout species. The streams were very strictly preserved, and the Prior after ward told me that it was an unheard-of thing to have the Abbot do what he did, that is, tell me that I might catch some. This was a prerogative of his office which he had always kept to himself. Unfortunately there was not a fishhook to be had in the whole neighborhood. The Abbot himself always caught as many as were needed on their fast days, and his method was the same as I had seen practiced in the mountain streams of a small village in Austria, where as a boy I had passed a spring and summer. He would take off his sandals, roll up his gown, and wade into the clear stream, and working up against the current would see the trout darting under a stone for shelter, and then going up to it very quietly, would put his hands down on the side on which the trout ran under, and feeling very carefully underneath, would finally get a grip on the fish and throw him on the bank. As I said before, I had seen the same thing done in Austria, and a few years ago a young Scotchman whom I met on the Umbagog waters not only told me that that was a very favorite and successful method of poaching in Scotland, but actually proved to me that it could be done. This process is known in Great Britain as "tickling" a trout.

Not having had any experience in this form of sport, I naturally devoted one of the few days we spent at Camaldoli in trying to rig up a rod, and if Seth Green had at that time written as much as he has since about the beauties of needle-pointed hooks, I should have managed to bend a needle, and from the populous barn-yard got hackles to make some apology for a fly. But I was in those days in such a state of ignorance as to suppose that in order to catch a trout *secundem artem*, you must have a fishhook, and a fishhook was not to be had. Every anglar will appreciate the aggravation of my position, being surrounded by beautiful brooks, actually teeming with fine trout, on which a fly had never been cast, and not only not being able to avail myself of the chance of a couple of days' splendid fishing, but losing the opportunity of initiating the Abbot, who was a splendid fellow, into a method of sport in comparison with which his "tickling" would have dwindled to nothing.

The gist of the matter, however, is the fact that one morning while walking along the bank of the brook, and having my mouth water at the sight of the noble fellows that were darting here and there in the pools, I saw a snake in the water, about three feet long. He was on a shallow sand-bar, and with a stick I was carrying, I soon straightened him out. He was, as I remember, very much the same sort of a gentleman as our common black snake, but about six inches from his head his body was swollen to over three times its natural dimensions for the space of eight or nine inches further. The blade of my penknife having been put into the service of ripping him up, a fine fresh trout of nearly a half pound was found to be the cause of the deformity in his symmetry. Not knowing as much as I do at present about comparative anat-

omy, I remember wondering how this good-sized fish could have ever passed through the snake's jaws.

Besides his trout streams the Abbot had several large and rather shallow ponds, that were filled with huge carp and tench in whose fattening and growth he took much interest. In those religious communities that are inland, and far from all railroad connection with the coast, the supply of fish is a matter of importance, as many days of the year they are not allowed to eat any animal-food—the word "fast day" is not at all an equivalent of the Italian term "*giorno di magro*," as it is not of necessity a day of fasting at all, but simply one on which no animal food can be eaten. We were lucky enough on this same excursion to arrive at the convent of Vallombrosa on the day of the patron saint of that order of Monks. This day is a *giorno di magro*, and they cannot have any strangers over night in the convent (which, by-the bye, was the cause of our doing nearly twenty-five miles over the mountains after dinner), but so far from its being a fast day, it is the day of all the year when the brothers who have charge of the pots and kettles strive to give a great variety of dishes. I do not think that I ever took a better dinner, although there was no meat, butter, eggs or milk used in the cooking. But with virgin olive oil to take the place of butter, with trout, carp and eels, salt fish cooked in the Spanish way, *i. e.*, with olive oil, tomatoes, anchovies and a trifle of garlic, crisp lettuce and celery, preserved fruits and fresh grapes, figs and pomegranates, fresh olives, and last, but not least, a flask of wine from the vineyard on the southern slope that had been ripening in the cellar since the comet year, we did anything but fast. It may be that the excellence of this last item of the bill of fare had something to do with the fact that the French gentleman who was with us, and who, on the strength of having been over the ground before, acted as guide, lost his way, and it was not until after three o'clock the next morning that we arrived at the old town of Pratz just able to crawl.

There is one fact with regard to this matter of diet on fast days, which I do not think is generally known—at least I never heard of it until I camped out in Canada with French habitants for canoemen, and it is rather interesting as a matter of natural history. That is, that the sea fowl, or what they call "*gibier de mer*," are not considered as game but as fish. The distinction is that they do not go to fresh water to drink. Thus the black duck, the wild goose, the teal, mallard, etc., have to get to fresh water once a day at least, and therefore they are "flesh," and on fast days cannot be eaten; but the white-winged coot, old squaws, whistlers, skunk heads, etc., not going to fresh water—at least so they say in Canada—are considered as fish. The above list is not an appetizing one, but the brant belongs to the same class, and surely one could fast very satisfactorily on a well-roasted brant.

I have, I fear, taken up more space than you will be inclined to give to me in order to say that I had seen a snake that had swallowed a trout; but that is really all I meant to write.

MIC MAC.

THE LOG OF THE FAVORITE, NO. 4.

SWANSON'S HARBOR, CROSS SOUND,
August 23, 1880.

A FRESH northwest wind, with its usual accompaniment of bright clear weather, subdued the southeaster about the change of tide, and enabled us this morning to make so early a start that by breakfast time we had crossed the sound, and ran to the eastward, nearly to its junction with Chatham Straits, where sheltered almost completely by a great island which blocked its mouth, we made the narrow and safe channel, which just to the eastward of "Couverdeen" Island, leads into this magnificent harbor. Just to the westward of the island there was apparently a wider and easier entrance, but the assurance of our pilot that it was shoal and full of dangers was subsequently confirmed—when at low tide, the bottom was exposed.

Our object here is to interview the Indians, who have here a ranch, which is occupied in common by Chilcats, Hoonahs and Sitkas and others, for it constitues a sort of half-way house for nearly all the tribes on their trading voyages.

Sitka Jack makes here his summer home; in winter he prefers Sitka, where he varies the monotony by alternate spells of drunkenness and Christianity, for Jack is a shrewd Indian, and fully appreciates the petting he receives at each such successive conversion, and has among his "papers" several extracts from the Rocky Mountain *Presbyterian*, in which his turning from his sinful life is recorded as among the first of the successes of newly-arrived missionaries.

Although as "low down" a Siwash as Sitka produces, Jack is very useful. As an awful example, when after a set-to with Hoo-che-noo, his naturally big head is swollen so big that he cannot wear his little gold-laced cap, and rheumy tears run down his pock-marked face, as he describes to the other Indians the evils of intemperance.

And then when thus softened he seeks consolation by becoming again a Christian. The example is doubtless valuable. Jack is rich though, or rather his wife is, and through her he is connected with several powerful tribes, to whom, on his spring visits, he dispenses much hoo-che-noo, and from whom, when under its influences, he procures at a cheap rate their skins and oil.

Jack has made a record for himself in more ways than one. It was he who superintended the destruction of all the stills in Old Sitka, except one as I afterwards learned—that one his own, and whose halibut club, used on that occasion, is pictured in your paper of July 30, 1879. And it is to his credit that on the occasion of the completion of his house he gave the most magnificent potalatch Sitka had ever been favored with, at which hoo-che-noo, and subsequently blood flowed like water, and five hundred blankets were given away to the guests.

Since then Jack has been poor, and spends his substance about as fast as he earns it, in paying for damages to various siwashes which took place at this feast. Jack was absent, but we got together several other Tyhees, and gave them the usual talking to. While the pow-wow progressed, Captain Vanderbilt made good use of the time by setting a gang of Indians at work wood chopping, for on the shores of this bay there is no end of excellent firewood growing close to the water.

This the Indians cut and deliver for two dollars (trade) per cord. It was pleasant to see the confidence which the Indians placed in the honesty of the whites; for instead of taking their pay in goods, those who brought the wood received in preference tickets for the amounts due, which were good at either of the stores of the "Northwestern Company," and served as cash in their trades with each other.

Captain Vanderbilt has, in one respect, taken a wide and wise departure from a custom prevalent among the Sitka traders in dealing with the natives. With them an Indian pound is about fifteen ounces, and thirty-five inches make a yard, differences which they pretend to make good by complying with the always-expressed wish of the Indians for a scale way down and a little cloth thrown in. "The "Northwest Company" follow up the custom of throwing in, but they give full measure as well.

At low tide there was exposed in this bay flats of many square miles in area, through which creeks made their way. The Doctor and I, after the pow-wow was over, took a long tramp over these flats, but got no birds, although we were assured that in spring and fall all kind were in great numbers. Two miles from where we landed there was a grove, and in its vicinity we heard the honking of geese, and we waded ankle deep in mud a good long mile in hopes of a shot at them. But we were not alone on the flats. Indians were hunting also, and they did some shooting; for birds that were foul to us were fair fowl to them; and coots and gulls rewarded their shots, which made the geese very shy and wary, and before we were within rifle range an enormous flock got up and made its way through an opening to the sea, leaving us to to stand mud-bound and wish ourselves back to our boat.

Quite a number of canoes came alongside for trading purposes. They brought seal oil, hair seal pelts, and baskets woven from grasses. All, however, ruled at higher prices than at Sitka.

WILLIAM HENRY BAY,
LYNN CANAL—P. M.—22.

Our longing for glaciers has been fully satisfied to-day, and to-morrow we have many more in store for us. We left Swanson's Harbor at 5 A. M., passed "Hanus Rock," which was projecting above the surface, and turned around Point Couverdeen for a straight run up Lynn Canal to Chilcat, but the fresh northwest wind, while it has cleared the air and revealed to us some of the grandest scenery that I have ever gazed at, has also kicked up a head sea sufficiently strong to seriously retard our progress, which with the tide was not over six miles an hour, and when the tide turned not over three.

As we can't reach Chilcat till late this evening, we have concluded to hold on here until early to-morrow, when the tide will be with us.

The entrance to this pretty little bay is on the north side, marked by one of the highest and steepest hills we have encountered. As our little boat ran by close to the shore, we nearly broke our necks trying to look at the summit, which, although fully four thousand feet distant vertically, was not, I believe, four hundred horizontally. It was like examining the frescoes on the ceiling of St. Paul's. This hill was densely wooded to the summit, and somewhere in the woods we could hear the axes of the Indians cutting firewood for the company. One can but wonder how the trees, growing as they do in a thin soil, manage to keep their positions and grow upward. In places it seems as though they grew on top of each other.

It is probable that the six or eight-inch deep carpet of perpetually wet moss which covers the soil gives to the roots, by constant moisture, great size and strength; so that by interlacing and seeking crevices they are able to support the trunks. Not always though, for here and there we have passed great land-slides, where a broad glistening rollway of bare rock marked the course of hundreds of large trees, which in a confused heap of roots and branches lay at its base.

The southern point of this bay is evidently the terminal moraine of an extinct glacier. Our journey to-day has been one of unqualified enjoyment; warm, clear weather, bright sunshine, and not a bit of fog or cloud to obscure the scenery, which was grand.

From Point Couvendeen to Chilcat, Chatham Strait, is called Lynn Canal. Why so called, I do not know, for its average width, six miles, is as great as that of the southern portion of the straits. The head of the canal is, as shown on chart, eight or nine miles wide, but split into two inlets by a peninsula. As far as we have come the banks on both sides consist of high hills, covered to their summits with dense forests of spruce and hemlock, through which at short intervals streams of water come dashing down with such impetus that every drop seems turned to silvery foam. The range of hills is not continuous, and they are divided by deep canyons into groups, and each of these canyons is filled by a great river of ice, and between each couple of peaks which form the group a brook of ice converges to the river.

Until to day I had not in my mind a clear conception of a glacier; the name conveyed to me simply the impression of a frozen, ice-bound river. Such there are, broad and smooth, their surface but slightly inclined, winding their way around each obstruction, and dazzling the eye with an unbroken sheet of white; but there are also Niagaras of ice and maelstroms! The river comes plunging down steep inclines, shattering into chasms as it leaps precipices, and rearing up into great corrugated battlements, crowned with gigantic spires of crystal, where it has encountered obstacles; the surface marred with streaks, like muddy wagon roads, of earth, and sprinkled with huge boulders which have been wrenched from the mountain sides.

We saw but little of the beautiful colors which I had imagined characterized these rivers—black earth and white snow predominated, but now and then the sun's rays reflected from a fractured surface all the hues of the rainbow. We could not see the lower end of those which came down gentle slopes, for these were hidden by the thick bushes and high grass, which flourished on the flat moraines which the glacier had pushed in advance or left as its lower end melted.

At 1 P. M. we saw our first glacier, and it was a good one to begin with. After it we passed so many that there was hardly a five minutes in which at least five were not visible at once. Our first was on the eastern shore and opened out as we passed the north point of Admiralty Island. It was surmounted by a rocky crag which resembled our national bird so much more than does the figure on the new dollar that we christened it "Eagle Glacier," and as such it will remain in our note-books and memories.

This day we mark with a white stone. Our enjoyment of nature has been uninterrupted, except by a remark made by the punster of the party, in contra-ting this day with the foggy, rainy ones preceding, he asked us in what respect they differed, and we gave sensible answers, but he said this was a scenery and they see nary days, and was immediately suppressed.

At one place on the route we had, in addition to the peaks, canyons and glaciers, a distinct view in the distance of the eternally snow-crowned peaks of Fairweather, Perouse and Crillon, all over fifteen thousand feet in height, and of their eight-thousand-feet-high foot-hills. Such a day is worth many of ordinary life, and I wonder how long it will be before our summer tourists will find it out and take one for themselves.

This evening, as I think over the day's experience, I am prepared to not only accept as true the theory of Professor Muir, that the island and channels of Southeast Alaska are produced by glacial action, but, undeterred by fear of forfeiting reputation for scientific accuracy, and dealing with facts alone, go easily way beyond his conclusions. I think—but am not prepared to prove it—that on the occasion of that famous shower which in forty days succeeded in depositing an amount of water, which, compared by the best Alaska results in ten times the period, as shown by rain gauges, was indeed a deluge, the effect of such a surplus must have been to fill up pretty well the basin of what was then, I believe, a land-locked sea—the Arctic Ocean—and that the enormous pressure was increased by the melting of the icebergs, floes, peaks and banks through the higher temperature of the rain, and that one windy day a leak started in some low place between East Cape of Siberia and Cape Prince of Wales, in Alaska, which rapidly increased, and through it, drawn by the current, came huge icebergs and glaciers, which cut out Behring's Strait and, rushing southward, cut the long ridge which in those days probably connected Asia and America and over which the native Alaskans found their way from the Orient, into the chain of islands known as the Alentiens.

Laurence Island, then possibly a high mountain, stood directly in the wake of this advancing flood and deflected it to the eastward, when, with a whril and eddy, it dug out Norton Sound and then the Gulf of Alaska, sweeping down the coast perhaps to the lower end of Puget Sound.

Behring's Sea is everywhere shallow and a muddy bottom is found at from forty to one hundred fathoms. The only fact to support my theory is given in the veracious narrative of Sue, in which he relates the wanderings of a Jew, who at one time stood on the East Cape of Asia talking to a wandering female on the western bank of America. As this was previous to the invention of the telephone this strait could have been little more than a trout brook then.

But I may be wandering a little from the legitimate track of a Forest and Stream letter, so will drop speculating and come down to facts and a subject better adapted to your columns, viz., salmon. For several miles of the latter part of to-day's journey we steamed through a pea-green sea, which was dotted here and there with the backs of salmon, which were in the most aimless manner swimming about close to the surface, from which their backs, they being nearly all garboshas or hump-backed, protruded. The peculiar color of the water was due to a surface layer of glacier water which flows into William Henry Bay through a very large creek, and into many smaller coves through smaller ones; and these sick salmon were such as had survived the process of spawning and found their way again to salt water to perpetuate their species. I saw so many that I thought that a very large percentage thus became saved, but when I landed on the moraine and skirted the brook, at times wading, I could readily believe that if in the salt water, within five miles, there was a hundred thousand of these "fittest" which had survived, they did not amount to a fraction of one per cent. of those which had perished.

The moraine was covered with timothy and wild barley five or six feet in height. Much of this had been pressed down by high water from the creek, and in all directions there lay great heaps and windrows of decomposing salmon. Thousands of gulls were cackling and laughing as they feasted upon the eyes of these fish, and the soft mud was pitted in all directions with bear tracks, and bodiless heads of salmon indicated where they had breakfasted. I had my gun with me and was hoping for birds of some kind, but except a few pipers none presented themselves for inspection. The banks of the creek were lined with dense alders and high grasses, and I thought it likely that by taking its centre and wading up I might start a mallard or teal. This I did not do, but that wade was one to be remembered. In advance of me pushed through the shoal water, struggling and splashing it into foam, an almost solid mass of salmon; and at times, when by a short turn I intercepted the rushing host, it was like trying to wade through a flock of sheep while carrying a plate of salt. They were under me, twisting through my legs, and once, I think likely over me, as I fell by slipping through treading upon them. All were headed up stream except such as made frightened rushes past me; but many, although so headed up, were slowly drifting down, tail first, to swell the sick and helpless floaters in the bay, or to die upon some bar, and furnish feed to gulls and bears.

In some places, in fact in all where deep and still enough, the bottom of gravel was hollowed out into great wallows, from which, as I approached, crowds of salmon would dart, and I could see the bottom so covered with eggs that it seemed as though bushels of dried peas had been there scattered. Approaching one of these pools quietly, I succeeded in getting a good view of the operation of spawning, and I did not observe any use of the curved jaw in the connection. At first I thought that there were two varieties of salmon in the creek—one the garbosha and the other a black straight-backed fish. None of either kind were over thirty inches in length, most were less than twenty.

By examination of several of each style which I caught in my hands, I found, by stripping, that as far as could be judged, they being all spent fish, those with the hump back were males and the other females. By shooting several which were more lively and could not be caught, this view was confirmed, they being gravid fish.

In most of the pools immense trout (*Salmo spectabilis*) were either feeding upon the eggs, or lying quietly gorged. I shot one weighing four or five pounds, but although beautiful to look at the surroundings in which I got him were such as to deprive him of a place on our breakfast-table.

I saw one female salmon just as she finished spawning. She lay quiet for a couple of minutes and then began to topple over on her side, recovered herself and, as though startled from a sleep, darted forward and went half her length upon a gravel bar and continued forcing herself further up, until she was entirely out of the water, and there I left her to die. Most of these fish were more or less discolored and many bruised, and upon all there extended over the bellies a substance which looked like rough yellow blotting-paper, probably some fungoid growth.

After seeing, as I have to-day, such myriads of dead salmon, I do not wonder that with those who do not stop to think of the result, the impression should prevail that "all Pacific coast salmon die immediately after spawning."

The stream is of ice-water and comes from a glacier, whose foot is several miles back in the canyon. We did not visit it, for bear tracks were too large and numerous to make it advisable to so do, armed with one shot-gun alone.

While I thus amused myself with salmon, the Doctor wandered off with his shot-gun and was, as usual, rewarded for his toil by having no load to carry back. Neither he nor I saw a bird bigger than sandpipers, of which we both obtained specimens of spotted and semi-palmated, and one or two tattlers. When we left the Favorite the Major declined to accompany us and, from his mysterious manner, it was evident that he had some plan on foot which he did not disclose to us. When we returned he exhibited with illy-concealed pride and triumph the fruit of his afternoon, in the shape of crabs, of which he had with a spear, extemporized from two straightened-out halibut hooks, and a boat flagstaff, speared about fifty of the kind called spider crabs—creatures with legs about three times the length of the body and which we found to be most delicious. The largest one was nearly seventy inches from tip to tip of claws, of which but seven were due to width of body.

SITKA, Sept. 5, 1880.

The continuation of the Favorite's log, but for this break in it, would but have completed a circle, for the more important of the events which occurred on the 24th and 25th of August were given to you in my letter of those dates from Portage Bay and Pyramid Harbor, in which I told you of our interview with Klotch-Kutch and the settlement of the war between the Chilcats and Chilcoots.

Our trip to Portage Bay from William Henry Bay, which occupied the 23d of August, was but a repetition of the day before. Fair winds, clear sky, pleasant weather and magnificent scenery, which at last palled upon us, and we thought nothing of a glacier that did not present some new and striking aspect.

The character of the scenery changed somewhat as we went north—it lost in beauty, but gained in grandeur, the timber became of smaller growth and instead of reaching to the summits of the hills stopped short at perhaps a thousand feet, and was surmounted by barren, rocky ridges and peaks. And in many places we saw what we had seen south of Peril Straits, but nowhere between them and William Henry Bay—patches of dead trees standing out in relief through their white trunks. In this vicinity the death of so much forest might be considered as due to icy blasts coming over the glaciers, but that would not account for the same further south.

We left Pyramid Harbor early on the 26th and, favored in every way by wind, tide and weather, reached Sitka on the 28th without an adventure *en route*. Our trip has been in every way a success and will be the forerunner of others, for though much has been done there remains much more to do.

In closing this series I must admit that my powers of description have not been equal to the task I undertook. My written words but tamely describe the memories of

PISKCO.

PIPES AND SMOKING.

A DISCOURSE on cloud-blowing may not strictly fall within the province of FOREST AND STREAM, but I am persuaded that nothing which pertains to human comfort is alien to it.

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well; and this is the more true and emphatic in respect to that which is done so much. For I take it, that next to eating and drinking and sleeping and fire-making, there is no one operation more extensively performed every day by civilized humanity than that of smoking. From sunrise to the waning midnight-lamp the pipe or cigar is the companion and comforter alike of peasant and philosopher.

But I have nothing to say of cigars. I confess that there is nothing like the genuine Cabagua or Partagas, or Panatella or Silva. They are perfection, like Burgundy among wines, and exhilerate the whole being, mental and physical, and make every fibre tingle with pleasure. Springing from the Indian soapstone pipe—the protoplasm or monad, so to speak—they present a brilliant illustration of the doctrine of evolution. But when the Confederacy disappeared from the horizon they departed with it, and are now as mythical as the lost Pleiad. My theme is pipes and their concomitants—stems and tobacco. The essentials of a good smoke are: 1. A good pipe; 2. a good stem; and 3. good tobacco.

The indispensable to a good pipe is that it shall absorb the nicotine and other noxious properties of tobacco; in a word, consume the tobacco without sweating it, for thereby its flavor is impaired or destroyed and its venom aggravated. This indispensable depends partly on the construction of the pipe, but mainly on the material of which it is constructed. The foam of the sea—*Fecurne de mer* (meerschaum)—in its pure state is, beyond doubt, the best material for a perfect pipe. It is light and porous, absorbs the nicotine and consumes the tobacco dry. But what is noteworthy and marks the effect of depraved fashion, one of these perfect pipes is not appreciated, or at least its commercial value does not reach its acme until it is "colored," that is, saturated with nicotine, and of course no longer performs the highest and most beneficent function of a good pipe—that of absorption. There are a great many frauds on the genuine article, only to be detected, without trial, by an expert or by costly trial by a tyro.

Of the woods used for pipes, all the fine-grained and compact, such as ivy and laurel, hard enough to be carved, are unfit for smoking. They may be pretty toys, but they sweat the tobacco and are worse than worthless—they are nuisances.

The root of the bamboo briar is the nearest and best approximation of the genuine sea-foam. It is as light and as porous, smokes the tobacco dry and clean, and the only drawback is its liability to burn. But by slow smoking, such as becomes the philosopher, that evil may, in most cases, be avoided. The decaying roots make the best pipes, if not too much decayed. An inexperienced person, in seeking roots, would reject these as worthless—as sodden wood—for they are black as your boot and heavy as lead; but in a few days' exposure they become as light as cork, and if they do not retain their shining black assume a mahogany color. Pipes made of the green roots will stand harder smoking, but they are not altogether as good absorbers.

The corn-cob makes a perfect pipe, but must be used with great care to prevent itself being smothered.

As to the construction of a pipe, it should be an inch deep and half an inch to three-quarters in diameter; and as a general rule as large at bottom as top. I do not say universal, for in "projeckin" with briar-roots I have made some pipes as crooked as a ram's horn, three or four inches long, and with a succession of chambers of various diameters, and one of these monstrosities still lingers in memory as the sweetest pipe I ever smoked. So there are exceptions to general rules, even in pipe-fature.

N. B.—Before leaving pipes, let it be impressed upon you that in smoking a briar-root hurry slowly—*festina lente*—and never forget that it is neither iron nor fire-proof brick.

ITEMS.—A stem should be so open and free that you will be unconscious of the suction. You imperceptibly create a vacuum in the mouth, which is spontaneously and insensibly filled with smoke. That, in its material features, is the perfection of a stem. Of the aromatic German cherry I know little and have nothing to say, except that all I have seen are too heavy for my taste. Of native stems, the Indian reed of Florida, called by the Indians "Ti-ti," makes an admirable stem. It has no joints, the pith is large and may be easily removed. Smoked when green it becomes of a lustrous ebony. If seasoned it darkens more slowly, and rarely acquires the ebony lustre; but that does not affect its smoking qualities. It is without odor, but its easy draft, lightness and long-continued freedom from rankness constitute its merits. We heard it said that after long use, if one end is closed and the stem filled with brandy and permitted to stand a day, it will be as fresh as a new stem. This may be true of other stems also, for there may be some hidden virtue in brandy. The fig makes a stem in great repute with many. If cut just before the leaves fall, when filled with matured sap and the bark kept on, it has a pleasant aroma, which it retains as long as a gentleman would care to use it. But the bark must be carefully taken from the end that goes into the mouth, or it will cause sore lips—very annoying, and much like fever blisters. To prevent this effect I am not certain but that the stem should be thoroughly dried before use. The fig has many hard joints, and the perforation is difficult, and should be made by a cold wire, and not a hot one, as the latter damages the odor. A drill and lathe is the best apparatus for boring. We have in Virginia a scrubby growth, called "seven barks," which makes a beautiful stem—golden yellow. Like the "Ti-ti" it has no joints, but the pith is small. The first year's growth has but three barks, and the coating which encases the inner bark is exquisite for its softness and delicacy.

As to length of stem tastes differ. I prefer one 3½ to 4 feet long; for you may smoke a great deal more with impunity with a long stem. And then, in reading or writing, the fire is beyond your clothes. True, you may now and then burn a hole in the carpet, but better that than your pants or vest, or shirt-bosom. Of course for campaigning by field or flood convenience dictates and exacts a short stem and good tobacco. There is a cry in the land for this desideratum. Every manufacturer has it, but no smoker can get it. With us the heavy excise tax has greatly contributed to its disappearance. Our planters aim more at quantity than quality and it is difficult now to find the genuine Oronoko, which was wont to gladden the palates of our fathers.

All good and sweet tobacco, fit for the pipe, must be ripe, and ripe tobacco always has a tinge of brown about. The fashionable, high-priced hickory-leaf tobacco is a fraud. It is the product of intense heat and has nothing of tobacco about it, except the bitter. The tobacco called the Little Oronoko, raised on newly-cleared land and cured in the sun, has long been regarded in Virginia as the best thing for the pipe. The lugs or bottom leaves—always the ripest on the plant—are esteemed the best. But this tobacco is not appreciated by the fashionable manufacturers and its production is annually decreasing. In the present state of things I do my own mixing as much as I can. I find that the mildest and ripest Virginian, mixed with best Cuban, in the proportion of half and half, yields a delicious cloud. Two parts of best Cuban to one of Perique give the best substitute I have found for a full-flavored Havana. A small pipe now and then of genuine, unmixed Perique is not without its charm. But Perique is said to be a dangerous article and the appetite for it grows by use. It is a product of the Tache Parish, in Louisiana, and no one but those who prepare it knows its composition. It has a slight odor of an anatomical dissecting-room—and having this smack of mortality about it, and being dangerous, is tantalizing.

Tobacco wetted and left to heat and mould—called, I believe, "funked"—loses its saltpetre and does not sting the tongue, but also loses much of its sprightliness and flavor.

Cuban tobacco is not adapted to the pipe. It has too much saltpetre. The best Cuban cigar cut up and put into a pipe bites the tongue, whereas the same, smoked as a cigar, has no bite and yields only unmixed pleasure. There is the same saltpetre in the one as the other and both are burnt by the same fire, and yet the result is radically different. Why is this thus? I consulted Mr. J. F. A., one of the most scientific of our manufacturers, and who adheres as closely as he can to the old landmarks for a solution of the problem. I subjoin his explanation:

That a genuine Havana cigar cut up and smoked in a pipe is not as agreeable as good old Virginia, I think arises from the following causes: First of all, all Havanas or other tobaccos suitable for cigar purposes have, before they are ready for use, to be thoroughly fermented (as the grape juice is into wine), which entirely changes the nature and quality of the leaf, extracting from it most of its vegetable gum, which must be got rid of, or the cigar would grow soft and mushy as you smoked it—hence Virginia tobacco will never make good cigars, as it will not yield to the proper fermentation. In this fermentation the ammonia is increased and that, with the nitre and potash retained in the tobacco after the fermentation is through, will always make that tobacco bite the tongue when put in a pipe. Yours, J. F. A.

Perfectly satisfactory as to the difference between Virginian and Cuban, but leaves the problem as to Cuban in a cigar and in a pipe unsolved.

Smoking is an American invention. It had its origin with the aborigines of this continent, and the calumet played an important part in the councils of peace and war. It was unknown in the civilized nations of Eastern and Central Asia It was unknown to Greece and Rome. And neither Homer nor Horace, Pluto nor Cicero had any conception of it. Sir Walter Raleigh is recorded as the first European who introduced the practice on the other side of the Atlantic. It is now everywhere, among all civilized people, and if the band of cloud-blowers could be incorporated, it would constitute the most numerous brotherhood in the universe.

But with a good pipe, good stem and good tobacco, there is still one thing needful to crown the whole—a good smoker calm, meditative, philosophic and who, with a thorough conviction of God's sympathy with man, can put the dispensations of Providence in his pipe and smoke them with content. Like every acquired taste, smoking is liable to abuse—to run into excess and become a vice. But used in moderation, the humble believer in the benignity of the Deity may be excused for regarding it as one of those blessings vouchsafed by the Giver of all good to ease the burdens and mitigate the troubles, trials and tribulations incident to this unsatisfactory state of being. It stands in the same category with the parterre of flowers which regale the nostril and delight the eye.

It is noteworthy that the sense of sight is quite as much interested in the operation of smoking as the sense of taste. No blind man ever smokes unless he acquired the habit before the loss of sight; and the most luscious cigar ever fabricated in the Havanas would waste its sweetness on the midnight darkness. It is the eye which imparts those exquisite charms to the circling wreaths as they float away into space—wreaths which, by their etherial delicacy, might justly excite the admiration and envy of the great cloud-compeller, old Zeus himself. VIRGINIANUS.

Natural History

DOMESTICATION OF THE OSTRICH.

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

IN a preceding article I gave a short account of a farm in the ostrich-rearing district, and some account of the ostrich camps and the young birds. I now resume at that peculiar diversion of the young ostrich—the morning dance.

As Shakespeare warns us to look out for the man who has no music in his soul and cannot be pleased with the sweetness of simple melody, so the ostrich farmer must beware of something wrong when his chickens cannot disport themselves in the windings of the mazy. This is no joke, but an actual fact, for when the young birds lose the enjoyment of the dance it is because some disease from the effects of the weather or from over-feeding is preying upon them. We are obliged to be up at daylight in order to see this spectacle, for ostriches and farmers are both early risers here; the former because it is nature, and the latter because this is the pleasantest part of the twenty-four hours for work.

At evening the young birds had all been put into a shed to protect them from the cold and prevent them from taking rheumatism Now the gate is opened and the whole troop pour forth, and each one as he finds himself in the liberty of open space makes a dart down the yard; then suddenly, as if he had forgotten something, he makes an abrupt stop, ducks his head slightly and then, to your surprise, whirls about and bolts on again. In this revolution he gives his wings a flourish, and perhaps two or three yards further on performs the whirl again. Then he will probably perform two or three gyrations in succession, and it is this which calls to mind the waltz. The grotesque way in which he sways his body and wings, and the awkward handling of his legs is to any one having a sense of the ludicrous in motion most amusing. The sight is particularly laughable where a large troop are engaged in the waltz at the same time. One seeing another take a whirl sets in himself, and in less than a minute the whole troop are gyrating about the yard, cheek-by-jowl, neck to neck, in couples or sets, now exhausting their space at one end of the yard, then taking a course to the other; and the only thing lacking to make their movements irresistable as a spectacle is their want of time and order. But in spite of this the beholder cannot help hazarding the conjecture as to whether they, instead of the Germans, were not the originators of the waltz of the ball-room. And against all their lack of discipline it really seems to become them better than the performance by their human—shall we say it?—imitators. And so they go dodging here, swinging there, while the ducking of their heads corresponds very well to a curtsey, until their blood is in fine circulation and their appetites keen. Oh, what a grand improvement it would be if humanity, like the ostrich, would do their waltzing in the morning before breakfast, instead of at night after supper!

The waltz may be kept up for ten minutes, or for more than half an hour, and then they turn to picking about, or where they are very tame, come to the spot where their regular feed of mealies (Indian corn) may be expected. Here the herd-boy, as he is called, for want of a better title, throws out handfuls of the grain, and they gobble it up with the avidity and quickness of hungry hens. Now that their morning feed is done, they begin to walk around us and evince a desire to introduce themselves. The farmer tells us that they are quite harmless.

The first familiarity one of them ventures to take is to make a snap at our neck. We give him a slap and stand back. "Oh! he's only after your breast-pin," says the farmer; "I forgot to tell you to keep your jewelry out of sight." This is easily removed, but the inquisitive bird makes a peck at the top button of our coat, and when I find at last that he does not seem to be very strong in the beak, and that this is not his weapon of offense, I let him continue the operation. If we ask why these birds have a passion for buttons and studs, and bright things generally, including jack knives, the farmer replies that they are in the habit of eating pebbles and stones to help digestion by the trituration of their food. The harder the stone the better, and it is proble they associate brightness with hardness.

After their feed the birds are let out in the "veldt" (the open field), and the Hottentot boy watches them through the day as they march ever busy, ever picking, ever on the move. This last remark needs, perhaps, to be qualified by the fact that in the heat of the day they may often be found kicking and rolling about in the sand and dusting it over their feathers. This, farmers, say, is to rid them of lice and vermin.

Our host now shows us his stock of feathers. On the floor of the loft are spread some magnificent bunches of plumes. Some are of the purest snowy white, as if they had just come out of the hands of the dresser, and seem to be nearly two feet in length. Others tinged with grey are yet feathers of splendid plumage and remarkably broad and rich looking. Then there are grey feathers and black feathers, small and large, dirty and clean, all ranged according to their class and each known by a particular name. These are sorted ready for the market, but many of his neighbors give them, mixed as they come off the bird, into the hands of agents, who sort them out and put them on the market at a certain commission.

The farmer next takes us into his hatch-house, where his incubator is at work bringing forth young artificially. The ostrich incubator here in use is a large bureau-like box, cubic in form and mounted on legs. In a zinc-lined casing covering it top and sides water is placed at a temperature of about 105 degrees, and the eggs are placed under this casing, but in contact with a flannel lining against the under surface of the zinc. Thus the warmth from the water comes down through the flannel and imitates the warmth of the bird. The eggs are placed in wooden drawers and brought into contact with the flannel. At the end of forty-two days, the period of incubation, they are brought out by tapping the shell with a hammer when breathing has been heard, and placed in a

compartment called an artificial mother. This is a box warmed by hydraulic heat and curtained with flannel, so that the chick sits under the folds as under the wings of a mother. When the egg is put in the date is marked on, and they are then merely turned over once a day till hatched. But let us leave art and see something of nature, which is more interesting.

Returning to the breeding camps we follow the farmer in his feeding operations. A donkey cart is waiting beside a shed where a fire is burning. The cart is loaded with large green vegetables, in shape like flattened pouches. These are the fleshy leaves of the prickly pear, which have been gathered wild about the homestead. They are unloaded with a fork, and each one singed on the fire till the prickles snap and burn off. Then they are chopped up into fragments an inch or two square, and loaded back, to be taken to each camp. As the cart goes along a couple of shovelfuls is allotted to each camp. Here in one camp the old cock is still on the nest. The hen comes bounding over to the gate and helps herself, but her lord, though no doubt feeling the pangs of hunger, denies himself, lying with neck at first outstretched on the ground, but head now lifted to see what is going on. Piece after piece she takes in until a foot of her long neck is swelled out like a snake. Then she lifts it and the food slides down, apparently by the force of gravitation; not straight down, but by a spiral course down the passage. As the farmer informs us that this couple will shortly change places in sitting, we will wait to see the operation.

Here and there in this camp there are small clumpy bushes not of sufficient size to hide the whereabouts of the sitter, yet we are told that although the cock might have sense enough to know that he is already seen, he will take as much precaution as if his whereabouts were totally unknown. After a watch of half an hour we are rewarded. The cock raises his head from the ground, and after a moment's reflection begins to rise. Slowly his spindly legs are lifted from out the cluster of tremendously large eggs which fall together as he rises; then while his body is yet scarcely erect he steps out, darts a yard or two in one direction, then sidles with a swerving movement of his wings in another, and finally at another angle again bolts off into the camp, fancying no doubt by these erratic manœuvres that no one would be able to know the exact locality of his nest. While he comes up to get the remainder of the food, to which the donkey-cart boy has now added to mealies, the female walks about in the deliberate style which they adopt when gazing about, with her head still for a moment and then moved forward with the motion of the body, as a stalk might be swayed by the wind. After a quarter of an hour at this she finds herself near the nest with no apparent intention of going to it, when suddenly she shoots down and is settled over it. Here she insinuates her legs among the eggs and makes a great deal of fussing and primping before she gets settled. During this time she has something to do with each egg, turning them over and shifting them about with her beak, which by means of her long snake-like neck she can put under her on all sides and behind. Settled at last, she lays her head out on the ground and reflects. Some birds take even greater pains to conceal their nests, yet others go on and off as if their nest were no mystery at all.

During the day, when the sun is strongest, the hen will be found sitting as it were upon her elbows, with her body lifted three or four inches above the eggs, and some leave the nest altogether for an hour or more during the hottest part of the day. Various in these respects are their habits and, so great is the divergence of disposition in individual birds, that one would almost fancy them to be of a different species. "Some," says the farmer on this subject, "are savage whether they are breeding or not, and will attack you as furiously as a tiger; others will never give trouble, and even in the breeding season can be approached in the camps. Now there is a bird that seems to hate me as an enemy at almost all times, and yet one of my neighbors could go into his camp without any danger." On our approaching the inclosure the bird in question was not long in making an exhibition of his feelings, for he approached with hisses like an engine letting off surplus steam, his wings spread out and feathers ruffled, until he appeared a monster in size. Then he knelt down and swinging his head from side to side, rattled it against his sides alternately by way of challenge. "That is the way they dare you," observed the farmer, "but they seldom or never get over a fence at you. They appear to be afraid to jump. They are savage to intruders and very consistently keep out of the camps of others."

"Are the wild ones savage?" we ask. I have never seen any wild ostriches so far down as this, but I am told that they are not. There are wild birds still, but further inland, in the Victoria West district and toward the Kalihari plains. I had an old Hottentot man lately who used to tell about catching wild ostriches and their chickens in this very district. Hunters tell how the old birds can trace the slightest touch of the human hand upon the eggs, and how that the bushmen, when they rob a nest, have to lift the eggs out with sticks, but Jantje, the Hottentot I speak of, says this is a mistake. He says he has removed and handled eggs without the old birds ever observing it and that the wild birds' eggs can be freely handled, and as long as too many are not taken out the old bird is none the wiser.

The way Jantje robbed nests was this: In some bush-covered plain where he had reason to think ostriches might be found, he went about midnight, walking cautiously, and when reasonably near, sitting under some bush. Here he remained till about three o'clock in the morning. About this time he expects to hear them "bromming." "And what is 'bromming?'" we interrupt. "It is a kind of roar, or short bellow, which travellers, as you have read, have often mistaken for the roaring of the lion. This noise they repeat several times and that gives Jantje a chance to tell at least the direction in which the birds are, for the female will not be far off. Then he steals as near as he can with safety and sits again, till early daylight. About this time the ostrich broms again and then, if possible, Jantje steals along still closer and waits till a third bromming, about eight o'clock, shortly after which the cock leaves the nest. While he is away and before the hen has been warned to assume her duties, Jantji has taken an egg or two out of the nest and now knows pretty nearly where to come when he wants another." "And what does he do with the egg?" "I am told they cook them in the shell itself and also by putting hot stones into them. I suppose they cook them with hot stones when they wish to preserve the shell, which makes a very convenient bowl, and a pretty strong one, too. Those eggs," he continues, "contain as much meat as two dozen hen's eggs and it is of as fine a flavor nearly. My wife frequently uses them in baking cakes and it is a common practice among other farmers. Whenever we find an egg with the shell perfectly smooth, or nearly so, we set that down as a wind-egg and cook it. Where there are no pin-poles in the shell it never hatches a chicken."

"And will a wild ostrich fight for its nest?"

"They will fight anything but a human being, I am told."

"And how do they make their attack?"

"By kicking. They throw their leg forward and if that big hooked toe-nail comes down your back there is fearful havoc. It is not always that he succeeds in making a scratch, but the force of his foot is as terrible. They often kill each other in a fight and have been known to kill men. No matter how tame they become, they are always liable to attack you in the breeding season. It is this uncertainty about them that makes me like the business."

So we bid adieu to the ostriches and the hospitable Englishman who has "cast himself away in Africa."

Cape Town, South Africa.

A HORNED DOE—*Akron, O., Jan.* 21.—Among the most successful of our local sportsmen who spent their autumn vacation in pursuit of the pleasures of field and flood was Mr. J. R. Criss who was with a small party in northern Michigan. His most valuable trophy was a fine doe with one horn. It was on the left side of the head about four inches long, palmate, its width at the tip being about two inches. Although late in the season it was in the velvet with a heavy coat of hair the whole length. It was mounted by Reichstag, the veteran taxidermist of Saginaw, who has probably set up more deer heads than any other man in the country, and who says that in an experience of twenty-five years he never saw anything like it. He has furnished many rare specimens to Michigan University, Smithsonian and other museums in this country and Europe, but says he never handled so valuable a head as this before. Mr. Criss has received the head, and is being congratulated on his good fortune by our local naturalists. CORK.

HORNS OF THE MOOSE AND DEER—*Bangor, Me., January.*—I have hitherto supposed and believed that both of the above-named animals and all others of their species annually shed their horns. This winter for the first time I have heard it denied, and positively asserted by those whose judgments and opinions are entitled to consideration that such is not the fact. Do moose and deer shed their horns annually and what is the opinion of FOREST AND STREAM? From recent inquiries among the hunters and lumbermen of this vicinity I am much inclined to change my views and adopt the belief that they do not shed their horns annually. I shall, however, before doing so make further investigation and will give you the result of my researches. J. C.

It is a well-established fact that all the *Cervidæ* shed their horns annually.

SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS ON THE WING.—Professor Newton considered that were sea-fowls satellites revolving around the earth their arrival could hardly be more surely calculated by an astronomer. Foul weather or fair, hot or cold, the puffins repair to some of their stations punctually on a given day, as if their movements were regulated by clock-work. The swiftness of flight which characterizes most birds enables them to cover a vast space in a brief space of time. The common black swift can fly 276 miles an hour, a speed which, if it could be maintained for less than half a day, would carry the bird from its winter to its summer quarters. The large purple swift of America is capable of even greater feats on the wing. The chimney swallow is slower—ninety miles per hour being about the limit of its power; but the passenger pigeon of the United States can accomplish a journey of 1,000 miles between sunrise and sunset. It is also true, as the ingenious Herr Palmen has attempted to show, that migrants during long flights may be directed by an experience partly inherited and partly acquired by the individual bird. They often follow the coast lines of the continent, and invariably take, on their passage over the Mediterranean, one of the three routes. But this theory will not explain how they pilot themselves across broad oceans and is invalidated by the fact, familiar to every ornithologist, that the old and young birds do not journey in company. Invariably, the young broods travel together, then come, after another interval, the parents; and finally the rear is brought up by the weakly, infirm, molting and broken-winged. This is the rule in autumn. The return journey is accomplished in the reversed order. The distance traveled seems, moreover, to have no relation to the traveler. The Swedish blue throat performs its maternal functions among the Laps, and enjoys its winter holidays among the negroes of the Soudan, while the tiny, ruby-throated humming-bird proceeds annually from Mexico to New Foundland and back again, though one would imagine that so delicate a little fairy would be more at home among the cacti and agaves of the Tierre Caliente than among the firs and fogs of the north—*London Standard*

CURIOUS SQUIRRELS—*Charleston, Ill., Jan.* 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have hunted squirrels occasionally for the last twenty years, and I never have seen one like that which Daniel Mitchell killed the 14th of May, 1875, four miles southeast of here by the Embarrass River. It was the same size as the large-tailed fox squirrel, but the top of the head, the back of the neck, the back, the upper part of the tail, the front and back part of the fore and hind legs were the same color as the fox squirrel, while the throat, the belly, the under part of the tail, the inside of the fore and hind legs were jet black. There are not any black squirrels in this part of the country. Dennis F. Hanks killed an albino fox squirrel a few years ago. He says he has hunted squirrels fifty years, and that is the only white one he has ever seen. Are not such squirrels very uncommon?

FOX SQUIRREL.

A CURIOUS BELIEF—*Dedham, Mass., Jan.* 19.—Last summer the daughter of an old farmer residing here told me that for the last three years, when their cows have been turned into a certain pasture where the feed is of the best, one of them has suddenly fallen off to about half the quantity of milk, and when removed to a distant pasture the milk returned again. One day last summer her father (whose sight is very poor) saw an animal close by the cow, which upon his approach made off to a swamp near by. I told her that I had the impression that I had read of cows being sucked by an otter. She wished me to investigate it, but as I was about leaving for the West I had no time. While I was away a young man shot an otter within half a mile of their place, which is the first one that I ever heard of being seen or killed in this vicinity, only ten miles out of Boston. Have you ever heard of a case of this kind? T.

Compare this with the belief still existing in some parts of Europe, that the hedge-hog sucks the cows, and that birds of the family *Caprimulgidæ* perform the same office for goats—whence the common name "goat-sucker"—for the nighthawk and other birds of the group.

WINTER BIRDS—*Hornellsville, N. Y., Jan.* 23.—The king fisher I reported the 10th is still here; was observed the 20th in a snow-storm. I also saw several crows flying same day, and have seen them here all the winter. A boy brought me on the 19th a bird nine inches long, black feet and legs, slate color, golden brown on head and rump, was eating sumach bobs, and made a noise like a rat, only very loud. What kind of bird is it? Saw a meadow lark the 12th, golden wing woodpecker 19th inst. Red headed woodpeckers and blue jays here all winter; a great many ruffed grouse frozen.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

The bird was probably a pine grosbeak (*Pinicola enucleator*).

Ellenville, Ulster Co., N. Y.—Yesterday Mr. Newton Rockwell, a genuine sportsmen and well-known resident of the village, saw in the vicinity a meadow lark. Mr. Rockwell was driving in a sleigh at the time. The bird flew up from a tree near the road, apparently vigorous, and alighted within a short distance; he had no companions. Is not this very remarkable considering the lateness of the season and the recent cold weather? I remmember no similar incident in all my experience as a sportsman and close observer. Heaven help the poor quail this winter. I have induced several of my former friends to coax them about their barns where they can get food and seelter. W. H. HASBROUCK.

It is not unusual to find the meadow lark in New York throughout the winter.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FLIGHT OF A RIFLE BALL.

A CORRESPONDENT in FOREST AND STREAM, apparently a young practitioner, asks: "What is meant by point blank and point blank range in rifle shooting?" These are very apt and important questions, I must confess; none are more so. I propose to answer them, using the plainest terms at my command. But to do so directly and without explanation would, I fear, leave the reader quite in the dark. Besides, the very interest of this subject lies in the lurking facts connected with it. Hence I will first define certain terms relating thereto, then make the necessary explanations, and lastly answer his two questions.

To experiment with, I select the common and best practical sporting rifle with crotch and bead sights, and sighted for 150 yards.

First.—What is meant by the "line of sight" of a rifle? It is the straight line from the eye, passing through the bottom of the crotch sight, taking in the tip of the bead sight, and thence straight on, piercing the target at its very centre. Mark, it is a straight line, and pierces the centre of the target.

Second.—The line of sight being understood, I ask what is meant by the axis of the piece, or barrel? It is the straight line running from the muzzle to the breach, along the centre of the bore throughout. It corresponds to the centre of the ball when the piece is loaded, and its prolongation is the "line of fire." Mark, the axis of the rifle and the line of sight are both straight lines, and if parallel, it follows they would never cut each other, if produced.

The above being well understood, we next proceed to make three experiments with our rifle, and under three different circumstances.

CASE 1, NO POINT BLANK.—Let us first suppose that the rear and front sights are of the same height—that is, that both are equally distant from the axis of the barrel—then will the line of sight and the axis of the barrel be parallel lines; so also will their prolongations. Now place the rifle thus sighted, horizontally, aim it at the exact centre of the target, at say one hundred yards distance, and fire. There will be no point blank or point blank range in this case. Why? Because the ball starting in its course on a line parallel with the line of sight will not rise above its level to cut it, which, as will hereafter appear, is a necessary condition in the premises. On the contrary, the ball will describe a downward curve of about twenty inches in 150 yards. The same is true if the piece be fired under an ordinary elevation. Rifles thus sighted always shoot a little too low, and the remedy, in part to this, will appear in the next case. This illustration has been introduced mainly to correct erroneous impression, and to show the effect of changing the sights so as to get a point blank range.

CASE 2, ONE POINT BLANK ONLY.—Let us now suppose the rear sight to be a little the highest, but only enough so as to cause the ball in its flight to rise barely to the line of sight and to cut it, and after this to describe a curve to the ground. It will be seen that in this case the trajectory of the ball cuts the line of sight in but one point. At this point, then, we have a point blank, and also a point blank range. But in practice this point blank will be found near the piece, say about twenty yards distant; hence this is not the recognized point blank, nor does it give the necessary range involved in this question. They are longer. Rifles thus sighted are good for squirrels and other small game; they are close shooters within about thirty-five yards, but at about 100 yards they shoot too low by about six inches. The next case will give a longer and better range, and furnish a solution to the questions.

CASE 3, TWO POINTS BLANK.—We will now elevate the rear sight a little more, say just enough so that when the piece is aimed true at the centre of the object the ball will strike it there, at 150 yards. This particular distance is selected, because I wish hereafter to trace the curve of the ball in this case of elevation. Being well aimed, now fire. What is the result? We see this elevation of the rear sight causes the ball to go entirely above the line of sight, in its ascending curve (very little, it is true), and after reaching its highest point, that it gradually falls to the line of sight, where it cuts it again at the very centre of the target. In other words, the curve of the ball cuts the line of sight in two points, the one at about six yards from the piece, and the other at the target, 150 yards off. This case presents two point blanks and two point blank ranges. But (as in Case 2) the first one is near the piece and is not recognized in long range practice, but the second one is recognized. It is the true point blank known

in science, and the corresponding range is the true point blank range. This being well understood, I will now answer the inquiry by giving two definitions.

First.—By POINT BLANK is meant the second point where the trajectory or curve of the ball in its flight intersects, or cuts the line of sight.

Second.—By POINT BLANK RANGE is meant the straight line blank range or shortest distance from the piece to the second point blank (or in practice to the target whose centre is struck at this point). The French and Americans use the same point blank, but in the British service it is different; their point blank distance is the distance at which the projectile (ball) strikes the level ground on which the carriage stands, the axis of the piece being horizontal." (Col. Scott's Mil. Dic.)

General Remarks.—Long ranges are generally made on the horizontal basis, and are so recorded for use in works on practical gunnery. But the above two definitions hold good in elevated or depressed firing also. It is theory I have presented.

Practice.—While in both theory and fact point blank is limited to a single point, yet in practice it is allowed a wider scope. It is here by common consent applied to the whole bullseye. If this be struck it is called a point blank shot, and the straight line from the piece to the target is called the point blank range. Neither is strictly correct, as I hope the reader will now be able to see, unless the bullet strikes the centre or its level for a range. In practice point blank in English, and "point blanc" (white point) in French correspond, they refer to the same thing—white spot, bullseye, target. Some understand rifle shooting in practice; but to the great majority who use it the science of rifle shooting is all in the dark. They cannot explain it correctly, nor is this a wonder.

The moment the beginner with the rifle will discard the false idea, which nearly all most naturally have, that "the rifle carries straight," at that moment is he in a condition to begin to understand a little of rifle shooting. Many persons and some of life-long experience still cling to this erroneous notion, especially for short ranges. It is as mathematically certain that the rifle does not carry straight for ten yards, as that it does not for 1,000 yards. The path of the bullet must be, and always is, a curved line known as the trajectory. Gravity is always pulling the bullet down; its effect commences at the muzzle of the gun, and no velocity of the ball can cancel it. This curve, however, is very flat within short distances, at long ranges it becomes high or much curved. Thus at 100 yards point blank the ball rises nearly three inches; falls about two inches to the line of sight with a gravity drop from the line of fire of about seven to ten inches, while at 1,000 yards, as at Creedmoor, the ball rises about thirty-four and a half feet, then falls the same to the line of sight with a gravity drop from the line of fire of about 121 feet.

The highest point of the trajectory varies a little with the range, but for ranges less than 1,200 yards they do not vary much from fifty-five one-hundredths of the range measuring from the piece. Firing at 100 yards the ball passes above the line of sight generally within ten yards from the muzzle. Remember this is the "first cut." Firing at 1,000 yards the "first cut" will be within two yards of the muzzle. Remember that point blank or centre shooting is never made along the line of fire or the direction the barrel points, but that it is always made along the line of sight. The mark is aimed at, and the ball by the use of the sight is made to hit it on the line of sight while the barrel is pointing above the mark, we do not know where at the time. Thus at 1,000 yards the bullseye is aimed at and struck while the barrel points about 121 feet above it. The same principles obtain in firing say at 10 and 20 yards, etc.

I will now, as a further illustration, practically trace the curve made by the ball along the line of sight in the 150 yards range, and notice its variations from it at a few points in the range. The ball, starting from about three-fourths of an inch below the line of sight at the muzzle, will hit a little below the centre, within about seven yards; at this distance, having arrived at its "first cut," it will centre (an intercepted target); at about 82 yards, the highest point of the trajectory, it will strike nearly five inches above the centre. Here it commences to fall, and at about 130 yards it will strike nearly three inches above the centre, and still falling it will again centre the target at the "second cut," or true point blank. Strictly speaking, the rifle when sighted in point blank can make but two centres; but when shot at near objects the cut or sweep of the ball will cut out the centre of the target, and thus appear to shoot straight. Rifles having fixed sights may be said to have but one point blank and one point blank range. Yet if differently loaded others will be produced. It will be seen from what has been written that point-blank ranges differ with every change of distance and charge. This fact, combined with others, makes all long range shooting at game a very uncertain thing. I discountenance it always, if there is any reasonable chance of crawling upon the game so as to get a dead shot. For deer and the like, I prefer for my rifle a point blank of not over 140 yards, and if in the timber 100 yards; but for small game generally I prefer 80 yards, and for squirrels 40 yards; then I am not habitually shooting over my game. In going on a tramp, camping out and roughing it, as all real sportsmen who get the game generally have to do, I rely solely upon the common open sights. From long experience upon the prairies of Texas and the West, as well as elsewhere, I find they are the only reliable standbys, and give me more game than any other sights. As fixtures, however, to have along, I have always carried the peep and globe sights. They sometimes come in good play in open grounds. I always train my sights to suit myself when getting the rifle from the maker. As purchased, I have never found them sighted for close shooting. I prefer a silver sight in front to all others. They are durable, and neither dead nor brilliant, and contrast the best in all seasons with the most objects.

But I am reminded that I must close this communication, already to long I fear. My purpose was to answer the two questions put by the inquirer. I hope my answer will be satisfactory, and that a rather perplexing subject will become he better understood. Herein will be my greatest reward.

MAJ. H. W. MERRILL.

DEER AND CARIBOU—*Sherbrooke, P. Q., Jan.* 26.—I have just returned from the Megantic and Spider lakes district. Game (deer and caribou) plenty, but it is impossible to hunt on account of light snow. The snowshoes go in eight to ten inches every step. As the close season commences February 1 there will be little if any legitimate sport, and measures have been taken to prevent killing out of season. Still a few will succeed in "running the blockade." D. T.

REPEATERS VERSUS SINGLE-SHOOTERS.

WHY is it that all the regiments of cavalry in this country and, in fact, over the entire civilized globe, are armed with revolvers, instead of the old-fashioned single-barrel pistol in vogue some years ago? Why are policemen and, in fact, all bodies of armed men who carry pistols, provided with revolvers instead of double or single-barrel pistols? Simply because six shots are better than two or one; because one revolver is more convenient to handle and carry than six single-barrels or three double-barrels. Any unprejudiced person can see that the only mystery is that any one should argue to the contrary, when the veriest savage has discernment enough to recognize the relative merits of the two styles.

Here is the *bete noir* and stumbling-block: Revolvers and repeaters are so constructed that the mechanism has to be more complicated than that of single shooters, be they pistols or rifles, because they perform most of the work automatically, consequently they have more pieces, some of which are of delicate mould, and if not made of good material will soon wear out, break or blow to pieces. Here, then, is the bugbear, and the one that causes the line and cry against repeaters in some cases and in some arms—justly, I must admit, but not in the repeater of which I am about to write.

Why, then, are not revolvers condemned and cast aside on the same grounds? Surely they are far more complicated than single-shooters. They have many more parts; they are much more easily rendered unserviceable; in fact, they possess all the faults of which repeaters are accused, and still every one uses them—and, mark you, not for sporting purposes, but in actual hand-to-hand conflicts, when human life often depends upon the speedy and correct action of this most valuable weapon—not for killing the timid deer, that is afraid of his own shadow, but with them men stand anywhere and against, at times, dreadful odds, being well aware and thoroughly convinced that their good qualities more than compensate for what are termed by some their "drawbacks."

Several of the most competent military authorities in the United States strongly advocate repeaters, and go so far as to say that cavalry should be armed with them and that it is only a matter of time when they will be issued to the whole army. It seems to me that if in the minds of these gentlemen the repeaters can stand cavalry use and the wear and tear of Indian campaigning they are strong enough for any purpose whatever, as a man who pays for a rifle of his own takes far more care of it than a soldier to whom it is supplied gratis.

The hope that repeaters would be used by the line has brought out valuable improvements in these guns, as such a revolution, when it does come, will put money into some of our rifle manufacturers' pockets—hence experiments are constantly being made in the direction of turning out a rifle that will stand rough usage and exposure, such as soldiers and plainsmen's guns are compelled to be subjected to at times.

I have spoken with several army officers (I mean officers who have been stationed on the frontier and fighting Indians for the last ten years) and other gentlemen conversant on this subject regarding the Winchester repeater, and nearly all bring up the following objections:

1. Too complicated and easily rendered unserviceable.
2. Men in action would waste too much ammunition and could not be kept supplied.
3. Are more expensive than the guns now used by the troops.
4. Have not sufficient range.
5. The magazine, when full, renders the gun extremely heavy and alters the balance when empty.
6. Are dangerous in the hands of raw recruits, especially cavalry, as they are self-cockers.

So far as I can remember, that is all that can be said against the Winchester, and I will endeavor to show that these so-called "defects" do not affect a sportsman, leaving the armament of troops to wiser heads and men of more experience than I can lay any claim to, as I deal only with what is best for game-killing purposes, regardless of all else, although, as I have hunted when hostile Indians were prowling around and no gun can compare with a Winchester for self-defense, I may perhaps be allowed here an opinion on that subject also, even if I never used one in this manner. Still I have known and seen those who have, and have heard nothing but in their praise.

Objection No. 1. I have seen in the hands of Indians and plainsmen hundreds of Winchester rifles and carbines that, judging from the battered condition of the stock, lock and barrel, must have seen the hardest kind of service, as the wood and metal used in these guns is no more apt to show ill usage than that of any other rifle, being as a general thing of the same kinds, and still these rifles were just as good as any other that had weathered as many storms, shot as accurately as any rusty land and groove could be expected to, worked as well as any jammed and bruised bearings could reasonably do, and, all in all, was just what it represented—a good gun originally, but rather the worse for wear; as any gun would be after passing through the same ordeal. Young Wat Eagle, an Indian scout belonging to the Seventh United States Cavalry, used a Winchester for I don't know how long that had only one link. I sent on and got him another, but I don't know if he ever used it. This Indian was a fine shot, and killed many deer and antelope, and one day in presence of part of the command, cleaned out a team of five in about as many seconds with this gun, which never refused to work, and was as accurate (although terribly scratched and dented) as need be, yet to a casual observer, and one who did not know its merits, and judging merely from appearances this rifle wasn't worth over $5. Still, it was his mainstay and on Sept. 13, 1877, he rode up to the Nez Perces' line, and fought single-handed against several Indians behind rocks and in ravines, and made them dodge too. He was shot through the hand, and was proud of his wound. That Indian was brave as a lion, and would no more think of giving up his Winchester than his life.

I came pretty near breaking my Winchester to pieces, and it is a wonder I didn't. My horse fell with me while crossing some bad lands, and came down squarely across the gun, nearly wrenching the stock from the frame and badly bending the upper and lower tangs and screws that held them together. Captain French, Seventh United States Cavalry, with the aid of a hammer, straightened out the injured pieces and screws, and my gun was good as ever, when many another would have been smashed to smithereens. Of course, I have seen badly-broken-up Winchesters, but no blame could be attached to rifle or maker. When a wagon rolls over a gun, be it Winchester or any other, it is likely to bend or dent it. When a horse comes down when on the full run and hurls a rifle to the ground the chances are that it will be found a wreck. It is unreasonable to suppose otherwise, and all the rider has to do is to pick himself up, and thank his stars that his neck isn't broken

Objection No. 2 does not concern a sportsman at all, and if he is foolish enough to shoot away his cartridges just because they are easily fired off, he deserves to run short, and is not entitled to sympathy any more than an engineer would be who killed himself while running his engine one hundred miles an hour—just because it could outrun a horse.

Objection No. 3—A Winchester model '76 costs from $27 up—which is less than any first-class length shooter can be bought for. I am not talking of humped up, remodeled, or condemned rifles worked over; but any well-known and reliable gun, say Sharps, Remington or Ballard.

Objection No. 4.—Game is generally killed between seventy five and three hundred yards, and any Winchester of the '76 model, be it Express, Centennial, or the one that shoots the sixty-grain straight shell, will certainly carry this far with great accuracy and force—and much further if needed. I have shot the Express bullet through eight one-inch pine boards, placed one inch apart, and the holes through the last ones went on increasing until they became larger than a silver dollar.

Objection No. 5 is not worth talking about, being imaginary.

Objection No. 6.—A man should learn to use his piece so that he will not endanger his life nor that of others.

The tendency nowadays is toward hammerless, self-cocking guns, provided with a safety catch. The Winchester is also made in this way, and is far safer than many single shooters. So this cannot, in justice, be brought against it.

I don't advocate a Winchester because Dr. Carver does such wonderful shooting with one, as a man who is such an expert would show off any gun to advantage. Still it shows what he gun can do. But I do brag on a rifle that gives a man confidence in himself; a gun that is always ready to deal death at a moment's notice, in the dark or in a hurry; no fumbling about for the breech, no dropping cartridges, no cold fingers to bungle with, no slipping, no sticking of shells (the extractor prevents that)—nothing in fact but to pump and pull, and when empty can be used as a single loader, with as good effect as any, and when full is a regular arsenal.

It has been my good fortune to carry the first Winchester to four villages in Minnesota and two settlements in Dakota, and when requested to show off my "new fangled" rifle, this is the way I did it, and I am proud to say I never failed to enthuse my audience.

I placed a board, say twelve inches, square at 100 yards, and fired at it say ten shots in rapid succession, taking care to hit it every time. I then invited competition, I to use my Winchester and two other men to use single shooters of any model (no self-cockers in those days, '7 and '73) and to shoot five shots each against my ten, and the quickest time and greatest number of hits to count.

This generally proved the superiority of my arm, as most of the men shot against were distanced. It also convinced me, and that's why I say buy and use a Winchester; if for heavy game use the Express; if for short range work, say deer, turkeys and an occasional bear, use the cal. 45, 60 grain straight shell gun. Formerly double barrels were almost exclusively used by English sportsmen ranging from cal. 10 to 16, shot-gun gauges, now the Express has superseded them entirely, having been found more accurate and destructive. When you have gun bearers with spare guns it is all very well to use single or double barrels; but as these fellows are expensive luxuries, probably stampede at the slightest approach of danger and frequently without provocation, I prefer carrying my own armory myself, and then if I do have to "walk fast" (it is not nice to contemplate bolting), why, I still have my gun, and am always ready to shoot buck, which is a pleasant reflection when connected with a grizzly, heap big Injun, or even sometimes in the case of a wounded elk or black tail buck.

The well founded objections that existed in the old models, especially as to the light load of both powder and lead, have all passed away, and now a Winchester stands out as a first-class gun, and this is why some rifles are made to resemble it so close by that the cut on paper is almost identical, which is, as a gentleman wisely remarked some time ago in this paper, "a distinction without a difference" "Otto" is not doing the Winchester justice when he hints at its imperfections and does not enumerate them. Fortunately the reputation of the arm is so well established that whatever he may say will be of no avail, as the American sports man can soon convince himself of the merits of any gun being intuitively endowed with a knack for recognizing a fine piece of mechanism, and preferring his own judgment to that of others.

It would never strike me to buy a Winchester for long range target shooting, as I consider the Sharps far superior for many reasons. It has more weight of barrel for same weight of gun; can be more easily cleaned and examined after each shot; has a stronger breech action to withstand heavy charges, and as a single loader is, in my opinion, what the Winchester is among repeaters, the very best of all.

There is still at least one improvement that I can see should be made in the Winchester, which is worthy of consideration. I now refer to the hind sight. A rifle which has to be carried for months hung on to a saddle bow must be well put together to stand the racket, and no sliding sights, especially rear ones, are of any use The forearm does not often come in contact with anything, so it is not of so much importance that it should be firmly and immovably fixed, but the hind sight is just where the pommel sling bears on the gun, and no matter how securely dove-tailed it will slip out of place after awhile, and that is extremely annoying. There are two ways of remedying this: make the stand on which the sight is fastened fit over the barrel as in the Springfield rifle and screw down to barrel; or have the leaf sights fastened to a steel bed, this bed to be sunken or dove-tailed into the barrel and well screwed in at each end. The slight projection of the leaves across the barrel, for the purpose of raising them, can be obviated by cutting into the barrel instead, the barrels being quite thick enough to stand this without sustaining any injury. The Sharps have a rear leaf sight with platinum lines, which is a beauty. I hope the Winchester people will soon have a similar one, as there can be no doubt that the English style is far the best for sporting purposes, say one stationary sight for 100 yards with fine bead, and 150 with coarse; one leaf for 200, and another for 300 yards, and that is all that is needed. It is much easier to raise a leaf than to adjust a scale, although beyond 150 yards one is generally not in much of a hurry. My favorite front sight is of steel, jet black, for prairie shooting; for hunter, ivory, both low on to the barrel. I dislike a rifle sighted over a high front sight, as these guns are generally meant to be shot with a fine sight, and on running shots I find I overshoot with them by taking too much of it in, besides a high front sight is apt to get broken and catches in everything.

A good feature and one greatly in favor of the Winchester is that quantities are shipped to England. As it is well known that no one is more fastidious or better posted than an English sportsman, accustomed to the very finest rifle, regardless of cost, this speaks volumes in praise of this excellent gun. TRADOR.

P. S.—"Owachita's" letter has just come in. I admire his style, and concur in his news: the most exacting mortal could hardly expect "Maud S." to make a good plough horse or circus performer. It is the same with guns and rifles. If you have one have a Winchester, if two, a Sharps and Winchester; the former for prairies and the latter for all kinds of shooting in timber, and wherever several shots can do more good than one, for hunting in cold weather, killing dangerous game, shooting on the run and self-defence.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That the Long Island Sportsmen's Association and its action on the game laws have been "misrepresented in the FOREST AND STREAM" is beyond question; and I sincerely believe this was not your intention. It is unfortunate, because a spirit of opposition to the association has been aroused, which in turn has excited many of our members, and without firm and conciliatory advice I believe great injury will result to the friendly relations recently increasing between this and other sections of the State

I claim to know as well as any other human being what is being done in that association, because every document, including the minutes, is in my possession. We challenge courteous criticism and have repeatedly invited by letter and through your columns, suggestions. We have been attended by men of all classes, the market hunter, the dealer and the sportsman who hunts for pastime. Our committee has met frequently and expended much time and labor to ascertain the facts and the wishes of these several classes. Their meetings have been public and thoroughly advertised. We have avoided all "star chamber" work.

An argument was made that game of certain kinds could be advantageously preserved by placing it in refrigerators, and that if it were judiciously distributed it would last most of the year It was urged that no more game would be killed, but that it would be used here in lieu of abroad, as now is the fact, and would afford a delicacy to the citizens of our own State. The time asked by the dealer (particularly for venison) was until March 1; and this was based upon the facts that the main supply of venison comes from Minnesota and lawfully may be killed until December 15, and may not reach New York until after January 1. This argument has been represented as the decision of the association to allow the sale of game the year round, provided it has been refrigerated. No such action has been taken or contemplated.

During the past year I have technically examined our game laws and am convinced that they are and will be violated with impunity. I know the result of an ill-advised attempt to enforce the old excise law, when the dealers combined and so clogged the machinery of the law as to make it inoperative. I believe that the true theory of protection is by the mutual conservation of the several interests. We have tried to find that plane upon which all can stand. Some appreciate our efforts. In New York City one association, neglecting to avail itself of the tendered opportunity to confer with us, has deemed it wise and proper to condemn. We gain no assistance or encouragement from obstructionists.

When I consented to become the Secretary of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association and the President of the State Association, it was with an expressed determination to attempt a reconciliation of the diverse interests apparently affected by our inconsistent and ineffectual game laws. You have had opportunities afforded to become familiar with the steps taken to carry that determination to a final result.

I have neither time nor inclination to pursue a fruitless task. Whether such shall be its termination will depend largely upon our sportsmen throughout the State and the tone of the press.

The full text of a proposed bill will be presented by the committee to the Long Island Sportsmen's Association at its annual meeting of February 4, 1881. The action of that association cannot be foreshadowed, but from its composition of representative members of each class, a fair, honest, conservative measure may be expected. I submit, as a reasonable proposition, that any advice based upon the wide experience of such men is far more valuable than a theory or scare presented by any one class, no matter how eminently respectable. Please advise all interested to patiently wait until some tangible spectre appears to create a panic.

ABEL CROOK.

If any misrepresentation has occurred, it has been in ascribing to the association itself the adoption of the amendment proposed by its committee. We shall take pleasure in correcting the mistake by publishing next week the repudiation of the clause by the society to-morrow night.

THE GUN TAX ON LONG ISLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of the 25th ultimo that the Long Island Sportsmen's Association contemplate applying to the Legislature for the passage of an act confined to Long Island for a tax for a license to shoot.

The Legislature will never pass any such obnoxious and absurd law.

When it is necessary for the State to increase its taxation, and a tax of this nature is approved by the Legislature and passed, to be levied upon all persons and parts of the State alike, that will be an equitable law, but to levy a tax upon Long Islanders, with the view of excluding a great number of persons enjoying the sport of shooting, would be, such an outrageous partiality that no Legislature, however strong, would dare to pass such a law:

As Judge Lott remarked, "what was wanted was less law and more enforcement." This to a very great extent is true. Nevertheless, the law ought to be so clear that there ought not to be any trouble to enforce it, which, as it now stands, there is the hitch. It cannot be enforced against trespassers with any certainty or without enormous expenditure. However, we will let this pass and go to what is called the close season, wherein the law should be altered. I would suggest that woodcock shooting should commence within the first week of July and end the 1st of August, recommencing again at the same time the law shall be off for shooting generally. I would also suggest that the shooting for quail, partridge, rabbits and English snipe should commence on or before the 10th of October and end the 20th of December. As the law now stands parties are supposed to go shooting for woodcock and partridge, but for the ostensible purpose of killing quail or anything else. By fixing the time for shooting to come in for all kinds of game at the same time will prevent "Pot-hunter" killing game out of season By closing the season on the 20th of December it would be the means of protecting the game from wholesale slaughter in the snow. More quail have been killed since the snow than through the whole season. The weather generally is very unpropitious for the sportsmen after the 20th Dec. If at once this respectable, rich and influential body of gentlemen would buy say from 250 to 500 bushels of buckwheat, and so organize that the birds would in some localities be sure to be fed, a great many birds would be saved which, if this weather continues much longer, there will be no birds left alive to breed, and no law required to protect them for the next two years. In 1853 you could walk for days and not find a bird. Nearly all the birds were destroyed by the hard weather. Gentlemen, feed the birds and keep them alive, and then go to the Legislature for such laws as may be required to protect them.

To-day my man and team have been gone all day to feed the birds. He saw ten different lots of birds and fed them with enough wheat to last for a week, but it is snowing again and they will require to be fed again at once. I name this to you so you may judge what is required in certain seasons to be done. PRACTICAL.

SHOOTING IN OREGON.

EUGENE CITY, Oregon, Dec. 15.

I HAVE just returned from a pleasure trip through the eastern part of the State, which as yet is only sparsely settled and affords good sport for devotees of the gun and rod, also to those admiring fine scenery. The region is especially enchanting. Among the most fertile valleys of the State are the Grande Ronde and Powder Valleys, surrounded by the lofty Blue Mountains, covered with a dense growth of pine and fir timber Numerous mountain streams wind their way through the valleys, bordered by luxuriant bunch grass and willow thickets, where graze bands of sleek horses and cattle.

This is the only part of Oregon where may be found prairie chickens, and this fall I saw my first specimen of this beautiful bird, and as I have always wished, this, the first chicken I ever beheld, in its peculiar flight fell clean to my gun, and as I picked up the noble grouse it seemed almost a shame to kill so handsome a bird. Initiated into chicken shooting, I had fine sport, all, too, without a dog, as they were so plenty as to be easily found. Feeding on the black hawberries they become very fat, and I must say are as fine a bird for table use as a ruffed grouse or woodcock. There are some extensive haw thickets in the Grande Ronde Valley, and at this season of the year the bushes are destitute of leaves, yet covered with the rich berries. Mornings and evenings the birds frequent these groves in great numbers. Buzzing through the bushes they present difficult enough shots to suit the most adept shot and make a great slaughter out of the question. At one of these places I, in two afternoon shoots, brought to bag forty birds fat and plump, and would vary the sport by a shot at mallards in the river close by. Here was truly the hunter's paradise. Easy hunting, game continually in sight and in fields most pleasing to the eye. Great numbers of birds could be killed here daily, but with me sport loses its charm when it approaches slaughter, so what might have been scores I was content to make dozens.

On the hills among the sage brush were found jack rabbits, cotton tails and sage hens, which, when young, I thought were very good eating. They are very plentiful, and sometimes the stage between Boise City and Union passes through literally miles of them as they line the road. A good dog is very necessary, as they lie close and often will be nearly stepped on before taking wing. With shot smaller than No. 4 you will only frighten these hardy birds, and with a swoop they will sail majestically off for probably a mile. After that they usually flush wild.

Knocking over jack rabbits is lively work, as they start away very much like a jack snipe, making forty angles in forty yards. I well remember the last one I shot, fully sixty yards, breaking its thigh. It set up a most pathetic noise, somewhere between a cry and squeal, which I ended as soon as possible, and rabbit shooting will never be so enjoyable to me again. Ducks and geese lie and hatch around an extensive tule lake in the valley, and afford good shooting in August, but, reinforced by the northern flocks, frequent the stubble fields in October, and then are stronger on wing and in fuller plumage; but, in my opinion, wild fowl shooting is not as fine as in the Willamette Valley.

Since returning home in this place have got quite a number of geese, and one afternoon, while standing by a fence, got five Canada geese and eight mallards. When the North Pacific line is completed, let Jerome Marble come in the "Worchester" and see our immense numbers of geese and ducks. J. S.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.

DETROIT, Jan. 28.

I HAVE already acquainted you by telegraph with the first day's doings of the Michigan State Sportmen's Association and forwarded by a previous mail certain significant letters bearing on the game laws, written by the President of the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club.

The second day's proceedings were directly to the point, the first thing at the morning session being the report of the Committee on Laws for the Protection of Game. It was discussed *seriatim*. That portion of Section 1 of the proposed law relating to the division of the State known as the Upper Peninsula was stricken out, thus placing both peninsulas on the same footing with respect to the open season and, in fact, in all other respects. A spirited effort was made, led by Secretary Roney, of the association, to incorporate a provision prohibiting the killing of deer while in the water. This was defeated, but the advocates of the scheme to fix the open season for woodcock from August 1 to January 1 were more successful, they having carried their point triumphantly. An entirely new section was agreed to, as follows:

No person shall kill or destroy any pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, until after the 31st of August, 1883, and thereafter only in the months of September, October and November of each year.

A resolution making November and December the open season for Virginia partridge was also carried through and a strong one was put on record declaring against shooting game of any description on Sunday. These recommendations were all referred to the Committee on Legislation, composed of E. C. Nichols, S. S. Cobb, President Holmes, T. N. Cook and A. J. Keeney; and Messrs. G. W. Walcott, G. W. Higby and John E. Long were appointed a Committee on Enforcement. These gentlemen are true sportsmen and will do all in their power to enforce the provisions of the law relative to the preservation of game. The Legislative Committee were also directed to prepare bills prohibiting the digging of pits for deer, for the better protection of pigeons and for the appointment of a State Game and Fish Warden to enforce the laws in that particular province.

Papers were read as follows: "Fishing Rods—How to Make, Keep and Use Them," by S. W. Goodrich; "Game Legislation and the Open Season," by E. H. Gilman; "Amendments to the Fish Law," by Martin Metcalf; "Brook Trout in Oceana County," by L. G. Rutherford, and "Notes on the Destruction of Deer," by Secretary Roney.

East Saginaw was fixed as the place of holding the next annual meeting and the association elected officers for 1881 as follows: President, E. S. Holmes; Secretary, Wm. B. Mershon; Treasurer, N. A. Osgood.

I ought, in justice to the former Secretary, to record the fact that he peremptorily declined a re-election.

The association is composed of representative men, who conspicuously emphasize the difference between sportsmen and so-called "sporting men." GAMIN.

THOUGHTLESSNESS IN HANDLING GUNS.

DETROIT, Minn., Jan 3.

I HAVE noticed several little hits in your recent issues on careless handling of guns by inexperienced hands or experienced hands through thoughtlessness. Now, of course, care can be taken and a great many accidents avoided; but it takes, as the old saying says, experience to learn wisdom. I have always considered myself pretty careful at handling fire-arms, but I think that the incident that happened to me some time ago had the desired effect upon me and I now consider myself "fire-proof."

A person may be careful in a great many points, but he generally has a weak point somewhere, and I did not prove myself to be an exception to what I believe to be a rule. One day in the spring I had been out hunting and had wandered about for half a day without success and was wending my way homeward when I met a team that was going across the lake with a party to fish. I made up my mind to accompany them and see if I couldn't run on to a few ducks, and accordingly laid my gun in behind the seats and piled in on top of it. Now, it never occurred to me that that gun was in danger of going off during that entire ride, but if it had the only damage would have been no end-board in the buggy, so we will leave that "weak point" and pass on. When we arrived at our destination I jumped out and reached for my gun.

I have heard of hundreds of accidents happening just as mine did, and it has always been a mystery to me how it did happen. I raised the gun up with the muzzle pointed sideways and thought it was coming all right, but one of the triggers struck the end-board and threw the gun around, pointing it at my head, or nearly so. The gun was discharged and the charge of shot passed under the rim of my hat, one shot grazing my cheek, taking off a little skin. The barrel was within a few inches of my ear at the time of the discharge, and you may imagine how much I could hear with that ear for the remainder of that day. If anybody had told me before that event took place that such a thing could happen to me I would have thought them a little "off." And so it is with a great many others; they think themselves above having advice given to them, and only realize the fact too late that they are only human and are apt to forget themselves. No doubt numerous other readers of the FOREST AND STREAM can give some of their experiences in "taking lessons," and thus give timely warning to some unwary sportsman. Let us hear from you. H.

WILD FOWL AT CURRITUCK.—Never in my remembrance has the shooting been as good at Currituck as it has been this season. We do not know how to account for it, unless it is that the extreme cold weather has driven the birds South. I am a resident of Currituck. Have been living here for about eighteen years, and during the past two years have kept an account of all the birds I shot; and I find that up to this time, January 15, I have shot more birds than I ever shot in a whole season before. From October 1 to January 14 I have shot 1500 ducks, fourteen geese, seven swan and two snow geese. These were all shot from paints and ponds in the meadows. My largest bag was one hundred ducks I write this to show the people in the North and in other parts of the United States what they miss by not coming to Currituck duck shooting. The gunners who shoot from batteries have also shot a great number of red heads and canvas backs. P. Hampton and H. Taylor, two of our celebrated battery shooters, shot 325 red heads in one day. We have also a great many English snipe in February and March; and in July, August and September we have bay snipe, such as yellow legs, plover, curlew and all other kinds of snipe that follow the sea coast. During the past two years we have seen more green backs (or golden plover) than we have ever seen at Cobb's Island or any other place on the coast of the Atlantic. GUNNER.

ILLINOIS—*Charleston, Ill., Jan.* 17.—Quails, squirrels and pinnated grouse scarce; turkeys and ruffed grouse very scarce, and no deer to be found in this part of the country, the last one was run off with hounds on December 4, 1878. The only good bag that I know of being made in one day this winter was on November 26 by a company of twenty men out for a day's shooting. When they reached the field they divided into companies of ten men each, with J. E. Curd captain of company A and Wm. E. Jeffries captain of company B.; the company killing the least game to pay for a game supper. When they returned at night they counted the game. Curd's company killed 241 rabbits and 60 quails; Jeffries' company killed 211 rabbits and 40 quails; Curd's company winning by forty counts. Total, 452 rabbits and 100 quails—a very good day's bag. It is said that 1,000 rabbits were killed to-day by men who went from town. The supper was served up at the Maples House, the best hotel in the city for sportsmen to stop at. FOX SQUIRREL.

THE OHIO GAME LAW.—A bill introduced into the Ohio General Assembly to prohibit quail and prairie chicken shoot-

ing until Nov. 15, 1883, is provoking much opposition. A correspondent says: "In addition to this law, there are some five or six others also, offered by other members, making various changes. It seems that our average legislator tanks it his duty to offer some amendments either for the benefit of their temperance friends, or to change the game law, or something else to return him for another term. Possibly some of the quail have perished in the northern part of the State. They are frozen out in that section about one year in five anyway. There is no scarcity of them in the southern portion of the State. We have succeeded in interesting the Cuvier Club and other associations in this matter and now believe that it is questionable whether there will be any change in the present law, which allows shooting from Nov. 1 until Jan. 1."

NOVA SCOTIA "MOOSE SNARES"—*Portland, Me.—Editor Forest and Stream:* I hope that your correspondent "Globe Sight" will fulfill his intention of giving the readers of FOREST AND STREAM some sketches of moose hunting that will prove interesting, even though all non-residents of Nova Scotia are practically forbidden hunting there, by the $50-a-license law. This will deter sportsmen, but not the professional poacher, who neither honors nor fears the law that he can evade, or, if by chance detected, can pay his fines from the profits of his illegal business. But I beg that the description of "snares" may be omitted. I have often found them, but there are many localities where their use is unknown. Don't introduce them by interesting young poachers and giving new hints to old ones. EVERETT SMITH.

THE MONROE COUNTY LAW—*Rochester, N. Y., Jan.* 22.—I notice in your last edition you say: "The Monroe County game law is now the same as the State law, the Supervisors having repealed the county special law." This is a mistake in part. The Board of Supervisors only repealed the special law in regard to shooting. We have in this county a practical and efficient fish law, which the Board of Supervisors passed in 1878 and which has done more for the protection of the fish in this county than all the laws of the State ever did. If all other counties in this State would pass a similar law fish would soon become plenty. P.

TEXAS NOTES.—A herd of antelope recently charged into a herd of sheep in Brownwood County, Texas. Finding they were in the wrong herd, they dashed off, sheep and all together. The sheep kept on for about five miles, but were followed and driven back by the owner. I have known them to charge right up to a column of dragoons. Curiosity seems to lead them. A wild turkey was recently shot in Texas in the Red River bottom, Grayson County, which weighed twenty-seven pounds. But they sometimes weigh more than this. H. W. M.

TREEING BIRDS—*Philadelphia, Dec.* 28.—I have read with interest in your paper the articles about ruffed grouse treeing. In the Adirondacks they are always shot in this manner. The birds when flushed by the dog (almost any dog can be taught to do this) take to the trees, and the dog holds them there by barking until the gunner comes up. On the whole I think it is very poor sport, but the woods are so thick that it would be almost impossible to shoot them on the wing. G. H. T.

GLASSES FOR SHOOTING—*Jan.* 19.—Can you give me any practical hints as to style, shape, etc., of glasses particularly adapted to near-sighted persons for field sports? I have a pair with extra large lenses and frameless, but find for snap shots on the extreme left that the inner angle of the eye is not sufficiently covered nor is the lens sufficiently deep at this point when the cheek is placed snugly to the gun stock, the line of sight being often quite over lens. ANON.

Perhaps some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can supply this information.

THE NEW JERSEY LAW—*Hightstown, N. J., Jan.* 28.—The amendments to the New Jersey game law have passed to a second reading, and will undoubtedly go through the House "with bells on." These make the open season for woodcock from July 1 to August 1, and from Oct. 16 to Jan. 1; for quail; pheasant and rabbit, from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15, and prohibit the shooting of squirrel, woodcock, rabbit, pheasant and quail for two years in Monmouth County.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—*Jan.* 25.—It is to be hoped that the "Refrigerator Bill" will be killed. One afternoon last week my "pard" and I killed twenty-one cowcens, or old squaws.

THE LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION will meet Friday evening, in the Royal Arcanum Rooms, Brooklyn, at 8 o'clock.

LIVE QUAIL.—Live quail may be procured of H. C. Ryall, Shelbyville, Tenn. The cost is from $1 to $2 per dozen.

MEETINGS OF GAME SOCIETIES.

THE LYNCHBURG ASSOCIATION.

The Lynchburg, Va., Fish and Game Association met at the Norvell House, in that city, January 13.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Dr. W. A. Strother. The constitution and by-laws were read, there being present many new members.

The president then read his annual report. The chairman of the executive committee made a verbal report, showing that that committee have been active in the discharge of the duties incumbent on them, and are making all necessary arrangements to bring violators of the law to punishment. The report of the treasurer was then read, showing a balance in the treasury of $49. There were some alterations in the by-laws. The names of sixteen new members were then proposed and they were elected.

Mr. B. Stockton Terry moved that a reward of fifty cents be offered by this association for every hawk other than a sparrow-hawk, and for every owl other than a screech-owl, killed in the counties of Amherst, Bedford, Campbell, Nelson, Appomattox and Pittsylvania, upon the delivery of the head to the secretary of this association, and that no member of the association be entitled to any reward. Adopted.

By Mr. Robert M. Brown, Jr., of Amherst: Whereas the law against trapping and netting birds has expired—*Resolved*, That the Executive Committee be directed to memorialize the new Legislature for the passage of a law prohibiting trapping and netting birds in this State. Adopted.

Mr. B. Stockton Terry, of Lynchburgh, moved that the Executive Committee be required to ask the Legislature to extend to hares similar protection in respect to destroying them in breeding time as to other game. Adopted.

At this time the association was invited to partake of an elegant supper which had been prepared for them by Mr. Terry, and accepting the invitation took a recess of an hour.

After recess the thanks of the association were tendered to Mr. Terry for the elegant entertainment.

By L. M. Kean, of Lynchburgh: *Resolved*, That the Executive Committee of this association communicate with all other associations in the State and individuals interested on the subject, in order to the procuring of the passage of full and symmetrical laws for the protection of fish and game.

Resolved, That in order to the foregoing the said committee make arrangements, in their discretion, for having a convention of delegates from all such associations for the discussion and preparing such laws as such convention may deem meet and procure their passage.

Mr. R. P. W. Morris, of Lynchburg, moved that an address be prepared and circulated by the Executive Committee, soliciting members in the surrounding counties, and that as soon as each county shall have representation in the association, the members for that county be instructed to elect a vice-president *pro tem.*, and that they present at the next annual meeting a name for vice-president for the ensuing year. Adopted.

The President announced that the election of officers for the year 1881 was in order, and the following were then elected: President, W. A. Strother, of Lynchburgh; Vice-Presidents, J. Holmes Smith, for Lynchburgh; Robert M. Brown, Jr., for Amherst; Col. Robert W. Withers, for Campbell; John J. Woodruff, for Bedford; Wm. F. Page, for Wythe. Secretary and Treasurer, L. M. Kean, of Lynchburgh. The Editors-and-Chief of the City Papers, Messrs. Charles W. Button, Alex. McDonald and Thos. Whitehead were elected honorary members of the association.

THE QUEBEC ASSOCIATION.

The annual dinner of the Fish and Game Protective Club of the Province of Quebec, was held at Montreal last week. The *Gazette* of that city gives the following report of it.

The annual dinner of the Fish and Game Protection Club came off last evening at the St. Lawrence Hall, and the members of the club may feel proud of the success they achieved. The *menu* was got up in the best style, and for which the St. Lawrence Hall has attained such a widespread reputation. At half-past seven the President of the Club, Alderman J. C. Wilson, took the chair, and among those present were Dr. C. C. Monk (Vice-President, in the vice chair), his Honor Judge Dugas, Euclide Roy, A. N. Shewan (ex-secretary), G. Ahern, J. Bourroughs, T. D. King, J. Nelson, A. Pinsonnault, Dr. Alloway, De B. Monk, F. Brady, M. Boyer, H. B. Trestler, M. Badgley, H. C. Carter, Chas. Torrance, Chas. Holland, Louis Sutherland, G. H. Matthews (secretary), M. Smith, *Witness*, G. S. Wilson and Chas. Marcil, *Gazette*.

BILL OF FARE.

Soup.

Hare aux Quenelles. Venison a l'Anglaise.

Fish.

Maskinonge, oyster sauce. Brook trout, tartar sauce.

Entrees.

Croquettes of venison, with mushrooms.
Salmi of black duck, with Spanish olives.

Joints.

Haunch of venison. Sauce—Gooseberry jelly. Wild turkey with cranberry sauce. Buffalo tongues with spinach.

Vegetables.

Asparagus. Potatoes. Green peas. Cauliflower.

Game.

Woodcock, glace on toast. Quail, with dry crumbs.
Partridge pique, English sauce. Redhead duck, lemon sauce.

Entremets.

English plum pudding, brandy sauce. Champagne jelly.
Charlotte Russe.

Dessert.

Strawberry ice. Lady's fingers. Oranges. Apples. Malaga grapes.
Walnuts. Raisins. Almonds. Pecan nuts.

Tea and Coffee.

Sauterne. Champagne. Port and Sherry Wines.

The chairman read letters of regret for non-attendance from Mr. Geo. B. Reeve, of the Eastern Township Fish and Game Protection Club, and Mr. W. F. Whitcher, Commissioner of Fisheries, Ottawa. After indulging in the good things with which the table was overloaded, the chairman rose and proposed the toast of "The Queen," which was received with cheers and the singing of "God Save the Queen." The next toast was that of the "Governor," which was also drank with much enthusiasm, and the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Mr. De B. Monk, of the Fish and Game Protection Club rose and proposed the toast "The Dominion Parliament," which was duly honored. Mr. Monk, in proposing this toast said that Canada's good name, prosperity and happiness depended upon the Dominion Parliament, and to it the country was indebted in a very great measure for the stride that Canada had made and the enviable position it had gained for itself among the nations of the world. The all important question of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that was now before the House, would, he was sure, receive that consideration which it deserved, and would be solved to the greatest advantage of the whole country.

"The Quebec Parliament" was the following toast and it received an ovation. The chairman, in proposing the toast, referred in praiseworthy terms to the great good that the local Legislature had done for the citizens of all classes in the Province and referred in particular to the measures passed by that body, which had given life to the club and supported it in the execution of the duties which it had undertaken—the protection of fish and game. The club valued very highly the assistance of the Government in this undertaking and returned it thanks in the name of all lovers of fishing and hunting. One thing which they desire to put an end to is the shooting of spring ducks, which is carried on on a large scale. Last session a petition had been sent to the Legislature praying that an act should be passed to this effect. Unfortunately, through the efforts of *Le Club des Chasseurs*, of Sorel, and the influence exercised by some of the members, the bill did not pass, but at the coming session he was confident that the necessary legislative powers would be obtained and vigorous measures would be adopted against the parties guilty of this offence.

"The Army, Navy and Volunteers" was proposed by Mr. De B. Monk in glowing terms and responded to by Mr. G. H. Matthews, late of the 2d Royal West India Regiment and the singing of "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean," by Major Ahearn, of the Victoria Rifles.

"The Fish and Game Protection Club" was given by Mr. A. N. Shewn, ex-secretary and member for over twenty years. He alluded in strong terms to the abundance of fish and game in this "Dominion of ours," to the vast range for fishing and hunting, extending from British Columbia to Halifax. In that respect it was the Scotland of this side of the water, and he appealed to the members of the various fish and game protection clubs of the country to stand "shoulder to shoulder," as the Scotchman says, to further the interests of the noble work undertaken.

"Our Sister Societies in Canada," proposed by the vice-president, was received with great enthusiasm and was given a "bumper."

In giving the toast of "Our Guests," the chairman alluded in fitting terms to the services rendered gratuitously to the club by Mr. Euclide Roy in his capacity of legal adviser.

Mr. Roy rendered thanks for the honor done him and he expressed the hope that the club would prosper by the admission into its ranks of gentlemen who hitherto were not members. "The country people," he said, "ought to form themselves into kindred societies and help the work upon which the future of Canada as a sporting country depended."

Mr. E. C. Monk gave the toast of "The Press," which was rightly honored, was responded to by Mr. Smith, of the *Witness*, and Mr. Marcil, of the *Gazette*.

The last, and perhaps best-received toast, was that of "The Ladies," which was responded to in an enlogistic manner by Messrs. Harper and Sutherland.

SAGADAHOC ASSOCIATION.

The Sagadahoc Association for the Protection of Fish and Game held their third annual meeting at Brunswick, Me., Jan. 13, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Dr. C. A. Packard, President; A. Q. Goud and J. H. Millay, Vice-Presidents; C. H. Greenleaf, Secretary; I. P. Booker, Treasurer; S. W. Carr, A. Q. Goud, G. H. Nichols, E. W. Johnson, C. L. York, Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee reported the association as in a flourishing condition, with a good membership and money in the treasury. The work done for fish and game has been to sow seed of wild rice, stock ponds with black bass, protect trout streams and plant about three hundred and fifty Messoni quail. A beginning has been made towards stocking the streams and more will be done in the future. A few extracts from the report regarding the quail may be of interest.

"The quail hatched out their young in several instances known to the committee, and in the fall showed a marked increase. Great interest was manifested in their welfare by the farmers, scarcely a day passing in summer but some one reported about the birds. One in Phipsburg allowed two acres of grass to remain unmowed for fear of disturbing the quails that were nesting there. He stated that they became so tame that they visited his yard with his chickens and his cats, supposing they were chickens, did not molest them. The nests found had from twelve to eighteen eggs, in layers of six eggs. If they return in the spring you will be notified at once."

A good work is being done in cultivating and giving expression to public opinion and, as far as possible, in enforcing the laws.

The members meet for three glass-ball matches each summer, thereby getting acquainted, the better to work together.

SECRETARY.

THE UTICA ASSOCIATION.

The Utica Fish and Game Protection Association met at the Butterfield House last week, President Storrs in the chair. We take the following report from a Utica exchange:

Counsellor Dunmore, from the Committee on Game Laws, presented a report, of which the following is an abstract:

Section 1 of the present law prohibits chasing deer with dogs except between August 15 and December 1. It is proposed in Mr. Dunmore's draft to change the time so as to include only the months of October and November. To section 4, which prohibits hunting wild duck, geese or trout in any of the waters of the State during a certain season of the year, coot, rail, snipe, plover and water chicken are added. In section 8, Oneida and Herkimer Counties are included in the law prohibiting the killing of quail for two years. Section 13, which now prohibits killing and exposing trout for sale, is made to prohibit catching trout alive with nets. A new section is added, prohibiting the catching of any spotted salmon or California trout less than six inches in length, and the taking of these fish for stocking private ponds. In section 23 the Mohawk River and its tributaries in Oneida and Herkimer Counties are included in the list of waters in which it is unlawful to fish with any device save hook and line, and the words "except minnows" are stricken out. A section is added in relation to enforcing judgment on conviction of the violation of the game laws. It provides that no person shall be bailed or admitted to the jail liberties. The law now provides that violators of the game laws must be taken before and tried by the nearest Justice of the Peace. An amendment is proposed transferring these cases to the Court of Oyer and Termiuer, giving to justices and similar magistrates power only to issue warrants and hold the alleged offenders for the action of the higher courts. It was stated that under the present law cases are tried before juries who are in sympathy with the offenders and often their accomplices.

Considerable discussion followed, in which Major Everts, Hon. H. J. Cookinham, F. I Meyers, Thomas Burt and Counsellor Dunmore participated.

Mr. Everts moved that a Committee of Five consider the proposed changes, said committee to put the amendments in form and present them to the Legislature. Carried. The Chair appointed as such committee: W. T. Dunmore, State Agent W. P. Dodge, John D. Kernan, I. C. McIntosh, H. J. Cookinham.

Mr. I. C. McIntosh said the season for shooting partridges and such birds should be limited to December 5.

State Agent Dodge said that many persons who fished through the ice for trout claimed they were fishing for suckers. He thought the law should prohibit fishing with hook and line while the season is closed.

Mr. Cookinham said some sportsmen claimed that floating for deer should be made unlawful at all times.

Mr. Dodge agreed with this view. In floating many are wounded and get away. With a dog the game is almost certain to be found.

FIELD AND RIVER SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

At a regular meeting of the "Field and River Sportsmen's Association," of New Brighton, Pa., held on January 15, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. D. McKinney, Jr.; 1st Vice-President, J. M. Farley; 2d Vice-President, W. H. Elverson; Executive Committee—Fred. Hollinsworth, Frank Merrick, John F. Sherwood. Delegates to State Association—A. M. Whisler, W. H. Elverson, J. J. Snellenburg. Our association is in first-class condition, financially and otherwise, and we have authorized the Secretary to purchase twenty-five dozen quail to be distributed through our county. The pointers and setters of our community are not quite so extensive as in other places, but the quality is first-class, and have done some good service the past season. E.

MISSOURI STATE ASSOCIATION.

The Secretary writes: "The Missouri State Sportsmen's Association since its reorganization is now about two years and a half old. There are about twenty subordinate associations or clubs that now belong to the State Association, and many other clubs throughout the State that work in harmony with the organization. Last June the meeting was held at Macon and was largely attended. Many reports from all parts of the State were brought in, which seems to foretell a very bright future for us. The tournament held during the meeting in June was one of the most successful and pleasant ever held in any State, and we look ahead to our next meeting, which is to be held at St. Louis some time in June, for a repetition on a much larger scale. Large preparations are being made for one of the grandest times on record. The affairs of the Association and the local managers at St. Louis are calculated to fulfill every promise. I will report progress."

IOWA STATE ASSOCIATION.

Mr. J. N. Whittam, Secretary of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish writes that the next annual convention will be held in Cedar Rapids, June 14.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE ST. CLAIR CLUB.

DETROIT, Jan. 15.

ONE of the most prominent, wealthy and rational amateur sporting clubs in the West, is by common consent the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club. It was incorporated in June, 1872, its legal life being thirty years. The original incorporators were William C. Colburn, President of the Detroit Bridge and Iron Works; Lowell W. Tucker, retired merchant; Colin Fox, then Mich. Supt. of the Western Union Telegraph Co.; Charles Cadman, cashier of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank (now of San Francisco); Geo. L. Field, dentist; James Nall, Jr., merchant; John E. Long, merchant; Morgan S. Fellers, merchant; Eugene Robinson, civil Engineer; Geo. W. Colburn, Secretary of the Detroit Bridge and Iron Works; Ashley M. Van Duzer, literatteur and Browse T. Prentis, lawyer.

The sole stated objected for which this club was organized is "the improvement and perfection of marksmen." Its affairs are managed by a board of seven directors, who are

elected on the first Tuesday of April in each year. Every member, (and there are two hundred of them) must be the owner of at least one share of stock, the entire amount being $25,000 in 1,000 shares of $25 each. The club has its maximum membership now and no new member can be admitted until a vacancy shall occur. A few honorary memberships have been conferred, but the club are rather chary of that kind of hospitality for the reason, I suppose, that it is regarded as no mean honor, and when it is bestowed upon a gentleman there must be some conspicuous warrant for it. To belong to the Lake St. Clair Fishing Club is to be within a charmed and exclusive circle and to have at command the facilities for the best sport under the most enjoyable auspices which the region affords. The Treasurer is obliged to give bonds for the faithful discharge of his trust, and all the Executive officers are held up to the strictest obedience to the regulations by which the organization is governed. The initiation fee is $25 and the annual dues are $10 for each member.

The club houses are situated a short distance above the head of the Lake St. Clair ship canal at the most favorable point for fish and duck in that now historic region known as the Flats. These houses are two in number, the second and larger one having been erected in the summer and autumn of 1880. It is a large two-story and attic structive, with a wide veranda on each of the two lower levels extending entirely around the building. The sleeping quarters are the perfection of airiness and comfort, and the machinery of the cuisine is regarded by experts as the model for sportsmen's clubs the world over. I do not know a more luxurious loafing place on this continent, and I doubt if club life of this particular kind is found more enchanting and appetizing anywhere. Why, it is almost impossible to induce any of the members to take a commonplace vacation in summer. If they can get a day's, a week's or a month's re-pite from business or professional cares, as the case may be, you do not catch them hieing away to Saratoga, the Branch, the mountains or any other "resort," but instead, up they go to the club house, and enjoyment such as I suppose every habitual reader of FOREST AND STREAM appreciates. Beautiful black bass are here taken in enormous catches, and during the season, ducks of all kinds fairly darken the air. I remember that one day, last autumn, three young men killed 193 in a little over three hours' shooting from the banks of the canal, within easy sight of the club house. Fishing, however, is the sport to which the members of this club address themselves with the greatest relish, and the big stories they tell of their achievements with hook and line would seem almost incredible were it not a familiar fact that at no other point in Western waters is there such bass fishing as on these very Flats.

The domestic rules of the club, so to say are exceedingly vigorous. Thus, it is expressly enacted that the buildings shall be kept for the use of members and their families *exclusively*, except that members have the privilege of inviting thither their friends who are not residents of Detroit, the contiguous townships, or Essex county, Ontario. This means, simply, that home guests are to be excluded, all the hospitalities (so far as gentlemen are concerned,) being kept for visitors from abroad. There is a gallant sub-proviso according to the items of which the members may invite to the club houses their lady friends within the tabooed territory for a single day—from morning until evening. You remember the gentleman, who, on starting for Europe, was asked if he were not going to take his wife along. "Great Guns! no," was the amazed reply. "I'm going abroad to enjoy myself." Then again, the clause "families of members" has an iron-bound definition to the effect that said families shall be held to consist of the wife of a member, his daughters, any female who is actually a member of his family, his sons under the age of twenty-one years, and his parents who are sixty years of age or upwards. There is also a stern regulation warning too good-natured members that in extending hospitalities to persons not members it must be understood that it is for sport and recreation only, and that the club buildings are not to be used as a "summer resort," nor as a base of operations for shooting or fishing for market.

The membership of the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club represents an aggregation of the best social elements of Detroit. Its affairs are conducted on the high-toned or chivalrous plan—not snobbish, but in just that spirit which is the real essence of the gentleman sportsman's relations to sport of this character. A CLUB GUEST.

AN HOUR ON LAKE DELAWARE.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

THROUGH the kindness of the genial gentleman and distinguished philanthropist, Hon. E. T. Gerry, of New York, and Mr. Robert J. Livingston, of one of your oldest, wealthiest and best families, I received an invitation in the latter part of August last to test the size and gameness of the *Salmo fontinalis* in Lake Delaware, a lovely sheet of pure spring water, a mile long, by one-half in width, with an average depth of twenty feet or more. This inland gem, the brightest and fairest of its size in our State, lies in Delaware County, town of Bevine; is a preserve well protected and stocked with millions of speckled trout, few of which are caught under a pound weight and more, and twice and thrice the size. And as it is shut out from public rods, they have every chance to multiply in numbers and increase in size, few having taken more than is considered necessary for table use, and the country seat of the owners. But their hospitality being numerous guests within the palatial old mansion, and their table never lacks a fair supply of delicious trout among the other viands.

I arrived early in the forenoon at the lake, but the kindness of my reception kept me off the water till after lunch and then I learned a new lesson in trout catching. I had my Orvis rod, as choice a book of flies as ever angler used, but for nearly two hours I could not draw a trout to the top of the transparent water. They were all down about the cold spring holes, the boatman said, and would not rise till near sunset, or when the sun was sinking from sight. I would not believe him, and change after change was made on my leader, and I cast till I was weary, and nothing yet. Finally, near where a bubbling spring ran down the shore, I had a leap for a bright McLeod. A lazy one-pounder took the hooks, and in less than a minute, with only a swivel or two, was drawn within reach of the landing net, my light rod scarcely bending, so little did he try to get away. Another, no larger, came up soon after and I got him.

From thence I had no rise to the fly. But my boatman said "Put a single hook, a good and stout one on a strong leader; let your hook sink of its own weight fourteen or fifteen feet, and see what comes." I rigged my line; he put the red fin of a small sun fish on it, and I let my hook sink. The sun was now almost out of sight.

"Jerusalem, what's that?" I cried a minute later.

My line went out as if a locomotive was off with it. Full forty yards were off the reel before I got it checked, and then my six ounce bamboo was doubled down till the tip was almost within reach of the hand that held the butt.

"You'll have all you you want now!" said the boatman. "Reel in, please, if your rod will stand it. There's more where he came from!"

I tested rod and tackle as I never did before, and soon, shooting here and there, but nearer to the boat every second, a speckled giant flew through the crystal water! Soon he was within reach of the net, and Ferguson, the gallant boatman, had him raised and in the boat.

"A three-pounder, sir! Hurry up now, you'll have fun for the next hour!"

And I did; no rise to a fly, but a strike for a sunfish fin when the hook was anywhere from five to fifteen feet down, and all as large as the last. An hour went by, and it was getting so dark I could see line or rod, scarcely. Then I counted my fish. Afterward I weighed them. Thirteen in all; the weight twenty-eight pounds; and if that was not worth "an hour on Lake Delaware," what could be?

Earlier in the season the catch would have been larger, the boatman said, and the fly would have done the work. But in August no large trout would come to the top, but sought for at twilight in the morning or at sunset in the evening, they could be had as I caught them.

My valued friend, G. W. Van Siclen, will say it was hardly like me to pull fish from the bottom, but I could get them no other way, and as I said above, I learned a lesson, old as I am. I know another lake, near Westfield Flats, that is full of fish, and yet last summer was whipped with the fly by scores of good New York fishermen, who could not catch enough to eat. Had they tried my plan their fortune would have been better.

In the colder lakes, like Blue Mountain, Eagle and Utowana, the August fishing is only good with the fly. But in waters fed by bottom springs mostly and more open to a summer sun the sport is changed.

THE AUTOMATIC REEL.

THIS reel, which is advertised in our columns involves a new principle and seemed so different from anything before made that we were tempted to write for a description of it and have received the following.

In size, weight and general appearance it does not differ from the reels in ordinary use; the line is withdrawn from it, as from the common reel, to any desired length.

In case the leader and flies get entangled, or the hooks are caught in water grasses they can be brought to hand, instantaniously, by a simple movement of one of the fingers of the hand holding the rod.

It will reel in a hundred feet of line sooner than any reel in use will reel five feet; or it will reel it in as slowly as the fisherman may desire.

But it is when a game fish is struck that the advantages of the "Automatic Reel" become most apparent. By a movement of the finger, as before described, an instantaneous tension of the line is produced; so delicate that, if the angler chooses to allow it and the fish be obstinate, he can run out the whole length of line against a continually increasing resistance, more or less augmented as may be desired. If the fish makes a charge in the direction of his captor, no matter what his rate of speed may be, the reel takes up the line so rapidly, that no slack can possibly be obtained. All this is accomplished without the use of a crank, which, though a useless appendage to this reel, will be furnished to those who wish it so constructed as to be attached at pleasure.

The multiplying gearing is planetary in construction, is light, compact and durable, requiring to be wound up when the line is first put on, and never afterward; being once set will run for years.

HOW TO BAIT FOR BASS.

IT may seem like assurance on my part to criticise Mr. Seth Green's method of "How to Catch Bass," as described in the New York *Sun*, but I am bold enough to differ with him as to the proper manner of baiting the hook, either with a live minnow or crawfish, and am willing to refer the matter to any jury of Kentucky or Indiana bass fishermen

Mr. Green says in using minnows for bait, "insert the hook through the middle of the back, just above the backbone," etc Now, I say that the point to be gained is to keep the minnow alive as long as possible, and I cannot imagine a speedier way of killing a young and tend r fish than by hooking it through the back, throwing it into the water and jerking it out again. I agree with Mr. Green in saying that the first striking of the bass is simply to catch his prey, and that he then runs off and proceeds to turn the minnow preparatory to swallowing it head first. Now, according to Mr. Green's manner of hooking a minnow (four inches long) through the back the bass must of necessity swallow at least two inches of the minnow before the hook reaches his mouth, and should the minnow be a chub, sucker or shiner of four inches in length it is a rather good-sized or thick fish, and I hold that so small a hook as he describes would, at least half the time, pull out of the fish's mouth without touching it; for it must be remembered that while he is engaged in swallowing the two and a half inches of the bait he has to contend with the same amount of line or shell, while the hook is hidden in the minnow and, from its size, so out of proportion to the size of the bait, is more than likely not to touch the mouth of the fish, so as to follow Mr. Green's method of baiting it kills the minnow, hides the hook and forces upon the bass the necessity of doubling up a line and swallowing two and a half inches of a large minnow before you can strike with any certainty of hooking him—this in case he survived his labors in getting down to where the hook was placed. Now, the blue cat of the Wabash River is the only fish in America that can swallow a minnow tail first, so the Kentucky and Indiana way of hooking a minnow is through both lips, not touching even the mouth, but just through the rim or cartilage of the lips, and in this way he cannot drown as his mouth is shut, and when you pull him out to make another cast you do not injure him nor break his backbone for he is moved naturally through the water, and as he is in no pain he will live longer than if hooked in any other way, and as we agree that the bass takes the minnow head first when he takes his second start he has the head of the minnow in his lip, and as this contains the hook now is the time to pull.

I agree perfectly with Mr. G. as to the manner of hooking the crawfish for bait, and there is no bait so good as a soft crawfish in the last of June, and from that until the last of August, and as the bass is an epicure he knows exactly when such things are in season and to be had, so when crawfish are shedding a bass will seldom be tempted by the choicest minnow.

I, however, disagree with him as to the manner of the bass in swallowing this bait, and contend that the fish takes a common sense view of the case, and also swallows the crawfish head first, for swallowing it tail first would be very much like attempting to swallow a half open umbrella handle first in preference to taking it other end first, for the tail of the crawfish is so arranged that it will contract or expand in a manner very similar to the umbrella. However, I do not contend that the fish cannot and will not swallow a crawfish tail first, but in the case of the minnow I decidedly do.

U. S. S. New Hampshire.

FISH PESTILENCE IN FLORIDA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27.

IN referring to the fish pestilence in the Gulf of Mexico, in connection with the article of Mr. S. T. Walker, the error was inadvertently made of stating that the proposed investigation of Dr. Guiteras was under the direction of the National Board of Health. The inquiry was instituted, and Dr. Guiteras was detailed to prosecute it, by Dr. J. B. Hamilton, Surgeon-General U. S. Marine Hospital Service, in Washington. Respectfully yours, SPENCER BAIRD.

PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE FISH LAWS.

THE special committee of the Long Island Association for the Protection of Fish and Game at their recent meeting at the Fulton Market Fish Monger's Association had discussions which show that they are not unanimous on all questions, especially on the refrigerator amendment Several prominent dealers who had been invited to submit suggestions attended and materially aided the committee. Mr. Robert Furey presided, and Mr. Abel Crook, President of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, acted as Secretary.

The following fish were named, and the least weight at which they should by law be offered for sale in the markets was discussed. One by one the fishes were debated over. Blue fish, not under three-fourths of a pound; weak fish, not less than half a pound; sea bass, half a pound; porgies, half a pound; black bass, half a pound; yellow perch, one third pound; white perch, one-fourth pound; mullet, one-fourth pound; butter fish, one-fourth pound; flounders, half a pound; sun fish, one-fourth pound; Spanish mackerel, one pound. It was decided that dressed eels should not be less than twelve inches long, while eels not dressed might be sold fifteen inches long. Also to prohibit the catching of shad from sundown Friday night until sundown Saturday, of each week, and none to be sold less than one and a half pounds.

Several communications were read, including one from Francis O. de Luze, of No. 18 South William street, asking the Legislature to prohibit the use of "fykes" in the East River. The fishing in the river is being totally destroyed by this species of net, and that they should not be used below Fort Schuyler. He also complains of the menhaden boats, which fished last summer about the mouths of Little Neck, Cow Bay and off Whitestone, Long Island, taking all sorts of fish in their large nets.

Mr. Chappell proposed that whitebait shall not be caught in New York waters, because there is a dispute as to what whitebait really is. The demand is so much larger than the supply that the young of many kinds of valuable fish are caught.

State Fish Commissioner E. G. Blackford had paid great attention to this matter. He had induced fishermen to try if our waters did not contain the whitebait, so famous in England. He obtained from Prof. T. J. Moore, of the Derby Museum, Liverpool, specimens of whitebait in order that they might be compared with the young of fish caught in New York Bay to determine the question whether we have whitebait or not, and Mr. J. Carson Brevoort thought them present in our waters.

Some were obtained and Prof. Spencer F. Baird pronounced them the young of two distinct species, the common alewife and the other the sea, or Taylor shad—both resembling the herring. After a long and keen discussion among naturalists in England about the origin and real nature of the whitebait it has been demonstrated that whitebait are simply the young of herring. After these young herring had been tested and found to be equal to English whitebait the demand far exceeded the possible supply, as not over fifty pounds could be caught and brought to the city in one day. Having determined that they were not the fry of any of the valuable food fish Mr. Blackford took measures to procure a supply, and a demand for them as white-bait was soon created. He was very careful to examine them with a view of detecting other fish, but did not find any young shad or other valuable fish. A few specimens of bluefish and an occasional mackerel fry were detected. He had not received any complaint that in selling whitebait he was selling the young of valuable fish. Certainly seven-eights of the fish sold as whitebait are anchovies. If the real whitebait should be allowed to grow to maturity they would be herring, and would bring two cents a pound, or half a cent apiece.

The brook trout law was then discussed. Mr. Blackford said that the present law was unjust to marketmen. No man was more anxious to obey the spirit and letter of the law than he, but if a box of trout were shipped to him in the close season without his knowledge, and he did not know its contents, a citizen who saw him open it could have him fined. In such a case, or if he had 1,000 pounds of trout on hand when the season closed, he was willing to destroy them or give them to a charitable institution. He thought that refrigerating trout would be an evasion of the law.

On Mr. Chappell's motion it was decided that the President of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game should have the power to appoint officers to be deputized by the Sheriff of the county to take or receive by voluntary surrender any fish or game found illegally in possession of any person in the State, and to give the fish or game seized to the county's poor.

The proposed amendments were concurred in, and will be included in the report of the committee to the Legislature, together with others offered by Mr. Farly, to the effect that no persons shall use a drag-net in the waters of Coney Island Creek or Gravesend Bay from May 1 to Oct. 1.

LAKE JACQUES CARTIER.—A trustworthy correspondent writes: "In the last number of FOREST AND STREAM you have a letter on "Trout-Fishing in Canadian Wilds," written from Quebec by a person under the name or *nom de plume* of F. Roberge, detailing a trip to Lake Jacques Cartier. Now, my dear FOREST AND STREAM, I hate to see you sold. Lake Jacques Cartier is a totally played-out lake. It has been fished so long with nets and hand-lines by professional marketmen, that twenty trout, averaging a quarter of a pound, would be a big day's fishing there. These men go there in the winter and camp and never go out or stop fishing until the ice breaks up in spring—at least they did this until two winters ago; but now it does not pay, so they have stopped. "Roberge" says they caught 1,500 trout from noon of Monday until Wednesday night, just two and half days and just 600 trout to two rods a day. This is pretty fair trout-fishing, I should judge. I have traveled the length and breadth of Lower Canada and fished in as many different lakes as any man in the country, but this is a little ahead of any trout-fishing it has been my luck to find. Taking away lost time in rowing the boat, meal times, etc, it is a most extraordinary catch for any lake. What a supernatural thing it is, then, for Jacques Cartier. Again, the country about this lake is an impassable morass in summer, that cannot be crossed until the frost of winter has hardened it enough to permit of doing so. Yet this man took a boat within two miles of the lakes, and this on a buckboard, a vehicle that will only carry two ordinary men in safety and are only intended for one during wet or muddy times. He is not astray more than several miles in the size of the lake; but then I suppose a mile or two makes no difference to him. Again, what would trout be like caught in a warm month like September or August, kept two days without ice, then put into a box and jumped about for two days longer over a rough road? Nice fish they would be.

IN MEMORIAM.—Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart, a well-known veteran English angler and author, died recently. The following lines, entitled "The Angler's Dirge," are from his own pen:

Sorrow, sorrow, speed away
To our angler's quiet mound,
With the old pilgrim, twilight gray,
Enter thou the holy ground;
There he sleeps, whose heart was twined
With wild stream and wandering bourn,
Wooer of the western wind,
Watcher of the April morn!

"A WATER GLASS".—In your issue of Dec. 30, 1880, I observe a letter signed "M" with the above heading. I have known an instrument used for finding lost anchors in deep water something similar to that mentioned by Mr. Benjamin. Its construction is simple, a long wooden box or "shute" say 3 ft. 6 in. by 12 in. by 10 in., with a pane of glass inserted in one end the other open, the seams of the box caulked to make them water tight and two handles fixed on the sides. When used the end of the box containing the glass is sunk a short distance under water, and on looking down through it the operator finds that the effect is to completely nullify the "ripple" or roughness of the water at the surface rendering the bottom visible at a considerable depth. A. T. KETTLE.

STRIPED BASS IN THE HUDSON.—Large numbers of black bass, or rockfish, are reported caught in the Hudson River. Between Peekskill and Kingston Point many are taken from five to thirty pounds in weight, under the ice. At Poughkeepsie they sell for ten cents a pound and in New York for twice that sum.

Fish Culture.

THE CENTRAL FISHCULTURAL SOCIETY.

[CONTINUED.]

MR. BARTLETT: I can add something to the evidence of the wonderful growth of carp in America as shown in the paper read by Mr. Mather, a noticeable feature of which is that all the accounts seem to agree in their figures of size, gradually increasing as the reports come from the warmer waters of the South. In June last I received a lot of carp from Prof. Baird which were from 2½ to 3½ inches in length. Some of them escaped from their confinement in a period of high water, and a few were recovered in September, one of which measured 12½ inches and it is probable that some are larger.

The following paper was then read:

PROTECTION OF FISHES IN LAKE MICHIGAN.

BY WM. H. BALLOU.

Since 1876 the whitefish industry of Lake Michigan has been on the wane. Indeed, the catches have been so light of late that many pound nets have been left to their fate and the owners have sought more profitable employment. Not many years ago the angler who cast his fly off the lake shore from some craft or pier was often rewarded by a fine trout. Of late no such welcome bite greets the efforts of the idler in the lower part of the lake, nor in fact do we now see the fisherman wending his way home with the old-time long string of perch. These remarks apply to Southern Lake Michigan. What troubles the waters of the lake, and why have our game fishes become so scarce in their accustomed haunts? These are grave problems for consideration; so grave that it devolves on this association to take such action at this meeting as will influence legislation toward a better protection of common interests.

Why protection is needed. Nearly every article of commercial value is afforded some protection, either by nature or the laws of man. The laws regulating the destruction of game birds and mammals are very rigid. Those relating to the fishes of rivers and inland lakes are likewise strict. Strange as it may seem, when one considers the staunch laws of New York relating to Ontario's waters, Lake Michigan, entirely an American lake, is left alone, and its inhabitants given over as prey during all seasons.

Disappearance of Whitefish. The remarkable fact of the disappearance of whitefish of late has been noted above. In the latter part of July, the *Inter-Ocean* intrusted to me the solution of this intricate question. In an article published on the 29th of that month I gave the results of my investigations, which I incorporate in part here. These fish seek the deep portions of the lake in cold and hot weather, where they find an equal temperature, sufficiently warm for winter and cold for summer. They leave their winter quarters about the 20th of May, and scatter along the coasts to their accustomed feeding grounds. In latter October and November they leave the feeding for the spawning grounds. It is during these fall migrations that some stringent law should prevail for their protection. By means of that terrible machine of destruction, the gill-net, literally vast numbers of whitefish are secured by fishermen who follow them in their migration. If there is any law which ought to deal with rigidity, it is that one which will effect the right use of the gill-net. It is a fact of my own observation, substantiated by Milner and others, that during October and November, when spawn is ripe in the whitefish, these obnoxious nets and the boats of fishermen fairly reek in the milt and spawn of captured victims. Is it any wonder that these fish are growing scarce; that not only consumer, but fisherman should cry to legislative halls for protection?

By careful study of tables of the industry, I have determined that the decrease of whitefish in Lake Michigan is 25 per cent. per year for the last twenty years. I shall not discuss the minor causes of destruction in this paper, but shall deal with the one great source of evil. Prof. Milner has ably examined these minor causes, but left totally untouched, the fact that in violation of an unwritten law, tens of thousands of female whitefish were being taken when ripe with spawn. This is the great consideration with which we need only to deal, to have the lake once more prolific with an abundance of choice fishes. I shall therefore offer a recommendation to this association relative to this point at the conclusion of this paper.

Catalogue of Fishes of Lake Michigan.—There are at least ninety-eight species of fish inhabiting Lake Michigan, all of which should come under the law of protection Milner gave a list of about sixty species, in the report of the United States Fish Commission for 1872-73. The nomenclature of nearly all of this has been totally revised since. I have made use in this list of my own material and all publications from which anything could be gleaned. I found the proof sheets of the forthcoming *Bulletin* of the State Laboratory containing Professor Forbes' paper relative to the dietary habits of fishes very accurate and useful. Prof. Jordan's "Manual of Vertebrates," which I followed largely for nomenclature, I found entirely void of the first iota of information relative to breeding habits. This otherwise exceedingly valuable and indispensable work seems sadly deficient in this particular. One line to a species would at least state the time of spawning. The following is the list?

1. Black-sided darter; blenny darter, *Alvordius maculatus*. A curious and elegant fish.
2. Fan-tailed darter. *Etheostoma flabellaris*. An abundant species.
3. Striped darter *E. f. lineolata*. A supposed varietal form of the preceding.
5. Common yellow perch, *Perca americana*. Spawns in winter.
6. Pike perch; wall-eyed pike; salmon; dory; glass-eye; yellow pike, etc., *Stizostetheium vitreum*. An edible but voracious fish, which most fishermen ignorantly discard from their nets. Spawns in winter.
7. Gray pike perch; sauger. *S. canadense*. A highly destructive, edible species, which breeds in winter.
8. White bass, *Roccus chrysops*. Common to Lake Michigan. Spawns in the fall.
9. Black bass; Oswego bass; large-mouthed black bass, *Micropterus salldus*. An elegant, voracious, carnivorous species which spawns in summer.
10. Small-mouthed black bass; moss bass; *M. salmoides*. A fine, edible fish. Breeds in summer.
11. Rock bass, *Ambloplites rupestris*, a ubiquitary species, breeding in summer.
12. Blue spotted sun-fish; roach, *Apomotis cyanellus*. An edible but bony fish of more general distribution than that accorded it by Jordan. Breeds in summer.
13. Black sun-fish, *Chenobryttus gulosus* A large fish, breeding in summer.
14. Blue spotted sunfish, *Apomotis cyanellus*. An abundant species in Western waters.
15. Blue orange sunfish; sun perch, *Xenotis megalotis*. A brilliant species, largely found in the more northern waters.
99. Common sunfish; pumpkin seed; bream, *Empomotis aureus*. One of the most widely distributed species. The best possible bait for the large pickerel. By means of it the writer has been able to secure the most gigantic specimens of the pickerel and pike tribes by simply dragging a live sunfish through the water on a hook.
16. Grass bass; calico bass, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus*, a handsome, summer-breeding fish.
17. Sheepshead; white perch; grunter; drum, *Haplodonotus grunniens*. The appearance of this fish from deep waters is always a signal for the disappearance of the whitefish during extreme hot weather.
18. Kumleins cottis, *Uranidea kumlieni*. A deep-water animal.
19. Franklin's cottus, *U. franklini*. An inhabitant of the south and east shores of Lake Superior, which may doubtless be found in extreme northern Lake Michigan. Milner calls it a Lake Michigan fish.
20. Hoy's bull-head, *U. hoyi*. A deep-water fish named after Dr. Hoy, of Racine.
21. Lake Superior Miller's thumb, *Potamocottus meridianalis*. A large species ascribed to Lake Michigan by Milner (Rept. U. S. F. C., 1872-73, p. 35, as *Uranidea richardsonii*).
22. Rice's sculpin, *Tauridea spilota*. A species named after Frank L. Rice, of Evanston, of deep-water habitation.
23. Deep-water lake sculpin. *Triglopsis thompsoni*.
24. Stimpson's sculpin, *T. stimpsoni*. A sculpin of deep-water procivities named after Dr. Stimpson.
25. Ling; Burbot; lake lawyer; eel pout; lake cusk, *Lota lacustris*. A fish whose real edible value is confined to its liver.
26. Brook stickleback; Ohio stickleback, *Eucalia inconstans*. A nest-building species.
27. Lake Superior stickleback, *Eucalia inconstans pygmæa*.
28. Many-spined lake stickleback, *Pygosteus occidentalis nebulosus*.
29. Silver skip-jack; river silver side, *Labidesthes sicculus*. An inhabitant of Lake Michigan, according to Milner.
30. Barred killfish; spring mummichog, *Fundulus diaphanus*. I am inclined to give this fish a place as an occasional inhabitant of the lake, and perhaps other killfishes.
31. Mud minnow, mud dace, dog-fish, *Melanura limi*. Milner mentions this species.
32. Muskallunge; great pike, *Esox nobilior*. A common species.
33. Great lake pike; northern pickerel. *E. lucius*. A short-stubbed species.
34. Trout perch, *Percopsis guttatus*.
35. Mackinaw trout; great lake trout, *Salmo namaycush*. The pride of the lake. Milner claims that this fish does not eat whitefish, and demonstrates his point quite satisfactorily.
36. Siscowet; Lake Superior trout, *Salmo siscowet*. This fish is undoubtedly found in northern Lake Michigan.
37. Brook trout; speckled trout, *Salmo fontinalis*. A familiar species.
38. Lake herring; Michigan herring, *Coregonus artedi*. An abundant shallow-water species.
39. Black fin, *C nigripinnis*. A deep-water species.
40. Lake Michigan cisco, *C. hoyi*. The smallest of ciscoes and the prettiest.
41. Lake whitefish, *C. albus*. The most important fish of the lake. Spawns in fall.
42. Menomonee whitefish, *C. quadrilateralis*. A more northern species than the last.
43. Moon eye, silver bass, tooth heron, *Hyodon tergisus*. A beautiful fish.
44. Ohio gizzard shad; thread shad, *Dorysoma cepedianæ heturura*. An "escaped" species belonging to the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.
45. Storr's minnow, *Hybopsis storerianus*.
46. Spawn eater, *H. amarus*.
47. Long-finned minnow, *H. columellus*. I give this fish the benefit of a doubt and include it here.
48 Red-tailed minnow, *H. hematurus*.
49. Cope's minnow, *H. lacertosus*. I take pleasure in dedicating this fish to my friend Prof. Cope. He gave it a scientific, but not a common name. Such modesty should have a reward, even at a late day.
50. Common shiner; red-finned; rough head; red fin, *Lucilus cornutus*. A widely dispersed species.
51. Silver shiner, *L. selene*. An extreme northern species.
52. Rosy minnow, *Notropis rubellus*.
53. Emerald minnow, *N. dinemus*.
54. Red-sided minnow, *Gila elongata*.
55. Shiner; stilbe; bream, *Notemigonus chrysoleucus*.
56. New world minnow, *Phoxinus neweus*. Found on both sides of the lake, and consequently given place as a doubtful species.
57. Northern hemitremia, *Hemitremia heterodon*. Included on the grounds of the last species.
58. Common chub; horned dace, *Semotilus corporalis*. One of the most widely diffused of the *cyprinidæ*.
59. Horned chub; jerker, *Ceratichthys biguttatus*. The most widely diffused of fresh water fish.
60. Lake chub, *C. prosthemius*.
61. Milner's chub, *C. milneri*.
62. Spotted shiner, *C. dissimilis*.
63. Long-nosed dace, *Rhinichthys cataractæ*.
64. Marbled dace, *R. marmoratus*
65. White mullet of the lakes, *Myxostoma carpio*.
66. Red horse, common mullet, *M. macrolepidota*.
67. Lake mullet; eastern red horse, *M. m. macrolepidota*. A variety of the last.
68. Golden red horse; lake mullet, *M. aureola*.
69. Small-mouthed red horse; white nose, *M. velata*.
70. Long-tailed sucker, *M. anisura*.
71. Small red-mouthed horse; white nose, *M. velata*.
72 Spotted mullet; striped sucker, *Minytrema melanops*. One of the elegant species.
73. Creek fish; chub sucker, *Erimyzon sucetta*.
74. Stone roller; hog sucker; mud sucker, *Hypentelium nigricans*. A "singular" fish.
75. Common sucker; white sucker, *Catostomus commersoni*.
76. Red-sided sucker; long-nosed sucker, *C. longirostrum*.
77. Moon-carp sucker, *Carpiodes selene*.
78. Lake-carp sucker, *C. thompsoni*.
79. Common channel cat; blue cat; white catfish, *Ictalurus punctatus*.
80. Great fork-tailed cat; catfish of the lakes; Mississippi cat; Florida cat; great blue cat, *Amiurus nigricans*. The largest of the *siluridæ*; said to attain 200 pounds' weight.
81. Yellow cat; chubby cat, *A. natalis*.
82. *A. n. cupreus*.
83. *A n. eanosus*.
84. Long-jawed cat, *A. vulgaris*.
85. Bullhead; horn pout; small catfish, *A. catus*.
86. Mud cat, *Pelodichthys olivaris*. A river species.
87. Yellow stone cat, *Noturus flavus*. The largest of this genus.
88. Cubby stone cat, *N. sialis*.
89. Common American eel, *Anguilla acutirostis*. Introduced into Lake Michigan.
90. Bowfin; dogfish; mudfish, *Amia calva*.
91. Gar pike; bony gar; billfish, *Lepidosteus osseus*.
92. Short-nosed gar-pike, *L platystomus*.
93. Duck-billed cat; spoon-billed sturgeon; paddlefish, *Polyodon folium*. Runs up the canal from the Mississippi. Has been even taken in Lake Erie, in one instance, to my knowledge.
94. Red sturgeon; lake sturgeon, *Acipenser rubicundus*.
95. Small black lamprey, *Amocetes niger*.
96. Silvery lamprey, *A. argenteus*.
97. Leech lamprey, *A. hirudo*.

Can Protection be Afforded Inland Waters?—I have carefully examined all game laws in vogue by those States bordering Lake Michigan, and find no mention of it whatever. It has been left wholly to itself as if its fishes were of an inexhaustive abundance. The question, therefore, most prominent is: Have bordering States jurisdiction over portions of the lake next to them? They have. Let me give a legal demonstration of this point. The action of the general government relative to inland waters demonstrates that States have, and not it, jurisdiction over navigable waters within or bordering them. For instance, it is found practicable to erect a lighthouse on some rocky ledge, six miles out in or on the shore of our lake. The contractor makes application to the State claiming the point in question, for permission to so build. It owns no lands nor asserts jurisdiction over none not specially set apart by Congress. Having obtained permission to erect a lighthouse or signal service station it provides all the funds necessary for the maintenance of the structure. This fact, together with those well-known that the government is also required to ask permission of States to remove obstructions, fortify military positions, make coast surveys, contract harbors, breakwaters, etc., on their territory, shows conclusively that the general government recognizes the jurisdiction of States over their coast waters which it only professes to protect.

The duty, then, of States in this direction is clearly defined. The responsibility cannot yet be laid at the door of the United States Government.

Let me distinctly state that a general law should extend to all fishes of whatever proclivities, for their protection and preservation. Do we not protect every individual bird? Is

a bird more useful, more palatable, more beautiful, more of a scavenger than the fish? There are some harmless fishes which should no more be molested than some harmless birds. The eel is just as much of a scavenger as the turkey buzzard, which is so carefully guarded; and furthermore, it is a valuable food fish furnishing a flourishing industry to thousands of men, and the necessaries of life for their families. It should be just as unlawful for the fisherman to toss his hundreds of socalled unimportant fishes on the bank to die as for one to needlessly slaughter birds. These wasted fishes all come within the economy of nature. The time has never existed when one more perch or sunfish, so despised, was created than was needed to meet some natural law. They are the food of larger and hungrier fishes, the mink and other animals. They are a water scavenger and purifier, feeding on animal life below their order. The darter is as innocent, as beautiful, and as useful as the hummer. Finally, fishes have delicate structures, and senses of pain, hunger, besides intelligence. It is as vicious to leave one to die out of its natural element as to drown a warm blooded vertebrate.

I have argued these claims at length to impress this association with the necessity of extending protection rigorously to all fishes, and to demand of States at this meeting that humane and righteous laws be passed for the protection of the innocent, and the propagation of the food-fishes. I would suggest that a scientific committee be appointed to determine the proper protection and time of the same for each lake fish; that this committee draw up a series of resolutions, and that another committee, consisting of members from each bordering State, be authorized to present the resolutions to their respective State Legislatures. I would further suggest that the scientific committee be authorized to confer with the United States Fish Commission, relative to urging upon Congress the necessity of passing a general law for the protection and propagation of food-fishes of the Great Lakes. The general government has its agents scattered all along the coasts, and its gunboats with equipments for the detection of smuggling. By these means it could terrorize those fishermen who have no respect for the rights of the inhabitants of a defenseless community, or their own interests.

[The other papers and discussions will follow as fast as we can publish them.]

SALMON EGGS IN MILT.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, Maine, Jan. 24.

IN your issue of Jan. 20 I have just read a note of Mr. Von dem Borne's on the transportation of newly impregnated eggs in milt without water. I have had some experience in this matter, and the results are such that I feel bound to warn fishculturists against trying such an experiment on a large scale.

Several years ago while seeking earnestly to overcome the defective degree of impregnation which has always troubled us here at Grand Lake Stream I ventured to keep a great many salmon eggs in contact with the milt for a long time—one, two, three hours and even longer. The result was disastrous, while the ratio of impregnation was not improved by the operation, the development of the eggs so treated was very irregular, and great numbers of them perished. Afterward by critical experiments I satisfied myself that the protracted contact of the milt was the cause of these failures.

I will quote from my note-book a single experiment. In 1870 the eggs were for the most part washed off immediately after applying the milt. I believe this to have been done in every case except one, and our average losses amounted to 11 per cent. on the crop. A single lot of eggs numbering 5,156 was, for experiment's sake, allowed to stand for four hours and forty minutes in the milt. Not one of these eggs ever hatched. Every one of them died, turned white and was picked out. I might cite many similar examples.

My advice is to allow no salmon eggs to stand in the milt more than fifteen minutes. We always practice severe agitation of the spawn pan to secure contact of milt with every egg, and then immediately wash them clean so that it often happens that barely a minutes' contact is permitted. But a minute is ample so is a second.

I think that eggs and milt might be transported separately without water, in bladders, jars or other tight vessels, but there is a limit to the time they can be kept after leaving the fish. I once corked up some eggs just taken from the parent fish, kept them under water for forty-eight hours and impregnated 41 per cent. In another experiment I kept eggs in an open dish in the air, and found that their capacity to receive impregnation declined rapidly after six hours, and at the end of twenty-four hours was wholly lost. This result is also corroborated in a general way by other experiments. C. G. ATKINS.

DO QUINNAT SALMON DIE AFTER SPAWNING?

SAN FRANCISCO, December 27, 1880.

Professor Spencer F. Baird:

My attention has been called to my letter of Sept. 26, 1876, and Mr. Livingston Stone's comments thereon, as found in pp. 815-818 of your report for 1878. In stating Mr. Stone's remarks about all salmon dying after spawning, I was in error mentionm the Sacramento instead of the McCloud River. But I intended my remarks to apply to the river he mentioned, and I have seen no reason to change my opinion since writing.

That many and probably a very large proportion of the female salmon die in the McCloud River after spawning is no doubt true, but the same proportion of female fish die in other rivers which they ascend under the same conditions of life, age and difficulties of navigation. A close examination of fish as displayed upon the stalls of our markets in summer, will convince any unbiased close observer that many salmon are deficient in vitality to successfully ascend long and rapid rivers, cast their spawn and return the same distance to tide-water. In the case of river-spawning-salmon the results cannot be definitely known, owing to the habits of those which survive and the concealment that waters permits against the closest scrutiny. It is admitted by Mr. Stone that some spent salmon do find their way back into tide-water through the Sacramento, but he claims that these come from some other stream than the McCloud River. This is simply a guess to sustain his theory, as there can be no positive proof to the contrary. He will admit, however, that salmon of various sizes and ages visit the McCloud River together to spawn during the season. That some of these salmon are more battered and worn out than others, and that the spawning season is a prolonged one extending over several months time. A portion of this time of visit is before the annual building of the dam at the hatchery and a portion after the taking of spawn by his employees is past. That, as soon as the heavy rains come in December and sometimes even in November, the dam is swept away and the river is open to the fish to go up or down, as they choose, until the next year's dam is built. That the dead salmon are to be found in great numbers in the McCloud River for a limited season only, and that with the exception of only one month, spawning or nearly spawning fish are to be had at all times of the year. Prior to the late rain (18th inst.) there was a large run of salmon going up the Sacramento River, the catches of the boat averaging from forty to fifty fish each, daily, from the first inst. The canners claim that these late salmon are those which have been spawned at the hatchery, as no similar run has ever been known on the river and there are no branches of the main Sacramento that could afford proper spawning ground for such a vast body of fish outside of the upper Sacramento, Pitt or McCloud rivers.

In regard to the taking of spent fish in the lower Sacramento River, the testimony of fishermen is that some are caught in the nets, while, owing to the salmon drifting down river, tail foremost, many fish escape. In this connection I have a theory of my own, which, I think, is at least plausible and accounts for the great bulk of spent salmon not being seen or taken while returning to sea. It is that instinct causes the salmon to float down with the current with its head up stream, because in its weak state there is less labor in so doing than in any other way. That it breathes with less difficulty and in case of stranding, the tail being down stream, its motive power admits of its rescue.

All persons who have investigated the habits of salmon in fresh water state that it seeks no food either in going to or returning from spawning, also that its vitality in such cases is largely exhausted. I therefore think it very probable that the spent fish, to avoid its numerous enemies, drift down stream near the bottom out of reach of the nets which are floating above. It is proper to say that both Mr. B. B. Redding, State Fish Commissioner, and Mr. Richardson, connected with the hatchery, oppose this theory, claiming that spent salmon drift on the surface where they have been readily seen. My answer to this is that the surface fish were the weakest of the return run and naturally floated, as they were about to die and be stranded on the shores a short distance below.

My experience with salmon and salmon-trout in the coast-streams makes me think that the spent fish of the Sacramento River must remain some time, probably two or three weeks, in the brackish water of Suisun Bay before recuperating sufficiently to go to sea. This, if so, would confirm my theory that the spent fish progress along the bottom instead of the surface of streams, as few, if any, are taken by netting in brackish waters.

As to salmon overcoming difficulties in ascending streams, an instance that I witnessed may interest you. Some years since, in June, the lagoon of San Gregorio, about forty miles south of this city, being closed by a sand-bar, I opened it to the sea one afternoon. The next day I went up the creek to fish, and, when about four miles from the sea, heard a great splashing in the creek below me, which was caused by a salmon passing over a shallow place. When I saw the fish it was in shallow water with its fin and a portion of its back out of water. It swam up stream into a hole, above which was a long gravel bed, over which the water trickled until just before falling into the hole, it drained into three small channels. The salmon made an examination of these channels several times apparently undecided which to take, but finally made a rush up one, working a track about ten feet long up the gravel bed, when he rested. I tried to catch him when he struggled again, completing his track (about twenty feet long) into the upper hole and escaped me. Had the bottom been of rock, he would have worn his tail fins, as it was he made a track in the pebbles, into which the water ran, half floating him. As the lagoon had been closed for weeks previous, this salmon, with a companion, (which was taken a few hours previously) must have passed from salt to fresh water within twenty-four hours and, being nearly three months after the usual spawning-time, was in an abnormal condition. "That the spawning-season is a mere accident of place," as stated by Mr. Stone, I do not believe, as the young of Lake Tahoe trout hatched out at Lake Merced, about eight miles from this city, spawn in June, the same time as the parent fish. Lake Tahoe is over 6,000 feet above the sea, while Lake Merced is not fifty feet above and about a mile from the ocean.

During last July immense schools of large salmon were feeding in the sea off Monterey, about ninety miles south of this city. Many were taken by trolling, the sport lasting nearly the whole month. There were reports about the same time also of similar schools of salmon off Point Conception, about 200 miles south of Monterey. The salmon taken at Monterey were nearly ripe fish, and as they visited no coast-streams, were undoubtedly on their way to the upper Sacramento River to spawn in August and September following. These facts, I think, show that our summer run of salmon come from Southern waters, while the winter run always makes its appearance first near the Oregon line and thence successively at more southern rivers. The winter-run salmon are also of a smaller size; are stouter and different color from the summer-run. Canners claim they are not so desirable for canning—wanting the fat and high color of the Sacramento salmon.

I trust the length of this letter has not wearied you, and that, although in a disjointed state, you may find in it some facts that may be valuable in the history of our salmon now or hereafter.

HORACE D. DUNN.

INTRODUCTION OF THE GILL NET IN THE AMERICAN CODFISHERIES.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., Jan. 10.

THE use of gill nets for the capture of cod, *Gadus morhua*, in the winter shore fisheries from this place is a matter which is now absorbing considerable attention here, and the possibility of using them with success in the distant Bank fisheries is also being discussed. As recent experiments have proved entirely successful in the shore fisheries, and the practicability of using gill nets to advantage there, at least, is no longer an unsolved problem, a short account of their introduction and subsequent results, so far, may perhaps prove interesting to the readers of your valuable and widely-circulated journal. Gill nets have long been used in the codfisheries of Norway, more than half of the fish caught at the Lofoden Islands being taken in this manner; but of this, or of the manner of using gill nets for cod our fishermen were ignorant until the knowledge was supplied to them by the United States Fish Commission.

In the summer of 1878 Professor Spencer F. Baird, the Commissioner, established his headquarters at this place, and when he returned to Washington in the autumn several gentlemen of the commission were detailed to remain here, observe the habits of the winter fish, make experiments in hatching cod and other sea fishes and also to gather any other information that might be of future use or benefit to the American fisheries. The commission had several Norwegian cod gill nets and these were set off the Cape; but it was found that the mesh, which was but eight inches, was too small for the cod in this vicinity. Professor Baird then had other nets made with a larger mesh and these, though set under different circumstances, proved quite successful and gave a clue as to the size of mesh best adapted for fishing in this locality.

After demonstrating that the gill nets might be used with good success the fact was made known to the Gloucester fishermen and the loan of the nets was offered to any responsible fisherman who would give them a fair trial; and notwithstanding this generous offer nothing was done toward accepting it until the fall of 1880, the fishermen fearing to make such a decided change from their old methods of capturing the cod, although they must have felt sensible of some of the inconveniences attending the use of the most serious of these, under the old system, was lack of bait, and the fleet was often delayed for several days at a time waiting for it, and serious loss to the fisheries was thereby frequently incurred. This was more than usually the case during the past fall, when the spurling, (small herring) the bait most generally used and desired, appeared in very small numbers about Cape Ann. The lack of bait, together with the knowledge of fishing with gill nets that had been disseminated among the fishermen by the Fish Commission, led the first attempt being made by the Gloucester fishermen in the early part of the present winter.

Capt. Stephen J. Martin, of this place, who has been connected with the Fish Commission for some time, and who at present is in charge of the station here, called the attention of his son, Capt. George H. Martin, to the subject of taking cod with gill nets early in the fall and urged him to make the trial. The young Captain Martin, who is well known as one of the most enterprising and intelligent of the Gloucester fishermen, obtained a Fish Commission Report in which the Norwegian gill nets were described, etc., and began reading up. Later, before starting out on his trip, he had an interview with a member of the Commission, then in Gloucester, who had, by the direction of Professor Baird, made a study of this kind of fishery at the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, Germany. In addition to the nets that were furnished free by the commission Capt. Martin got eight more for the first trial. Instead, however, of using these nets in the exact way in which the Norwegian fishermen do he hit upon a plan by which one man can handle a gang of nets for which six or seven men would usually be required in Norway. This new method is called "under-running," and is another example of the ingenuity characteristic of the Yankee. By this means the vessel carries eight dories, each with a single man, and eight gangs of nets, each gang, at present, being composed of three nets, a total of 150 fathoms in length to a gang, or 1,200 fathoms for the whole crew.

The nets were set for the first time on the "pasture" (the local name for a small fishing ground) November 26 and hauled the following morning with fair results, but when set again on better grounds in Ipswich Bay they did exceedingly well, taking 4,000 pounds of splendid cod in two nights' fishing. This proved that cod could be taken in large quantities, by the use of gill nets, on our coast; but it was found that the larger size of the fish here necessitated the use of stouter twine than is used in the Norwegian nets. The nets first used were soon torn to shreds by the struggless of the great cod, but other and stronger ones have been obtained. The average weight of the fish taken in them is twenty-three pounds, and some individuals reach seventy-five and eighty pounds. Although the weather has been exceedingly stormy and unfavorable during the past month the Northern Eagle (the vessel having the nets) has succeeded in making good trips averaging from 5,000 to 10,000 pounds, the total being in round numbers about 57,000 pounds. Vessels using trawls and fishing on the same ground have, in some instances, got less that one-half the amount of fish taken by the Eagle

The great importance of this method of fishing, aside from the increase in the catch and the fact that no "trash"—small fish, etc.—is taken to be thrown away again, is that no bait is required. Perhaps this will be better appreciated when it is known that for the month of December, just past, the average bait bill of the Gloucester shore-fishing vessels was $150 each, and to this may be added the loss of time in procuring bait. Again, if the nets can be used on the Grand Banks with equal success, and there seems no reason to doubt it, we shall be relieved from all dependence on the British Provinces for bait supplies and be able "in the future to obviate the necessity of asking a participation in their inshore fisheries."

To conclude, I quote the following from the Sixth Annual Report of the Boston Fish Bureau in relation to this matter: "The last improvement that has come under our notice is one that, if it continues to do all that it gives promises of doing, will be of great value to the fisherman and revolutionize the present manner of catching ground fish. We allude to the use of gill nets in cod fishing. * * * Nets of ten-inch mesh are set the same as herring nets, being set in the morning, or during the day, and are hauled the next morning. As yet no fish caught, except at night, and only the largest cod; the catch for the three first trials with unfavorable weather was, respectively, 4,000, 6,000 and 7,000 pounds. Capt. Martin is much pleased and has ordered new nets. These nets can be used on the Grand Banks, or in fifty fathoms of water, as well as in Ipswich Bay, where at present used only in eight to fifteen fathoms. We may not be much surprised in the near future to see the old and much-condemned as well as expensive method of trawling superseded by the gill nets introduced by the U. S. Fish Commission." J. W. C.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the officers of this association was held at the office of FOREST AND STREAM at noon January 28. Present: G. S. Page, Vice-President; E. G. Blackford, Treasurer; Barnet Phillips, Cor. Sec.; Fred. Mather and H. D. McGovern. It was decided to hold the next meeting at the rooms of the Fulton Market Fishmongers' Association Wednesday and Thursday, March 30 and 31. This will give members a chance to remain over and see the trout opening at Fulton Market, April 1 to 3, and at the same time the latter will not draw members from the hall during the session. A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Mather, Phillips and Blackford, was appointed to correspond with members relative to the preparation of papers and the preparing of a programme for the meeting, and also to correspond with members of the Central Fishcultural Society and invite communications and an interchange of friendly feeling.

THE McDONALD FISHWAY.—The Richmond and Allegheny Railroad are about to build a McDonald fishway over Beshor's Dam, the lower dam on the James River, which is eleven feet high. This way will be constructed under the supervision of Mr. McDonald himself and will be a good, practical test of the practical value of his plan. It will be finished in time for the spring run of shad, which, above this dam, will have a run of forty miles before meeting with another obstruction. The McDonald way is certainly cheap and the working models which we have seen have certainly checked the water in its downward flow completely and we await the construction of this one on a large scale, in hope that it may work as well in practice as it does in miniature.

IOWA NOTES.—An Assistant Fish Commissioner has been appointed in this State. Mr. A. A. Mosher, of Spirit Lake, Dickinson Co. was so appointed on Nov. 10, 1880. His district is Northwestern Iowa and his work is to assist the Commissioner and work. Commissioner Shaw has just taken nine 500,000 whitefish eggs from the Northville, Mich., hatching station of the U. S. F. C.

SALMON FOR LONG ISLAND.—Mr. E. G. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission, recently received from Prof. Baird, through Mr. Chas. G. Atkins, 25,000 eggs of the Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*) for Long Island waters. They have been placed in charge of Mr. Thomas Tapham, of Roslyn, L. I., a gentleman of large experience in trout culture. Their exact destination is not yet decided upon, but there are several streams which are available for salmon on the island.

The Kennel.

THE ENGLISH POINTER.

[Reprinted from advance sheets of Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," furnished to the FOREST AND STREAM by the author, through Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 596 Broadway, New York.]

IT is, we believe, a pretty generally admitted fact among sportsmen that modern pointers are deficient in nose when compared with what they used to be; in other words, nose has been sacrificed by the almost insane importance which has been attached to pace. Breeders appear to have, in many instances, only had in view the production of an animal that can gallop, and thereby cover more ground than other dogs which might be brought against them; and nose has thereby suffered to a great extent.

Our Continental cousins, especially the Germans, have, however, viewed things in a very different light, for the Continental pointers partake more fully of the nature of their Spanish ancestors than do the English. A leading German sportsman only recently remarked to us, that though he admired the English dogs (pointers) they were too fast for the sport he wished to put them to, and that his experience taught him that the slow and staunch German pointer was, in his part of the world, the most valuable dog. However, he added, that he hoped that the crosses he had in view between the two varieties, German and English, would improve both breeds and render each more valuable for his purpose.

The German pointer does not differ very materially from the English, save in his clumsiness. He is more throaty, certainly; but this is scarcely to be wondered at when his closer

connection to the Spanish pointer comes to be considered. The best specimens of this variety which we have seen at German dog shows, have been liver-and-white in color, and the lower dog in the accompanying illustration may be taken as a very faithful representation of this class.

On comparing the three types of pointer (Spanish, German and English) which have been treated of in this work, our readers might almost be brought to style the three varieties as superlative, comparative and positive, for they really represent these degrees to a remarkable extent. The superlative bulk of the original Spanish pointer becomes greatly modified when the German branch of the family appears upon the scene, while the latter in his turn has to be at once refined if he is desired to be made anything like the English dog in shape.

In the accompanying engraving the resemblance of the German pointer to the Spanish is very apparent, especially in the forequarters, and it may be added that little pace could be expected to be found in either of these animals. Contrasted with the English pointer, however, neither the German or Spanish members of the family are likely to suffer if strength is to be taken as any criterion of merit; but it is nevertheless notorious that their great bone has not had the effect of adding stamina to either breed.

Whether or no the German pointer would be a desirable cross for our English dogs is a mooted question at the present time. Personally we should be very much disposed to try it, if we had a strain of light-weight pointers to work upon; and our desire to do so would be increased if we had the breeding of a field trial winner before our eyes. At present, as we have said above, we consider that too much attention has been paid to increasing the pace of a pointer, and we believe that the time is not far off when this merit will play a secondary position to that of nose, as this has inevitably been the consequence of breeders sacrificing one property in an animal in their efforts to produce another feature of excellence. We do not wish it to be imagined for a moment that we by any means decry the acquisition of pace in a pointer. A slow, pottering dog is enough to break an active man's heart we admit; but at the same time we reserve to ourselves the privilege of adding that a pointer without a nose is as bad as one who is deficient in pace. In field trials a fast dog looks flash, and by his superior pace can cover more ground, and therefore increase his chance of finding birds. The natural result of this is that such a dog defeats his slower but surer companion, who keeps steadily plodding on throughout the trial, and would do so throughout the day without a fault, and probably would wear his gay companion down in half a day. That such a thing is done at every trial a reference to the reports thereof will amply testify, and this, we trust, will have the effect in time of causing steps to be taken to remedy the evil. Field trials are such excellent institutions in themselves, if properly carried out, that every step should be promptly taken to prevent fashionable prejudices from doing any injury to the class of dog which is meant to be benefited thereby.

Allusion has been already made to the colors of the ancient pointer, and the ideas of Mr. B. Thomas have been fully stated. In the present day, however, the markings of the pointer have increased in variety, and now we may reckon upon finding good specimens in color, black, white, lemon and white, orange and white, liver and white, and even an occasional all lemon dog. The entire number of whole-colored dogs is, however, a very limited one, and by far the most fashionable colors in the present day are the liver and white, lemon and white and orange and white, which may be taken as favorites in the order named. Caprice is, nevertheless, chiefly responsible for the placing of one of these colors over another, and it is only of recent years that the liver and white dogs have reoccupied the position we have given them on the list. Personally we see little advantage in placing one color over another, but we certainly prefer parti to whole-colored pointers, and most strongly object to a lemon and white pointer who carries a black nose upon his face. In our opinion this defect is simply a disqualification, though authorities of position, we know, differ from us on the point; but still we remain unconvinced, believing that the majority of pointer breeders agree with us in this respect at least, and hold that a black nose is a decided blemish on this class of dog.

Whilst on the subject of color it may be noted that many admirers of the liver or liver and white pointer are accustomed to argue that he is in this point entitled to respect as more closely resembling the old Spanish pointer than the lemon and white or orange and white Still, when we take into consideration the crosses that have been admittedly introduced into the breed we cannot see that much is to be gained by this argument, even if it is strictly correct, which we have no means of proving.

The liver and white pointer, however, had previously been the popular dog, and this certainly seems to support those who argue in favor of this color. To Mr. Whitehouse, of Ipsley Court, the greatest credit is due in connection with lemon and whites, which is a breed he has succeeded in bringing to the highest pitch of perfection. His most famous dogs have been Hamlet and Rap, but an enumeration of all this gentleman's many first-class pointers would be a task to any writer of a work on dogs which he could ill afford the space it would consume. Mr. Whitehouse is recognized as one of the leading judges of the breed with which his name has been so honorably identified, and the correctness of his decisions at the shows where he officiates is recognized by all.

In spite, nevertheless, of the popularity which the lemon and whites have attained and the regard with which orange and whites are looked upon by many breeders, as well as the existence of blacks, livers and other colors, the liver and whites appear to hold their own. Mr. W. Arkwright's Prude II. and Don Jose, Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Wagg, Belle and Bow Bells and the former's great rival, Mr. James Fletcher's Ponto, are all liver and white. Nor are these by any means the only first-rate specimens of this color. Mr. Bartram, of Essex, has a grand specimen of the liver and white in Special, a very heavily-marked dog, and shot with liver ticks on the portions of his body which should be white. Many breeders admire this heavy marking and certainly we can see no reason for decrying it, though it is uncommon on the show bench. In addition to Mr. Whitehouse, the following gentlemen have shown good lemon and whites: Mr. W. Arkwright (Prim and Primula), Mr. R. B. Lee (Miss Prim) and Mr. C. W. Brierley (General Prim).

As a companion the pointer is confessedly inferior to his great rival the setter, for, though there are exceptions to this as to every other rule, it is not for either his affection or intelligence in private life that the pointer especially shines. As an indoor pet this dog is not the success he might be supposed to be, and his more homely jacket places him at a disadvantage with the setter when the palm of beauty comes to be awarded. Having no luxuriantly silky coat, the pointer looks to be what he in reality is—a workman—and as such he has succeeded in winning friends in every part of the country.



GERMAN POINTERS.

From page 405 of Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog;" the plate having been forwarded to the FOREST AND STREAM by the Publishers.

JOCKEYING AT FIELD TRIALS.

THERE has recently been published a lengthy letter written by a man named C. B. Whitford, in which an ingenious attempt is made to whitewash Gladstone's performances at Robin's Island, to advertise the man Whitford himself as a dog-handling jockey, and to throw discredit upon our report of the Eastern field trials. Unfortunately for the author of this agonizing wail, it is but a crude patchwork which reflects no credit upon him as possessing either brains or morals. We are roundly abused simply because we reported the Gladstone heat as it occurred, and because we expressed our opinion that Gladstone was the loser.

We have all along since the trials expected to see an attack of this kind made, a dying squirm as it were, wherein everything would be done in the way of abuse to serve us out, because we did not proclaim Gladstone and his professional handler the winners, and the two most perfect animals in the world. We have had good reason to believe that this malicious attack would be made, for on the night of the ending of the trials, while on our way to New York, this man Whitford came and sat beside us in the cars and tried, as far as he dared go, to persuade us to publish Gladstone's record as a perfect one; for, as Whitford said, "I do not wish to see in print that Gladstone committed errors."

We were somewhat amused at the boldness of Whitford's "little game," and still more indignant. We knew that such practices had been successfully tried on others, and this knowledge had already explained to us many things that would otherwise have been mysterious.

The cause of the present outburst of spleen seems to be that we said that "in our opinion Nat won the heat, as it was a race between dogs and not handlers." It was on the following lines in the Eastern Field Trials Rules in the Instructions to Judges that we based our opinion. They read as follows:

"The dogs are to be hunted in all respects as an ordinary day's shooting, in a sportsmanlike manner."

Now, everything depends upon the interpretation of this paragraph and what the words "in a sportsmanlike manner" mean. We presume that from our standpoint it will be impossible to beat into the brains of Whitford, and men of his class, that there is a vast difference in the way in which a gentleman and a tricky dog-sharp will look at a matter of this kind. But, nevertheless, there is a difference which hinges on a man's moral training and depends upon the people with whom he has been accustomed to associate. We know that Whitford prides himself upon being a dog jockey, as we have heard him openly boast of different unfair exploits where he had choused an opponent out of a heat. Similarly there is a class of men who delight in swindling their fellow men with marked cards and loaded dice, and who pursue the even tenor of their way, congratulating themselves for their own cleverness and believing that they have done no wrong. It is this man Whitford who is elbowed to the front to lay down the law and teach the gentleman sportsmen of America what is sportsmanlike and what is not.

If the field trials in this country are to be governed by such fellows, it is high time that honest men have nothing to do with them. It is Whitford's opinion that it is a sportsmanlike proceeding to circle his dog ahead of his opponent's dog who is roading to the birds and who has first discovered their presence, thereby completely barring the roading dog from every chance to secure a point and trickily gaining the credit that the other dog deserved. What sportsman would continue to shoot with a companion who was guilty of such practices? Not many, we imagine, and yet the organ that plays for this monkey calls it "nice generalship." A fine code of honor to attempt to inculcate a sporting public with!

In our opinion the judges were bound in accordance with the rules to immediately disqualify Whitford at the first attempt to deprive by this means the opposing dog of his opportunity to point. It is a well-known fact that three times during the heat Nat discovered the presence of birds first and was jockeyed out of each of three chances to point, which, from his record, it is fair to presume, he would have done. At all events, according to the principle on which the trials were conducted, Nat should have been given the same chance that was given to Smut when in the heat with La Guy. It will be remembered that when Smut had discovered the scent, La Guy was ordered by the judges to be kept at charge until Smut had a chance to make out the bird and point. We believe the principle of ordering any dog to be kept at charge a bad one, but as it was done in one instance it certainly should have been done in all cases of the kind throughout the trials, or not done at all.

Following a long attempt to bolster up the unfair practices put in use, the writer says that we were not present at the running of one part of the heat. This statement coming from the source it does is not surprising, and is on a par with statements of an untrue a character. We saw the heat from beginning to end, but at one period of the heat an unsuccessful attempt was made by interested parties present to make black appear white, and we laughed in our sleeve, as an entirely different story from the truth was told to those who had not been present.

The writer then goes on to say that "some of our mistakes are pardonable on the ground of ignorance, as it was our first full field trial experience." Ignorance we presume of how to pervert truth, and ignorance of how to write a report of an American field trial from the standpoint of a professional dog jockey. Had our experience of how dogs should work been gained by being present at some "eight field trials," which the writer claims to have attended, perhaps we would have known no better than to give the wrong dog the most credit, but fortunately for us fifteen years of constant work in the field in many of the best sections in the Union, and the knowledge attained from shooting with gentlemen of experience and standing, has enabled us to rise a step higher on the ladder than can ever be reached by such a trickster as Whitford.

To sum the matter up, Whitford's performances at Robin's Island were not in accordance with the rules, as his dog Gladstone was not "hunted in all respects as in an ordinary day's shooting, nor in a sportsmanlike manner." Stealing an opponent's dog's points he did do, and recently, in the presence of two well-known gentlemen, Whitford not only openly stated that he employed this means to beat his opponents, but shamelessly stated his motives for the trick. Referring to the Hamilton-Gladstone heat, he stated that having bet over again, on Gladstone, all the money intrusted to his care in the pool box, he was very much frightened when he saw Sensation wind the bird which decided the heat, and that Sensation would have pointed it had he not circled Gladstone in ahead, and thus deprived the pointer of the heat and first place. Had Sensation won this heat the handler of Gladstone would have lost not only all his own money, but that of other people which had been intrusted to him, and his reputation for honesty, not to say honor, would have been worse than it is at present.

We have not time nor inclination to stop our train for every barking cur, but on this occasion we have been pleased to have an opportunity to show up some of the possibilities of field trials as at present conducted, and in whose hands a certain amount of power is vested. It has been our aim to treat both rich and poor man alike, but we have catered to no man. When the FOREST AND STREAM has to be run in the interest of dog society it will then be time to close its pages and melt into its type. We have conscientiously striven to pick our way on open ground which, by the way, in the doggy world is no easy task, and to try and raise to their highest standard the sports of field and flood. This can only be done by steering clear of everything that smells of chicanery and by doing to our fellows as we would be done by.

The simple facts are these: Whitford did repeatedly circle his dog in front of other dogs that were working out a trail, and did thus deprive them of the opportunity to win. His motive in doing this was in part to save his own pocket as he had by his own confession bet other people's on the events.

We know of no reason why we should change our former opinion that in the Nat-Gladstone running "Nat won the heat, as it was a race between dogs and not handlers."

A CLEVER FIELD DOG.

MARY was a liver and white ticked pointer of great versatility as a trick dog and was a prodigy as a retriever, whelped at or near Paris, Tennessee, in 1865 or '6. She was house and yard broken by "Gus" Harris, and when a pup sent to George Bolton, of Harrodsburg, Ky., "in memory" of our associations. I am sure that all of Gus' chums will indorse the declaration that he can beat the world training a dog.

Mary's education was the most finished that I ever saw till I met Cousin Charlie, a regular graduate from a college whose dogological curriculum is the most comprehensive in America if show dogs are the standard by which to judge. It is a common charge, if not belief, that trick dogs in general are indifferent, if not comparatively worthless, field dogs. Mary was an exception. Her intelligent eye and dignified carriage were conspicuous to even casual acquaintances and the gravity with which she recited her diversified lessons was the admiration of all witnesses. She d serves as her biographer a Wirt or a Boswell and I presume to give but a few of her earliest field performances which came under my eye or are derived from irrefutable authority.

Gus wrote that before sending her he took her into the field once, without gun, and she staunchly stood every bird found. I took her out after noon, for her first round with the gun, and couldn't coerce her into fetching a rabbit, the only game found. On making my report to her owner he ordered that she should not be taken out again till opportunity would permit him to go. That wasn't long. After the first discharge of his gun he missed his flask, which contained a pound of powder, and without thinking to avail himself of Mary's aid, started in hunt of it, when his companion rather insinuatingly asked: "Why don't you make Mary find it?" Thanking him for the reminder, she was called and sent in quest. Her movements were visible nearly half a mile before she disappeared on the back track. She found and brought it, to the joy of her owner and astonishment of his companion.

The whip was necessary to induce her to fetch the first quail killed, which she handled with evident fear, but after it had been tossed out a few times she brought it with alacrity. Recognizing the significance of "I'll flog you" as thoroughly as a human being, a threat was enough in the instance of a hare soon afterwards killed. She was made to carry it at heel some distance, and over after a burrow or impenetrable brush-pile was necessary to escape of wounded hare or bird.

I accompanied her owner the second time that he took her into the field and as we drove along the pike she arose in the buggy and pointed a bevy of quail, which was in a cluster of briars on the roadside. On reaching the first field a party that preceded us had scattered the birds. Mary soon made a point near a hedge, which was impassable to us. On walking in we put up a brace of quail, which we dropped on the opposite side of that hedge. A third quail flushed and fell to the gun of another sportsman on the same side, fully fifty yards to our left. Without removing from where he re-loaded, her master sent her through the hedge and she successively brought all three birds to him. She was invisible to us when on the side the birds had fallen. Had I not seen the feat I should have demanded the "papers" before receiving the report as fact. I had seen enough of her performances to experience neither doubt nor surprise when told that she twice found and brought her master a hammer which he lost from his gun-lock in a stubble field and missed only on failure of the barrel to fire. The unimpeachable veracity of the gentleman who enthusiastically corroborates the story leaves no room to stamp it a Munchausenism, incredible as it may seem to many. It is the most remarkable, well-authenticated instance that ever reached my credulous ears.

The undersigned and two others saw her owner wound a quail from horseback, which was marked down in an adjoining field, nearly three hundred yards from where it rose. The bird was flushed by the horses and Mary didn't see it at all. She was called to the fence, put over and directed fully one hundred yards to the spot, where, in obedience to orders, she sought, found, brought and delivered the bird to her master, who hadn't even alighted from his horse to reload his old muzzle-loader. On another occasion one of the last-named party had her in the field, when he met a couple of neighbors, whose dogs were the acknowledged cracks, one being an imported pointer, over which the writer has shot and can attest his merits. As Mary was a stranger to that locality they were soon favored with an account of some of her achievements when it was rather derisively requested that she should be put in to find three birds which on the rise of a flock they had knocked down in thick stubble, and vainly spent many minutes in hunting with aid of the dogs. Declaring that Mary would find them if there she was conducted to the spot and put to work. In rapid succession she delivered her handler the three dead birds which had been abandoned in disgust. Both gentlemen cheerfully acknowledged that they had before thought that Mary knew a good nose and retriever, but that the little bitch surpassed their most extravagant conceptions. Should any martyr wade through this scribble to this point let him remember that the foregoing are given as something extraordinary because performed by a pup in her first season. On bench or in field Mary would have been pronounced a "daisy," a "stunner," in her younger days. In drawing-room or an accomplished belle.

Cats and fowls fed with her without molestation. One summer a young chicken was her inseparable yard companion utterly ignoring its species. It was no uncommon scene to see a Thomas or Tabby enjoying a sun-bath on or between her paws supporting Mary's chin.

No long bow was ever drawn in Mary's cause as long as I know her, and too much cannot be said to her praise.

Just here let me give an instance suggestive to the inconsiderate of the danger of having a puppy retrieve a wounded bird of pugnacious nature. My old friend and sporting mentor, "Mac Higgins," of Mercer County, is the most unpretentious but accomplished devotee to rod and gun in Kentucky, and the most successful, barring that infernal gout which often tumbles him like a stroke of lightning in the heat of sport. He can come nearer teaching a pointer the syntactical intracies of the English language than any man in the South except Gus Harris.

A few years ago he had the most beautiful pointer bitch pup in the scope of our sporting acquaintance which he trained for our fall work. She was about perfection. Before open season she was ordered to retrieve a wounded sap-sucker which "got in its work" on Zoo's nose with its claws, sending her yelling to the major for succor—that sap-sucker hanging on like a possum reduced to "tail hold." Never after could she be induced to touch a bird.

Briefly one instance of Zoo's logical puppy performances and I'll stop. One morning early in her first season, the first time that the writer shot over her, nine birds had been bagged from the first flock without an error for which Zoo would have been demerited in a field trial, when a wind arose threatening a gale which would spoil our sport. Reaching a woodland Zoo gave signs of birds near by, and she working faithfully as a cat. Losing scent she made a wide and cautious detour against the wind to where she first caught it, and resumed work with greater deliberation again getting lost. Four times she made the detour before striking a trail she could follow, and that flock was found and pointed forty rods distant.

His held me motionless from the moment that she proclaimed game, and without word or motion from either we enjoyed nearly half an hour's work which would have made the most phlegmatic lover of a pointer into ecstasies. Following that bevy Zoo soon made a point, and when ordered to flush moved but a pace, indicating that the bird was very near. I discovered it within a foot of her nose without any cover, and Hig was near enough to it to pin it to the ground with the muzzle of his gun and pick it up, which he did.

That sap-sucker episode made her afraid to pounce on the bird when ordered to flush. I insisted that it was a wounded bird, but Hig's old gun was coaxed off but once that morning without bringing anything to bag, and he doubted that bird's head and bagged with others without a search for shot wounds.

With a grateful acknowledgement of your unselfish beneficence in showing up the Dittmar-detonating-destruction believe me

Yours fraternaly, KENTUCKIAN.

ST. JOHN (N. B.) DOG SHOW.

THE first annual bench show of dogs, held under the auspices of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association, took place at St. John, N. B., on January 18, 19, 20 and 21. One hundred and four dogs marked the entry-list and forty-five classes were established for their reception. No money premiums were distributed, but the winner of each class was awarded a neatly gotten up diploma. Mr. G. Walton, of Boston, Mass., acted as judge and the show was governed by the following gentlemen, who constitute the officers of the association: President, Col. A. Blaine, St. John, N. B.; Vice-Presidents—Messrs. A. Thorne, St. John, N. B.; Capt Thos. McKenzie, Fredricton, N. B.; L. J. Almon, Rothesay, Kings Co., N. B.; Rev. D. W. Bliss, Westmorland Co., N. B.; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews, Charlotte Co., N. B.; C. E. Grosvenor, Canterbury, York Co., N. B., and Alex Stewart, Dalhousie, Restigouche, N. B. Secretary, Mr. H. W. Wilson, St. John, N. B.; Treasurer, Mr. Wm. Snider, St. John, N. B. Committee of Management—Col. Blaine, chairman; Dr. D. E. Berryman, Messrs. Chamberlain, W. Snider, Magee, Jack, G. H. Snider, Kaye, Wetmore and Wilson.

The following is from a correspondent: "Over one hundred dogs were shown and there were some very creditable specimens, while there were many others that it would be difficult to classify. A bull-terrier dog shown by Peter Church, St. John, Judge Walton said he had not seen surpassed in Boston, and there were but three dogs in New York that he knew of that were better. Two fine collie dog puppies, shown by John McMillan and J. B. & A. M. Magee also received very favorable mention. The bitch and dog from which they were bred are the property of the Marquis of Lorne. There were some good Irish setters and a fine mastiff in the show. The other prize winners are unworthy of mention, perhaps. In all probability a kennel club will be formed shortly and next year a finer show may be expected in St. John."

Subjoined is the list of owners to whom awards were given, the names of the dogs having been omitted in the records:

LIST OF AWARDS.

Class 1.—Mastiffs (Dogs)—First, A. R. Sheraton's, St. John, N. B.
Class 2.—St. Bernard's (Dogs)—First, L. R. Vaughan's, St. John, N. B.; roughcoated. Puppies—Second, L. R. Purchase's, St. John, N. B.; Bitches—First, Jos. Prichard's, St. John, N. B.
Class 3.—Newfoundlands (Dogs)—First, F. B. Hazen's; second, L. R. Vaughan's; v.h.c., M. Ryan's; c., Geo. Troop's. Puppies—First, Geo. H. Westbrook's; second, Henry McMillan's. Bitch Puppies—First, John Lenihan's. Bitch—First, Jos. Prichard's.
Classes 4 and 5.—Siberian or Ulm and Bloodhounds. No entries.
Class 6.—Greyhounds (Bitch Puppies)—First, J. B. and A. M. Magee's.
Class 7.—Deerhounds (Bitches)—Second, Lemuel Wyllis.
Classes 8 and 9.—Champion Pointers. No entries.
Classes 10 and 11.—Pointers (Dogs)—First, Blair Estabrook's, Sackville, N. B.; second, A. W. Howe's. Bitches—First, A. W. Howe's. Dog Puppies Second, Blair Estabrook's. Bitch Puppies—v.h.c., James Duffy's.
Classes 12 to 17.—English Setters, Black and Tan Setters, and Red and Red and White Setters. English—First, T. S. Peters'; second, Jas. H. Pullen's. Gordon—First, J. S. Climo's; second, E. J. Harrison's. Puppies—First, Frank McGuire's. Irish—First, Wm. Clark's dog; first, R. Harper's bitch, second, FRANK ELLIS'S.
Classes 18 to 21.—Chesapeake Bay Dogs, Irish Water Spaniels, Retrievers and Clumbers. No entries.
Class 22.—Cocker Spaniels (Dogs)—First, C. T. Stone's; second, W. Graham's. Bitches—First, Joseph Dalzell's; second, A. W. Howe's. Puppies—v.h.c., Frank McGuire's.
Class 23.—Field Spaniels—First, John R. Armstrong's; second, Bob Blackhall's; v.h.c., C. T. Stone's.
Classes 24 to 27.—Foxhounds, Harriers, Beagles and Dachshunds. No entries.
Class 28.—Fox Terriers (Dogs)—First, John Smith McLaren's; second, Frank McGuire's. Bitches—First, John S. McLaren's; Puppies—First, John S. McLaren.
Class 29.—Collies (Dogs)—First, G. S. and J. D. Purdy's. Bitch Puppies—First, John McLaren; second, F. M. Kaye's. Dog Puppies, First, J. B. and A. M. Magee's; v.h.c., G. S. and J. D. Purdy's.
Class 30.—Dalmatian. No entries.
Class 31.—Bull Dogs (Dogs)—First, R. Magee's; second, S. J. Crowleys, Milford, N. B. Bitches—Second, J. Magee's. Bitch Puppies—First, James Magee's.
Class 32.—Bull Terriers (Dogs)—First, Snider Bros'.; second, Peter Clinch's; v.h.c., Frank McGuire's; h.c., R. Magee's; c., R. B. Humphrey's. Bitches—First, Snider Bros. Dog Puppies—First, E. LeRoy Willis's; second, Snider Bros.; v.h.c., Thos. Quinn's. Bitch Puppies—First, H. B. Master's; second, Charles Logan's.
Class 33.—Skye Terriers (Dogs)—First, C. Skinner; second; Alex. Blaine.
Class 34.—Pugs (Dogs)—First, G. S. and J. D. Purdy's. Bitches—Second, G. S. and J. D. Purdy's. Dog Puppies—First, G. S. and J. D. Purdy's; second, G. S. and J. D. Purdy's; v.h.c., G. S. and J. D. Purdy's. Bitch Puppies—First, G. S. and J. D. Purdy's; second, Frank McGuire's.
Class 35.—Scotch Terriers—First, R. Budge's; second, F. McGuire's.
Class 36.—Black and Tan Terriers (Dogs)—First, A. Blaine's; second, A. Blaine's.
Class 37.—Japanese Dimnonts. No entries.
Class 38. Yorkshire Terriers (over 5 lbs.)—First, Charles Austin's second, Dr. D. E. Berryman's; v.h.c., Frank McGuire's.
Class 39 to 42.—Yorkshire Terriers (under 5 lbs.). Toy Terriers, Blenheim Spaniels and King Charles Spaniels. No entries.
Class 43.—Japanese Hound. First, Wilson Brothers.
Class 44.—Italian Greyhounds. No entries.
Class 45.—All Other Varieties. Irish Terriers—First, Thomas Carvalle's; second, Thomas Carville's. Spitz Dogs—First, James McWilliam's bitch; second, S. A. Wetmore's dog. Sussex Spaniels—First, F. Dowling's. Rough Coated Retrievers (Dogs)—Second, A. Jordan's. Curly Coated Retriever (Bitch)—First, Dr. Holden's.

RETRIEVING SPANIELS.

IF the proposed cocker club is, as I trust it will be, successfully got up, I hope some of its members will devote their attention to the breeding and training of retrieving spaniels. I will explain what a good retrieving spaniel ought to do and the advantages the sportsman would derive by keeping one.

Owing to his beauty and intelligence he is a most companionable dog and, as his work is not so hard as that of a setter or pointer, who has to range fast and far to find his game, he is fit to work every day. When worked with setters he should keep a little in rear and a little to one side of the gun, so as to be able to see what is going on and mark where the dead birds fall and the wounded ones go down, in order that he may retrieve them without delay when told to do so. This is the hardest part of his work to learn and nothing but plenty of experience will make him perfect at it. It is necessary that he should have a first-class nose and know how to use it in following up wounded game, otherwise he is not worth his keep. When ordered to hunt out any rough ground or cover he should keep within gun-shot, and if put into a branch, or other strip of cover, keep opposite the gun. For ruffed grouse, cock, snipe and rabbit-shooting he should be as good or better than a setter, and for duck-shooting (being small enough to take in a canoe) he is better than any other dog.

Indirectly, his great value to a sportsman who keeps a number of setters and pointers, is that, as he does all the retrieving, they can be trained to drop to shot and thus kept out of the great temptation to be unsteady that they would otherwise be subject to. Allowing setters and pointers to retrieve is, as every experienced sportsman knows, the chief source of unsteadiness.

I have consulted several sportsmen on this point and they nearly all tell me that they find it unsatisfactory, but do not see how it can be helped.

As a matter of fact, there are very few setters or pointers that retrieve tenderly and well in every respect and are at the same time quite steady at their other work. Many a time, when hunting with a friend and his "dog of all work," have I been annoyed by his rushing in to pick up my dead birds and thereby flush one or more single birds that had been marked down out of a nicely-scattered bevy.

While on the subject of retrieving I want to point out that if a setting dog is intended to retrieve he ought not to be taught to drop to shot, for if he does so how can he mark the dead and wounded birds?

At one time I owned a very clever and experienced retriever (I mean a dog bred and trained specially for the purpose). He never spoiled my sport by running in, but I have sometimes seen him run to the top of a knoll, or other high ground, to watch where a wounded bird was going to. With him I never troubled myself to mark any of the dead or wounded birds—he always brought them promptly, and I really do not think that in a whole season he lost three birds that it was possible for him to get. Had he been taught to "drop to shot" how could he have done such good work? Except for certain places, I do not advise the use of the real retriever in this country, as I believe a good spaniel would answer the purpose better on the whole, being smaller, and the retrieving in general not nearly so difficult as it is in Great Britain.

For a man that does not want to keep more than one dog, let him by all means teach him to retrieve, but not allow him to run in as soon as the gun is fired, nor drop to shot and hide his head in a tuft of grass, but stand steady till told to "go," and mark when the birds fall, so that his master will not have the trouble of showing him, but can give his whole attention to marking where the rest of the covey may light. IBEX.

THE COCKER CLUB—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As there was no doubt about the ultimate establishment of the club which I proposed in my letter to you of Nov. 12 last, I did not waste my time or your space by replying to any one of those who pitched into me. Now, thanks to your kindness, we have started with a list of names sufficient to carry weight. You ask us to vote for ten and to elect a committee of seven. Now I think, sir, that it would be very advisable to have a larger committee, say of nine, so that all sections of the country may be represented, thereby effectually squelching the cry of it being a New York club or local to any part of the country. I shall, when I send in my voting paper, record this additional vote that the committee should be one of nine, and I hope all that agree with me will adopt the same course. I intend voting the following ticket, because on it all the men are good, and without speaking disparagingly of their fellow club I may say they contain the brains of the embryo cocker club: Messrs. Tinsley, Whitman, C. B. Cummings, Wygant, McKoon, Macdougall, A. H. Moore, Kirk and Fellows. I do not object to a working club committee of seven, only I think the standard committee, which will be our first committee, should be in every way representative, both in point of comparative numbers, breeding and show experience, and representing the real spaniel men. LEAM.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.—On New Year's Eve a dog showing the intensely religious turn of mind claimed for the whole population—biped and quadruped—of "Scotland, renowned for sanctity of old," *bawv'ered* into a Mr. Lloyd's church, at Perth, but his reverence declared "the house of God was not the place for dogs to worship in," and forthwith ejected the poor collie and then proceeded with his discourse. No, for the canines but the *canaille*, was the Gospel preached; but the forcible ejectment of "the beastie" by Mr. Lloyd was a dangerous experiment. Suppose, instead of a well-conducted Scotch dog, with the national respect for the cloth, it had been the bull-terrier Tarquin, there would have been no "proceeding with the discourse," and instead of sounds of worship there would have been lond lamentations over spoiled pants and waistcoat and wailing and gnashing of teeth. By the way, I hear that poor Tarquin will bite no more. I cannot bring myself to say he is dead—the expression is too stale. Let one be fashionable just once and say he "has gone over to the great majority." The person who killed a favorite dog of Mr. Lort's has, on being sued, cried *peccavi* to the tune of £60 and costs, a sum far below the dog's value; but the "popular judge" is as forgiving as he is generous.—SIRIUS, in *The Stock-keeper*.

There has been 152 entries secured for the Field Trial Derby, including 81 pointers and 71 setters. Lord Downe, Mr. Barclay Field and Mr. Lloyd Price are responsible for most entries in the former division, and the names of Messrs. Bishop, Bowers, Llewellin and Macdona appear prominently in the setter entries.

There are nearly 1,250 entrees in the Alexandria Palace Show. The following are the numbers of entrees in some of the principal classes: 27 bloodhounds, 84 mastiffs, 91 St. Bernards, 22 Newfoundlands, 22 deerhounds, 42 pointers, 92 setters, 53 retrievers, 180 fox-terriers (including 50 wire-haired), 52 Dachshunds, 11 Bassets, 86 sheep dogs, 46 bull dogs, 32 bull terriers, 12 Bedlingtons, 32 Irish terriers, 36 black and tan terriers, 17 Skyes, 12 Scotch terriers, 23 Dandies, 50 pugs, 20 toy spaniels, 14 toy terriers.

PICTURES OF THE MOOREFIELD KENNEL STOCK.—Through the courtesy of Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, the genial proprietor of the Moorefield Kennel, we have come in possession of twenty-two excellent photographs of his magnificent dogs. The pictures are taken by Messrs. Schreiber & Sons, of Philadelphia, and reflect great credit on their merit as first-class artists. We are having these pictures framed in groups, and in a short time they will decorate the walls of our *sanctum sanctorum*. We will then be pleased to have our friends call and admire this beautiful collection. The pictures are of the pointers Donald, Banjo, Belle II., Countess Bang, Stella, Bang and Rose, and of the setters Leicester, Temple Bar, Luna May, Duke of Beanfort, Raleigh, Count Dan, Lass o' Gowrie, Ruth, Count Fred, Berkley, Dart, Rory Morn, Norna and Roderick, and of the little spaniel Charlie.

LOST AND STOLEN DOGS.—Since January 1st, we have been notified of the loss of more dogs than during the last six months of the past year. We are always glad to make notice of such losses in our columns free of charge, and do all in our power to assist the owner to recover his own, but we would remind our friends that a little care will save a deal of trouble. Cooks will be cooks, and leave the gates open, and little boys are known to have a particular aversion to shutting doors behind them. Dogs of a roaming disposition will go a'gadding, and there are hundreds of persons always on the look out for well cared for looking dogs. These animals are picked up, sold to the fanciers, and a market for them is found in a distant city.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SETTERS.—We have received from Messrs. Schreiber & Son, of Philadelphia, half a dozen photographs of as many setters. The portraits are all from nature and are excellent examples of the photographers' art.

The dogs represented are Ollie, Belle, Warwick, Royal Duke, Champion Firefly and Mr. Schreiber's Grouse. The latter has a grand head and was, in his time, a very remarkable dog. When seventeen years old, being then deaf and blind, he got two puppies. One of these, now fourteen months old, is said to have been hunted last November for five days without making a mistake.

THE STUD BOOK REGISTRY.—As we are in constant receipt of inquiries regarding volume second of the National American Kennel Club, and how to make registry in same, we state for the information of our friend that the entries closed on May 1 of last year, but as yet the book has not been published. By addressing Charles De Ronge, 51 Broad street, New York city, all particulars can be secured, as that gentleman has the matter in charge.

IRISH SETTER NORA.—In report of the Pittsburgh Dog Show in referring to the beautiful Irish setter bitch Nora, who received second (*not Norah*, as published in the catalogue), we stated that at the St. Louis Dog Show of last year, she did not receive mention. We wish to correct this, as she received second in a class of eleven entries. We were led into making this assertion from the omission of all mention of the award in the official list sent to us from St. Louis.

HE IS TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD.—A gentleman in central Ohio has a collie dog, perhaps not as sagacious as some of the dogs I read of in the FOREST AND STREAM, but if not, certainly it is not from lack of age, for he is said to be twenty-eight years old and very hearty. This can be corroborated by several respectable witnesses, or I should have been dubious; like all of Washington's body servants, you know, they are very old, but this is a fact. Have you ever heard of such an age?

J. C.

Never knew of one a day as the one mentioned. Next!

ALL THE DOGS from Mr. A. H. Moore's kennel at the Pittsburgh Bench Show were equipped with the patent dog-chains furnished by Mr. Henry C. Squires, of No. 2 Cortlandt street, New York For a bench show, and indeed for all the purposes of a dog-chain, they are just the thing.

HEAVY LOSS OF STOCK BY FIRE.—A very severe loss was caused by an incendiary fire on the night of January 14, on the Elizabeth Stock Farms, near Lancaster, Pa., in the burning of a large number of cattle. There were five dogs also burned, beagles, of a very fine strain, which Mr. Colin Cameron, the manager, will have difficulty in replacing.

150 LBS.—Mr. C. H. Evans, of Hudson, N. Y., rejoices in the possession of a St. Bernard dog named Alp purchased from Mr. C. Z. Collins which weighs just 150 lbs.

PANSY.—We had a pleasant call the other day from Mr. Fellow's charming cocker bitch Pansy, and we take this means to thank Mr. Fellows for his courtesy in permitting her to be brought to this office.

$100 REWARD.—We call attention to notice of Messrs. E. and C. Von Culin in another column.

STERLING DOG SHOW.—Mr. C. B. Whitford, of St. Louis, Mo., has been selected to be the judge for this show.

R. B. CUMMERFORD, Secretary.

A 165-POUNDER.—Col. Charles C. Goddard, of Zanesville, Ohio, owns a St. Bernard from a brace of dogs imported by Hon. H. J. Jewett, of Erie Railway fame. The dog is a remarkably fine one and weighs 165 pounds.

FIXTURES.

Rock River Valley Poultry and Kennel Club show—Sterling, Illinois, Feb. 10, 11 and 12. R. B. Commerford, Sec.

April 1, at Columbus, Tenn.—Close of entries, National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Joseph H. Dew, Sec.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of sporting dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request that in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Pomp—Mr. W. S. Carleton, of St. John, N. B., claims the name of Pomp for his English setter puppy, ten months old, out of Lil by Blackey.

Tip—Mr. W. D. Beatey, of Greencastle, Indiana, claims the name of Tip for black, white and tan evenly marked setter dog, whelped August 18, 1880, out of Jessie by Imported Penn.

Sailor—Mr. Luther W. Chadwick, of Dover, N.H., claims the name of Sailor for red Irish setter bitch puppy, whelped August 30, 1880, out of May by Echo.

Donald—Mr. H. F. Smith, of Trenton, N. J., claims the name of Donald for black and white dog puppy, whelped December 5, 1880, out of Fido by Bennett's Don.

Dutchess—Mr. H. F. Smith, of Trenton, N. J., claims the name of Dutchess for black and white bitch puppy, whelped December 5, 1880, out of Fido by Bennett's Don.

Buff and Bess—Mr. Atwood Collins, of Hartford, Conn., claims the names of Buff for red Irish setter dog and Bess for red Irish setter bitch, brother and sister, whelped December 12, 1880, out of Fannie (York-Gipsey) by King Ike (York-Banshee).

Gipsy and Carlo—Mr. Clarence P. Hunt, of Memphis, Tenn., claims the names of Gipsy, bitch puppy, and Carlo, dog puppy, out of Lady Donald for black and white dog puppy, whelped December 5, 1880, out of Fido by Bennett's Don.

Buff and Bess—Mr. Atwood Collins, of Hartford, Conn., claims the names of Buff for red Irish setter dog and Bess for red Irish setter bitch, brother and sister, whelped December 12, 1880, out of Fannie (York-Gipsey) by King Ike (York-Banshee).

Gipsy and Carlo—Mr. Clarence P. Hunt, of Memphis, Tenn., claims the names of Gipsy, bitch puppy, and Carlo, dog puppy, out of Lady Clare by Joe Jr., purchased from Mr. Jerry Cockrell, Memphis, Tenn.

Effa B.—Mr. H. J. Bennett, of Trenton, N. J., claims the name of Effa B. for his black and white setter bitch, whelped December 5, 1880, out of Lambert's Fido by owner's Don.

Don—Mr. G. B. Nichols, of New Haven, Conn., claims the name of Don for Gordon setter puppy, whelped January 2, 1881, out of Mr. W. H. Pierce's Jennie (Shot-Mab) by Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Gypsum (Don-St. Kilda).

Daisy—Mr. G. B. Nichols, of New Haven, Conn., claims the name of Daisy for black and tan setter puppy, whelped July 30, 1880, out of Mr. W. H. Pierce's Fannie (Jerome Marble's Grouse-John Boyden's Hope) by Dr. Aten's Glen.

Adabelle—Mr. J. H. Phelan, of Jersey City, claims the name of Adabelle for red Irish setter bitch puppy, whelped November 12, 1880, out of Dr. M. S. Moore's Floss by T. O'Moore. The puppy was purchased from Mr. T. M. Smith, Jersey City, N. J.

Heather—Mr. F. Campbell Moller, New York city, claims the name of Heather for a black, white and tan bitch puppy, whelped November 25, out of owner's Belle by Cozzen's Bumps.

Bruce, Nolly and Fly—Mr. H. J. Bennett, of Trenton, N. J., claims the names of Bruce, Nolly and Fly for orange and white setters, whelped December 25, 1879, out of owner's Fido by W. Brumaker's Duke.

Mack—Mr. H. W. Nichols, of New Haven, Conn., claims the name of Mack for his black and tan Gordon setter dog puppy out of Mr. W. H. Pierce's Jennie by Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Gypsum.

Peggy—Mr. E. Whitney, Jr., claims the name of Fleet for his black and tan Gordon setter puppy, whelped January 2, 1881, out of Mr. W. H. Pierce's Jennie by Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Gypsum.

Major—Mr. A. J. Light, of Sherburne, N. Y., claims the name of Major for his liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped August 22, 1879, out of Ruth by Charlie.

Sport—Mr. A. J. Light, of Sherburne, N. Y., claims the name of Sport for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped May, 1880, out of Ruth by Mr. A. J. Light's Cub.

New York Sooty—Mr. A. W. Lucy, No. 6 Second st., this city, claims the name of New York Sooty for his pug dog, a half brother of Mr. Lucy's original Young Sooty.

Tootes and Toodles—Mr. P. V. Hay, of Baltimore, Md., claims the names of Tootes and Toodles for brace of beagle puppies out of Landen's Fan by his Hunter.

Hartford Queen—Mr. J. P. V. Hay, of Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Hartford Queen for beagle bitch purchased from Mr. H. O. Neal, of Harve de Grace, Md.

Daisy Starlight—Mr. H. W. Durgin, of Bangor, Me., claims the name of Daisy Starlight for Llewellin setter bitch, whelped January 24, 1880, out of Starlight by Likes. In color and markings she resembles her sire.

Dot—Mr. H. B. Dickson, of Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Dot for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, two months old, by black Burdett cocker spaniel Wildair out of Mr. McKoon's Dolly.

Cuba, Trocha and Dart—Mr. H. B. Duckerspiele, N. Y., claims the name of Cuba for bitch puppy, Trocha and Dart for dog puppies, whelped November 27, 1880, out of Lulu by Sensation II.

Romp—Mr. James L. Stevenson, of Bridgeport, Conn., claims the name of Romp for orange and white setter dog puppy, thirteen months old, whelped December 29, 1879, by Mr. H. W. Stevenson's Grouse out of Mr. Wm. Gebler's Pride.

Spot—Mr. James L. Stevenson, of Bridgeport, Conn., claims the name of Spot for orange and white setter bitch puppy, whelped December 29, 1879, out of Mr. Gebler's Pride by Mr. H. W. Stevenson's Grouse.

Rosy—Mr. John E. Sherman, of Foxboro, Mass., claims the name of Rosy for white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy, six months old, purchased from Mr. N. Elmore.

Mike—Mr. W. H. Coursen, of Newton, N. J., claims the name of Mike for black, white and tan beagle dog puppy, seven months old, out Lilly by Cluster, purchased from Mr. W. D. Hays, Hastings, Mich.

Midget—Mr. W. H. Coursen, of Newton, N. J., claims the name of Midget for black, white and tan beagle bitch puppy, five months old, out Lilly by Lee, purchased from Mr. W. D. Hays, Hastings, Mich.

Young Monarch—Mr. H. W. Durgin, of Bangor, Me., claims the name of Young Monarch for orange and white setter puppy, whelped July 14, 1880, by Dashing Monarch out of Petrel, bred by Mr. John C. Higgins, of Delaware City, Del.

Grouse—Mr. Brailsford Capron, Paris, Ont., claims the name of Grim for setter dog puppy out of Wirlwind by Druid, purchased from Mr. A. A. Francis.

Consternation—Mr. Benfield Capron, Paris, Ont., claims the name of Consternation (con for short) for setter dog puppy out of Wirlwind by Druid, purchased from Mr. A. A. Francis.

Jubal Early—Mr. Brook Powell, Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Jubal Early for his liver and white pointer puppy, whelped September 19, 1880, by Mr. G. B. Nichols' dog Don out of Mr. Powell's Gwyon.

Gwyon—Mr. John O'Donoghue, Washington, D. C., claims the name of Guyon for his thoroughbred smooth-coated St. Bernard puppy, whelped June 7, 1880, out of Mr. J. R. Schuyler's Josephine (Rob-Roy by Nellie Gray).

Gup—Mr. G. A. Burleigh, Taylorville, Ill., claims the name of Gup for his red Irish setter puppy out of Nell by Prince. Presented to him by Mr. O. F. Cromwell, Taylorville, Ill.

Flora—Mr. G. B. Cochrane, of Carleton, Mass., claims the name of Flora for Gordon setter bitch puppy, 8½ years old, out of Doane's Chloe by same owner's Tom.

Sport in Forest. Dash of Connecticut, Fred, Frankie, Lilly White and Little Pan—Mr. Herman Kellner, of Danbury, Conn., claims the name of Sport in Forest for orange and white setter dog puppy, Dash of Connecticut, for orange and white setter dog puppy; Fred, for orange and white setter dog puppy, Frankie, for orange and white setter dog puppy; Lilly White, for white and black marked setter bitch puppy, and Little Pan for orange and white setter bitch puppy, all of one litter, whelped November 12, 1880, out of owner's Jessie by Fred.

Count Laverack—Mr. Fred. T. Hall, Jr., of Bangor, Me., claims the name of Count Laverack for lemon Belton setter purchased of Mr. John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., whelped July 14, 1880, out of Petrel II, by Young Laverack. A pure Laverack, with dark eyes and nose.

Claremont, N. H., Jan. 28.—I notice in your issue of the 27th inst. that Mr. Austin Mann, of Brownsville, Texas, claims the name of Elcho for his black and white setter out of Nellie by Flash. I would suggest that Mr. Mann select some other name for his dog, for I think the name of Elcho rightfully belongs to my Irish setter. I forward Mr. Mann, by this mail, my dog's history, which will, I trust, show good reasons for the name not going outside the setter strain, which for several years has been distinguished by it. OWNER OF ELCHO.

[We consider the above protest eminently proper. The duplication of names is becoming more and more confusing. We therefore call the attention of our friends to the fact that there are hundreds of new names that can be used, which may be selected to specify the individuality of their stock.]

NAMES CHANGED.

Dan to Goldstone—Mr. George F. Pinkham, of Central Falls, R. I., changes the name of his red setter puppy Dan, which was claimed in last issue, to Goldstone. He is out of Flora by Arlington, and was whelped July 2, 1880.

BRED.

Jess-Shot—Mr. Jos. Dalzell's (St. John, N. B.,) champion cocker bitch Jess (Max-Flirt) to Mr. O. S. Stone's Shot (Don-Women).

Penny-Benedict—Mr. J. G. Dellwo's liver and white cocker bitch Penny, January 26, to the Lachine Kennel Club's imported Benedict (Champion Bachelor-Negress).

Lady Romp II. Donald—Mr. A. H. Moore's champion pointer bitch Lady Romp II. (Francis Prince-Belle) to his champion Donald (Bob-Sappho).

Cloudy-Young Sooty—Messrs. Miller & Co.'s pug bitch Cloudy to Mr. A. W. Lucy's Young Sooty, November 21, 1880. Both of New York city.

Minnie May Punch—Messrs. Miller & Co.'s pug bitch Minnie May to Mr. Halstead's Punch (formerly Thomas Kellagher's Punch), December 10. Both of New York city.

Girl-Glenmark—Mr. R. T. Greene's (Jersey City, N. J.,) pointer bitch Girl (Maryland-Tell) to Mr. Wm. F. Steel's Glenmark (Orgill's Rush-Round).

Ruth-Racer—Mr. Robert Walker's cocker spaniel Ruth (Snipe-Fairy) to his imported Racer.

Daisey II.-Racer—Mr. Robert Walker's cocker spaniel Daisey II. (Gerry-Daisey) to his imported Racer.

Topsey-Rex—Mr. George Burrell's (Jersey City, N. J.,) Scotch collie bitch Topsey to Mr. Lindsay's (Jersey City, N. J.,) Rex, first New York, 1881; on January 26, 1881.

Fanny Fern-Elcho—Mr. R. C. Waller's (Chicago, Ill.,) Fanny Fern, dam of champions Ben and Race, by Elcho, to Dr. Jarvis's champion Elcho, January 26, 1881.

Cute-Snipe—Messrs. C. B. Cummings & Son's (South Acworth, N. H.,) cocker bitch Cute to Snipe.

WHELPS.

Type—Mr. John Davidson's (Monroe, Mich.,) English setter bitch Type, whelped on January 6, six puppies, by Douglas. None for sale.

Cloudy—Messrs. Miller & Co.'s premium English pug bitch Cloudy, whelped January 21, 1881, eight puppies, four dogs and four bitches, to Mr. A. W. Lucy's Young Sooty, both of New York City.

Flirt—Mr. E. Francis' (Newark, N. J.,) black and tan setter bitch Flirt (Dinks-Alice) whelped January 17, 1881, eight puppies, three dogs and five bitches, by Dr. H. F. Aten's Glen (Dash-Belle).

Countess—Mr. Isaac Yeansley, Jr.'s (Coatesville, Pa.,) Countess whelped January 21, 1881, three whelps, two dogs and one gyp, by Sanboin's Count Noble.

SALES.

Wee Willie—Mr. P. Mulligan, of New York city, has sold his Yorkshire blue and tan terrier pup Wee Willie, probably the smallest specimen ever bred in New York. Wee Willie was out of Mr. Gothier's Flo by Thomas Kellagher's champion Willie, winner of first prize at Westminster K. C. Bench Show, 1880. Sold to Messrs. Miller & Co., New York city.

Pug Dogs—Rodger Jones, of New York city, has sold his pug dog to Mr. Cone, of Lenox, Mass.

Wildair-Sara Bernhardt Whelp—Mr. J. Otis Fellows has sold a liver and white cocker bitch puppy, whelped October 27, 1880, to Dr. David H. Sager.

Beagle Bitch Puppy—Mr. N. Elmore has sold the white, black and tan, six months' old beagle bitch puppy, recently purchased of Mr. J. E. Dodge, to Mr. John E. Sherman, of Foxboro, Mass.

Betsy—Robert Walker, of Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y., has purchased the imported liver and white cocker bitch Betsy from Mr. Charles E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Belton-Brambler Whelp—Dr. T. Clay Maddux, of Baltimore, Md., has purchased a black, white and tan ticked setter bitch puppy of four months, out of Brambler by Belton, from Mr. John Bolus, Worcester, Ohio.

Jeff—Mr. George Wicks, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has bought the celebrated black Newfoundland dog Jeff, one year old, from Mr. E. H. Gillman, of Detroit, Mich.

Speck—Mr. George Wicks, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has sold the black and tan dog Speck, of imported stock, whose weight is 33½ lbs., age three years, to Mr. A. Van Dusen, of Jackson, N. J.

Sensation II.-Lulu Whelps—Mr. M. J. Newhouse, of Oneida, N. Y., has sold two liver and white dog puppies, also one liver and white bitch puppy, to Dr. J. Morill, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Pet—Mr. J. Coleman Drayton, of this city, has purchased of Mr. S. T. Hammond, of Springfield, Mass., his celebrated Ethan Allen setter dog Pet. We congratulate Mr. Drayton upon the acquisition of so valuable an animal.

Sara Bernhardt—Dr. Luke Corcoran, of Springfield, Mass., has purchased the foxhound bitch Sarah Bernhardt.

Nettie—Mr. George M. Whitin, of North Uxbridge, Mass., has purchased from Mr. M. P. McKoon the cocker bitch Nettie, whelped September 27, 1877, out of Princess by Dutch.

Racer—Mr. Robert Walker, Franklin, Delaware Co., N. Y., has purchased imported cocker spaniel Racer, from Mr. S. Fleicher, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

PRESENTATION.

Champion Willie-Pie Pup—Mr. Gottier, of New York city, has presented a dog pup, brother to Wee Willie, to Mr. Thomas Leonard, of New York city.

DEATHS.

Ruby—Dr. C. P. Lyman, of Springfield, Mass., has had the misfortune to lose his imported pointer bitch Ruby.

Bronze—Mr. P. W. Aldrich, of Readville, Mass., has lost his Gordon setter puppy Bronze (Doane's Tom-Nellie Horton, supposed to have been killed by tramps.

Prudence—Mr. George E. Browne, of Dedham, Mass., has lost by death the pointer bitch Prudence. Cause, old age. She was by Warburton's Dandy out of Crowell's Nell, and dam of Strong's Pete, grand dam of Aldin's Pete Jr., and Peg and other noted dogs.

Light—Mr. Frank Johnston's (Jackson, Miss.,) orange and white setter puppy Light out of Daisy Dean by Lincoln from distemper.

Lemon—Mr. Frank Johnston's (Jackson, Miss.,) lemon and white setter puppy Duke of Montview from distemper.

Lady Eva—Mr. Herman Kellner, of Danbury, Conn., has lost his orange and white bitch puppy Lady Eva, out of his Jessie by Fred.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

57 C. F. C., Pawtucket, R. I.—I find on the inside of my puppy's lips several warts, both large and small. How shall I remove them? Ans. Put a rubber bit in the dog's mouth, and after drying the warts with a piece of cotton, remove them with scissors and touch the bases with nitrate of silver. Continue to do so until they disappear. A small red hot iron is recommended instead of the caustic, as giving less pain if properly applied.

58 C. A. S., Sloansville, N. Y.—Your hound probably has a tape worm. Give the following emulsion: Oil of male fern, half ounce; powdered gum acacia, one ounce; pure glycerine, one ounce; water to make ten ounces. It should be mixed by a chemist and kept in a glass-stoppered bottle, and well shaken before used. The dose for a full-grown foxhound is one and a half tablespoonsful. Give no food eighteen to twenty-four hours before giving emulsion. To prevent the dog from vomiting tie his head up for an hour. A large dose of castor or olive oil should follow after two or three hours.

59 BROKER, New York.—You will run fearless risk from losing your dog by boarding him in the country. The city is no place to kennel a dog. We know of no reliable place that would suit you. Consult our kennel columns, and after you have selected a place write us and we will be pleased to give you all information regarding it.

60 J. P. W., South Orange, N. J.—For removal of warts in your dog's mouth see answer in this column to C. F. C., Pawtucket, R. I.

Far, far better for you than Beer, Ale or Porter, and free from the intoxicating effects, is Hop Bitters.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CONLIN'S SHOOTING GALLERY.

The third week of the pistol shooting tournament ended Jan. 29. The contest during the week was for the championship of ward shooting, at paces. The following are the names and scores of the first ten competitors:

Dr E T T Marsh	5½	Hon Sherman Smith	8¾
Wm M Chase	5¼	W C Southwick	9
Col J J Dunn	5¾	David A. Davis	10½
T B Childs	6 3-16	J W Leggett	10½
Pierre Lorillard, Jr	7	W B Smith	10¾

The scores show the total measurement of ten shots from centre of shot to centre of bullseye. As will be seen by the scores of the winners and Mr. Chase, there is only one quarter of an inch difference in the total measurement of the string of shots. The first three scores show an average of about one-half an inch measurement per shot from centre of bullseye. This is extraordinary shooting, and the closeness of the scores illustrates how evenly the competitors are matched in skill.

The fourth week of the tournament is now in progress, and the contest for the championship at swinging object at ten paces; it is open to all comers, and all are cordially invited to call at the gallery and witness the shooting. JAMES S. CONLIN.

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY—*Boston, Mass., Jan.* 29.—The only change to be noted in the positions of contestants in the New Year's Rifle Match the past week is the advancement of Mr. N. W. Arnold to 3d place, Mr. Merrill still holding the lead, with Mr. Williams 2d, Mr. Richardson 4th, Mr. Ames 5th, Mr. Wilder 6th. Below is the summary:

J Merrill	38 38 39 39 40—194	L T Folsom	35 35 36 36 36—178
J H Williams	37 37 38 39 40—191	J J Ross	35 35 35 35 37—177
N W Arnold	38 38 38 38 39—191	A C Goodspeed	35 35 35 35 36—176
E F Richardson	38 38 38 38 39—191	F J Snow	35 35 35 35 36—176
J Ames	37 37 37 38 38—184	Wm Pollard	34 35 35 35 38—175
Elihu Wilder	36 37 37 37 37—184	G Warren	34 35 35 35 36—175
C R Bartlett	36 36 36 36 36—180	O T Hart	34 35 35 35 35—174
A C Gould	35 36 36 37 37—181	B H Daley	34 35 35 35 35—174
Geo D Edson	36 36 36 36 36—180	H K Knowles	34 34 35 35 35—173
S Fogg	35 35 35 36 37—178		

West will commence the Everybody's Rifle Match with 6 cash prizes, also the extra prize of $15 for a clean score. Match No. 2, called the silverware Match, open to all who have never won a prize in the gallery; 1st prize, pitcher and salver; 2d prize, $3 in cash; 3d $1; also $15 for clean score.

The leading scores in FOREST AND STREAM Match, for the elegant meerschaum pipe, which continues until May 1st, are:

D N Sherburne	38	Geo D Edson	36
S Fogg	37	A C Goodspeed	36
J J Ross	37	O T Hart	36
C R Bartlett	36	H H Daley	36

Pistol Practice—Mr. Wilder still leads with 115, Mr. Souther and J. J. Dunn have 114, and Mr. F. J. Rabbeth, 112. Summary:

Elliot Wilder.....	38	38	29—115
S Souther.....	38	38	38—114
J J Dunne.....	38	38	36—112
F F Thomas.....	37	37	38—112
J Ames.....	36	36	37—109
J N Williams.....	34	34	35—103

Wm Poland.....	32	34	25—102
J B Scott.....	33	34	34—101
F Snow.....	33	33	33—99
O T Harr.....	32	33	33—98
C C Foster.....	32	32	33—97
L F Folsom.....	32	32	33—97

BOSTON, *Mass., Jan.* 22.—The attendance to-day at Walnut Hill was good, considering that the weather conditions were the very worst. The cold was intense. The signal flags snapped and were torn; the shutters were blown down by the northwest wind, which indicated 8 o'clock, and all calculations were upset. The pavilion was as cold as a barn, and the scorer and Statistical Officer Brownell were nearly frigid. The white snow was piled up in front of the shed and before the butts to a height of five feet, and only half of the targets could be seen from the firing points. The new match was the only one shot, and it will continue each Saturday until closed by the committee. The conditions are as follows:

No. 1—Record Match (Creedmoor target).—Open to all comers. Rounds—ten. Re-entries permitted. The three scores to win. Entry fee for members, twenty-five cents; non-members, fifty cents; subsequent entries, twenty-five cents. Prizes will be awarded to the competitors making the best improvement on or approximation to the average of their record. This average will be obtained by aggregating the nine best recorded scores of competitors. Ties will be decided by the merit of winning scores, treated as one continuous score. Competitors, including non-members, not having a sufficient record to make a proper average, will be handicapped by the judgment of the officer in charge, but in no such case on a less average than 4.4. Military rifles will be allowed 2 per cent. additional on scores made with such rifles.

The prizes are the gold medal of the association and fifteen cash prizes, aggregating $100.

No. 2 record match, also opened, will be shot on the Massachusetts target. First prize, bronze medal of National Rifle Association and nine other prizes, valued at $75. Conditions, five scores to win, seven rounds, under the same general conditions as match No. 1.

The results yesterday in the No. 1 record match, in which there were forty-three entries, were capital, Mr. Charles coming to the front with 46, and A. C. Gould with 45. Considering the day the work was first-class, as the score indicates:

The Record Match (Creedmoor).

W Charles.....	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	—46
A C Gould.....	4	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	—45
W C Ames.....	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	—45
C W Peirce.....	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	—45
J B Fellows.....	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	—45
G C Allen.....	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	—45
G E Field.....	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	—43
F E Good.....	4	5	4	5	3	5	4	4	—43
C H Rutebrooks	5	4	3	4	4	5	5	4	—42
C Bent.....	4	3	4	5	4	5	4	4	—42
G Warren.....	3	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	—42
A C Cates.....	5	3	4	5	4	5	4	4	—42
G W Sims.....	5	5	4	3	4	4	5	5	—42
F Ferguson.....	4	5	4	4	4	3	4	4	—41
J Hurtwell.....	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	3	—41
G Cushing.....	4	5	4	3	5	5	4	4	—41
J Borden.....	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—40
G H Stearns.....	4	3	2	5	4	4	5	3	—40
C H Russell.....	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	—39
A Williams.....	2	5	4	5	4	5	5	3	—37
H Withington.....	5	5	4	3	4	4	4	5	—37
H Hartwell.....	4	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	—37
H H Cushing.....	4	4	5	4	5	3	4	4	—37
A J Greene.....	4	3	5	4	5	5	4	4	—37
U A Pol ard.....	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—37
N P Ames.....	5	5	4	3	4	5	4	5	—36

Medford, *Mass., Jan.* 29.—The second competition in the silverware match of the Medford Rifle Association was well attended to-day, and 53 entries were registered at 200 yards, of which the best scores are appended:

W Charles.....	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	—49
F Hollis.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	—49
F H Jones.....	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	—48
C Wild.....	4	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	—47
W Childs.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	—47
F J Hatch.....	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	—46
J Hill.....	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	—46
A W Weib.....	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	—46
W Jacobs.....	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	—45
C H Russell.....	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	—39
A Williams.....	2	5	4	5	4	5	5	3	—37
H Withington.....	5	5	4	3	4	4	4	5	—37
H Hartwell.....	4	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	—37
H H Cushing.....	4	4	5	4	5	3	4	4	—37
A J Greene.....	4	3	5	4	5	5	4	4	—37
U A Pol ard.....	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—37
N P Ames.....	5	5	4	3	4	5	4	5	—36

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—January monthly shoot, open to all comers; 5 prizes; 10 shots off-hand gallery; 4 best aggregate scores to count; possible 200:

J Fenning.....	188	W H Colvert.....	174
M B Engel.....	187	J Levy.....	174
W Kleb.....	184	H Holger.....	171
C Judge.....	179	H Grunert.....	169
Wm Farrow.....	179	Hugo Seltenreichen.....	158
J H Brown.....	179	Wm. Welgandt.....	158
M L Riggs.....	175	J L S Kelliher.....	158
N. D. Ward.....	175	A Seltenreichen.....	153
C L Turner.....	175		

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—Match commencing February 1 and ending February 28. Conditions: Open to all comers; weapon, any rifle, 22 cal.; 3 lb. pull; rounds, 10; entrance fee, 25 cents. 1st prize, $20, to be awarded to the marksman making the four highest scores during the month (not necessarily consecutive); 2d prize, $15; 3d, $13, 4th, $10, 5th, $8, 6th, $6, 7th, $4, 8th, $3. No marksman can win more than one prize. Marksmen may use their own rifles and ammunition if desirous. $25 will be paid for a full score or 10 shots.

BROOKLYN—*Brooklyn Long Range Gallery, 381 Fulton st.*—The rifle match, prize, a Ballard, 22 cal., 300 yards (reduced), ten shots, three scores to win, two winnings before final ownership, was well attended to-day, and resulted so far in Mr. A. H. Anderson's taking the lead in the first week by making the highest score, 48, by a total of 96 (possible 150), Mr. F. Ronaldson following closely with 48, 48, 48. Last week Mr. Ronaldson was the winner with 47, 48, 49, beating Mr. A. H. Anderson by two points. Ties made is therefore not decided yet. In the every Saturday night matches (ring target) Mr. A. H. Anderson won twice in succession, by making each time 118 out of 125.

PHILADELPHIA.—Some very remarkable shooting has lately been made at warne's gallery, Eleventh and Chestnut streets, the score of which should be given to your readers, and which I add, as a premium of $50 is offered to any amateur who will equal the pistol practice. Dr. M. S. Price, at 24 yards distance, off hand, with hunting or open sights, made thirty-two consecutive shots, which measured 25½ inches, all shots being measured from centre of bullseye to centre of ball mark in target. Dr. A. B——, at 35 feet, at or before the word "go," at swinging target, 2 inch bullseye, moving four feet from side to side, hit the target 100 consecutive times. I think this latter shooting was wonderful. Mr. Warne has never seen its equal, and will give $50 for a similar performance by an amateur. HOMO.

SCHUTZEN NOTES—*Jersey City, Jan.* 22.—The ball of the Jersey Schutzen Corps, Captain A. B. Hardekopf, was held at Cooper Hall, Jersey City, on the 20th, and was one of the brilliant affairs of which the Jersey Schutzen Corps have been the originators. The hall was splendidly decorated and made a good impression. When the march commenced 1 counted eighty couples and still parties were coming. Visitors of other corps turned out in strong bodies, of which I noticed the Hoboken Schutzen Corps, Captain Hoffman; Jersey City Schutzen Company, G. S. B. Captain Aegelbach; Jersey City Schutzen Corps, Captain Lippmann; Schutzen Lyra (singing society), Prest. Gartegast. Of the New York Schutzen Corps, it was a tied that not a single soul was present, although I understood that Captain Hardekopf received a letter before the ball, in which the captain of the New York corps gave notice that the invitation was accepted, and that they would visit the ball in a strong body. At 12 o'clock the members of the corps and the visitors formed in the ballroom, and opened ranks, when Captain Hardekopf and ex-Captain August Ernisch were brought in by a committee and placed before the company. Ex-Captain H. Raschen then presented the captain, with well-chosen remarks, a splendid sword and belt, as a token of the esteem and friendship of the members. Mr. Hardekopf, on behalf of the corps, then addressed Ex-Captain August Ernisch, and presented him with an elegant diamond pin, as a token of thanks for the three years' service to the corps as captain. At the opening and closing of this ceremony the Schutzen Lyra rendered fine music. The whole affair from beginning to end was a great success, and the different committees deserve great credit for their management. A.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

LOUISVILLE, *Ky., Jan.* 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the proposed circuit of shooting tournaments for this year, we desire to claim six days for the Louisville Sportsmen's Association, to commence Monday, May 30th. The week immediately following the dates claimed by the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association.

JNO. H. HARMOUR,
JOE GRIFFITH,
Managers, for Louisville Sportsmen's Asso.

LEXINGTON GUN CLUB—*Brooklyn, Jan.* 22.—It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that the Lexington Gun Club of Brooklyn have reorganized. Their inauguration shoot and banquet took place at their new grounds on the Jamaica road. The birds were a fine lot; 5 ground traps, 25 yards rise. Among the contestants you will recognize a few familiar names. Those gentlemen having been on a tour through Spain for a few years. The following is the score:

G Delgado.....	1	1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 —10
J Gutierrez.....	1	1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 —9
J Fernandez.....	1	1	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 —8
S Oholoran.....	0	1	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 —7
M Garigorda.....	1	0	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 —7
B Hanlon.....	0	1	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 —6
G L Birch.....	1	0	0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 —5

The club intends to spend their in fishing in the Colorado Parks this summer.

CONEY ISLAND CLUB—*Club Grounds, Coney Island, Jan.* 27.—Match for gold badge; handicap rise, 7 birds each, H & T traps; Captain Bill, 7; Madison, 6; Williams, 4; Eddy, 4; Graves, 4; Fagan, 4; Sherlin* 4; Spergel, 4; Harrand, 3; Miller, 3; Jones, 3; Frank, 2; Foote, 2; Geo Post, 2; Roberts, 2; Laughlin, 2; Clarke, 1.

ESSEX GUN CLUB—*Newark, N. J., Jan.* 24.—Monthly shoot. The average shooting was not up to what it has been in the past, and can be accounted for by the snow storm the night previous, which is very detrimental to a bird flies low, especially if it is a white one. Shooting at 25 yds.:

Belcher.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0—9
Pentz.....	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1—9
Hunt.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1—10
Freeman.....	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—3
Jones.....	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0—5
Von Lengerke.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1—10
Becker.....	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	1—5
Hall.....	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1—5
Hill.....	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	0—4
Kinsey.....	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	1—6

Crane.....	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	—7
Scott.....	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	—7
Campbell.....	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	—7	
Brown.....	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	—5	
Pindell.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	—9	
Hayes.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—9
Townsend.....	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	—7
Frazer.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	—3
Koeller.....	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	—7

NEW YORK GUN CLUB—*Bergen Point, N. J., Saturday, Jan.* 29.—Five bird sweepstakes, handicap rise:

J F Sanders.....	29	yds.	0	1	1	1	1	1	—6
Edmunds.....	28	"	1	1	0	1	1	1	0—5
Colt.....	28	"	0	1	0	1	1	0	—3

Five bird sweepstakes, handicap rise:

Edmunds.....	28	yds.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1—8
Colt.....	28	"	1	1	1	1	1	0	—6
Sanders.....	29	"	1	1	0	1	1	1	—5

Optional sweepstakes, seven birds:

Edmunds.....	28	yds.	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	—7
Sanders.....	29	"	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0—6
Colt.....	28	"	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	—5

Same day—First contest for the Club Fund Cup, value $100; ten birds each:

Edmunds.....	29	yds.	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1—9
Howard.....	25	"	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1—8
Colonel Butler.....	29	"	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1—8
Stone.....	22	"	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0—9
Sanders.....	25	"	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1—7
White.....	29	"	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	1—6
Wallace.....	29	"	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0—5
Milner.....	22	"	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	W	—2
Colonel Armstrong.....	29	"	1	0	0	1	W				—2

Optional sweepstakes, at seven birds, handicap rise; one money, less ten per cent. to the club:

Colonel Butler.....	29	yds.	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1—9
Howard.....	25	"	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0—8
Edmunds.....	29	"	1	1	1	1	0	1			—6
Wallace.....	25	"	0	1	1	1	1	0			—5
Sanders.....	28	"	1	1	0	1	1	0			—5
White.....	30	"	1	1	1	1	0	0			—5
Stone.....	25	"	1	1	1	1	1	0			—6
Colt.....	28	"	1	1	1	1	0	0			—5
Johnson.....	27	"	0	1	1	1	0	0			—3
Simpson.....	27	"	0	0	1	0	W				—1

Match, five birds, five each:

Colonel Armstrong.....	28	yds.	0	1	1	1—4
Johnson.....	21	"	0	0	1	0—2

Bad Dreams, Disturbed Sleep, Indigestion, Stomach Gas, all vanish before Hop Bitters.

Yachting and Canoeing.

YACHTING NEWS.

WINNING YACHTS.—A correspondent writes that the Chas. Benson, a "cock up" of the Southwark Y. C., should be credited with two firsts, having beaten the former champion (Ledyard) in two matches during the season.

OBITUARY.—The composer who, in our absence, made the Viking 16 ft. long instead of 16½ ft., and gave to the Fleta yawl 16 ft. draft in place of 7 ft., died suddenly the next day from being helped out of a third story window.

LYNN YACHT CLUB.—The following are the officers for the year: Commodore, E. C. Neal; Vice Commodore, E. G. Souther; Fleet Captain, J. F. Lee; Secretary, E. M. Frazier; Treasurer, C. H. Clifford; Measurer, C. Taylor.

HULL (MASS.) YACHT CLUB.—All the yachts are being changed into keels, in spite of the fact that the club does most of its sailing in the river. A season or two more and there will not be a centreboard yacht left in the East.

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. Clapham is building a Nonpareil, 24 ft. long and 10 ft. wide, for Georgia parties. Inquiries from parties residing in the inland water at Bensenville, and the Nonpareil promises to become the recognized light-draft type, as shifting ballast is a nuisance not necessary in her.

QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB.—The annual reception of the club took place yesterday at headquarters, corner New Market and Brown street, Philadelphia, a very pleasant evening being enjoyed by the members and invited guests. The club is prospering, and its annual fixtures, including numerous squadron cruises and matches, are an example for many older organizations.

WANDERER put to sea from this port, Jan. 26, bound for Charleston, where her owner, Mr. E. Morgan, Jr., will join. She is now rigged as a topsail schooner. We take the dimensions of her spars from the N. Y. *Herald:* Foremast, above deck, 56 ft.; masthead, 11 ft.; foretopmast, 28 ft.; topgallantmast, 13 ft.; mainmast, above deck, 65 ft.; masthead, 10 ft.; maintopmast, 41ft.

FOR HOLLAND.—Wm. Forsyth, of Keyport, has been indulging his fancy in building a light draft model for a gentleman in Holland to sail about the shoals of the Zuyder Zee. She is of course of the slab type with inordinate sheer and a huge fixed "horn." All very well for the Zuyder, but if her owner ever gets blown off shore he can thank his stars if in the steep seas of the German ocean he can make a harbor to leeward.

THE MADGE.—A report comes to us that Mr. Jas. Coats may possibly bring his fine little ten-ton slup over with him from England. We hope there may be some truth in this. The Madge is one of the fastest and handiest craft in England and is expected to look after some of the coasts of Great Britain, and making forced passages in all kinds of weather which would put our largest sloops to shame. She is 35.7 ft. stem to post on deck, or about 36½ ft. on water line, 7 ft. 7 in. beam, and 7 ft. depth and draft.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—At the meeting of the N. Y. C. C., Jan. 26, held in the rooms of the N. Y. Bi. Club, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Com., E. B. Bronson, canoe Queen Mab; Vice Com., Wm. Whitlock, canoe Clochette; Sec. and Treas., C. B. Vaux, canoe Dot. Executive Committee—Messrs. Bronson, Whitlock, Vaux, Aiken, Norton. Regatta Committee—Messrs. Vaux, Gschnitzer, Stephens, D'Oremieulx and Monroe. The next meeting will be at the club dinner the second Wednesday in April.

YACHTS' PHOTOS.—Black & Co., of Boston, have not been idle last summer. They have added many fine photos to their list, while we in New York have been content with viewing the finished. We have poked away at New York artists without result, but Brontano has promised us to try and wind up some one to the necessary pitch of making money hand over fist, so that New York yachts may figure on his portfolio in the near future. If there is a live artist at Port Jefferson he has the chance of his life in the big fleet laid up and hauled out there. Will he wake up?

NAVAL ENCYCLOPEDIA.—L. R. Hamersly & Co. have just published their Naval Encyclopædia, a work of exceeding usefulness and a valuable book for the libraries of yacht clubs and nautical men. It is a complete book of reference on all matters relating to naval and shipping affairs, and contains much information. As a volume of reference it is a specialty and has no equal. A fifteen-page article on yachts and yachting by C. P. Kunhardt will be of particular interest to our readers. It supplies numerous tables of data and the most approved sailing rules.

CUTTERS IN BOSTON.—A bid of $100 in excess of cost has been made for a cutter built this winter and accepted. Mr. Ed. Burgess is having another built by Lawley & Son, 32 feet on deck, 27 ft. water line and 8 ft. beam, with a draft of 5 ft. She will have a plain sloop rig and regular ship's companionway, which will be very stylish in appearance. Mr. Malcom Forbes has become the owner of the former on the same lines, and a series of interesting matches will be the result as soon as the imported craft finds her firm in American waters. Eastern men take kindly to the cutter. There will be a dozen in commission this summer.

THE REPUBLIC.—This schooner is now in the hands of Smith & Terry, Greenport, for alterations and repairs. It will take $5,000 to put the yacht in condition after only one short season's service in sheltered waters. All the joiner work was of green wood, and has shrunk away beyond remedy, and the arrangement of the cabins was found so inconvenient that the owner has determined upon entire renovation. She was ostensibly planned and modelled by self-styled "practical" men, and built in "the provinces," so that her failure under sail and a heavy bill for repairs are not to be wondered at. She was the production of "patriots on the make." A little more "theory" and a little less "star spangled banner" could have turned out a much superior ship and a better job all round.

THE BERRESHOFF COIL IN ENGLAND.—I see "Southwest Coast" asks for some information in regard to coil boilers, which I believe I can partly supply, and am glad to assist him and any to whom it may be of use with what experience I have in the matter. Judging by knowledge gained in driving several launches fitted with these boilers, I have no hesitation in stating that they are the best for small work, as is the boiler of the future, while it is simply not yet tried for larger sizes, but with modifications will equally, in my mind, come out first rate. There are so many elements in its favor over ordinary types, as to anybody acquainted with its merits, can hardly fail of producing this impression. Only consider, first, impossibility of priming (in itself a hitherto unhoped-for advantage in small boilers), and no theory but a real fact, myself having driven a little Herreshoff, only 16 diam. and 2ft. high, at full speed through all sorts of water and over 100 miles in two days without a stop either at midnight, with never a trace of priming, whether in salt or fresh water, and, what is still more excellent, with no salter water in boiler at the end than the beginning of any length of run; secondly, rapid steaming—as soon as a good fire is obtainable there is but no second lost. Another enormous advantage, especially for little boilers and auxiliaries: It pays to get up steam for half hour or even quarter-hour run. Thirdly, impossibility of a burst, or any danger from over pressure. This is conclusion to all the nervous. The danger of bursting a Herreshoff is simply to dig deep and throw the steam pipe as far as it might and very little risk, with little possible consequence, as there is such a little of either steam or water to escape compared with ordinary boilers. It will be sure all to go safely up the chimney. In fact, the boiler becomes far the strongest part of the combination, and may smash up the engines, as I have several times done with it, but never comes to grief itself. Fourthly, freedom from destruction by strains either from unequal expansion by heat or other causes. The boiler being a mere spring made of pipe, there is no strain put up on any part of it, even if it were possible to have one half red hot and the other cold. This advantage will be more appreciated by those used to large marine boilers. Fifthly, great convenience in being able to leave alone with fire in; all that is necessary is to damp the fire with ashes, and it the second day is ready to continue anybody who thinks he is up in such things that I am a red-hot partisan of the Herreshoff boiler, and have an interest in its sale. Both ideas would be right and both wrong. When a boiler shows more advantages I shall be as red hot for it, while as yet I see no reason why such one needs in any good addition to the powers at man's disposal. I may say, in conclusion, that I am an amateur; have owned several yachts, launches and engines; and that all I have now said on the Herreshoff is based on my own actual experience by driving four or five Herreshoff launches. If I could afford it, I should at once fit my steam yacht (40 tons) with one of these boilers.—HENRY T. DAWSON (The Cedars, Chiswick, Dec. 28).—*London Field.*

REGISTRATION OF SMALL CANADIAN YACHTS.

CANADIAN YACHTS under fifteen tons have not hitherto been permitted to take out papers, and in consequence have often got into difficulties with the customs authorities when visiting ports on the United States coast. The Secretary of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club having made representations to that effect to the London authorities, the following reply and instructions have been published:

ROYAL YACHT OF MINUTE PATRON, Jan. 28, 1880 (192—1880).

"The attention of the Board having been directed to the diversity of practice which exists in regard to the registry of yachts not exceeding fifteen tons burden, and it appearing that at some ports the General Order 89, 1854, is still acted upon, notwithstanding that the conditions of such order have ceased to be operative since the passing of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1854, the Board rescind the General Order No. 68, 1852, and direct that the exemption of registry set forth in Section 19, Clause 3 of the Act quoted above be maintained as regards such vessels, not exceeding fifteen tons burden, employed solely on the rivers or coasts of the United Kingdom, and that pleasure yachts be admitted to registry on application of the owners without requiring from them any statement that the vessels are to be employed in foreign waters.

"Copies of this minute are to be delivered to the proper officers in London, and transmitted to the collectors at the Outario ports for their information and government.

"CUSTOM HOUSE, LONDON, NOV. 26, 1880.

"The aforegoing copy of the Board's minute, dated 22d inst., is transmitted to the Collector at Toronto accordingly.

"By order of the Commissioners,

F. G. WALPOLE."

MY FIRST CANOEING CRUISE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having a fifteen foot, forty-five pound canvas canoe (which had up to this time only been used for hunting near home, the first thing to be decided upon was where to go. On examining the map I found that by taking canoe by cars to Mount Vernon and, starting on the Kokosing, follow its course to the Wahondding, thence to the Walhonding, Woman and Muskingum to Zanesville, would give me a trip of about 125 miles of water, not dangerous, but through the rocks at Milwood, and the rapids between Coshocton and Dresden, would be exciting enough for a beginner.

My canoe is fifteen feet long, oiled poplar frame and bottom, with canvas sides and decks. At night I throw a waterproof canvas over a heavy cord stretched from end to end of the canoe, and raised in centre by a stick, and then make my bed on the bottom, on the inside bottom board, and using my rubber boots for a pillow, I can sleep dry, let the weather be what it will.

I started on a Monday morning and had a good send-off at Mount Vernon by the canoe men introduced in the river by which I was hauled through the centre of the town. A dreuching shower about an hour after might have dampened the ardor of a less enthusiastic canoeist, but the blankets, provender, ammunition, gun, etc., being well stowed under the decks, and the hood snugly buttoned around the manhole, with rubber coat on, I paddled ahead in the bright sun was shining. The second day I tried the Esquimaux trick of turning a somersault with poor success. I was running down a swift current and came unexpectedly upon a wire stretched across the river about three inches above the water. In spite of my most frantic efforts to keep the canoe end on, she whirled around, and the next moment the canoeist was in the water and the canoe right side up on the other side of the wire. Not a thing had spilled out but the contents of my pockets were decidedly damp, which I remedied on a raid on a farmhouse near by, where the good lady of the establishment soon had the blankets and pack steaming before a large fire. I reached the rocks of Milwood that evening and started the next morning under the care of half a dozen natives through the bridge which crosses the river at this point right above the first rapid. I got through all right, with one or two scrapes. The scenery along the route was beautiful, the river running for miles at the foot of a range of pine-covered hills. The rapids between Coshocton and Dresden were successfully passed with one or two narrow escapes. Among the comical incidents of the trip I remember one. I was sitting in the canoe with the paddle across my knees as a native came along, and I asked him how far to Coshocton (the next place ahead)? I was replied to about as near as I could get there sooner if I would turn around and go the other way. He had never seen a canoe propelled by paddle, and supposed I was going up stream because I faced the bow. I reached Zanesville Saturday evening, and was home again on Monday morning. I voted the trip a success, and, health, etc., permitting, shall keep it up in the future.

AMATEUR NO. 1.

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE S. F. Y. C.

OUR description of the flagship of the San Francisco Yacht Club will be read with interest as an example of a sailor's yacht. "Hedges," "hawsers," "warps on reels," and similar appliances may strike the average Eastern yachtsman as old and strange, but they belong to any well fitted yacht nevertheless, even though of moderate dimensions, and many of our readers may profit by the good example set by Commodore Harrison, both in the matter of fitting out and cruising. The model was not built for a racing craft, but for a comfortable and safe cruising yawl, and every one who has seen her acknowledges she is all that. Her length is 49 ft.; beam, 16.5 ft.; depth of hold, 6.2 ft. She has a good deal of sheer forward, with a straight stem and fine entrance; 5 ft. overhang aft and none forward; a short

bowsprit only 16 ft. outboard; mast well forward, 10 ft. from stem; main boom, 35 ft. long; gaff, 18 ft.; hoist of mainsail, 38 ft. The jigger or driver has a 17-ft. boom, 8-ft. gaff and 34-ft. hoist. The rig is snug in comparison with Eastern yachts, due to the prevailing strong winds on the Pacific coast. The yacht has 26 inches freeboard to her deck, and the cabin house is 16 inches high, the cockpit or standing, room 10x10 ft., with good large scuppers; decks of white cedar; rail combings, bits and cockpit of Tamanu wood (as hard as iron), black walnut and prima vera. All iron work is galvanized. The best bower anchor weighs 220 lbs. and has 50 fathoms of half-inch chain. The working anchor is 160 lbs. and has 35 fathoms of three-eighths of an inch chain. The kedge weighs 56 lbs. All anchors are galvanized, and all running gear is New Bedford whale line. The yawl also has 60 fathoms four and a half inch manilla for a hawser. Sails of No. 5 bighted cotton duck. Below her ballast is blacksmith scrap iron carefully laid between her timbers and bolted in solid so you could turn the yacht bottom up and not a pound of ballast would shift, or you could strip her garboards off and she would not leak a drop. Fore and aft, and at both extremes, she is cemented even with her keison, except between two channels, her draft being over five feet. Her cabin is 6 ft. 2 in. high all over. She has four double berths in the cabin with spring mattrasses, which, when made up, are 4 ft. 6 in. and 5 ft. wide, and divided from each other by movable bulkheads, something like in the Pullman cars, and curtains inside. She also makes up two berths on the floor of the cabin. Forward of the main cabin is a large stateroom with double berth, and forward of that a washroom and w. c. On the port side is a large galley, 11 feet long, with one large stove, a six-hole Richmond range, and one double coal oil stove for warm weather, or to make tea or coffee, as well as a large sink. The forecastle has berths for two hands. Coal oil is kept in a tank right in the eyes, filling from the deck, the hawser on a reel forward of the bits, and the running lines on reels, one on each side of the bits, so they are all within reach. The cabin table seats nine on camp stools without crowding, and there have been twenty-three to dinner, cooking for all on board. As the centreboard only comes six inches through the table it is no detriment to proper service. Two sideboards by the companionway, and two white lockers opening into the cabin and running under the seats of the cockpit, afford stowage for provisions. In the lazaret there is an ice chest and room to stow 20 or 30 cases of stores, besides oil tanks, yacht stores, etc. The water tanks hold about 200 gallons. The Frolic steers with a Spuecaster fisherman's wheel. She was built for comfortable cruising on the Bay of San Francisco and not to go to sea. Although all summer it blows very hard on the Pacific slope, and makes a very nasty choppy sea in the bay, it is nothing like the open sea, and so great a beam does not interfere with good performance, while it gives much room below, the easy bilge and great dead rise making some amends for the other evil. A standing bowsprit and single jib are also easier to work with one man, and the sea is rarely heavy enough to put her bowsprit under. The crew consists of one man and a Chinaman for cook and steward, and the Frolic often cruises from ten days to two weeks, and generally with about five ladies besides gentlemen.

In case of heavy weather, and but a short distance to go, the mainsail is lowered and the yawl worked under jib and bigger, under which sail she is very easy, weatherly, and works beautifully. Of course, if in for a long beat, she is reefed all round, and reefing the mainsail is child's play—all done on deck. If the weather keeps getting worse the jib and jigger are stowed and a small storm jib is set flying just outside the knight-heads. She is then under very easy sail, and all where it should be, right in the body. Should it blow still harder a second reef is hauled down in the mainsail. If still too much take in the storm jib, and under that double reefed mainsail she will work like a cat-boat, but it must blow very hard to need all this reduction. With an able boat like the Frolic, and rigged as she is, heavy weather has no terrors for those on board, not even for the ladies who cruise in her, and it has often happened a short

The Kennel.

PURE FIELD TRIAL SETTERS FOR SALE.—Leah (Roybel-Livy Gil), a very handsome blue Belton and an excellent field and brood bitch, 2½ years old, $100. Cara R. (Roscoe-Armida), lemon Belton, 9 months old; a beauty, only $50. Kate R (Roscoe Armida), very handsome blue Belton, 9 months old, price $50. Four pups, 2 months old, by Roxey-boy out of Armida. Great beauties, very cheap. All the above are pure field trial setters; the most successful strain at field trials and bench shows in England and America, and are sold only on account of the crowded condition of my kennel.

For full pedigrees and particulars address F. A. DIFFENDERFER, 15 Shippen st., Lancaster, Pa.
Jan27,4t

$100 REWARD! The above amount will be paid to any one giving information leading to the detection and conviction of the party who forced the window of and introduced poison into the kennel of pointer bitch Nag on the premises of Mrs. M. E. Von Culin, Delaware City, Del.
E. & C. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del. feb3,1t

FOR SALE, a brace of Gordon setters, dog and bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1880, out of Browne's Nellie Horton (litter sister to Malcolm and Dream II.) by Orgill's Rip. Have been worked on quail all through the past season. Price for brace $125. Address FRED. N. HALL, P.O. Box 884, N.Y. feb3,2t

FOR SALE, handsome English setter, 2 years 2 months old, orange and white, by Morris's champion Lark, ex-Belle. Price $50. Address R. M. LIVINGSTON, Box 191, Newport, R. I. feb3,1t

ENGLISH pug dogs and puppies. We have obtained specimens of some of the best strains and intending purchasers call or address with stamp. Miller & Co., No. 6 Second st., N.Y. city. feb3,1t

WILL EXCHANGE a handsome red Irish setter dog, 18 months old, by Dash ex-Flora, C. N. Y., 1880, for a handsome bull terrier or fox terrier bitch. Address W. E. LIVINGSTON, Box 131 Newport, R. I. feb3,1t

FOR SALE, a liver and white pointer dog, aged 3 years; also a setter slut, lemon and white, age 4 years; has been shot over for 3 years; also a setter slut, 10 months. She has been run all this season. Write for pedigree and price. JOSEPH LEWIS, Apollo, Armstrong Co., Pa. feb3,1t

OULEOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL.—For pure Cockers from the finest selected stock in the United States, imported and native in the stud, imported cocker Racer, liver and white. A very handsome, powerful dog, 3 years old, fine feather, weight, 28 lbs., litters warranted. Will serve good approved bitches only at $15. Address ROBERT WALKER, Keeper Ouleout Kennel, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. tf

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1878; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the gold necklace at New York, 1880. For sale, thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. June24,tf

PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction if the dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices, $50 and $75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia. Oct 2,tf

GLEN-R. and T.: by Colburn's Dash ex Mullin's Belle. The above dog, winner of first in brace stakes of the Eastern Field Trials, will be allowed to serve a few bitches of approved form and blood. Stud fee $25, and $2 for groom. Address
H. F. ATEN, M.D.,
34 Hanson place,
Brooklyn, N. Y

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address,
LE ROY Z. COLLINS,
Sept 18-tf Lancaster, Mass., U. S. A.

FOR SALE, a well broken Pointer dog; 2 years old; native; good retriever from land or water. Also good, sound, liver cocker, 2½ years old, broken. Price $20 each. Will give away small pointer bitch Clare, 3½ years old (Dutton-Topsy) to any one that will give a pair of pups from first litter by good, small pointer dog. Address ROBT. WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. Jan27,2t

FOR SALE, a well bred red (with a little white) setter puppy, 20 months old. Has been handled this fall, and breaker gives a good account of him. Apply to PIONEER, this office. Dec30,tf

FOR SALE, a highly bred pointer gyp, thoroughly broken, 15 months old; price $75. Address B. W. SELMER, 318 S. Sharp st., Baltimore, Md. jan20,3t

FOR SALE, Red Irish Setter pups, out of my Belle by Chester's Champion Scott. For price etc., address W. J. Bickerton, Flatbush, cor. 5th Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y. Jan27,2t

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE, Irish Setter bitch Quail III.; 3 years old; broken; winner 1st N. Y., 1878; 2d, 1879. Address, E. L., 171 East 87th St. Feb3,1t

ENGLISH MASTIFFS for sale. Address WILLIAM H. LEE, Boston, Mass. Feb3,2t

GORDON SETTERS—Border Lily-Champion Glen stock, whelps due March 14, 1881. J. E. FISHER, 149 Union st., Brooklyn, L. I. Feb3,2t

KING CHARLES SPANIELS for sale. Dog and bitch. Price for pair, $250. Address WILLIAM H. LEE, Boston, Mass. Feb3,2t

FOR SALE, a superior thoroughbred broken pointer bitch and one pup; also a fine broken Cocker Address HORACE SMITH, 31 Park Row, N. Y. feb3,2t

Allen's Decoy Duck Frame.

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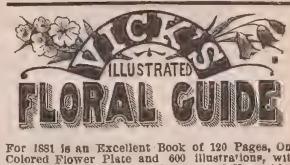
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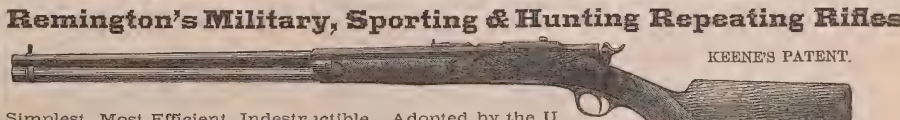


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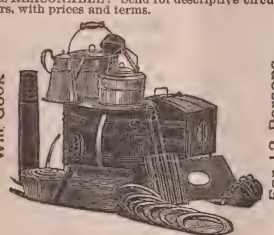
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Sundays, 9.35, 10.35 A.M., 1.35, 5.35, 7, 10 P.M.

Flushing, 6.30, 7.35, 8.45, 10., 11.35 A.M., 2.35, 3.35, 4.35, 5, 5.35, 6, 6.35, 7, 7.35, 9.15 10.45 P.M., 12.15 night.

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Great Neck, 6.30, 7.35, 11.35 A.M., 4.35, 5.35, 6.35 P.M. Saturday nights, 12.15. Sundays, 9.35 A.M., 5.35 P.M.

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Richmond Hill, Glendale, 8.35, 11 A.M., 3.35, 4.35 5.35, 6, 7 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 12.15. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6.35 P.M.

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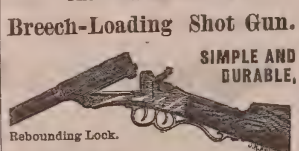
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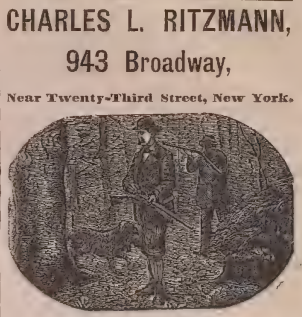
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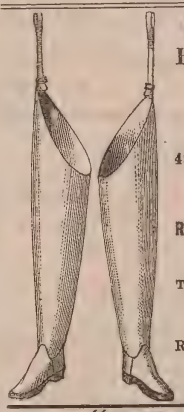
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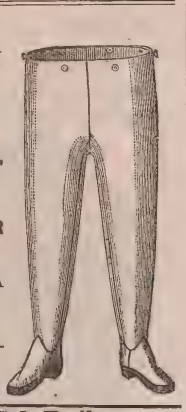
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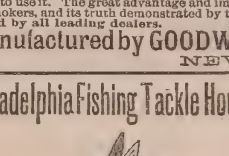


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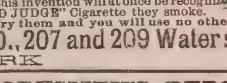
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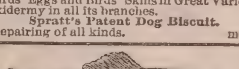
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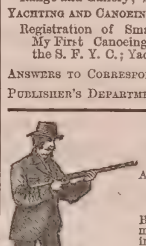
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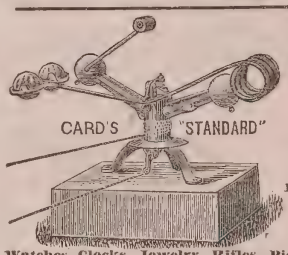
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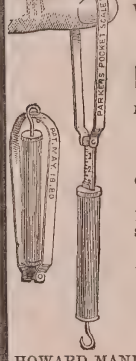
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1881.

Vol. 16—No. 2. Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, February 10.

THE PROPOSED NEW YORK LAW.

THE new law proposed by the committee of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association would be in several respects more desirable than the one now in force. It restricts the killing of certain game to more limited periods than at present permitted, and in these changes the sportsmen in the State will concur.

In respect to the provisions which regulate the traffic in game the proposed law has vital defects. The committee who drafted the bill explain that they "have heard the arguments of representative hunters for the market, dealers in fish and game, and those who hunt and fish for recreation and amusement." "The natural antagonism between those who hunt for a living and those who hunt for pleasure has been apparent. We have endeavored to reconcile these conflicting interests as far as possible."

From the wording of their bill it is perfectly clear that the "endeavor to reconcile" has been altogether in favor of the market hunters and dealers. The committee appear to have lost sight entirely of the real intent of a game law, which is the due protection of game, and to have had in mind only the protection of the unrestricted traffic in game. This was perhaps a natural result of the circumstance that the influential member of the committee drafting the bill is himself a large dealer in game and fish, and has for a long time openly and strenuously advocated the sale of refrigerated game all the year around.

The obnoxious refrigerator section, which has met such deserved opposition among sportsmen throughout the State, is still retained, although in a modified form. It reads as follows:

SEC. 34.—Any person may sell, or expose for sale, or have in possession any hare or rabbit, any woodcock, any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, any spruce grouse, commonly called Canada partridge, and any quail, from the first day of January to the first day of February, and any pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, and any venison, from the first day of December to the first day of March, without liability to punishment or penalty, provided it be proven that such birds or game were killed without this State, or within the period provided by this act.

The sale of all game should cease with the expiration of the lawful time for killing it. No concession whatever should be made for the extended sale of birds. If any concession is made for venison one month is amply sufficient. The dealers can regulate their trade and confine it to the legitimate period if they choose to do so. Their trade should be governed by the law; the law should not be governed by their trade.

It is claimed that the present law against trapping and snaring birds and the sale and possession of such birds is inoperative, because the word "wilful" occurs in the law. The simplest, easiest and only effective remedy then would be to omit altogether the word "wilful" in the section. The proposal of the committee that the Long Island Railroad baggage men who peddle trapped birds, and the dealers who expose trapped birds for sale must be in due form first notified that their birds are trapped, before they can incur any liability therefor, is simply ridiculous, and if put into effect would make the law more of a nullity than it is even now—if that be possible.

In case the plea of ignorance should some time not prove sufficient protection to the guileless offender, and a "State game protector," undaunted by the obstructions of this proposed law, should really prosecute for violation of law, the party proceeded against need only summon a "county game protector," who is empowered by proposed section 38 "to take or receive by voluntary surrender game or fish which, under violations of law, shall be killed, caught, had in possession, sold, exposed for sale, purchased, or transported into the county for which such officer shall be appointed." And "the receipt of such game or fish by such officer shall be a bar to any prosecution, civil or criminal, in case of voluntary surrender, or where the person from whom such game or fish shall be taken shall have given prompt notice of such possession, and shall, when required, make oath that at the time of receiving the same he was ignorant of such violation of law, and shall disclose the name and residence of the person from whom the same was received to the best of his knowledge." This section should be amended by throwing out in the last sentence quoted, after "criminal," the words "in case of voluntary surrender, or;" the clause would then cover all that it ought to cover, and it would not be, as now, the last of a number of resorts provided to allow any man of ordinary intelligence to sell all the year round game killed in any manner and at any time.

In fact the effect of these provisions must be to so hamper and render nugatory any prosecution for illegal traffic in game that it would be practically giving those disposed to engage in such a traffic the fullest license and encouragement. We can conceive of no possible circumstances under which, with this law in force, such offenders could be punished, save by the forfeiture of the game itself. The proposed act, as it is now worded, is not a game protective law; it is designed rather to protect the dealer and to render ineffectual any attempt to restrain the traffic in game as it ought to be restrained.

The members of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association owe it to themselves as sportsmen, to their reputation throughout the State and to the true interests of game protection in this State and elsewhere to withhold their indorsement from such a bill. Their prompt rejection of these provisions will do much to allay the suspicion, now somewhat prevalent, that this whole movement is simply the shrewd attempt of a prominent game dealer of this city, who is also the leading spirit of the association, to use the influence of the society to fix the game laws just as he wants them, that they may subserve his own personal interests.

BREEDING SALMON IN FRESH WATER

WE recommend a perusal of Mr. Fairbank's article, under this head in another column, to all fishculturists and fish commissioners. His method we believe to be the right one. He has pooled his salmon and not scattered them, and the result is they are there. If he had put in half the number he might never have seen a salmon; but he put in enough to make their presence felt and to allow some to escape their enemies, and they escaped.

Nature intends millions of eggs and millions of young fish to be food for birds, aquatic mammals, insects and fish, just as she provides a plant with a hundred seeds, ninety-nine of which feed the birds, mice and squirrels, and one brings forth its kind and keeps up the stock.

A half million of fish eggs seem to be a great number, and tempts commissioners to distribute a "good lot" to a dozen localities. But what is the entire number when compared with the vast quantity dropped in the McCloud River by millions of salmon?

The lesson taught by Mr. Fairbanks in his paper read before the Central Fishcultural Society at Chicago is a plain one. It means consolidate, and not distribute. In distribution there is weakness; in consolidation, strength! If today we had a million eggs of a new and valuable fish at our disposal they would all go into one stream, "make or break," as the saying goes, and we think an impression might be made on the stream that would remain.

NATIONAL GUARD RIFLE PRACTICE.

IT would seem that the magnificent record which the citizen soldiers of the State of New York have made for themselves is to be cut short by a sort of official strangulation. Gov. Cornell has decided that rifle practice is of no value because there is no prospect of any war breaking forth for 50 years to come, and therefore no merit in having troops prepared to use their weapons. This is the perfection of simplicity, and as a statement from one supposed to have mastered some of the simplest ideas of political economy, appears almost monumental in its stupidity.

With a regular army barely large enough to serve as a police force for the rapidly diminishing frontier it would be the most rational substitute to build up to its largest proportions a strong militia force; but to make a record for economy the National Guard is to be attacked and slashed out of all semblance of utility. The new crotchet is to have encampments, where the citizen who is willing to give a portion of his time to the service of his State suddenly finds himself the victim of capricious orders and compelled to sacrifice a good portion of his private time for a foolish notion. A regiment able to carry on a good street fight is worth far more as a menance against turbulence and disorders than a command able to go through all the routine of camp duty. And then, as the camp sites are to have butts off in some corner the troops under canvas are to pick up during their week's picnic a full knowledge of how to hold and how to hit. What is really needed is a careful showing up of the present system of rifle practice.

The whole system of rifle practice is on too wholesale a scale. Men cannot be set up in rows and taught to shoot in the aggregate. Each man is a unit, and because A shoots well is not the least reason why B, who stands next in the ranks, should be able to hit a barn-side. Each man must have a definite personal idea of how to shoot, and much of the instruction can be given in the armory, but it is not a sort of instruction which can be hurried. To hold a rifle with ease and steadiness, to pull off without giving the weapon a twist and to pull the trigger without the ordinary flinch are all points to be acquired by much personal practice. When all this has been gained then a charge may with some advantage be placed in the rifle. Where regiments have succeeded in showing a good rifle record it has been by following out this plan of careful attention to the personal instruction of the men. Where regiments have shown a wretchedly poor percentage the inference is that it has followed out the regulation orders in a perfunctory manner. Now the Adjutant General proposes to take away the last incentive by cutting away the extra prizes offered each year for the team and other contests. Much has been done during the decade of

rifle shooting we have enjoyed, but it is not as yet a plant of such sturdy growth that it will bear such neglect as the State of New York, through its official leaders, proposes to put upon it. To suspend shooting for a time until the *personnel* of the Guard has been altered means simply that the entire work will have to be gone over again and a start made from the point we stood at in 1872. The expenses already incurred are not fairly representative of the sums which will be required to maintain rifle practice. The ranges are now fixed upon, and while many of them no doubt are illy chosen and on too pretentious a scale, more modest arrangement, well patronized, would show better results; but to enforce this economy is quite another thing from jumping to a total abolition of all rifle practice and the placing of the National Guard in the position of a mere puppet show, trained to walk in step, to carry their rifles as so many drilling sticks and make a very pretty show at parade, while worthy only of ridicule for their inefficiency.

THE EEL-WEIR QUESTION.

THE local papers in the interior of the State of New York have been greatly exercised over some donkey's assertion that the eel-weir was a harmless institution, and gallons of ink have been shed by those who saw a fine chance to advertise themselves at the donkey's expense. Slip after slip has been sent to FOREST AND STREAM containing arguments pro and con which have gone into the waste-basket on the principle that it don't pay to load a siege-gun to kill a mosquito. If these weirs can discriminate taking only eels, and passing the bass, shad and young of other fish, they are the most intelligent eel-weirs in the business, and we would like one for dissection and examination of its brain. No doubt, now that in the process of evolution the eel-weir has advanced so far, these traps can be taught to bring their prey on shore and skin them for market, and when the angler of the future takes his walks along the banks of the stream he will behold this new breed of traps hauling their catch ashore, and swearing at the stray bass which have persisted in getting in to annoy them. Such traps will no doubt increase not only the bass and shad of our rivers, but will also add to the crops of the riparian owner by fertilizing his fields with the eel skins and other debris.

Seriously, the fact of the destructiveness of the eel-weir is so apparent that we have not thought fit to print the arguments. Our old friend, E. C. Z. Judson (Ned Buntline), who is something of a naturalist as well as a novelist, writes us from "Eagle's Nest" on this question and says:

"All observant trout men know, old and large trout after spawning in the fall almost always, if not always, turn their course down stream to seek still and deep water, or to go toward the sea. Such invariably fall victims to an eel-weir if it is in their way.

"I know from years of observation on the Juniata, Susquehanna and Delaware rivers, not to speak of other and smaller rivers, that eel-weirs scoop in every kind of fish which turns to go down stream faster than the current, and so goes head first into the pot, from which none but the smallest escape. These eel-weirs used to be set at low water, before the fall freshets came on, all along the rivers I have named until so far down that the water was too deep to build dams. Captain King, of Mast Hope, Pike County, Pa., used to supply his table with fish as well as eels from his weir when I stopped at his hotel one summer in 1853, I think; and trout not caught by hook and line—trout of large size, taken thus from the Delaware, were more than once on that table. I remember it distinctly, for I had quite a row with the captain about the innovation on our old Waltonian arts."

A ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN FOR NEW YORK.

THE project to establish a zoological garden in New York on a plan somewhat similar to the London Zoo and the Jardin des Plantes of Paris is again being agitated. It is high time that this matter should be taken in hand, for as we have before said, it is a shame and a disgrace that New York should have no "wild beast show" while other cities, such as Philadelphia and Cincinnati, have excellent ones. The collection at the Central Park, although good as far as it goes and admirably managed by Mr. Conklin, can never amount to anything so long as it is under the city government.

A number of applications have been made for some years back to obtain the consent of the Park Commissioners of this city to establish in Central Park an independent zoological garden, but the Board decided, and very properly, that the Park could not be used for any such purpose. In 1879 the Universal Conservatory and Zoological Garden Company was formed for the purpose indicated above, and it is stated that ground will be broken for the buildings as soon as the frost is out of the ground. The site said to have been selected for the garden is an admirable one. Thirty-three acres of land have been purchased, we are told, north of One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, and between Eighth and St. Nicholas avenues. This is about one mile from the High Bridge, and at the present terminus of the West Side Metropolitan Elevated Railway, overlooking the Harlem River and including a considerable area of low flat ground, a steep hillside and a plateau on a level with the highest portion of the island at that point. A location more admirably fitted for the purpose to which it is to be devoted could scarcely have been found on Manhattan Island.

It is stated that the plans for the buildings have been drawn, and it is to be hoped that work on them will be begun as soon as the weather will permit. The following description of the proposed garden has been published:

The main entrance to the garden is to be on the corner of One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street and Eighth avenue. Here it is proposed to erect a building 100 by 90 feet, in Moorish style, for officers of the company, with a series of arcades fronting on Eighth avenue, for the tropical carnivora.

For the larger tropical animals there will be an extension of these arcades along One Hundred and Fifty-eighth street, 525 feet in length and 50 feet wide, while the arcades on Eighth avenue will be 1,090 feet long and 75 feet wide. Pavilions are to be erected on both corners. The garden will be divided by the main avenue, 70 feet wide. To the north, directly opposite a large fountain, will be a Chinese pagoda 65 by 125 feet. West of this temple, at the foot of a bluff, will be the antelope house, 40 by 80 feet, while to the right will be a stone quarry. This will be converted into bear pits, which will adjoin the owl and bat ruin, running along the wall of the aquaduct for a length of 250 feet. The top of these ruins will form a promenade 15 feet wide, leading to the dairy building.

At the fountain in the main avenue will be an ornamental monkey house in Moorish style, the building being 70 by 140 feet. West of the monkey house will be a grotto for the Polar bears and seals.

The most prominent buildings of the garden will be on the bluffs, which rise one hundred feet above the level of the ground. Here it is proposed to place a conservatory and palm garden, 225 by 125 feet, with arcades which will form a square and contain restaurants. The space inside the arcades will be arranged like a terrace garden and so constructed as to be covered during the winter by glass frame-work. There will also be another extension of the conservatory, 110 feet by 95 feet, on the east side, arranged especially for water plants.

Fifty feet from the northwest corner of the arcades will be the observatory, whose tower will rise 210 feet above the foundation and 325 feet above the level of Eighth avenue.

The capital stock of the company is fixed at $2,000,000 in stock and $1,000,000 in first mortgage bonds.

It is earnestly to be hoped that this project may be carried through. That such an institution would pay, if properly managed, scarcely admits of doubt, and its value as a public educator cannot be over-estimated.

FOR GENTLEMEN HANDLERS.—The FOREST AND STREAM desires to offer at the important Field Trials to be run the coming autumn certain prizes, to be competed for by dogs owned and worked by amateur handlers. It is too soon to announce the exact conditions which will govern the running for these prizes, or to say of just what the latter will consist. It is probable, however, that a number of cups and gold medals will be offered to be run for at the different events, to be won by the best dog owned and handled by a sportsman who has never received compensation for breaking a dog, and who is not a market shooter.

The object of announcing such a series of prizes is, of course, to encourage among non-professional sportsmen the training of their own dogs, or at least the proper working of these after they have been trained.

It will scarcely be denied, as a general proposition, that comparatively few of the men who shoot know how to properly handle dogs. Each one of course thinks that he is posted, but will readily enough agree that most of his fellows are not; and as no small portion of a dog's success in such a competition depends on his handler, we are inclined to think the prizes which we wish to offer may have the good effect of showing to each man the excellences of some methods and the faults of others. A competition of this kind, open to all non-professional sportsmen, should bring out a very large representation of the men who, owning only one or two dogs, and those good ones, shoot almost the whole season through and kill much game. We look forward with much pleasurable anticipation to seeing such a competition inaugurated, and if the field trials clubs will arrange for such a running we shall be pleased to contribute the prizes. We shall have more to say on this subject hereafter.

WE SEE BY THE DAILY PAPERS that one Al. Johnson, a grizzly bear hunter, of Calaveras County, Cal., after a scalp-rending tussle with Brum, is now lying in an extremely mangled and critical condition. There is nothing remarkably strange in this state of affairs, except that the bear hunter and the daily papers began to lie in this same way several winters ago. It is about time for the attaches of our enterprising contemporaries to either let him up or give him decent burial.

FOOLS AND SNAKES.—Eve was the first victim of the serpent's wiles and Adam the second. The list is a long one, and not yet finished. The latest on record is the man who recently bought a petrified snake out in Western New York, and who afterward discovered his treasure to be constructed of sand, hair and fraud.

The history of serpent worship is most curious, the history of fools most instructive, and the study of the two in connection is both curious and instructive. Cardiff giants, planted Muldoons, dug-up snakes, petrified monsters, rogues and dupes are multitudinous and coexistent upon the face of the earth. The geographical distribution is the same; where one is there will the other be also.

It was not so long ago that we looked on at the New York Aquarium while the scientific elders of the city solemnly studied the dimensions of the graven image of a tailed man, and listened to the glib lies of one Conant, the fellow who had the bogus petrifaction in charge. In due time the whole story of the fraud came out; but whether the schemers were punished we do not now recall. The fellows who sold this last snake swindle have been arrested, and it is to be hoped that they may have an opportunity of displaying their artistic taste in stone work for a term of years in the State Prison.

THE AMERICAN CRICKETER—a little newspaper devoted to the interests of the "noble game of cricket"—reaches us this mouth with a new design at its head, in which are used for ornamentation the implements generally to be found on the cricket field. The design is appropriate, and notable for its artistic effect. It is a decided improvement to the paper, and has none of the "amateurishness" that was somewhat characteristic of the old heading. We take this opportunity of saying a good word for the little cricket paper. It is published purely as a labor of love to the game, and its usefulness is unquestionable. Through its columns may be learned all about what is doing in the development of cricket in America, so that the ex-cricketer may not remain in darkness, although he be prevented from taking an active part in it. Those of our readers who have an interest in the matter may obtain a sample copy gratis by addressing the editor, at 413 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

SPURGEON HAS PREACHED A SERMON from the text "Beware the Dog," in which he talks of that animal in a manner little creditable to himself as an Englishman, a humane man, or a clergyman. We commend to Spurgeon a perusal of the instructive "Current Dog Stories," which appear from time to time in the FOREST AND STREAM.

THERE IS SOME DOUBT about the New Hampshire Fish and Game League having a meeting this year. The president of the League says that the Commissioners have left the society nothing to do.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES.

OUR party, consisting of Walter Hubbard, F. G. Markham and the writer, left Boston, May 28, for St. John, N. B., thence to Halifax, and returned via Intercolonial Railroad to Moncton, Campbellton, River Du Loup, Quebec, White Mountains and back to Boston—covering a distance of 1,757 miles in three weeks' time, at an expense of only about $100, the details of which follow, with a summary of time, miles and expenses. Our prime object was to see new places, experience new sensations and take salmon and trout *en route*, if they deigned to rise to our flies. To taking salmon we plead not guilty; to the other charge, guilty. We experienced a delightful trip, caught quantities of large trout, but found ourselves too early for salmon, which this year, owing to a cold and backward season, had not yet commenced running up the rivers. We visited several famous salmon pools where last year salmon were taken in considerable quantities. Our objective point for the latter was Fraser's Pool on the Restigouche, and it was not until we reached Halifax that we learned the New York Club had purchased all rights there. This somewhat disconcerted our plans. We pursued the even tenor of our way, however, and rested content with what came in our path.

Taking the Eastern Railroad at Boston at 7 P. M. we reached Bangor at 5:30 A. M. next morning. A free carriage took us to the Penobscot Exchange Hotel, the best there, where we got a good breakfast for fifty cents. At 7:17 the train left on the European and N. A. R. R. for St. John (only one train a day).

From Bangor to St. John the ride is an exceedingly dull one, as the road passes through a very uninviting country, mostly woods, whose dreary aspects are not enlivened by any interesting features. At 12:50 P. M. you reach Vanceboro, where the train stops about twenty minutes for dinner, which is good at a charge of fifty cents.

At 5:30 you reach St. John. As you near St. John the woods disappear, the country becomes hilly, green grass and flowering meads appear, and waving fields of grain and rustic farmhouses greet the eye. At St. John terminus the train leaves you at the ferry landing, where the vociferating hackman will relieve you of all care of luggage, etc. Five minutes ride takes you across an arm of the Bay of Fundy, and you are in St. John City.

"Hotel Dufferin" is the house you will hie to if wise, and although it is not all that could be desired, still it is the best, since the "big fire" swept away the "Victoria," and with it half the city. It is kept by the former proprietor of the "Victoria," and is favorably located and comfortable.

Sunday, the 30th, we spent roaming about this ancient city, visited the falls of St. John, shipping, etc. The traces of the big fire of '77 are scarcely to be noted now, so that the city is still a beautiful one. Saturday eve, I omitted to note, we visited D. Scribner & Sons and Charles Baillie's tackle stores, and laid in a supply of fishing tackle and flies. The former makes the better rod, while the latter ties the better fly.

Monday, May 31, we embarked on the Empress at 8 A. M. to cross the Bay of Fundy. The steamer runs tri-weekly—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. It was a stormy morning, and the "General Order No. 1" from the captain to the crew as we left the wharf to "prepare for rough weather" was suggestive of a stormy passage, which on this bay means business for all hands, passengers included

However it did not prove very rough, and we reached Annapolis about 2 P. M., and took the Halifax train, via Windsor and Annapolis Railroad. From Annapolis to Halifax (130 miles) is one of the most enjoyable rides in the Provinces. The conductor who runs this train, Mr. Edwards, deserves more than a passing remark. He has been upon the road longer than any other employee, and has risen from an humble position to conductor, and deserves even better. He is the most courteous, good natured and obliging I ever met, and carries souvenirs of his popularity in the shape of a gold watch, charms, etc., presented him by fellow travelers. The route traversed by this division of the road is through the

"Evangeline district," whose simple legend is forever rescued from oblivion by Longfellow's famous poem, and Mr. Edwards takes especial pleasure in answering all questions touching this interesting country, and pointing out the places of note. Most conductors would have tired of it years ago, and with a wrathful answer turned away a soft question.

He showed me a letter from Mr. Longfellow, in which the latter says that although he has written this poem, he has never and probably will never see the land of which he has sung.

Reaching Windsor at 6:25 (84 miles), we left the train and found our way to the "Victoria Hotel," kept by John Doran. The name is large, but the house very small and very ordinary in all respects, though moderately neat and comfortable. It is the "best," however. And right here I will take occasion to remark that nowhere in all Nova Scotia or New Brunswick is there a single first-class hotel.

If you find yourself in a comfortable house, with a fair table, thank yourself you are no worse off. The houses are invariably small and tables only supplied with a limited assortment, while meat is not as tender as ours and the bread usually coarse and dark. It is no place for epicures. The bright side, however, is, the linen is usually clean, rates very low—from $1 to $1.75 per day—and the people very courteous. You are always treated with the utmost consideration and respect, and when things are not quite to your liking you feel much like apologizing to the landlord and servants for having found them so illy prepared to receive you. I have twice traveled the length of the Provinces and never yet received a surly reply or discourteous answer from any one, anywhere, from the highest to the lowest. Under such circumstances a crust of bread even is sweet to the palate.

We stopped off at Windsor in order to take the "Royal Mail Stage" to Chester, a superb town on the Southern coast. We had been advised that it ran Tuesdays and Saturdays, but found it was Wednesdays and Saturdays. We also found that said "Royal Stage" was a one-horse buggy which might possibly carry two passengers with light baggage, so that it was little matter we missed it. After some tribulation we procured a two-horse wagon with comfortable seats to take us across to Chester, about forty miles, for $12.

The route across is right over the backbone of Nova Scotia and is mostly up hill all the way. Tuesday morning, June 1, was charmingly sweet, and about 7 A. M. we found our traps packed and ourselves spinning along over a pleasant road on our "march to the sea." For ten or twelve miles the road is not bad, and the bracing morning air, charming landscape and wooded hills lent exhilaration to our spirits, and we grew happier under their influences.

In a couple hours' time we had left behind nearly all traces of civilization and plunged into the howling wilderness. The road became narrow, rocky and hilly, and our progress slow, but we were happy still. About 2 P. M. we reached Mrs. Redmond's "Half-way House," and stopped for dinner. They had no oats for our horses, but fortunately we had anticipated that and lightened our wagon of a bag of the same. For dinner they gave us bread and milk with raspberry jam.

After an hour's delay we paid our bill, $1 for men and beast, and resumed our journey. Toward night we sighted "Mahone Bay," upon which Chester is situated, and a lovely view it was to our eager eyes. At 7 P. M. we drove up to "Charley Lovett's Hospitable Inn," as dubbed by Hallock, and were met at the door by "Charley" and his gude wife. Half an hour later we were discussing the day's ride over lobster salad, etc., etc. Chester is a quiet, old-fashioned village nestled at the border of a beautiful bay, which is dotted with innumerable islands, and has a population of about one thousand souls. It is forty-five miles west of Halifax, and affords a delightful resort for summer boarders, who come here in considerable numbers to enjoy the refreshing breezes from the sea, and lie off in peaceful bliss or employ themselves in boating, catching tom cods from the wharf or throwing the fly for salmon and trout. A daily line of coaches runs each way from Halifax to Lunenburg (west of Chester about twenty-five miles). It has two good inns—Lovett's and one opposite. Lovett's is the best. There is nothing here in the shape of public buildings; a small church, one or two small country stores, a lobster factory and post-office make up the assortment. The people are mostly given to fishing, and are genial and well-disposed. The village is composed of small unpretending houses in the main, although there are a few of some pretension. It is situated on rising ground, which slopes pleasantly down to the sea, and on a fair day the prospect out upon the bay and ocean is most charming. Green lawns and cultivated grounds give the whole place an aspect of neatness, and the sleepy quiet which always prevails makes one feel that he is indeed in a land of dreams.

Salmon and trout fishing has been much noted here in the past, but I regret to say that we were disappointed in not finding it what we hoped this spring. Yet it has by no means departed. Last spring and summer salmon were taken in goodly numbers with a fly, but the season this year has been so backward that when we visited here salmon had not commenced running up. It has three good salmon rivers—Gold River, the best, six miles west, has been the finest in the province. It is a beautiful river to gaze upon, and has innumerable pools; but the Indians and natives are so much given to "dipping," in spite of the laws, that salmon have a poor chance to propagate their species. Middle River, four miles west, is counted a good salmon river, and East River, seven miles east, also, and although salmon will continue to be taken on all these rivers in the future, still not in the abundance formerly, till the laws against "dipping" (with nets) are rigidly enforced. Trout fishing, however, continues to be good, and we enjoyed a day's fine sport on Middle River Branch, about six miles from Lovett's.

Having experienced, but not exhausted, the lovely charms about Chester, we bid adieu to its quiet and hallowing influences on Saturday, June 5, and turned our faces toward Halifax—by the "Royal Mail Coach."

It was a lovely day when we bid adieu to the green slopes of Chester and whirled away from "mine inn" at 11:15 A. M. The fragrant morning air charged with the incense of the neighboring fields lent a charm to our ride which only the country can give. The road to Halifax though somewhat hilly is in good condition, and we found our ride by no means tedious.

For the first few miles it lies through the wilderness with an occasional opening where farm houses and primitive log-huts greet the eye and protect the settlers from the inclemencies of the seasons. For a distance of several miles the road skirts along St. Margaret's Bay, when a fine view may be obtained of the ocean and headlands. Changing horses twice we reached Halifax at 6:30 P. M., and took our way to the "Halifax House," the best in the city.

Of Halifax I shall not write except to say it is a very ancient city and boasts one of the finest harbors in the world.

Having spent Sunday here, visited the arsenal and generally canvassed the city. On Monday, June 7, at 1 P. M., we took a train on the Intercolonial R. R. for Truro, sixty-one miles, where we proposed to spend the night and take a view of the village. We arrived there at 4:35, and found comfortable quarters at Prince of Wales Hotel kept by A. L. McKenzie. We found a court in session, and visited it, and gazed with "awe" upon the gentlemen in robes. The wig, alas! they had laid aside.

June 8 we resumed our journey at 10:55, and at 4:20 we arrived at Moncton, 126 miles, where we tarried to take in the "Bore." "One of the greatest living curiosities in the world," as Barnum would remark.

Most of your readers are doubtless aware that the Bay of Fundy furnishes one of the highest tides in the world. At times it rises and falls about seventy feet! The time to see it at perfection is in the spring, and the place Moncton. Owing to the peculiar formation of the river banks at a point half a mile east of the station, called the Elbow, on the Petitcodiac River, when the tide makes up it rushes with almost frightful velocity during high tides, bearing onward a huge wall of water about six feet in height at a rate of eight or ten miles an hour. It comes in just after low water, and may be heard at a distance of two or three miles. By daylight it may be seen a mile away, and as it approaches it seems an avalanche nearing you threatening destruction. The lazy current of the river is now seen creeping its sluggish way down to the sea. In a moment the huge volume of water comes foaming up, and meeting the current turns its course backward, and rushes past you a roaring cataract. It was this we tarried to see, and saw, as the tide comes in twice in twenty-four hours. We had two exhibitions, one at 9:30 P. M. and one at 10 A. M. The evening performance was the better, although it could not be seen at quite so good an advantage as there was no moon, but it impressed us as one of the wonders of the world, and richly repaid us for our delay.

June 9 we continued our journey leaving at 12:15 P. M., and reached Newcastle at 6:30—78 miles. This is the stopping off place for salmon fishing on the Miramichi. A good hotel, "The Waverley," half a mile from the station, is reached by a bus which runs to every train. Newcastle is situated on Miramichi Bay, which is an arm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Into this bay empties the river of the same name, famous for its salmon. It is a thrifty seaport town of about 1,500 inhabitants. Salmon fishing with a fly is only to be enjoyed up river on "North West" and "South West." Brunce's "Big Hole" on the northwest is twenty-three miles from Newcastle, reached only by private team. Stop at John Hare's log-house; nice, homely people and coarse fare, but neat and comfortable.

The other ground is at "Indiantown," seventeen miles from Newcastle, reached by steamer two or three times a week or private conveyance. Stop at Frank Jardin's, the only place; comfortable quarters. Both of these places are favorable for fly fishing for salmon, and fishing free to all. Salmon range from eight to twenty pounds.

After tea we interviewed the landlord who put us in the way of finding a team to take us to "Big Hole" on the morrow, and having closed a bargain for a two horse team for $5 per day we spent the evening in sauntering about the village.

June 10 found us *en route* for the fishing grounds. Leaving the hotel about 7 we reached Hare's about 11 A. M. The drive lies along the Miramichi most of the way and is a very pleasant drive. It is settled most of the distance, till within five or six miles of Hare's, then houses disappear and woods skirt either side of the way. Taking a hasty lunch of bread and milk we went forth, arrayed in the panoply of fishermen's gear, and found "Big Hole," a distance of about half a mile. "John" and one of his boys accompanied us. At the "Hole" we found a skiff of sufficient size to carry us all and were paddled half a mile up the branch to the foot of some rapids, where we divided up—part in the boat and part on shore—and entered zealously into the sport. The trout rose rapidly to our flies and ere the sun had cast her departing rays upon us we had brought a hundred trout to our landing nets, ranging from a quarter of a pound to two and a half and three pounds. It was fine sport and keenly enjoyed by all of us. We saw one salmon break the water during the afternoon, but we could not succeed in raising him to a fly. We were still too early for salmon-fishing and we rested contented with trout.

About 6 we broke off for the day and found our way back to the house, where a comfortable supper awaited us.

During the afternoon two gentlemen joined us and, as Hare's is none of the largest, we had close quarters for the night, with Mr. Hare's family of ten. We, however, spread our beds upon the floor and retired at an early hour. It was a muggy night and the mosquitoes put in their bills, which somewhat interfered with sleeping, but we battled them till sleep overpowered our drooping lids, when we left them to present their bills as might please them best and sank to slumbers sweet.

Friday, the 11th, was ushered in with serene sky and balmy breath. Scarce had the early streaks of morn penetrated our humble log house ere we were up and doing. Not having fully undressed, our toilet was soon finished and, after a hearty breakfast of salt pork, coarse bread and tea, we again repaired to Big Hole and were rewarded with a fine catch of trout. So eager were they for the fly that in a couple hours' of fishing we had caught all our consciences would suffer us to take and, as the heavens now were becoming overcast, we concluded to reel up our lines and bid adieu to this charming spot. At 10 A. M. we had stowed our traps aboard, bidden a hearty adieu to Honest John and his ever-faithful wife, scattered a few shillings among his interesting children and taken a last farewell of our forest retreat. About 1 we reached Newcastle again and found a comfortable dinner awaiting us at the "Waverley." At 5:30 we took the accommodation tram at the station and soon Newcastle, with its pleasant associations, were lost to sight.

There were but few passengers aboard, as is usually the case on this train, which consis ed of some thirty freight cars, with one passenger car attached. There being no "smoker" attached, we found our way into the baggage car, where a few cigars, judiciously distributed, emptied the easy arm chairs of conductor and "all hands" and we were "at home" to all inquirers.

In passing, let me remark that though smoking may be a "vile habit," yet its indulgence often paves the way to great civilities—as we indeed found in this case. We soon knew every man on the train and a jolly time we had of it to the end. Moral: On mixed trains in the "suburbs" always carry a full case of cigars.

At 1 A. M. we arrived at Campbellton, 107 miles, where the conductor escorted us to the "best hotel"—the Royal. Here we knocked up the landlord, who, peering through the half-open door, saw the genial face of the conductor and we were at once admitted and the best rooms given to our party. That the reader may not place too much confidence in the quality of these Province hotels, let me remark that the best, though comfortable, are very ordinary, but you will always find the proprietors very courteous and obliging and willing to do anything reasonable for your comfort. They, however, lack tact for keeping a hotel and have no markets, such as the States afford, to furnish a table with. They are, however, reasonably neat and if one is not a *dilettante* he will get along very comfortably.

Campbellton is a thriving seaport village of some 600 inhabitants. It is situate on the southern shore of the Bay of Chaleur, formed of the waters of St. Lawrence Bay. It has three hotels and is one of the briskest villages of the Province and a sort of headquarters for lumbermen and fishermen. The railroad company have also a portion of their works here. Two steamers (*en route* from Quebec to Pictou) touch here weekly. A steamer leaves here twice a week, also, for Gaspe. In the immediate vicinity, however, there is no fresh-water fishing; yet a few hours' ride will take you to good fishing grounds. A lake about six miles away is full of the nicest trout in the Province, which is to a certain extent preserved. A charge of one dollar per day, however, entitles you to fish it to your heart's content. The trout average from one to one and a half pounds each, although those weighing two and three are not uncommon.

Across the bay—some twelve miles, reached by sail-boat—is the Scumina River, one of the most famous trout rivers in the whole Province. Here you can catch trout by the hundred of exceeding size, the average being three to four pounds each, while those weighing seven and eight pounds are by no means uncommon. The season for catching them, however, is later than in other parts, being the latter part of June, July and August and, let it not be forgotten, either, the flies do inhabit there. All along this coast (the northern) are many rivers, even down as far as Gaspe and up again on the northern shore, and many of them are among the finest salmon rivers anywhere to be found in this latitude. Most of them are, however, leased and permits can only be had by the good grace of the lessees. As I have not fished any of them I will endeavor not to mislead the reader, but I was informed by those "well informed" that it is no difficult matter for a small party to go there and get a permit for a few days' fishing.

For sea-trout fishing there is no better place anywhere than among the islands six miles above Campbellton, where the tide waters meet the Restigouche in its march to the sea. Take a team and drive up, or the cars, as suits your fancy, and get off at a flag station near Mrs. Gillis'. She keeps a hotel and will give you comfortable quarters. Here you will find genuine Indians—Micmacs, a tribe of which is located here, who, with their birches, will put you on the ground and you can catch more trout than you ever dreamed of in the States, ranging in weight from one-half to three or four pounds each and sometimes five or six, though not frequently. To this inviting spot we drove, on Saturday, the 12th, sent our team back and took the cars home at nightfall.

The day was exceedingly windy and the waters very rough, but we brought home a goodly mess of fish, the largest of which, taken by our genial fellow-sportsman, Walter Hubbard, kicked the beam at three and a half pounds, and, I beg the reader to note, was taken with a fly, as all of the mess were. But I cannot dwell; let it suffice that if one seeks trout only he can take them with satiety here any season, beginning usually from the 10th to 15th of June and throughout the summer. The country is beautiful and flies not very annoying till into July, and even then not so bad as in the denser woods, for here, be it remembered, the forest is pretty well thinned about Campbellton.

At 7:30 P. M. on this day in question we repaired to the depot and, flinging our pocket-handkerchief to the breeze from the top of a stick, the train stopped, and in thirty minutes more we were again safely housed at the Hotel Royal discussing the events of the day over a hearty supper, which awaited our coming.

Sunday, June 13, was a quiet day with us in this quiet little fishing hamlet. The clock struck 9 before we left our comfortable beds.

The sky was overcast and a fresh wind blew in upon us from the sea. It was rather too rough to trust ourselves to a frail birch, otherwise we would have visited the Indian church on the opposite shore and witnessed their form of worship. As it was, we hugged a comfortable fire and spent the day in reading and writing.

Monday, the 14th—alas! our last in the wilderness—we were up at 6 and, after a hasty breakfast, we bade adieu to our genial landlord, John Sproul, and walked to the station, some ten rods. At 6:30 the train left and at 7 we reached Metapedia, thirteen miles distant, where we had hoped to crown our desires of salmon fishing; but, alas! we were doomed to disappointment. Wealthy New Yorkers had found this blissful retreat and, with their long purses, had laid an embargo upon all transient fishing here. We knew it, indeed, before we reached here, having had it painfully broken to us *en route*, so the disappointment was not so keen to us, but it was nevertheless a great disappointment.

Here in this lovely valley, where the waters of the Restigouche and Metapedia unite and, mingling their musical voices in harmonious accord as they course onward toward the sea, three years ago, I spent one of the pleasantest days of my sportsman's life. Here I cast the gaudy fly and captured my first salmon, thrilling with that intense excitement known only to the true sportsman and angler. On the north shore, overlooking one of the loveliest salmon pools in the Province, stands Fraser's inviting hotel—now, alas! his no longer, but that of a wealthy knot of nabobs of our own land. I mean them no disrespect, but I do feel that it is all wrong that because one man's purse is a trifle heavier than another's that he should monopolize the wilderness as well as the city "sites." Every true sportsman is willing to pay a reasonable *per diem* for the privilege of trying for salmon, but the day seems not far distant when the tired and over-worked "citizen" will be denied this health-giving sport, for few can afford to pay $2 0 or $300 a year for a lease and, like the poor Indian, he is driven from his fishing grounds, for no sooner does a river develop a goodly pool than it is "leased," and if the man of moderate means would try his skill he must do it under the fatigue of long "carries" into the denser wilderness. I had a long talk with our old friend Daniel Fraser, the former

owner of this retreat, and it was almost with tears that he related how he was compelled to part with this property, but money was at the bottom of it. Debts he could not meet forced the separation of him from the home he had cherished and reclaimed from the wilderness nearly a quarter of a century ago. He said he regretted it as much on account of his patrons as himself. He had entertained many genial guests and should be sorry not to meet them here again, and he yet hopes in finding pastures new, where he can "tend his flocks." Fortune grant he may! He is one of the noblest of God's noblemen I ever met.

I have nearly finished my say, but ere I close I must give a parting shot to my esteemed critic "Manhattan," who so relentlessly pursues me with his quill reiterating his assertions that there is no salmon fishing worth the while in these parts. I have not been unmindful of his shafts in the FOREST AND STREAM. I have carefully noted with what grim satisfaction he alluded to the fact of the utter disappointment of all the salmon anglers in these parts this year, and wrote of our "lucky catch" of three years ago as being unusual. I therefore took much pains to inquire all along my route as to last year's catches, and especially did I interrogate Mr. Fraser, who informed me that in the last twenty years there had never been a single year that salmon had not been taken here in considerable quantities before June 20 with a fly. Last season he informed me that several hundred salmon were taken from his pool with a fly, and the non-advent of salmon this year in that locality surpassed his wisdom; he could not understand it. That salmon have been very scarce this year is wholly true, and it is true of all Canada, and not of the Restigouche alone. I have full and abiding faith in first class salmon fishing yet in the Provinces. Nowhere are streams better adapted, nowhere better spawning grounds. Then why not? The salmon are not yet fleeing the ocean. It is undoubtedly true that salmon are not so plenty as formerly, and there are many reasons why it is so. The demand is greater, prices are higher and inducements to their capture keep pace with that demand, and hence follows netting, dipping and increase of fly fishing, but the supply is not yet seriously impaired. Should, however, the Canadian government withdraw its protection from the streams and suffer an attempt at their destruction then no one can say how long we shall enjoy that rarest of all fishing. The success or non-success of this year, however, is no test, and the very fact that scientific men like Prof Baird and Hind have given it especial attention through your paper proves my argument that there must have been good fishing heretofore or this year especially would not be the subject of commentary.

But enough. Our party remained at Metapedia only two hours; visited the pool, and saw a half dozen canoes anchored in her waters with as many anxious anglers deftly turning their flies in vain for salmon. Not a rise got they, and we bade them adieu and once more we boarded the train and turned our faces homeward via Quebec (302 miles). About 2:30 we reached Trois Pistoles where we got a good dinner for fifty cents, and resuming our journey reached Quebec safely about 9 P. M. Stopping at the "St. Louis" Hotel over night we continued our route the next evening at 8:30. About midnight we reached Richmond where a short delay affords an opportunity for a lunch, and where we changed cars. About 4 A. M. we reached Sherbrooke where we again changed cars after an hour's delay, and continued then our journey. We purchased our tickets via White Mountains, and at 3:30 P. M., June 16 we tied up at the "Kearsarge House" North Conway, having experienced a delightful ride through the "notch." And here, patient, reader let us part, after commending to your kindly consideration the following table which I trust you will find of service should it fall to your lot to go to the Provinces:

	Conveyance.	Miles	Time. H. M.	Fares.
Boston to Bangor	E. & M. C. R. R.	244	10 45	$8 00
Bangor to St. John	E. & N. A. R. R.	206	11 42	
St. John to Digby	Steamer	43	5 00	2 00
Digby to Annapolis	"	18	1 15	
Annapolis to Kentville	W. & A. R. R.	59	2 45	2 00
Kentville to Windsor	"	25	1 15	75
Windsor to Halifax	"	56	2 60	
Windsor to Chester	Team	37	10 60	12 00
Chester to Gold River	"	5	1 00	
Chester to Middle River	"	4	20	
Chester to East River	"	7	1 00	
Chester to Halifax	Stage	45	7 15	2 50
Halifax to Moncton	Intercol. R. R.	187	8 00	
Moncton to Newcastle	"	78	4 30	
Newcastle to Indiantown (on Miramichi)	Team	17	2 30	
Newcastle to Big Hole (on Miramichi)	Team	21	3 00	
Newcastle to Bathurst	Intercol. R. R.	44	2 05	
Bathurst to Rough Waters (Nepisiquit)	Team	9	1 30	
Bathurst to Grand Falls (Nepisiquit)	Team	29	4 00	
Bathurst to Campbellton	I. R. R.	63	2 20	
Campbellton to Metapedia	"	13	30	
Metapedia to River du Loup	"	176	8 10	
River du Loup to Quebec	G. T. R.	125	5 45	
Halifax to Quebec (thro' ticket)	Railroad	686	30 00	14 20
Quebec to Boston		394	21 00	11 00
Boston and return to Boston (round trip)	Railroad & str.	1757		44 45

NOTE.—The above table shows the distance we made on the round trip to be 1,757 miles, and the entire fares from Boston and return to Boston, $44.45.

We were absent on our trip twenty days, and our entire expenses were under $100, which included railroad fares, hotel bills, teams, etc., etc.; in short, everything except tackle and expenditures foreign to our trip. Our hotel bills averaged about $1.50 per day.

At the "Dufferin," St. John, we paid $2.50 per day; at the "Halifax House," $2 per day; at Chester, $1.25; at Newcastle, $1.50; Campbellton, $1.25. Long trip tickets average about two cents per mile, while local rates are over three cents. A single word about hunting. In N. S. and N. B. game of all kinds is very abundant in their seasons. Moose and caribou are said to be very plenty; deer not quite so much; of smaller game, birds, partridges, ducks, quails, snipe, etc., are quite common. As to the place to go for game I was told "you can hardly go amiss." This is especially true I think between Annapolis and Yarmouth in N. S., and anywhere back from the settlements in New Brunswick If one goes for game, he will find September and October the best time to go, and one of the best implements to take along is a Parker shot-gun and a "Shelton Auxiliary Rifle." Then you are prepared for all kinds of game. I am using both, and I find my "Shelton" a great *desideratum* in the woods. It is a powerful and accurate shooter and worthy of the indorsement of every sportsman. I had a tight-fitting enameled leather case made for mine, and when not in use I keep it suspended from my left hip, and never have suffered any inconvenience from its presence.

In hunting one needs a dog, especially for birds; they are too tame to fly, and you will likely pass them if you do not have a dog's nose to point 'em out. If you have a good dog you ought to take him, as bird-shooting not being made so much of here, good dogs are not over plenty. For moose and caribou shooting you will find dogs in plenty if you strike the right locality, while our own dogs would be of little service.

(At the risk of laying my article open to the charge against a woman's letter—that the "nub" of it always lies in the postscript, I shall venture a few words more).

In regard to the mode of getting to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, there are several pleasant routes and many pleasant places to be done *en route* without going much out of the way.

From New York one can take a steamer to Halifax, Boston or Portland.

From Boston one may go to Portland, Bangor, St. John, Yarmouth or Halifax by steamer if they prefer it to all rail, or you may divide between railroad and steamer.

From Portland you may take a steamer to Mount Desert, thence to Machiasport by steamer, thence to Eastport by stage about thirty miles, and there connect with International line of steamers for St. John. *En route* from Bangor to St. John are the Schoodic Lakes, of which Grand Lake is the centre, famous for land-locked salmon and trout. They may be reached by cars from McAdam Junction (on E. and N. A. R. R.), N. B. and C. R. R. to Princeton, or by steamers and stage from Eastport or St. John; distance, McAdam Junction to St. Stephen, thirty-five miles. Thence *via* Calais to Princeton, twenty miles. From St. John City one may take a steamer up the river St. John, and at points along the route make excursions through the wilderness to the head waters of the Miramichi or Nepisiquit.

From St. Johns City you may go by rail to Point du Chene (Gulf of St. Lawrence) one hundred and thirteen miles, and there connect with Gulf Port steamships and take a steamer direct to Quebec, stopping *en route* at Chatham (for Miramichi), Bathurst (for Nepisiquit) or Gaspe. You may also from Point du Chene reach Prince Edwards Island, Pictou and Cape Breton by steamers. From Halifax you may take a coasting steamer along the south shore of Nova Scotia to Yarmouth, making stoppages en route.

In brief, to the variety of routes in this interesting country there is no end. But I must conclude this weighty "note" with the observation that although both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick lack the enterprise and thrift of the States, still the country is interesting and the people social and hospitable. You will meet with features foreign to those in your own country, and especially is this true of the eastern portion of Nova Scotia, as you travel toward bleak, barren and sturdy Great Breton, where in midsummer your overcoat will not come amiss. Your expenses will be comparatively light, and its cool and invigorating atmosphere will give you a renewal of health and strength which will linger with you upon your return to sultry climes. Your contact with the honest and God-fearing "Blue-Noses" will make you a better man, and you will carry pleasant associations away with you which will outlast all privations and abide ever green in your memory, growing ever brighter with declining years.

GEORGE A. FAY.

West Meriden, Conn.

GROUSE SHOOTING ON THE REDWOOD.

"AN unpromising day for hunting, eh?" Any one but a sportsman would have thought so that morning, when my friend Mr. B. and I, having resigned our dogs to the tender mercies of the baggage-master, boarded the cars at St. Paul *en route* for Redwood Falls.

It was hot, speaking mildly. It was also August 17, and the law on *Cupidonia cupido* had already been off two long days, and a day more must elapse before we could back our dogs with "Steady" and "Hie on," and hear the whirr of wings and the report of our tried breech-loaders. Hardly had an hour passed, and our minds settled to the contents of our favorite novel, when word came that my Don was mad. Hastening to the baggage-car the spectacle was not encouraging. The dog was nearly choked to death with dragging at his chain, and trembled and jerked in every part as if the shaking palsy and tetanus had both their clutch upon him. A liberal hydropathic treatment, however, and "Richard is himself again."

Before noon we arrived at Kasota Junction, with the pleasant knowledge that five long weary hours must be worn away somehow, somewhere between the depot and two or three shantics which, if I remember rightly, comprised the entire "village."

We were fortunate enough to fall in with a well-known dog trainer who was out exercising two puppies, and as Mr. B. had lately purchased "Captain Jack" of this individual, we felt quite content to hear his stories. He was, however, cruel to our hopes, for having dogs perhaps to train in that part of the country, he advised us to abandon Redwood Falls as a failure, no chickens there, and "go West."

This we kindly but firmly refused to do, and four o'clock saw us off again. A mile or so out from the Junction stands St. Peter's Insane Asylum, a noble stone structure surrounded by extensive grounds, which so lately, with many of its unfortunate inmates, was destroyed by fire. Whirling on to Sleepy Eye we changed cars, and I believe, for the first time in the day, really began to enjoy ourselves. Broad prairies extended on either hand, bounded only it seemed by the horizon.

As it grew dusky, sitting by the open door of the baggage car, we could see the fire-flies flashing in the tall prairie grass. Now and then a solitary grouse would whirr away, or a covey would rise only to settle a little farther on. In the sloughs along track we could see teal and other ducks swimming and diving, busy with their evening meal, while cranes, herons and hawks squawked and lunged or sailed lazily away from the noisy train that had broken upon their meditations with its puff and clatter.

At eight o'clock, "pitch dark," our trip of one hundred and thirty miles was ended, and we were shaking hands with our old friend O'Hara, the druggist.

Very soon we were quartered at the "Exchange," unpacking our traps, and having left all arrangements for the next day with our friend, we speedily consigned ourselves to the watchful care of the drowsy god. Alas! what a night. A description of its terrors would be to write another "Inferno." And well might they have said of us next morning, as they said of Dante (I omit the quotation.)

Off bright and early next day, we soon discovered that we were in the right place, but, alas! was ever one so fortunate as not to be unfortunate? Birds were plenty, ammunition plenty, strong arms and good guns, but the weather was insufferably hot, Don too fat, Leo weak—just over the mange; and there we were. However, by hook and crook, getting up our own birds when our dogs were too petered to get them up for us, and by wide ranging ourselves we carried back a bag which, with the best of dogs and everything favorable, could not but be considered good.

The next forenoon was spent in visiting the dales of the Redwood, the falls from which this enterprising little town takes its name, and rowing up the river to the mineral spring whose ferruginous waters, cool and sparkling, may have "millions in it" for the right party.

In the afternoon another friend in the land office took charge of us, and assuring us that he could get a dog worth having we left our own behind. After driving some twelve miles we found the dog. It was on the afternoon that we took our first look at a jack rabbit. It was then that our ears were filled with wonderful stories of the monstrous leaps these rabbits were accustomed to make—sixty feet at a jump we were told was nothing.

Warner tried to stop the individual in question, but after emptying both barrels into the air the rabbit concluded that Fred was rather excited and it was best for him to be moving.

I am sorry to add—in order to be truthful—that his leaps although long would double up many times to reach sixty feet.

Jack, the new dog, proved a success, on about three coveys, then he began to range. Out of sight in a few minutes we would come upon him a mile or two further on just in the act of getting up a fine lot of birds. Sometimes by much running or urging our horses by "pounding them on the back," as O'Hara expressed it, we would manage to get in a shot or two before the game was off. With this sort of light infantry charging again and again we brought our bag up into the fifties for the afternoon. As evening came on the superheated air cooled almost suddenly, and as the clear, round moon came slowly up over the prairie we could almost imagine it November weather, and gratefully drawing our topcoats about us we hastened homeward.

There is one thing rather noticeable about the Redwood County prairie, it is as smooth as a floor, and the carriage wheels roll along as if on a trotting track. In the other counties of Minnesota in which it has been my good fortune to shoot one can find nothing of this kind.

The next day took us across the Minnesota River into Renville County. Here, with "Sancho," another dog hired for the occasion, with his master to take care of the team and mark down birds, we had our first really good shooting. The dog, although not over well trained, was staunch, and thanks to him we made the best bag of our trip.

Ducks were plenty in the sloughs; cranes, too wary to be approached, were visible now and then, while hawks and herons were without number.

The Redwood and Minnesota rivers, I am told, afford excellent bass and pickerel fishing. Although I was obliged to forego that sport the one large pickerel that I saw set my fingers itching for the rod.

Off at three next morning—cold, dark and disagreeable—a fortunate connection of trains brought us to St. Paul at eleven o'clock.

Two days and a half shooting; score one hundred and thirty pinnated grouse, besides hawks and herons.

I can say for the "Exchange," S. D. Sicklars, proprietor, that it is a good house, well kept, and that everything is done for the comfort and accommodation of sportsmen. Terms $2.00 a day.

W. P. M.

Boston.

DEER STALKING.

TO one who has enjoyed the pleasure of deer stalking there is ever, as the season approaches, a desire to renew the sport. For the past two winters we have denied ourselves the coveted pleasure, but a letter from a friend of bygone days warned us that the season was drawing to a close, and that to fulfill legally our promise we must come at once. It was enough. We would go.

A day's ride by rail of twenty or more miles by a semi-weekly mail and passenger stage, that reminded one more of a trip in the heart of the Rocky Mountains than in the interior of the State of Pennsylvania, brought us safely within one hour's walk of the house of our friend, a son of a once noted woodsman of this section. And while speaking of this we might as well put on record the fact that within a few miles of here lives the veteran hunter John McHenry, than whom no better shot nor one better posted as to the habits of every species of game that is found in this part of the State ever handled a rifle or trailed a deer. A true sportsman before ever the law prohibited or exonerated the man who did it, he shot every dog of friend or foe that he found following a deer on the mountains, and few cared to quarrel with John McHenry for so doing. A quiet, peaceful man ordinarily, he was a very torrent when aroused. Even yet you cannot find a native of these mountains who cannot tell you of his exploits, and his reputation of having killed many more deer than any man in this or adjoining counties is, I think, well supported by facts.

The walk from the stage to the house of our host was the pleasantest part of the trip. It gave us an opportunity to get the cramped feelings of travel worked off and to allow us to feel as free as the country we were in, and fit us to enjoy our supper. Every country, yes, every section, differs in its cuisine. We knew where we were going, but our anticipation was more than realized; and again, we will write that no place away from its native land can its fruits be fully enjoyed. Never nectar tasted like that old Metheglin, nor venison prepared by the best French artist like that done to a turn on the huge open fire. The repast over we discussed the plans of the morrow and listened to the stories of the successes, adventures and escapes of the half dozen hunters and rugged mountaineers who gathered round the cheery log fire to welcome our coming and make pleasant our stay. A good night's rest, a hearty breakfast, and then we felt that feeling again, unappreciated by all men that never saw a buck in full run, themselves within shooting distance, yet every drop of blood in their veins so hot that if they moved the very friction of circulation would set them on fire.

Deer had not been very plenty, though scarce a man who had not at one time during the season seen one or more. My coming had been put off so late that the prospect was far from encouraging. Daylight found us up one of the ravines about one hundred and fifty yards from a well known deer run, where we waited, waited, yes, five long hours and no deer. Then, as they would not come to us, we thought to go to them, and after stalking the balance of the day darkness found us a long way from home and not a tail

seen. Having expected just about such luck we were not so greatly disappointed; in fact, rather pleased, for we did not wish to miss one, and felt then in no condition to be sure of getting in a telling shot even with a good opportunity.

The next morning, leaving early and taking a different route, scarce an hour had gone before our companion brought down a fine doe. We only saw the one when he fired, but three others bounded away. This was a fine shot made at ninety paces with a muzzle-loading rifle. After hanging the doe up we commenced to get up on the does we had frightened away, and this is an art that the best of us are glad to learn more of and to profit by the secrets of each successful hunter. Having followed these deer for hours, and momentarily expecting to see them fly for their lives, they astonished us by the noise they made coming down the mountain as if chased by a dog. Now or never! They were running broadside to us and faster, it seems, than I ever saw deer run before, probably from the fact that I had seen none for two years. There was no time for delay, but singling out the largest, calculating on their speed, and firing, was the work of an instant; and such a sight, such a confused tumble never greeted my eyes, though I had seen deer fall from the first to the last day of the season for many successive years. To get a second cartridge into the gun was another moment's time, but the others were gone. The deer did not prove as large as I expected, but I think he made up in speed what I over-estimated him in size, therefore with the results of the shot I was more than satisfied.

To a novice the carrying of a deer is quite a task, but by putting it over the head, letting the hind legs come down in front of the right shoulder and the front legs where the left hand can grasp them, the largest deer can be easily carried. After the last shot, night not being far off, and the deer a good ways no doubt, we gathered up our last trophy and retraced our steps to get the one of the morning, and it was not long until we were once more waiting for supper and recounting the incidents of the day.

The next day brought us no return for a long tramp, save the sight of three deer at distances too long to kill, and with night we left the mountain for the day and the season, feeling, however, well compensated for the three days' tramp in carrying off under the circumstances the one.

It has never been our pleasure to gun on the plains, but I doubt if the shooting of an antelope in the open at five hundred yards is any more of a task than the killing of a common Pennsylvania red deer at one hundred and seventy-five yards in the woods, provided both are going at the same rate of speed.

We cannot close without adding, by way of postscript, our wonder if the world at large knows what a blessing mountains are. Here is the very spirit of freedom nurtured, the best and noblest-hearted of men are born, bred and reared; the difficulty of intercourse with the world preserves them from its bickerings, narrow-hearted selfishness and jealousies.

Unityville, Lycoming County, Pa. BRISK SHOT.

F. A. DURIVAGE.

F. A. DURIVAGE was an author, artist, sportsman and gentleman in the strongest sense of the words I use. Yet he has passed away as almost all my boon companions of forty years ago—gone so suddenly that I scarce can realize it now! Only ten days before his death I received a letter, blotted with his tears, condoling with me over the bitter loss of my little daughter. On my arrival in New York city on February 4 I learned that he had died on the first of this month.

Born in 1814, liberally educated, from his earliest youth gifted with both pen and pencil, Francis A. Durivage made his way upward and onward, winning friends, fame and a competency, as he went along. As the "Old Un" in the old *Spirit of the Times*, he wrote many of the finest sketches ever found in that spicy paper. I was associated with him on the Boston *Times* immediately after I returned from the Mexican war, and from that hour up to his death we were warm friends, constant correspondents when apart, and so associated that no one can better testify to his guileless, open heart, his great talent, his true manhood.

The little poem which I beg to lay before the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM speaks a volume of the love he bore for his son, who fell in the service of his country. I have sent the original in manuscript, and a sketch, a landscape made in Europe, to the FOREST AND STREAM office, where the friends of "dear old Dury" can always see them. This is a copy of the verses:

ALL.

There hangs a sabre and there a rein,
With a rusty buckle and green curb chain,
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall
And a mouldy saddle—well, that is all!

Come out to the stable! It is not far,
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar.
Look within! There's an empty stall
Where once stood a charger—well, that is all!

The good, black horse came riderless home,
Flecked with blood drops as well as foam:
See yonder hillock where dead leaves fall,
The good black horse pined to death—that's all!

All? Oh, God! It is all I can speak:
Question me not! I am old and weak!
His sabre and saddle hang on the wall
And his horse pined to death! I have told you all.

And now the father has gone to meet his son where parting comes no more. Art, literature, fond relatives, dear friends mourn their loss; but Durivage can suffer no more. He had been an invalid for years, the result of a fall on shipboard when returning from a trip in Europe in 1873. His last letter to me, bearing date January 18, contained these words:

"I am really afraid to open a paper, my friends are dying so fast. Jas. Oates, "Acorn," Cowdin, Hon. Chas. P. Clinde, Epes Sargent, and now your darling Irene!"

Alas, only a few days and his hand was cold in the grasp of death, the eyes that tear-blotted the letter to me in my sorrow are closed forever.

God rest thee, noble soul! God comfort those who miss you! I can write but this—no truer friend ever grasped my hand than he who rests from labor evermore.

Eagle's Nest, Feb. 6. NED BUNTLINE.

FLORIDA, *Fernandina.*—The weather has been so wet and inclement as to preclude all field sports. So we, our dogs and guns are all rusting together. However we live in hope of a few brighter days before long. Game is rather plenty, but the country rather full of water. Plenty of snipe on our marshes, and I hear of woodcock a few miles from here, a bird that is rather scarce with us. A. C. F.

Natural History.

THE CHESAPEAKE ZOOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

THE Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore has recently published the report of the third year's work of the Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory, covering the summer of 1880.

This Laboratory, of which W. K. Brooks, Ph. D., is Director, has afforded accommodation in the past to a number of earnest investigators, and much good work on the Southern marine fauna has been done by them. Dr. W. K. Brooks' studies on the development of the oyster have a practical bearing which would commend them even to those least interested in science. During the past summer six gentlemen were at work in the Laboratory; these were the Director, Mr. K. Mitsukuri, Ph. B.; Mr. E. B. Wilson, Ph. B.; Mr. F. W. King, A. M.; H. C. Everts, M. D., and H. F. Osborne, Ph. D. The Laboratory was opened April 23, 1880, and closed September 30, thus being in operation for twenty-three weeks. Beaufort, North Carolina, was chosen as the seat of operations for 1880, and in his report Dr. Brooks gives his reasons for this choice and some description of zoological interest of the locality. He says:

Beaufort was selected for our third season's work because it is the nearest accessible town south of Baltimore which is favorably situated for zoological study. The advantages of a location in a town are well shown by the fact that the expenses of a session of twenty-three weeks this year were considerably less than those of a ten weeks' session the year before.

The scientific advantages of Beaufort are very great; the most important is the great difference between its fauna and that of our Northern Atlantic coast.

The configuration of our coast line is such that Cape Hatteras, the most projecting point south of New York, deflects the warm water of the Gulf Stream away from the coast, and thus forms an abrupt barrier between a cold Northern coast and a warm Southern one. The fauna north of this barrier passes gradually into that of southern New England, while the fauna south of the barrier passes without any abrupt change into that of Florida, but the northern fauna is sharply separated by Cape Hatteras from the southern.

As the laboratory of the U. S. Fish Commission and Mr. Agassiz's laboratory at Newport afford opportunities for work upon the Northern fauna, it seemed best for us to select a point south of Cape Hatteras in order to study the Southern fauna with the same advantages, and as Beaufort is the only town near the Cape which can be reached without difficulty, it was chosen as the best place for the laboratory.

The situation of this town is exceptionally favorable for zoological work, for the surrounding waters present such a diversity of conditions that the fauna is unusually rich and varied.

Close to the town there are large sand bars, bare for miles at low tide, and abounding in animal life. From these we could collect an unfailing supply of Amphioxus, Renilla, Limulus, Balanoglossus, Sea Urchins, and a great variety of Molluscs and Crustacea.

The mud flats furnished us with another fauna, and yielded a great variety of Annelids, a new set of species of Crustacea and Molluscs, Gephyreans, Echinoderms and Polyps. The large salt marshes gave us a third fauna, and a short distance inland large swamps of brackish and fresh water furnished still other conditions of life.

As the town is situated at the point where Gore Sound connects Pamlico Sound with Bogue Sound we were within easy reach of a continuous sheet of landlocked salt water more than a hundred miles long, and these sounds furnished still another collecting and dredging ground, abounding in Corals, Gorgonias, Ascidians, Star Fish, Sea Urchins, and a new set of Molluscs and Crustacea.

As most of the shores are flat and sandy those animals which live upon a sandy bottom are much more abundant than those which attach themselves to solid bodies, but the stone breakwaters at Fort Macon, the wharves at Beaufort and Morehead City, and the large oyster beds which are found in the sounds furnish a proper habitat for many fixed animals, and yielded us a rich supply of Hydroids, Corals, Ascidians, Sea Anemones, Sponges, Cirrhipeds, etc. The ocean beach within a short distance of the town furnished still another fauna, and a sail of three miles from the laboratory carried us to a good locality for ocean dredging.

The greatest advantage of the locality is the richness of its pelagic fauna. There are very few points upon land which are so situated that the surface animals of mid-ocean can be procured in abundance for laboratory work, and as careful work is very difficult on shipboard, a laboratory which can be furnished with a good supply of living pelagic animals presents opportunities for work in an extremely interesting and almost new field.

The Gulf Stream is constantly sweeping these animals northward along the North Carolina coast, and as the tide sets in through Beaufort Inlet into the sounds the floating animals are carried with it. Such oceanic animals as Physalia and Porpita were frequently thrown, uninjured and in perfect health, upon the beach within twenty feet of the laboratory, and during the season we found nearly all the Siphonophoræ which are known to occur upon our Atlantic coast.

With all these advantages we enjoyed a mild and uniform climate which enabled us to work in perfect comfort during the hottest months of summer.

The zoological resources of Beaufort have not escaped the attention of American naturalists and there are few places upon our coast, outside of New England, where more zoological work has been done. In 1860 Drs. Stimpson and Gill spent a season in dredging and collecting in the vicinity of Beaufort, Cape Lookout and Cape Hatteras, and an account of their work was published in the "American Journal of Science." Dr. Coues, who was stationed at Fort Macon during the war, occupied himself for two years in collecting the animals which are found here, and he published a series of papers on the "Natural History of Fort Macon and Vicinity" in the "Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia."

These papers, which were continued by Dr. Yarrow, contain copious and valuable notes on the habits and distribution of the animals which were observed, and we found them a great help to us. These two naturalists found four hundred and eighty species of animals in the vicinity of Beaufort. Of these four hundred and eighty, two hundred and ninety-eight are vertebrates and one hundred and eighty-two are invertebrates. Of the vertebrates twenty-four are mammals, one hundred and thirty-three are birds, twenty-seven are reptiles, six batrachians, ninety-seven fishes and eleven selachians. Of the invertebrates one hundred and forty-seven are molluscs, twenty-one are crustaceans. The list of vertebrates is very nearly exhaustive and we made no additions to it, but the list of invertebrates is obviously very imperfect, and, although we made no attempt to tabulate the species which we observed, there would be no difficulty in enlarging the list twenty or thirty fold.

Among other naturalists who have spent more or less time at Beaufort I may mention Professor L. Agassiz, Professor E. S. Morse, Dr. A. S. Packard, Professor Webster and Professor D. S. Jordan. Professor Morse procured most of the material for his well-known paper on the "Systematic Position of the Brachiopoda" on the sand bars in Beaufort Inlet.

The results of the summer's work are briefly touched on in the report. Much valuable work, attended with interesting discoveries, was done on the Crustacea. The embryology of marine Annelids was also studied and considerable time devoted to the hydroids and jelly fish. Some of the most interesting results of the summer's work have been briefly announced in the scientific journals of this country and Europe, and we look forward with interest to the publication of the results in full.

The following abstracts of a number of the more important points covered by the work of 1880 were published during the past summer:

The Development of the Cephalopoda and the Homology of the Cephalopod Foot. By W. K. Brooks. "Amer. Journal of Science."

The Development of Annelids. By E. B. Wilson. "Amer. Journal of Science."

The Rhythmical Nature of Segmentation. By W. K. Brooks. "Amer. Journal of Science."

The Origin of the Metamorphosis of Actinotrocha. By E. B. Wilson. Amer. Assoc., Boston Meeting.

Notes on the Medusæ of Beaufort. By W. K. Brooks. Amer. Assoc., Boston Meeting.

Budding in Free Medusæ. By W. K. Brooks. "Amer. Naturalist."

Development of Marine Polychætous Annelids. By E. B. Wilson. "Zoologischer Anzeiger."

Embryology and Metamorphosis of Lucifer. By W. K. Brooks. "Zoologischer Anzeiger."

The Early Stages of Renilla. By E. B. Wilson. "Amer. Journal of Science."

THE FLORIDA RATTLESNAKE.

Crotalus Adamanteus.

A YOUNG naturalist from Cincinnati, Mr. D., was wounded March, 1875, near Port Orange, Volusia Co., Florida, as follows:

He had killed a very large snake, over six feet long, and cut off its head intending to take it home in alcohol. In order to make it safe to carry he proceeded to stuff its mouth with cotton so as to bury the fangs; this he did with a stick six or eight inches long while the head lay upon the ground. As he pushed in the cotton the head gave a spasmodic spring, and one of the fangs scratched the end of the right thumb. Mr. D. directly tied a cord tightly about the thumb, and called to his companion to open the flesh with his knife, this was done, and the thumb was sucked to extract as much of the poison as possible. He then sent to the nearest house for whisky, and walked to the hotel perhaps half a mile.

No whisky, however, could be obtained for more than an hour. When it came Mr. D. drank a pint or more, but it was very bad liquor, and Mr. D. never having used spirits found much difficulty in swallowing it. A doctor had been sent for in the meantime. From the tightness of the ligature the venom seemed to be confined to the end of the thumb which had become black. After Mr. D. had drank all the whisky he could swallow he removed the ligature fearing the death of the part from arrested circulation. As soon as this was done constitutional symptoms appeared, nervous depression and difficulty of breathing, while the hand and arm began to swell. In about six hours the surgeon arrived, who found the patient evidently sinking. He gave more whisky, and also the French antidote prepared by Powers & Wightman, of Philadelphia, also using volatile liniment on the limb. He was of the opinion that the patient would not have survived another hour but for the antidote and the additional doses of whisky.

After this Mr. D. began to rally, and when I saw him a week later he thought he would escape with the loss of the thumb. In about two weeks after the accident Mr. D. arrived at New Smyrna on his way home. The arm was in a sling, and was still swollen and somewhat discolored. The end of the thumb was sloughing off. Mr. D. told me that all the whisky he drank, probably near a quart, produced not the slightest intoxication, although he had scarcely ever tasted liquor before.

The snake was in the moulting state, when it is blind and particularly venomous. Mr. D. thought that if the bite had been inflicted by the living animal anywhere except on one of the extremities that death would have ensued in fifteen minutes. He has killed and prepared many rattlesnakes, and was aware of the danger of handling them, but supposed that this one was dead and harmless.

Another instance of the same kind was told me by the sufferer, a powerful and athletic man, who being on a hunt in Turnbill's Swamp, near New Smyrna, shot a large rattlesnake which was lying across the path. Taking the snake up by the neck to remove it, its weight was so great that the hand of Mr. L. slipped and a finger was scratched by one of the fangs. Mr. L. tied a cord about the wrist and started for the hotel to procure whisky. He was about two miles distant, and before he had gone half a mile he was so sick that he had to hang up the deer which he was carrying. Presently he was obliged to leave his gun and lie down, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he reached the hotel, where he drank a bottle of whisky before any symptoms of intoxication appeared. In this case, as in the other, the patient was wholly unused to spirituous liquors.

Ammonia was also administered, but his arm was swollen and useless for a week, and it was many weeks before he fully recovered. With youth, health and a vigorous constitution to assist him, he barely escaped with his life from this scratch. The species of rattlesnake found in Florida is larger and more venomous than those of the North. They

are said to grow to the length of seven, eight and nine feet, with a girth in proportion. And yet, with all this deadly power which the rattlesnake possesses, comparatively few persons are killed by them. In the first place, it is not an aggressive animal; it is usually content to act on the defensive. Secondly, it never strikes without throwing itself into a coil; this, though quickly done, yet gives the incautious intruder some chance of escape. Thirdly, this snake almost always gives warning with its rattle before it strikes. I think that more persons die in the Southern States from the bite of the moccasin snake than from that of the rattlesnake, though the latter is probably the more venomous. The moccasin is aggressive and strikes without giving warning. The rattlesnake seems to be a chilly creature, and usually keeps in its den in winter. During ten winters spent in Florida I have never met with a living rattlesnake in my walks, though my residence has been in an unsettled part of the State, where the animal is common in warm weather. Probably a dozen are killed every summer by the family with whom I make my winter home, and even the children seem to have very little fear of this deadly reptile.

There is a very large serpent of the constrictor genus in Florida which makes war on the rattlesnake and kills and devours it. It is here called the "gopher snake," is black in color, active, and grows to the length of eight feet. Perhaps the "king snake" (*Ophibolus getulus*) of North Carolina, described by Drs. Coues and Yarrow as a destroyer of rattlesnakes and moccasins. Several persons in Florida have described to me how this gopher snake will pursue and attack the rattlesnake, the bite of which seems to be rendered harmless to the other by its thick, scaly covering. It seizes the rattlesnake by the neck, strangles it, and then having bitten off the head, swallows the body—nearly as long as its own—the whole operation consuming two hours or more. This gopher snake is harmless to man, and is encouraged to live about the house, being a great rat catcher. It will also swallow eggs and chickens. It becomes so familiar that the children make a pet of it sometimes. G. C. C.

CAN THE PINNATED GROUSE BE SUCCESSFULLY PROPAGATED?

SEVERAL of your Eastern correspondents have expressed a desire to propagate the pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chickens, for game, and have requested the opinion of others as to the probability of success in such an undertaking. This problem seems best solved by considering the nature and habits of this bird, and what it needs for successful increase. This necessitates a partial description.

I have hunted the pinnated grouse more or less for thirty-eight years, and from sunny Texas northerly through the Indian Territory and Kansas to Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin. In Texas, where the seasons are the most mild and the advantages of winter and summer food are the greatest, we do not find the game in abundance, but only here and there sparsely. But in the Indian Territory they increase northerly in numbers, and still more so in Kansas, Iowa and Southern Minnesota. Here they are very numerous, and as much so as they were in Illinois and Missouri forty years ago. From these facts it will be seen that the grouse is prominently a Northern bird both by nature as well as by choice, for all this vast extent of continuous prairie country has been open to its choice for ages. And yet we find it by nature propagating best in a region of country where the winters are intensely cold and the grounds covered with deep snows several months in the year. This proves that the grouse can endure the severity of any winter that we may ever expect to have in any of the Eastern, Middle or Southern States. None of these, be it remembered, are ever exposed to those death-dealing winds of the Northern prairie country where the thermometer sometimes falls in a few hours to minus thirty degrees, and even to forty, as sometimes reported. And yet the grouse, the most hardy of birds, comes out strong in the spring.

As is well known, they live on or relish about the same kind of food as the common hen—green plants, wild and cultivated, wild seeds, cultivated grain, insects, grasshoppers, etc. But in the winter the grouse will live and flourish where the hen would starve to death.

They are strong and wide-awake foragers, both in summer and winter, and never fail to get a good living. This is true whether they are on their native prairies or in the cultivated fields of the farmer. They rejoice in the latter, for it is here they fill their crops the quickest. If left undisturbed in the neighborhood they soon become constant "tramps," and from day to day carry away bushels and bushels of the farmer's grain. Swift of wing, they can strike as straight a line for the farmer's fields or cribs of grain, and keep, by duly posted sentinels, as sharp a lookout for the farmer while there as any bird I know of. If left unmolested generally the grouse becomes quite tame and familiar with things around the house and barn, as the garden fences to light on, etc.

Suitable cover for them is the main requisite. It is their ark of protection. For that kind which they like best I would refer you to the open prairies. Here, amid the thick, tall grass and tufts of weeds, we find them. Here they nest, feed and rear their young. Here, both old and young scamper away as quick as thought, and bury themselves in the thick grass to avoid the swoop of the hawk which already hovers over them. Here they roost, and here they strive to elude the pursuit of man. But alas! he comes to the field with his dogs and guns, and there is but little chance for escape. We next hear of this "happy family" through FOREST AND STREAM, about as follows: "Two great Nimrods, A. and B., with their celebrated dogs Snip and Rip, recently found ten covies of grouse in one day, and bagged ninety-nine before noon. Only one got away, and it wounded."

In propagating grouse, an essential to success is cover. They must have this, or they will, like the quail, pass on to other places where they can find it. This cover must also be exclusive, or not disturbed during the nesting season. Much of our country affords ample cover for grouse, and it is only where the lands are very rich and all cultivated, or grazed closely annually, that the requisite cover may not be found. Nearly our whole seacoast, with its numerous indentations, bays, rivers and creeks, where much tall grass and food abound, must be well adapted for propagating purposes, as well as much of our open waste lands generally.

The country must be open, for the grouse requires a considerable space around it in which to fly for a retreat, especially when molested and frightened. The quail is generally content with a ten-acre field, but the grouse wishes to command much more. His flight is much longer and his cover often more remote. Neither of these birds will stay in any section of our country where it cannot readily fly to cover. This is always held in view alike by both.

The following extract from a letter just received from N. D. Merrill, of Creston, Union County, Iowa, will be read with interest. To him I had written for some information, since he was born and brought up as a farmer in Illinois, where the grouse were very abundant. To my several inquiries he replies as follows:

"I will answer your questions as well as I can in regard to prairie chickens.

"1. They do not migrate South in the winter; no matter how cold or snowy the weather may be, they stay around.

"2. I consider them to be as hardy as the partridge (the woods ruffed grouse), or the blue jay or crow.

"3. I never knew one of them to freeze, and never heard it asserted that they do. I consider them as hardy as any bird I know of.

"4. I have my doubts as to raising them by hand. I have tried to raise young ones that I have caught on the prairies yet I could never get them to eat, and they would starve to death.

"There are quantities of them around here now and in all our corn fields by the hundreds. I have recently heard some farmers complain of them eating a great deal of their corn; they invade the unharvested fields of which there are yet many, and so commit the damage, but I have not hunted them any as the weather has been very cold, and there is about five inches of snow now."

The grouse have a strong attachment for the place where they are reared. From year to year they will cling to it, though most of them be killed off annually by hunters. I now have in view one little (marsh-grass) valley, about half a mile wide and a mile and a half in length, for which they have contended, and thus far successfully for the last forty years though annually hunted. It is but four miles from Waukesha, a large village in Wisconsin, and now celebrated as a fashionable summer resort on account of its "Bethesda spring" water. This little valley is entirely surrounded, and has been for twenty-five years with highly cultivated farms. A noisy railroad also intersects it, and yet these birds cling to it, and will continue until the last one is killed. This natural attachment of theirs to their home is a feature most favorable to their successful propagation. In my opinion they can be successfully propagated, and all we require to do is to properly place then in regard to cover, food and range, and then let them live quietly until they become plenty, and then to be hunted in September and October only. They are prolific breeders, and if properly placed and well protected they could not fail to soon give us much healthful amusement and well filled bags of game. H. W. MERRILL.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

MINUTE FORMS OF LIFE IN THE WATERS OF THE LAKES.

IT is a common saying that each glass of water we drink may contain thousands of living organisms, but the truth of such a statement, though generally accepted, is not fully appreciated by most people. No one who has not investigated for himself different samples of water, who has not studied with the microscope the minute organisms which abound in so much of our water, can realize how vast is this invisible world, made up of forms belonging to both the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. An extremely interesting paper on this subject was read before the Kirtland Society of Natural Sciences by C. M. Voice, Esq., which we think well deserving of the attention of our readers and which we reprint below. All those who are especially attracted by this subject will no doubt have seen Prof. J. E. Leidy's superb work on North American Rhizopods. Mr. Voice says:

The waters of the great lakes are well known to abound in varied forms of life, the most generally known of which are the products of the fishing industry, the encouragement by governmental aid to fish propagation serving to render this industry and its results familiar to all. The annual catch of fish and the vast beds of mollusca found in some localities constitute about all that a great mass of people know of the life inhabiting these waters. And with the exception of a few reflective minds, the present condition of life in the waters of the lakes is popularly supposed to have always existed in about the same condition. As numerous and prolific as are the popularly known forms of life inhabiting the waters of the lakes, careful search with adequate means reveals a vastly more abundant and prolific world of minute forms, both animal and vegetable, many of which are only visible with microscopical aid.

The naturalist knows more or less thoroughly of the varied forms of visible life abounding in the waters and of their significance, and, if a microscopist as well, is likely to be familiar with the hosts of minute beings that people the same watery world.

A study of the microscopical forms of life in the lake waters reveals in their forms and habits of life a vast significance, corroborative of other evidences of the former condition of the lakes as a sea. In pursuing the study of the minute forms of life in the lake waters, the most convenient plan, and that generally adopted, is to take samples from the water supply by means of straining or filtering. How closely and accurately the material thus obtained represents the conditions existing in the great body of water is not easily ascertainable, and it is not unlikely that some forms, and perhaps many of them, exist in the waters of the lake that are not obtainable in the manner referred to. But, proceeding with the process of examination by filtering, we find throughout the year vast quantities of the forms of life common to fresh water, such as various species of diatoms, desmids protococcus, oscillatoria, and other families of confervoidea, and numerous entomostraca, infusoria, rotatoria, rhizopoda and other classes of protozoa.

Among all these varied forms of teeming life with which the lake water abounds there are none, so far as I know, which might not be expected to be found in fresh water, except among the diatoms. But of the sixty odd species of diatoms which are found in the filterings of our water supply, there are at least three, and perhaps more, which are representatives of marine forms; these are the *Rhizosolenia eriensis*, *Actinocyclus niagaræ* and *Amphiprora ornata*, and to these should be added, in my judgment, the *Stephanodiscus niagaræ*.

Of these forms the *Rhizosolenia eriensis* was first collected by Mr. H. C. Gaylord from the water supply of this city and was described and named by Professor H. L. Smith, of Geneva, N. Y. This is the only species of Rhizosolenia yet found in fresh water, all other species of the genus yet described being marine or fossil, and the recent forms mostly found in the stomachs of salpæ and ascidians. This diatom has so far only been found, to my knowledge, in the waters of the lakes at Cleveland, Buffalo and Chicago. The *Amphiprora ornata*, found in considerable numbers in the lake water at certain seasons, has also been reported from two other localities in Ohio, from New York and from Florida, but sparingly. The *Actinocyclus niagaræ*, named by Professor H. L. Smith, and described in the "American Quarterly Microscopical Journal," October, 1878, was also sent to him by Mr. Gaylord and has not yet, so far as I can learn, been reported from any other locality than Cleveland. The other species of Amphiprora are marine and those of *Actinocyclus* marine or fossil.

Some other species of diatoms found in the lakes are so modified in form as to be perceptibly different from the same typical species found elsewhere. From these facts Prof. Smith, above named, suggested the query whether salt or brackish water might not be found at the bottom of the lakes; but from the shallowness of Lake Erie that is improbable in this case, and my own conclusion is that these forms of diatoms are survivors of the ancient sea, which have, during the subsidence of the former sea, survived the change from brackish to fresh water, perhaps not modified in form during the change. As bearing upon this view many facts which have come under my observation may be cited. Some three or four years ago, after repeated desultory examinations of the lake water, I began a systematic course of taking filterings, and at first supposed that filterings of each of the four seasons of the year would display the species of the year; but during the second year of such observations I became convinced that more frequent tests were needed, and took filterings from twice to three times per months, and during the year 1879 I saved a filtering of each week of the year, excepting during two short absences. Examination of the filterings when taken confirmed what had been deduced from former observations, that the forms of life in the lake water exhibit a well marked periodicity, the limits of which I have not continued the observation far enough to exactly define at present, but which as far as the diatomaceæ are concerned, can be in general terms stated thus: During that part of the year from about the first or middle of February to about the first of May, the variety of form is greater; from thence to about November 1 the prevalent forms is greatest, and from November 1 to about February 1 the disappearance of warm weather forms and appearance of the cold weather forms goes on; thus producing a periodicity of three seasons in the year. During the winter and the early spring the *Stephanodiscus niagaræ* is the prevalent form, giving place to Melosira crotonensis as the warm weather approaches, which soon yields prominence to *Tabellaria fenestrata*, which continues the predominant form until fall, when the *Melosira* again appears, and soon becomes equally numerous, both forms, as cold weather approaches, becoming scarcer, while the *Steph-niagaræ* reappears and rapidly increases in numbers, until at times it forms almost the whole of some winter gatherings. The *Actinocyclus niagaræ*, so far as can yet be judged, appears most frequently in the late winter and early spring gatherings; seldom or never in summer. The *Amphiprora ornata* and *Rhizosolenia eriensis* are found occasionally at all seasons, but in greatest abundance in the winter and early spring gatherings. During some weeks in July and August, 1879, neither of these diatoms were found, the gatherings consisting almost exclusively of *Tabellaria fenestrata*. The forms of *Surirella* and *Cymatopleura* are also most abundant in the early spring gatherings.

The influence of storms on so shallow a lake might well be supposed to have considerable influence upon the contents of the water supply, but so far as I have been able to observe, no difference in the forms of diatoms found in the filterings is caused by storms, but considerable mud is brought with them.

This periodical abundance of the forms before mentioned, the *Actinocyclus*, *Rhizosolenia* and *Amphiprora*, in the colder season, and their partial disappearance in the hottest season of the year, and the uniform greater abundance of the *Stephanodiscus* during the winter, also becoming scarce in the summer, is strong evidence in my mind that all these forms are survivors of the cold seas, and were, perhaps, the chief forms then prevalent in those waters; for which reasons the colder temperature of the present lakes is most congenial to them and best suited to their development.

As the changes that left our present lakes progressed, these forms kept pace in their modification with that of their habitat, new forms appearing and being introduced by various causes, until the present condition has been reached, and I entertain no doubt that if future changes should replace our lakes with arctic seas those peculiar diatoms would then be found the chief and perhaps the only survivors of our numerous present forms.

It may be of some interest to state that in the year 1878, at the suggestion of a gentleman in Philadelphia, I sent to him repeated gatherings of diatoms from Lake Erie with a view of introducing the *Stephanodiscus niagaræ* into the fresh water and clear spring ponds of that locality; but we did not succeed in getting them to live, although they will live for weeks here in a comparately small amount of water.

Another matter should be mentioned, and that is that the character of the filterings taken on the same day varies in different parts of the city. I have seen forms of the diatoms and infusoria quite abundant in a filtering made at the store of Mr. Gaylord, which forms could not be found at all in a filtering which was progressing at my own house during the same time, and other striking instances have been noticed; but as the periodicity of forms is a characteristic always observable wherever the filterings are taken, it may be assumed that a continuous series of observations made upon filterings from the same faucet represents fairly well the characteristic of the general source of supply.

It will be of much interest to supplement the examination of the contents of the water supply with that of dredgings or soundings from the sediments of the lake bottom, and I hope eventually to be able to do this.

PINE GROSBEAKS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Flocks of Canada Grosbeaks have visited us this winter, probably on account of the severity of the snow storms. They feed principally on the mountain ash berries, the trees of which grow in orchards. While in search of shrikes for mounting, Dec. 8, I shot what I supposed was one, but on examining it I found it to be a mocking bird, as was attested by several parties, the distance was one half mile from home, and the bird was feeding on barbery seeds. I have observed several flocks of snow buntings also one flock of thirteen male bluejays, January 8, also observed two robins. A few flocks of quail were shot late in fall; partridges nearly extinct; nearly every one that was shot was found to contain the *tic* imbedded in the skull. Please give your opinion in regard to the mocking bird. JOHN O'LEARY.

Amesbury, Mass., Jan. 21.

The occurrence of the mocking bird, if such it was, in Massachusetts at the time mentioned was certainly remarkable though not without parallel. There are records for example of the capture of the cardinal grosbeak in New York city in the dead of winter.

Game Bag and Gun.

DESTROY THE HAWKS.

WE have frequently called attention to the good results which are sure to follow the destruction of hawks and the vermin which prey upon game. There is a special demand this year that persistent efforts should be directed to this end. The game has been so largely depleted by the severe weather that its preservation from the hawks and vermin, which have also suffered and are therefore the more ravenous, is all the more imperatively called for.

We have received several communications upon this subject, all of them being of about the same tenor. A Farquer County, Virginia, letter says: "I have often expressed the opinion that the hawks killed more partridges than sportsmen. I have never seen in any publication like yours an article elucidating this proposition. Allow me to suggest to you to gather all the information you can about it. It will astonish those who have never given it attention to learn what vast numbers of partridges fall victims to their cormorant appetites, and will stimulate efforts to destroy the pirates."

Of the good results which followed an effort to decrease the number of hawks in a given locality a Bloomsburg, N. J.,

correspondent writes: "It is not the gun that destroys and exterminates our game, but, among many other things, are the hawks, minks and foxes.

"A few years ago two or three of our young men took to buying all kinds of furs—mink, fox, skunk, etc., and many a farmer's boy made enough money for his winter use. The next season the result was plainly visible. In places where these animals had been abundant and quail scarce we (the two fur buyers and myself) shot thirty-four quail in one afternoon. This was a good bag for us, and we wondered how it was that we found so many birds on that forsaken spot. By questioning and conjecturing we came to the conclusion that the nest-destroying animals were nearly all caught, and so it proved to be, for right around where these boys captured their furs do we go to hunt quail, and there is the only place that we find them."

Some months ago we spoke of the commendable example of the Luzerne County, Pa., Sportsmen's Club, which offers bounties on hawks, etc., and we are glad to note that other societies are adopting the same plan. The Forest and Stream Association, of Wilmington, O., have raised a fund to be used in giving premiums for the destruction of hawks and has published its appeal to that effect in the local papers. Of the destruction of the quail by hawks in Ohio during the close season there, a Wilmington correspondent says: "Inclosed find a remonstrance against any change in our present game law, which is being signed by all of our farmers and citizens, with scarcely an exception. Our present law is a good one and we do not want it changed. They will legislate the quail out of existence if they keep on. They had much better offer a reward for the destruction of hawks if they want quail to increase. During the past two "close seasons" in this State the hawks were driven in from our sister States, where shooting was permitted, in great numbers, and proved very destructive to our quail. I think both close seasons were actually disadvantageous and quail did not perceptibly increase during those seasons."

The premiums are $10 to the person killing the greatest number of hawks, $5 to the next, $2 to the third. In addition to the above premiums, the Association will pay $1 per dozen for all hawks killed in Clinton County during this time; the said hawks to be of the larger varieties commonly known as the squirrel, bullet and red-tailed hawks. These premiums do not cover the small sparrow hawk, which should not be destroyed, being of great benefit to the farmer. The head and two talons of each hawk will be taken as evidence of destruction.

Other associations are adopting the same timely and sensible measure. The Lynchburg, Va., Society for the Protection of Game has offered fifty cents apiece for the scalps of hawks, with a view of checking the destruction of quail and other birds.

The sportsmen of Washington, Pa., have organized a side hunt for hawks, etc., to extend through February and March, the losing party to pay for a supper.

We should be p'eased to hear from our correspondents in various sections of the country further reports of efforts in this direction and of the good results which may have followed.

THE WEATHER AND THE BIRDS.

WE have advices from many sections, all showing the effects of the recnet cold weather and heavy snows upon the supply of game. A Coshocton, O., correspondent, under date of January 17, says: "The very severe weather we are having is killing off all the quail and ruffed grouse in this part of the State. I frequently hear of whole bevies of quail being found frozen to death. Last Saturday a boy near here took a grouse off a tree. It was too numb to fly."

A Wilmington, Ohio, letter, written January 17, says: "The quail are all right in this locality; many more left over than ever before. They are also very plenty in the adjoining counties of Green, Fayette, Highland, Brown and Warren, and in fact in all the corn producing districts of Southern Ohio. You cannot freeze out fat quail, and they have been unusually fat this winter. No quail have perished in this county either from hunger or cold. There is now one-third of our corn standing out on the stalks, some say over one-half. This gives abundance of food and shelter. This corn will not be gathered until March, so come what may our quail are all safe."

A Cleveland, Ohio, correspondent tells us: "Our quail season has been very short, 15th November to December 31, in Ohio, and really weeks less on account of hard weather. More rest for the quail. The quail in Ohio have been very scattering; in some localities plenty, others very scarce. I bagged in eight days twenty-one dozen over an eleven-month old "Arlington" Flora, Irish puppy. That of course is not all I have killed, but that is plenty thick enough for me. I see in a paper that quail are frozen out in Southern Ohio. It is not the case here, nor in Central Ohio. I found quail as good and strong as I ever shot them. There is more corn not husked in Ohio than I ever saw in thirty years' shooting, so I think quail will not suffer much here this season. Am informed such is the case in Michigan. Had a very nice shoot in Michigan with John Davidson in October. Shot a good variety of game—grouse, quail, cock, snipe and rabbits. He has some splendid youngsters in his kennel this time, flyers indeed. I shot a good many cock last season, nearly 300. Largest bag, fifteen brace."

From Jordan Station, Ky., a correspondent writes: "The extreme cold weather and an army of trappers have almost exterminated the quail. Reelfoot Lake, three hours' drive from this point, is almost deserted by both game and hunters."

S. C. C. writes from Marietta, Ga., under date Jan. 15: "The quail (partridges in Southern speech) have suffered much from the cold. It was five degrees below one night, with the ground covered with snow to the depth of six to ten inches for a week. Many flocks have been found frozen, as well as other birds, and quail will probably be scarce next fall."

Attention has already been called in these columns to the possible danger of eating quail at this time. Concerning this subject the Washington *Republican* says: "It will be recollected that at the time Buchanan was inaugurated a large number of persons were poisoned at a certain prominent Washington hotel. The winter immediately preceding the inauguration was an unusually hard one. The proprietor of the hotel, to please his guests, had procured, as is stated, all the quail in the surrounding country. These birds had been starved to such an extent that they were compelled to feed upon poisonous berries and leaves until their flesh became thoroughly permeated with the poison. The birds have been starved for weeks, and are now feeding upon such berries and buds as to make their flesh poisonous. The deep snows in the country prevent the birds from receiving their usual sustenance from seed and the sands or small gravel which assist in digesting and assimilating the same, and consequently they are driven to those modes of sustaining life which, while they may be useful to themselves for the time being, render their flesh highly injurious to human beings as an article of food. The birds are being killed at the present time by shooting and trapping, and the country people who offer the same in market are entirely ignorant of the terrible and insidious poison which they are daily distributing. All through the adjacent country of Maryland and Virginia we have what is known as the poison oak. This is a vine which bears berries very similar to those of the wild grape vines. The touch of the "poison oak" is dreaded by all who travel the woods. Its contact so swells the hands and face as to render the individual unrecognizable by his friends in a few moments. The quail at this season of the year seeks the poisonous berries which grow upon the vine."

The extraordinary depletion of the game calls for active efforts on the part of individual sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs to replenish the supply. Many instances have come to our knowledge where this has been undertaken. Live quail are advertised in our columns, and, as we announced last week, may also be bought of H. C. Ryall, Shelbyville, Tennessee.

"Homo" writes from Philadelphia: "In Philadelphia many of our game-dealers are purchasing live quail, wherever they can get them for sale, for those wishing to restock regions where the birds have been destroyed by snow. There is a great demand for them here and prices are high. I have never known but one such winter in my recollection, and continual information from the South, as far as lower Alabama and Georgia, states that the quail there have suffered severely. Quail from the far South for restocking purposes are by no means the bird to procure, on account of their natural susceptibility to cold, and an ordinary winter North would certainly destroy many of the first year's hatching. What we want, if possible, are quail from Maryland, Delaware and Virginia, and certainly not further South than North Carolina."

The Maryland Association of Talbot County, at Easton, Md., correspondent writes, propose to restock their section with birds imported from the South. They have issued the following circular: "The Maryland Association of Talbot County for the Protection of Game and Fish desire to enlist the active co-operation of all the residents of the county in their efforts to avert the total destruction of birds and rabbits by the severe weather now upon us. There are few berries, the most having fallen, and the earth is covered deeply with snow, under which a solid crust of ice prevents the possibility of the birds obtaining food. Without help all must perish. We urgently press upon all farmers, and most especially those who are members of the association, the necessity of preventing this disaster by feeding the birds. Keep a space cleared at the stack yard, near the hog and cattle pens, or under shelter of the woods, and supply it regularly with damaged grain, screenings or corn. The birds will soon find it, and enough breeders be saved to stock the county. The hawks will soon find where the birds are, and a few steel traps set on the stack poles or other suitable places will accomplish a double object—the hawks will be caught and destroyed, and the bounty of fifty cents in cash for every scalp will pay for all trouble and expense."

A New York city correspondent suggests that a few quail turned loose in the spring and a few quarts of grain or seed well distributed now will do more than any game laws. In the colder climates in Europe it is customary to provide a rude shelter here and there, with a close picket fence, yet so birds can pass in and out, and here grain is kept all through their hard season, and they have no trouble about scarcity of game.

Frank Schley writes from Frederick, Maryland, Jan. 31: Supposing the intense cold weather and the long continued snow might have had a disastrous effect upon the partridges (Bob Whites), I directed Henry Perkins who is a reliable huntsman to take my two partridge dogs, Dick and Duke and ascertain if there were any partridges to be found. The ground to be beaten, both the dogs and the huntsman were perfectly familiar with, being the laurel hill sides, foot lands, briar patches, sage fields, swamps and thicks of the Linganore hills where I had left in different locations six to eight partly broken up coveys of partridges late in the season. He and the dogs returned home late in the evening very much fatigued from tramping over the snow, and he reported that he had gone over every foot of the ground as I had directed him, and found the birds all safe in coveys where I had left them. There were five to twelve birds in the coveys, and they were wild, strong and hearty.

A Sutton, Mass., correspondent, who says that the quail are suffering very much there, adds, "I am feeding three broods thirty-one in all—and hope to get them safely through the winter."

The deer and other large game have suffered at the hands of the "yarders," "crusters" and butchers. It has been an excellent season for filling up refrigerators. We take from the Reno, Nevada, *Gazette* a paragraph showing how they do it out there: "The heavy fall of snow which came on Dec. 1 caught a great many deer in the hills. Two brothers named Jones, who live on Feather River, four miles from Beckwith, found a fresh trail down the mountain one morning which had evidently been made by deer striking out for Red Rock and other warm valleys over the Nevada line. The Joneses stuck a flag right in the track, and during that night nearly a hundred deer turned back from it. Next day the Jones boys started out on the trail and soon came up to straggling deer floundering through the snow. A wounded deer led one of the boys off the main trail, but the other followed up until he came to a fence, where he found a number of the herd tired out and unable to go further. He shot nine without moving from his position, and had to stop for want of bullets, having used up all he had."

A Washington, D. C., correspondent says: "Crows have been found in numbers dead around the river shores and country roads, having either died from cold or starvation, or both. Several fine deer were killed near Chancellorsville last week."

Advices from High Point, North Carolina, say: "The severe weather here has hurt the quail shooting, though there are some birds left."

From Farquier County, Va., we hear: "The almost unexampled depth of snow with us has of course destroyed many partridges, but not all, for some were seen near my home yesterday. Our sportsmen have bought a good many, and keep them in coops to turn out in the fields in the spring."

One of the "old-fashioned winters," of which we hear so much, was that of 1779-80. A newspaper writer says of it: "The winter of 1779-80 was very severe in this country. The bitter cold began in the middle of November and continued until the close of February. The sun's rays were not warm enough to melt the snow, which lay on the ground almost five months, so thick that it was very hard to get from place to place. All ordinary bodies of water were ice-bound. Domestic fowls and wild turkeys perished by thousands, so did deer and buffalo, and wolves and panthers, mainly from lack of their natural food, buried under the snow. The Northern and Western rivers were fettered by the frost, and the Cumberland was so firmly frozen as far South as Nashville that emigrant trains passed securely over the river. The Delaware opposite Philadelphia contained ice of three or four feet, and Long Island Sound and the Chesapeake were frozen over. Scientific persons have declared that hot and cold waves often recur every eleven years, as in 1846, 1857 and 1868, and the weather wise predict that this will prove to be one of the coldest winters known for twenty years."

From Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the Secretary of the Iowa State Association writes, under date of January 25: "Snow has not been very deep in this section, and I think the quail will pull through. They were in abundance and very few shot or killed this season. If they get through winter, will be plenty next season."

It is needless to say that a heavy fall of snow and a freezing "spell of weather" are hailed with joy by the fellows who snare and trap and huddle-shoot the coveys. An Oskaloosa, Iowa, letter says: "The quail and chicken shooting season just past with us has been one of the best on record. We have had but very little snow until within the last two weeks, but there are about eight inches of snow on the ground at the present time, with a good prospect for more, and I am almost ashamed to tell you, but it is the truth, our quail are being killed by the hundred almost every day and brought into town under the noses of our officials, who do not try to molest the offender. Everybody says that there never were so many quail, and that there will be plenty left to breed from another year, but for my part I do not believe it. If the deep snow lasts and the potting is kept up I think that there will be very few quail left by spring. We have a sportsman's club in our city, that is, by name only, for some of the members are the very ones that are now killing quail almost every day in the week. We are to have a grand circular wolf hunt in our township on the twenty-fifth of the present month."

A Highland Park, Ill., letter says: "I am much afraid the snow and excessively cold weather will use up what quail we have left. Foxes are very plenty this year; partridges scarce."

CRUSTING DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The interesting manner in which you present matters pertaining to the welfare of all branches of sport, the just views expressed relative to protection of game of all kinds, upholding the righteous and condemning the unjust, are very gratifying. For several years the improvements made in FOREST AND STREAM, its appearance and internal workings have been noted with especial pleasure.

It has been remarked that "it is almost useless to attempt to get right game legislation as things are now." My ideas are that, through your watchfulness and exposure from time to time of the attempts to force jobs through, a great deal of harmful matter can be prevented from accumulating. Unless you had adopted that course certainly there would not have grown the existing wide-spread confidence in your willingness to expose such matters.

The sportsmen now feel confident that any injustice toward the preservation of game will be attacked by you and every endeavor put forth to defeat the attempts. Surely the scheme for selling game the year through could not have met a worse blow than you gave it.

The very interesting letter from Wm. P. Dodge, published in this week's FOREST AND STREAM, can but have been written purely in the spirit of wishing to point out a serious defect in the law relating to the preservation of trout. He apparently is a gentleman very much interested on that subject and to a lesser degree, though perhaps not much, the protection of deer in our Adirondack region. Toward the close of the communication he remarks: "Men calling themselves sportsmen, and who belong to sportsmen's clubs and are members in good standing," being in the woods in June and July on a fishing excursion, and want "a little venison to eat while in camp," have a "mistaken notion" that they have a right to kill it for that purpose, which he follows by claiming "that it works harm to the general enforcement of the law to allow it, as guides and parties living back in these localities claim, with good grounds, that it is no worse for them to "crust" deer for meat for winter use than for these sportsmen (?) to kill them out of season for their use." Please allow me to call attention to a difference between "crusting" for meat to use and "crusting" in the general acceptance of the term.

In the first place, the guides and residents of the Adirondack region might "crust" every winter for the purpose of using the meat for food for themselves, and stand on an equal footing with sportsmen who kill for "a little venison to eat while in camp." My view of that part of "crusting" is that the deer would hold their own in point of numbers.

In looking at the broader acceptance of the term "crusting," quite a different feeling exists, for the idea is that the person or parties seeking to kill deer by "crusting" do so with the full knowledge that the deer are perfectly helpless, and it is possible to kill nearly every one found in the "yard." C. Fenton asks the question in his excellent letter, published in your issue of the 13th instant, "Wherein lies the difference between killing deer after being driven to water by hounds and that of killing them by crusting or killing them in the deep snows of winter on snow shoes?" Of course he means the moral difference, and asks a question of that kind with the inference that some absurdity exists in trying to make a distinction. The case stands like this: In getting the deer either in the water away from shore or finding them "yarded" while deep or crusted snow exists, the party seeking to kill the deer knows that he has the advantage and is sure of his victim, there is not much uncertainty. Consequently it is like picking apples off from a tree—get them all. Unhappily, it is similar after they are gotten, only those can be used that do not spoil. Still there is a dissimilarity, for the apples are gathered entirely with the idea of use, while the deer are killed principally because it is possible.

To show how helpless the deer become during deep and crusted snow time, I will call attention to the fact that moose are captured sometimes alive and bound with ropes under

similar conditions, and taken out of the woods alive too. Take it for granted that if moose can be so treated, the poor deer are easily made victims. It is possible to so hamper deer with ropes either in the water or in the deep snow. I believe it very excusable for the guides or residents of the wilderness proper to procure venison for subsistence in any manner possible, but the wanton destruction of deer is quite another matter. The sportsman might justify himself for shooting quail or woodcock while on the ground during nesting season, or while caring for their young quite as well. It is only excusable where necessity demands it.

Mr. Dodge also remarks that owing to the condition of the snow the dogs are not able to run, and in that way points directly in this unconscious manner to one of the greatest and most pernicious evils we have, and one that cannot be eradicated without State power and money. The fact is that inhabitants of regions bordering on the Adirondack wilderness can go in with hounds with perfect feelings of security against arrest during all times. Mr. Dodge gives evidence of the practice during close season even of hounding the deer.

In connection with this subject I should like to call attention to a portion of a letter published in your issue of the 27th inst. "The proper law would be to forbid the sale of game after the first day of the close season. This is the rule abroad. Why should it not be so here? The only exception to this might be made in the case of venison, which only exists in our State in a few localities, and could there be protected by local laws, with the consent and co-operation of the residents." Close the gates on the goats, but let the sheep go through! Prevent the reception of quail, grouse and other game from the West and South, but admit venison because it cannot be marketed very well—conveniently—only in cold weather. Yes, deer "only exist in our State in a few localities." If ear if it becomes possible to market venison in New York and other cities all during January that the market men will not be obliged to go to the far West entirely with orders for venison; mysterious boxes and barrels of "potatoes" or possibly "mutton" will be shipped from the "few localities of our State" as long as they exist. However great the supply may be at present I think means should be taken to prevent a diminution of it rather than to offer loop-holes for a contrary result. If the marketmen cannot conveniently freeze their venison so as to bring it to market during the open season, and sell it during that season, why I say let them suffer, not the deer. If it is prohibited to sell quail on or after the first day of the close season it reverts to the benefit of game, for there would not be so much killed during the last few days of the open season virtually cutting short the open season for pot-hunters, and is a suggestion worthy of consideration, very broadly too. For in protecting the game are we not protecting the interests of all lovers of sport at the same time the genuine interests of marketmen? If they do not know their own greatest interests the societies who study such matters and the sportsmen's papers should point out to them the straight and narrow path.

To permit one violation and discountenance another, it must be admitted, "works harm to the general enforcement of the law." WOLLAT.

QUAIL AND DUCKS IN FLORIDA.

WILLIAMSPORT, Md., Jan. 31.

A WORD of warning and of advice to brothers of the rod and gun may not come amiss, and I shall be fully repaid if I can save only one of your many readers, who are thinking of such a trip, from the impositions practiced by the railroad between Richmond, Va., and Jacksonville. Appended they will find a list of dog rates with the routes traveled.

The first question asked, "Is there plenty of game?" and I can truthfully say yes. Ducks, quail, deer, turkeys and fish are to be found in abundance, such an abundance as no Eastern gunners can ever hope to see here, and withal so easy of access from all points North that the wonder is that more sportsmen do not go there. The whole line of railroad from Fernandina to Cedar Keys literally swarms with ducks and quail, and at almost every station on the road board can be had at from $1 to $1.50 per day.

Our party, consisting of H. J. and the writer, with our guns and three dogs, left Washington on the fast mail south at 11:50 A. M., January 6, and right there our troubles began.

While purchasing our tickets we inquired about charges on our dogs, and were informed by the gentlemanly agent that there was no charge on dogs except the baggage master's fee, and such we found reasonably correct until we reached Richmond. There, as paymaster for our trio, my troubles began in dead earnest, and the further we went the worse it became, until in sheer desperation we threw away our tickets from Charleston, S. C., to Jacksonville via railroad, and took passage to the latter point on the steamboat St. Johns, making thereby a clear saving of twelve dollars on account of dogs, and in addition reaching Jacksonville fully six hours ahead of our train. For Jacksonville we started for Otter Creek and Col. Wingate's in the "Gulf Hammock," but finding when we reached Archer that the whole country south of Bronson was flooded we concluded to stop at the latter point. There our good angel in the person of Capt. J. D. McDonnell (our conductor on train) came to the front, and advised us to go to Shell Lake, assuring us that it was the "gunner's paradise," which assertion we can heartily bear testimony to the truth of.

Reaching Shell Lake about noon we were most hospitably received by our generous host, Judge McD. Although he was totally unprepared for our arrival we were at once made to feel that Southern hospitality is still no myth, for "right royally" were we entertained, although unknown to us a dark shadow even then overhung the household.

The time flew by all too fast for us, and our departure, hastened as it was by the demise of Judge McD's wife, made our leave-taking doubly sad. We will long remember our week of sport among the ducks and quail, with which Shell Lake and the adjoining broad acres abound, and the happy evening hours spent in the society of their owner and his noble sons and lovely niece. Any sportsmen tourists who are in the future so fortunate as to drop into our quarters there will acknowledge that half has not been told.

Our gunning score was for two days as follows: Friday, the 14th, 87 ducks to three guns; Saturday, the 15th, 70 quail to three guns. This could have been duplicated every day of our stay had we been inclined to shoot for the score, but it looked too much like wanton slaughter, and we only hunted hours enough each day to kill what game could be consumed.

But all things must have an end, and as our holiday drew to a close we regretfully turned our faces homeward, landing safely in Washington on the night of the 23d, tired and "travel stained," but of the unanimous opinion that Florida in general and Alachua and Levy counties in particular can afford such shooting as is nowhere else to be found that it has been our good fortune to visit.

In conclusion let me say to all who are going South and intend taking their dogs along, do not go via "Atlantic Coast Line" of railroads unless your pocket is deep enough to stand a constant drain on it in shape of mileage on dogs. Charges on dogs from Petersburg to Weldon are 1c. per mile; from Weldon to Wilmington, N. C., 1½c. per mile; from Wilmington to Florence, 1½c. per mile; Florence to Charleston, 1¾c. per mile; Charleston to Savannah, 1c. per mile and so on all through, charges ranging from one to one and three-quarter cents per mile. On the F. G. and W. J. Transit Road charges are one dollar per head if you take dogs only five miles, or one dollar for the whole length of road from Fernandina to Cedar Keys. The best route for sportsmen is by water from either New York or Philadelphia, as it is not near so hard on the dogs and $25 easier on the pocket.

KENORC.

KILLING GROUSE FROM TREES.

UPON reading the pleasant articles of "Jack," of Staunton, Virginia, and "Black Ned," headed "Dogs That Tree Grouse," in your issue of the 20th inst., I was somewhat surprised to find that "Black Ned" does not consider it sportsmanlike to kill grouse from trees. If there are any other birds so wild, so horribly, terribly hard to bring to bag as the ruffed grouse (the pheasant of Virginia and partridge of the Northern and Western States) I am not aware of it. I will not agree with "Black Ned." How is one to kill them in an ivy thicket too thick for a bench-legged fice to get through? And just such places suit grouse best.

I am very much like the old country fellow who went to the menagerie. I believe I will tell the story—with your permission: An old countryman, upon one occasion, went to an animal show and was very much pleased with all that he saw. As he stood leaning upon his long staff, intently gazing upon the various animals, he asked very many questions of one of the showmen, whose business it was to answer all questions about them. "What is this?" queried old homespun. "That, sir, is the elephant." "And what is this?" asked the old fellow. "That animal, sir, is the monkey." "Monstrous like folks, too," put in the old one. "Here is another great critter," said the countryman; "what do ye call him?" "The camel, sir. He can go without food as long as Dr. Tanner—and without water, too—and bear at the same time the hottest sun," said the showman. "The camel!" said the countryman. "Well, I have long wanted to see one. In searching the Scripter I have read a heap about 'em."

Just at this time the showman was called off and the old man had then to navigate alone. He wandered around for some time in the most serious manner until, by and by, he came upon a cage of snakes. Here he stopped and a grand smile lit up his face, which soon turned to a broad grin and finally the grin ran into an old-fashioned laugh. Here was something the old fellow knew all about. While looking at and enjoying the snakes, his horny hand still firmly clutching his good two-year-old hickory stick, one of the snakes thrust its head between the wires, right in front of him, and in an instant the old one popped off its head, killing it as dead as the mischief. Quick as lightning another and another head came out, and by quick blows of the old man's staff were sent the way of number one. By this time the work became fast and furious, snakes poking their heads out of nearly every crack, from one end of the cage to the other, and were decapitated in a trice by blows from the stick. In fact, he got so warmed up to his work that he seized his hickory with both hands and thrust it into the cage and came down with all power, overhanded, upon its occupants.

At this juncture the attention of the keeper was called to the scene and, rushing up, he said: "In the name of all that is good, what are you doing, sir? Those snakes cost me $5,000."

The old man merely turned his head for an instant (the remarks of the showman having no other effect than to cause the countryman to withdraw his stick and resume the popping-off process in his former scientific manner), remarking: "Stranger, I don't care a darn; I kills 'em just wherever I sees 'em."

Now, "Black Ned," I am, with regard to the ruffed grouse, like my old friend—"I don't care a cent; I kills 'em just wherever I sees 'em." RICHARD M. CONWAY.

Conway Farm, Va.

MONTREAL, Jan. 26, 1881.

I am happy to see that matters pertaining to ruffed grouse, mode of treeing them, etc., are claiming attention in your columns. Some years ago I lost a fine Norfolk spaniel. Friend Hallock in making mention of his death in FOREST AND STREAM claimed him to have been "the best ruffed grouse dog known." His superiority was in his nose which enabled him to find every bird in the woods, and in the perfect control I had over him.

The red colleys when trained for that purpose make very fine dogs for ruffed grouse shooting; they, perhaps, have not so strong a nose as the field spaniel, but their color, greater intelligence and sly, careful, foxy-like movements, make them seemingly especially adapted for treeing grouse.

A brother of the writer has one of these dogs (not for sale) which in some ways displays more intelligence in treeing his bird than any other dog I ever saw. I have repeatedly seen him when following a bird at full speed that he had flushed and lost sight of in the brush stop suddenly and listen to hear his game when it would alight then locate and find it. Those who have hunted this kind of game know that when they alight on a tree after flying some distance they make a noise with their wings that can be heard quite a distance. To train a colly for this work, begin when he is not over six or eight months old, and let him mouth the first bird shot to his satisfaction, use him kindly, encourage, but never abuse him, his intelligence and love for the sport will teach him to do right when he learns what you require of him.

I can also bear testimony with "Jack" that fox hounds are sometimes good grouse dogs. The "old gent," Mr. E. W. Geer, of Fairfield, or rather Sheldon, Vt. P. O., who is an old veteran fox hunter, had in my boyhood's days a fox-hound that we used to hunt foxes, rabbits and grouse. He would give tongue on the trail of the latter game, and treed them and keep his bugle agoing until the whole woods fairly echoed with "delightful music" and we bagged the bird. The "old gent" deserves more than a passing notice. Quite a humorist and naturalist in his way, full of dry wit, and thoroughly understanding the habits of the local grouse found in his vicinity make him a pleasant companion to those whom he will accept as such. In his younger days he used a short twenty-inch under-lock Windsor rifle, and many a fox has he knocked over when running at full speed from twenty to thirty-five rods away, and would also kill rabbits while running before the hounds, in thick swamps where he could not see the rabbit but for a single jump at a time. I have also known him to shoot muskrats swimming in the creek in the evening when it was too dark to see the sights on his gun. The last wolf killed in his county he killed by still-hunting, and shot his game as it lay asleep digesting the mutton it had eaten in a farm yard the evening before. The "old gent" is now sixty-three years of age, and owing to failing eyesight has laid aside his rifle and uses a light muzzle-loading English shot-gun, and has within the past month taken some long tramps through the snow at his favorite sport, fox hunting.

At some future date I will send you some facts regarding the habits of ruffed grouse, where they are likely to tree when flushed, etc. STANSTEAD.

WELLSVILLE, Jan. 26.

Having watched with much interest the discussions in your valuable paper, particularly the conflicting opinions of my friends F. and Bell Muzzle relative to grouse treeing after being flushed by dog or man, I offer some suggestions, the results of observations made in the twenty years that I have been a lover of both rod and gun. In my humble opinion they are both correct, and only have to be located differently to make them so. My experience has been that grouse will tree after making their flight in localities where is no undergrowth or fallen timber, making it a subject of wonder to owners of fine pointers or setters and oftimes of censure to the dogs that they were unable to find after the first flight and marking down of birds, which birds were undoubtedly at the time standing very still and straight close to the trunk of some bushy hemlock forty feet above them. For it does not prove absolutely that there is no grouse in almost any tree because you cannot detect his presence, which the most practiced eye fails to do. But the same dogs often redeem themselves when hunting in low cover, making good the reputation lost by not being able to climb trees in search of game.

It does not tax my memory severely to remember when it was considered an achievement to bag a limited number of grouse by the easiest method afforded, either by stealing a march on an old drummer, guided by the thud of his wings, and bowling him over with a villainous old musket loaded with No. 1 shot and tamped with a whole edition of the village paper, or searching him out from the dense foliage of a tall hemlock. We never intentionally flushed our birds in those days, and usually forgot to fire if they were so unkind as to anticipate our designs. Men were rare in this country twenty years ago who would believe it possible, much less attempt so difficult and uncertain things as bagging a grouse on its flashing flight through thickets which at best only afford a glimpse to direct the aim. But breech-loaders were equally rare; also pointers and setters; and, worse than all, we had no FOREST AND STREAM to guide us. That was the time when the Dittmar might have flourished, and possibly there would have been no gunners left to tell their experience if they had moral courage sufficient to use the deadly mixture.

H. C. W.

ANDOVER, O.

I notice in the current number of your paper a communication in regard to pheasant-treeing dogs. I have owned a couple of such dogs and agree with your correspondent as to the breed being unnecessary to make a good treeing dog. In the communication referred to the query was put, "How does the dog select the right tree?" In my mind this is simple to explain in two ways: one by the fact that some dogs follow the flight of a bird with their eye. When a pheasant is flushed by a dog well in advance of the hunter it nearly always rises into a tree and there remains until something again flushes it therefrom. This in itself causes more false points by both setters and pointers than any other one fact, as the bird rises quite noiselessly, and not with the frightened bur-r-r-r that is heard when the hunter approaches. The pheasant-treeing dog notes this, and when the bird alights in some friendly bushy-topped tree he goes tearing after it, and by his barking so bewilders the bird that he is easily stalked and shot. The other way in which some treeing dogs distinguish the tree (and probably the most general manner) is by searching for the droppings of the bird, which are made immediately on their alighting in a tree. As soon as the whiffet winds these droppings he works up to the tree and, finding them, elevates his nose and gives loud mouth until the bird again takes wing or is shot by the sportsman. The trees generally selected by pheasants treeing are evergreens or beech with the dry leaves still on. I have a dog at present that will tree birds by the latter method and stay with them hours, but I don't allow him with me except when rabbit hunting, as I prefer a setter and the sport of shooting on the wing. Very few pheasants were killed in this section this season, although they were quite plenty. I know of a number of brood of quail, but did not disturb them, preferring to let them breed another season. The rabbits are very numerous, and within a few miles of here some hare can be found. The wild turkeys are getting scarce, though there were a couple of flocks reared in the Dorset woods last summer.

A. W G.

MORRISANIA STATION, N. Y., Jan. 10.

While the subject is under discussion in your columns, I would say that I think the different views of the subject of ruffed grouse resting on trees may be easily accounted for. In the Canada woods, where and because they are seldom disturbed, I have often shot them from trees with my rifle. A setter or pointer there would be superfluous. But in the woods nearer home, where they are so often shot at or hunted, I have very seldom seen them take refuge on trees, and I doubt whether the "little barking dog," so often mentioned, would have much occupation in treeing them in any of the well-scoured woods near New York.

As to squirrels not laying up stores for winter use, I shot a red squirrel last November in Dutchess County which was watching my movements from a hole in a dead tree. Cutting the stump down I found the little fellow, and from under him, in the hollow of the tree, I gathered more than three quarts of chestnuts. And the experienced farmer-sportsman with me asserted that they always lay up stores for winter. On the same trip I had a black snake, and a very large fellow of some unknown kind, hiss very decidedly at me. MANHATTAN.

THE STATEN ISLAND Association have received 600 quail from Tennessee.

THE UNUSUAL NUMBERS OF WILD FOWL SOUTH.

FROM Currituck Sound, North Carolina, to Wilmington, of the same State, the bays and inlets are teeming with wild fowl of every variety. At the mouth of the Chowan River, Albemarle Sound, swan and geese were never known to have been so plentiful, and multitudes of brant are wintering in the Palmico. At Middletown, situated on this latter sound, the natives are reaping a harvest, and many fowl are being shipped to cities both north and south of them. It would seem that the unusual winter we are having has driven the major portion of the flight of water birds to the coast of North Carolina. We hear from the baymen at Atlantic City, Tuckerton and Barnegat, N. J., that shortly after the brant reached their waters they were forced southward by the freezing and closing of the bays, which have continued shut in, excepting the channels where the current runs at a depth, since the latter part of November or first of December. In these channels neither the Canada goose nor the brant can feed, unless it may be in open weather, when floating vegetable matter, carried off the flats by the tide, provides them with provender. Now that the shoal places have been completely frozen over the birds are compelled to seek other grounds.

Sportsmen who wish to enjoy goose, brant and duck shooting of every variety should visit Middletown, Hyde Co., N. C., providing they can accommodate themselves with the rude fare of the country. The town can be reached from Washington, Beaufort Co., at the head of Palmico River, but the wagon road leading thereto is a terrible one, and as there is a dearth of the luxuries to which the city man is accustomed in this region, coffee, tea, etc., should by all means be taken.

Bogue and Stump sounds, south of Beaufort, N. C., are now perfect beds of fowl. In fact all along the series of sounds from Beaufort north to Wilmington south the sportsman cannot go astray in seeking for good grounds; and parties wishing to prolong their stay late into February may be certain of having excellent snipe shooting, for these sections yearly form resting and feeding places for the long bill in his northern migration.

Our river men in Philadelphia are looking for a sudden breakup of winter when Jack Frost grows tired of sojourning with us, and argue with an instinctiveness I have never been able to explain that we are to have excellent ice-shooting for ducks when they "get ready to come north," and your correspondent has arranged with one of the old paddlers, who has promised to "put him on the ducks" when they appear. At present a skiff could not live in our river in such ice as can now be seen in the Delaware. HOMO.

TRAPPING ON BAILEY LAKE.

THIS small sheet of water can be found just at the conjunction of the first range of uplands and the overflow lands of White River, in the southeastern part of White County, Arkansas, and has for its outlet and inlet Raft Creek, which from here is nothing more than a series of small lakes and ponds until it mingles its waters with White River, some twenty miles distant. At the lower end of the lake a huge cypress brake, well filled with water and fallen trees and deeply tangled with tie-vines, intersects that furnishes our fur animals with good quarters

The coon and mink pay special attention to the lake as the plain paths along the water's edge will show. The fish herein afford them splendid repasts, when they are fortunate enough to secure such, or to discover the refusal of an otter's breakfast, which is not infrequently the case—hence the attraction.

In trapping for coon and mink we use for bait fish when easily at hand, as they have a particular partiality for this; otherwise birds, rabbits or anything they have a fondness for. The trap we place under water when convenient, as then it would not be so liable to be observed and stepped over in taking the bait. Coon, being speedy travelers, occasionally sally forth, all following the same trail, on a gormandizing tour to the neighboring corn fields that are only a mile or two back in the settlements. The trails are made plain by frequent passing, and along this roadway many a coon feels the close embrace of a Newhouse trap. Not having been molested in a steel trap-way by a Kit Carson since Davy Crockett made his lonely tramp through here, the coon do not en ertain any suspicions as to the trapper's devices.

The banks of the lakes are very flat—only a few feet above the level of the water—and in consequence the other cannot enjoy the fun of sliding. About the only device the trapper can successfully employ is to prepare to take them at their accustomed place of going ashore During the first snow, November 17, they engaged in unusual fishing and frolicking, and several were the fish we found they had apparently caught through sport, being but slightly mutilated. These we promptly secured and devoted to the coon and mink cause. The succeeding snows were accompanied with such freezing that the lake was sealed with a coating of ice three inches thick, and the otter were forced further down the creek to open water. To capture these animals, excepting the otter, is only a matter of slight skill and ordinary exercise; therefore the liberal compensation and sport we derive from the time and labor spent is quite satisfactory and we do not regret the venture.

The weather so far this winter is of uncommon severity, and still continues, having had only a few pleasant days, and is in fact a grand exception to the generality of Southern winters, and is better suited to more northern latitudes. This inclemency will accordingly enhance the value of our furs, which will substantiate the saying, "What is one's loss is another's gain. WALTER D. CHILDRESS.

West Point, Arkansas, Jan. 19.

TRANSPORTING OUT OF SEASON.—*Rockland, Me., Jan.* 21.—I wrote you that the Game Warden here had seized three carcases of deer while being shipped to Boston. After paying for trucking, telegraph and legal advice, the warden has restored them to the express company who were carrying them, learning that some of our judges had decided that if it could be proved that the deer were killed before the first of January they were not liable to seizure, although the law reads like this: "Section C, Chapter 50, 1878: No person shall carry or transport from place to place in this State the carcass or hide, or any part thereof, of any such animal during the period of time in which the killing of such animal is prohibited, under a penalty of $40." So a man can go to a yard of deer, kill them all, and send them to Boston. The warden will not trouble them; it cost him too much to seize these, and if a man brings twenty deer to the boat and says he shot them in December and has had them frozen in the woods, the warden will not try to prove that they were shot in January. So much for the game law of Maine. CITIZEN.

The law of 1878, quoted by our correspondent, has not been changed. It still holds good. The warden should have held on to the deer. This is the law as it appears in the compend furnished by Commissioners Smith and Stilwell.

HUNTING WITH DANIEL WEBSTER.

PUTNAM, CONN., Jan. 17.

IN the winter of 1843-'44 deer were quite plenty in Plymouth woods. The Hon. Daniel Webster was then at Marshfield. Word was sent to him that the Kingston gang was going on a deer hunt the day before Thanksgiving, with invitation for him to join us, and all were to meet at the old blazing place at Smelt Pond, at sunrise, sharp. By 8 o'clock His Honor appeared with a gentleman friend; and Samuel and Waldo F., Uncle Thomas B. and my father and myself. We all had old-fashioned King's arms, percussioned, except Mr. Webster and friend, who had double guns. It was a fine frosty morning and our party lively. We had two good hounds. Samuel and Waldo were to take the hounds and drive Watson's Valley. Uncle Tom was to drive over and take Nick's Rock stand. The rest of us were to hurry over to the Carver road and string out at the guide board crossing. We had scarcely reached our places before we heard the welcome voices of the hounds in full cry, and soon the thundering echoes of two King's arms at the head of Watson's Valley, and then echoing down the valley came Whoop-oh! Whoop-oh! Look out, look out! The hounds were coming directly toward us I soon detected something coming down the blind road at my right and when within forty yards it stopped behind a bush. I shot at the fellow that I saw, when almost immediately two deer came out of the bushes at my left and crossed the road within a few yards of me. My father, who stood on my right, and Mr. Webster and friend, who stood at my left, all fired and one deer fell. I ran into the woods where I had shot and, not finding anything, returned, found that Mr. Webster and friend had jumped into their wagon and ran their horse to West Pond road to intercept the other deer at the crossing, as the dogs had gone on in track of the other deer. Father advised me to hurry on and he would stay there with the dead deer and wait for Sam and Waldo to come up. Uncle Tom had come up and kept on in his carriage toward West Pond, and while he was driving the deer came within gunshot and he shot at it from his wagon. The deer, slightly wounded, now came back directly toward the guide-board crossing again. I, hearing the dogs, hurried back. The deer jumped into the road some ninety yards off and we all fired. The deer fell but gained his feet and bounded away, falling at every jump. Running up the road we all chased it except father, who reloaded, and running the old mare overtook and shot the deer. We now whooped up all hands and had a joyful lunch, washing it down with something good from Mr. Webster's lunch basket. We now concluded to start for home, as it was about 2 o'clock. We decided that Mr. Webster and his friend had shot the buck and my father had shot the doe. Mr. Webster gave us a dollar each and he and his friend took the buck, which was a nice one, and father gave the other two men fifty cents each and took the doe, as three of us were at my father's. I, feeling a little dissatisfied with my first shot, took one of the hounds and went up the blind road where I first shot. The hound, snuffling around, soon found a large red fox dead within ten feet of where I shot at him. We now took our bells from our wagon boxes and returned home jingling, as was the custom if successful. G. F. W.

THE DUTCHESS COUNTY LAW.

WITH many others of your readers I have taken great interest in the good work you are doing in bringing together the farmers and sportsmen.

Your plan applies to the river counties as well as to Long Island.

I send you a game law that we have been fortunate enough to have passed by the Supervisors of Dutchess County. We have two gentlemen in the Board—one a devoted amateur of the gun, the other of the rod—to whom I am indebted for the inclosed copy; it is the same that has been for some time in force in the county of Ulster and has been found there of much service.

We hope that some of our sister counties may adopt it next year and that we shall then be enabled to protect our game from the annual incursions of professional gunners, encouraged in their unholy work by the marketmen of your metropolis.

Besides giving the game no rest, even upon Sunday, and not infrequently mistaking a chicken for his wilder cousin, the ruffed grouse, they bring sportsmen into such discredit by their unsportsmanlike behavior that in parts of our neighboring country the sight of a stranger with dog and gun has the same effect on the farmer as a red flag would have upon his bull. NEMO.

ORDINANCE No. 8.

An Act for the further protection of birds and game in the County of Dutchess.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of Dutchess, at their annual meeting, held at their rooms in the city of Poughkeepsie, in said county, on the seventeenth day of December, 1880, pursuant to the power vested in them by Section 37 of an act of the Legislature of the State of New York, passed June 20, 1879, Chapter 534, and the act amendatory thereto, passed May 31, 1880, do enact and ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. No person or persons, either resident or non-resident of the County of Dutchess, shall, after the passage of this act, take or kill in any manner, within the limits of said County of Dutchess, any woodcock, quail, hare or rabbit, squirrel, ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, meadow lark, snipe, rail or wild duck for the purpose of selling or marketing the same, or for any fee, hire, or reward from another, for the taking or killing any of said birds or game for such other person; nor shall any person, persons, company or corporation market, sell or have in possession for sale, or offer to sell or dispose of in any manner (except than by absolute gift), either in or out of said county, and of the said mentioned birds or game taken or killed within the limits of said County of Dutchess.

SEC. 2. No person, persons, company or corporation shall aid or assist in the violation of this act by carrying or transporting, either for themselves or for others, any of said birds or game for the purpose of marketing or selling, the same having been taken or killed within the limits of said county.

SEC. 3. It shall not be lawful to take or kill, or have in possession after the same has been killed, any squirrel or woodcock taken or killed within the limits of said county during the month of August in any year (except that squirrels may be killed during said month by the owner of any fruit or grain if in the act of destroying the same).

SEC. 4. Any and every person, company or corporation violating any of the provisions of this act shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each offense; all penalties to be recovered, execution enforced and proceeds applied in the same manner as provided for in Section 33, Chapter 534, of the Laws of 1879, for the recovery and enforcement of the penalties mentioned in said act.

THE GAME LAW AMENDMENTS.

THE following correspondence has been handed to us for publication:

THE LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 7.

Hon. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT:

My Dear Sir—Herewith I send you a copy of the "New York Market and Index Journal," containing proceedings of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association at the annual meeting last Friday, and also the new game law proposed by its committee with the special report stating changes. As President of the State Association, I am anxious to receive a candid expression of opinion from you and others as to the merits and demerits of the bill. An unfavorable impression of the association has been created by an editorial of the FOREST AND STREAM followed by your circular through our mutual friend John B. Sage.

On Friday next, 7 P. M., at the Brooklyn Music Hall, Royal Arcanum Room, corner Flatbush avenue and Fulton street, Brooklyn, the bill is to be open for free discussion. It may contain some unwise provisions, but I feel sure it possesses some valuable features. It is specially desired that you and other members of the New York City Association should be present and give us the benefit of your experience. If this be impossible, may we not have a written communication from you on the subject.

It seems to me that we who hold the interests of the State Association for this, the first year in which this section of the State is to be honored with a convention, should endeavor to prove incorrect the statement that the association has degenerated, and should do all the reasonable service in our power to obtain a game law equally fair to all classes. If we succeed, I firmly believe stability will result, and the prohibitions be enforced by common consent, as certainly as is possible with any penal legislation.

I have the honor to be yours truly, ABEL CROOK.

FEBRUARY 8.

ABEL CROOK, Esq., Secretary Long Island Sportsmen's Association:

Dear Sir—I acknowledge the receipt of a copy of "The New York Market Index and Journal," containing the proceedings of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association in reference to the game law, and also your letter requesting "a candid expression of opinion as to the merits or demerits of the bill." I will lay the proposed law before the New York Association for the Protection of Game at its next meeting, on Monday night, when it will probably be fully discussed.

Replying to your letter as an individual, I regret to say I see little besides demerit in all the important changes proposed. It is probably without intention and only through the inexperience of those having the matter in hand that these changes are made wholly for the protection, not of the game, but of the illegal vender of game.

No one—not even the honest sportsman—requires the aid of the law against the dealer who sells out of season so much as the honest dealer, whose trade may be injured because a less scrupulous person in the same business has game for sale which he cannot conscientiously sell. The inexperience of your committee is shown by their retaining all the incongruities and inconsistencies of the present law, and most conspicuously in paragraph eighteen, which, by mistake of the engrossers, or in some other way, says precisely the contrary to what it means and transposes the open and close seasons and which, nevertheless, with its manifest blunder, your committee has retained *verbatim*.

The principal changes you suggest are: Firstly, that the purchaser shall be equally guilty in law with the seller (although he is not in morals) so as to close his mouth as a witness against the real criminal; secondly, that a dishonest dealer must be convicted of "wilfully" having the prohibited game in possession, although what is the legal meaning of the word "wilful" and what proof is required to sustain its allegation I do not know; thirdly, the penalties are so changed that many pending suits would have to be discontinued. I know of no reason for such changes and do not mean to imply that your committee have suggested them "wilfully," but attribute them to the same inexperience which, as you said in nominating your President, "knew nothing of the workings of the State Association for the Protection of Game till two years ago." Finally, you propose that the dishonest dealer may escape liability, even after suit brought, by surrendering his illegal game to an officer to be appointed by the State Association expressly to relieve him from punishment.

I think I need say no more to a body of sportsmen, although my objections are founded on a very hasty examination of the proposed changes, but this I will add, no one desires to convict a dealer who innocently or ignorantly receives game out of season which he has not ordered, and no such case has to my knowledge ever been prosecuted. The New York City Association has, practically speaking, carried on all the prosecutions in this part of the State for infractions of the game law, and has not only never brought any unfair prosecutions, but has shown every liberality with the purpose of winning as I think it has now the confidence and support of the honest dealers, and if any legislation is needed for the protection of the latter it will unite with them most freely to obtain it.

I do not elaborate my objections because I suppose I am spreaking through you to gentlemen who understand the subject and can appreciate and if necessary explain them.

Yours very respectfully, ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

ST. ANDREW'S BAY—*Cedar Keys, Fla., June* 25, 1880.—Notes of a six weeks' hunt on St. Andrew's Bay and its tributaries in the months of January and February—My boy Jim, two dogs and myself arrived at my camps on Big Sandy Creek, up East Bay, January 10. This creek is about fifteen miles from the entrance of the bay. St. Andrew's is a beautiful sheet of water, entirely land locked, with plenty of water for large vessels to enter, there being eighteen feet on the outer bar. It is one if not the best and safest harbor for both large and small vessels we have on the Gulf coast of this State. There are three arms to this bay, known as the North, East and West Bays. The scenery here is different from any part of East or South Florida—very picturesque

High and rolling lands border the entrance to North and East Bays, with palmetto, oak, spruce, pine and a few magnolias. This margin of woods extends only a few miles from the entrance of the bay. The balance has high banks, pine woods to the water's edge, a clear and open view, and the land very rolling for miles back. The most convenient camp grounds imaginable. Good spring water, fish and oysters, plenty of wood, all in fifty yards of your tent. And more deer, bear, and all other game peculiar to Florida than I have found at any other place in the State. I killed twenty-eight deer with a 32-calibre rifle, one of the smallest make, weighing four pounds. I mention this from the fact that this gun does not come under the head of a sporting rifle, and is rarely used for game of this size. I kept no account of what I killed with my shotgun—frequently more than I knew what to do with. You can hunt on foot here all day without getting them wet, which is different from most parts of Florida. The bottoms where the deer lie can be overlooked by the driver or huntsman, and not a deer that's jumped but can be seen climbing the hills on either side, and rarely ever escapes unhurt. On a stream leading into East Bay from the direction of the Dead Lakes I saw the first beaver I ever saw in Florida. Something of these animals in my next. WANDERER.

A TENNESSEE RESORT.—*Nashville, Tenn., Dec.*—Will Erwin, one of our best amateur shots and anglers, has just returned from a three months' sojourn at Guntersville, a small town on the Tennessee River. This famous game country is of easy access by rail to Decatur, Ala., or Bridgeport, and thence up or down the river, Guntersville being equidistant between those places. Quail is so abundant that hunters trap them as a cheaper method than shooting them. In the immediate vicinity of the town are seven large droves of wild turkeys; in the hills not many miles away deer are numerous and black bears not uncommon. Bill Brown, a jovial fellow, keeps one of the two taverns in the place, and a more home-like, comfortable house cannot be found in the country. He or some of the boys are always on the *qui vive* for a hunt. Within a radius of a dozen miles there are ten or fifteen creeks and bayous, teeming with bass and perch, two of these streams take their source from warm springs, and in them during very cold weather ducks, geese and swan take refuge, and finer sport than they offer would be difficult to find. The fishing is likewise good. In one afternoon Mr. Erwin and Brown creeled sixty-eight bass, ten of them running over three pounds each. He says that so plentiful are large fish that when a small one is caught he is certain to be thrown back into the water. Jack and spike-tailed catfish abound in the Tennessee River, particularly at a point where Short Creek empties into it. These are taken frequently, tipping the beam at from ten to twenty pounds. The people are hospitable, and are glad to see strangers come among them. The morning Will left for home he had for breakfast squirrels, quail, rabbit, venison and bear meat on the table. Board about $1 a day. Where can sportsmen do better? J. D. H.

GROUNDS FOR A PRESERVE.—On Long Island, within fifty miles of New York, there are patches of land where the wild fires have killed the timber, "root and branch," so that now the land is covered with small scrub oak, sweet fern and a coarse grass we call broom sedge, the whole not more than knee high, making splendid cover for quail. Near Patchogue as much as two hundred acres of this land can be found together, which can be leased of the several owners at a very small price for the purpose of propagating quail. My plan would be to plow in the spring a few furrows, say five or six at intervals of twenty rods, and sow wheat at the same time. Set free two or three dozen pairs of quail. By so doing I have no doubt that a half-dozen gentlemen would have all the shooting they could reasonably desire next fall. The opportunities for protecting the quail from poachers are excellent. If you think there is anything in the idea I shall be pleased to receive any gentleman at my house and will show him the ground. G. F. C.

THREE TURKEYS AT A SHOT—*Butler, Ind., Jan.* 24.—While shooting in Defiance County, Ohio., in December, 1880, I made the champion turkey shot. I killed three turkeys at a single shot from the right hand barrel of a breech-loading shotgun. The shell was loaded with four and a half drams of Orange lightning powder and one and a fourth ounces of chilled shot (No. 4); distance about fifty yards. I used two pink-edged wads over the powder and a cardboard wad over the shot. Many good sportsmen entertain doubts as to whether a wild turkey can be killed with any shot smaller than No. 1. I was among the doubting ones, and was so astonished at what I had done that I entirely forgot to use the left hand barrel of my gun, and so let the turkeys that were not killed run and fly away. F. P.

A man is reported to have killed recently at one shot five wild turkeys near Toccoa, Ga., but as he did not report the exploit to FOREST AND STREAM of course it cannot go on record.

AN ILLINOIS CROW ROOST—*Dudley, Edgar Co., Ill., Jan.* 15.—On the north side of this county is a crow's roost, where the birds congregate by thousands. It is a small strip of timber about one mile long by one quarter wide, and is about eleven miles from any other timber. The crows come in from dusk until as late as one and two o'clock at night. All this time they keep up a most hideous noise. At peep of day they begin to scatter in all directions. About the most particular damage they do is picking holes in fat hogs, which cannot avoid them. Our county is very closely divided, politically, and when a candidate has been successful he is presented with a nail keg of crow heads. Z. J. B.

THE LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting last Friday night and elected the following officers and committees: President, George A. Chappell; vice-presidents, Abel Crook, B.W.West, Henry S Lott, Chas. E. Folke, Robert Furey; secretary, Henry Thorpe; assistant secretary, Theodore Alston; treasurer, Robert Robinson. Special Prize Committee—Charles E. Fiske, N. Beggs, B. W. West, Frederick Mather. Ground Committee, including police, trap shooting, rifle and pistol and fly casting—Robert Robinson, A. Elmendorf, William Engerman, John McMahon, Theodore Alston, Frederick Mather, Charles Dexter, G. F. Gildersleeve, E. H. Madison. Reception Committee—Judge Henry S. Lott, Charles W. Havemeyer, Abel Crook and others.

Consideration of the game law proposed by the committee of the association was deferred until Friday evening, February 11

Sea and River Fishing.

PROTECT THE ROCKFISH IN THE DELAWARE.

ODESSA, Del., Dec. 29.

PROFESSOR BAIRD:

Permit me to call your attention, as Chief of the United States Fish Commission, to the rapid depletion of the rock or striped bass of the Delaware River and Bay and the necessity of having legislation for their protection.

Some seven years ago when you asked me if I noticed any decrease of those fish I told you that I did not; but I now see, for the last few years, a great decrease and the causes that produce it. You are perhaps aware that I have given a great deal of attention to those fish for many years and have come to the following conclusions: The mature fish are seagoing, the same as shad, salmon, etc., returning in the spring, about the middle of April, for reproduction. The young fry remain in our waters until maturity, and it is from these we get our food supply. They live on small fish and, of course, there is plenty of food for them and it is natural for them to remain until maturity. If they make migrations it is only from the mouth of one bay or river to another.

The causes of their depletion comes from a large number of sturgeon gill-nets that are now fished in the river and bay—a comparatively new industry.

These nets are fished during the whole of the spawning season of the rock and, of course, capture large numbers of the large, mature fish, some nets taking as many as fifteen in one day. These fish are scarce at best and this wholesale capture is calculated to destroy the whole breed before many years.

The fish are sold to the sturgeon butchers, principally located in New Jersey, who ship them to the New York market. The fishermen realize about $1 each for fish weighing from fifty to sixty pouds, when a ten-pound fish during the winter and early spring is worth, in the Philadelphia market, from $1.50 to $2, so you see that but little is realized from them. Prior to this gill-net fishing the regular seine-fishermen for rock in the spring had a regular rule of honor among them to turn loose all the large fish for breeders. I have seen from ten to fifteen turned loose from a single haul.

The fishermen will not respect this rule any more and they are all sold. You will therefore see the necessity of some legislation to protect this most valuable fish that we have in our water as it is captured in greater or less quantity at all seasons of the year, and good size fish command in the Philadelphia market in winter from two to three cents per lb. more than salmon.

Now I would propose, inasmuch as the legislatures of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware will all be in session this winter, to have a law passed by them all for the protection of this fish.

The shad and herring are protected fully by law. This fish has no protection in law.

Now I would propose that there should be a fine of $5 for the capture and killing of any striped bass or rock-fish weighing over twenty-five lbs. by any fisherman, and a like fine for any person having one in possession, for sale or otherwise, and requiring every person capturing such fish to carefully release them and turn them loose in the water.

Each State to provide means through their fish commissions to see that the law is fully carried out. The gill-net men tell me there would be no difficulty in releasing them as they take alive many of their sturgeon and place them in pens for future use.

In regard to hatching these fish I am satisfied since our trial with Mr. Anderson that we can only be successful by having large and substantial pens in which we could handle the fish from time to time as they mature, for I am satisfied that only a small portion of the immense spawn matures at one time, and it is emitted from time to time as it matures—over a period of two or three weeks.

I would like your co-operation in getting this law passed. I don't think there would be any trouble in this State on your recommendation; neither do I think there would be in either Pennsylvania or New Jersey, but there would be the most trouble in New Jersey. Please let me have your opinion.

Yours truly, E. R. NORNY.

NETS IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., Jan. 22.

THE following law was enacted by our Legislature in 1878:

"SEC. 1. It shall not be lawful for any person to catch any fish in the waters of Lake Champlain, or any of the rivers emptying into said lake, not to exceed ten miles from the mouth of said rivers, by the use of any seines, nets, or other device for entrapping or snaring. The same, except with seines, during the month of October and during the fifteen days of November in each year, for the space of five years from the passage of this act.

"SEC. 2. It shall be lawful for any person at any time to catch fish in the said waters by the use of hook and line.

"SEC. 3. Any person who shall violate the provisions of the first section of this act shall pay a fine of ten dollars for every fish so caught, to be recovered in an action on the case founded on this statute, one-half to be paid into the treasury of the town where said fish may be caught, and one-half to the informer and prosecutor."

Will you inform us Vermonters of the Champlain Valley whether New York has a similar law, especially relating to the waters, or a general law prohibiting all netting, which would be as effectual if enforced? A favorite argument with the enemies of our law is "that it is only saving the fish for the Yorkers," for it is notorious that netting is openly carried on on your side at the south end of the lake. If you have a law that will reach these netters of yours, its enforcement would greatly strengthen our hand. R. E. ROBINSON.

New York law permits the use of nets in Lake Champlain from Oct. 1 to Nov. 15, and prohibits them at all other times. Violations in New York waters should be reported to S. J. Palmer, Game and Fish Protector, Indian Lake, Hamilton Co., N. Y. In a recent trip to Lake Champlain Mr. Palmer and guide captured twelve nets between the the mouth of South Bay and the four channels, some of which were frozen in too badly to get out readily were destroyed, while the others were taken to Whitehall and stored. Those which were got out entire had quantities of fish in them, which were returned to the water. They also found ten nets on the Vermont side of the channel which they did not disturb. It was thought that there were more nets, but a heavy snow had covered all tracks, and they could not be found. Some of these fykes had wings or leaders reaching from shore to shore. Mr. Palmer was in doubt about his authority on the Vermont side and so gave the nets there the benefit of the doubt.

We think that the officers of both States could co-operate, and then all questions of jurisdiction would be settled.

THE TROUT LAW.—*New York, Jan.* 29.—Some time ago, being impressed with the urgent necessity of fixing some limit to the size (or undersize) of trout allowed to be caught by law, I recommended in your columns a penalty for any trout had in possession under eight (8) inches in length. By a report of the Game Committee of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association I am glad to see that after consultation with the Fishmongers' Association a limit of one-quarter of a pound is advised to be fixed by law. If something of this kind be not done even fingerlings can no longer be found in our streams. Every angler has been disgusted by being shown in a boasting way two strings of poor little troutlings no longer than one's finger, caught by some country boy, and oftener still by some would-be sportsman. Cannot such murder be stopped? Possession of such infantile fish ought to be sufficient proof of having committed the infanticide.

MANHATTAN.

SOME SINGULAR SALMON.

STRIPED BASS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 23, 1880.

Professor Spencer F. Baird:

In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of 16th inst, I read a communication to you from Mr. Samuel Wilmot, dated "Dominion of Canada, New Castle, October 20, 1880. In this letter Mr. Wilmot says: "I am also getting puzzled in mind about your California salmon," in which he says he has a three-pound fish which he caught in April last and has kept in a tank of spring water, but has never seen him eat and that he is looking a little thin just now." Perhaps I can give a reason for the thinness of the California grilse. I have frequently found the adult fish when left in a stream after spawning, and in every case they would not take bait, and as time passed, became thinner and thinner. In one instance a salmon, which had remained an entire season in a pool in the creeks, retained almost the full size of its head, while the body was attenuated to a third, or possibly, a fourth of its normal thickness.

I cannot understand about a female salmon—a *spent* fish—having sharp, hooked-like teeth in each of its jaws. If it were a male I could, as I have seen many spent males which resembled the description given by Mr. Wilmot. Some of these fish were almost repulsive in looks and had no apparent resemblance to the male salmon taken before spawning. I hardly understand where these fish were taken by Mr. Wilmot, whether in Lake Ontario or along the St. Lawrence River, but in either case it is probable the salmon had returned from the sea. If taken in Lake Ontario the fish must have traversed a long stretch of fresh water while in a nearly ripe state. In this condition it would take no food, would have to stem long stretches of rapid running water, entailing much labor, and finally cast its eggs or milt in an almost dying condition.

In reference to the singularity of the great preponderance of female salmon taken by Mr. Wilmot, it seems possible the following may account for the lack of males, if the habits of the fish are the same there as on the Pacific coast. The experience of fishermen here is that the great bulk of the male fish always precedes the females on their way to the spawning-grounds. This often happens before the close season takes effect and many are taken by netting. Possibly the male fish may encounter other enemies while in their run which the females escape by coming later. I offer these views that they may be examined to be verified or not, believing that links in a chain of knowledge are often obtained that way. I make it a rule to ask questions of all persons, who, I think, have knowledge of fish habits, and often think I obtain more reliable information of farmers and other country people than the more highly educated people of cities and towns.

I have also read with much interest the letter to you from Mr. S. R. Throckmorton, one of our State Fish Commissioners, regarding the rockfish or striped bass introduced into our waters last year. One of these fish taken in June last was brought to Mr. Throckmorton who indentified it beyond any doubt. I to-day saw a party who reported that he knew of three other striped bass having been taken in Oakland Creek about seven miles from this city, and that he had been informed by a friend that he (the friend) had taken some lately in the same place but of an increased size. That these fish will find congenial haunts in the vicinity of this city I do not doubt, but I have grave apprehensions as to whether they will increase so long as the present system of netting in our bay prevails. Nets of all sizes are used by both the Italian and Chinese fishermen, some of them with meshes that you cannot get your little finger through. Immature fish by the many millions are taken by the Italians, who waste the larger portion of their catch, while that quantity are dried by the Chinese and exported to Asia. Neither one of these two nationalities give any thought that fish must be left to meet the wants of those who will come after them. The Italians are a lawless set and defy arrest, while [as] to the Chinese everything they net is dried and sent to China. It is common in our city markets to see large piles of smelts and similar fish not as thick as an ordinary lead pencil, while the Chinese dry flat-fish of the size of a half-dollar and a great variety of other young fish from the size of a small shrimp to an ounce in weight. We have laws forbidding the taking of these fish under penalties, but they are a dead letter as to their enforcements. Occasionally a raid is made by the police to obtain the penalties, the Chinese being selected in almost every case. The Fish Commissioners are not able of themselves to prevent the infraction of the law, owing to inadequate appropriations to employ suitable help, and our Sportsmen's Club confine their efforts to occasionally preventing front from being taken out of season.

During the past close-season, from August 1, to September 15, the Italian and Greek fishermen on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers took salmon in immense numbers in defiance of law. These fishermen set their nets openly in broad-day light in these rivers, and the few who were arrested and taken to city, the county seat of Solano county, were not convicted although the plainest evidence was given that they had committed the alleged offense.

I have to apologize for writing so long a letter. I intended at commencement to write only about Mr. Wilmot's letter, but the subject increased as I wrote.

I have received the last publication of the U. S. Fish Commission a few days since, which contained many interesting and valuable articles on fish culture. I hope to write you soon in regard to some of the habits and peculiarities of our salmon and other fish. I am sometimes too much pressed to write at length so you will please excuse any disjointed membra of information I may send you.

P. S.—In regard to the theory of Mr. Phillipe Gauckler that his experience has proved that dry impregnation produced an excess of female fish, while wet or the use of water always brought a preponderance of males, I cannot agree. There could have been no change in the germs of milt taken from the male fish whether used in a so-called dry state or with water. Further, I cannot understand how the sex of the minute fish could be ascertained by Mr. Gauckler, as he certainly would have to keep them for a very long period to ascertain, which he would not be likely to do with a great number of troutlings of salmon parr. H. D. D.

UNEXPLAINED SCARCITY OF SALMON.—We had occasion last summer to refer to the unusual absence of salmon from the rivers where they are ordinarily found in greatest abun-

dance. Experts of largest and longest experience were wholly unable to account for this scarcity. Various theories were broached. Among them: The vast ice-floes on the Gulf coast; the great number of sharks noticed on the routes usually taken by the salmon from the sea to their rivers, and the vast schools of porpoises infesting the same waters. Either of these causes might affect in some small degree the ingress of the timid fish; but the difficulty of accepting either of these theories was heightened by the fact that while salmon were scarce, codfish, who travel nearly on the same lines, were more than usually abundant. In August it was assumed that, if either of these causes had interfered with the first run of salmon the deficiency would be made up subsequently. But results did not confirm this expectation. The dearth continued. The nets were mostly taken up at the mouth of the rivers early in July, and the season closed with a smaller catch, with both hook and seine, than had ever been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. But this curious season has resulted in other developments more inexplicable even than the scarcity of fish—namely, the almost total absence of male salmon from among those caught for breeding purposes. This scarcity of salmon this year is not the result of any known natural cause. If a scarcity shall ever come from excessive depletion it will come gradually. But last year the fish were as abundant as for many years previously. This fact adds to the mystery. The most serious result of this year's deficiency will be the loss of a year's natural increase, for salmon only breed in the rivers, and, comparatively speaking, there have been no fishes in the rivers to breed. This fact will not of course affect next year's run nor the run of the year succeeding, for this year's fry will only show themselves as salmon three years hence. But then and afterward the deficiency will begin to show itself.—*Albany Journal.*

MAINE NOTES.—A Sullivan correspondent of the Ellsworth *American* says: "When the ice is first forming in the fall, and again when breaking up in the spring, large quantities of frost fish and smelts are occasionally kept under the ice by large flocks of sea gulls, until the tide leaves them bare on the flats and under the ice. Then it is not very difficult to pick up the fish by hand or in any other way. Sometimes boat loads are thus taken."

The Belfast *Journal* thus speaks of smelts: "The smelt fishery of Belfast the present season is a failure. But very few tents are upon the ice, and those are occupied by a class that fish more for the sake of fishing than for profit."

RANGE OF CATFISH.—*St. Cloud, Minn., Jan.* 12.—As Dr. Sterling does not seem to prosper in his search for the most northerly range of the catfish, I am prompted to give him my experience with the "bird." Have caught them in the Mississippi, below St. Anthony's Falls, of from thirty to forty pounds weight, in latitude 44 and 45. Have caught them in the Red River of the North, in latitude 50 and 51, but smaller than in the Mississippi, also in the Missouri, in latitude 48. They are plenty in the waters tributary to Hudson Bay, the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, and most anywhere east of the range. That 500lb. black-tail got away with the cake. We were always satisfied in Montana and Idaho with them weighing from 175 pounds to 225 pounds. C. S. B.

A BOND OF FELLOWSHIP.—*Medford, Ont., Dec.*, 1880.—I look forward with pleasure to the day on which I receive the FOREST AND STREAM, as each number brings something new and interesting. I follow my fellow-sportsmen (there is always a bond of good-fellowship among true sportsmen) o'er hill and dale with as much interest as though I were really with them.

Fish Culture.

THE CENTRAL FISHCULTURAL SOCIETY.

[CONTINUED.]

MR. BOOTH: The paper which has just been read is just such a one as might be expected from a young man with no experience on the subject. An experience of thirty years in fishing with nets of many kinds has shown me that it is the pound nets which are so destructive, and not the gill-nets.

MR. BALLOU: I don't think that my youth should enter into the question. I am supported in my views on the gill-nets by Prof. Milner. I did not say that these nets were wantonly destructive.

MR. CLARK: I agree that the fishes of Lake Michigan should have some kind of protection, but am not willing to indorse the condemnation of the gill-net.

MR. BOOTH: Of the methods which destroy fish life, the gill-net is most humane; it takes only fishes of the size to which it is adapted and lets the small fry pass through. The pound net takes everything.

MR. CLARK: Concerning the capture of fishes in their spawning time, I would like to ask Mr. Ballou how we are going to take whitefish if not then? It is the only time we can get them in numbers. Also, if there are no pound nets in Lake Erie, how can the lake herring be caught? I have seen millions of young whitefish thrown out of nets, but in Lake Erie no small whitefish are taken. The United States Fish Commission is now hatching quantities of whitefish at its hatchery at Northville, Mich., of which I am Superintendent, and there are now in process of hatching thirteen millions of eggs, the young from which will go in the great lakes.

MR. FAIRBANK: If there are no gill-nets we would get no whitefish. The only time they are taken is in the spawning season, when the small ones run through the gill-nets, but the pounds take all sizes.

MR. CLARK: I took over three million whitefish eggs in one of the pound boats in one day, while a man in a gill-net boat in Lake Erie only took half a million eggs. The pounds get more ripe fish and we can get more eggs there than with the gillers.

MR. MILLER: There is no doubt about the fact of the pounds being more destructive than the gill nets, and both Mr. Booth and Mr. Clark agree to this and they have had experience in this matter and knew what they were talking about. I think Mr. Ballou has made a mistake.

The following paper was then read:

BREEDING CALIFORNIA SALMON IN FRESH WATER.

BY N. K. FAIRBANK.

The question as to whether the salmon will live and thrive without access to the ocean or some large body of salt water is one that has been much discussed by fishculturists and by the general public; but most of the discussion heretofore has been done without any other fact as a basis than the well-known one that salmon exist in the oceans and that they come once or twice in the year to rivers to spawn and return again to the sea. Beyond that all was speculation.

Having a decided opinion upon the subject, and believing that salt water, merely because it was salt, was no element in the problem, I decided to make a thorough experiment and demonstrate, if possible, the practicability of my theory, which, in the main, is that the salmon and many other of the fishes found only in salt water can be transplanted to bodies of fresh water, and that they will grow and thrive and breed there, provided the water is deep enough to be cool at the bottom and the lake or river is extensive enough to give them a good, free range and has a sufficient supply of food.

Geneva Lake, in Walworth County, Wisconsin, seemed to offer all these requisites. It is about nine miles long and from half a mile to two and a half miles wide. The water is remarkably pure and clear, being fed wholly by springs, and entirely free from lillypads and bullrushes. The shores are clean gravel or boulders, with good depth of water all around, and through the middle the average depth is one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. There are also many places where there is twenty-five feet of water two hundred feet from the shore. It abounds in the native fishes found generally in this region, except the big-mouthed black bass, *Micropterus salmoides*, and wall-eyed pike, *Stizostedion*. Black bass, pickerel, yellow perch, rock bass, sunfish, suckers, bullheads and minnows are found in great numbers, in addition to which it is favored in being the home of the cisco, which was for a long time popularly believed to exist in no other waters. This, however, is a mistake, as they are found in one or two of the lakes in the vicinity of Oconomowoc, and also in Lake Michigan.

Having all the requisites which I considered essential to the experiment—viz., pure, deep water, a moderately sized lake, with room for range and exercise and plenty of food—I began in the spring of 1876 by depositing 25,000 California salmon which we hatched at the U. S. hatchery at Northville, Michigan, by Mr. Frank N. Clark, and were sent to me by Prof. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner. The Wisconsin Commission also put in about 15,000 shortly after.

In April, 1877, I also procured from Prof. Baird about 25,000 and from the Wisconsin Commission 25,000, and in the fall of '77 I received from the U. S. Commission 100,000 eggs from the McCloud River, which I hatched and put into the lake in the spring of 1878. I also deposited 200,000 in the spring of 1879, 100,000 last April, and 100,000 yearlings last October; making in all, in round numbers 590,000, hatching count, deducting for losses from various causes. And I estimate that I have placed in Geneva Lake half a million young California salmon in excellent condition.

They began to make their appearance and attain considerable size very soon, and during the summer of 1878 there was an occasional one caught by parties who were fishing for bass. I had four sent me one day which weighed three-quarters of a pound each, and one of them went a trifle over a pound. In the summer of 1879 Mr. L. Z. Leiter, while trolling for bass, captured a very fine salmon which weighed four and a half pounds. Several others were taken during the summer, weighing two to three pounds each, all of which was reasonably encouraging; but not until the developments of the past summer have I felt that the experiment would prove a valuable one, and when, on the afternoon of July 29 last, I was presented with a beautiful specimen, which was twenty-nine and one half inches long and eighteen inches girth, and weighed twelve and three-quarter pounds, and when I had it boiled and served for dinner and found it to be a delicious fish; then I felt certain that the salmon would grow to a respectable size and condition in fresh water, and that at least, so far as that fish and my dinner of that day went, it was no longer an unsuccessful experiment—there was a reality, the "substance of things hoped for," which did much to strengthen and build up my faith.

In September they began to show themselves at the head of the lake near the mouth of a small creek having its source in a group of springs a mile back which empties into the lake. Mr. William Welsher, who has charge of the hatchery and ponds, there discovered eight fine specimens one day splashing about in this creek. They were up the creek nearly a mile, and as far as they could get, and were, of course, looking for a spawning bed. The following day he captured a fine female in the creek, which was full of eggs and quite ripe. Those which he saw in the creek he estimated would weigh eight to ten pounds each. The one he caught weighed eight and a half pounds, and one which he found up the creek a week later in shallow water, and which he picked up and put into deep water, he estimated would weigh ten pounds. He informs me that a month ago he saw a pair much larger than any before mentioned at the mouth of the creek, but they could not get over the little bar formed at the mouth. He estimated this pair would weigh twenty pounds each, and that the female might go up to twenty-five pounds. He also saw very decided indications of spawning nests in the gravel about the mouth of the creek; all of which facts satisfy me that the salmon will not only attain a large size but will also breed in fresh water. Unlike Brigham Young, they find they can be very good Mormons and increase and multiply without going to a Salt Lake.

In conclusion I desire to call the attention of the Michigan and Wisconsin Commissioners especially to this subject. I believe that by an extensive and liberal movement on their part, and by hatching the salmon by the million instead of by the thousand, that Lake Michigan and the creeks and rivers which empty into it can be made to abound with salmon. I am of the opinion that the Atlantic salmon is preferable to the California one, if the eggs can be found in sufficient quantities. I began and have continued with the latter in Geneva Lake, for the reason that I could not get the Atlantic salmon eggs and could get from the United States Fish Commission the California eggs in great quantity.

I have mentioned particularly the Commissions of Michigan and Wisconsin for the reason that they have virtually abandoned the propagation of the salmon—for the reason that they have not yet seen any result of their early efforts. This I attribute to the very limited extent of their work on this fish—a few hundred thousand per annum deposited in the extensive rivers of Michigan can hardly be expected to manifest themselves to any visible extent.

If I had only planted in Geneva Lake ten to fifteen thousand instead of five hundred thousand I have no doubt the result would have been so trifling as to hardly merit a continuance of the experiment.

RESTORING EXHAUSTED FISHERIES.

WE are permitted to publish the following interesting answers from Mr. B. F. Shaw, Fish Commissioner of Iowa, to a correspondent, as the subject is one of general interest:

ANAMOSA, Iowa, Jan. 4.

MR. H. MATHEW, Grand Marais, Lake Superior, Minn.:

Dear Sir—In reply to your questions—

1. "Are fresh water fishes local in their habits?"

In my opinion they all have their spawning, feeding and winter grounds, upon which, at the proper season, each family of fishes may with certainty be found.

2. "Will over-fishing upon any particular spawning ground tend to destroy the fishing in that particular locality?"

I think taking large quantities of fish from a spawning ground and the destruction of their eggs will certainly destroy the value of any fishery and believe the history of all old fishing grounds will prove this to be a fact.

3. "What is the best method of preserving the value of our lake fisheries?"

By artificial propagation where practicable. Where this cannot be done, I think some method should be adopted by which all the mature eggs of fish taken should be fertilized and returned to the water.

The fish being taken upon their spawning grounds, the eggs, properly vitalized, should be put back there as the most suitable place. In natural spawning but a small per cent of the eggs are fertilized; by artificial means nearly all are impregnated.

Seed of fishes sown upon a spawning ground are, in my opinion, as certain to produce returns as seed sown on any farm. I am quite certain that a fishing ground, properly managed, can be fished to its fullest extent and continually kept at its highest value, and that even depleted fisheries can by this means be made valuable again.

To make this work effective, the fisherman must learn that these are facts and then in some way, by proper legislation, they must be made secure in the enjoyment of the fishing grounds that their own labor is to make valuable or their own negligence and carelessness destroy. Be properly instructed by competent persons how to do the work effectively and I am sure good results would follow.

If the mature eggs of lake trout and whitefish that have been destroyed during their spawning season had been properly impregnated and returned these fish would have increased instead of being destroyed by the fishing.

Is it wise to go on destroying? or is it better to increase the value of your fisheries by the little labor it costs to impregnate and deposit these eggs? B. F. SHAW.

REPORT OF THE KANSAS COMMISSION.

THE second biennial report of the Fish Commissioner of Kansas, dated Topeka, Kansas, 1880, is at hand. The difficulties which attended him as a novitiate have been dissipated by experience, and success has attended where disaster waited in his former trials, and he has turned loose in the waters of the State 500,000 fish with 100,000 more in the hatchery nearly ready to shift for themselves. His means are limited to only $500, and but for "generous hands" and free transportation by the railroads it would not have been possible to accomplish so much. On this subject he says: "If Kansas expects to keep pace with Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Colorado and the other Western States in fisheulture as in other internal improvements that she has so proudly led, she must, as they have done, appropriate funds to build a hatchery and a liberal appropriation to operate it, and pay its commissioner a sufficient salary, so that his time and energy can be given to the work necessary, so that our streams may become as productive of wealth as the fertile valleys through which they flow, and compare favorably with the streams of our adjoining and sister States."

Rev. Charles Reynolds, chaplain, U. S. A., writes Mr. Long that the quinnat salmon have been captured in the Smoky River, and that he has purchased and eaten them on several occasions; and Mr. Louis Hanback, of the Land Office, saw many of the fry hauled ashore in a net on the Wakarusa, in Shawnee County, which he restored to the water.

Mr. C. F. Morse writes the commissioner that in March and April, 1879, he saw several "small strings of shad" which were caught in the Kansas River, and were from ten to fifteen inches in length, or from one to one and a half pounds. He thinks that there were two or three hundred shad caught there last summer, and claims to be familiar with the shad of the Atlantic coast.

Of the carp he received 160 for persons within the State who had applied to Prof. Baird for them, and of this fish he says: "They are a domesticated fish, hardy as the catfish, and in quality equal to the trout." In May he received 10,000 of the land-locked salmon eggs from Mr. C. G. Atkins, which were hatched and distributed. From Prof. Baird 160,000 shad fry were received, which were planted in the streams, while in 1878 and 1879 there were 30,000 quinnat salmon received each year from the same source. Shaw & Co., of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, furnished some lake and brook trout which, owing to railroad delays, were not in good order.

The appendix contains the list of fish commissioners from FOREST AND STREAM and the fish and game laws of Kansas.

REPORT OF THE ILLINOIS COMMISSION.

THE first report of the Illinois Fish Commission is at hand and comprises the work done in the years 1879-'80, the Board not being organized until July of the first-named year began their work in August.

Attention is called to the fact that every year the Mississippi and Illinois rivers overflow their banks, backing the water into the low places, shallow lakes and sloughs into these places the fish go to deposit their spawn, which is there hatched, and as the water recedes the parents find their way back to deeper water; the young are left to perish, either from the drying up of such places or from being frozen out in winter. The Commission has done good work in saving the bass, croppies and wall-eyed pike for distribution in other places more favorable for their support. They have taken from such places, where they would have died if not rescued, and deposited in the rivers and lakes along the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, as well as other waters within the State, one hundred and ninety-nine and three-quarter bushels of the young native fish of the species named above, as well as perch, sunfish, catfish, etc. These fish were estimated at 20,000 to the bushel, or, in the aggregate 3,995,000 fish.

The State has no hatching-house and it seems doubtful if one is required, there being few streams adapted to trout and salmon, and the necessary whitefish or other salmonidæ can be obtained at a low figure, provided the Legislature gives an appropriation sufficient to work with. Some scale carp and leather carp were received and have done well.

On the subject of fish laws, the report says: "To violate the law is the rule of the majority of those engaged in the business of fishing in our rivers and lakes; whether from ignorance of the law or disregard for it we cannot state, but the fact of the law being violated at all times exists. During the close season, when seining is unlawful, fish of all kinds have been openly offered for sale. Complaints to the Commissioners from all parts of the State have been frequent, asking us to prosecute or suggest some means of

relief." They replied that the law gave them no more power in this matter than any other citizens had, etc.

On the subject of fishways they say that there are many complaints of streams unprovided with fishways, and that while the State dams have them they are not of a practicable kind

BIENNIAL SPAWNING SALMON.—*Portland, Me.*—In the report of the Maine "Commissioners of Fisheries and Game," for 1880, there will be seen an allusion to the fact that several hundred salmon have been marked and liberated in the Penobscot River. Several years ago Mr. Atkins marked some salmon, and a few were afterward retaken. But as the number of fish marked was very small as compared to the thousands of salmon that now frequent the Penobscot waters, and as it would be by chance only that any of the marked fish would be taken, the fact that several were taken in one season and none the next preceding or following season, furnishes only incomplete, and at best, but negative evidence in regard to the theory of "biennial spawning." This fact is the more apparent when we bear in mind that if a marked fish should be taken at any illegal time, or by illegal means, no report would ever be made of the fact of its capture. And furthermore, many marked fish might escape the notice of the fisherman, even if not losing the labels ere caught. Or if a label should be observed on a fish its import might not be comprehended by the fisherman, nor the fact of its observance be reported.

Hence the desire of the Commissioners to have these salmon that are taken for the Orland Breeding Establishment annually marked for a consecutive number of years, until some of them are retaken on succeeding seasons and kept alive until autumn, when, if the male and female fish that were "stripped" the preceding year manifest a normal development of milt and spawn, the fact will demonstrate the fallacy of the theory that our Atlantic salmon breed only during alternate years.

I have devoted some attention to studying the habits of salmon, upon both sides of the Atlantic, and still seek for more light upon this subject. It is often as easy to form theories and then adduce facts in support thereof as to form all sorts of religious creeds and support each and every one of them by quotations from the bible My own observations of the natural habits of salmon, so far as they extend, will not admit the above referred to "biennial" theory to be founded on fact. EVERETT SMITH.

POISONING ILLINOIS WATERS.—Mrs. L. Harrison, of Peoria, Ill., writes to the Germantown *Telegraph* as follows: "The fish in the Illinois River are being destroyed, first by one agency and then by another. Two years ago large numbers died in the vicinity where the Illinois and Michigan Canal empties into the river. Some persons attributed their destruction to the diverting of the waters of the Chicago River into the canal. In this vicinity great mortality is caused by the waste from the glucose factories, which never cease, night or day, Sundays and all days, in pouring their deadly chemicals into the river. This poisonous waste poss esses a strange fa-cination for the fish. They swim around in the outskirts of it, eating the corn-meal, but as soon as they enter the warm current they jump out, flop two or three times and turn up dead. Schools of minnows jump out like so many sparkling diamonds and then float off. Dogs wade in and bring the dead fish ashore; and in some places the fish are driven in shore by eddies in such numbers as to produce a fearful stench."

MAINE FISHING NOTES.—We take the following from the Belfast *Republican Journal:* "The Kennebec Association for the Preservation of Fish and Game has adopted resolutions disapproving Governor Davis' course in removing Hon. Everett Smith, of Portland, from the position of Fish Commissioner. The nomination of Henry O. Stanley, of Dixfield, as Fish Commissioner, has been confirmed by the Executive Council. The smelters on the Bagadoce are doing finely, catching from ten to 150 pounds daily. Receipts to those who ship average ten cents per pound. The Eastport sardine factories have closed business for the season. Next season they will employ about 1,500 hands. The number of cases of sardines exported from Eastport during the past year is estimated to be about 65,000, valued at about $650,000. During 1879 there were 25,000 cases, valued at $250,000, exported. In that year there were only six factories in Eastport against thirteen now. Fishery fishing is in order. Fishing men at North Auburn are pulling out twenty-five or thirty a day, and the Augusta *Journal* reports a catch of sixty in one day's fishing in Dam Pond last week. A seven-pounder was taken the same day."

FISHCULTURE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Fish Commissioners of this State have been crowded with work at their hatchery, more so than at any previous season, and have been compelled to put in a hydraulic ram in order to increase the supply of water from some springs below the level of the house, but brought having affected the upper springs. They have now in the boxes 60,000 salmon eggs taken at Plymouth and 419,500 from the Penobscot, the larger portion of which were presented by Prof. Baird, who also sent 45,000 subling eggs received from Germany, 60,000 eggs of the "shad waiter," a species of *Coregonus* from Lake Winnepesaukee: 100,000 brook trout taken at Plymouth. They expect to add to this 120,000 eggs of the winnish, or land-locked salmon; 20,000 *Salmo fridea* and 50,000 whitefish eggs, which will fill their house and give them plenty of stock to plant in the spring.

JUMPING POWERS OF CARP.—Mr. H. D. McGovern informs us that the carp is a vigorous leaper. He recently had some of two pounds weight in tin cans, and two of them jumped out of a narrow mouthed can, clearing fifteen inches over the can, and leaping about two feet above it. Also, one which was confined in a box placed in a pond jumped two feet in the air and landed on the side of the dam, where Mr. McGovern saw it make its way along and across the dam, a distance of twelve feet, a journey which occupied seven minutes by the watch.

IMPORTATION OF SAIBLING EGGS.—On Jan. 22, the North German Lloyd Steamer "Mosel" arrived, bringing 60,000 eggs of the saibling, *Salmo salvelinus*, to the U. S. Fish Commission. 50,000 of them were a present from the Deutche Fischerei Verein, and 10,000 from Mr. Carl Schuster, Freiburg in Baden. They were received by Mr. F. Mather, the American agent for the Verein in good order, and sent, by direction of Prof. Baird, to the hatchery of the New Hampshire Commission at Plymouth, in charge of Commissioner A. H. Powers, of that State, who reports that the loss in transit will not exceed 5,000. We will have more to say about this fish by the time these are hatched and ready for distribution.

A NEW TRAWL.—Mr. John Rowe, of East Gloucester, Mass., 74 years of age, has shown the Cape Ann *Advertiser* drawings of a trawl for which he claims great advantage over that now in use. It is especially adapted for shore fishing, and is formed with two floats at the surface of the water. These are connected with four other floats which extend about half way down, and are anchored to the bottom. A line is connected to these floats to which the hooks are fastened and are kept in position near the bottom.

EXPORT OF TROUT EGGS.—On January 29 the Bremen steamer Mosel took out 100,000 eggs of brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) to the Deutsche Fischerei Verein. Half of these were from the well-known ponds of Stephen Annin, Caledonia, N. Y., and the remainder from Mr. Gilbert, Plymouth, Mass. Mr. Annin also sent the same week 50,000 more to Holland by steamer Amsterdam.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE B. AND O. RED BOOK.—We have received the NEW B. & O. Red Book. That its compilation and preparation have cost time and labor of no mean order, is proven by the completeness of the work. The aim has been to present the returns of the late election in such form as will most clearly show its results, and to this end the returns of previous elections are shown, and from them the gains and losses compiled. The returns for 1880 are given as sent under the official seals of the county clerks of each county and subsequently revised from official reports received from Secretaries of State. So such extended and thorough compilation of political results was ever before attempted. The present edition is confined to Congressional returns. The Red Book will be sent without money and without price to all who care to write for it to C. K. Lord, Baltimore, Md. The inclosing of a three-cent stamp will pay the postage, and the book will be sent promptly upon application

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

Rock River Valley Poultry and Kennel Club show—Sterling, Illinois, Feb. 10, 11 and 12. R. B. Commerford, Sec.

April 1, at Columbus, Tenn.—Close of entries, National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Joseph H. Dew, Sec.

ALEXANDRA PALACE DOG SHOW.

(From the *London Field*, Jan. 23.)

THE Kennel Club held their sixteenth exhibition on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday last, the 18th, 19th 20th and 21st inst., at the Alexandra Palace, in the Central Hall, a *locale* which is most eminently suited for a show of the sort, there being plenty of air, room and ventilation. Unfortunately, the weather was dead against the success of the affair, a heavy fall of snow taking place just before the show opened, so that not only were the London contingent prevented from patronizing Muswell Hill, but, as most of the trains was delayed or stopped throughout the land, many country visitors, who might have come to the exhibition, had perforce to remain at home; and, all considered, we imagine that the club will be very heavy losers by their venture. This is greatly to be deplored, as the arrangements were all that could be desired; and it may be as well if the authorities were to take the hint, and hold their show at a time of the year when the weather is likely to be more stable. The feeding of the dogs was intrusted to Messrs Spratt, and it was seen to in an irreproachable manner. Three rings were provided for the judging, one of them—and the best—being the ring which had been in use lately at the Palace for circus performances. As long as daylight lasted the judges were enabled to carefully examine the various specimens which were brought before them; but, unfortunately, the days now are very short, and many of the classes had accordingly to be judged by gaslight, and the burners were provided in such meagre quantity that a semi-darkness reigned supreme for hours over the scene, and this may possibly account for the wrong decisions which here and there were come to. The judging began on Tuesday, at a little after nine—the time officially announced for operations to begin—and it was not over until Wednesday, very late in the afternoon, the Messrs Willitt taking really an unconsionably long time in coming to their decisions, which after all were not indorsed very unanimously in all cases. That judges should take their time over their awards, of course every one will admit; but that they should examine over and over again, almost *ad nauseam*, specimens between which exist startling differences in quality, is a sort of thing which is apt to tire onlookers. Now Messrs Willett are certainly very painstaking; in fact, we think they carry this quality to quite too extreme a degree, and their dilatoriness over their decisions became the subject of comment; so much so that, barring those exhibitors who were interested in the actual decisions, every one became weary of their slow proceedings. In case some should think that remarks are made in a captious spirit, we have only to state that, as a matter of fact, these critics took the best part of the day on Wednesday to judge only a part of the spaniels, five or six classes. At last we became quite disheartened, and took it for granted that the next day would also be occupied in coming to the spaniel decisions.

Mr John Douglas was general manager of the show, as usual, and the arrangements reflected great credit on his skill and experienced care. The judges were: For Smooth-haired Fox Terriers—Mr. J. Burbidge; Wire-haired Terriers—Mr. S. E. Shirley Bloodhounds, Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Boarhounds—The Rev. W. J. Mellor; Newfoundlands, Dalmatians, Smooth-haired Terriers, Yorkshire Terriers, Italian Greyhounds, Toy Terriers—Mr. H. Mapplebeck; Spaniels—Major Willett and the Rev. A. L. Willett; Deerhounds, Extra Classes, Pomeranians, Pugs—The Rev. G. F. Hodson; Greyhounds, Setters, Bedlington Terriers, Black and Tan Terriers—Mr. Sam'el Lang; Pointers—Mr. J. H. Whitehouse; Retrievers, Sheep Dogs, Bull Terriers, Irish Terriers—Mr. S. E. Shirley; Dachshunds, Bassets—The Rev. G. F. Lovell; Bulldogs, Maltese, Blenheim Spaniels, Toy Spaniels—Mr. J. W. Berrie; Poodles—Capt. the Hon. F. Greville; Dandie Dinmonts—The Rev. E. S. Tiddeman; Skye Terriers, Hard-haired Scotch Terriers—Capt. Villiers Hatton.

In champion Bloodhounds, Nap'er, who is now Mr. Brough's property, and who looked well, was alone, and took the prize. In the open dog class the winner, Mr. R. G. Hurrell's Marcero (late Judge H.) fairly beat Brave, who took second; and Lucifer, who is short of leather, was awarded third. Margrave was eventually removed by order of the veterinary surgeon. Luath XL, who was very highly commended, is too well known to need much comment.

If his color was correct, and he was a bit straighter, he would be the *beau ideal* of a bloodhound. Artists never tire of taking him for their model, as his peak, wrinkles and loose skin generally stamp him as the handsomest hound of the day. Of the remainder the best were Rupert and Nimrod. Robin Hood, highly commended, was shown in bad condition. The whole of the class, we may add, was noticed, which unfolds a tale—as far as quality was exhibited. In the bitch class, Dr. Forbes Winslow brought out his Bell in such excellent form that she readily secured the first. Mr. Morrell's Belladona was placed second, and his Morna third, but we would have reversed their positions. Rosamond II. is of a bad color, and has no bone, and therefore was rightly passed on. In the puppy class, first went to Mr. M. Beaufoy's Riparta, who is of a good color, and has plenty of wrinkles and a fine peak—on the whole a very promising puppy. Tyrant, highly commended, is of a bad color, nevertheless cheap at fifteen guineas. Muriel made a very good second, and, taken as a whole, the class was very fair, but we do not think that any of the entries will ever cause any great sensation, except perhaps the winner.

In the mastiff champion dog class, Mr. Beaufoy's Nero beat his kennel companion and Mr. W. K. Taunton's brindle Cardinal. Nero looked as well as ever we have seen him, and his great size, bone, substance and quality fairly entitled him to his place. Only one champion bitch appeared, viz., Gwendolen who is not a first-rate bitch, although she is a champion, being very small-headed. In the open dog class, first and cup went to Mr. H. C. Joplin's Vulcan II., a good dog. Dr. J. S. Turner's Cedric the Saxon, who was in very good form, was classed equal second with Mr. Beaufoy's Cæsar, who has a good head, but is of a poor color, and a that respect was beaten by Dr. Forbes Winslow's Othello, who shared the third prize with Dr. Russell's long-faced Lord Darnley. The commended Romulus is hollow-backed, and wants size; Surajah, very highly commended, is too short in the muzzle; and Don II. is too light, and was deservedly unnoticed. Mastiff bitches.—In this class, first and the cup for brindle were awarded to Mr. A. D. Bartlett's Tayra, a very excellent bitch, full of quality, and very straight fore and aft; second went to Mr. Beaufoy's Dinah, and third to Mr. H. Woolmore's Dena, a nice-colored bitch; the commended Vera II. is too short-faced; Negress, very highly commended, is small-headed; Maggie, commended, is too small; the brindle Nell V., very highly commended, is only fair, and Isledon Countess is light-boned. Thekla, very highly commended, is a good bitch; but Bardon Queen who received a similar card, is thick-skulled and has no color. O'Tarra, highly commended, is a fair bitch; the very highly commended Zulu Empress is toy-faced; and the well-known Ilford Baroness had to be content with a very high commendation, although a very fair bitch indeed. In Mastiff puppies (dogs), first went to a very big puppy, Mr. H. G. Woolmore's Crown Prince, who, all going well, should be heard of again; Mr. H. Hill's Banquo received second and cup for best brindle, but he is only a poor specimen; and the highly commended Donardar, a very nice youngster, should have occupied his place. Monarch V., highly commended, is big, but poor behind; and Sultan II. is too rough-coated. The puppy bitches were a bad lot, barring the recipient of first, viz., Mr. H. G. Woolmore's Malinda, a very good bitch, possessing some wonderful points: Mr. E. Nicholl's Boomah, placed second, is decidely poor, and should not even have figured in the commendations; Gazo, highly commended, was shown in low condition, and she has also very bad legs and feet.

Three champion St. Bernards appeared—Barry, Cadwallader and Othman. The latter was out of form, and Cadwallader took the prize over Barry; but in this we do not agree, as Barry was in the best of condition, and he is, barring head, superior in every other point to the winner.

In rough-coated St. Bernard dogs, Dr. J. Russell's Katerfelto won. He is a very fine-headed dog, but, when that is said in his favor, that is about all. Second went to the poorly-topped Keele, who should not have been placed over Oscar II., as the latter is far better in every way. Tell IV., very highly commended, was in bad coat; Hermit, very highly commended, was shown in a very dirty state; and Rocket, very highly commended, was not worthy of his card. Zu is a nice-headed dog, but Egbert is wanting in head properties. Oswald has a fine coat and good bone, but is poor behind. Gresham is not a bad dog, but was in bad form; as for Cedric he is a nicelsh specimen, and is better than the second-prize taker, Keele. Young Avalanche, Capalon and Faust are all bad in head. Lord Byron was nowhere, and should not have been noticed. Save is a fair dog, but has no dew claws; and Lion III., highly commended, is a mere weed. The rough-coated bitches were a bad class, in which first went to Mr. H. G. Sweet's Gretchen, who is one of the right sort, but two small; and the Rev. G. A. Sneyd's Hope was correctly placed after her. Mr. J. F. Smith's Norma II. was given third, but she is bad in head, and has no markings; and the very highly commended Dutch is a very poor St. Bernard.

The smooth-coated dogs were well placed, Dr. Russell's Rupert winning. This dog has a good coat, color and markings, but is pinched in the face. Mr. R. Thornton's second-prize taker, Dustman, is of a good color, and has acceptable markings; and Tyrus deserved his card for his place. That very highly commended Beauchief is a good dog, but is neither smooth nor rough-coated; Monk, who received a like notice, has a good head; but the highly commended Ross should not have had a card: and Druid, very highly commended, is too long in the muzzle. The bitch class was well handled, first going to the best bodied of the lot; and the best headed to took second.

St. Bernard puppies (dogs) proved an easy win for Mr. R. Thornton's Malcolm—a very grand puppy indeed. Mr. J. Adams's Druid, who came second, is like a skulled, but is well-grown, and has a nice coat and good color. The very highly commended Hector II. has plenty of bone, and is nice headed; but Sultan II. was in poor condition and mangy, and Thorwold was about the next best after the prize winners. In the bitch class, Dr. Russell's Ninette won; she has a nice head, but she is hollow-backed and short barrelled. Mischief should have been second, as she is too poor headed; and Gladys, a fairly good one, might have filled her place. Lady Gladys is a nicelsh bitch; and Madam is also acceptable, and deserved her card.

In champion Newfoundlands Mr. E. Nicholls' Nelson was alone. He is nicely built, although a small dog, but has a very objectionable head, his hair standing on end in anything but Newfoundland champion form. The open black dog class had three entries, and Mr. W. W. Thompson's Captain Murphy very readily scored, as he was the best in substance, coat and in head properties. In bitches, Lady Beaconsfield, who did not show well, and is long in the face, took first; second going to Nancy, who has a very nice coat, but is small headed, and third to the retriever-faced Dolly.

In Newfoundlands other than black, Mr. Farquharson secured another first, Trafalgar—who has good bone, but wants filling—winning from Mr. G. Chapman's Prince Charlie, who shows too much cord in his coat by a long way; and Nero III., very highly commended, would have been in his place. Nero V. is shelly and cow-hocked; and the judge rightly forsook him.

In the class for boarhounds or Great Danes Cæsar was the best looking specimen; but as it seemed that a piece of his tail had been taken off, he was not noticed, first going to Mr. H. L. Pemberton's Hector, second to Mrs. J. Davis's Imperium, and third to Jezebel, who is very small—a poor class.

Deerhound dogs saw the Brussels winner Rory at the top of the list. He looked better and was better trained than we ever remember seeing him. Mr. W. W. Thompson's Oscar, who took second, is bigger than Bevis, but he was shown in bad condition, and his ears are too big; and Rory made an excellent third. Two very nice St. Bernards were entered by mistake in this class, unfortunately for their owners. In the bitch class Mr. W. M. Chinnery's Bruce II. took first and an extra prize, but we thought that Bevis should have had the latter honor. However, be that as it may, Minna made a very good second. Linda was not in form and could only come in for third, and Maida was out of condition. Lufra is a nice bitch, and should have been noticed. Again in this class a St. Bernard appeared. How such mistakes in entries can occur we are at a loss to conceive.

Greyhounds were well placed, Fascination winning easily, Magnolia showing age. The winner exhibited a lot of hard muscle, and her condition reflected great credit on her owner.

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bitch, who shows a deal of breeding. Empress II.—the Dublin winner—is a very pretty bitch, but was unaccountably overlooked; and Meg Merrilies arrived too late for competition, unfortunately, for, although small, she shows blood, and she would very probably have figured in the prize list. Countess Prim and Countess Plover, both by Count Windsem, who took first and second in the puppy class, are as smart a brace of youngsters as Mr. Llewellin could desire to breed; and Plum, placed third, is very promising. Scotchman, to whom we alluded in the adult class, was here deservedly very highly commended. Rockster was out of form, but looks a workman. Glen III. is too ragged. Hartford Rock, highly commended, is a fine dog, with a good body. Banquo has poor loins, and was rightly passed over; but Danger decidedly deserves his card.

In the black and tan dog class Mr. J. Jacob's well-known Marquis took first, his excellent body properties and flat coat entitling him to that rank above Young Jock, who was placed second, and shows quality, but who was much too fat. Grouse, a good dog with excellent shoulders, came third. Rex II. looked stale, and Donald is rough-headed; but Lorne, very highly commended, was in fine condition, and several sportsmen thought he ought to have been higher. Mr. W. Richardson's Kate, who won in bitches, was perhaps the best-bodied one in her class, but she is wedgy-faced, and Busy, who followed her, must have pressed her hard. The puppies were not very numerous, only six being entered, and Mr. E. L. Parson's Bishop was very properly selected for first prize. Geant, unnoticed, is a big puppy with good bone, but is coarse-headed, and the very highly commended Sir Derrick is too wedgy.

In Irish setter dogs, the good, flat-coated Garryowen beat Count who was shown in capital condition. Dunkettle had, unfortunately, no feather, Whisper II. was too ragged, and Frank had an open coat, which greatly militated against his chances. Mr. T. M. Hilliard's Tilly, the winner in bitches, was not entitled to that place, as she has no bone; Mary Mackrec, the second, is very small; and the Rev. R. O. Callahan's Hebe and Grouse II. both show more quality, and have grand coats and heads, and therefore should have been in the prize list. Whisky was in good form, Kathleen has a nice coat, Sloe was not well shown, and Pegtop, although small, is a fair bitch. In puppies, Zelstone again won.

In curly-coated dogs, we would have reversed the positions of King and Sultan, as the latter has a nicer head and closer curl than King. Young True is a good-bodied dog, but looked a bit sour. The bitch class was very well handled, and the puppies, also left nothing to be desired, the judge going in for body properties and closeness of coat in his decisions. In the other than black, the well-known Garnet experienced but little difficulty in catching the judge's eye, and he is certainly the best specimen of his kind we have seen. It is a great pity he exemplifies so strongly the uncertainties of breeding.

In Irish water spaniels the quality was decidedly meagre, and it was no great feather in Mickey Free's cap to take first, although, as the breed goes nowadays, three or four of the dogs shown are considered acceptable specimens. But we do not, as we will never admit an open woolly-coated dog to be a true-bred Irish water spaniel. As things go the judges rightly gave their awards.

Looby won readily in the champion Clumber class, and, in the open dog class, the Duke of Portland gave us a treat in his Dash II. and Bob III. These dogs have immense bone, substance and quality, and we heartily thank his Grace for the rare sight he gave us with his strong team of Clumbers. In the dog class under consideration, Psyche had to be content with third place. In bitches, the Duke again scored with Fairy, a beautiful big bitch. Lance's capital flat coat placed her over Libnah and Lottie. Libnah shows bone and substance, but has a little too much rag in her coat; but she looks, nevertheless, and probably is, workmanlike in the field. In the class for the best team of spaniels, his Grace showed no less than a dozen Clumbers—a truly grand lot, exceedingly level, with tremendous thighs and loins. Only two or three of them showed a little curl; and we can safely say we have never seen such a team before.

In the Champion Sussex Special Class, champion Rover III. and Maud were the only two that were entered, and the bitch got the award. We never liked her style of head, which is too toyish for Sussex stamp, and Rover is far better than she is in every respect. In the open dog class Guess won, beating Guy, but both were in good form. In the bitch class, the toy-faced and ragged-eared Progress scored; but we liked Merrythought and Romp better; and Cypress, unnoticed, should have been commended. The field dog spaniel dogs (over 20 lbs.) were a good class; but Kafir and Young Bob II. were the only two really in it for first place and Kafir's flat coat, which is a miracle of neatness, gained him the flat. Brush and Bosco were well shown and deserved equal thirds. Ben, passed over, is too leggy, and France, this time, was too ragged and his coat too curly for a mention. In bitches, with first and second we thoroughly agree, but Beatrice, who took third, is short of feather and she wants more length of leather. We liked Smutty vastly better and she should have taken her place. Bramble was too leggy for show form. The class for dogs and bitches not exceeding twenty pounds was only fair, although Otho won well. The other than black spaniels (any weight) had half a dozen entries and of the class we liked best Alonzo, Lass of Devon and Don Pedro. The first and last were placed as named, but the Lass was only very highly commended. Floss shows too much curl for her card.

Fox terriers mustered in enormous strength. In the champion dog class five were entered. Brokenhurst Joe was picked out as the best of a superb class, when he took not only the champion prize, but the Fox Terrier Club challenge cup and silver medal and a cup for best smooth-haired fox terrier in the show. Altogether he must have won some sixty odd guineas for his owner. In bitches Dorcas, looking exceedingly well, took the prize and a cup for the best fox terrier bitch owned by a member of the Fox Terrier Club. In the open dog class (eighteen pounds or under) we were sorry to observe that Pincher was beginning to show age and, being blind of one eye, his chances were totally extinguished. Mr. Redman brought his Despot into the ring in the pink of condition, but Brokenhurst Stung proved just a little too much for him. Richmond Jack came next rightly, but Hunton Dick was a bit too thick for our taste and Vivid, commended, wants more muscle behind. As for Wasp, the fourth, he is but a toy. In the over-eighteen-pound dog class we agreed with the decisions, but would have liked Racket to have been higher, and we were surprised to find that Vulcan had been unnoticed. Then in the bitches (seventeen pounds or under) that Bloom should win was a foregone conclusion, but that the handy Daisy should be placed next surprised us, as Nell and Beeswing were very much her superior in every way. Three bad ones were shown in this class—Topsy I., a mere toy; Tansey, beagle-faced: and Strelna Nettle, whose loins are not of the best by any means. In the over-seventeen-pound bitch class the winner is a bit too full in the eye and Blossom, who took second, should have beaten her; the next best were Achievement and Natty. The puppy dog class contained an immense lot of useless rubbish. The winner, however—as we remarked upon him when dealing with the Fox Terrier Produce Stakes last month—is very much out of the common. Vishnu, placed second, is rather slack-loined, so far, but that may improve yet. The judge was a little sparing in his commendations, and he might have noticed Burgundy, Todlebén and Sir Peter Teasle. Tory II., passed over, is also a fairish specimen, and Besique, commended, was one of the best dogs shown. In bitches the Produce stakes winner scored again; Jeopardy, who came next, is a fairish terrier, and Phœbe Pickle is promising. There was less quality in this class than had been shown among the dogs. In wire-haired champions Tassel figured alone and he looked as well as he did at Bristol, when he took the challenge cup. In the open class for dogs and bitches exceeding eighteen pounds Workman has grown too big and hardly deserved his second prize, and Toiler might have taken his position. The first, Tyke, is a terrier all over, having a good body, depth of chest, good legs and feet and showing terrier character. In the not-exceeding-eighteen-pound dog class first and cup went to a very grand puppy named Oakley Topper, belonging to Messrs. Harding Cox and Wright Nooth. This dog gives every promise of filling into something of great excellence and he won very easily in his class, beating the well-known Peter. His kennel companion, Peter Teasle, has an excellent coat, but was fairly beaten for quality by the winners. In the bitch class the famous Bundle scored, second going to a small wiry bitch of Messrs. Cox and Nooth's and third to the same gentlemen's Mendicant, who deserves a special notice, inasmuch as, although she had pupped but two or three days previously, she looked almost as fit as ever, and the thing appeared hardly credible. The puppies were smothered again by Oakley Topper, which we have already mentioned in the open adult class; so that the youngster scored two firsts and a cup at the Alexandra Palace—a good beginning this to a promising career. Mr. Carrick's Nelly III. was shown in a very dirty state, which was a pity, the bitch being smart. W. Broad, Jr., was only commended, as he was fairly beaten by his kennel companion and by Nelly.

In champion dachshunds Zigzag won. In the open black and tan dog class the winner was Handsel, who has good bone and a fair body, but who is very bad in ears. Cetewayo came next, and was better; but Dietrich, placed third, is too leggy. In bitches Alma, who has, in a little too straight—a defect shared by Wild Bad. Scylla is out at elbow and short-barreled, but Diana has the best bone and crook of the lot and should have won, but she was only very highly commended. Frida is too light-boned, but Grafina has a nice coat and a good, long back and deserved her second place. In the class for dogs other than black and tan the winner is best forward in his crook, which is not the proper type, and, strange to say, the second had also the same defect. Zef, placed third, had proportionally the best bone; and General was a red basset, with excellent crooks. Octavia, the winner in the bitch class, was wrong in her elbows, Olympia showed bone and Flink exhibited better points than the winner, only she was not in show form. The puppies were a goodish class as regarded bodies and head properties, but most of the crooks were forward ones.

Basset hounds had two classes, but in the bitches Pallas only appeared, and her immense quality was greatly admired. Her kennel companion, Fino de Paris, had no difficulty in securing first in his class, although Mr. H. E. Munroe showed a strong team of four. They were mostly high and short-eared, however, but good behind and in bone.

In champion sheepdogs Cocksie, shown in as good a form as ever he has appeared, took the prize. His coat and frill were admirable, and we think that no cavilling could be indulged in as regards that decision. In the open rough-coated dog class Charlemagne and Fox took first and second, but Highlander, who came next, was so well shown that he must have pressed the latter very hard. Pirate, highly commended, is too weedy; Bob Bruce is a bit thick, Mr. Alwin showed a goodish puppy in Badra, but Mr. Webb's Jess is too long-eared. Bitches were a fair class, in which Bell III., placed second, was rather handicapped by her having no frill, Lady K. is a pretty bitch, but she is too light, and Caledonia was short of coat. Messrs. Charles showed in Guy's Cliffe a wonderfully forward puppy, who took the prize in his class, beating two good-coated ones in The Major and Guy. As for Broadie, his bad ears will always tell against him. The puppy bitch class was better than the last, and here again Messrs. Charles scored with Flurry, who only beat the long-faced Puppet by a head, we did not care much for the latter, and thought better of Norma, Gweuny and Jewel. In the smooth-coated dog class Mr. W. W. Thompson owned three of the four entries and his well-known Hawk won somewhat easily; and in bitches his famous Yarrow, shown in capital form, readily disposed of Lady and Lassie—the latter looking a bit stale.

[We shall conclude the account of this show in our next issue.]

A PICTURE OF THORNTON'S DASH.

IHE other afternoon I dropped into one of the many old bookstores in Nassau street, and while looking over some pictures I chanced upon an old engraving, 25½x20, of Col. Thornton's "Dash," drawn from nature by S. Gilpin and engraved by R Pollard It was published February 11, 1788, by S. Gilpin, Knightsbridge, and R. Pollard, 15 Braynce Row, Spa Fields, London, making it ninety-three years old. It represents "Dash" pointing two birds. I had it carefully mounted on thick bristol board and neatly framed, and now it adorns my wall. I deem it quite a curiosity and a valuable acquisition to my sporting collection, and I value it for the following reasons. It gives me something to compare the modern breed with, and beside, in Vero Shaw's Chapter on Pointers, he says that probably this was the production of the first cross of the foxhound on the pointer in England, and lastly, being a correct and original representation of this wonderful dog, which sold for the then enormous sum to Sir Richard Symons of one hundred and sixty pounds worth of champagne and Burgundy, a hogshead of claret, an elegant gun and a pointer, with the stipulation that if accident befel the dog he should be returned to his owner for fifty guineas, which took place from a broken leg.

I have just sent my pointer bitch "Maid" (by McConnel's "Joe" out of "Maud," of Jones' Landing, Arkansas, they both being by and out of Arthur Gibson's Lily and Lancaster's "Sam," etc., same breeding and blood as the Baltimore Kennel Club's "Lilly," formerly "Colgate's" formerly "Gaido's Lily"), to be served by Crosteth at the Guymard Kennel. From this union I look forward to the happiest results, as she is a first-class bitch in looks, A1 nose, but had her forelegs cut by a mowing machine, which disabled her for field work. If I am successful in raising a fine litter, my intention is to chloroform her and send 'mid quiet and pleasurable dreams her spirit to that happy hunting ground, where she can ever point birds of Paradise In connection with my sending her I must state to you that the United Express Company charged me something like $4 to send her about seventy miles from New York. All I paid to have a full-grown pointer sent from Lake City, Minnesota, about 1,700 miles, was $5. Now what do you think of this? It cannot be avoided, so one must grin and bear it.

I had a letter from a friend of mine in Ulster County, N. Y., and he says he is afraid that all the quail are exterminated by the severity of the winter. Now this seems most strange to me. In the first place, why should the severity of our present winter kill more quail than the old-fashion winters we used to have that were so severe? Now old residents will tell you that on Long Island in years back they had snows two and three feet deep, and that it covered the ground for months. But the quail thrived and were not killed, as sportsmen of that date will testify to the plenty of the birds and the good shooting they enjoyed each year, and beside, the Island was not as thickly settled, and consequently there should not have been so much grain for them or feed, or the same to be covered up by deep snows. And again, in some far Western States, where they have always plenty of snow, they have also plenty of quail. I am a little skeptical on this head. I think that trapping and shooting them huddled is far nearer the truth and secret. I am well satisfied on one point, that all the legitimate shooting on the wing over points would never decrease the stock to such an extent as to give us any fears for a famine of quail, or for that matter of any game bird. Well, I have spun my scrap to quite a length, and will close with the unfortunate news, more anon. WASHINGTON A. COSTER.

Flatbush, L. I.

THE FATE OF "HUNTER."

BANGOR, ME., Jan 18.

IN the winter of 1866-7 a party said to have belonged to the city or State of New York, were hunting with a hound on the Piscataquis River in the vicinity of the village of Milo, Maine. The hound was white marked with yellow, the latter color predominating on the head, breast and shoulders. When the party were about leaving their ground the hound was missing and could no where be found. A reward was offered for his recovery and search made for him, but nothing definite was known of him until some time in May following he presented himself at the house of a gentleman then living in the town of Brownfield, tired and hungry. When he came to the house the family were at dinner and, the door being ajar, he quietly walked in, approached the table and, leaping on a chair, sat down and then gently put one of his paws on the table as if he had been taught to do so. It was remarked by some one at the table, "this is a pet and trained dog." The family and the hound sympathizing, he remained and a great friendship arose between them. The hound remained with this family and was a great pet with them for about a year, when he suddenly disappeared and was never again seen alive. Some month or six weeks after he was missed. A farmer cutting wood on splitting open a fallen hollow pine log found the remains of the hound and a fox. It would seem that both had entered the log and as may be supposed, each with a different object and unable to retreat perished from starvation. The hound always answered to the name of Hunter. If this item should meet the eye of the former owner of Hunter he can console himself with the reflection that he died with honor, true to his race, and in the arms of victory. J. C.

NEW CHAMPION CLASSES NEEDED.—The growing popularity of certain strains of dogs, and the interest which is now being taken in their improvement makes it imperative that champion classes should be established for several varieties that have not yet received in this country the attention which they deserve. This is especially true with regard to the collies which are fast becoming great favorites with all our people. We are inclined to recommend at coming dog shows the establishment of a champion class for collie dogs and bitches, and an open class for the same. It is a manifest injustice that dogs which have never been shown should be obliged to compete in the same class with animals like Lassie, Lass o' Gowrie, Tweed II. and Rex that have at the different shows carried off all the honors in the collie classes. This dog is constantly growing in favor not only with the farmer—to whom indeed his services are indispensable—but with the man who wish for a house dog an animal that is not a toy, and that possesses intelligence of a very high order. We hope that at the bench shows of the coming year such classes may be established. There are two other classes that deserve more recognition than has ever yet been accorded to them in this country. These are beagles and fox-terriers. Both classes are popular and are constantly growing in public favor, and we believe that it would be a wise policy to establish a champion class for each. The hopelessness of entering dogs hitherto unshown in a class which contains one or more well-known prize winners has in the past deterred many owners from exhibiting their dogs. Aside from the need of such new classification from a dog lover's point of view we have no doubt that it would prove a financial success.

THE NAT-GLADSTONE HEAT.—*Providence, R. I., Feb. 2.—Editor Forest and Stream:* While I had fully decided to avoid any and all newspaper controversy regarding the Robin's Island Field Trials, after publishing my challenge I feel that in justice to your Kennel Editor it is my duty to notice the article of which you make mention in your last issue, and which the Field Editor of the paper publishing it so kindly gives Mr. Whitford the credit of writing. I don't wish to comment upon any part of the article, except that which says that Mr. Bloodgood was satisfied with the decision. Instead of the FOREST AND STREAM reporter caused him to be dissatisfied. That is absolutely not true for I had no conversation with him about it until long after the heat. The heat was a long and good one, and to my prejudiced mind Nat was the best dog, while to the prejudiced mind of the judges he was not. I made no kick at the time although many of the lookers-on did. I am not much of a "squealer" any way, and should never have been heard from regarding this heat had it not been for the barefaced highway robbery perpetrated in the Smut-Sensation heat. That was too much for any interested party to stand, and I simply expressed my opinion, and backed it up with an offer to run the dogs again for $1,000. By the way in all of the articles published about me and mine since this challenge, have you found any acceptance of it? H. S. BLOODGOOD.

AGE AND WEIGHT.—Bulwer, in one of his descriptions of a heroine, a fair widow of great endurance, writes that "her age was between thirty and forty—that is she was thirty-nine years and eleven months." We once knew a lady of about 220 pounds who always said that "the last time she had been weighed she tipped the scales at 125 pounds," but then as she had not been weighed for some forty years her record went for naught. Now, while we are glad to publish interesting phenomenal cases of the longevity of life of the canine race, and score the immense weights attained by the same persuasion, we beg of our correspondents to be accurate in their figuring, for by "every dog has his day, and the bitches their Sundays," we cannot be responsible for doggy Old Parrs and Daniel Lamberts.

HARE BEAGLES—*Granby, Conn., Feb. 5.*—In reply to "Lepus" I wish to say that I was not aware that I had made the "announcement" of possessing a new strain of beagles by using the term "hare," which others use and which I suppose is intended to distinguish the larger from the smaller rabbit or basket beagle, which is about ten inches in height, while my pack of twelve average 13 10-12ths inches. In color my beagles are all white, black and tan (many of them mottled and ticked with same colors) and the average spread of ears is about sixteen inches. N. ELMORE.

COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL.—*South Acworth, N. H., Feb. 1.*—We wish to notify your readers that our kennel will hereafter be known as "The Cummings Cocker Spaniel Breeding Kennel."

C. B. CUMMINGS AND SON.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

61 G. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.—The best book giving instruction how to train cocker spaniels for field work is Hutchinson's "Dog Breaking." We can furnish it. English edition, $3.15; American, combining Dinks' and Mayhew's treatment of diseases, $3.

62 SETTER.—1. Can you tell me anything about red setters; dog and bitch Nix and Elsie? 2. I have a young Irish setter, fifteen months old, that has not been worked more than two or three days in his life. Do you think he will work all right next fall? 3. Would you advise me to take him out after snipe this spring? 4. Where shall I send his pedigree to have it registered? Ans 1. The gentleman you refer to is reliable. The dogs in question are of good stock. Elsie is Irish red in color, of medium height and racy build. She is by Mack out of Belle II. Mack was bred by Dr. M. Goldsmith; whelped October, 1876; red and white, Irish and English; by Plunket out of Carrie; Plunket by Grouse out of Beauty; Carrie by Prince (Laverack) out of Dan (Irish). Belle II. bred by W. H. Humphreys; whelped July, 1876; red; by Jack out of Humphreys' Belle; Jack by Putnam's Dan, out of Palmer's Belle; Humphreys' Belle by Bang, out of Belle. Nix is a liver and tan, by Devonshire setter imported by an English gentleman named Messiter, whose experience in all kinds of shooting was scarcely be excelled, out of a gyp, red in color, owned, we think, by Mr. Mullin, of Mt. Holly, Penna. 2. Your question is indefinite. If your dog has been yard broken, is obedient and has a good nose, he may do well at the end of next season. As "one swallow does not make a summer," so does not taking a dog out in the field twice or thrice constitute a good working and killing animal. 3. Yes, by all means. Your dog should, from his age, be worked at once, and as much as possible. We prefer to break our dogs on snipe, as the nature of the ground admits of their being kept constantly in sight. Working a dog on a wet meadow makes him hold his head up. If we lived in the West we would break our dogs on chickens, as the long grass would have the same desired effect. 4. Write to Charles De Rouge, 61 Broad Street, New York city.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** *Breeders and owners of sporting dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request that in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Nora—Mr. H. E. Capen, of Brookfield, Mass., claims the name of Nora for a black and white English setter bitch puppy, out of St. Cecelia by imported Frank II., purchased of Mr. Charles S. Lincoln, of Warren, Mass.

Pride of the Dominion—Mr. T. Davey, of London, Ont., claims the name of Pride of the Dominion for white and black ticked dog, out of Belle by Paris, purchased of Mr. W. B. Harrison, Tilsonburg, Canada.

Romp and Spot—Mr. James M. Stevenson, Bridgeport, Montgomery Co., Pa., claims the names of Romp and Spot for two orange and white setter puppies, the former a dog, the latter a bitch, black points, whelped December 29, 1879, out of Mr. H. W. Stevenson's Gerome by Mr. Thomas Baker's Frank. The above is a correction of note in issue of 5th instant.

Maud—Mr. Watson Dorchester, of Geneva, N. Y., claims the name of Maud for his pure red Irish setter bitch puppy, whelped November 15, 1880, out of Mr. Sid Caldwell's Nora by same owner's Rover.

Benedict and Beatrice—The Lachine Kennel Club, Whitestone L. I., claims the name of Benedict for imported black spaniel dog by champion Bachelor out of Negress, and imported black spaniel bitch by Nigger out of Belle.

Josie—Mr. George P. Jones, of Florence, Ala., claims the name of Josie for setter bitch puppy, whelped September 28, 1880, out of Mr. G. W. Campbell's Fannie by champion Joe, Jr.

Fleet II.—Mr. T. C. Sandford, of Yonkers, N. H., claims the name of Flirt II. for beagle bitch puppy out of Flirt by Juber. They out of Fly by Rambler, both imported.

Buck—Mr. Russell Waldron claims the name of Buck for his white, black and tan beagle dog puppy out of Lucy by Major.

Black Duke—Mr. G. S. Mackey, of Philadelphia, claims the name of Black Duke for black cocker spaniel dog puppy dog, whelped August, 1880, out of black Bell by Harvey's Diver.

Home Ruler—The Lachine Kennel Club, Whitestone, L. I., claim the name of Home Ruler for imported Irish terrier, whelped April, 1880, by champion Sporter out of imported Kathleen. Home Ruler was imported in utero.

Dick Belton and Nol Belton—Mr. L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., claims the name of Dick Belton and Ned Belton for his white, liver-nut and tan setter puppies, bred by Mr. John Bolus, Kilbuck Kennels, Wooster, O., out of his Bonnie by his celebrated imported Belton, whelped September 20, 1880.

Topsy C.—The Cumnings's Cocker Spaniel Breeding Kennel, of South Acworth, N. H., claim the name of Topsy C. for black cocker bitch, whelped May 8, 1880. Sire and dam not given.

Drake—Mr. M. Woolsey Borland, of Boston, Mass., claims the name of Drake for Chesapeake Bay dog puppy, six months old, out of Rose by Rake, both owned by Mr. Gard. G. Hammond, of New London, Conn.

Joe Campbell—Mr. F. H. Bates, of Marion, Ala., claims the name of Joe Campbell for lemon and white Campbell setter puppy, whelped September 28, 1880, out of Sam by Stevens, jr.

Gleam—The Montview Kennel Club, of Columbia, Tenn., claims the name of Gleam for setter dog puppy, white with little lemon on ears, whelped December, 1880, out of Blaze by Lincoln.

Gilda—The Montview Kennel Club, of Columbia, Tenn., claims the name of Gilda for blue Belton setter bitch, whelped April, 1880, out of Floy by Gladstone.

Beanie—Mr. H. P. Dortsch, of Goldboro, N. C., claims the name of Beanie for dark liver and white pointer dog, whelped February 23, 1880, out of Vivian (Shot II.-Fly) by Sam (Caper-Perkin's Imported Rose).

Bounce—Mr. H. P. Dortch, of Goldboro, N. C., claims the name of Bounce for dark liver and white pointer dog out of June by Bow, purchased from St. Louis Kennel Club.

Lucile—Mr. H. P. Dortch, of Goldboro, N. C., claims the name of Lucile for dark red Irish setter bitch out of Norah (Ist, N. Y., 1880,) by champion Rory O'More.

Dan II.—Mr. T. Davey, of London, Ont., claims the name of Dan II. for liver and white ticked dog puppy, out of Belle by Paris, purchased of Mr. H. B. Harrison, Tilsonburg, Canada.

Flash—Mr. Frank Wilcox, of Dunkirk, claims the name of Flash for red Irish setter bitch out of Polly by Irish Mack, purchased from Mr. John Bolus.

Guess II.—Mr. C. A. Holmes, of Somerville, Mass., claims the name of Guess II. for his red Irish setter, twelve months old, out of Fan by Eric.

Fyke—Mr. C. A. Holmes, of Somerville, Mass., claims the name of Fyke for lemon and white pointer bitch puppy, whelped August 22, 1880, out of Ruby II. (Sunshine-Ruby) by Snipe (Colburn's Belle-Sensation).

Beauty II.—Mr. George Pownall, of Christiana, Pa., claims the name of Beauty II. for his white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy out of two-prize-winner Beauty at Philadelphia, 1879, by Victor (imported Rattler-imported Bluebell).

BRED.

Flora-Carlo—Mr. J. B. Harrington's (Buffalo, N. Y.,) dark liver and white ticked cocker bitch Flora (imported Fan-Rake) has been bred to Mr. J. H. Whitman's (Chicago, Ill.,) imported champion cocker dog Carlo.

Juno-Benedict—The Lachine Kennel Club's (Whitestone, L. I.,) liver and white spaniel bitch Juno (imported Jack-imported Kitty) on February 3-5 to their imported black dog Benedict (champion Bachelor out of Negress).

Temple Bar—Dr. Emlen Physick's English setter bitch to Mr. A. H. Moore's Temple Bar.

Clymont-Sensation—The Baltimore Kennel Club's lemon and white pointer bitch Clymont to Westminster Kennel Club's Sensation, January 29, 1881.

Juno-Lofty—Mr. W. Sargent's, Jr., Llewellin setter bitch to Kentucky Kennel Club's Lofty.

Daisy Dean-Lincoln—The Montview Kennel Club's Daisy Dean to Lincoln.

Kathleen-Home Ruler—The Lachine Kennel Club's (Whitestone, L. I.,) imported Irish terrier Kathleen (Tinker out of Rosey) on February 1-3, to their imported Home Ruler (champion Sporter out of Kathleen).

Liddesdale-Orange Prince—Mr. T. G. Davey's (London, Ont.,) setter bitch Liddesdale to Mr. John Davidson's Prince of Orange.

Pix-Dash—Mr. Dalmage's (Hamilton, Ont.,) imported liver colored cocker Pix to Mr. E. Tinsley's (Hamilton, Ont.,) Dash.

—— Leicester—Dr. Emlen Physick's English setter bitch to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Leicester.

Leigh-Berkley—Mr. J. H. Roberts' red Irish setter bitch Leigh to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Berkley.

Kirby-Joe, Jr.—Mr. J. F. McIntosh's (Leesburg, Va.,) Llewellin setter bitch Kirby to Mr. G. W. Campell's Joe, Jr., January 29.

Buck, Jr.-Joe, Jr.—Mr. G. W. Campell's Buck, Jr., to Joe, Jr., on January 26.

Dogs-Victor—Mr. George Pownall's (Christiana, Pa.,) white, black and tan beagle bitch Rose (Rose-Jack) to Victor (imported Rattler-imported Bluebell) on Jan. 12, 1881.

Fanny V.-Victor—Mr. George Pownall's (Christiana, Pa.,) white and tan black and tan beagle bitch Fanny V. (Venus Jack) to Victor (imported Rattler-imported Bluebell) on Jan. 23, 1881.

Minnie Trouble—Miller & Co.'s pure white, seven-pound English terrier Minnie was bred Dec. 15, 1880, to P. Sharkey's twelve-pound pure white English terrier Trouble, all of New York city.

WHELPS.

Bess—Mr. Joseph L. Locke's Irish setter bitch Bess, whelped January 29, fifteen puppies, eight dogs and seven bitches, by Dash Elcho (Elcho-Rose), winner of first in puppy class, Boston, 1879.

Queen May—Westminster Kennel Club's Queen May (Native-champion Fan) whelped February 1, 1881, eleven puppies by Rattler, son of Pilley's Ranger, three dogs and four bitches, all black and white preserved.

Arrow—Mr. A. R. Heywood's Arrow (St. Louis K. C.'s champion Bow out of Sleaford's Maid) whelped January 21, 1881, six puppies, three dogs and three bitches, orange and white, and four liver and white, by Bang (champion Bang out of champion Lass), imported by the Moorefield Kennel and half brother to champion Bird. The whole litter are evenly and beautifully marked and are doing well.

Nellie—Imperial Kennel's (Toms River, N. J.,) setter bitch Nellie (Rover-Lady) whelped January 30, 1881, nine puppies, four dogs and five bitches, by same owner's Shot (Charley-May).

Blanche—Imperial Kennel's (Toms River, N. J.,) setter bitch Blanche (Pride-Nellie) whelped January 31, 1881, seven puppies, three dogs and four bitches, by same owner's Frank (Duke-Dido). All the puppies of both above litters are either black, and white and black, white and tan.

Black Bess—Mr. James T. Walker's (Troy, N. Y.,) black and tan setter Black Bess (1,056 N. A. K. C., Stud Book, vol. 1) whelped February 5, 1881, eight puppies, two dogs and six bitches, by owner's Dash (956 N. A. K. C., Stud book, vol. 1).

Minnie May—Miller & Co.'s Minnie May, whelped Feb. 1 (nine days ahead of time), seven dogs, four dogs and three bitches. Seldom a pug weighing only eleven pounds proves so prolific. Sire Mr. Halstead's (Morrison-Pug, Punch, all of New York city.

Bonnie—Mr. Elliott Johnston's collie bitch Bonnie (Downey's Lassie-Watch's Roy), whelped Jan. 25 nine pups, five dogs and four bitches, by Hamilton's Rex. Some of these will be for sale. See future advertisement in this paper.

SALES.

Rake-Rose Whelp—Mr. Gardner F. Hammond, of New London, Conn., has sold to Dr. F. B. Greenough, of Boston, Mass., a Chesapeake Bay bitch puppy, whelped January 4, 1881, out of Rose by Rake.

Juno—The Lachine Kennel Club, Whitestone, L. I.,) have obtained from Captain C. E. McMurdo the liver white spaniel bitch Juno, by imported Jack out of imported Kitty. Juno is perfectly broken to all sorts of game.

Black Spaniel Whelps—The Lachine Kennel Club (Whitestone, L. I.,) have purchased a brace of black spaniels from Mr. T. Jacobs, Newton-Abbott, Devonshire, the dog, aged eleven months, by champion Bachelor out of Negress, the bitch, aged seven months, by Nigger out of Belle.

Ray—Mr. E. S. Bradford, of Holyoke, Mass., has purchased the liver and white ticked large pointer dog Ray, out of Lincoln & Hellyard's Daisy by Whitlo's Duke. Ray was awarded second at New York, 1880, in a class of eighteen entries.

Rose—Mr. N. Elmery, of Granby, Conn., has purchased from Mr. George Pounall the beagle bitch Rose (Jack-Music), she in whelp to Victor (imported Rattler-imported Blue Bell).

Charlie II.—Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, Pa., has sold to Mr. Thomas Adams of Franklin, Pa., the liver and white cocker puppy Charlie II. out of Daisy II. by Charlie.

IMPORTATION.

Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, has purchased from Mr. T. Jacobs, of Newton-Abbott, England, a pair of liver-colored cocker spaniel puppies about six months old. The dog pup is by Kaffir-ex Squaw and the bitch pup by Zulu-ex Lass of Devon. At the recent Birmingham show Kaffir took first prize in blacks and Spurgin's cup for best spaniel of any breed. He is mentioned by the *Live Stock Journal* as the "finest spaniel we have ever seen." Squaw took first prize in black bitches in a very excellent class. Zulu is litter brother to Kaffir, and took second prize, ranking after Kaffir, and beating champion Brush, who is illustrated by Stonehenge in the latest edition of "Dogs of the British Islands," and whom Stonehenge characterizes as the "best specimen of the breed." Lass of Devon took first prize in her class—Spaniel bitches other than black. The dogs are to be shipped from England immediately.

"That medicine goes right to the spot, refreshes, revives and cures."—A patient on Hop Bitters.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

HOW TO MOULD BULLETS.

I HAVE learned how to mould rifle bullets, and propose telling how any one may cheapen their ammunition one-half. Shells, after firing, should be soaked in good vinegar, or oxalic acid and water, then well rinsed with water, after which operation set them in a stove oven until perfectly dry; re-cap the shells, being sure that the primers are pressed well down below the base of the shell; put in the proper amount of powder, tapping the shell so that the powder is well and evenly settled, and seat the ball, previously well coated with tallow, to which a small amount of beeswax is added. If the ball fits too loosely in the shell the shell requires reducing with a die manufactured for the purpose, which operation, of course, is done before priming and loading the shells.

The manufacture of good balls requires a mould with plenty of metal to retain the proper amount of heat. To one pound of lead add one-half ounce block tin; put over a good, bright bed of coals, using an iron ladle, or almost any seamless iron vessel, to melt it in. Remove any oil that may be on the bullet mould, and lay the mould in the coals until it is almost as hot as the melted lead; dip the ends of the mould handles in water until they are cool enough to be held in the hand when protected by a leather glove, then dip out sufficient lead from the ladle to fill the mould, using a clay tobacco pipe for a dipper; pour in sufficient metal to fill the mould and leave a small button standing on the top of the mould; tap the mould two or three times on the floor, table or block on which you are moulding; allow a small interval of time for the lead to set, then cut off the surplus lead and turn out of the mould. If the lead sets too rapidly in the mould, heat the mould; if the lead sets too slowly, let the mould cool. By the above process I have moulded bullets that would not vary one grain one from another in a hundred bullets, and as good, practically, for hunting purposes as swaged bullets, dense, smooth and uniform in size There is nothing gained in weight of materials carried on a trip, but there is the satisfaction of making your own cartridges, a saving of one-half the cost of same; and last, but not least, the occupation furnished for an idle hour in camp when you do not know what else to do with yourself, and old hunters know there are many such times when occupation of some kind is a pleasure. NAUTICUS.

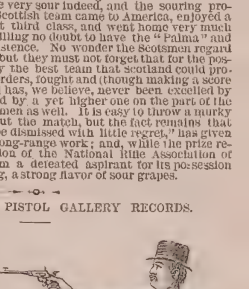
THE PALMA MATCH.

SOUR grapes can find sustenance in almost any soil, may flourish in any clime, and may be plucked by any one so disposed. In short, the crop is springing up at all times and in all directions. We think we detect a very lusty growth in far-off Glasgow, where *The Military Record and Volunteer News* reprints what the FOREST AND STREAM had to say on the Stanhope letter of invitation, and then tails it as the Palma as follows:

"The ambitious American match, got up during the centennary celebration of Independence of the United States, is once again before the rifle shooting world, and again it does not seem to make a very dignified appearance. We need not revert to the muddle at Wimbledon in July last, regarding been informed by telegraph. From the beginning this "Palma" trophy match has been a *fiasco*. The American rifle Association seem never to have been able to arrive at a definition of what is meant by an international all-the-world match. They have followed this country to represented by Irish teams and by a Scotch team, under cover of the stretched-out word "International." We have always held that the form in which the match was first heralded to all-the-world, so far as Great Britain and America were concerned, meant that the teams should be imported and republican, and, so far as colonies were concerned, it meant they should be teams from colonies having a system of self-government. At the very outset, however, a Scottish team was accepted by the American International Association as one of the strongest proofs of the great shooting authorities at Wimbledon, and to the serious disturbance of long-range rifle shooting in Scotland. A couple of years ago we seemed at length to be getting into the right groove, but last summer's misunderstandings again upset everything, and we do not know if we should grieve much over the matter, if the reception Earl Stanhope's letter has received, should send the "Palma Match," at least so far as what the NEW YORK FOREST AND STREAM chooses to call the "Moribund American Association" is concerned, into oblivion. The Palma Match has never really risen higher than a club match, and, so far as the Council of the American Association is concerned, it would seem they would have been quite prepared to accept a Welsh team or a Highland team, an Ulster team or a Connaught team, if the districts designated by these names could show historically or mythologically that they had ever had claim to have been governed by separate rulers. The dignity of the whole grand idea was lost when the Americans allowed all-the-world to be split up into little sections to come on against their united phalanx selected from all the states as Creedmoor. The editor of FOREST AND STREAM speaks out very plainly to his countrymen in the article to which we have referred, and it is a pity his sound advice should not be taken. If, as FOREST AND STREAM suggests, the American Rifle Association is in a humiliating condition, we can only say that it has lived a short and not very eventful life, and Britain has long been regarded, on this side of the water, as the home of rifle shooting, and its forests the training ranges of its riflemen; the shooting at Creedmoor has been exceptionally good and the admiration of our British riflemen. Therefore, a good understanding and an occasional contest between the accredited rifle champions of the Republic and the Empire might have been desirable but as the matter now stands we think it may, for the time being, be dismissed with little regret."

The general feeling in this country has never been excelled by a Scotch team) were defeated by a yet higher one on the part of the Americans, and by the Irishmen as well. It is easy to throw a murky atmosphere of politics about the match, but the fact remains that this match, which "might be dissed—used with little regret," has given us the best on record for long-range work; and, while the prize remains quietly in the possession of the National Rifle Association of America, any comments from a defeated aspirant for its possession have, as we set out by saying, a strong flavor of sour grapes.

THE NEW YORK PISTOL GALLERY RECORDS.



AS far as can be ascertained the first pistol shooting tournament for general competition was inaugurated by James S. Conlin, Jan. 2, 1877. It was continued for thirty days, and the scores made during that time were considered marvelous, all previous records having been excelled.

The leading scores were as follows, the condition being twenty shots with 10-inch barrel pistol, fifty feet, at Conlin's Ready Measurement Target:

TOTAL MEASUREMENT.

J. T. B. Collins	17 7-16
Thos. Neyvelle	21¾
H. Baragwaith	23 5-16
H. Silberhorn	23¾
F. Kanebly	23¾
E. J. Shipman	23¾
Weston S. Vale	24
Wm. Remsen	24¼
John Traueser	24¾
Louis Livingstone	24¾
J. D. Gaffney	24¾

These gentlemen were all crack shots, and fairly represented the skill of New York city and vicinity There were only three styles of shooting at the target, viz.: deliberate aim at a 3½-inch bullseye on paper target word shooting, and shooting at pipes. J. T. B Collins was then credited with the best scores on record, same being seventeen consecutive bullseyes, all shots in bullseyes, at the word of command—1, 2, 3, and hitting fifteen consecutive bullseyes in twenty shots, eight pipes in twelve shots at deliberate aim. By comparing these scores with those which are now made, the advance toward perfection made by present pistol marksmen is apparent. Now we have crack shots who split cards, cut threads, drive tacks, light parlor matches, cut baseball bats in two pieces with pistol. It does not seem possible pistol marksmanship can reach a greater state of perfection, but we can tell.

The accompanying cut shows the approved position now taken by the contestants at Conlin's.

NEW YORK MILITIA PRACTICE.

ADJ.-GEN. F. TOWNSEND, in his annual report to the Governor as commander of the militia of the State of New York, makes some remarks on rifle practice as follows:

"The infantry is armed with the Remington rifle of the calibre of fifty hundredths of an inch. For manifest reasons it is certainly to be regretted that the calibre is not the same as that of the weapon with which the United States infantry is armed, the calibre of the latter being forty-five hundredths of an inch; but the objection is very much lessened in having in the arsenals of the State a reserve of 650,000 cartridges always on hand, suitable to the calibre of this piece. In this connection it is but just to the military authorities of the State to remark that they are not to blame for this dissimilarity of calibre. At the time of the purchase of the Remington rifles the United States calibre was fifty hundredths of an inch, and the change to forty-five hundredths was not dreamed of. Perhaps the change may have been one of the extraordinary developments of rifle practice, but I am fully persuaded, notwithstanding all of this, for at least several years to come the Remington rifle, exactly as it is found in the hands of the troops, is an admirable weapon, well calculated effectively to respond to all the demands likely to be made upon it.

It cannot be doubted, however, that breech-loading arms of precision have considerably modified the system of warfare in developing the necessity of thin skirmish lines, and the necessity that every enlisted man should be capable of delivering this fire. To this necessity to a refinement it is desirable to husband the military fund to be disbursed, firstly, in disciplining and instructing citizens in those other duties of the soldier which enable them to be so managed in mass that on the delivery of battle shall they be destructive on the skirmish line. In my judgment the primal necessity at this juncture is the annual encampment of every organization of the National Guard for a period of from five to ten days, and the latter the better where every guardsman may be thoroughly instructed progressively in the profession of the soldier, environed by the actualities of the soldier's life. To be able to accomplish this for the guard, there must be at least a great deal less money expended for rifle practice in the future than in the past. Since the year 1874, when the practice came to be general, there have been expended by the State in the matter of rifle practice alone, the following amounts:

In 1874 (including $25,000 in 1872 to purchase Creedmoor)	$55,656 89	1877	$48,309 25
		1878	65,921 34
		1879	47,258 99
1875	54,380 24	1880	23,494 25
1876	38,442 70		

Making a total for seven years of $312,679.06; and average outlay of $44,668.52.

Now it is not contended that this annual average sum would have been sufficient for the annual assembling for ten days each organization of the whole guard of 20,000 men and pay and rations the same, but it is asserted that the annual sum expended for rifle practice yearly for the past three years would be ample for the expenses of a new regiments each year in camp. While it is not desirable by any means to dispense with rifle practice, it is proper and necessary to administer the system relatively to the other needs of the force, and with a view to economy, I would recommend the immediate abrogation of the orders whereby prizes and decorations are furnished at the expense of the State, and for the time when the practice of all rifle practice by the guard until the force shall have been reduced to within twelve thousand officers and enlisted men, and the State shall have provided the proper camping sites, with butts thereto, for the drill and discipline of its troops in all that pertains to the duties of the soldier.

MEDFORD—*Mass., Feb.* 2.—Never was there a time when the wind gauge had to be altered so much as it was on this afternoon at Bellevue Range by the score of riflemen who, notwithstanding the extremely high wind blowing from the nor'-west, the thermometer registering the meanwhile 4 deg. zero, blazed away at the target for four hours with the following results:

C R Grilling	5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5—47	H Wilmington	4 5 5 4 4 3 5 5 5—45
W Jacobs	5 5 4 4 4 5 5 5—44	J R Teel	4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4—43
C Richards	4 4 4 5 5 5 4 4—43	W Henry	4 2 5 3 5 4 4 4 5—42
W Hill	4 4 4 5 3 4 5 5 4—42	C Rogers	5 3 5 4 4 4 5 4 4—42
J Richardson	4 4 4 3 4 5 5 4—41	J Winslow	5 4 4 3 5 4 4 4 4—41
G C Riley	5 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 3—41	M P Williams	3 4 4 5 4 3 4 4 4—39

BOSTON—*Mass., Feb. 5.*—A bright, crisp, delightful winter day the citizens enjoyed at Walnut Hill. The wind came from the northwest carry in the shooting, steady and reliable, which shot the marksmen easily controlled. Later in the day it became somewhat erratic, and of that lifting kind which proved that high elevations were not in order. Notwithstanding, the best shooting of the season was done, and worthy of especial mention was the fact that the lowmen came to the front. In the record match, Massachusetts target, phenomenal shooting was done, conditions seven rounds. Mr. A. C. Gould made seven consecutive bulls eyes on the paper target, and secured 71 out of the possible 84. Adams took 71, Mr. Bennett 74 and Rabbeth 73—the best work done during the season. The following shows only the best scores made among the large number of entries and re-entries:

Record Match (Creedmoor).

G Warren	5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5—48	J S Bennett	5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5—47
H S Harris	5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5—47	F Bennett	5 5 5 4 4 5 4 5 4 5—47
F J Rabbeth	5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4—48	T Robbins	5 5 5 4 4 5 4 5 4 5—46
A B Archer	5 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 4 4—46	C H Grilling	4 5 5 5 4 5 3 5 4 4—46
A C Adams	4 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 4—46	E A Borel	5 5 4 5 5 3 5 4 4 5—45
C H Grant	4 5 4 4 5 5 4 5 4 4—44	G E Fielding	4 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4—44
J Borrowdale	5 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 4—43	E Bradford	4 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—42
J Burroughs	4 4 3 5 4 4 5 4 4 5—42	G M Cook	4 3 2 3 4 4 5 3 3 4—35

Badge Match (Creedmoor Target).

F J Rabbeth	5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5—48	G L Dodge	5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5—48
A C Gould	4 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5—47	C H Grilling	4 4 4 5 5 4 5 5 5—46
H S Harris	5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 4—46	T J Robbins	4 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 5—46
A Gray	5 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 4—45	F Bennett	5 5 4 3 4 4 5 4 4—43
J B Fellows	5 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 5—45	E L Day	5 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4—45
C Wright	4 4 4 5 5 4 4 5—44	J S Brown	4 4 5 5 4 5 5 4 4—44
E Bennett	4 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 4—44	G E Fielding	4 4 4 4 2 5 4 5 4—40

Record Match (Massachusetts Target).

A C Gould	10 11 10 11 11 12—67	A C Adams	11 9 11 11 11 11 9 11—76
E Bennett	11 12 11 10 8 12 11—74	F J Rabbeth	10 12 10 10 10 10 11—73

THE BOSTON GALLERIES.—The January matches closed with the month at the Magnolia gallery. The shooting in the several matches was excellent. The following summary shows the results in the matches for the month:

Match No. 2.

C Wright	45 46 46 49 46—232	C Gilman	45 46 46 46 46—229
W Hunter	46 45 45 45 46—227	J Ames	44 45 44 45 45—223
S Fogg	44 47 44 44 44—223		

Pistol Match.

C Dunn	44 43 43—129	G F Elsworth	41 44 43—127
C Gilman	41 42 42—125	J Ames	40 40 40—120
W F Farnham	38 39 38—115	T Tryon	37 38 38—113
C Wright	37 38 37—112	O A Gross	36 38 38—112
C Williams	33 34 37—104	B Edwards	33 33 36—102
F Worth	33 34 35—102	J C McCoy	34 33 34—101
C White	33 33 34—100	T Brown	32 35 33—100

Match No. 1.

B Edwards	49 48 49 49 50—245	G F Elsworth	49 5 49 49 49—240
C Wright	48 48 49 48 47—240	C Gilman	48 48 48 48 46—236
J Ames	48 47 48 48 48—239	W H Farnham	47 47 48 47 47—236
E Ellis	48 46 47 47 47—235	J E Harris	47 47 47 47 47—235
E Charles	46 47 49 47 47—235	G C Arthur	46 47 46 46 47—233
S Fogg	47 46 46 46 46—231	C Gilman	45 46 46 46 48—231
C Williams	45 45 46 46 45—226		

"Forest and Stream" Match.

E Harris	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5—49	G C Arthur	5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4—48
C Cumings	5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5—48	W H Farnham	4 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5—47

BEACHMONT RANGE—*Mass., Feb.* 5.—The East Boston Schutzen Corps had its weekly contest at Beachmont to-day. There was a good attendance, but the intense cold interfered considerably with the marksmen. Below are the best scores of the day:

Massachusetts Target (Off-Hand.)

C M Gueth	11	8	10	12	10	11	11	9	9	11—102
R Max	11	8	11	12	10	9	10	11	9	9—100
J F Schaefer	8	11	10	12	10	9	11	10	11	11—103
H Wilfert	10	10	9	10	11	8	11	7	9	11—96
J W Thoret	7	9	12	8	9	12	9	10	8	8—92
J C Barrett	11	10	10	7	9	10	6	10	9	7—89
C Abe	6	2	10	10	8	3	9	4	11	11—78

Massachusetts Target (Rest.)

H Max	11	11	11	10	12	12	10	12	12	12—113
C M Gueth	12	11	12	10	10	12	12	11	11	11—115
H Wilfert	12	10	10	9	9	7	11	10	12	12—102
C Abe	9	11	11	10	9	11	9	10	7	8—95
J C Barrett	9	11	10	9	10	11	9	6	11	9—95
J W Thoret	11	10	10	7	9	10	7	9	9	7—89
C Gollinger	6	5	10	0	8	4	7	11	9	10—70

A challenge has been received by the corps from the Wheeling (West Va.) Rifle Club to shoot a match at 600 yards, "Massachusetts target." It will probably take place this month. The corps has applied for an act of incorporation to hold land, etc., at Beachmont.

NEW ORLEANS, *La., Jan.* 30.—The fine weather and love of rifle shooting drew over forty adherents of the New Orleans Rifle Club to the rifle park near the Boys' House of Refuge to-day. It was by far the largest turnout that has been witnessed for some time past, and proves that the club is getting into trim once more.

It has been decided, in order to allow new members a chance, to continue the competition for the medal every Sunday until the first Sunday in April, when it will become the property of the winner. As only "cartons" count, it is expected to be a well contested match. Several scores were shot off yesterday at 200 yards with the following result:

Cartons		Cartons	
R Malony	6 6 4 6 6 5 6 5 4—4	H H Haskins	4 5 2 3 4 4 3 6 6 5—3
Dr Ludwig	5 6 5 3 6 5 5 5 4—3	T P Devoe	5 4 4 5 3 5 5 4 3—0
Geo Muller	5 2 4 4 6 4 5 6 5—3	R M Sirling	4 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 3—0

NEWARK, *N. J., Jan.* 25.—The annual meeting of the Frelinghuysen Rifle Club was held this evening, and the following officers were elected: W. F. Lynn, President; C. T. Wake, Vice-President; A. C. Nourse, Secretary; Geo. A. Weyman, Secretary; Geo. A. Weyman, Captain; R. Westerman, Inspector; W. F. Lynn and J. E. Walsh, delegates to N. R. C.; Wake, Wigman and Dennis, and Secretary and Treasurer, Board of Directors; Westerman, Koch and Neumann, Range Committee; Soden, Walsh and Zimmer, Investigating Committee.

The Columbia Rifles of this city elected the following officers: Fred Taylor, President; William Ploughright, Vice-President; William Clain, Recording Secretary; Charles Hasbrett, Financial Secretary; Andrew Gebold, Treasurer; Robert Johnson, Captain; A. Welsher, Inspector of Rifles; Julius Howlet, William Leonard, Fred Walsh, scorers.

ELIZABETH, *N. J., Jan.* 27.—At the annual meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association, held to-day, the reports show it to be in a flourishing condition. The following were elected as directors for three years: Colonel C. P. Howard, Newark; Colonel J. M. Dart, Captain W. H. Benhart, Geo. *I.* Squire, of Elizabeth, and H. F. Anderson, of Rahway. Captain I. R. Denman, of Newark, was elected for one year to fill vacancy.

THE Newark Rifle Association has sent a challenge to the New York Rifle Club. No date has yet been fixed for this off-hand match.

THE 1,000-yard range of the Stockton (N. J.) Rifle Range will be constructed in time for the shooting season in the spring.

Oh, how refreshing, palatable and reviving is a draught of cool water with Hop Bitters in it, to a fever patient.

Yachting and Canoeing.

LIGHTS IN BOATS "PROPELLED BY OARS."

A SOMEWHAT startling announcement appeared a few days ago in the Washington correspondence of the daily press, and inquiries very soon began to pour in upon us. The paragraph referred to reads as follows:

"The board passed another very important rule, whereby small boats propelled by oars shall display, between sunset and sunrise, a bright white light from a flag-staff at the bow of the boat. A failure to comply with this rule subjects the offender to a fine of $200 for each offense."

As such a sweeping regulation affecting every yawl, gig, dingy, canoe or shell-boat happening to be caught out after sundown, seemed both ridiculous and impracticable, as well as a stretch of authority on the part of the Board of Supervising Steamboat Inspectors, we directed an inquiry to the proper authorities who have kindly sent the following in reply. It unfortunately still leaves the matter open to some doubts, for we take it that the rule relates in reality only to "boats propelled by oars," etc., engaged in trade and transport or to boats of any character when anchored in a fairway. If the rule is intended to apply to every boat without the limits we have indicated, it is simply absurd and impracticable, for it would imply that in every man, woman or child out for a pull in gig or shell should provide lamps, wick, oil, and also become lamp-trimmer and lamplighter, and perform feats impossible in many boats, and certain to cause the loss of more lives than already sacrificed by reckless steamboat pilots:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Office Supervising Inspector General of Steamboats,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 3, 1881.

Sir—Rule 12, of Section No. 4,233, Revised Statutes, provides that "coal boats, trading boats, produce boats, canal boats, oyster boats, fishing boats, rafts or other water-craft, navigating any bay, harbor or river by hand-power, horse-power, sail, or by the current of the river, or which shall be anchored or moored in or near the channel or fairway of any bay, harbor or river, shall carry one or more good white lights, which shall be placed in such manner as shall be prescribed by the board of supervising inspectors of steam vessels."

The rule passed yesterday was simply in compliance with the provisions of the sections just quoted, which requires that the Board of Supervising Inspectors shall prescribe the proper lights to be carried upon the class of vessels described in the first section of the paragraph, a matter which had been previously overlooked, and to which attention had been called by the proper authority.

The penalty feature formed no part of the new rule, that being a matter regulated wholly by existing statutes.

Very respectfully, JAS. A. DUMONT,
Supervising Inspector General.

SHARPIES *vs.* KEELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All my life I have been hearing about sharpies—how they were the fastest boats built, how they were the safest; that they work to windward best and went free like lightning; how, in other words, they "beat all creation." like the true Yankee inventions that they were, and combined in themselves all the good qualities a perfect yacht can possess. And now comes Mr. Clapham to reassert these assertions and offer to back them up by a boat and to windward, "outside the blue" in a heavy sea, against any of the be-praised little keelers. I have no prejudices about other people's views. Those persons who like to go straight out to sea and then come straight back again, like the king who marched up the hill, and fancy they are having a good time, or are proving themselves to old salts and sea dogs," and who look down on shallow-water sailors as contemptuously as the driver of a team of horses gazes at the pedestrian, very wisely for themselves pick out a boat that won't capsize if it does always sail on its side. Like the Frenchman who ate the crow, I do not dispute about tastes, for I do not harbor any fear or sort of loathing. I live on a bay a hundred miles long, four miles wide and two feet deep, and so cannot conveniently use a boat twenty-five feet long and drawing seven feet of water, as the perfect modern model has become in the great and glorious Commonwealth. Moreover, when I cruise I want to run in to all the harbors and explore the inlets, bayous, marshes, creeks, bights, lagoons and water ways of our coast in pursuit of fish, flesh and fowl, which are not found in the limitless expanse of the mighty ocean, where, in fact, boating else is to be found but the winds and the waves and one's self. The charm to me in the sailor's life is the variety and change of land and water in cruising, the sport of rod and gun, and the adventures in "fresh fields and pastures new;" and, while we admit the virtues of a deep centerboard boat, we do not admire a keeler that goes on its side when it is "hove down," and lies on its side when it is a-ground—an accident which will happen to all your yachting readers now and then, except that one who says he can judge of the depth of the water by looking over the side of his boat, a power not generally given to man, and which would make him an invaluable pilot if he could only judge of the depth of the mud equally well. Now, if the sharpie combines all the superlative qualities claimed for her, and only draws six inches of water to forty feet of length, that is the boat we long-shore cruisers want. We will allow the "toilers of the sea" to lord it over us, and boast of their prowess in handling in a sea-way and out in "deeply, darkly, desperately blue," like the pedestrian who, while he confesses that he is despised by the carriage rider, feels the satisfaction of knowing that he is strengthening his limbs and saving the fare, so we will continue to creep along shore, but we want the best boat for the purpose, and that as yet we have not found. The sharpie may be the coming boat, or rather she may have come, for I have heard her praised, as I say, since I was a boy. But, as I said, this is another age, and we always is in this mundane sphere. Oh, that our accounts in this world only had no other side! The reverse of the sharpie picture is, as I have heard, that they are intolerably slow, that they are cranky, that they are awkward to handle and that they go like an ox working to windward at all unless they are steered by a long oar and a padded shoulder. I am not calling it a sea-way and out in "deeply, darkly, desperately blue," like the pedestrian who, while he confesses that he is despised by the carriage rider, feels the satisfaction of knowing that he is strengthening his limbs and saving the fare, so we will continue to creep along shore, but we want the best boat for the purpose, and that as yet we have not found. The sharpie may be the coming boat, or rather she may have come, for I have heard her praised, as I say, since I was a boy. But, as I said, this is another age, and we always is in this mundane sphere. Oh, that our accounts in this world only had no other side! The reverse of the sharpie picture is, as I have heard, that they are intolerably slow, that they are cranky, that they are awkward to handle and that they go like an ox working to windward at all unless they are steered by a long oar and a padded shoulder. I am not calling it a sharpie, but I shall before the year is over, if any of your readers have a good one to sell and will communicate with me through you. Hence I cannot tell the truth if I would, and very few of us will, when so much is involved. Claphamites are sharpie-ites to a man, and I, for one, am not fully converted. Clapham's boat was the darling of the king of the knife-blade sailors. I offered to race that forty-foot sharpie, ten feet wide and three and a half feet deep, against the latter's twenty-five foot yacht, which draws seven feet of water, the race to take place in a heavy sea-way to windward, and what do you suppose he answered? He would race me if my boat was to be only four feet less than his? In other words, he was to have a boat twice the size of mine on his own course, in his favorite style of sailing. That settled him and his cutter and his authority in yachting in my mind. Why, a boat twenty-five by ten by seven is as large as another forty by ten by three and a half, whether she is sailed on her edge, her side or her end, I do not care which; and certainly, for practical use, the latter, if equal in other respects, is worth three of her. There is great comfort in having two "sails to sail by," and both inboard, that is by the mast, and to reef your sail by wrapping it around the mast, and it is a release from labor to hoist your canvas by merely straining out a light boom on the lower end. Where would be your cutter or your cat boat or your sloop for single-handed cruising if the sharpie is all that is claimed for it; and, if it is, why has not the world found it out by this time before, and all of us gone to yachting in sharpies and been happy, comfortable and safe? Will not some kind person tell us why? R. B. R.

Our correspondent's query at the end of his letter we leave open to the decision of experience. In general we should certainly advise every one to have his coat cut to measure. A seven-foot giant underway in an ulster built for a five-foot person would be as much of an incompatibility as a yachtsmen trying to navigate in two-foot water with seven-foot draft. Our correspondent is right in including sloops in the same category with cutters in the matter of draft, for many of the modern sloops already draw *more* than cutters. Incidentally, the above letter shows how radically unfair and absolutely untenable is the custom of sailing on length as a criterion. If allowing time on a length basis had the slightest sense or logic, it is evident that two twenty-five-foot boats should sail on equal terms, whether they happen to be dubbed sharpie, cutter, sloop or anything else. That our correspondent's objections to the match mentioned are perfectly legitimate and sound no one will dispute or question in his own mind even for a moment. It illustrates in the most simple and forcible style the glaring stupidity and impossibility of classing different models by length, and, as no two sloops or schooners are alike, the system can no more be applied with equity to yachts of the same technical designation than to a sharpie and cutter, though the error and injustice become less serious, of course, as the yachts raced approach each other in similarity of form and size. That a rule against which the common sense of a school boy would revolt should ever have come into popular use, or can for an instant be entertained by any one capable of adding two and two, surpasses our understanding. There has never been as much as a single sound argument advanced in its favor, and one might suppose that a most simple and ever present illustration of its fallacy, such as our correspondent brings forward, would condemn such a ridiculous proposition as length measurement without giving it the slightest further consideration. Can any one blame us for losing patience when such a brainless custom is still the standard with the majority of yacht clubs, and which is rejected with contempt every time a private match is to be sailed between yachts of different models? Length measurement is a piece of legerdemain whereby a large yacht swindles the smaller one out of prizes and a record, and establishes for herself a fraudulent reputation, to which the value of her model is not in justice entitled. Length measurement is a puerile, shallow sophistry, and a misleading, mischievous delusion, or else our correspondent must sail his twenty-five foot sharpie against a twenty-five foot cutter or sloop without allowance, an undertaking no sane person will for a moment deem either rational or equitable, or productive of results of the slightest value as a basis of comparison between the speed of the two boats. It is about time that length measurement ceased to proclaim yachtsmen, through their sailing rules, as incapable of mastering the multiplication table. Yacht clubs owe it to themselves to abolish such baby-like verdancy, which they would not tolerate for an instant in the book-keeping of their professions. Why, then, such incapacity as soon as the subject of yachting is reached? If the membership of a club does not include any one capable of mastering elementary questions of the kind, it would be much better to hire a teacher in rudimentary mathematics for a few evenings than to quietly submit to a gross fallacy simply because "they all do;" and every one is afraid to correct an abuse as it might involve a little more labor than gossip.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

DURING the economical era there was at one time danger of the N. Y. Y. C. giving up their pleasant quarters on Madison avenue and scattering their collection of models and books to the four winds. Fortunately this danger no longer threatens, for the annual report shows the club rooms to be self-sustaining, and we may congratulate ourselves upon the permanent establishment of at least one yachting headquarters worthy the name. About forty new members have been added lately, and, with $2,000 in the treasury, it is fair sailing for the year, with anything like beneficial management. The following officers were elected: Commodore, John R. Maxwell; schooner Dauntless; Vice Commodore, James D. Smith (schooner Ketchel; Rear Commodore, Hermann Oelrichs (sloop Hildegarde); Secretary, Charles A. Minton; Treasurer, James G. Piouilit; Measurer, A. Cary Smith; Fleet Surgeon, Alexander M. Fisher, M. D.; Regatta Committee, Chester Dubois Pond, John R. Bryan, G. L. Haight; House Committee, T. B. Asten, Henry N. Alden, W. Lindsay Biatch, C. R. Flint and C. A. Childs; Committee on Admissions, William H. Thomas, John S. Dickerson, John H. Platt, F. W. J. Hurst and William H. Osgood.

That something must be done to revive racing and interest in the club affairs seems to be conceded, and consequently a proposition has been entertained to invite the Eastern Y. C to join squadrons in New York harbor some time in July, the usual club sailing matches to be done away with. The proposition must have been offered in sheer desperation, for it is difficult to see how the contemplated "programme" is going to help matters much. There is even less wind to be expected in July than in June, and racing is more likely to turn into tedious drifting while the inducements to cut to Block Island are certainly of the most unsubstantial kind. It is not likely that many Eastern yachtsmen can be induced to cover 300 miles to a city notorious for its dusty, filthy streets and broiling heat, simply to visit a grand reception given by the classic Hibernian Club, at which the raw Hibernian and the festive goat hold carnival, when the romantic coasts of Maine and Mount Desert offer scenery, refreshing breezes and superior attractions in many ways. It seems like a deliberate attempt to give the New York Y. C. an *eclat* which it needlessly confesses itself unable to sustain without aid from abroad, we hope that some of the Eastern schooners will actually turn up in our waters and heroically submit to a duly sun and successfully withstand the many temptations offered by the attractive beauties of South Brooklyn, its goats, tin cans, hoegays and ash barrels. But let us welcome the bran as the premonition of a shift of wind.

SLABS AT SEA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read in your journal that Nokomis came to grief recently off the Southern coast. Before the last bow was put on she was nothing but an old centreboard boat with a keel plastered on. But a keel covers a multitude of sins. One keel boat has just been built in this province of many. Her dimensions are: Over all, 84.31 ft.; beam, 22 ft.; depth, 8 ft.; draft, 8.2 ft. extreme; draft at middle of L. W. L., 56 ft., without keel. Now, they may have made her much deeper all over, but I doubt it. Such is the kind of craft that is sold to men for sea cruisers, and which brings discredit upon keel boats.

The Mischief on the other hand has been decried as a "racing machine" by people who do not know the first thing about the matter, yet she draws in fact as the middle of her load line on a length of only 61 ft. It is just as you say—we need to drown some" prophinet citizens" out of the slab boats to infuse common sense into the yacht builders who persist in modelling flat bottoms for sea cruising through sheer ignorance, many builders never having been to sea a single day in their life! Several new schooners are being built this year, and for off shore work, but they are at best treacherous, clumsy boxes which will come to grief sooner or later if put to hard work. ANTI-SLAB.

New York, Jan. 22.

YACHTING NEWS.

AMERICA CUP.—The New York Yacht Club has appointed a committee to draw up a clear and definite set of challenge rules for the America Cup, to be reported March 24.

HERRESHOFF COILS.—The yacht Carrie, of Philadelphia, was blown up at Stockton, New Hampshire, January 2, four persons being killed and the boat completely wrecked. It will gradually dawn upon the steam yacht owner that there are boilers in the market which cannot blow up, weigh less, take up less room, cost less, and will get up steam in less time than the antediluvian affairs of the locomotive type, but it takes very long to make some people see their own interests. They are conservative to the verge of stupidity. The *Scientific American* has the following to say concerning the Herreshoff's and their safety boilers:

"The Herreshoff multiple steam vessels turned out by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, of Bristol, R. I., have attracted world-wide attention, and in a very few years have earned a reputation which is truly enviable. These boats have not only been indorsed by the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the United States Navy, but their merits have been acknowledged by European engineers, and the English government has given its opinion in an emphatic way, by ordering a number of the boats to be used in the English navy.

The Herreshoff Brothers possess, by inheritance, great talent for mechanical construction, especially as applied to steam engineering, and this talent has been developed by practical experiment supervised by these indefatigable inventors. From first to last success has followed their efforts, and, judging from the present showing, a prosperous future is before them.

"The distinguishing feature of the Herreshoff system of marine steam machinery is the safety coil boiler, which has been brought to great perfection and patented by the Herreshoff brothers.

"The engine used in the Herreshoff system for coil boiler in any of its forms are marked and are apparent almost at first sight. The coil is absolutely safe from destructive explosion, and weighs less than one-half as much as other boilers of the same capacity, and in point of economy is superiority is undisputed. It is capable of raising steam from cold water in from five to seven minutes. This is an important feature, especially in steam launches and torpedo boats, where time is an all important matter.

"The engine used in the Herreshoff system for marine purposes are of the compound condensing type, having feed and air pumps attached. The machinery of this system is especially noteworthy for its extreme lightness and for the judicious distribution of material, all of the parts having ample strength, and no portion being loaded with useless metal, which would rather detract than add to the efficiency of the machine. These engines use the steam with the highest economy, actual and prolonged tests having proved the efficiency to be at least 40 per cent. greater than that of the non-expanding type, as to minor details of construction, finish, proportion and general design these engines leave nothing to be desired."

We believe FOREST AND STREAM was the first journal to give full weight to the manifold and important advantages of the coil system, and to pronounce the Herreshoff boiler essentially "the boiler for the people." We have no hesitation in saying that it will displace shell boilers altogether at no distant day. The only question yet to be decided is the limit in power to which the coils can be constructed. For yachts, for mills, for pumps, for mines, for electric lights, for elevators, for use at home and for the railroad, for power in any place for any purpose, the coil carries off the palm.

SINGLE HANDER.—Owing to press upon our columns, the design for a two-tonner cannot appear before next week.

THE SWEEP OF REFORM.—When the light-draft hobbies were at their height in this country, the rage took possession of yachtsmen across the border. Sober sense, however, has once more returned, and the lessons of actual practice are no longer disowned by Canadians. A correspondent writes that iron keels are looking up in Toronto waters. The Alaria, 35-ton yawl, has been improved with

outside iron, and the Escape, 10-ton yawl, a new centreboard craft last year, has repented, and comes out this spring with a keel and 1,800 lbs. of ballast where it means most business. Others are to follow suit.

ANOTHER NONPAREIL.—Mr. Clapham is building a little 16x6 ft. craft for Boston parties to sail in the Mosquito Fleet.

THE PACIFIC FLEET.—We extract from a letter: "I am glad to say that in our fleet of thirty vessels we have not one sailing master. All the owners sail their own boats. The new ones, who do not know how, soon learn. I am sorry to observe, however, a tendency to increase the size of the yachts. The three new ones recently added to the S. F. Y. C. are, two of them, 60 feet long, and the other 80 feet, and we have another 97 feet. Next season I expect will be a very exciting one. The last-mentioned new vessels each thinks she can beat all creation, and the Chispa, consuelo, and old Nelly intend to give them a lively time for it. One of the new vessels, the Aggie, 80 feet long, is by a new builder, Hall Brothers, of Puget Sound, who have built some of the fastest merchantmen afloat, but this is their first yacht, and they have much to learn about a yacht or I am much mistaken. She has a great deal too much beam, 25 feet, and carries it well along and she has only 30 inches freeboard, much too little for a vessel of her size. The new Nellie, 60 feet long, is Turner's last, and I think by far his best. She will be a dangerous one for any of them to tackle. She has more freeboard than his other vessels, and takes her bow up more, so that she will not be eternally rooting her nose under as his former ones do. Stone has nearly finished a 60 footer; I have not seen her; they say is a beauty; all his boats are and they sail well. I am sorry that so many of these new boats are to be rigged as yawls, the builders' prejudices overrule the wishes of the owners, as all are anxious to take the prize this year, and you cannot convince the old-fashioned that a yawl is faster than a schooner, but I know from experience she is, and I believe they know it in England, where they make a schooner sail at three-fifths of her tonnage, a yawl at four-fifths, and a cutter at her full tonnage. The season of the san Francisco Y. C. opens April 14 with a cruise to Mare Island."

A NEW CUTTER.—They are going off like hot cakes as fast as the frames can be set up. A 40-ft. cutter is to be built by Lawley & Son, of South Boston, off the moulds of Mr. Burgess' new sloop.

NEW MEASUREMENT RULE.—We all know how the old Thames rule has pinched English racers into "planks set on edge." It was recently proposed to build a five-tonner, 40 ft. water line and 5 ft. beam, with a fair chance of the next one being 60 ft. with 4 feet beam, and about to feet depth with a lead shoe of something like ten-tons on the keel. These and similar propositions, which would have driven all previously built craft to the wall, have finally proved too much even for the well-known conservatism of our cousins across the water, and so, at last, a strong and influential move has been set on foot to modify their old measurement rule, hallowed by the traditions of ages. The new proposition, which meets with hearty indorsement, originated with Mr. Dixon Kemp, we believe. It is to multiply the square of the length by the beam and divide by 1,200. The theory upon which the rule is based we will revert to at some other time. The new rule appears to give a very fair classification to yachts of all types, and, should it work well in experience, we hope it may become international in its scope.

BLOCKS.—We call attention to the advertisement of the Providence Tool Company. They offer blocks of all sizes and patterns especially adapted to yachts gear. For quality they need no indorsement, as the standing of the company is well known. The new patterns have come into wide use and favor in the East, and will be supplied to several New York owners this spring.

SOUND VIEWS.—It is gratifying to note the growth of sound views concerning yacht designs. A writer in a Philadelphia paper, after working off superfluous energy by repeating stale and oft-refuted superlatives, winds up with a bit of sense, in which he concedes all this journal has ever claimed or advocated: "Extreme beam is only applicable to small open boats adapted to surface sailing ..... fortunately there is a happy medium." This from one who, judging by his letters in print, allows a superabundant amount of red-hot patriotism swelling in his manly bosom to interfere with the sober working of his five senses, is proof that the leaven is working as we wish it should.

SOUTH BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—The thirteenth anniversary of this club was properly celebrated by the members, Wednesday, Feb. 2, at the Seaside House, over a hundred covers being laid. After some routine business, the evening was given over to social enjoyment, and yarns and songs flowed freely. The committee for the evening was composed of Messrs. Kiley, H. J. McKee, T. Christian, W. Morris, R. Disbrow and F. G. Cooley.

ESSEX BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—The following are the officers for the year: Thomas Stone, Commodore; John Morrison, Vice-Commodore; Fleet Captain, John Mack; James L. Meagher, secretary; Edward Curran, Treasurer.

WASHINGTON VILLAGE YACHT CLUB.—At the annual election officers were elected for the year as follows: Commodore, James Mansfield; Vice-Commodore, Frank Daniels; Fleet Captain, John Stewart; Secretary, Edward Laning; Treasurer, William Lincoln.

SALEM BAY YACHT CLUB.—At the annual meeting, Feb. 3, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Vice-Commodore, A. L. Huntington; Rear Commodore, W. P. Parker; Secretary, A. S. Brown; Treasurer, C. H. Goss. Regatta Committee—Chas. A. Benjamin, Edw. C. Brown, G. W. Mansfield, J. A. Wallis, V. P. Carwen. M.

TEACHING BOYS WOODCRAFT.

MR. W. H. LADD, the principal of the famous Boston Channey Hall School, says the Boston *Herald*, while at Rangeley Lakes, last spring, made the acquaintance of Capt. Fred Barker, a famous trapper of the Maine woods, and, thinking it would afford his scholars a treat never before enjoyed by Boston schoolboys to hear a real hunter and trapper describe forest life, made arrangements with him to deliver a series of talks upon that subject during the present winter. The first talk took place last week and so entertained the scholars that they begged the principal to allow them to bring their parents and friends to the next that occurred on a Saturday evening lately. Long before the speaker arrived the hall was well filled with scholars, many of whom were accompanied by their parents and friends. Among the audience were quite a large number of well-known sportsmen of this city, and also a delegation of Harvard students, some of whom camped with Barker last summer. The speaker appeared in his hunting costume and opened his address by giving the boys instructions regarding their outfit and behavior while camping out. He advised beginners to employ a guide acquainted with the locality and who was also competent to take charge of a camp. He told the boys that they should have two tents, one a wall tent to sleep in, and a smaller one to keep their cooking utensils in. Among the necessary paraphernalia for camping purposes he suggested a good axe, a camp kettle, a teakettle, a six-quart pail for water, and plenty of plates, knives and forks. For food, plenty of potatoes, onions, beans and salt pork were recommended. If the party has no guide it should have some definite plan of action, and should elect one of the party captain and another cook, or "pot rastler," as the logging camps term *chef de cuisine*. In selecting a place for a camp particular attention should be paid to the location, which should be on high ground, close to water. The speaker illustrated the proper manner of building a fire. Select a smooth, hard piece of ground at the foot of a high, flat boulder or stone, and then take three large sticks of wood, the larger the better—for the work of one person cut up a lot of small wood that burns out before morning, leaving the campers nearly frozen—and place one on the other against the rock. After this arrangement has been completed, chop up a lot of small dry wood and place in the fireplace and start the fire. At the time of retiring pull down on the fire the two upper logs that rest against the stone and throw a green stick on them. This will keep a good fire until after midnight, when you should throw on another stick, which will last until morning. A proper stone for the back cannot be found, stakes driven in the ground will answer the purpose of holding up the front logs. With some boughs that he brought for the purpose the speaker illustrated the process of making a bough tent, such as is used by trappers who only intend making a short stay in one place. A number of questions were asked the speaker on the subject of camping out, all of which he answered in a manner which showed him to be thoroughly conversant with his subject. He then detailed the characteristics of, and the method employed in hunting moose, caribou, deer and bears. He described in a graphic manner the experience of a new hunter in his first attempt to shoot deer at nightfime by the aid of a "jack," and his description of the adventures and misadventures of the new-fledged deer hunter kept his audience convulsed with laughter and elicited at the close a storm of applause. His description of the "buck fever," which always catches the novice in his first attempt at deer hunting, was laughable in the extreme and delighted the boys, who did not fail to show their appreciation by heartily applauding the speaker. In his advice to the boys about camping out he said that the main feature of a good time was good nature, and he also said that there was no place in the world where a man or boy would more thoroughly exhibit the good or bad qualities he was possessed of than when camping out. At the request of one of the audience Capt. Barker gave a minute and graphic description of life in a logging camp. He also illustrated the method of hunting deer with a "jack" on the hunter's head, and with his rifle explained to the boys the method of taking aim under those circumstances. When asked as to the best course to pursue when lost in the woods the speaker said the only way was to keep a clear head and use common sense.

PROTECTION FOR WILD PIGEONS.

CECIL CO., Md, Dec 31.

I AGREE with Jean, whose letter on the above subject appeared in your last issue, that it is time something was done for their protection But the trouble is that many of the men who are influential in getting laws passed for the protection of other game are trap shooters, and are interested in having plenty of wild pigeons for their matches, and as they can only be trapped in large quantities when nesting, nothing has been done to prevent their slaughter at that time If it is wrong to trap or shoot quail when nesting, it must be wrong to do the same with pigeons; they also belong to the people of the whole country and are game, and should be protected as such, independent of the question from a humane point of view. A great deal has been written about the cruelty of trap shooting, but the worst is in taking the parent birds from the young, which leaves them to starve. Some sportsmen have a queer way of looking at these matters, for the same man who has just returned from shooting at say fifty nesting wild pigeons in a match, or is picking his teeth after a good dinner of squabs (which have been clubbed out of their nests) will sit down and write a long letter to his sporting paper about the horrible barbarity of the pot-hunter who shoots into a flock of young quail huddled together on the ground, or the farmer's boy who traps the old birds on the nest Now, the farmer and his boy are just as much defrauded by the trapped pigeons as the sportsman is by the trapped quail. P. T. B.

Obstructions of the kidneys and attendant organs will prove fatal if not removed by Hop Bitters.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.**

M. A. M.—See our last issue.

J. A., St. Albans, Vt.—No lottery is reliable.

A., Summit, N. J.—See notice at the head of this column.

J. H. L., New Bedford.—Write to W. F. Redding, Lorrento, Fla.

M. W., Ridgwood, N. J.—Address Edwin S. Harris, 177 Broadway, N. Y.

F. J. New York.—For live quail near the city see our advertising columns.

J. A. Z., Albison, Neb.—C. Gunther's Sons, Fifth avenue, N. Y., deal in furs.

C. B. T., Auburn, N. Y.—You will find good sport in the vicinity of Aiken, S. C.

E. H. L., Chicago.—There are several different styles of shooting suits manufactured. See advertisements.

T. K., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—You may possibly get old sails by applying to Jno. Sawyer, No. 52 South st., New York.

J. B. H.—The guns are as good as any for the price. The charge of five drams is larger than we should advise you to use.

J. N. G., Picture Rocks, Pa.—You will find the subject of hunting rifles very fully discussed in recent numbers of this paper.

WINNEBAGO, Portage, Wis.—The gun is a serviceable one and has been highly commended by many sportsmen who have used it.

W. H.—Is there any danger to gun barrels in using wound cartridges? Ans. You will have no difficulty provided that you use right size of cartridges.

J. W. P., Albany.—See advertisements of powder manufacturers elsewhere. The brand you inquire for is made, we think, by the Hazard Company.

H. B. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.—The snow-shoe slippers are highly commended by those who have worn them. You may obtain a pair through Mr. Everett Smith, Portland, Me.

H. B., New Brighton.—The route to Cobb's Island is via rail or Old Dominion steamer to Norfolk, thence to Cherrystone, and across the peninsula, where you take steamboat for the island.

G. A. C.—The articles on bay snipe shooting were published in our issues of August 5 and 12 and Sept. 24, 1880. You may address the New York Gun Club, care of Mr. John Hoey, 59 Broadway.

Monongahela, Pittsburg, Pa.—For notice of live quail see our advertising columns, also game columns last week and this week. We cannot tell you of express charges. Inquire at your local office.

S. C., Troy, N. Y.—The "Bird Notes" containing all the ornithological matter of the first fourteen volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM is now in the printer's hands and will be published at an early date.

XII. YORRIS.—Dr. Asa Packard's Zoology, reviewed in our issue of Aug. 26, 1880, is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York City. The price is $3.50. The manufacturer of the Baker gun is L. C. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y.

CARBINE.—The carbines are not made for the accurate work of the hunting and target rifles. The Springfield arms are not in the market. They are made for the Government only. We have never seen the book you refer to.

J. P. T.—I had a valuable German gun blown to pieces with 2½ drs. Dittmar powder and 1¼oz. shot. Now I am about to buy an American gun. What is your opinion of the arm mentioned? Ans. It is highly recommended, and the only drawback is the unpopular action.

W. H. A., Philadelphia.—1. Glass balls are as follows: Bogardus', $6.50; Huber, $5.50 and $3; Hatch, $3; Mole rotary $9 single and $11 double; Card rotary $10. Write to A. H. Bogardus, Elkhart, Illinois. 3. Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog" and "The Dogs of the British Islands," first is sold in parts; see advertisement elsewhere. Second costs 40c. We can send it to you.

G. S., Ithaca.—Duck calls, made specially for calling blue-bills, we have never seen. The clause of the law touching the case forbids the use of floating battery, tableau or device whereby gunner is concealed, or shooting therefrom, use of decoy or construction of bow house at distance from shore more than twenty rods, made misdemeanor, with added penalty of $50.

H. A. M.—The term "pot-hunter" was originally employed to designate the shooters of that class who kill game for the purpose of selling it. As professional shooters of this class have little regard for game laws, shooting in season and out of season, the expression has come to be significant of the lawless and unreasonable pursuit of game. Like the other term, "true sportsman," it means little or nothing, accord to who employs it.

HEADER.—Please inform me what kinds of game are found in Virginia within a radius of ten or fifteen miles of Richmond, and what species of fish are abundant or are caught in the James and Chickahominy rivers? Ans. Coons, opossums, rail (sora) in season, snipe, woodcock, ducks, etc. In the James are black bass (local name chub), striped bass (local name rockfish), perch, sunfish. We do not know about the Chickahominy.

J. S., Dallas County, Iowa.—The wolves are making sad havoc here among sheep, and we cannot catch them. Can you, or your readers suggest any plan? What is a good book on trapping? Ans. Try poisoning them; that would be easier and quicker than trapping. Use strychnine in meat balls, or in tallow. If you use tallow place it in holes bored a log with an inch and a half or a two-inch augur. The wolves will keep licking the tallow as long as there is any left, or until they die. Use a drag bait to bring them to where the poison is laid.

HAZEL KIRKE, Baltimore, Md.—1. How many parts of Vero Shaw's Book of the Dog have been published? Who is the agent for it in New York? 2. Pedigree and full description and color of the cocker dog King, owned by Lemuel Willey, of Baltimore, winner of first at New York show, 1880; number of entries in class with whom he had to compete? 3. Where can I procure the music sung by Emmet in his "Fritz in Ireland"? Ans. 1. Eighteen parts. Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., 737 Broadway, New York city, are the publishers. 2. King was imported by Mr. Peterson, of Boston; he has the pedigree, but Mr. Willey never got it from him. Mr. Peterson is now living, we believe, somewhere in Colorado. King is for sale. 3. The music sung by Emmet in "Fritz in Ireland" can be procured of W. A. Pond & Co., 25 Union Square, this city.

F. S., Bristol, Pa.—1. My 12 bore gun is chambered 2⅞ inches. I use 2¾ inch brass shells. Would the difference in shooting be material if I used shells the exact length of the chamber? 2. Can 1⅛oz. shot in a 12 bore be used to better advantage than 1¼oz? 3. Can you give pedigree of E. Orgill's Rush? Ans. 1. Slight, but hardly material. 2. No, for to so good advantage. 3. Mr. Edmund Orgill's lemon and white pointer dog Rush was bred by him and whelped April 17, 1876, out of Guido's lemon and white Lily by Sweet's lemon and white Flake. Lily out of Gibson's Lilly by Lancaster's Sam. Gibson's Lilly out of Atkinson's Fanny by White's dog. Sam out of Col. Morgan's bitch by same owner's dog. Steel's Flake out of Schieffelin's imported Juno by Dr. Strahan's Flash. Flash out of Peg by imported George. George was from the Duke of Beaufort's Kennel and imported by Sir Fred Bruce.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—*Adv.*

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

No sense in having sickness in the family if you will use Hop Bitters in time. Ask those who know.

B. F. NICHOLS & Co., of 36 Beach street, Boston, have made extensive preparations for the spring trade by manufacturing a fine stock of their split bamboo rods, which earned such a good reputation last season.

THE WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY have removed from their former salesrooms, No. 245 Broadway, into more spacious quarters at No. 312 Broadway, where they can avail themselves of better facilities for displaying the fine arms always to be found in their varied stock.

FOREST AND STREAM,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, THE RIFLE, ANGLING AND OTHER FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, AND THE INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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Advertisements.

Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line; outside page, 40 cents. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Reading notices on editorial pages, 80 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch.

Advertisements should be sent in by the Saturday of each week previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted. We cannot receive new advertisements, nor alter standing advertisements later than Tuesday morning.

Correspondence.

Communications intended for publication must be accompanied with the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith. Anonymous letters will receive no attention.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are invited to favor us with reports of their movements and transactions, and sportsmen and naturalists are urged to contribute to our columns their experiences and observations.

Address.

All communications, of whatever nature, relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper must be directed simply

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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THE GREAT REDUCTION in the quality of this article, and the increasing admixture of rough strands, has forced us to go into the manufacture of it for our own account. Our Mr. Imbrie has recently established in Murcia, Spain, where all the high quality gut is made, the most extensive and perfect factory of this article in the world. The grades named below will run at least 25 per cent. *better than those of any other manufacturers.*

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Castle Connell, near Limerick, Ireland.

Reels and Lines to match balance of rods. No agents. All information respecting fisheries on the Shannon in this locality, as also catalogues of our greenheart rods and general assortment of tackle, to be had on application.

Wanted.

WANTED—Back volumes FOREST AND STREAM, Army and Navy Journal, Harper's Weekly and Scientific American. Address G. T. C., Box 188, Buffalo, N. Y. Feb10,1t

For Sale.

A VALUABLE RELIC for sale or exchange.—An old style (white with small flower) china tea set of 43 pieces, 75 years old, in perfect condition. Will exchange for W. & C. Scott, Parker Bros., or any first-class breech-loading gun, or will sell at reasonable price. For further particulars address Feb10,2t* W. O. HUNT, Jacksonville, Vermont.

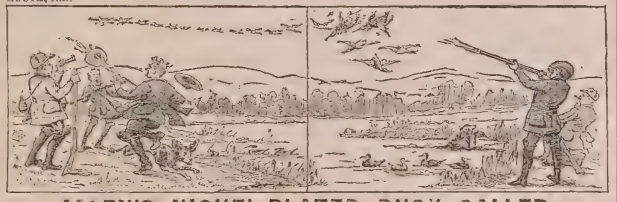
FOR SALE CHEAP, a Remington Sporting Rifle, 32 cal. Address REMINGTON, FOREST AND STREAM office. Feb10,1t

RED FOX, Skunk, Raccoon and other furs bought for cash—highest prices. Send for circular with full particulars. E. C. BOUGHTON, 5 Howard St., N. Y. Jan27,4t

LIVE QUAIL sent direct from the West, not further East than New York, $5 per doz., $3 per half dozen. Address CHARLES FREDRICKS, 82 Magnolia st., Brooklyn, N. Y. jan20 1t

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Used by the best duck shooters. Is simply a device for holding the dead duck in a natural position in the water, on the ice or on land, as a decoy. They weigh complete from three to six pounds per dozen. You can carry two dozen in your hunting-coat pockets. We make three sizes: No. 1 for mallards, pintails, etc.; No. 2 for widgeon, broad-bills, etc.; No. 3 for teal. Sent to any address, C. O. D., on receipt of money, draft or post-office order, at $4 per doz. For sale by all gunsmiths or by F. A. ALLEN, MONMOUTH, Ill.



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The Kennel.

FOR SALE, Dachshund puppies, pure German breed, by dog and bitches imported by me last summer. GEORGE FRANKE,
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FOR SALE—Beagle bitch three years old, $8. Will trade Irish setters and beagle for English bulldog. Address Box 589, Scranton, Pa. Feb10,1t

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FOR SALE, a brace of Gordon setters, dog and bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1880, out of Browne's Nellie Horton (litter sister to Malcolm and Dream II.) by Orgill's Rip. Have been worked on quail all through the past season. Price for brace $125. Address FRED. N. HALL, P.O. Box 884, N.Y. feb3,2t

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PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work out of the two, and guarantee satisfaction, if the dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices, $50 and $75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia. Oct 2,tf

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FOR SALE, four thoroughbred dog pups, ten weeks old, and one bitch pup, eight months old. Address A. M. HALSTED, Rye, N. Y. Feb10,1t

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FOR SALE CHEAP two thoroughbred Irish red setter pups, three months old, containing one cross of Elcho and two of Plunket. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. jan20,tf

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CHAMPION TRIMBUSH.—This celebrated imported Clumber Spaniel, orange and white, has been placed for the season in the stud. Fee, $20. Apply to FRANCIS O. DE LUZE, 18 South William Street, New York. Dec23,tf

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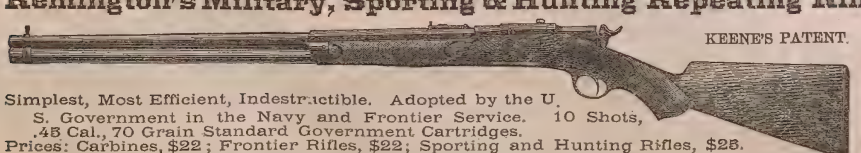
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Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

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THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

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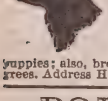
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Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment. Dogs have daily access to salt water.

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GEO. D. MACDOUGALL, Sec'y.

Jan13,tf P. O. Box 13, Whitestone, L. I.

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The Safest, the Shortest, the Best Route to Florida and South.

Pullman Palace cars direct without change. Guns and dogs carried free. Leaves New York at 10 P. M. and 3:40 P. M.; Washington, 7:10 A. M. and 10 P. M. MERCER SLAUGHTER, General Ticket Agent, Alexandria, Va.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples, worth $5 free. Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the

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and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.

BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in those waters.

The TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1.

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The sportsman can readily send trophies of his skill to his friends or "club" at home, choice for packing fish can be had at many points.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The scenery of the North Woods and Lakes is very beautiful; the air is pure, dry and bracing. The climate is peculiarly beneficial to those suffering with

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The hotel accommodations are good, far surpassing the average in countries new enough to afford the finest of fishing.

During the season Round Trip Excursion Tickets will be sold at low rates, and attractive train facilities offered to Tourists and Sportsmen.

Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at owner's risk.

It is our aim to make sportsmen feel "at home" on this route. For Tourist's Guide (an attractive illustrated book of 80 pages), containing full information and accurate maps of the Fishing Grounds and Time Cards, address A. J. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Col. P't & Whitestone, 7.35, 8.45, 10, 11.25 A.M., 2.25, 3.35, 4.35, 5, 5.35, 6, 6.35, 7, 7.35, 9.15, 10.45 P.M., 12.15 night.

Sundays, 9.35, 10.35 A.M., 1.35, 5.35, 7, 10 P.M.

Flushing, 6.38, 7.38, 8.45, 10, 11.35 A.M., 2.30, 3.25, 4.35, 5, 6.38, 7, 7.35, 9.15 10.45 P.M., 12.15 night.

Sundays, 9.35, 10.35 A.M., 1.35, 3, 5.35, 7, 10 P.M.

Far Rockaway, 8.35, 11 A.M., 4.35, 5.35, 7 P.M.

Rockaway Beach, 11 A.M., 4.35 P.M Sundays, 9A.M. and 5.35 P.M.

Great Neck, 6.30, 7.35, 11.35 A.M., 4.35, 5.35, 6.35 P.M. Saturday nights, 12.15. Sundays, 9.35 A.M., 5.35 P.M.

Garden City, Queens and Hempstead, 8, 10 A.M., 1.35, 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 6.35 P.M. From Flatbush av. daily, except Sunday, and from Hunter's Point, Monday, Wed., Fri. and Saturday, 12.15 night, Wednesdays and Sundays only from Flatbush av. 10 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M., 1.35, 6.35 P.M.

Glen Cove, Locust Valley, Glen Head and Roslyn, 8, 10 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 6.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 5.35 P.M.

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Lakeland and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 3.35, 5.35 P.M.

Port Jefferson, 10 A.M., 4.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.

Patchogue, 8.35 A.M., 4.35, 5.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.

Richmond Hill, Glendale, 8.35, 11 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 6, 7 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 12.15. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6.35 P.M.

Creedmoor, 8, 10 A.M., 1.35 P.M., Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, commencing April 30.

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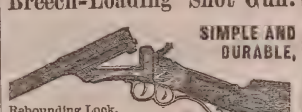
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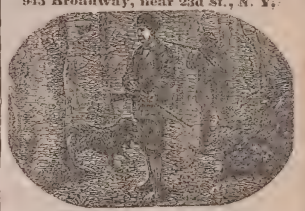
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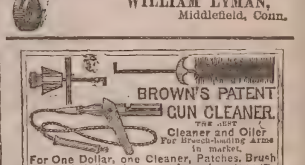


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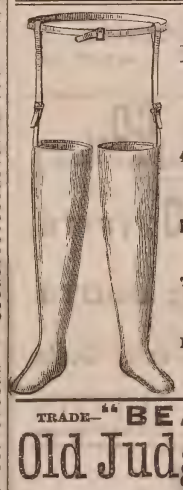
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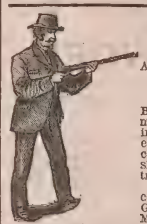
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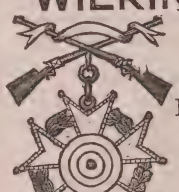
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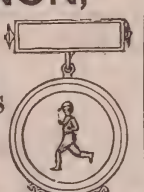
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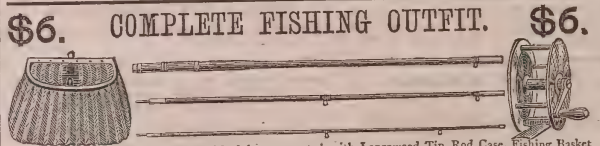
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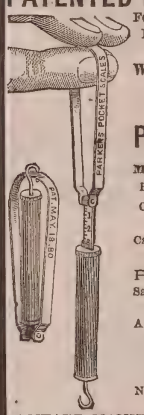
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, February 17.

INTRODUCING FOREIGN BIRDS.

THE suggestion of a correspondent elsewhere will meet with a ready response in the hearts of many of our readers. Unfortunately, however, it is not altogether easy to carry out such a plan as the one which he advocates. At various times a number of the most admired European birds have been turned out in the vicinity of New York, but without any very satisfactory result.

In transporting a species of bird to a new country and firmly establishing it in its new home there are many difficulties to be overcome. Most important among these are the changed climatic conditions to which the introduced species is exposed, and which in most cases it knows not how to escape. Then, too, it is exposed to the attacks of new enemies, which, perhaps, it has not yet learned to fear and, on the whole, under the altered conditions of its life it has not the benefit of that experience which is so necessary to success in the great and unintermitting struggle for existence which is going on in the organic world.

The attempt to introduce a new animal, whether it be mammal, bird or fish, must, under ordinary conditions, take place on a large scale, if it is to be successful. The introduction of the migratory quail to our fauna is not yet an established fact, even though thousands of the birds were turned out under very favorable conditions, at different times and in different localities, and though all classes of our population united to protect them so far as it was possible to do so.

The idea of introducing the skylark is not a new one, but the attempts which have been made in this direction do not seem to have been crowned with any marked degree of success. In 1874 Mr. Henry Reiche turned out fifty pairs of these birds, which established themselves on Long Island, near Newton; but beyond the occasional killing of a specimen or two each summer for a few years subsequent to that date, but little has been heard of the birds. The Cincinnati Acclimatization Society freed a number of skylarks previous to 1874, and it was at one time said that the birds did well in this locality and were becoming numerous near that city. We should be glad to hear from any of our Cincinnati readers, and indeed from all those interested in the subject of acclimatization, any facts which they may be able to furnish us which bear upon this topic.

Skylarks are not the only European birds that have been turned out here. The starling, the English blackbird, chaffinch and pheasant, the Java sparrow and the Japanese finch are all reported to have been introduced at various times in the Central Park, but we know of no record of the results of the experiments. That some of them survived and bred seems, however, probable from captures that have recently taken place. One of the most noteworthy of these was the killing of an English blackbird in New Jersey near the Hudson River last May. The collector was killing warblers for a taxidermist when he discovered the bird sitting on a stone wall, whistling, as he said, "exactly like a robin." He killed it, supposing it so be a melanistic robin. It showed no evidences of ever having been caged, and it seems fair to suppose that it may have been a descendant of those turned out in the Park long ago. Last December a starling was killed on Blackwell's Island and brought to Wallace's to be stuffed. It was clean and smooth in its plumage, and did not look like a caged bird.

If any steps are to be taken toward the introduction of foreign birds to this country they should be taken at once. It does not follow that because the English sparrow has proved a nuisance other birds would do so. Our readers will remember that Col. Rhoades, of Quebec, urged some time ago the introduction of the English blackbird, and left with us a substantial contribution toward a fund to be used for this purpose. The FOREST AND STREAM would be glad to contribute to so laudable a project, and if any of our readers are similarly inclined they can communicate with us, and if enough money can be raised to make success seem fairly probable we will set the ball in motion.

WHY IT SHOULD NOT BE PASSED.

THE new game law, proposed for this State and drawn up by a committee of one wholesale game-and-fish dealer and two sportsmen, will permit woodcock shooting from July 1st to August 1st. This is one good and sufficient reason why the bill should not be passed.

Section 11 provides that snarers and trappers of birds, railroad employees who peddle snared or trapped birds and marketmen who deal in snared or trapped birds cannot be punished for such offense until it shall have been proved that the trapping, peddling and sale was "willful." This is a second good and sufficient reason why the bill should not be passed.

Section 34 provides that woodcock, quail and ruffed grouse may be sold in the markets for five weeks after the expiration of the legal time for killing that game. This is a third good and sufficient reason why the bill should not be passed.

The same section provides for the sale of venison for two months after the expiration of the legal time for killing that game. This is the refrigerator amendment "compromised," and affords a fourth good and sufficient reason why the bill should not be passed.

Section 38 provides for the appointment of so-called "county game protectors," to whom—in case the "willful" provision fails—offenders may, upon detection, make voluntary surrender of snared or trapped birds, and thereby secure for themselves immunity from prosecution. By a like voluntary surrender dealers who are detected in illegal traffic in game may secure similar immunity. This is a fifth good and sufficient reason why the bill should not be passed.

In short, as we pointed out last week, successive clauses are so worded as to render wholly inoperative any attempt to punish the illegal killing of game and the illegal traffic in game. The bill, if made a law, would encourage and protect the destruction of game out of season. Although going to Albany ostensibly from the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, it is in reality the work of certain New York marketmen; but it does not represent the views of the most sensible and far-seeing dealers, nor can it be indorsed by all the members of the Long Island Association.

It was announced when this movement was first talked of that the bill would be presented at Albany by the regular Standing Committee of the New York State Association. That plan has not been adhered to, probably for the very good reason that the committee would not father such a bill. It will instead be presented by the unequally-yoked committee of refrigerator marketman and sportsmen.

The bill ought to defeat itself; if it does not, it should be defeated by the earnest efforts of the sportsmen of the State of New York.

NEW JERSEY AND ITS GAME LAWS.

BOTH the old and recent records of the State of New Jersey, now in the possession of its Historical Society, show that from its earliest settlement, in about 1618, down to the present time, it has been a natural section wherein almost variety of game has abounded. The geological features of the State are so diversified that it has offered a home and a breeding-place for both upland and aquatic birds. Its direct coast line of 120 miles, exclusive of the shores on the Delaware, Raritan and Newark bays, and its tide meadows traversed by numerous tidal water courses; its grand inland lakes hidden away in the fastness of the northern mountains, and its low drowned lands, watered by broad rivers and springy streams, have all in turn teemed with wild fowl and other aquatic birds. The surface of the northern portion of the State is mountainous, the central portion hilly, and the southern low and gently undulating. At the north the drumming of the ruffed grouse has kept awake the echoes of the mountains, while far below in the wide and beautiful valleys nestling at their feet the quail has made merry with its kind. Along the mountain swales and in the lowland swamps the woodcock has bred in great numbers, and to the boggy bottoms the English snipe has paid its visits twice a year. The same variety of game has also been scattered over the central and southern portions of the State, where the ruffed grouse, and more particularly the quail, were found in far greater numbers than was the woodcock.

It was along the seaboard in the lower section of the State that, more than one hundred years ago, the pinnated grouse (prairie chicken) was found to be plentiful. In those days they were simply called "the grouse," thus distinguishing them from the ruffed grouse, which were termed then as now "the pheasant." An exceedingly interesting letter is now in our possession, the graceful writer of which was Mrs. Richard Bache, the only daughter of Benjamin Franklin. It was written to her daughter then residing in Philadelphia, and describes the return of her husband from a shooting trip of ten days "beyond the pines," with a large wagon-load of grouse. It appears that Mr. Bache was a great lover of shooting, and that every autumn he and a party of gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. Ingraham of Philadelphia, used to drive from Mr. Bache's estate on the Delaware River, in a large covered wagon, which contained stores, cooking utensils and a famous negro cook, to enjoy magnificent sport, over several superb pointers which had been sent to Mr. Bache from Settle in Yorkshire, England. Game laws then did not disturb the sportsman's mind, and the materialized bug-a-boo called the "pot-hunter" had not yet been hatched out. But although no legal restraint was placed upon those who handled the "fowling piece," yet there were moral lessons instilled by old Mother England that did far more than all the game laws that have ever been cooked up in this country to save and protect, at the proper seasons, the denizens of the mead and woodland.

Grand and good old times must these have been, when the gun was safe from being knocked out of the sportsman's hands by every passing train! Refrigerators were not even dreamed of, and market men and legislators were not their hand-in-glove. It saddens us to see some of the game law tinkers of to-day, mere reflections cast upon a soiled sheet from the sooty lanterns of the professional game dealers, and

herein lies one secret of our unsatisfactory laws that very few experienced sportsmen have a finger in the legislative game pie. Tinker, tinker, tinker at the pot for the market shooter. Laws good, bad and indifferent are passed, only to be repealed to make way for further experiments; for after all when power is vested in the hands of persons who are totally ignorant of the subject with which they have to deal, it is not to be wondered at if the wrong bull is taken by the horns, nor indeed if the bull has things all his own way.

It seems useless to attempt to stay this blundering, and to ask that all laws of a new departure be given a patient and practical test. A case in point now comes before us in the shape of the repealing of that excellent law, passed last year, prohibiting the shooting of woodcock during the summer months. A new bill has been framed which will permit the slaughtering of the few woodcock that find their way back to their old haunts before the noise of the first patriotic cracker is heard in the land; on July 1 the season will open, and for thirty-one days (for the stable door is not to be closed until August 1), the sportsmen and market suppliers of New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and of other States are invited to visit the State of New Jersey, hold high carnival, aid in killing the goose that lays the golden egg, and join in the requiem that will sound in honor of the extermination of the half fledged woodcock and mother birds on their nests! We have frequently recurred to the working of this disastrous system which, if pursued, as it can be proved by those who have watched the apparent decrease from year to year, will lead to the utter extermination of the woodcock.

It was an unthinking change made this year based upon the result of last year's experience. Never can we remember having seen a season so dry as it was last autumn. A drought of many weeks parched the most springy ground, and of course when the fall flight was on the birds from the North found no feeding spots and passed along. They certainly could not be expected under these conditions to stop, and consequently the autumn shooting, save in one or two sections, was not good. But it should be remember that had the same dry season extended over June, July and August there would have been the same scarcity of birds in those months. In Connecticut, where the experiment of abolishing summer shooting has been tried, the change has worked like a charm, and for two years back the autumn woodcock shooting has improved and been really excellent. But even with this fact in favor of our argument, we hardly consider it fair to try and prove by the records of one State what is expedient for another. In this vast country to attempt to regulate the game laws by the individual boundaries of each State seems to us unwise and impracticable, and particularly so in those situated in the areas of moderate temperature which migratory birds use as stopping places on their route. A glance at the map of the United States shows us that the northern part of New Jersey extends as far north as New Haven and the southern portion almost as far south as Washington, D. C. Is it, then, wise to try and frame game laws to cover this large area? Will not the changes of climate from year to year produce distracting results? and will not the residents of the southern part of the State be in constant antagonism with those living in the north? and will not the game laws of the State be a tug of war until they are regulated according to the latitudinal lines, or framed especially for the counties? True, the extreme length of the State is only 167 miles, but, nevertheless, we have often found the season open in South Jersey several weeks before the frost and snow were at all diminished in the northern part of the State. Consequently, unless a sportsman shoots all over the State in which he lives he is in no position to judge of what the game laws should be, except in his own local section. Assuming that the period of incubation of the woodcock does not exceed eighteen days, it can be readily understood that birds in Cape May County will be out of the shell in some years before other birds have prepared to lay in Sussex County. It is therefore unwise to name the same date for the opening of the season in both localities, especially when it treads so closely upon the acknowledged time the breeding is carried on.

THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.—The fly casting tournament of the New York Sportsman's Association at their next meeting at Coney Island in June, has been placed in charge of Mr. Fred. Mather, of FOREST AND STREAM, who proposes to enlarge the number of classes so as to give a chance to amateurs, and all who are interested in this beautiful art. Several valuable prizes have been promised, and enough will be obtained to make this one of greater interest than any which have preceded it. There will be more to say upon this subject as soon as the plans are perfected, and all promises of prizes will be recorded in our columns as soon as made. Correspondence is invited.

THE RANGE OF BROOK TROUT.—Those anglers who are interested in the range of their favorite fish will do well to read carefully the article on the saibling, by Prof. Goode, in which he treats of this question in an incidental manner and gives more valuable information concerning the *habitat* of our friend in motley than is often found in a volume.

STUD BOOK.—Mr. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary of the National American Kennel Club, sends us a notification, which we take pleasure in publishing in our kennel columns. All those wishing to make entries in the second volume of the stud book can do so by addressing Mr. Dew, at Columbia, Tenn.

THE ANGLER'S RETROSPECTION.

OVER the mantlepiece hangs an old rod whose days of usefulness are past. It was beyond rejuvenating; and was an old rod many years ago, long before we had moistened our maiden feather. It was owned by a lover of angling; one who taught us its uses. It is a four-jointed, hollow butt, eleven ounce affair, made before a later generation of skilled mechanics had acquired the art of making stronger rods of half its weight. Years ago it ranked as a masterpiece of artistic workmanship; to-day it is a curiosity and as worthless for its original purpose as a dead twig, and yet there clusters around it a world of sunny memories.

The hour before twilight, on that long-ago June afternoon when we hooked and landed our first trout with it, seems as yesterday; and the friends who were with us, though some have reeled up their lines and crossed the dark river, are all often in our thoughts, and the world seems better to us that we have known them. And brighter than this rises up the stalwart form and the genial face of the dear old friend who gave to us our first lesson in fly-casting. Though old enough to be our father, he was like a foster brother and a playmate. Strong of limb, he was brave as a lion, gentle as a lamb. With older men sensible and dignified, with youth the youngest and jolliest of them all.

He believed with wise Solomon that the rod was an essential instrument in the education of children, but he would place the rod in the hands of the child and let him catch fish with it. More than one lover of the woods and waters reverses his memory, and many a time in town and camp have we heard him spoken of fondly and reverently, as one speaks of a dear mother.

The mind of the veteran angler is a storehouse of pleasant memories, a storehouse filled to the very roof. Though the season is passed and the silvery hairs have asserted their supremacy, the lustre has faded from the eye and the hand has forgotten its cunning, his memory is never so obscured by the film of age as to render him unconscious or forgetful of the almost unnumbered charms that have attended his angling rambles. The aching feet, the bruised arms, the legs, every bone rebelling against comfort, the crabbed look of Fortune as she repulsed his advances, all the hosts of discouragements and accidents that have at times occurred are forgotten or forgiven and he is mindful only of the sunniest smiles.

The old crippled veteran loves to fight his battles over again, and what a world of pleasure he derives from their recital! He will recount to you almost with his last pipe the afternoon's sport he had at some favorite pool years and years ago, how lustily fought that grandee below the falls, his scouring runs and desperate leaps, and final surrender. These he remembers with all their attending minutiæ—the fly he used, the hour, his length of cast and way of playing. These reminiscences are full of pleasant incident always, excepting the extemporized ones.

But the angler's thoughts turn not alone back to the fishes favors. The dear old faces he knew and saw by the evening camp-fire, the long pulls down the river and across the lake, the tramps over and around the mountains, the early starts and late returns, the tangled woodland, the picturesque roads and rugged gorges, the songs and stories before the turning-in hour, when spoon-fashion he laid and dreamed of pleasures past and to come—all these form a swift procession of sunny memories. These impressions are indelible. They never even become momentarily obscured, but grow brighter and brighter while other events may touch the heart, but never become so thoroughly enrapped as to become part and parcel of one's nature. It is a memory that never dies; a sort of fast-color recollection that will wash and not fade in the slightest degree. It is altogether too tenacious, for the well regulated angler, no matter how near his final dissolution, will involuntarily exaggerate, and yet never overstep the bounds of verity. He has learned in his journey from youth through manhood to old age to value truth and his yarns are no longer "fishy." Oh, no! He is too near his journey's end to deal in anything but truth, pure and unadulterated. Oh, yes!

When he can no longer join in the wantonness of the rollicking chorus around the evening camp-fire, when teeth are gone and voice is cracked so he can no longer hold on to high "C" with any certainty he will applaud his successors and wish them such joys as have been meted out to him; and if they have half as much their cup of healthy, life-giving sport will be well filled.

Then here's to the youngster who indulges in the pleasures of hope; and here's a kindly greeting to the old man who must content himself in recalling the past! MILLARD.

A NEW RIFLE ORGAN.—The dispute over the late Wimbledon Meeting of last July, and the scandal connected with it, has hurried the production of another paper specially devoted to the interests of the volunteers, and the *Volunteer Review* is now to appear as the contemporary of the *Volunteer Service Gazette*, which for so many years has come freighted with good things and rich with varied discussion of all the minutiæ of rifle practice and militia organization. The establishment of this new organ of the volunteer force and exponent of rifle practice is a protest against the systematic practice of the Council of the N. R. A. of Great Britain to discredit those who have ventured to bring before them any suggestions for reform. Our own Board of Directors were open to the same indictment, but we live in hope yet that our new Board may change the current.

WE REGRET TO RECORD the death of Mr. Charles H. Pond, Secretary of the Sharps Rifle Company, of Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Pond had been severely afflicted with rheumatic complaints for the past two or three years, and since his recent return from Europe had been at his home in Milford most of the time, where he died last Tuesday night of a rheumatic affection of the heart. He had been favorably known in the gun trade of this city for the past thirty years, and was formerly of the firm of Cooper & Pond, 177 Broadway, this city, the site now occupied by Edwin S. Harris.

THE COCKER CLUB.—Those of our readers who are interested in spaniels will no doubt be pleased at the progress made toward the organization of the Cocker Club, as announced in another column. The committee chosen to form a standard and to take preliminary steps toward organization includes a number of our most prominent breeders, and will command the respect and have the good will of cocker men at large

THE INDEX OF VOLUME FIFTEEN, which is published with this issue, is the best possible exhibit of just what the FOREST AND STREAM is doing. This simple catalogue of the contents of the paper for six months contains abundant evidence of the wide scope, high character and practical value of its successive numbers.

"HINTS ON DEER SHOOTING" is one of the many practical papers published in these columns which deserve careful reading because of the instruction contained in them.

SPURGEON'S SERMON ON DOGS is commented on by an American clergyman in another column.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AFTER THE LAST KICK.

SOMETHING eminently respectable is there about shooting in a nice country, not ill-peopled nor too rough; to go out at morning with a clever dog, bang away now and then, tramping home at sunset with a comfortable bagful or less. Let no bag scale more than fifteen or twenty pounds. Don't knock down fences, and spoil the farmer's disposition. Have an eye for something besides brown feathers; then, whate'er betide, fat bag or lean, you shall be on the best of terms with that right good fellow, yourself. Long not overmuch for the sight of mighty game of hoof and horn, for something of such have I to tell. It is a fine thing to shoot big game, yet truly it is in some respects like drawing the famous prize elephant.

One summer's evening, while the days were yet long, a boat moving quietly and inoffensively up a narrow stream was stopped by a self-important old moose. Intruded upon at his fashionable 8 o'clock dinner—for, be it known, our present swell customs with respect to square meals are only those of the wild deer—he not only refused to grant a passage, but, erecting his mane, evidently contemplated an attack upon the two voyagers. Threatened at a distance of twenty-five feet by an old ruin of a muzzle-loader, his lordship only looked still more morose; at which juncture, in sheer self-defence, there came from the boat a big bang from four drams of indifferent bad powder, a little bang from a dram and a half of the same, followed by a preparatory shuffle of moccasins as though some fellow rather expected to give up the ship if boarded by the foe. There was a great leap, a flying of spray, a plunge, a gurgle, and in thirty seconds from the shot the moose found himself under water, all but a horn.

"Aha," said the travelers, as the deep pool became again placid in the twilight; yet, in removing the obstruction having burned the last grain of powder within ten miles, they proceeded not further into the enemy's country, but anchored straightway to the upstanding horn.

Of course, the good paddle was held by Ned Norton, the shaky gun by R., the undersigned, while the moose-infested stream was, as must be, in Tom Chester's domain at Second Lake.

Imagine a dead horse in a stream—a dead horse with a pair of shovel blades set close to an immense ugly head, with less tail than a rabbit, and you have the situation; adding, if you will, the fast-gathering darkness of night under the black firs.

"Lift his head into the stern," said Norton, balancing himself in the bow.

"Lift" I did, and master Ned came a great deal nearer—according to the capers of Saranac boats in general—to being pitched bodily into the stream than did the ungainly head to coming aboard. Ten minutes of balancing and tugging brought success to the attempt, whereupon we poled and towed the carcass a few rods below to a sort of landing at an old moose path, there scrabbling together a bit of a fire for the benefit of a lot of blood-scenting mosquitoes as well as for light. The bank was soft and pretty steep.

Now, without being heavy weights, either of us could trot a hundred-pound boat about the woods and not mind, but for our lives we could not get that moose more than two-thirds out of water, though we toiled like a couple of ants at some huge bug. Regardless of blood and sand I embraced the warm limp carcass as a long lost brother, but wrestled, as did N., to no purpose except to get beautifully besmeared; the hindquarters remained beneath the surface.

About this time the distinctively eminent respectability of partridge shooting on my own native hills began to appear. I wanted to give up till morning, but the dauntless N., with, "You hold the light," attacked the prey at the water line with his razor-like knife. For a minute I stood it, while N., sleeves rolled back from his ensanguined arms, delved and pulled away like a vulture, but presently took to flight before the vile odors, cautiously returning on the windward side upon a demand for "more light." Case-hardened by long experience to all manner of "insides," Norton kept steadily on, somehow containing his own inwardness as he shoved the enormous paunch of the moose into the stream; yet coughing and gasping at intervals, during which he would nearly disappear within the growing cavity. "'Nough—to—er—stink—er—dog out of—er—gut—cart!" came up explosively from the water side, and he slapped at the mosquitoes most viciously.

The unsavory task done at last, we put to sea again, landing on a little flat island or spit near by, and our burden being

lightened two or three hundred weight, we bent our backs to better effect, finally getting the old fellow ashore, though neither high nor dry. Next to load him into the boat.

He was stiffened now, his legs doing service as levers with which to work his back around to the water's edge and to the boat. First the head was lifted in, then the hind quarters. "Carefully!" warned N., as I put a shoulder to the fore leg in order to roll the whole body in. I heaved on the leg, and before we knew what was up the moose was floating about in the middle of the stream and the boat bottom up. He went in one one side and out the other. "Don't talk so loud," entreated N., in anguish, for there's nothing worse for alarming game than the human voice, and N. is very careful on his hunting ground. Another round of engineering operations brought boat and venison again into position, the second attempt proving successful.

It was two miles to the landing, for the voyage to which place I perched myself triumphantly upon the venison, paddle in hand, to find at the first sunken log that the night's back-breaking work was far from being ended. The loaded boat could not pass, so at every log we splashed over into the water to help the craft over. The stream has its source among the wild mountains of the boundary, also taking water from the cold caribou bogs near by, and if any one thinks it fun to drop into an unexpected pool in such a stream let him try it at midnight under a clear sky. On clear nights evaporation from the bogs cools the air nearly to freezing, no matter how warm the day. By dint of much wading, accompanied by wet trousers and cold legs, the tortuous dead water was left at last behind, when, just as N. swung the bow to the landing, there came out of the woods the most diabolical scream that ever reached my ears.

"A panther!" I thought, "and no powder!" For an instant my hair fairly stood up as I seized the hatchet. The yell came again—from the top of a tree—and a certain familiar accent on the end of its long-drawn intonation impelled the holder of the hatchet to send it flying to shore, an act followed by a laugh all around and shared by his owlship in the spruce top. An acquaintance of ten years' standing, *Bubo virginianus* never before had let off in my presence such a fiendish and cat-like howl.

Then ensued a stumbling walk by lantern-light over the mile and a half to the lake, for we must go home to Uncle Tom in spite of the grim forest which attempted revenge for the death of one of its children by stretching guarled roots to cast us headlong; then a pull equally long on the more friendly lake toward the guiding beacon in the east window and a final tumble—into bed—at one o'clock. Before the camp a loon laughed mockingly as I sank to a dream, born of aching bones, in which I was trampled by a colossal moose of grisly aspect and jeered at in screeching tones by wooddemons from the trees about.

Two gentlemen went up with us in the early morning, so that the odds being now against the moose he was ignominiously hauled up the bank at the end of a rope. Taking the head off scientifically at the atlas, Norton being "big knife," we fell to skinning and cutting up, adding three hours of bending over to the general back-breaking account. If the animal had been hung up like a deer the heels would have been eleven and a half feet high, with the nose touching the ground. The skin stuck abominably. Finally, covering the neatly divided quarters from the flies, we struck for dinner, N. sacking the weighty head, while my own chief amusement, by the way, was derived from a trifle of skin and meat, sixty pounds. However, it was only a scant mile and a half to the lake.

After dinner came the grand tug. Impressing Harding, Chester's man-of-all-work, the three moved upon the pile of meat. Taking each a quarter, we strung our over the trail with teeth set and many a groan. Across the path were several logs—some high, some low—and if ever I thought hunter's life a sell, the moose-killer a fool, it was when crawling turtle-fashion under one of these logs, or balancing a-top to calculate the chances of getting back to earth with a whole neck. The momentum of a heavy load swinging about among the trees is something crushing. Lose control of your pack and it runs the direful career of a cannon loose on a man-of-war in a seaway, the inevitable wreck coming a great deal quicker. The Old Man of the Sea was never half so exacting a burden as a quarter of moose.

The first to start, I left my better half at the lakeside, and with steps a yard high from the relieved strain went back to enjoy the misery of the others. A "last straw" look was in Norton's face, but he stood it well; the sight to be seen was 115 lb.-Harding staggering over the roots under nearly his own weight. Far through the woods appeared a shapeless something bobbing along, showing when very close a pair of slim legs planting themselves into the moss as he stepped. But the cunning old sailor had "triced up," as he said, his meat in some blue-water fashion beyond our ken and was not so badly off after all.

N. started for the settlement to set up the head, Harding disappeared mysteriously according to his wont, while the writer disposed his aching self in the big chair till supper time.

Though it may seem about time to finish up with that moose, I did not get off so easily. Toward night Thomas and I went over the tiresome carry again, cut the meat from the remaining hind quarter, killed ten thousand midges, and got back after dark too tired, myself, to sleep.

The final transaction next day was, of all passages in the life of this scribbler, the most mal-odorous. I had agreed with N., since he could not attend to the matter himself, to remove all the refuse which had been thrown into the stream, for if allowed to remain no moose would water there again during the season. Shouldering a shovel instead of a gun I had started bravely off to play the scavenger. Two days of sun developed the flavor of the substantials in question to a point best appreciated by a buzzard, the paunch having swelled to the appearance of the capitol dome as it loomed up around a bend. One way or another I tumbled everything into the boat to the last wisp, paddled two miles with the fragrant breeze coming across the whole mess to my nose, dug a hole and buried the three hundred pounds of delectables therein. Dropped into bed at eight o'clock to open eyes only when, sixteen hours after, Uncle Tom's smiling face appeared with, "Dinner's ready."

Such is my tale. The sportsman does not have the toilsome afterpart of the shooting unless he so choose, and indeed there is ordinarily enough of the wearisome which cannot be done by guides. For myself, having had unusual privileges, amounting to *carte blanche* on the summer months of college vacation, it has been a pleasure to do as hunters do, being in the woods. To be called by the name of hunter, so far as entitled, rather perhaps than that of sportsman, is the fancy of

RANGIFER.

A HUNT FOR FISH IN NEVADA.

BY COSMOPOLITAN.

ON August 21, 1872, one of the party belonging to the expedition for exploring west of the 100th meridian, commanded by Lieut. R. L. Hoxie, U.S.A., was encamped at Young's ranch, Snake Valley, Nevada. To this party the writer was attached as surgeon and naturalist, and since leaving Fairfield, or old Camp Floyd, celebrated in the annals of the Mormon war, he had been able to do little or nothing in the way of collecting specimens. At this place, too, there seemed little chance of gaining anything of value, and for two or three days subsequent to arrival the country had been scoured in all directions in pursuit of mammals, birds, reptiles and bugs, but much time was wasted with poor results.

At this time we had with us an Indian guide rejoicing in the cognomen of Antelope Jake, who seemed never tired of watching me unpack and repack my specimens, and manifested the utmost regret when I returned after a hard tramp with little or nothing in my collecting bag. Of course, it was impossible to explain to him for what purpose the specimens were intended, and he conceived the idea that they were for medicine, although this I had denied several times when he made a remark to that effect, but he remained unconvinced and several times he had brought me a lizard, toad or small snake which, he said, were good for medicine. He probably expected my favorable influence in his physical welfare by such gifts, for the Indians have great respect for doctors. One evening, while sitting in front of my tent, I said that it was a great pity there were no streams near by, for in them, perhaps, some interesting fishes might be found. Jake, who was sitting near by, gave a grunt and said: "May be so catchem fishes in Snake Creek." Where is it? said I, and how far? "May be so one, two, three, four miles." Not to weary my readers with Jake's half-broken English, I will say that after a severe course of questioning he informed me that he knew of a place not far from camp, near the camp of Black Horse, a sub-chief of the Gosh-Utes, where the Indians were in the habit of fishing with good success, although the fish were all of one kind, as he said, and not very big. For a douceur he offered to guide me there the next day. Later in the evening some of us went up to Mr. Young's ranch, and I mentioned the fact of my proposed trip, against which he warned me, for he said that Black Jake was one of the meanest Indians in those parts and could not be trusted. "But," said I, "even if he were evil-disposed our camp is so near at hand that he would fear to bring down on his band the soldiers."

"Well, I call fifteen miles far enough away for him to gobble you and your mule up and get away to the mountains before your soldiers could know anything about it. Anyhow, if you will go, take some soldiers with you, and Antelope Jake, who is a faithful fellow and can speak the language." I thanked him for the caution, and made up my mind that go I would. Our preparations were made over night, and the commanding officer gave me one good soldier on whom I knew I could depend, for I did not think it necessary to ask for more. We carried with us our provisions and water for the day, a scoop and drag net, my collecting bag and lots of small bottles. Bartlett, the soldier, was armed with his carbine and revolver, Antelope Jake with revolver and my double-barrel breech-loader, and I carried my Henry-Winchester carbine and a six-shooter; plenty of ammunition was provided besides. We saddled our mules at 5 A. M., jumped on and away we went, Jake taking the lead. It was a beautiful morning, cool and pleasant, and as we rapidly cantered along a fair road my spirits were exhilarated by the fresh air, and our expedition seemed all the more attractive and fascinating from the possible element of danger in it. Jake seemed in good spirits, too, and crooned to himself as joyous an Indian ditty as he could compose and, not to be behind him in musical ability, Bartlett hummed softly to himself the old popular soldier-song:

> "Then fare you well, my own true love,
> Ten thousand miles away"—

or words to that effect. Our ride was interrupted by but the one incident of meeting an Indian who had strung upon some pieces of grass twisted together eight or ten Nevada lizards, *Crotaphytus wislizenii*. I asked Jake if the individual intended to make medicine with them. He laughingly replied, "May be so; eat 'em, heap good." An offer of a silver half dollar and the reptiles were transferred to the collecting bag. These lizards are among the most beautiful of their class, and are extremely numerous in Nevada. They are ground dwellers, digging a hole from ten to eighteen inches deep and live in pairs—at least the Indians say so. The Indians, if unable to capture them while asleep or sunning themselves on the rock, drag them out of their holes with a long, slender wand, having fastened to the end, at an angle, a piece of sharp wire or nail filed to a point. Jake informed us that he would gladly accept them. I had bought them for his own dinner, as they are really considered by his people a "bonne-bouche," superior even to the far-famed gastronomic luxury, the Rocky Mountain locust.

The sun was now getting pretty high, and we must have ridden nearly twelve or fifteen miles, still no signs of the Indian village, but Jake kept at a lope, with the unerring instinct that characterizes the American aborigines. He finally stopped, took a good look, turned around, and pointing out a little column of smoke said "Ugh! there Injuns." He rode in its direction and shortly reached the wicky-ups of Black Horse. To my surprise not a woman or child was to be seen, and in the central screen of bushes, which served as a shelter from the weather, sat about eighteen or twenty men in a half circle about a smouldering fire. I was about to dismount, walk up and shake hands, when Jake, who appeared quite nervous and anxious, came close to me and said: "May be so, go home. Injuns mad—no good." I paid no attention to his remark, but directed him to inform the chief who I was and what we wanted, which he did, but without eliciting the slightest notice from the scowling gang. I saw we were in for perhaps a little trouble, but determined to put a bold face on the matter and trust to luck. I directed Bartlett to watch me carefully and at the first sign of treachery to shoot the chief first and then crack away at the others, and I would look out for myself as best I might. Jumping from my mule I gave the bridle to Jake, who could not be induced to dismount, handed him my carbine, although I retained my six-shooter hidden, and deliberately walked up to the Indians, saying, "Mike-tig-a-boo?"—"How are you, my friends?" No one answered, and I can assure the reader that the countenances of my red friends were anything but pleasant to look upon. I cast a backward look at Bartlett and saw he had his carbine across the pommel of his saddle all ready for action, and, summoning all my resolution, I quietly sat down alongside the chief, gently pushing away an Indian to make more room. Still no sign, not a word, and I was almost at a loss what to do next. Jake's countenance was a study. In it were expressed fear, admiration and a sort of curiosity to know how the affair would terminate. A happy thought struck me. Drawing from my pocket my trusty and well-browned meerschaum I leisurely filled it with tobacco, picked up a lighted ember from the fire, Indian fashion, with a twig bent in the middle, and lighted it. Inhaling a few puffs, I handed it to the chief, who, after gazing at it for a moment, took hold and smoked it for a moment or two, passing it to the next man and so all around the circle. It was amusing to see with what celerity Jake leaped from his mule the moment he saw the chief place the pipe in his mouth and at once he joined the circle and the palaver began. I should say that after the pipe had passed around we saw quite a number of bucks emerge from different places of concealment, painted and armed as if for a fight, and I then knew that we had a narrow escape. I instructed Jake to inform the chief that Washington (for so the Indians call the President) had heard of the great Black Horse and his tribe; that he had sent me one of his young men to visit them, find out how they were and ask permission to catch some fishes in his creek to take back for medicine. From the length of time Jake took to translate the message, I inferred he had added somewhat to its import. The chief replied and I demanded what he said. He says: "May be so all right—how much pay?" Always an eye to the main chance among the red men, I had supplied myself with a lot of trinkets, looking-glasses, tobacco, beads and matches for distribution, and turned the whole lot out of my hammock at the chief's feet. He was apparently perfectly satisfied, for he called a dwarfed sample of humanity to his side, and in a few minutes more a horse was led up to where we were standing, which he mounted and started off. We followed his example, for Jake told us that he would guide us to the fishing creek. Away we went, up hill and down dale, at the slow trot that an Indian prefers to all other gaits, and I must own that before reaching our destination my bones were stiff and sore. We had no let up for nearly eight miles, which added to our ride of fifteen, before we reached the village, made a pretty good day's exercise. Arrived at Snake Creek we found that by the chief's direction a number of squaws and boys were at work getting ready to fish, and it was fortunate that it was so, for owing to the nature of the stream and its excavated overhanging banks, we could not have used our nets. The squaws withdrew from the bushes, which had served to conceal them, some baskets made like the pictures of old-fashioned hencoops, open at one end which flared, and tightly woven of cottonwood twigs, leaping into the water, they would seize them by the small end and gradually move up the stream, holding the flaring mound against the bank, while the boys would jump and stamp on it to drive the fishes from their places of concealment.

In this manner, in less than an hour, several bushels of small fishes were secured, curiously enough, all of the same species, which has been called by Professor Cope *Siboma atraria var. longiceps*. The species, as a food fish, is poor, the flesh being extremely insipid and full of bones.

It is a fact worthy of note that in Schell Creek, not many miles distant from the stream we fished, no fishes of any kind are to be found; this is the more curious as the conditions of life are apparently the same. In Utah Lake the *Siboma* or mullet are very numerous, and grow to a much larger size than those we found in Snake Creek. Selecting a number of good specimens from the large pile placed at our disposal, and adding a few that Bartlett had secured with hook and line, we again mounted and retraced our way to the village, at the same old eternal jog-trot. We rested until four o'clock, shook hands with our red brethren and started homeward. On our way we espied, a short distance in front, crossing the road, a good-sized rattler, which seemed exceedingly anxious to get out of our way. I drew my revolver and was about to shoot it, when Jake stopped me, saying, "I catch him." He dismounted and borrowing my short-handled Indian quirt, followed the reptile, who, finding he could not get away, threw himself into a coil and rattled most viciously. The Indian advanced close enough to him to snap the lash of the whip and touch his coils, the snake would leap half his length, hiss, and again stepping back in time to avoid the blow, then coil again to be again provoked and tantalized. This continued for some time, every once in a while the snake trying to get away. I directed Jake to break his back, which he did with a dextrous blow of the whip and, handing him to me, I delivered the *coup de grace* by running my knife blade in the back of the head, near where the brain and spinal cord join. He was consigned to the collecting sack and we rode on.

Jake ridiculed the idea of any one being afraid of rattlers and said some of the Indians regarded them as sacred and would on no account destroy them.

I have been informed by Lieut. Wheeler that during his partial ascent of the canyons of the Colorado, in 1871, his Mojam Indians, who were employed to pull the boats up stream, moved barefooted about the rocks, which swarmed with numbers of the rattlers, called "side-winders" in Arizona, the *Crotalus cerastes* of authors on herpetology. I believe that under ordinary circumstances the rattlesnake is a cowardly and inoffensive animal, biting only when provoked, but I cannot think, with old Bartram, that he is a paragon of magnanimity, as related in his "Travels in Carolina," 1791.

During our ride home the sky to the westward, over the chain of mountains, became overcast and a violent thunder storm broke over us, although very little rain fell. As it cleared up, a beautiful rainbow showed itself, and I casually hazarded the question to Jake if he knew what it meant. His reply was about as follows: "Yes, yes; I sabe; heap, heap moons gone; Good Man, He heap mad at Injun, make water come ober, everybody water-dead (drowned); one good Injun and he people hab big canoe; he lib. Maybe so little while he show hisself (pointing to rainbow); Good Man say no more water-dead Injun." I must admit I was suprised and pleased at the extent of knowledge displayed by this poor red man and, questioning him still further, was informed that he also knew that "bad white man had killed God's lily boy." I was more surprised than ever and the reflection of these matters afforded me much gratification. We rode on silently side by side—the Indian crooning to himself, I pondering—when a soldier rode up at full speed and gave me a message from the chief of the party, directing me to return at full speed, as one of the men had accidentally shot himself while playing with his revolver. Jake said: "Sojer heap big dam fool," which was all the sympathy that could be got out of him; and, plunging the spurs into our now tired ani-

mals, in a short time we reached camp, to find, fortunately, that the wound was merely superficial and required little attention.

That night, as my chief and I reposed in front of our tent, smoking and chatting over the events of the day, I could not refrain from alluding to the knowledge of sacred things shown by Antelope Jake, at which he laughed heartily and incredulously. I called Jake up and made him repeat what he had told, but Hoxie, more practical than myself, said: "Jake, how did you find out about all these things?" "White man tole me," was the answer, as he stalked away. Kind reader, I was yet but a very verdant Western pilgrim and away went another cherished illusion regarding the myths, traditions and religion of the North American Indians. I did what seemed best under the circumstances—shook out my pipe and stole quietly away to my blankets.

Natural History.

TWO KINGS OF THE FEATHERED RACE.

THE IMPORTATION OF THE SKYLARK.

WINSTED, Can., Feb. 8.

I WISH to speak of two kingly birds. First, of the foreign quail. Yesterday, as the sun was pouring his splendor on the snow, I put my horse to the cutter and drove off to visit a friend in an adjoining town. The final cause of my visit (as the philosophers say) was a flock of European quail that are wintering near my friend's house. They were hatched in the neighborhood and have been there all the fall and thus far through the winter.

You doubt it? So did I, for though I had seen them in December I had supposed that they had followed the migratory instinct and left some weeks ago for warmer climes. My friend is an old shooter and knows our Bob White perfectly, and he is positive that these are not our quail.

Two weeks ago he shot one out of the flock with the purpose of sending it to your office, but the snow drifts prevented. He thus describes them: they are smaller than common quail, their legs are black (not light-colored or brown), dark feathers on breast and the toes are longer, so that he can tell them by their track on the snow. I hope to secure one from this bevy and send it to you and that will settle the question. And yet we should hardly be surprised to find some of these birds remaining behind, for they are found at times all through the winter in England and elsewhere in Europe, while in India and other warm countries they are permanent residents.

May I call the attention of the officers of game clubs to another matter? These fish and game clubs are doing a noble work for our land, but have they not been too exclusively governed by motives of utility in their labors?

We are all poets in a degree and lovers of the beautiful, and Mrs. Browning has said that "the true poetic heart is more than all poetic fame." Sportsmen, as a class, are appreciative of the beauties of nature, but our clubs have thus far given no attention to the esthetical element within us.

I plead for the skylark. If there is one songster in the grand choir of the fields which America cannot afford to be without it is this wonderful bird.

His power is seen in his place in literature. We have all read of the skylark from our childhood, but our ears have never heard the wild, exulting music which he makes.

We meet him in poetry everywhere—in ancient and in modern times; nor alone in the works of foreign authors, for our American poets have paid their tribute to his charms and set him among the harmonies of their songs.

Gentlemen of the rod and gun, lovers of the meadows and the streams, why have you forgotten the skylark? You send the young of the fishes about the continent and to lands across the sea; you have captured the quail of Sicily and planted them in your fields; but the king of the song birds of the world is only heard in foreign lands!

A few years ago I was sauntering among ancestral meadows (a stranger owns them now) in a land on the other side of the sea, when up from my feet leaped a lark, springing into the air and rushing upward as if he would gain the sun. I threw myself on the grass, in order to keep my eye on him and to lose nothing of his song. Up, up he soared till he appeared the merest speck in the blue sky, and at last was quite gone from sight, but still he rained the music down and filled the air with melody. Some lines of Shelley's fine poem came to my lips:

> Higher still and higher,
> From the earth thou springest
> Like a cloud of fire;
> The blue deep thou wingest,
> And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
>
> In the golden lightning
> Of the sunken sun,
> O'er which clouds are brightening,
> Thou dost float and run;
> Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

In the February *Scribner's* John Burroughs, the poet of the birds, tells of finding a skylark by the Hudson. He thus speaks of his discovery: "Yes, that unstinted, jubilant, multitudinous song can be none other than the lark's. Presently I was fortunate enough to catch sight of the bird. He had reached his climax in the sky and was hanging with quivering wings beneath a white cloud, against which his form was clearly revealed. I had seen and heard the lark in England, else I should still have been in doubt about the identity of the singer. I was soon in the meadow above which I had heard him; and the first bird I flushed was the lark."

Mr. Burroughs thinks the bird escaped from a cage or was a survivor of a number liberated some years ago on Long Island, and adds, "there is no reason why the lark should not thrive in this country as well as in Europe, and if a few hundred were liberated in any of our fields in April or May I have little doubt they would soon become established. And what an acquisition it would be! As a songster the lark is deserving of all the praise that has been bestowed upon him. His voice is the jocund and inspiring voice of a spring morning. It is like a musical clapping of hands."

The importation of the lark has frequently been urged in American journals, but the task is too large for individuals, and the only hope of setting this splendid singer in the fields of our continent is through the sportsmen's clubs. A small contribution—say five or ten dollars—from each of our game clubs, would be sufficient to secure him for America. They could be imported on favorable terms if a large number were ordered, for they are captured for the table in England and France during the winter months. JOSEPH PULLMAN.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

OAKLAND, Cal., Jan. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by your issue of Jan. 6 that one of your correspondents, signing himself S. H. C., wishes to know something about California quail, and as I have lived in California all my life and have hunted the quail and have observed their habits to a certain extent, I think I can enlighten him on a few points concerning them.

The so-called California valley quail (*Lophortyx californicus*) abounds from the Columbia River to Lower California in the valleys and on the mountain slopes up to about three thousand feet, above which it is replaced by the mountain quail (*Oreortyx pictus*).

In the fall of the year they congregate in flocks of from fifteen or twenty to several hundred. In the spring they pair off and lay their eggs during April and May, oftentimes raising two broods in a season. The number of eggs varies from ten to twenty and even more. They are very easily tamed, either when taken wild or raised from the eggs, and will lay in captivity.

These birds are found in this part of the country near thick brush, which they stay in during the day, coming out in the morning and evening to feed, but on the slightest alarm they immediately retreat to the brush, where it is very difficult to dislodge them. They do not lie well to a dog unless thoroughly frightened. In coming suddenly on a flock they all rise with a whirr, and then if not shot at they will run quite a distance after lighting. But if you shoot when they first rise they scatter and lie quite close after that. I have shot into a flock as they rose, and have seen several plunge headlong into the brush at the crack of the gun. They oftentimes fly into trees and conceal themselves so closely in the foliage that they are discovered with great difficulty.

During one of our dryest years, 1877 or '78, I don't remember which, a large number of quail did not pair off and breed. Large flocks could be flushed in the midst of the breeding season, and it seemed as if, through some wonderful foresight, the birds knew the season would be dry and there would not be food enough for their offspring. This fact was not only noticed here but at Santa Barbara as well.

As for the mountain quail they are not found in this part of the State, and as a consequence I do not know much about them, so I will leave a de-cription of their habits to some abler and more experienced pen than mine.

As to introducing either of these species into the Eastern States, I think the attempt would be a failure. In regard to the valley quail I am personally acquainted with a gentleman living in Central New York who made the attempt. The first winter it was so cold for the birds in the woodshed that they had to be brought into the kitchen to be kept alive. There is no doubt about it, the birds cannot stand the cold weather. Mr. J. G Cooper, an authority, says on this subject: "They (valley quail) are carried East in almost every steamer, but no account of their successful naturalization in our more severe Atlantic climate has yet been published. They are, however, said to be very numerous in France, where they have found a suitable climate and are well protected. Experiments made in England have not been so successful."

They might, I think, be introduced with success to the "Sunny South," but as for introducing them successfully into the Eastern States or any State, in fact, where they have severe snows, I think it would be throwing time and money away to attempt it.

As to introducing the mountain quail to the Atlantic coast, I have no doubt that they could stand the cold, but I think they rather shun civilization, for they live up on steep mountain sides in rough places. To take these birds from their mountain fastnesses and retreats and introduce them into the cultivated fields of Long Island or Massachusetts would be like bringing the Esquimaux from their desolate ice fields or the Bushmen from their arid deserts and leaving them in the beautiful flowery tropics. In either case the result is the same—they would pine away and die. CHICO.

See FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 6 and 20, 1881.

HAMMOND, N. Y., Jan. 31.

I have just returned from Ogdensburg, where, through the kindness of the Hon. Dan. Magone, to whom they belong, and to whom they were sent from their place of nativity in Oregon, I had the pleasure of examining twenty Oregon quail. My first feeling was surprise, as they exceed in beauty anything I had before been accustomed to recognize as quail. The following description may help you to see them as I can yet in my mind's eye. They are much more upright in carriage than our variety; legs much stouter, bird larger, wings and back snuff brown, edges of wings pencilled with white, head and back of neck grey, extending around on to breast; throat a lustrous maroon; wing supports chestnut, barred with white; a handsome tuft on the crown of head from the centre of which grow two long, narrow feathers. If you can, from this meager description, you will please give further particulars relative to this bird, also your opinion as to the probable success of attempts to propagate in confinement or well placed where they could have care, food and protection, and where, in your opinion, is the best place to turn them out.

I was requested to make these inquiries by Mr. M., as he intends to turn them out in the spring. H. A. M.

The birds, from your description, are evidently the Mountain quail of the Pacific coast (*Oreortyx pictus*). We do not see why they might not do well if turned out in proper country and looked after a little in winter. On the Pacific coast they inhabit the mountain sides and elevated plateaus of the ranges, and are thus more or less accustomed to cold and snow. They are beautiful birds, and we regard the flesh as excellent. If possible they should be turned out in a country as nearly like that from which they come; that is a rough, mountainous or hilly district. If they escape the combined assaults of vermin and sportsmen during the first summer we may hope to hear of them again. We do not know whether they would breed in confinement or not.

Please keep us advised as to the progress of this attempt at acclimatization.

SEVERAL SEALS have been seen off the Long Island coast this winter, and one day last week a small gray seal was seen on a cake of ice drifting toward Bedloe's Island, in New York Bay. Two boatmen from the Battery rowed to the cake and killed the seal. It measured three feet seven inches in length and weighed twenty-five pounds. It had a pistol-shot wound in the head and is supposed to have been the same seal that was shot at by two sailors several weeks ago.

The occurrence of these animals in this neighborhood is not, however, at all uncommon, and we have seen them in considerable numbers on the Connecticut coast, both in spring and fall. Last spring a seal was killed in the Housatonic River, not far below Derby, Conn. All the specimens recently captured in this vicinity appear to be be the common *Phoca vitulina*.

MINNESOTA BIRDS.—The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, of January 30 contains an interesting list of the winter birds of Minnesota, by Mr. Thos. S. Roberts. Fifty species are mentioned, divided into "permanent residents," "winter visitants," "half hardy" and "accidental." Mr. Roberts' article is very pleasantly written and conveys a good deal of information of a character not often found in a daily newspaper.

HORNS OF MOOSE AND DEER.—IN FOREST AND STREAM, February 3, I notice your correspondent, "J. C.," of Bangor, is in doubt about moose and deer shedding their horns every year. I have killed over fifty moose and hunted over thirty years in the northwestern part of Maine, and I have never known an instance of moose, deer or caribou retaining their antlers, excepting occasionally a spike-horn bull moose. These carry a straight prong on each side, from six to ten inches long, through the whole year. Moose always shed their horns in the first thaw in the winter after January comes in, and then one antler at a time. I never found two together, except on the moose's head. J. G. RICH.

HABITS OF RUFFED GROUSE.—Had Harry Woodland inquired in what manner does the ruffed grouse leave her young of, say, a day old, when driven off, I would have replied that if notes were to be taken on the spot a mighty nimble pen would be required to jot them down if all their movements were recorded as they occurred.

In going through a large body of woods in northern Michigan, in the summer of 1878, I stopped for a moment to call to a companion who was some distance away. As I called, an old grouse came out from under a thimble berry bush right at my feet, ran a yard or so, then flew possibly five more, dropped on the ground and fluttered and tore about at a furious rate, creating quite a little tornado among the dry leaves that covered the ground. Having attempted, when a boy, to catch an old bird under similar circumstances, hurt as this one seemed to be, without very good success, I concluded to watch proceedings. For an instant after the old bird left the bush the young ones fairly swarmed about my feet; the next, not one was to be seen, though the woods was comparatively open. As I made no attempt to capture the old bird, she finally righted up and commenced to make off. Both wings were trailing and she tipping, first to one side, then the other, making much more of an effort to navigate than she probably would have done a few moments later, if dropped in thick cover with a broken wing, particularly if one had no dog and only a single barreled muzzle-loader. After waddling off two or three rods and failing to induce me to follow, she came part way back, tipping more and more, at times rolling clear on to her back, in which position she would remain for a few seconds, working her legs back and forth as though just gone. Having a little curiosity to see something more of the young ones than I was at first permitted, I commenced very carefully poking among the leaves, and soon had them in my hat, a common felt. They were unable to jump out, and though hardly more than out of the shell were in every respect true to nature. It was amusing to see the manner in which the little things, in response to their mother's quit, quit, cur-r-r, cur-r-r, would squat and straighten out in the bottom of the hat, and how lively they scampered off and found cover under some large leaf the instant they were again at liberty. I did not watch proceedings further, but doubt if the little things were left to themselves long, as the old bird was probably at no time more than twenty yards away. This was in a section where grouse were very plenty, and where they are less accustomed to the report of guns than in more thickly settled districts, in many of which they are fast becoming a thing of the past.

North Bloomfield, Ohio. SUBSCRIBER.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—I have been looking about among the taxidermists for snowy owls during the past week, impelled by curiosity to learn where these Arctic birds have gone, as we all felt confident they would be numerous in our vicinity. We have discovered that collectors in Baltimore and Virginia have been killing fine specimens, and that this winter many are showing themselves further South than ever before.

Mr. James Sevard, the artist, has recieved an order from Hamilton Disston, Esq., of Philadelphia, to paint for him a duck shooting scene, and Mr. S. is only waiting for open weather to begin his work; for he intends making a sketch on the ground to be selected. Your correspondent visited his studio last week and was shown a fine portrait of Mr. J. Fassett's setter dogs Dash and Frank, some very natural dead game, and a capital trout-fishing scene with the well known Vogel in a very life-like position just striking or hooking a fish.

Mr. John Krider's son Joe, with his friend, Mr. Abbott, of Philadelphia, are making preparations for a tour to the Northwest for the purpose of collecting rare winter birds, and their stay will in all probability be prolonged until April or May. Joe naturally falls into the bird department of "Uncle John's" establishment and is fast becoming expert in the taxidermist art. HOMO.

PINE GROSBEAKS IN MAINE—Bethel, Maine, Feb. 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in your issue of January 27 your correspondent Fred. Lewis speaks of a flock of this bird seen near Jamaica Plains last month.

This winter small flocks of them are almost every day about my farm and sometimes fly into my barn; even in the coldest days, when twenty and more degrees below, they are frequently seen.

I also saw this week two sparrows in my door-yard which resembled the English sparrow, and as the cold is intense and the snow four feet deep, and there has not been an hour for sixty days that it would give under foot, it is quite unexpected to see these birds. Twenty-five miles northwest of here, at the Umbagog Lake, and through the whole region of lakes north of that, I have never in thirty years past seen a pine grosbeak summer or winter. But the lake country is about ten or twelve hundred feet higher altitude than this place.

The American crossbill are abundant there. In any warm wintry day they come in large flocks about the doors of houses and camps. The Canada jay is also very abundant there, also the Canada partridge, at all seasons of the year.

J. G. RICH.

WINTERING IN MAINE—Vinalhaven, Me., Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw to-day six robins (*Turdus migratorius*). I have noticed that these little fellows, or about the same number, have remained with us for the last three winters taking up their residence in a large swampy tract of land covered thickly with a small growth of evergreen trees. During the middle portion of warm, sunny days they all sally forth to hunt among the weeds and along the seashore for food, which consists of seeds and small salt water worms and insects. They seem to be cheerful and hearty, and apparently in good condition. Is it not somewhat unusual for these birds to remain so far North—about 45 deg during winter? I have also noticed for two or three winters past three or four king fishers (*Gerlyc alycon*) around the outer shores. I have never seen one perched upon a stub or tree watching or diving for fish, as is their habit in warm weather, but they apparently depend upon what they can pick up around the shore line at low water. I am aware that Verrill says they are sometimes seen here in Maine in winter, but I am of the opinion that they are rare so far North as a winter residents.

MEDIOUS.

DEVOURED BY WOLVES.—We clip the following item from the St. Petersburg *Golos*. We do not have, happily, wolves of this kind on this side of the water at the present time. The extract says:

"On the 12th of January Alexander Vassalwitch Ellaieff, a medical student, the author of many articles that have from time to time appeared in Russian journals, and an indefatigable student of the archæology and anthropology of the ancient province of Novgorod, arrived on the estate of a Mr. Vassilief, in old Russia, in order to hunt wolves. He was desired to stay the night at the house, and not to face the dangers of the chase alone. To this he agreed, but when Mr. Vassilief, who had been obliged to absent himself during the day, returned in the evening he learned that his guest had left the house about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. His return was looked for from hour to hour, but the whole of the night passed without his arrivel. On the following day, toward evening, a peasant brought the intelligence that the young man had been torn to pieces and devoured by wolves. When a search was made the snow was found to be covered with blood-stains, and scattered around were pieces of clothes and hunting appurtences. Not far from the place were found several large bones, and the stock of the student's gun, with the barrel broken off in the life-and-death struggle which he had evidently maintained with his numerous foes. The many wolf-tracks and blood-stains all around showed that a severe struggle had taken place, and that several of the animals had been killed and devoured by their fellows."

BIRDS AT THE WINDOW.—On a recent evening, while Mr. George Devoe, of Spotswood, N. J., was entertaining a large party, a quail flew against the parlor window, breaking the glass. The bird was caught in the room and did not appear to be much hurt.

Last week a singular incident occurred at the residence of Mr. C. E. Gibbs, near Billingsport, in Gloucester County, N. J. A few days ago Mr. Gibbs was attracted to his room by a grand commotion within, and found a large hawk, frightened by the unusual situation in which it found itself, flying wildly about the apartment and playing havoc with all the smaller articles in the room. The bird was a powerful and vicious one and was only captured with much difficulty, fighting, with beak and claw, any one who approached it. It had evidently swooped down upon the canary bird hanging within the window, not seeing the glass between it and its prey, as the panes were broken and the cage upset.

On Tuesday last a hawk made a dash at a canary bird, the cage of which was hanging near the sitting-room of Capt. V. W. Mount's hotel in Hightstown. The hawk was stunned by contact with the glass and fell to the pavement, where it lay for several minutes, then revived and flew away.

During the recent campaign, as a torchlight procession was passing the house of the writer, a number of English sparrows fluttered wildly against the window. When the sash was raised the birds entered the room and perched on the picture frames.

A.

WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY IT?—Oswego, N. Y., Feb. 1.—During the past four days quite a number of duck have passed over this city, headed for the Lake or Canada. Flocks of about fifty or sixty have been seen. Every feeding ground is frozen solid hereabouts, and I am sure the prospects are no better across the Lake "Ontario." The mercury stands at zero to-day. Where can those duck be going unless to a freeze-out? Their appearance has not brought (as predicted by a few) any thaw, but we are in hopes this three months spell of cold may let up and trust these duck are posted. Last fall nearly every duck left our preserve (Sandy Ponds) Nov. 10 and 12. A severe snow storm came Nov. 15; since that time everything has been frozen up here, which proves they knew what was coming and left for warmer parts. It was a singular occurrence, as ducks usually remain on those ponds until considerable ice is formed, and much later.

LEATHER STOCKING.

A TRI-PEDAL ROOSTER—City Hall, N. Y.—I noticed in a recent number an account of a three-legged hen, which was regarded as a great curiosity. I owned, until a few weeks ago, a rooster with three legs. Unlike the hen, however, his third leg was useless. It was attached to his body between and a little behind his other legs, and was fully developed and perfect in every respect. He kept it drawn up a little way so as not to interfere with locomotion. He was a white leghorn, and a good healthy bird, able to perform all the duties expected of a rooster. I do not know what became of him as he disappeared mysteriously, but I suspect that my spaniels know all about it.

W. H. L.

OLD SQUAW IN THE NIAGARA RIVER.—Notwithstanding the intense cold of the present winter the hardy old squaw is abundant at present on the Niagara River. A St. Davids, Canada, correspondent writes us, under date February 10, as follows: "Cowcens in immense numbers are congregated in the Niagara River in every little open spot—I say open spot, for you know the river has been completely frozen over this winter for the first time within the memory of 'the oldest inhabitant,' and some people have been foolhardy enough to cross on the ice."

HIBERNATING SNAKES.—The employes on the work train on the Erie and Pittsburg Road, one day last week, while loading gravel from a pit near Harbor Bridge, unearthed a den of seventy snakes which had gone into winter quarters in one mace. The snakes were of six different species and measured from five inches up to three and a half feet.

LIST OF ARRIVALS AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING FEB. 9.—One deer, *Cariacus virginianus*, presented by Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, New Brighton; one horned owl, *Bubo virginianus*, presented by Col. A. J. Clements, Liberty, N. Y.; two double crested thickness, *Pelecanus bicristatus*, *Bab.* Mexico, presented by Capt. W. Powis Gladwin, S. S. Arran; two peregrine falcons, *Falco peregrinus*, *Hab.* India, presented by Capt. Alexander Webster, S. S. Bengier. These birds flew aboard the vessel in the China Sea; one zebu, *Bos indicus*. Born in the menagerie: one lion monkey, *Cercopithecus nigroviridis*, and one spider monkey, *Ateles ypsilonotus*, purchased.

N. A. COCKRAN, Director.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FIRST EDITION of the FOREST AND STREAM'S pamphlet on the "Dittmar Sporting Powder" having been exhausted, a second is now in press and will be ready Saturday. Copies will be mailed free upon application. The articles contained in the pamphlet were published in this journal as follows:

Sept. 23, 1880—The "Dittmar Sporting Powder."

Sept. 30, 1880—Evading Detonation.

Oct. 7, 1880—The Detonation of "Dittmar Sporting Powder."

Dec. 9, 1880—The Dittmars' Abracadabra.

HINTS ON DEER SHOOTING.

NO man can more fully realize than the writer the difficulty of undertaking this knotty subject, and no one is more convinced that all the books from here to Halifax will not teach a man to hunt deer, or any other game, for that matter. So all I will endeavor to do is simply and purely to give a few hints, more with the view of helping out a tyro than with any egotistical ideas on any definite mode or style of action. For verily, to hunt successfully and kill the white-tail deer is a rare accomplishment, and one that requires much patience, observation and many fine points in woodcraft, which may be learned at any age, even after years of labor.

No comparison can be drawn between deer shooting and the killing of any kind of feathered game, as to do the former in a legitimate way no appliances can be brought to bear, whereas decoys, calls, blinds, etc., are frequently used in the latter by our best and most thorough sportsmen, and last, but far from being least, the trusty dog does the lion's share, especially in finding the game, which, after all, is the most difficult part of the performance. So I repeat, that a man who kills many deer as a "still hunter" is perforce a good hunter, and one who knows thoroughly the haunts and habits of the animal, besides being endowed with a large quota of common sense.

Although I have killed a great many deer in the Northwestern States and Territories, I consider myself nothing but a novice, and don't think I ever would become an expert, as I have not sufficient patience, and am apt to rely too much upon making up for my many deficiencies by my confidence in my marksmanship. This is a grand mistake and one I have paid for many a time to my sorrow.

I know nothing about driving deer into a lake and butchering them with a knife, paddle or shot gun. I have never watched a salt lick or killed a deer from a tree top with a howitzer or blunderbuss, but I have killed several after tracking them perhaps for hours, and I have also killed some from a good stand on a runaway, therefore I will confine myself to these latter modes of hunting, being somewhat familiar with them.

I remember with what delight I hailed the first snow after the opening of the deer season, when up North, and how anxiously I waited for it. I also remember equally well that I have frequently hunted with the thermometer 20 deg. below zero, and fired ne'er a shot; but then these are exceptions, and, being unpleasant ones, I will banish them and say no more on this doleful subject.

Given a good deer country, two inches of snow, a Winchester repeater (preferably the Express, but, if not, any other model of same make, loaded with hollow pointed bullets) and suitable clothing, all these backed by a substantial breakfast, a good pair of legs, and off you go. In still hunting over a level, timbered country there is but little choice of ground, and the wind must decide the course; but in a hilly, rolling piece of woods keep well up on the backbones as much as possible, as it is far easier to look down hill than up, besides the deer are more likely to be in low ground in cold weather, so keep well above them to avoid coming on them too suddenly. Travel slowly, scrutinize each bush; and, above all, don't race over the ground, as that does no good, tires you out, scares away the game and leaves you nothing but disappointment. The most successful deer hunters I have ever seen were easy going, poky old fellows who would go wandering along in a meandering course at a snail pace, gawking at everything, never breaking a twig, keeping clear of all brush, and, in fact, going along as though they were trying to put in as much time as they could and cover as little ground as possible without stopping dead still. Those fellows see everything, don't tear their clothes, don't go stumbling over logs and into briar patches. They go winding along through windfalls and tamarack swamps as though a road had already been cleared for them, and when a deer does jump up, why there they are, cool as a cucumber, stock still, so slow, silent and easy is their progress that oftentimes the deer is not sure of their whereabouts, and the only information he has of their proximity is a puff of smoke and a ball behind the shoulder—sad, of course, but true.

When first I hunted deer in what I then considered "still" hunting style I don't believe I killed on an average one deer a week, in fact, sometimes I didn't see one a week, and when I did bowl one over it was purely accidental and entirely owing to being a good snap shot—that, being an inborn gift, I deserve no credit for it. There were plenty of deer, too, as every now and then I saw a fresh, warm bed and hundreds of tracks. But, alas! how I bungled. I thrashed around from one thicket to another, sprawling over logs which I vainly attempted to straddle, coming to grief against thorns, barking my shins against stumps, leaving pieces of flesh sticking to brambles, becoming irretrievably entangled in vines and creepers, and getting snarled up generally, going headlong down banks, riding-on-a-rail fashion over logs that spanned streams and frequently dropping some useful article into the water below, running great risk of decapitating myself against overhanging boughs, plowing down holes, and, to sum it up short, making racket enough to scare away all the deer within a radius of 300 yards. I don't suppose every one is as clumsy as I was, still it must be admitted that to travel through the brush and undergrowth is simply an art; and, what is more, there are very few who are masters of it, and to walk steadily along without breaking twigs under foot or rubbing against frozen branches is only acquired by long practice and the exercise of a great deal of caution, requiring constant attention and unremitting watchfulness.

Be sure of one thing, a deer's ears and nose are his best friends, his eyes being of secondary importance. I have worked up to within a hundred yards of deer in the open, when had they been as keen sighted as antelope I never could have managed it. But what they lack in sharpness of eyesight they fully make up in acuteness of hearing and smell. Give them credit for being about perfect in these accomplishments and you will save yourself many hours of fruitless toil. Again, a deer when lying down has a much better opportunity of seeing a man walking through the woods than the man has of seeing him—as one is stationary and the other is moving, besides being, in that position, so much the larger of the two. Consequently move slowly, noiselessly and carefully, so as not to draw his attention or excite his alarm; and even then, be you ever so careful, they will often skip off without even being seen; and that generally settles it, for a deer once startled is all the more vigilant, and although he may not travel far yet he will usually keep out of harm's way and keep his weather eye on his back track.

While hunting in the pineries of Minnesota I once met an old half-breed who taught me more in a few days than I ever learned before or since. It was when I compared my scanty superficial knowledge with his sound practical lore that I discovered the lamentable extent of my ignorance and how much I had to learn. This old veteran was about fifty years of age, and he had hunted deer for over thirty-five years, making it a specialty. It can be readily understood that his advice was worth taking, and I am only sorry I did not prolong my hunt with him, as every deer brought out some new strategem, and every move was checkmated by this unerring, steady old Nimrod. He was a regular hound, and could find more game than three ordinary hunters; but, what an anomaly—he could not shoot. Actually, if a deer moved, or even wagged his ears, the old fellow would quietly wait till he was stock still, and then blaze away. Sometimes he would kill, but that was not by any means a foregone conclusion; and as he would insist on using a single barrel muzzle-loading rifle, of course the deer was off before he could "do it some more." To miss with him seemed rather a matter to be expected than one to get mad about, so, nothing daunted, he would reload his rifle, sit on a log, light his pipe, soliloquize and ascribe reasons for his maladroitness, and make wise resolutions for the future, and having put in about half an hour, go ahead, take up the track of the doomed deer, and eight times out of ten get another shot, with varying results, inside of an hour. How he did it I never could tell; all I know is that I have followed him for days, from morn till dusk, and have seen him shoot three or four times at the same deer in a day, and generally bag him in the long run. When we became better acquainted, it was mutually agreed and understood that he would do the finding and I the shooting; and by that means we generally had the pleasure of hanging up a deer or two a day without his firing a shot. At first I ascribed his finding the deer merely to good luck, but I soon got over that. He would follow a fresh track a short distance, and without giving any reason, and guided by an unerring judgment, which was simply supernatural, would leave it or strike out at right angles, and shortly come upon the same track, or else point out the deer, perhaps fifty or one hundred yards away, sniffing and watching his back track, while his foes were either in his flank or rear. On such an occasion it was merely a matter of target shooting with me and not interesting, being entirely too mechanical, so that I frequently purposely made a noise to start the unsuspecting stag to give him a chance.

This conduct on my part was sure to be followed by a blessing from the veteran, who recognized no rules or laws governing such shots, and as I seldom missed, it was difficult to make him perceive the difference, as to any case the deer was "venison." One day I missed clear and clean, and as the doe kept out of my sight I could not shoot again. The old man, in a fit of rage at my blundering in having made the deer run before I fired at him, threw up his rifle and, without taking any aim, let fly. Down came the doe, all in a heap, shot through the neck, and dead as a nail. The funny part is that to this day the old fellow thinks I did the killing; whereas I only fired one shot and that was away high.

This man's antipathy to a breech-loader amounted to absolute hatred, and it was only after repeatedly showing him its advantages that he so far condescended as to allow me to hunt with him while carrying my Winchester. I shall never forget the queer expression on his tough, weather-beaten countenance when at last I convinced him of the superiority of the repeating rifle.

As I said in the beginning, there is no giving precise advice on the finding and killing of deer, and all I can do is to repeat what I have said, and emphasize it by repetition—Go slowly, make no noise, keep your eyes open—don't be guided by the pace of others, but cover only as much ground as you can thoroughly examine, let your friends bang about as much as they please, keep in their flank and you will probably get more and better shots than they do.

In driving deer to a runaway, let the noisy ones do the driving and the quiet ones stand. Keep well out of sight and don't move. Frequently a deer upon being started runs a short distance and stops to discover "what's the row." Having reassured himself as to direction, etc., and that danger is approaching he runs on a little further perhaps before emerging into the open. Now if you move you will be sure to be discovered, and the deer will change his course, so keep still and quiet, and don't get uneasy for, often when you least expect it, on comes the deer, and that makes up for many an hour of suspense and fatigue.

When the deer is killed it is always better, if possible, to take it to camp at once as, however much caution is taken in searing the venison against depredations by wolves, foxes, crows, etc., it sometimes happens that the meat is badly used up in one night, and indeed I have seen a whole carcass so badly torn up and disfigured that it was of no further use. To avoid this hang up the meat so that it will leave the head at least three feet from the ground. This is no easy matter when it happens to be a big buck weighing 125 pounds and over, and one man has all he can do unless he is an expert. I have

tried a good many ways, and when I hunt alone I carry a stout line wound round my waist, say ten feet long, and a small iron pulley in my pocket, with these I can hang up anything in the deer line in short notice, and time is sometimes an object, especially when the deer is killed at dusk. Where crows abound they prove very destructive and are not easily kept off the carcass, the usual method is to cover it with boughs—the best way is to kill a crow if possible, hang just above the meat and that will be a stopper sure enough.

The easiest way of carrying a deer is to drag it to a fallen tree, place it on it lengthwise, back up against it, catch the hind legs in one hand and the fore legs in the other and strike for camp; you then have the whole weight on the back of the neck and shoulders, and when you want a rest back up against a tree with rough bark, or if very tired let the carcass rest on a fallen tree and proceed as before. A deer after being disemboweled will average about 80 to 100 pounds; that with rifle accoutrements is quite a good load, especially if your path is through thick woods and underbrush.

The cleanest and best way to dress a deer is to hang it up head uppermost, slit down the stomach and then take out the entrails, with a little caution the hide and meat can be kept perfectly clean. If done on the ground keep the head well uphill that the blood may run clear of the meat, of course when cutting a deer's throat this position should be reversed.

If the hunter's clothing is of any importance in any kind of shooting here is just where most care should be observed, and I consider that this requires some attention. Whatever be the material, let the color be such that it cannot be easily distinguished from the woods in which you hunt. In other words, dress so as to be as little conspicuous as possible, and avoid all clothes that won't stand rough usage. The feet are first to be considered. In intensely cold weather or even when it freezes (say 15 above zero, and from that down to 25 deg. below) there can be nothing as good as a buckskin moccasin, as it allows perfect freedom to the feet and toes, does not slip and is noiseless. First put on a pair of cotton socks, then two or three pair of heavy woollen home-made socks, then the moccasins. If the feet are very tender have the moccasins made with extra heavy soles, or if that won't do sew a piece of buckskin to the sole making them "double deckers." The heavy buckskin, however, is generally quite sufficient. Be sure that the moccasins have good long canvas tops so that they can be wrapped well around the ankles, and thereby protect them as well as the socks from being injured by the brush.

In damp weather a pair of woolen socks, strong leather slippers and arctic overshoes are excellent, being light waterproof as far as they go and comfortable. If marshes have to be crossed in open weather the dreadful rubber boot has to be worn, and chances taken regarding galled feet, tired and worn out limbs, etc. The underclothing should be of the heaviest flannel, trowsers of buckskin, corduroy or canvas. But in any case the finest arrangement is to have some strips of soft, well-tanned muskrat skins sewn on to the pants, especially about the knees and on the outside of the legs. This prevents the frozen branches from rattling against them when passing through thick underbrush, and also protects the trowsers. Ordinary canvas pants, especially when new, are about as noisy in the brush as a pair of stove pipes would be if worn in a similar manner. Therefore keep out of them in still hunting. Buckskin has one great disadvantage, it becomes very heavy and soggy when wet, and shrinks alarmingly when dried if not handled with the greatest care. The jacket should be double-breasted and pea-jacket shape, and the one "par excellence" is the English dog skin, but mole skin, corduroy, velveteen, buckskin or even canvas with heavy woolen lining are all good enough so that the color is right. A vest is of no use. I greatly prefer a guernsey or cardigan, they being all wool are very warm and light, and do not bear upon any part of the body, these with a thick blue flannel shirt and turn down collar will keep one warm, and at the same time leave every part of the body free and easy.

Never wear a fur cap in the woods. They are the cause of much trouble, especially when hunting. Many a good fellow has had his cap mistaken for a coon and goodness only knows what kind of animal, to the distorted vision of some bungler, and found himself converted into a target at short notice. On these occasions the aforesaid bungler never pulls the wrong trigger, always shoots accurately, and never has a miss-fire from careless loading; so look out, for although this man can't hit a barn under ordinary circumstances, he will make a plumb centre at any distance and with anything on a fur cap with a human skull as "filling"—so beware. If you must keep your head and ears warm, my bald-headed friend, why be sure you cover your fur cap with something that resembles no living animal, even an antediluvian one, as that is dangerous when near a man who would fill a horse with lead, thinking it was a deer.

Mittens with a forefinger and thumb are just the things. A belt worn around the waist is the most convenient way of carrying cartridges, and is also a good place for the knife. For brush use don't buy a knife of the dirk pattern with a guard, as this guard will catch in branches, etc., and goodbye knife. I have lost several in this way and speak feelingly on the subject. There are several contrivances to hold a knife in the sheath, but they soon get out of order. Get an ordinary extra heavy butcher's knife and carry it in a big leather sheath—one that will hold all the blade and one-half of the handle—leaving out just enough so you can get hold of it. Then it won't get pulled out, no matter where you go. Wear it over the right hip pocket and well behind, it is then out of the way. Always select a knife with the blade extending its whole length and buckhorn handle riveted on, as any other kind will go all to pieces if chopped with, and that is sometimes indispensable.

I would never handicap myself with a hatchet, but would rather put the extra weight into my knife and rifle barrel, although, of course, there is no denying its use. Every ounce counts, and with me everything gives way to the rifle, which should weigh between 8¼ and 10 pounds.

One word more about my old instructor. I am happy to say he now uses a Sharps, one that I bought for him at St. Paul, Minn., and with which he has killed hundreds of deer. I saw this grand old man in 1876—met him by accident at a road station in Dakota. He came forward, erect and strong as ever, the very picture of an athlete, shook my hand about as if and, turning to some of his friends, said, "This is the man who bought that rifle (pointing to his Sharps) and the man who shoots crows on the wing with a Winchester. If I could handle a gun as he does I would willingly give all I am likely to make this winter, both by trapping and shooting." So genuine a compliment, coming from the heart as it did, could not help affecting me, and I felt myself blush like a school girl and shook hands with the good old boy with a feeling of gratitude I will never forget.

The train moved on and he soon was lost to view, but I shall ever picture him as he is, cool, brave and true hearted, honest and truthful to a fault, a staunch friend and patient preceptor, equal to any emergency and full of expedient, in my estimation the best and most thorough hunter and trapper I ever knew and, although untutored and unlettered, still I would gladly walk ten miles to have a chat with him, and smoke a pipe as of old, seated on a log, and listening to every word as it came out, short cut and to the point, stamped with an air of truth that defied all doubt and precluded misapprehension. Should this article ever be read to him I vouch he will recognize the picture and remember

TIRADOR.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY'S MINUTES—TUESDAY AFTERNOON SESSION—JAN. 25, 1881.

THE sixth annual session of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association convened at Lansing, in the room of the State Board of Charities, in the Capitol building, courteously granted for this occasion by Congressman H. W. Lord, and Mr. D. B. Briggs, Deputy Secretary of State. Dr. E. S. Holmes, of Grand Rapids, President of the Association, called the meeting to order at 3:20 P. M. In his opening remarks the President expressed his pleasure in meeting so large a delegation of representative gentlemen from all portions of the State drawn together by one common interest, and commended to their careful consideration the various questions which will come before the Association, and especially the project now under consideration of establishing a game preserve for the purpose of keeping quail alive through the winter. The President referred to the spirit of earnestness which seemed to possess every one present, believing that good results would come from the present meeting and concluded by appointing as Committee on Credentials, Messrs. E. C. Nichols, C. W. Higby and E. H. Gillman.

The Committee on Credentials reported auxiliary clubs represented by delegates as follows:

East Saginaw Game Protection Club—G. L. Remington, J. R. Livingston, V. Kindler, W. B. Mershon, H. B. Roney.

Battle Creek Sportsmen's Association—Mayor E. C. Nichols, N. A. Osgood, H. H. Hubbard.

Hart Sportsmen's Club—L. A. McIntyre.

Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club—L. W. Tinkre, Geo. H. Hopkins, Hon. Don M. Dickinson.

Central City (Jackson) Sportsmen's Association—Hon. C. W. Higby, Hon. Grove H. Woolcott, T. J. Besmer, Geo. Allen, Geo. Mann.

Bay Point Shooting Club (of Erie, Mich.)—A. J. Keeney, Dr. W. B. Gifford.

Kent County Shooting Club (of Grand Rapids)—T. Stewart White, W. C. Dennis, Geo. A. Gould.

Saginaw Sportsmen's Club—R. J. Birney.

Point Mouillie Shooting Club—E. H. Gillman.

Bay City Shooting and Fishing Club—S. A. Van Deusen, Charles W. Catt, Edward Carrier, F. H. Lord, Geo. C. Greenwood.

Hastings Shooting Club—Geo. E. Goodyear.

Grand Haven Shooting Club—Thos. Friant.

Kalamazoo Gun Club—Hon. T. S. Cobb, Hon. S. S. Cobb.

North Channel Shooting and Fishing Club (Detroit)—Hon. H. W. Lord.

Bay County Sportsmen's Association (Bay City)—Mayor John H. Wilkins, John Heath, Geo. E. Aiken, E. Y. Williams, Hon. C. F. Gibson.

There were also present, Mr. J. G. Portman, of Pokagon, Superintendent of Michigan Fisheries, Messrs. A. J. Kellogg, of Detroit, and Dr. J. C. Parker, of Grand Rapids, Mich., Fish Commissioners, Mr. Frank N. Clark, Superintendent of the United States Fish Hatchery, at Northville, Mich., and a number of others, including Senators and Representatives.

The following gentlemen were elected individual members of the association: Wm. B. Mershon, East Saginaw; Chas. W. Cate and F. H. Lord, Bay City; Chief of Police A. J. Rogers, E. S. Barbour, T. W. Edwards and Robert P. Toms, Detroit; Chas. S. Hamilton, Marshall; Thos. Friant, Grand Haven; T. Stewart White, Geo. A. Gould and W. C. Dennis, Grand Rapids.

The Secretary read a letter from Wm. C. Colburn, Secretary and Treasurer of the Detroit Bridge and Iron Works, to E. H. Gillman relative to this meeting, in which the writer urged the importance of a law prohibiting the shipment of game from the State; advised shortening the deer, woodcock and quail hunting season, and also the prohibition of shooting ducks after sunset or from batteries, and the passage of a law prohibiting Sunday shooting.

The Secretary also read the following letter from the same writer:

DETROIT, MICH., Jan. 21.

DR. E. C. HOLMES, Prest. M. S. Ass'n.—Dear Sir—A severe attack of rheumatism has so disabled me that I find it impossible to attend the annual meeting of our association which convenes at Lansing on the 25th inst. I regret the fact exceedingly, as I am more and more impressed with the great importance to our State that we speedily have more efficient laws for the protection and preservation of our game animals, birds and fish, and I feel that every sportsman and good citizen of the commonwealth who has given thought to the subject and informed himself as to the facts in the case is in duty bound to render such aid as he can in procuring the needed legislation. Our association has in the past few years done an important work in awakening public opinion upon this subject, and the information which has been gathered and which will be laid before the present Legislature, it seems to me ought to be decisive in influencing such amendments to our game laws as will at least place us on an equal footing with our neighboring States. In presenting our case to the Legislature too much stress cannot be put upon the fact, that our mission is in no wise a selfish one; that what we ask is for the best interests of the State at large; that the value of our game, as a food product, is greatly underestimated by the masses of our people, and the great danger is that its true worth will only be appreciated when the supply has been exhausted, which, under the existing condition of things, may be looked for at no distant day.

I trust that the meeting will prove, in all respects, a successful one, and that we shall receive at the hands of our legislators such consideration and support as the merits and importance of our work are clearly entitled to. Yours truly,

W. C. COLBURN.

The President appointed J. R. Livingston and Thos. Friant to serve with E. C. Nichols as Committee on Voluntary Essays and Papers, in the absence of the other two members of the committee.

On motion the entire matter of reports of standing committees was referred to the Committee on Voluntary Essays and Papers, to report a programme for this evening.

Mr. Roney offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, the Governor and State officers be cordially invited to attend the sessions of this association.

On motion adjourned until 7:30 P. M. H. B. RONEY, Secretary.

WEDNESDAY EVENING SESSION.

Meeting called to order by the President at 7:30 P. M.

Minutes of the previous meeting read and approved.

The Committee on Voluntary Essays and Papers reported a programme of essays, letters, etc., which was then ordered to proceed.

The Secretary read the following letter from Mr. Seth Green:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am in receipt of a circular from the Michigan Sportsmen's Association announcing a meeting on the 25th inst. I am very glad to see that you are making a move in the right direction; at best it will not be a great many years before the game in this country will be exterminated. The advance of civilization and the improvements that are constantly being made in trapping and hunting, and assisted by the killing of game out of season by unprincipled men, are bound to complete their work of devastation in the course of time. But the longer the game can be preserved the better, and it is left for such associations as yours to make suitable laws and see that they are enforced, and by so doing the public will owe you a debt of gratitude which they can never repay.

The New York State Sportsmen's Association was organized for the purpose of protecting the game and fish in this State, but I regret to say that the purpose for which the association was organized has almost been lost sight of in the interest that is taken in trap shooting and the prizes offered for competition.

In this vicinity we are especially favored by having an active and efficient game constable appointed. Thirty of the best citizens of Rochester signed an article agreeing to stand by him in all his lawful undertakings; by so doing we have given him encouragement and confidence to pursue and prosecute law-breakers. He has had a good many lawsuits, but has as yet lost none.

Although it is my opinion that the game will be become extinct before many years, the fish supply can always be kept up through the means of artificial propagation and protection. We have hundreds of small inland lakes throughout the United States and with scarcely an exception they are capable of producing fish food for all the people living in the vicinity of them, provided they are not allowed to be taken in any way except by angling with hook and line and are protected during their breeding seasons. Every man should be made to feel that the waters in his locality is his fish barrel and no one has a right to deplete the waters by any wholesale manner of fishing.

I sincerely hope that your association may be successful in the good work you have begun, and if at any time I can be of service to you let me know. Yours, SETH GREEN.

The Secretary read the report of the Committee on Laws for the Protection of Game Animals of Fur and Feather and Insectivorous Birds, and discussion thereon was deferred until the next session.

The last mentioned report, as amended and adopted by the association, appears in the report of the next session.

Mr. Frank N. Clark, chairman of the Committee on Fish Laws, including propagation as well as protection, then read his report on fish laws, which will be published in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. J. G. Portman, Superintendent of Michigan fisheries, spoke at length upon the Michigan fish laws, calling attention to various imperfections and weak points therein, and suggesting several important changes in relation to the law governing the taking of whitefish, and quoted extensively from the fourth report of the State Commissioners and Superintendent of State Fisheries.

The Secretary then read a letter from Mr. Edgar Brown, of Escanaba, Delta Co., Mich. Mr. Brown suggested that there be a game commissioner appointed in each of the lower and upper peninsulas, the same as in the State Land Department, for trespass. He says: "There are parties here who last winter shipped from this location 22,000 pounds of venison alone. They commenced it this winter and I made a complaint, and last Tuesday the sheriff seized two boxes that contained about 1,200 pounds of saddles of venison. It was marked 'Fresh fish.'" Mr. Brown also stated that owing to the bounty on wolves having been taken off, they were on the increase and were committing great havoc among the deer in the upper peninsula.

On motion the Committee on Enforcement of Game, Fish and Trespass Laws were allowed further time to report.

Mr. J. E. Long then read the following essay on sporting dogs, game, etc.:

DETROIT, MICH, Jan. 24.

HON. E. S. HOLMES, President M. S. S. Association—Dear Sir: Feeling a deep interest in the protection of our game birds, animals and fishes, if not trespassing too much on the time of the association, I should like to place my views relative to the passage of such laws as will best attain that end, anticipating that it is the intention of this honorable body to advise a general revision of our at present defective game laws. I also would suggest that in recommending to the Legislature of this State any revised law that it will include the protection of our sporting dogs. In my opinion, the payment of taxes upon them, as we are obliged to do, should at least make them subject to the same protection as other animals upon which a like tax is made. I trust you will give this matter the attention it deserves.

I am also strongly in favor of abolishing summer shooting. I am in favor of running or extending the close season further into the fall on all our game birds.

With your kind indulgence I would suggest the following, taking the game as it rotates to us. I will commence with "Spring Duck Shooting."

I am in favor of a law allowing the shooting of migratory ducks, such as red-heads, blue-bills, canvas-backs, butterballs, pin-tails, etc., protecting only mallard, teal and wood ducks, at that season. Shooting to end April 30, and opening again on all ducks September 1. The stoppage of night shooting, as also the prohibition of battery shooting at all seasons. Next we come to spring snipe shooting. I am in favor of a law allowing them shot up to May 1, the season opening again September 1. I am inclined to this belief from a life-long observation of them, and am fully convinced that what snipe we do have in this latitude are simply those that stop in their migrations between the North and the South.

Woodcock—I understand that our present law protects them when they should be shot, and *vice versa* owing, I believe, to a typographical error of the State printer or some one else. But be that as it may, I am strongly in favor of abolishing summer shooting at this beautiful game bird. To shoot them in July when only half-grown, is simply murder,

and in August they are generally moulting, making them totally unfit for the table.

I would suggest that September 1 is early enough for the commencement of the open season. It allowed to be shot during July and August, I fear many a ruffed grouse is brought to bag and styled "short-billed woodcock."

Fall Duck Shooting—Our present law, beginning September 1, meets all the requirements.

Ruffed Grouse—For this grand bird I must express a high esteem. I believe it to be the gamest bird in the world, and so believing I would respectfully ask due consideration of any law pertaining to his preservation. From an extensive experience with them I am led to think that November 1 is as early as the open season should begin, and allow them to be shot until January 1. By lengthening the close season as above the birds become more mature, while in September they invariably take to trees, making themselves an easy prey to the merest tyro of a hunter, while a month later they avoid this to a large extent and test the skill of the most experienced wing shot.

Quail—I can only say "Twin brother in excellence to the ruffed grouse." I think November 1 early enough for the open season to begin. I think every true sportsman will agree with me in my statement that during October at least three of every five bevies that are flushed are not sufficiently grown, and also that during said month they are to be found in the open, lying close to dogs, often giving the pot-hunters a full swing for their murderous propensity of "bunch shots," which a month later it would be hard to attain. I recognize also that two months of the twelve is about the proper length of open season. I therefore recommend the following letter, viz.: Make the open season the months of November and December.

Wild Turkeys—Open season to be October, Nov. and Dec.

Deer—I believe too much consideration cannot be given to this fast disappearing and noble animal. I am strongly in favor of making the open season shorter than our present law allows. A law making the open season from 15th of September to 15th of November, would be my idea. I presume there are gentlemen at this convention who will present statistics to you relative to the unprecedented slaughter of this as well as other of the game of this State. I am also strongly in favor of a law to be passed, if possible, to prevent the shipment from our State of all game, except in limited quantities. A similar law is at present in effect in most of the Western States, and is found to materialy assist in the preservation of game, shutting off as it does the Eastern market hunter, who yearly visits our State, not in pursuit of gentlemanly sport, but for pecuniary purposes alone. I understand that there is some question as to the constitutionality of such a law, but it strikes me as singular if such law is respected in our sister States, why not in Michigan? From good legal authority I am told that a law can be so worded as to avoid this, and yet make it operate as desired. I therefore urge that this convention give its entire support to attain such law. While I do not desire to seem selfish toward brother sportsmen of sister States, yet I cannot but feel that the passage of such law is only self-protection, which I claim is God's first law.

In giving you my views in detail as I have I trust you will accept them in the spirit in which they are offered, and not attribute them to any personal or selfish motives, assuring you that I only desire the fullest protection to our game. There are gentlemen composing your honorable body far more competent than I am to plead this, yet I cannot allow the occasion to pass without putting in my feeble plea.

That your honorable body shall cause such laws to be passed as will best attain this object, is the sincere wish of

Yours in the cause, JOHN E. LONG.

The Secretary read a letter from Mr. A. F. Young, of Escanaba, Mich., advising that the time in which prosecution may be commenced be extended to one or two years, instead of three months, as at present, and urging the prohibition of "jack-light" shooting.

Mr. Brown continues:

"Wolves should have a good bounty on their heads. The deer have been all run out of the country the past fall by them. I would make one more suggestion. There should be a stringent law against 'pits.' I am told that only a few miles from here it is not safe for a man to go through the woods. I feel that there is nothing more cruel than the pits as they are made. I am told by one who has seen them that before covering or concealing them they drive stakes in the, bottom and sharpen the tops, so that in falling the poor deer is impaled in a most cruel manner."

The Secretary read the following letters from the Secretary of the Wisconsin Sportsmen's Association:

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Dec. 10.

SECRETARY STATE ASSOCIATION—My Dear Sir: I take the liberty of addressing you with relation to the protection of the deer on the Lake Superior portion of your State and to learn what, if any, action you expect to take as to amendments to the present laws.

For years I have visited the woods, and since the Menominee River Railroad has been completed our States in that section lie in such close proximity we ought to have a uniform law.

Our State Association will meet sometime the present month and we hope to better our laws the present year. Our law now opens September 1 and continues till November 30, and this is too long with the present destruction.

What would your association say to making October and November, or to November 15, the open season, and prohibit the use of lamps?

I was in the woods during the month of October and your State and ours are overrun with poachers, and we must do something to help the deer, or they will be exterminated. I should be pleased to hear from you on these points.

Very truly yours, L. M. WYATT,
Vice-Pres't Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Ass'n and Sec'y Fond du Lac Game Club.

FOND DU LAC, WIS., JAN. 7.

DR. E. S. HOLMES, President—My Dear Sir: Your esteemed favor of the 18th ult. came duly to hand, also the report of your State Association. I have so much enjoyed reviewing them that I presume to comply briefly with your request for items on preservations so far as to give you some notes from observations made in the northern part of your State, the Upper Peninsula, fearing that from its remoteness from your standpoint of deliberations you do not fully appreciate the value of this grand domain you open to poachers so early in the season.

For fifteen years past I have made annual pilgrimages to this delightful region, and had come to almost covet it and hope it might become a portion of my own State; but after reading the report you sent me I have changed my mind; I take it all back, and only hope that our State Association may prove as worthy to preside over its present domain as the Michigan Association over the chosen retreat I have referred to.

Since the completion of the Menominee River Railroad an opportunity is afforded the poachers to invade the summering ground of a large district, and the demand for venison along the road and facilities for shipping have afforded them the best opportunity to make the killing remunerative.

The road has been patroled night and day by a horde of hunters sufficiently large to annihilate the whole species, and these vandals hesitate at no scheme to gather in the spoils of all ages and in all conditions. An estimate given me by a civil engineer who is a gentleman sportsman, and is, cent the greater portion of the season on the road and vicinity, places the number of hunters at not less than two thousand and the deer killed at five thousand.

This record calls loudly for a remedy, and in my opinion can only be secured by shortening the season. Meet it squarely with no tinkering, or the deer will be obliterated.

Wisconsin, until last year, had an open season of from five to seven months, and furnished all the facilities the most ardent poacher could desire. Last season we secured a change, making September, October and November the open season, and we hope to hold it at this, or shorten it to October and November, or September 15 to November 15.

As the law now stands, you take the crowd at the opening and we get it at the close.

On one point we have been weak, that is, in not securing the aid of the railroad officials to prevent shipping out of season.

It would surprise you to see a large amount of pork shipped from points that raise no hogs.

I should very much enjoy accepting your hearty invitation to be present at your annual meeting, but duty and distance will preclude it.

I enclose you printed report of State proceedings yesterday at Milwaukee; although in some respects it is quite unsatisfactory, yet it was a meeting.

I should like to have you correspond with our President with especial relation to the deer law, and urge a uniform time for both States; also let them know the conservative spirit that pervades your deliberations.

If not asking too much, I should very much like a copy of your next meeting's proceedings.

In closing, I beg to assure you of a readiness on my part at all times to render aid in securing conservative practices.

Very truly yours, L. M. WYATT.

The Secretary then read the following letter from the President of the Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Association:

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 14.

MR. E. S. HOLMES, President Michigan Sportsmen's Association, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Dear Sir: Your very kind invitation to be with you at our meeting on the 25th inst. is at hand. While we cannot be with you in person, feel assured that we are in spirit. Our interests are common. We are trying to do as you are doing. We organized by adopting your constitution, of which I send you a copy. I send you also a paper containing the proceedings of our first meeting after the organization. We are to hold a meeting at Madison on the first proximo, at which we will be pleased to see you personally or by delegation. We hope at such meeting to have a large attendance of sportsmen of the State. It would indeed be instructive for us to know what you have recommended as to the open season on various game, on spring shooting, on exportation, etc. Our deer country lies contiguous to part of your State. And the deer, though a knowing animal, it is safe to say has not learned State lines, but the more cunning pot-hunters have. For all migratory game we ought to have the same protective laws in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota and perhaps other Northwestern States. A uniformity in such laws of course can only be brought about by the efforts of associations.

Our association has been so recently organized that we have scarcely become acquainted with our own members, and the true sportsmen are not fully agreed as to what we need. They all agree, however, that unless something be speedily done many of our finest game birds will soon become extinct. I hope to hear from you again.

Very respectfully, FRED. RIETBROCK,

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW YORK CITY ASSOCIATION.

THE monthly meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game was held Monday evening. Among the well-known sportsmen present were Messrs. Charles H. Houseman, B. L. Ludington, William E. Laimbeer, James Meyer, Jr.; Edward Wight, Wakeman Holberton, James Curphey, Wisner H. Townsend, C. Dubois Wagstaff, J. Harson Rhodes, Henry T. Carey, John Lawrence, Fayette S. Giles, Dr. Stephen H. Main, Alexander R. Strachan and Alfred S. Post.

Mr. Ludington read from the *Times* a report of the meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, in which a summary of the amendments to the game laws, which it was proposed by that body to have introduced in the Legislature, appeared. He condemned several features of the proposed bill. The demerits of the amendments proposed by the Long Island Associations were fully discussed. The speakers, without exception, condemned the proposed bill as tending rather to destroy than protect fish and game, and as calculated, if passed, practically to abolish all existing laws for the protection of game. The more objectionable features of the bill, the speakers considered, were those which give dealers the privilege of selling game beyond the killing season, provided that it be preserved by freezing or refrigerating during the open season, and the provision which requires it to be proved, before conviction can be had, that all offenses against the law are willful. Were such a bill to pass, it was contended, there could be no protection for fish and game, and the game laws would be a dead letter. Some of the speakers thought the association seemed to be acting in the interests of the marketmen and dealers rather than in the interest of true sportsmen. After speeches from Messrs. Roosevelt, Cuthbert, Rhoades, Holberton, Ludington, Curphey, Townsend, Meyer and Wight, Mr. Rhoades proposed the following resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. James Meyer, Jr.:

Resolved That this association does not approve of the bill for the protection of fish and game as proposed by a sub-committee of the Long Island Sportsman's Association, believing that the effect of such a bill, if passed, will be to aid in the destruction of fish and game rather than their preservation, and that a committee of three of which the president shall be one, be named by the chair to confer with the Long Island society in an endeavor to correct the objectionable features of said bill,

Resolved, That this committee be empowered to take such action as they may deem necessary in the premises.

Resolved That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the New York State Association for the Protection of Game.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously, and the chairman appointed, in addition to himself, as such committee ex-Senator Alfred Wagstaff, Jr., and Charles E. Whitehead. A letter from Mr. John F. Davis, of East Chester, condemning the amendments to the game laws proposed by the Long Island Association, and suggesting that the recompense of game constables throughout the State be increased was referred to the Committee on Admendments to the Game Laws. On motion of Mr. Townsend, seconded by Mr. Rhoades, the officers were directed to take steps to have the association incorporated under the laws of the State. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Rhoades entertained his fellow members at supper.

MATCH HUNTS.

RUTLAND, Vermont, Feb. 5.

I LAY down my paper to offer a suggestion to your correspondent "Fox Squirrel," who writes from Charleston, Ill., under date of Jan. 17, and whose communication appears in your issue of Feb. 3.

"Fox Squirrel" starts out with the statement that birds are scarcer in his locality, then proceeds to relate the exploits of a company of twenty men, who, on the 26th of Nov. deliberately set out to see how great a slaughter they could make with the result as stated, of 562 head of game killed in that day by that party.

Now, how in the name of common sense can a county endure such havoc as this?—and why should the inhabitants of such localities expect to have any game at all left if they countenance such proceedings?

The writer of this well remembers the time, and not many years ago either, when the country about Charleston abounded in game birds, and a good and sufficient bag could be made by any fair shot in a few hours. If the birds are gone now whose fault is it if not that of such men as made up this party of twenty?

The fact is match hunts are not usually made up or joined in by sportsmen and should be by sportsmen discouraged and frowned down.

True sportsmanship does not consist in slaughter for count, not even where the suppers or the drinks are the incentive. This particular slaughter of the innocents is an accomplished fact, and the dead cannot be brought back to life, but if this protest has the effect to set men to thinking what match hunts really are, it will not have been wholly in vain.

VERDE MONTE.

TRAPPING NOTES—Dugdale, Pa., Feb. 15.—The present low prize of skunk and other fur common to eastern Pennsylvania has greatly lessened the catch of the present winter. Trappers do not have the same inclination to scour the hills and county over that they had a few years ago when the price of skunk and our other fur commanded higher prices. The early part of the season a great many skunk were caught with hunters by dogs at night. They are not trappers, but hunters who travel over much of the surrounding county in quest of skunk that may be wandering about the fields looking for mice, bugs and insects. The weather best suited for most varmints to travel is a mucky, rainy night, during the dark of the moon. Some of the fur bearing animals common to the United States are very shy, and but seldom seen by the trapper or hunter, others can be seen frequently at different times in various localities. We have been quietly walking along some small creek of an early morn when the weather was dull or probably a light drizzling rain falling, and noticed the gentle riffle in the eddy below a huge pile of old drift from which was soon seen a large mink emerge and again disappear among the roots of an overhanging tree. Muskrat may be seen at most any time when the creeks are high or they may be seen often in day time in a quiet place along the bank of some mill race or at the head of some mill pond. The otter is more wary and but seldom seen except in very high water when their hiding places are completely shut off by excess of water. Eastern Pennsylvania is too thickly populated to admit of any good trapping, and those desiring enjoyment in this line must look elsewhere in counties less thickly settled. Nothing in the trapping line amounts to anything like business unless it be skunk here in our locality, and of them it would almost seem that the more there are caught the more there are to catch. The long protracted spell of extreme cold weather we have had since before Christmas seems now to be broken, and in all probability considerable amounts of skunk and muskrat will be caught yet before spring opens. J. LEE SMEDLEY.

FORKS OF THE KENNEBEC—It may be of interest to your readers and to sportsmen generally to know of a spot, away from the world, the idle summer traveler and lazy campers, and yet accessible to those who find recreation in sport—a tract of land whose dense woods are inhabited by moose, caribou, deer and bear, more numerous here than on any hunting ground ever visited by me, and whose many lakes and streams are filled with trout. It is needless to quote the amount of fish caught in one day or deer or caribou shot during a short trip. Laughter would be most likely the result of my quotations, and they would be considered as one of the "many ducks" shot by sportsmen.

I only advise friends of sport to visit this lovely country, situated around the Forks of the Kennebec. At the Forks a very comfortable hotel will serve sportsmen as headquarters, and Mr. Clark, the proprietor, would, I have no doubt, willingly assist in procuring a good guide. If you can succeed in getting Oliver P. Adams, who lives at the Forks, Maine, you will find him a hunter and fishermen in the truest sense of the word, a faithful and reliable guide, who will help you to game if at all possible. You reach the Forks by stage from Skowhegan. A branch road of the Maine Central R. R. connects Waterville with Skowhegan."

I can give no higher recommendation to the above named hunting grounds than by assuring you that were I a permanent resident of your country and not a foreign intruder, who has been stealing some of the glorious sport it affords, I would never willingly assist to make those grounds near the Forks known to the many friends of FOREST AND STREAM.

N. B. V. Z.

SPORT ABOUT GREELEY—Greeley, Col., Jan.—Our two rivers and the innumerable sloughs that line both banks, together with the numerous lakes lying all around within a few miles of the city, afford great resorts for the thousands of ducks that stop here for two or more weeks on their flight southward

both in spring and fall. The wild geese seem to be as plenty as the ducks. Our farming district lies parellel with the Cache La Poudre, and ends at the junction of this river with the Platte. The geese are continually flying up and down the former river. They stay in the Platte nights, and when ready to go South they all cross at this junction. The ducks and geese continually throughout the winter, when we have warm spells, are always on hand, in fact a great number of the blue-winged teal ducks make this their stopping place all winter. Several flocks of canvas backs have been reported, but this is a rare thing. We have the powa rabbit or cotton tail, and the jack rabbit in very large numbers. The latter is a fine animal to hunt, and affords a great deal of sport. Just get an inexperienced dog after one, and they present a scene similar to that described by Mark Twain on the Cayote. It takes a pretty good hound to catch one, and then it is rarely done. Antelope swarm on the plains all around us, and they often approach very near the city. The mink and muskrat are found in large quantities in the small streams and sleus, and are very easily trapped. I have observed several woodcock in some parts of the county, and I hope they may increase. Prairie chickens are very scarce; no quail at all, but some ptarmigan and sage hens. Wild pigeons breed here in large quantities. Besides all these we have badgers, foxes, wolves, coyotes, skunks, prairie dogs, etc., in large numbers. On hawks there is a bounty of twenty-five cents per head, also fifty cents per scalp on wolves. I have observed that east of town in some running sleus a few beavers have made their dam. There are several houses standing quite near, yet the beaver seem not alarmed. I shot a full grown one by watching nearly all night for it, and a few days later I shot another one, a kitten, or one about half grown. There are several beaver dams up the river a few miles. PTARMIGAN.

"BAGGING" ROBINS.

A Franklin, Tennessee, correspondent writes under date of Jan. 31:

The present winter has been an unusually severe one here as elsewhere. Although the mercury has not yet touched zero at any time yet snow storms have been rather frequent, though the snow has not been deep nor continued long, so that the birds are not materially diminished in number nor showing a waste of flesh. During the worst weather the quail deserted the cover of the cleared lands, and betook themselves to the neighboring woods where beech mast was plentiful.

About ten days since the red breast (*Turdus migratorius*), made their appearance here in incredible numbers feeding during the day on beech-mast and various kinds of seeds, and at night roosting in a corn brake two miles from town. Here the mighty hunters of all sizes, colors and condition went nightly, each armed with a short candle and a small stick, the glare of the light confusing the bird so as to make it an easy matter to tap him with the stick or even take him with the hand. I went one night last week as a spectator, and on reaching the hill overlooking the corn brake it had the appearance of an irregular torch light procession, there being more than a hundred lights within an area of less than six acres. Many of the parties killed over a hundred birds each. Despite this wholesale slaughter the numbers of the birds were not apparently diminished. Of course the hunters were not so much after sport as after meat, and as the birds are extremely fat it is fair to presume that they were placed where they would do the most good. Whether from diminution of their food or from constant pursuit of their enemies, the robin departed as suddenly as he came.

BLUE GRASS CLUB.—This club was organized at Winchester, Ky., about four years ago, for the purpose of fishing and hunting, but last year the club engaged in ball shooting, and became somewhat noted in that role. There are eighteen members of the club and sixteen of them pull a fatal trigger. A local paper says: "Fifteen of the number have broken 80 out of 100 balls from a rotary trap. Seven have broken over 90 out of 100. J. E. Garner has broken 105 consecutive balls. C. B. Fox, ex-Sheriff, has broken more than 125 balls from a rotary trap without missing a single shot. In a match with the Georgetown Club at Donerail last summer the latter club was victorious, but in a subsequent match with the same club at Winchester the victory was reversed, when fifteen members of the Blue Grass Club made an aggregate score of 417 out of 450 balls. The following is a list of the officers and members: Dr. Wash Miller, President; Charley Swift, Vice-President; J. W. Poynter, Treasurer; Wm. Miller, Secretary; G. B. Nelson, A. R. Spbar, W. D. Rash, S. R. Zinn, W. H. Garner, James Evans, C. B. Fox, Dr. Burgin, B. F. Phillips, W. B. Ford, Dr. J. A. Mills, S. D. Goff, J. E. Garner and P. B. Dudley. It is believed that seven members can be selected from this club that will break an aggregate of 137 out of 140 balls.

HOUNDING DEER.—Prospect, N. Y., Feb. 12.—The very excellent letter of "Wollat" in your issue of this week attracted my attention, as he referred to my letter published some weeks ago. I would say that I am as strongly in favor of the protection of the deer, or any other game, as I am for the protection of trout. In my reference to deer in that letter I did not intend to encourage in any manner the hounding of deer out of season. I mentioned the fact that the snow was so light that the deer had the advantage over the dogs in case they undertook to hound them out of season, it being very different from many winters, when we have deep snows, with occasional thaws, which make a crust. Then they are helpless, and the penalty in my judgment is not half enough for killing deer out of season. "Wollat" expresses my own feelings so completely in his letter, and in so much better shape than I am able to, that I hope we shall hear from him often. W. P. DODGE.

MARSHALLTOWN SHOOTING CLUB—Marshalltown, Iowa, Jan. 27.—The club has elected: President, George Seick; Vice-President, J. H. Brunner; Treasurer, Geo. Will; Secretary, Geo. Neil; Executive Committee, F. H. Griswold and Dr. Thornton. Our club is comprised of genuine sportsmen with both rod and gun and we propose to see that our game law is enforced, and woe be unto him that violates it in this section of the country. We have our regular monthly shoots for the club trophy, which is a silver cup in vase shape, with four guns crossed under the fowl. On the base are two dogs in bronze and a vine. It is a perfect ornament and a rare token to the man winning it, which he will be compelled to do three times in succession to call it his property. J. H. B.

SAGADAHOC ASSOCIATION.—The Sagadahoc County, Me., Association for the Protection of Game and Fish has elected the following officers for the current year: President, Dr. Chas. A. Packard, of Bath; Vice-Presidents, A. Q. Gould, of Topsham and James H. Millay, of Bowdoinham; Secretary, Chas. H. Greenleaf, of Bath; Treasurer, Ira P. Booker, of Brunswick; Executive Committee, S. W. Carr, Bowdoinham; E. W. Johnson, C. L. York, Brunswick; A. Q. Gould, Topsham; Geo. H. Nichols, Bath. The following gentlemen were admitted as members: Thomas A. Hine, Dr. E. M. Fuller, Frank M. Reed, Bradford Matson, Augustus Hatch, Bath; Alfred E. Hall, Melville C. Hall, C. H. Small, Topsham, and Capt. F. C. Jordan, Brunswick.

NORTH CAROLINA QUAIL SHOOTING.—From Nov. 4 to Dec. 12 I was hunting in Rockingham County, N. C. Found quail very abundant, could start from twelve to twenty-five coveys in a day's tramp. I returned there Jan. 15 after the deep snows and very cold weather. The snow was about gone except on the north sides of hills and fences. We found but few birds, and but from three to seven in a covey and very poor. Hawks more plenty than quail. We made up our minds that the snow and cold weather had killed the quail. I fear the hawks will not leave enough in that section to stock up for next season's hunting. I hope some of your correspondents will inform us how the quail have wintered further South and the prospect for next fall's hunting. D.

THE MASSACHUSETTS GAME LAW—Boston, Feb. 7.—This State has the best game law that it or any other State ever had, as it protects all our game birds during the summer months from indiscriminate slaughter before the young birds are fully developed or able to take care of themselves. If other States would make laws to conform to this as nearly as possible and thus have a uniform law throughout the States, as has often been suggested in your valuable paper, it would be a great blessing not only to this but to future generations; for the men who frame laws to protect our game birds are like those who plant fruit trees for the benefit of those who come after them. Many of our best sportsmen helped to frame this law, and also help to sustain it, seeing the vital importance of taking steps to prevent the extermination of what few birds we have left. Let sportsmen in other States go and do likewise. DON CARLOS.

AT A MEETING of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association held last Friday evening, the proposed amendments to the game law were adopted with the following changes: Open season for deer, Aug. 15 to Dec. 1; sale of venison in market to extend to Feb. 1. Open seasons for woodcock, July 1 to Aug. 1, and Oct. 1 to Dec. 25. Sale in market to extend to Feb. 1. Squirrels and ruffed grouse, open season, Oct. 1 to Dec. 25. Sale in market to extend to Feb. 1. Quail, open season, Oct. 25 to Dec. 25. Sale in market to extend to Feb. 1. It was also proposed to offer a bounty on hawks and to prohibit the killing of birds on Long Island, for natural history purposes, out of season. The bill will be taken to Albany by Messrs. Chappell, Fury and Steers.

THE LEATHER STOCKING CLUB, of Oswego, N. Y., held a meeting last week to consider the new refrigerator amendment, which had little sympathy here, and instructed our Secretary to send a petition to our member, Mr. Culman, at Albany, to help squash it. The club prizes were also delivered to the following gentlemen, being won by them the greatest number of times at pigeon trap-shoots during 1880: Geo. P. Matteson, an elegant gold medal, first, won four times; Dr. G. D. McManus, fine silver-mounted revolver, second, won twice. LEATHER STOCKING.

FEEDING THE QUAIL.—Peekskill, Feb 8.—Have driven out through this section of the country the past week, making inquiries among my sportsmen friends and farmers as to the fate of the quail. It is thought that many have perished, but only one bevy have been found frozen thus far. Cortlandt Foster, a farmer, while drawing wood in the highlands, very near Peekskill, found a bunch frozen hard. Several kind farmers are feeding and otherwise protecting several bevies. I am now feeding a fine, large bevy within the corporation limits of Peekskill. Many were left over and we anticipate good shooting next season. W. H. PIERCE.

KILLING A DEER WITH NO. 9 SHOT—Bryan County, Georgia, Jan. 20.—While shooting woodcock here last week a full grown deer (an old doe) got up behind my dog and ran within a few feet of me, and I killed her with No. 9 shot. Now, I frequently see deer while woodcock shooting and always carry buckshot cartridges with me, but did not happen to have one in my gun at the time. This is the only case I ever heard of a deer being killed on the run with No. 9 shot. GEO. LYMAN APPLETON.

ILLINOIS NOTES—Aurora, Ill., Feb. 9.—This winter has been very hard on all kinds of game. I have found a great many quail along hedge fences that have been frozen to death. I found a bevy of seven one day last week that had died in that way. Pinnated grouse were unusually scarce last season. I think that the very wet spring drowned out a great many nests. I have not seen many more than half a dozen old birds this winter. In our timber ruffed grouse are very scarce. I do not think they will ever be plenty again. L. A. H.

WOLVES AND PANTHERS IN THE ADIRONDACKS—Canton, N. Y., Feb. 5.—It may interest some of your readers who visit the North Woods to learn that the Treasurer of St. Lawrence County has paid bounties on five wolves and two panthers since January, 1881. The wolves were all caught in traps. The two panthers were followed on snow shoes and treed with a dog. Both were killed by Hiram Hutchins and son—Hiram, Jr., of this place, during the past few weeks. Mr. Hutchins is a veteran hunter and one of the best guides in this county.

QUEBEC ASSOCIATION.—The headquarters of the Fish and Game Protective Club of the Province of Quebec are at Montreal. The officers are: Alderman J. C. Wilson, President; E. C. Monk, Esq., Vice-President; W. H. Rintoul, Treasurer; G. H. Matthews, Secretary. Committee—Messrs. R. H. Kilby, F. Bendy, H. R. Ives, I. H. Stearns, R. A. Alloway, M. D., Geo. U. Abern, E. H. Goodacre, D. W. Goodwin, A. V. Shewan, J. Johnston, Jr., G. A. Boyer, J. B. A. Mongenais, I. R. Hall, J. B. Robertson.

GLASSES FOR SHOOTING.—New London, Conn, Feb. 8.—In answer to "Anon's" inquiry about near-sighted shooting glasses, would say I have a pair of steel spectacles made with round eyes, about 1½ inches in diameter. The nose piece put on higher than usual, will bring the lens lower down on the face. The nose piece must be short enough to bring the centre of lens to centre of eye. He can have them made at 162 William street, New York, for about $1 50. D.

FOR FLORIDA—New York, Feb. 9.—Mr. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., departed for Florida last week. He has taken a small arsenal with him, and as he is an ardent sportsman and a crack shot the slaughter of the game and alligator must therefore be great. S.

THAT BILL ought to be refrigerated.

All your own fault if you remain sick when you can get Hop Bitters that never fail.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

FRESH WATER.

Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*	Rock Bass, *Ambioplites.* (Two species).
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostedium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.	War-mouth, *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*	Crapple, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
	Chub, *Semotilus corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*	Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*	

EEL-SPEARING BY TORCHLIGHT.

THE skies are dark; the moon is hid
Behind the dusky cloud of night.
A bank of drift-fog from the surge
Hangs heavy on the sea-shore height;
No hovering breeze uplifts its wing
Aside the misty gloom to fling.

But, see! a star along the wave
Move: slow and devious, to and fro.
Now, like a blazing camp-fire flares;
Now, flickering, trembles, faint and low.
Anon, it steady glows and burns,
As hither thro' the gloom it turns.

'Tis the eel-spearer's pitchy torch
That like a lightship's lantern flings
Its ruddy, quivering bar of light,
As in the rigging high it swings.
Nearer and nearer, thro' the dusk,
The smoky flambeau slow doth float,
And now the gnome-like fisherman
Shows dimly in his drifting boat.

Standing with trident spear upraised,
All shadowy on his task intent,
He shows like goblin of the mine
On some weird, fiendish orgie bent.
He pauses, for the shooting flame
Reveals the slippery prey below;
With sudden plunge he thrusts the spear,
Then draws it upward to the glow;
And see! the captives twist and coil,
Dark victims of his midnight toil.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

THE SAIBLING OR BAVARIAN CHAR.

BY G. BROWN GOODE.

LIKE the red-spotted trout of northeastern North America, the saibling belongs to the division of the salmon family usually kuown under the name "char;" a group confined, for the most part, to fresh-water lakes and streams and distinguished from the true salmons by a peculiar arrangement of teeth on the little triangular bone in the roof of the mouth, known to anatomists as the "vomer."

The chars are also distinguished from the salmon by their very small scales, and usually by numerous crimson or orange-colored spots which are especially conspicuous in the breeding season. The saibling resembles in its habits the well-known blue-backed trout or oquassa trout of Rangeley Lake, Maine, rather than our brook trout. The chars of Europe, are, as a rule, lake fishes like the saibling, although at least one species, the hucho salmon of the Danube, inhabits a river. On the other hand, the chars of North America are usually found in streams and rivers. The oquassa trout, just mentioned, and the lake or Mackinaw trout, which, like the closely related form, the "siscowet," is apparently nothing but a giant char, resemble in their habits the chars of Europe.

There is probably no group of fishes in which individual specimens and the communities of individuals inhabiting certain areas of water, show more tendency to variation in color and form than the salmon family.

Dr. Gunther has very justly remarked: "We know of no other group of fishes which offers so many difficulties to the ichthyologist with regard to the distinction of the species as well as to certain points in their life-history, although this may be partly due to the unusual attention which has been given to their study, which has revealed rather a greater amount of unexplained facts than a satisfactory solution of the questions raised. The almost infinite variations of these fishes are dependent upon the age, sex and sexual development, food and the properties of the water."

No one who has ever seen the remarkable display of brook trout at the annual trout opening at Blackford's, in New York, can fail to have been impressed by the wonderful differences which exist between individuals of the same species from different localities—differences which might lead an untrained observer, or even an ichthyologist who has had no experience in the study of this group, to decide at once that several species were represented among the hundreds of specimens lying on the marble slabs.

The tendency of modern ichthyology, with its more exact methods and with the access to better and more comprehensive material for research than was formerly available, has been toward the rejection of many of the nominal species formerly recognized. Out of the forty odd species of salmon ten years ago believed to exist in North America, only thirteen or fourteen are now recognized. In Dr. Gunther's catalogue of "The Fishes in the British Museum," published in 1866, thirty species of chars were mentioned, while in his lately published "Study of Fishes" the same author ventures to enumerate only thirteen, all others being regarded as in-

sufficiently characterized. In his treatment of the chars of Europe, Gunther is, notwithstanding, one of the most conservative writers, for he regards them as representatives of eight species, while most other European students, following the lead of the great German ichthyologist, Von Siebold, consider them to be members of one polymorphic genus. As the sympathies of American ichthyologists are with the school of Von Siebold, it is in the light of our own observations difficult to believe that upon the salmon family in America, every little lake, or group of lakes in Europe, possessed a well characterized species of fish. For the present it seems safe to consider the chars of Europe as members of a single well-marked species which undergoes numerous variations under the influence of changes in temperature elevation, food and light, and that the saibling of Bavaria and Austria is one and the same with the "*omble chevalier*" of France and Switzerland, the "salmerino" of Northern Italy, the "torgock" of Wales, the "fresh-water herring" of Ireland, the "char" of England and Scotland, the "roeding" of Sweden and the "kullmund" of Norway.

This fish, whether it be regarded as a single species or as a group of closely allied species, is distributed over all of northwestern Europe and possibly also over a portion of Asia; although, since the Asiatic representatives of the genus have not been sufficiently studied, it is impossible as yet to make this generalization. It is emphatically a cold-water fish, thriving at a temperature little above the freezing point, and in the period of greatest vigor and perfection at the approach of winter, as is indicated by the fact that at this time the spawning period takes place. No fish of any kind has ever been found nearer to the North Pole than the char, a species having been discovered by the last English polar expedition sixteen degrees north of the Arctic Circle. In the south of Europe, its range is limited by the Alps, and in this region its study has brought to light a very curious fact which confirms still more strongly the idea just spoken of, that the fish thrive the best in a very cold climate. In the extreme North and in the extreme South this fish reaches its greatest perfection. The Northern race, found everywhere in the lakes of the Scandinavian Peninsula and Scotland, sometimes, it is said, attains the length of four feet. In England and France and in the lower lakes of Switzerland the char is comparatively insignificant, while in the deep cold Alpine lakes of Germany and Switzerland it is often found two feet or more in length and weighing ten or twelve, and even in exceptional cases, twenty-four pounds. A similar phenomenon is exhibited by certain sub-arctic plants, which thrive in the extreme North and upon the summits of the Alps, become dwarfed or almost extinct in the lowlands between. The highest development of the char, however, seems to be attained in the largest lakes—like that of Geneva—while in the shallower lakes higher up among the mountains the fish are smaller.

It is interesting, too, to compare the effect of temperature and, secondarily, of elevation upon the saibling and upon our own red-spotted trout. This species has its home between lat. 32½deg. and 55deg., in the lakes and streams of the Atlantic water-shed, in the mountain sources of a few rivers flowing into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, and in some of the southern affluents of Hudson's Bay. In the North, for instance, in the valley of the St. Lawrence, it is common in the lowland streams and estuaries and even in the adjoining parts of the ocean, and here it attains its greatest development. As we proceed further South, in accordance with the limitations of temperature, its range becomes more restricted, and in Southern New England it is only at certain seasons of the year—at the approach of winter—that they find their way into the lowland streams which are in summer too warm to be endurable, and at other times they are found near their sources among the hills. On Long Island, however, they are still found in the meadows and to some extent in the estuaries. Passing to the southward of New York—the natural southern limit of the salmon, the range of the trout becomes more and more restricted to the highlands, and although they are found as far South of lat. 32deg. in the Western districts of the Carolinas and the extreme Northern part of Georgia, they there occur only at great elevations among the mountains of the Alleghany chain. South of New York they are effectually land-locked by the prevailing high temperature of the lowland streams and are never able to gain access to salt or brackish water. Their supply of food is, consequently, limited and they are confined to brooklets among the mountains. Although the temperature of this region is usually very favorable, other requisites for high development are lacking and the species is represented throughout the southern part of its range by diminutive individuals. A similar phenomenon is met with in those instances where the European char exists in the high and comparatively shallow mountain lakes of the Swiss and Austrian Alps.

In the southern part of their habitat the American brook-trout finds its environment unfavorable to its perfect development; on the other hand, the European char meets, in the Alpine lakes conditions precisely similar to those of the lakes of Norway and Scotland, and under these favorable conditions has survived in a state of great perfection.

We have in the great lakes of North America fish closely allied to the chars, which, under remarkably favorable circumstances, with plenty of room and an immense supply of rich and easy attainably food, have developed into great size and commercial importance—the lake-trout and the siscowet.

The lake-trout found in the smaller lakes of Maine and Eastern Canada are very similar, in many particulars to the European char. The American species which bears the closest resemblance to the European char is, as has been stated, the blue-backed trout or oquassa trout, of Rangeley Lake; the red-spotted trout of the Pacific coast, *Salvelinus malma*, known also as the "Dolly Varden," being very similar in habits to the brook-trout of the East.

The resemblances between the saibling and the oquassa are as follows:

I. They inhabit the deepest waters of their lake home and are never seen except at their spawning season.

II. They spawn late in the fall.

III. At the spawning season they come into shallow water near the shores, or in the mouths of streams and may be taken with the greatest of ease.

IV. They never willingly inhabit streams of running water.

These peculiarities the two species have in common, and excepting the habit of autumn spawning they share them with no other members of the family. The saibling, however, is a much larger and finer species than the oquassa, and it is hoped that it may be suitable for cultivation in many of the smaller lakes in which our great lake trout is not likely to thrive. It is regarded as a very excellent food-fish and is doubtless more delicate in flavor than the lake trout, sharing most of the excellent qualities of the brook trout.

The saibling, which through the courtesy of the German Government is now being introduced into the United States, is the European char in its highest state of perfection.

The following account of its habits is translated from a sketch by Dr. Wittmack, of Berlin: "The saibling varies much in form, size and color, according to its age, sex and habitat. Those which come from the highest Alpine lakes, are always small, but those in the lakes of Switzerland and Savoy have higher bodies, larger scales and also a clearer color—yellowish-white with red belly. This form was formerly considered distinct and was known as the 'ritter' or 'knight,' among the river-trout, the species which is found at the greatest height above the sea. In Switzerland, according to Ischudi, it is found at a height of 4,400 feet; in Bavaria, according to Von Siebold, in the Green Lake at the height of 5,000 feet, and in Tyrol in the Gaislacher Sea at the height of 7,000 feet, and in the Plenderle Sea at the height of 7,603 feet. In the Green Lake, as well as in other Alpine lakes, this is the only species of fish which occurs. It seems certain that it is found at greater heights in the Eastern than in the Western Alps and is also more abundant. The breeding season occurs in the months of October, November and December, and continues until February; for example, in certain lakes in Steiermark. In Lake Fuessen it takes place in October and November, in Lake Messkvich, where they are artificially propagated in February and March; in the lakes at Salzberg they spawn from November to January and apparently also in February, and in spite of the extensive fishery during the spawning time there is no evidence of a decrease in their numbers. They feed upon small fish and also, when at liberty, upon the small crustaceans, Daphnids and Cyclopids. In the Alpine lakes these constitute their only food. In Germany and in Austria it has been found that the saibling is one of the most expensive fish to propagate artificially on account of its food. The ordinary size of the saibling is from eleven to twelve inches, and its weight from one-half to one pound. In the highest lakes they are, as has been mentioned, smaller, while when they are moved from such lakes into those that are deeper they increase rapidly in size. In the Saltzberg lakes, where they are taken upon certain spawning grounds from November to January, it takes about five of them to make a pound, but large specimens of three to twelve pounds are taken in August and September. In the lake of Zug, which, according to Hoch, yields more saibling than any other lake in Switzerland it takes five or six, often eight or nine, to make a pound. In the lake of Geneva they are often taken weighing from twenty to twenty-four pounds. Herr Hoch himself saw one weighing seventeen pounds."

To this may be added a paragraph from Millet's *La Culture "de Beau."*

"It is very voracious, and like the trout, very swift and active in its movements. It habitually feeds upon small fishes, upon crustaceans, upon mollusks and insects, and in two or three years, under favorable circumstances, attains the length of fifteen to twenty inches. Its flesh is very delicate and savory and about Lake Leman it is preferred to any other fish."

The saibling has been artificially propagated by German fish culturists for a period of ten years or more and thrives magnificently in captivity. The hatchery at Aussee produces yearly 300,000 or 400,000 of artificially brooded saibling, and plants them in the neighboring lakes. In the tanks at the late International Fishery Exhibition in Berlin, were exhibited many superb specimens of this fish; some of them over two feet in length, and one of these was sent to the National Museum by Herr Von Behr, president of the Deutscher Fischerei Vercin. It is as large as the famous Rangeley Lake trout, caught by Mr. George Shepard Page, which everybody has seen at Blackford's in the Fulton Market.

In selecting a place in which to deposit the saibling eggs just received, the Commissioner of Fisheries has endeavored to find a body of water as similar as possible in depth and temperature to the larger Swiss lakes, and he has, therefore, sent them to Lake Winnipiseogee, Maine. Here the whole 60,000 will be planted with the hope that by placing so large a number together in a lake of moderate size the experiment of introduction may be a success.

It is a question of some interest which of the many European names of this fish should be adopted in the United States, should the experiment of acclimation be a success. It would seem most appropriate that since the fish acquires its greatest perfection in Germany, the German name should be adopted, particularly since the German fish culturists, who have so kindly made this gift to the people of the United States, will regard as a compliment the adoption in this country of the German name of one of the favorite fishes of Germany.

SPEARING BUFFALO—Vail, Iowa, Jan. 26.—I saw on the street a few days ago a load of buffalo fish, *Bubalichthys*, weighing from thirty-five to fifty pounds each. They were speared through the ice in the Okehojis, which are situated in the northwest part of the State. It is a novel sight, to one unaccustomed to it, to see the ice dotted, as far as the eye can reach, with little black houses. These houses are about six feet square, made of rough boards and covered with tar paper to exclude all light. These are placed over holes cut in the ice, where the fisherman takes his position and awaits his game. Some of these fish are speared at a depth of forty feet, as the water in these lakes is so transparent that they can plainly be seen at that depth. The spears used have an iron handle (instead of wood) to give the required weight for spearing in that depth of water. Fish Commissioner Shaw has thoroughly stocked these lakes, East and West Okeboji and Spirit Lake, which is only a few rods distant, with such fish as are best suited to these waters. I know of no lovelier resort for the tourist or more attractive to the sportsman than the Okehojis. The lakes are teeming with fish and waterfowl in their season. E. B. B.

OIL YOUR REELS.—Every owner of a good reel should oil it. We are not sure how long we have known this, but it was recently recalled by Orvis, the reel maker of Manchester, Vt., to whom we sent one of his reels for repairs. The reel was a trout reel and had seen hard service on the sea coast in bluefishing with a trout rod, and having been wet several times in salt water the click rusted out. Perhaps we hadn't oiled it, but we can advise just as well as if we had used a gallon on it. We sent it to Orvis for a new click and he writes: "I think it will go all right now. A drop of oil now and then don't hurt a reel in the least. I think a reel ought to have as good usage as a wheelbarrow, and you know they sometimes oil them."

That is all right. We see the point and hasten to sound the alarm to such of our readers as own fine reels and inform them that a reel needs oil, like a wheelbarrow.

JUSTICE FOR POACHERS.—Some of those brave poachers who guarded Oneida Lake, N. Y., by patrolling it with guns to protect their rights to steal from its waters from any sudden swoop of a game protector, and who vowed to bar him at sight, have come to grief. The Oneida County Fishing Club, through State Game Constable W. P. Dodge, of Prospect, is pushing prosecutions for violation of the game laws. Before the Grand Jury, in session at Utica, Frank Pryne, J. C. Dibble, C. Morse and C. Morse, Jr., all of South Bay, were indicted for net fishing. Three parties, living at Lakeport, have also been indicted, and more are hinted at. The only thing to be regretted is that the action of the Grand Jury leaked out, and one of the persons, a town game constable at that, skipped to Canada after the manner of Sitting Bull before the howitzers of Captain Iges. Some of the newly-appointed game protectors are making poaching so unprofitable that there is danger of the business being abandoned by the noble men who steal the fish and game which belongs to the whole people, and of their having to abandon their occupation and to go to work, a calamity dreaded by them.

The Oneida Fishing Club evidently have some of the right stuff in them, and in co-operation with Protector Dodge, who still lives despite the threats, are evidently bent on giving honest anglers an equal chance with the thieves to what is the right of every citizen.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

WE have received from Mr. R. B. Marston, Editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*, a list of the special prizes for the best models, apparatus, plans, essays, manufactures, etc., prepared by the exhibitors at the National Fisheries Exhibition, to be held in Norwich, April, 1881. Mr. Marston, in a private note, says that this will be by far the best exhibition of the kind ever seen in Great Britain; and thinks that it will pay Americans to look it up, exhibit and compete. We referred to the fact that there was to be such an exhibition a long time ago, but as it is advertised as a National, and not as an Inter-national one, we supposed that it was not open to Americans.

The following is the prize list:

1. Plan or model of the best fishculture establishment, £25.
2. Fish hatching apparatus, full size, with appliances and implements, £5.
3. Model of fish pass, £10.
4. Essay on the acclimatization and cross breeding of fish, £10.
5. Essay on pisciculture as a source of national wealth, £20.
6. Model of a fishing trawler, £10.
7. Model of a fishing drifter, £10.
8. Apparatus and gear complete for a trawler, £10.
9. Apparatus and gear complete for a drifter, £10.
10. Collection of nets used in deep sea drift fishing, £20.
11. An improved trawl net, capable of allowing immature fish and refuse to escape therefrom, £20.
12. Crab and lobster pot, £3.
13. Plan or model of the best fish-curing establishment, £25.
14. Collection of inland fishing tackle, comprising an angler's outfit, £10.
15. Collection of sea fishing tackle, £10.
16. Collection of fishing implements, tackle, etc., used in the Norfolk and Suffolk waters, £10.
17. Angling Associations, the best code of rules for their management in a sportsmanlike manner, a salmon rod with winch, fittings and 12 doz. salmon and trout flies, R. B. Marston, Esq., Editor of the *Fishing Gazette*.
18. Model of a boat suitable for general fishing in the Norfolk and Suffolk inland waters; the models to be ½ full size, and the price not to exceed £12 complete with all fittings; each exhibitor must guarantee to supply as many boats as may be ordered of him at the price he may name; £10.
19. Boat, full size, complete with all fittings, for offshore fishing in rough weather, requiring not more than four hands; the first consideration being stability in a surf, the second, cost; the third; weight; each exhibitor must guarantee to supply as many boats as may be ordered of him at the price he may name; £25.
20. Dress for a life-boat crew, £10.
21. Plan for a trap or sluice for taking eels, so as not to interfere with other fish, £5.
22. Mode of fishing for shrimps, sprats and other fishes, such mode intended as a substitute for fixed engines in the estuaries of rivers, and must satisfy the following conditions:
    (1.) Its capacity for catching fish to be equal to that of the fixed engine.
    (2.) Its action not to be prejudicial to the fisheries of the river, £10.
23. Essay on oyster breeding, £15.
24. Essay on the utilization of localities generally suitable for the cultivation of oysters, £15.
25. Essay on the utilization of localities in Norfolk and Suffolk suitable for the cultivation of mussels and other shell fish, £25.
26. Essay on the artificial propagation of anadromous fish other than the salmon and the restocking the tidal waters of our large rivers artificially with smelts, etc., £10.
27. System of saving of fish at sea in the transport of fish from the fishing vessel to the carrier, illustrated by model, £25.
28. Plan of improved fishermen's dwelling, £15.
29. Model of refrigerating fish van, £20.
30. Ditto, fish van not refrigerating, suitable for general use by road or rail, the cost not to exceed £75. £30.
31. System of signalling at night for fishing fleets and vessels, £10.
32. Process for the utilization of condemned fish and fish refuse as a manure, £30.
33. Process for rendering innocuous to fish-life streams polluted by sewerage and chemical or other works, £20.
34. Essay on the salmon disease, its nature, causes and possible remedies, £10. R. B. Marston, Esq., Editor of the *Fishing Gazette*.
35. Essay on the parasitic and other diseases of fish other than salmon, £5.
36. Essay on the principle upon which any legislation on the fisheries of the country should be based, and is it desirable that Boards of Conservators should have the management of all the fisheries in the country, with power to impose licenses, £50 1st prize, £25 2d prize.
37. Collection of stuffed fish caught in Norfolk and Suffolk, £5.
38. Specimens of dried, salted, smoked and tinned fish of all kinds, £10.
39. Collection of inland aquatic flora and fauna, £10.
40. Collection of edible shell fish, £10.
41. A light, portable, waterproof package, to contain set of tackle for inland angling, with compartment for luncheon and suitable for carrying in the hand, £2.
42. Essay on the migrations and spawning of sea fish, especially soles, turbots, plaice and other flat fish, £20.
43. Essay, accompanied by maps showing localities where mussel beds can be established, and how existing mussel beds can be best cultivated and protected so as to afford an increased supply of mussels as bait for the long-line fisheries, £30.
44. Fishing rod, line and fittings complete, best suited for general use in the Norfolk and Suffolk inland waters, £2.
45. Essay on the causes of the migration of salmon from sea to river, as influenced specially by height of water, temperature and other atmospheric conditions, £15.

46. Essay on the natural history and habits of the herring, with suggestions for the improvement of the fisheries of the same in the United Kingdom, to be considered as a source of national wealth, £50.
47. Essay on the herring net, showing the best mesh for the capture of the matured fish, and means for making the use of such mesh compulsory in Great Britain and other nations fishing in the same waters, £21.

In addition to the special prizes and government medals, gold, silver and bronze medals and diplomas of honor will be awarded in respect of the exhibits considered most meritorious by the jurors in classes 1 to 5, and diplomas of honor only in class 6 of loan collections of the general classification.

W. OLDHAM CHAMBERS, Hon. Sec., Lowestoft.

Ice water is perfectly harmless and more refreshing with a little Hop Bitters in each draught.

Fish Culture.

THE CENTRAL FISHCULTURAL SOCIETY.

[CONTINUED.]

MR. CLARK: This experiment by Mr. Fairbank proves the importance of planting great numbers and making their presence felt by the force of those numbers. If all who plant new fishes in their waters would put in a half million or more, they would be able to see the result.

MR. MILLER: I agree with Mr. Clark on the value of planting in great quantity in one place, and in Michigan we have not done so on the salmon, although we have planted in years past 1,769,000. We are now bending our energies on the whitefish while awaiting the results on former plantings of salmon. In this connection it may be proper to give the exact figures of our work since 1874, which are as follows:

Planted, from U. S. Fish Commission, shad, 40,000.
Planted eggs from U. S. F. C., our hatching, land-locked salmon, 100,000.
Planted eggs from U. S. F. C, our hatching, Atlantic salmon, 220,000.
Planted eggs from U. S. F. C, our hatching, California salmon, 1,769,000.
Planted in inland lakes, lake trout, 1,000,000.
Planted silver eels, 1,000,000.
Planted brook trout, 500,000.

Of the latter 64,000,000 went in the Great Lakes and the Detroit River, and 16,000,000 in the inland lakes.

MR. WELSHER: I saw the salmon which my son caught, to which Mr. Fairbank refers, and I saw some others. When up at Geneva Lake last fall I noticed a female salmon which was too big to get up the creek; should think she might weigh twenty-five pounds. I also saw indications of beds in the gravel near the creek which runs from Mr. Fairbank's ponds. They were quite near the shore in the lake, which has gravel along its edges for some distance into the lake. I also have some young salmon in the Wisconsin hatchery which came from eggs taken from the State ponds.

MR. CAMERON then offered a resolution authorizing the appointment of a committee of three to draft a bill for the protection of fish in the Mississippi River and its tributaries, and report it back for action at the next meeting of the Society.

MR. SHAW: I am in favor of this resolution, and intended to ask all who are interested in fish culture, especially those whose interests are in the Mississippi and its tributaries, to give their views on this subject, in hope that something might be brought out which would be of value.

MR. MILLER: I would like to amend it so as to include the Great Lakes.

MR. CAMERON: I accept the amendment.

MR. BALLOU: In place of the above I beg leave to offer the following:

"WHEREAS, The food fishes of Lake Michigan are rapidly disappearing; and

"WHEREAS, A general law of protection should extend to all fishes, as to all birds and mammals; and

"WHEREAS, The United States government recognizes the jurisdiction of States over navigable waters within or bordering their coasts, by asking permission to fortify military positions, erect lighthouses, make coast surveys, remove obstructions to navigation and construct harbors, breakwaters, etc.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of three scientists be appointed to determine the protection, and time of the same, needed for fishes;

"That a committee of three from each bordering State be authorized to memorialize their respective Legislature on the action of the scientific committee;

"That the scientific committee confer with the United States Fish Commissioner relative to the passage of some law for the protection of food fishes of the great lakes and the Mississippi River."

MR. FAIRBANK: Rather than a committee of scientific men I would prefer to choose the committee from among the fishermen, the pound and gill-net men, who would sit down and talk it over, and who know exactly what they are talking about and what they want; men who know where their bread and butter comes from, and who would take care that no hasty legislation cut it off. They would be more apt to get a satisfactory bill framed than any others. I object to men who are merely scientists, and nothing else, framing laws. If you go to prohibiting fishing during the spawning seasons, through a sentimental feeling that it is not right, you will get no fish to eat. The shad, the whitefish and several other fishes are away beyond reach except at their spawning seasons.

MR. BALLOU: My object is to prevent the wanton destruction of fish by taking them in the spawning season.

MR. CLARK: No doubt the gentleman means well, but he is mistaken in some of his facts. The whitefish spawn at different times. Were you aware of that?

MR. BALLOU: I would like proof of that. Who says so?

MR. CLARK: I say so, and I presume that there are men here who know whether I have had experience enough to warrant me in speaking as an authority on the habits of whitefish.

MR. BOOTH: I am willing to accept Mr. Clark as authority on this subject, he certainly has worked with the fish long enough to know their habits.

MR. CLARK: We find that the whitefish of the Detroit River, and those at Alpena and Petosky spawn at different times.

MR. LYTLE: As late as Nov. 25 we took whitefish eggs for the Wisconsin Commission at Escanaba and got the best spawners.

MR. MILLER: My experience bears out Mr. Clark's statement. We took eggs at Alpena on the 10th of November, until prevented by storms, and afterward went to Petosky and took some near the middle of November, from 7th to 10th. We then obtained some from the Detroit River in December, being obliged to work as we could by permission of the weather. I am satisfied that there is no necessity for other protection than a close time when no fish are taken. There is a misapprehension about nets, the pound nets being more destructive than the gill-nets, for the latter seldom take the spawning fish.

MR. CLARK: After finishing in deep water the gillers go in shore.

MR. FAIRBANK: I am opposed to meddling with the laws for protection, and think we are wasting time in discussing questions of little value.

MR. MILLER: That is my opinion also. I think we need laws, but we can't get them. If the general government will give Prof. Baird liberal appropriations, and our States will follow the same course with their commissioners, we can hatch the fish in such quantities that the stock will be more than kept good, and so fish will be plenty without quarreling with the fishermen about when they will catch them.

MR. MATHER: The last remark of Mr. Miller reminds me that I have often thought that it made little difference, when a fish was taken the result was the same. If you take a trout in the spring of the year she can't spawn in the fall, and is as much out of the way of increasing her species as if she was allowed to live all summer and killed in August. A whitefish taken on the spawning beds is no more of a loss than if killed two months before, and that, as so many of the gentlemen have said before, is the only time to get them.

MR. CLARK: Fishermen should be licensed, and the money paid for their license should form a fund to be devoted to fishculture. The fee need not be large, not large enough to bear hard upon the fishermen, but the small sum paid by the many individuals would swell the aggregate to an amount which would pay for the stocking of the waters on a grand scale.

MR. BOOTH: I believe, both as a fisherman and a market-man, more in propagation than protection. We had a protective society on the Pacific Coast and protected the salmon in the Columbia River until we came to the end of our tether. The result was that six years ago the salmon ran out and the fisheries were abandoned. Three years ago, through propagation, three times as many were caught and the fishermen have come back. On this river, which was thought depleted a few years ago, until we were forced to abandon our fisheries, we organized a company for the propagation of salmon. This year the fish were scarce in June, but in July more were taken than were wanted, the result of the plantings four years ago. Prof. Baird had advised us to raise the means and put in more fish than the people could take out.

MR. BALLOU: I can only say that I think that propagation without protection is only a half-way measure.

MR. FAIRBANK: This is a very old question, the theoretical man runs against the fishermen and sometimes makes a mistake. There is no doubt but the capture of small whitefish tends to deplete the waters, but if a law is passed regulating the size of the mesh so that all small whitefish will pass through, then no herring are taken, and in trying to avoid one evil we fall into another, for the so-called lake herring is a most valuable food fish, closely related to the whitefish, and not a true herring at all. They are a very palatable fish and their numbers make their capture both profitable to the fishermen and the people who consume them, and I question if any one has a right to destroy this fishery, even to save the young whitefish, which, no doubt, are caught with and sold for lake herrings.

MR. MATHER: This subject having been argued at length I call for the question.

MR. CAMERON: Let us have the question and bring it to a test. It seems to me that we are almost unanimous on it.

MR. BALLOU: I will withdraw the resolutions.

MR. BARTLETT: I have been greatly intetested in the paper read by Mr. Mather on the wonderful growth of carp in this country, but notice that most of the reports which he quotes come from the Southern States. My own experience, which was given at the conclusion of the paper, was, of course, in the warm waters of Illinois. How will this fish thrive in Canada?

MR. MATHER: It is impossible to say how it will thrive where it has not been tried. But few have been sent to Canada and no reports have been received from there, but as their summers are warm there would seem to be no reason why they would not do well there. Since the paper which Mr. Bartlett refers to was written I learn that Mr. Munn, of the *Scientific American*, received carp of three inches long in May and placed them in his pond near New York city, where they grew to fifteen inches long this summer, so that while the Southern States may crow the loudest over their wonderful growth it is clearly established that the fish does splendidly in Northern waters, and as an article of food I believe that in twenty years the carp will produce more tons of food, from Maine to California and from Minnesota to Texas, than any other fresh water non-migratory fish within our borders.

The Secretary then read the following communication:

FISHCULTURE, FISHING TACKLE, HYBRIDIZING AND POUND NETS.

BY SETH GREEN.

N. K. FAIRBANK, Esq., President Central Fishcultural Society:

I note with pleasure that your society is to have a meeting. I am very glad to see that you are taking steps toward keeping up the interest in what I think is destined to become one of the greatest improvements of the age. There is nothing of more importance to the people than the production of that article which is necessary to keep soul and body together.

I am almost daily in receipt of letters showing the increase of fish in the different sections of our State, and the people are more than pleased with the success of the undertaking. The cases are very rare, where the fish have been judiciously planted, that the results have not been satisfactory. One of the greatest studies of a fisheulturist should be the adaptability of the different varieties of fish for the different waters. If this subject is carefully studied the success is insured from the beginning.

During last summer and fall I made several trips to our inland waters for the purpose of teaching the people the best methods for taking the fish contained in their respective lakes with hook and line, in which I was very successful. The principal fish which the people have difficulty in taking in our inland lakes are salmon-trout and black bass, more especially the former. The causes are that they are a deep water fish and the waters they inhabit are very clear and bright. The tackle generally used is so coarse and rough that in many cases it is more of a scarecrow than a bait. Fish are gifted with more intelligence than they are given credit for, and many an angler would have returned home with a better basket of fish taken by his own hand and not been obliged to stop at the fish market and have it filled had he stopped to consider that he is dealing with creatures who are as capable of detecting fraud in their element as man is in his. When the people learn how to take fish with hook and line the tendency will be to stop netting, which is doing so much to devastate our comparatively small waters. Once get the better class of people interested in the waters in their vicinity, and let them see that a mess of fresh fish can be had for the taking at their door most any day when they feel disposed to have a fish dinner, and they will take active measures toward protecting their waters from the depredations of a lot of individuals who at best can make a living but a few months in the year and the rest of the time cause themselves and families to live in great privation.

There is no deed of charity that the rich can do for the benefit of their poor neighbors than to keep our waters well stocked and protected from wholesale slaughter and during their spawning seasons.

No waters can be depleted by hook and line fishing alone. The attention of fisheulturists have been of late called to the subject of hybridizing. We have made several attempts at the New York State Hatchery with several different varieties. I will give you the results of two experiments that are the most fully developed.

Four years ago this last fall we crossed the male California salmon with the female common trout. But a small percentage of the eggs were impregnated. They hatched in about fifty days. The young fry were healthy, and we have succeeded in raising between seventy-five and one hundred up to the present time.

During November, 1879, I observed that they showed signs of spawning. I watched them carefully and discovered that there was either no males among them, or they were not far enough developed to assist in the process of incubation. To overcome this difficulty I placed in the same pond with them several male brook trout. November 28, 1879, we took from them a few hundred spawn. It was found in attempting to take the spawn that the vent was too small for them to pass their eggs, and we were obliged to enlarge the aperture to obtain the spawn. The eggs were nearly the size of salmon trout and the fish had brook trout vents. We used brook trout milt on them, but none were impregnated. The largest of these fish will weigh nearly a pound. They resemble both parents. A good many of them are deformed in some way and they are an extremely shy fish.

The result of the other experiment I have recently written for the papers and append the article as published:

At the New York State Hatchery we have a pond containing sixty hybrid trout, the cross is male salmon trout with female brook trout. They are now three years old, and will average one-half pound each in weight; the largest will weigh three-fourths of a pound. They resemble both parents, but are a little inclined the most toward salmon trout. November 1 they commenced spawning for the first time, and continued until November 12. We succeeded in obtaining 19,400 spawn. A remarkable fact concerning the spawn is that they are fully two sizes smaller than brook trout spawn. It may be necessary for me to state that salmon trout spawn are twice as large as brook trout spawn. One would suppose that the spawn would be in size between salmon trout and brook trout, but instead they are smaller than either. The eggs are perfect in shape, and a good percentage are impregnated and doing well. The formation of the fish in the egg can at present be seen plainly. They commenced to spawn just after the salmon trout had stopped spawning and just before the brook trout had fairly commenced. It is my opinion that they will make a fish well adapted to either lakes or streams. They are a well-formed and handsome fish, and the prospects are that they will be a valuable addition to our better class of food fishes.

We also crossed a few hundred hybrid trout eggs with male brook trout; a good percentage are impregnated.

All of the fish at the hatchery are looking exceedingly well. We shall take a large supply of brook trout spawn, also California mountain trout spawn; the breeders of this variety are in fine condition, and we shall be able to furnish all parties in this State desirous of procuring them for public waters with a good supply of young fry.

Improvement in fishing implements are keeping pace with all other inventions. The pound net is one of the great inventions for taking fish and they will deplete any waters where they are used unless the mesh is made large enough, so that they will let the young fish through. If the mesh is made so large that any fish weighing less than one and a half pounds can go through the fishermen will in three years from now take nearly as many fish as they do now, and in point of weight the increase would be many fold greater. They will take just as many large fish as they are taking now

with the fine mesh and in three years the small ones will be grown up and would be taken by the same fishermen that take the small ones now. Fish are local in their habits and know the lay of the water as well as men know the lay of the land. There are thousands of tons of young whitefish sold in New York markets, and all over the country, that do not weigh over half a pound. It is so strange to me that enlightened men will do so much to their disadvantage.

The trouble is that the fisherman thinks if he lets the little ones go some other fishermen will get them, and so they all go in and take all they can.

If it had not been for the work of the Fish Commissioners pound netting would not pay in but few places outside of Lake Superior.

The pound net owners are men of means—they have to be to own many nets—and if they would call a meeting and agree that no one should set a pound net with a mesh of less size than would hold a whitefish weighing one and a half pounds there would be no need of any laws by the legislators. The best kept laws I have ever known is a set of men get together and draw up an agreement and all sign it. That law will not be broken, for every one of these men has his eye on the other. Many fishermen have the idea that all engaged in fisheulture are their enemies, but that is not the case. We are the best friends they have, and if they would take the above points into consideration seriously it will be to their advantage in the end.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FISHCULTURE IN TENNESSEE.

A LECTURE upon fisheulture and angling was recently delivered by Rev. H. H. Sneed before the Iron, Coal and Manufacturers' Association, at Chattanooga, Tenn., and reported in full in the *Daily Times* of that city. After giving the history of its discovery in France by the Vosges fishermen, Gehen and Remy, and the establishment of the first hatchery in American by Drs. Garnick and Ackley, the subsequent erection of one by Mr. Ainsworth, of West Bloomfield, N. Y., and the rapid growth of the art, he goes on to the consideration of fisheulture in his own State from which we extract the following:

"That one section—embracing the Tennessee and its tributaries, hundreds of square miles—is well adapted for this work there can be no question. Streams are numerous, springs abound and our lands in many places are admirably suited for the location of hatcheries and fish ponds.

"One hatchery near this place, say on the Emory River, or on our blue North Chicamauga, or further up the river, about Knoxville, could supply this whole section, indeed all the country along the Tennessee, with fry. Every farmer might have his fish pond and the young fish supplied them every spring for the year's consumption. This we readily see might be the case when we visit some of the streams hidden away in our mountain gorges and find them alive with bass and perch. Green's Pond, Crawfish Spring, North Chicamauga and other places in our vicinity, doubtless, would be admirably suited for fish raising.

"While we have not the trout in our streams near us, we have what, indeed, furnishes quite as palatable a dish and as good, if not better, sport to the angler, and that is the black bass. Every stream in our vicinity—indeed, I may say the Tennessee and its tributaries—are stocked with this fish. Then we have the pike, known North as pickerel, the pike perch or glass-eyed pike, or jack salmon, as named by some, and the black perch, the white perch, the bream and the channel cat—all game fish and excellent for the table.

"In addition to these, we have the following food fishes: The buffalo, the sturgeon, the drum, the red horse, the common sucker and the yellow cat and a great number of smaller fishes. Our river is already well stocked with the latter-named varieties and there is no need that attention be given to their cultivation at the present. The buffalo, the drum and the cat are abundant, the last of which may be had at all seasons.

"The drum is most abundant in the spring, the buffalo in the latter part of summer.

"Game fish are not as abundant as they should be, but their existence and increase, where they are unmolested, lead us to believe that these varieties—and there are none better, either for the hook or fork—may be cultivated in ponds and streams with great success. I believe that North Chicamauga might be so guarded by weirs from the high water of the Tennessee that in a few years it would furnish all the sport that our anglers might desire, and I believe artificial lakes might be formed in several places in our country that would afford large supplies of food fishes, as well as fine sport angling.

"I might mention here also a fish that is coming into general favor as a variety easily cultivated in ponds, the German carp, which has been already introduced in many parts of our country. They multiply rapidly and are fine for the table.

"Nashville *American*: 'Notwithstanding the large number of carp distributed by Fish Commissioner George F. Akers to all parts of the State within the past few days, he now has on his desk nearly two hundred applications for fish. Prof. Ellzey, of the Agricultural College at Blacksburg, Va., writes Commissioner Akers that all the waters flowing from Virginia into the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers will be stocked from their hatching-house at Blacksburg with new varieties of game fish fry, provided our Legislature will give protection from seining, gigging, traps and obstruction to the month of streams tributary to the main streams leading from Virginia soil.'"

[We will quote from his remarks upon angling in a future number.]

REPORT OF THE DEUTSCHE FISCHEREI VEREIN.

THE Fishery Association of Germany issues reports called "circulars" as often as circumstances seem to demand. We have before us "Circular No. 6, 1880, dated Berlin, Nov. 25," in which many subjects are treated of both by the society and its correspondents. The receipt of 300,000 eggs of the quinnat salmon from the U. S. Fishery Commission and their distribution is recorded. Mr. Carl Schuster, of Freiburg in Baden, has an article on the transporting of live fishes. He has an arrangement of a tin can with a pipe through which air is forced from a rubber ball held in the hand. A better plan of his is a can within another, the space being filled with ice and wadding.

Mr. Hermann Haack has an article on the importation of American brook trout into Germany. In 1879 there were 1,000 eggs received and divided between the establishment of Herr Schuster and the government hatchery at Hueningen, and many have been received since. He finds them hardy and quick to grow, and this year he impregnated 32,000 eggs of the European trout, *Salmo fario*, with the milt of *fontinalis*, the hybrids making a rapid growth.

Prof. G. Brown Goode's paper on the first decade of the U. S. Fish Commission, which was read before the Association for the advancement of science, is translated and republished. Dr. Hermes has an article on the generation of eels, with figures of ovaries and testicles in *situ*, and a short article on the supply of crayfish for culture by Mr. Micha concludes the circular.

FISH CULTURE IN ENGLAND.—The late Mr. Frank Buckland has bequeathed his valuable Museum of Economic Fish Culture to the people of Great Britain, and on the decease of his wife a sum of $25,000 will revert to the nation to be applied for the purpose of founding a professorship of economic pisciculture in connection with the Buckland Museum and the science and art department at South Kensington. Mrs. Buckland has presented the museum with his private collection of casts and mounted specimens.

Professor Thomas H. Huxley has been appointed to succeed Mr. Buckland, as Inspector of salmon fisheries. In speaking of this appointment, the London *News* says: It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Huxley is peculiarly qualified for the special duties of such a post. No man, indeed, could come to the office better fitted in every way for the discharge of its duties. We confess that we feel some gratification in assuming that the duties of the office are nevertheless not very difficult or wholly engrossing. It would be greatly to be regretted if Mr. Huxley had accepted any office which would compel him to give up the other and more important studies to which he has hitherto devoted his life. Prof. Agassiz was once offered an occupation in the United States in which he was told that he would be sure to make money. He answered coldly that he was a scientific man and had no time to waste in making money. Every one would feel sorry if Mr. Huxley had been induced to accept a post which, whatever its special advantages or duties, was to withdraw him from what we may fairly call the business of his maturer years. But, then, everybody may feel perfectly satisfied on that head. Mr. Huxley certainly would not accept any post which could entail such a sacrifice. Possibly the effect of his having consented to take this office may tend in a certain sense rather to assist him in the great business of his life than to interfere with it.

A CAVE AND A TROUT POND.—The Kansas City *Times* tells the following: "About a year ago Mr. Strein bought a tract of land, located one mile east of Westport (Mo.), on the main road to the Blue, upon which was a wonderful spring of cool, pure water, which came bubbling from an immense cave which has been explored over 1,000 feet from its mouth. Soon after Mr. Strein secured the property, he bethought him of raising brook trout, and Mr. James Annin, Jr., a well known fisheulturist of Caledonia, N. Y., came to Kansas City to examine the water, and see if, in his opinion, the plan was a feasible one. Mr. Annin explored the cave, which begins just south of the main road leading by Mr. Strein's place to Westport, and after making the way underground about 600 feet, came to a small cataract, about three feet high, over which the water fell. In about 400 yards another waterfall was reached, but at this point a perceptible rise to crawl along, as the walls of the cave are very low, the ceiling being ragged and rough. About a year ago, when an investigation of the cave was first made a lot of old Indian arrow heads of flint were discovered near the first waterfall, and it is said in olden times the Indians used this cave as a sepulchre for their dead before they were sent to the "happy hunting" ground. In support of this theory it is known that within thirty yards of the mouth of the cave are the remains an Indian stone house, where not many years since dwelt a half-breed and his aged squaw. They were very reticent as to the use of the cave, but claimed the water which came from it had certain curing powers which their "medicine men" had discovered ages ago. The people in the neighborhood have all heard the stories, and the place has about it much of interest.

Mr. Annin told Mr. Strein that in his opinion the water from the cave was well adapted to raising fish, and on his return from Caledonia, he sent out 3,000 eggs taken from Caledonia Creek, and last March they were placed in a trough and the hatching began, and by the 20th of the month it was estimated that the 3,000 eggs had produced over 2,500 trout. The fry was immediately placed in a small pond, and are now three inches long.

SENDING YOUNG EGGS DRY.—In our issue of Jan. 6 we published an article under this heading from Mr. Max von dem Borne, the celebrated German fisheulturist He now writes us, under date of January 24, as follows: "Concerning my article on the sending of fish eggs which had never been in water, in a bladder with milt only, which you were kind enough to publish, I wish to add that a very large number of the eggs so sent were not impregnated, and while it was interesting as an experiment I do not wish to recommend it as the best manner of packing or sending eggs.

I am a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and have a complete file of the numbers from the beginning, and will be glad to send you occasional notes from Germany if you think them of interest. The whitefish eggs recently sent over by favor of Prof. Baird arrived almost without loss. They are very healthy, and are now developing in my hatching troughs."

We will esteem it a favor to receive fisheultural, or other items, from Mr. von dem Borne.

DAMAGE TO THE CARP PONDS.—The recent floods which have inundated so many places have wrought great damage to the National Carp Ponds at Washington. We hope that the following account by telegrph is much exaggerated. It says: "The damage caused by the flood is at present pure conjecture. The Government will be a heavy loser. The fish pond and all the apparatus used by the Smithsonian Institute has been destroyed and the carp scattered to destruction. The basement of the main building, occupied by the Census Bureau, is filled with water, though most of the papers and records stored there were removed in anticipation of just what has happened. The steam fire-engines worked all day trying to keep down the deluge in this building, but gave it up, after hours of service, as a bad job, it being discovered that it was practically throwing water over a rail fence."

There is chance that the carp were buried in the mud and did not allow themselves to be washed out, but up to the time of our going to press no further particulars have been received.

CARP IN OHIO—Cleveland, Feb. 2.—The cultivation of the European carp is all the talk here nowadays among those who have waters suitable for their development, and this includes almost every farmer in this locality. Would it not be well to give some general information in FOREST AND STREAM on the construction of carp ponds and how to construct dams that will not break away? Two recipients of carp here have already lost their fish by this accident. DR. E. STERLING.

We will do it.

Truth is mighty and has prevailed. See its triumph in Hop Bitters.

The Kennel.

April 1, at Columbia, Tenn.—Close of entries, National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Joseph H. Dew, Secretary.

ALEXANDRA PALACE DOG SHOW.

(Concluded from the *London Field*, Jan. 23.)

WE would have reversed the awards in Dalmatians, the winning bitch, Treasure, being a weedy, light one, and we thought Morgan superior to her and to Stella.

White Pomeranians were correctly placed, but in the black ones we did not like black Jack, who took second, as he shows a tremendous lot of wave in his coat.

Again, in black poodles over 16in. high, clearly Peter the Great, who was placed second, has far better ears and bone than the winner, Puff. Sir Bevis was alone in the under 16in. division and he was well shown. There was a class for poodles other than black (any size), and in this first was given to Champion, who is a black one, whereas Mr. Whittingham's Charley, a very good white corded poodle, was unnoticed.

In champion large-sized bulldogs Monarch completely smothered Lord Nelson and, notwithstanding various rumors to the contrary, up to the time of our leaving the show no protest had been lodged against him. In the under 50 lb. champion class Smasher, in capital show condition—in fact, better than we have seen him for a long time—beat Leeb, his only opponent, Venom not having turned up. In the open over 50 lb. class the long-backed Faust, looking well, took the prize; and Caliban, v. h. c., has a good skull, stop, wrinkles and bone, Sampson, commended, is a little bit long-faced and would do with a little more loose skin. In the over 40 lb. and not exceeding 50 lb. dog division Lorne won. He is a good dog, with a fair skull and has a capital stop and chop. Byron, the well-known, came next, and Blunder, who is one of Mr. Benjamin's new acquisitions, showed such very good points that we thought he should have taken Byron's place, Invicta, h. c., is too long-faced. Nero is good headed, but too straight on his pins, and does not swing between them. Adrastus is only passable, and Tiger is no bulldog. The over 35lb. and not exceeding 50lb. Bitch class was rightly placed, but, good bitch as Rumpus is on most points, he'd she been in form she would have won. The Marchioness looked very well, but she was here outclassed. Her body is all that can be wished, but she is too long-faced for honors. The small-sized dogs formed perhaps the best class we have seen, and the only fault we find with the decisions is that Sir Bevis, placed second, is pinched in the nose, which detracts from his other good qualities, and for this reason, Fairwell might have taken his place. The under 35lb. Bitches exceeding 25lb. had only two in it, and Slaughter had to give way to the weak-jawed Maggie May. In the medium class, we thought that the highly commended Nectar was better than Beatrice II., and in the small-sized we also fancied the chances of Quick, very highly commended, far above those of Nelson II., who took second.

Bedlingtons were fairly taken in hand, but Wearside Lad should not have been passed over.

Two champions turned up in Irish terriers, Sting and Erin, the judge going for the latter, in which decision we do not agree. In the open dog class the judge rightly hit upon Terence for first prize, but in placing Nabocklish over Killuey Boy we think that he made a mistake. As for Lifter, he has grown shelly, and Jack III. is no good, and the judge was right in passing him over. In the bitch class, again, the judge went a bit wrong. Nettle deserved being in the money, but she could not have won outright, Colleen Dhas, being better; and Petticoat, had she been in coat, would have been a hard nut to crack for all comers. Glory, shown unctopped, has terrible ears, and Cora, who has been winning at Belfast, Newry and Nottingham, had too profuse a coat, and she is toy-faced. In the unctopped-ear division we do not think the exhibitors will indorse the judge's decisions, one of the very best, if not the very best, being Moya Deolan, and she was only v. h. c. Thiggin Thue rightly took second; but Poiteen, placed first, hardly deserved that high position. Begorra, h. c., has a capital coat.

The awards in smooth-haired were well made and in black and tans we also fairly agree with the decisions arrived at, except that we could not understand why Solicitor-General should be awarded a medal, as he is not particularly long-faced and was shown mangy. In the small black and tan class we fancied Rucetta, placed second, quite as well as Sample, who took first.

Drop-eared skyes were well settled, but in the prick-eared class Stirling, highly commended, should have taken third, instead of Rob Roy, and Princess of Thule should certainly have been noticed.

In the hard-haired Scotch terriers the judge appeared to give satisfaction. He certainly went in for a genuine varmint type.

Spaniels are also very well placed, particularly in the dog class; but in bitches the winner, Maida, seemed to us to be very light for her place. The puppies were so smart that all but one were noticed.

There were but two Yorkshires, Bradford Hero and Crack II., the former outdistancing his companion in the very easiest of canters.

There were three champion pugs entered, but Comedy was too late for competition and Sooty scored over the good-bodied Jenny. In the open dog class Young Peter, the winner, has no mask to speak of and is of a poor color. Banjo, placed next, was better, and Challenger, with his good wrinkles, deserved his third prize. Tum-Tum, unfortunately, has departed this world, else he would have altered the list. Zulu II., a good-bodied, well-wrinkled dog, had to be satisfied with a commendation and Cupid was passed over—his long ears detract sorely from his qualities. Countess won in bitches; and here again we strongly fancied Dowager, a nice-headed, good-eyed bitch, full of style. The puppies were well placed, we should imagine, with a youngster of a proper size and with excellent points. Miss Lea's dark, well-made Othello was but ill-rewarded with a commendation card, second prize going to Smutty, a son of Sooty, and a credit to his stock.

Lady Giffard, as usual, had the class all to herself in Maltese, and Blenheims, King Charles and Toys showed such a difference of quality that the decisions were easily come to. The puppy classes filled exceedingly well and we can heartily back the judge's awards with respect to these, except that we thought Mrs. Mayhew's pups deserved better than a bare high commendation, as they were really good.

This brings to an end our review of the January, 1881, Kennel Club Show—a show that will long be remembered by those who patronized it on account of the bitterness of the weather and the many inconveniences accruing therefrom, not only to exhibitors and visitors, but also to the dogs during their transit. One dog, at least, we heard, had been found frozen to death in its hamper, and when we state that it took a party of fanciers four hours to get from King's Cross to the Alexandra Palace, a distance of seven miles, it will strike readers that things must have been in a lively condition. We feel sorry for the Kennel Club, who really deserved a better reward for their exertions, and we sincerely trust that their next show will be favored by more suitable weather.

We append the official prize list of the principal awards:

Bloodhounds—Champion Class: Prize, F. Brough's Napier. Open Class—Dogs: 1st, L. G. Morrell's Margrave, late Judge II.; 2d, E. Brough's Bravo; 3d, E. R. Ray's Lucifer. Bitches: 1st, Dr. L. S. F. Winslow's Bell; 2d and 3d, L. G. Morrell's Belladonna and Morna. Puppies: 1st, M. Beaufoy's Ruperta; 2d, R. Fowler's Muriel.

Mastiffs—Champion Class—Dogs: 1st, M. Beaufoy's Nero. Bitches: 1st, W. K. Taunton's Gwendolen. Open Class—Dogs: 1st and cup, H. C. Joplin's Vulcan II., late Vulcan; equal 2d, Dr. J. S. Turner's Cedric the Saxon and M. Beaufoy's Cæsar; equal 3d, Dr. L. S. Forbes Winslow's Othello and Dr. J. Russell's Lord Darnley. Bitches: 1st and cup, A. P. Bartlett's Tayra; 2d, M. Beaufoy's Dorinda; 3d, H. G. Woolmore's Dea. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, H. G. Woolmore's Crown Prince; 2d and cup, H. Hills' Banquo. Bitches: 1st, H. J. Woolmore's Malinda; 2d, E. Nichols' Boomah.

St. Bernards—Smooth or Rough-Coated—Champion Class: 1st, Dr. J. Russell's Cadwallader. Rough-Coated—Dogs: 1st, Dr. J. Russell's Katerfelto; 2d, Rev. G. A. Sneyd's Keele; 3d, G. Etheridge's Oscar II. Bitches: 1st, H. G. Sweet's Gretchen; 2d, Rev. G. A. Sneyd's Hope; 3d, J. F. Smith's Norma II. Smooth-Coated—Dogs: 1st, Dr. J. Russell's Rupert; 2d and 3d, R. Thornton's Dunsan and Cyrus. Bitches: 1st, R. S. Armitage's Amy; 2d, J. Valentine's Ida; 3d, Lady Isham's Abbess IV. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, R. Thornton's Malcolm; 2d, J. Adams' Druid. Bitches: 1st, Dr. J. Russell's Nunette; 2d, G. Watmough Webster's Mistletoe.

Newfoundlands (Black)—Champion Class—Dogs: 1st, E. Nichols' Nelson I. Open Class—Dogs: 1st, W. W. Thomson's Captain Murphy. Bitches: 1st, H. R. Farquharson's Lady Beaconsfield; 2d, Mrs. Cunliffe Lee's Nancy; 3d, T. Lonler Browne's Dolly. Other than Black: 1st, H. R. Farquharson's Trafalgar; 2d, G. Chapman's Prince Charlie.

Boarhounds or Great Danes: 1st, R. Leigh Pemberton's Hector I.; 2d, Mrs. J. Davis' Imperium; 3d, R. Groom's Jezebel.

Deerhounds—Dogs: 1st, H. St. J. Stephens' Bevis I.; 2d, W. W. Thomson's Oscar; 3d, J. Haddon's Roy. Bitches: 1st and special, W. M. Chinnery's Bruce II., late Nora Creina; 2d, H. St. J. Stephen's Minna; 3d, W. W. Thompson's Linda.

Greyhounds—1st, G. Burgess' Farination; 2d, T. B. Swinburne's Magnolia; 3d, Mrs. A. M. Miner's Pat.

Any Variety (except Hoarhounds and Dassels)—Exceeding 40 lbs.,

1st and extra, W. K. Taunton's Sir John Franklin and Lupus. Not exceeding 40 lbs.: 1st, W. K. Tauntou's Admiral.

Pointers—Large Size—Champion Class—Dogs: 1st, R. J. L. Price's Wagg. Bitches: 1st, Major V. H. V. Lee, M. P.'s Maggie. Open Class—Dogs, 55 lbs. and upwards: 1st, R. P. Leach's Bang 1L.; 2d, R. J. Stranger's Don of Devon; 3d, R. P. Leach's Bonus Sanco. Very high com., the Sporting Dog and Field Trial Club's (Limited) Burstone. High com., Major V. H. V. Lee, M. P.'s Mango. Bitches, 50 lbs. and under: 1st, Major V. H. V. Lee, M. P.'s Mop; 2d, the Sporting Dog and Field Trial Club's Juno; 3d, E. Bulled's Sappho. Small Size—Champion Class—Bitches under 50 lbs.: 1st, R. J. L. Price's Bow Bells. Open Class—Dogs under 55 lbs.: 1st, E. Bolled's Sambo the Devil; 2d, R. J. L. Price's Little Ben; 3d, E. C. Norrish's Digby. Bitches under 50 lbs.: 1st, G. Pilkinton's Lilac; 2d, R. J. L. Price's Merry Bells; 3d, J. E. L. Lloyd's Daphne. Very high com., R. W. Leach's Bonus Bell. High com., W. P. Arkwright's Petal. Com., R. J. L. Price's Professional Beauty and W. Bishop's Bride. Griffins: 1st, H. Lowe's Lady Sefton; 2d, J. Usher's Jack. Very high com., J. J. Pollock's Forest Lilie.

Setter—English (except Black and Tan)—Champion Class—Dogs: 1st, R. LI. P. Llewellin's Rems. Very high com., J. Shorthose's Royal IV. Bitches: 1st, R. LI. P. Llewellin's Puzzle. Very high com., T. B. Bowers's Maid of Honor. High com., R. LI. P. Llewellin's Phantom. Open Class—Dogs: 1st, R. LI. P. Llewellin's Prince Royal; 2d, T. B. Bowers' Border Chieftain; 3d, R. LI. P. Llewellin's Count Paragon, late Paragon. Very high com., E. Freme's Young Rock. High com., J. Shorthose's Rollo. Com., R. LI. P. Llewellin's Dashing Ruthven and W. D. Duncan's Rory. Bitches: 1st and 2d, R. LI. P. Llewellin's Dashing Bear and Countess Moll; equal 3d, H. Lowe's Countess Kate and C. T. Fauntleroy's Paff. High com., R. LI. P. Llewellin's Ballie. Puppies: 1st and 2d, R. LI. P. Llewellin's countess Prim and Countess Plover; 3d, C. T. Fauntleroy's Plum. Very high com., E. Bishop's Scotchman. High com., J. Shorthose's Hartford Rock and J. B. Wilson's Danger. Black and Tan—Dogs: 1st, T. Jacobs' Marquis; 2d, M. Macdonald's Young Jock; 3d, J. Shorthose's Grouse. Very high com., H. B. Gibbs' Lorne V. High com., the Sporting Dog and Field Trial Club's Donald. Bitches: 1st, W. Richardson's Kate; 2d, E. L. Parsons' Busy; 3d, C. B. Hodgson's Regalia. Puppies: 1st, E. L. Parsons' Bishop; 2d, M. Macdonald's Dash II. Very high com., J. R. Richardson's Sir Derrick. Irish—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Gilfap's Garryowen; 2d, T. M. Hilliard's Count; 3d, Weyman and Buchanan's Dan kettle. Very high com., J. H. Salter's Whisper II. and J. J. Giltrap's Frank. Bitches: 1st, T. M. Hilliard's Tilly; 2d, J. J. Giltrap's Mary Mackree; 3d, Weyman and Buchanan's Sheelah. Very high com., C. T. Fauntleroy Quail II. and Rev. R. O'Callaghan's Grouse II. High com., J. J. Giltrap's Lady Palmerston II. Com., Rev. R. O'Callaghan's Hebe. Puppies: 1st, H. J. Clement's Eldon. High com., J. J. Giltrap's Clare.

Retrievers—Black—Champion Class—Wavy-Coated: 1st, M. McDonald's Mabel. Curly-coated: 1st, T. B. Swinburne's Chicory. Open Class—Smooth or wavy-coated—Dogs: 1st, E. G. Farquharson's Zelstone; 2d, G. Ansty's Moliere II.; 3d, J. A. Doyle's Jacobite. Bitches: 1st, R. J. L. Price's Floss; 2d, R. L. Pemberton's Mirth; 3d, Captain Weatherall's Whisky III. Puppies: 1st, E. G. Farquharson's Zelstone. Curly-coated—Dogs: 1st, S. Darbey's King; 2d, Leeson's Sultan; 3d, C. and J. G. Gamon's Young True. Bitches: 1st, H. Skipworth's Curly II.; 2d, Hill Salter's Bell Tinker; 3d, A. Large's Little Nell. Puppies: 1st, G. Culley's Jet II.; equal 2d, G. H. Granville's Black Pearl and H. Skipworth's Young King Koffee. Other than black: 1st, L. Mackenzie's Garnet; 2d, H. Skipworth's Merry II.

Irish Water Spaniels—1st, J. T. Skidmore's Micky Free; 2d, G. S. Hockey's Young Patsey; 3d, G. H. Loftus' Duck. Very high com., J. T. Skidmore Dan O'Connor. High com., G. H. Loftus' Duchess V.

Spaniels—Clumbers—Champion Class: 1st, W. P. Arkwright Looby. Open Class—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Duke of Portland's Dash II. and Bob III.; 3d, N. P. Stilgoe's Psycho. Bitches: 1st, Duke of Portland's Fairy; 2d, W. P. Arkwright's Lance; 3d and 4th, P. Pigott's Libnah and Lottie.

Team of Spaniels.—1st, Duke of Portland's Bustle II., Dart, Don II., Deuce, Dutch, Dash II., Trusty II., Bounce II., Bob III., Trudge V., Fairy and Lively.

Sussex—Champion Class.—1st, C. and J. G. Gamon's Maude. Open Class—Dogs: 1st, H. Greeu's Guess. Bitches: H. Greeu's Progress; 2d, C. and J. G. Gamon's Merry Thought. Black—Dogs over 20 lbs.: 1st, T. Jacob's Kaffir; 2d, J. Freme's Young Bob II.; equal 3d, J. Hill's Brush and H. B. Spurgin's Bosco. Bitches: 1st, F. Jacob's Squaw; 2d, H. B. Spurgin's Fancy; 3d, F. E. Barton's Betrice. Not exceeding 20 lbs.: 1st and 2d, J. Farron's Obo and Sally. Other than black: 1st, H. B. Spurgin's Alonzo; 2d, T. B. Bowers' Don Pedro, late Fop.

Fox Terriers—Champion Class—Dogs: 1st, two cups and medal, J. C. Tinne's Brokenhurst Joe. Bitches: 1st and cup, Rev. C. Fisher's Dorcas. Open Class—Dogs, 18 lbs. or under: 1st, F. L. Evelyn's Brokenhurst Sting; 2d, F. Redmond's Despot; 3d, F. L. Evelyn's Richmond Jack; 4th, H. Wright's Hunton Dick. Over 18 lbs.: 1st, T. Bassett's Archer; 2d, C. Burgess' Burton Buff; 3d, W. H. Wright's Bagman, late Partney Cudgel. Bitches, 17 lb. or under: 1st, H. Champion's Bloom; 2d, Rev. C. Fisher's Daisy; 3d, H. B. Gee's Jet; 4th, J. A. Doyle's Beauty. Over 17 lbs.: 1st, F. L. Evelyn's Needle; 2d, W. G. Marshall's Blossom; 3d, J. A. Doyle's Achievement. Puppies—Dogs: 1st and cup, F. Baguley's Rusty; 2d and cup, W. P. Arkwright's Vishnu; 3d, F. Baguley's Ready. Bitches: 1st, F. Baguley's Reine; 2d, J. C. Tinne's Jeopardy; 3d, Rev. O. Fisher's The Peril.

Wire-Haired Fox Terriers—Champion Class: 1st and special, F. L. Field's Tassel. Open Class—Exceeding 18 lbs: 1st, W. Carrick, Jun.'s Tyke; 2d, W. L. Beverly's Workman. Not exceeding 18 lbs.—Dogs: 1st and cup, Wright and Wright-Nooth's Oakleigh Topper; 2d, C. Burgess' Peter; 3d, W. Carrick's Victor. Bitches: 1st, F. H. Feild's Bundle; 2d and 3d, H. Cox and Wright-Nooth Violet Broom and Mendicant. Puppies: 1st, H Cox and Wright-Nooth's Oakleigh Topper; 2d, W. Carrick, Jun.'s Nelly III.

Dachshunds—Champion Class: 1st, M. Wootten's Zigzag. Open Class—Black and Tan—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Baker's Handsolt 2d, Major E. Cox's Ottewayo; 3d, A. O. Mudie's Dietrich. Bitches: 1st, A. W. Byron's Alma; 2d, Miss M. J. Bethell's Grumps; 3d, Other than Black and Tan—Dogs: 1st, M. Wootten's Zadkiel; 2d, W. O. Hodges' Driver; 3d, M. Wootten's Zeph. Bitches: 1st, W. P. Arkwright's Octavia; 2d, A. O. Mudie's Olympia. Puppies: 1st and cup, W. P. Arkwright's Ozone; 2d, M. Wootten's Zadkiel; extra 3d, Mrs. D. Murray's Rudolf.

Basset Hounds—Dogs: 1st, G. R. Krehl's Fino de Paris; 2d, H. E. Monro's Fino. Bitches: 1st, G. R Krehl's Pallas.

Sheepdogs—Champion Class: 1st, M. C. Ashwin's Cockie. Open Class—Dogs: 1st and prize and 2d, J. Bissell's Charlemagne and Fox; 3d, R. B. Lee's Highlander. Bitches: 1st, W. M. Chinnery's Coquette; 2d, E. Hart's Belle III; 3d, Rev. H. M. Hamilton's Eva. Puppies—Rough or Smooth-Coated—Dogs: 1st, J. and W. H. Charles' Guys Cliffe; equal 2d, J. Bissell's The Major and Rev. H. F. Hamilton's Guy. Bitches: 1st, J. and W. H. Charles' Flurry; 2d, Rev. H. F. Hamilton's Laura. Smooth-Coated—Dogs: 1st and high com. (2), W. W. Thomson's Hawk, Wait and Gilt. Bitches: 1st, W. W. Thomson's Yarrow; 2d, W. Easten's Lady.

Bull Dogs—Champion Class—Exceeding 50 lbs.: 1st, D. S. Oliver's Monarch. Not exceeding 50 lbs.—1st, A. Benjamin's Smasher. Open Class—Large Size—Over 55 lbs.: 1st, Capt. G. E. A. Holdsworth's Faust. Medium Size—Dogs over 40 lbs. and not exceeding 55 lbs.: 1st, W. Newton's Lorne; 2d, C. Collins' Byron II.; 3d, P. Rust's Adrastus. Bitches over 35 lbs. and not exceeding 55 lbs.: 1st, G. Raper's Redowa; 2d, A. Benjamin's Rumpus; 3d, W. Newton's Lida. Small Size—Dogs not exceeding 40 lbs.: 1st, G. Raper's Ringleader; 2d, N. W. Bourn's Sir Bevis; 3d, W. J. Tredenick's Farewell. Bitches—not exceeding 35 lbs.: 1st, G. Raper's Rosy Cross; 2d, O. Knott's Duchess.

Bull-Terriers—Champion Class—Exceeding 25 lbs.: 1st, R. J. Hartley's Magnet. Open Class—Large Size—Dogs exceeding 25 lbs.: 1st, A. George's Sir Robert, late Prince Royal; 2d, J. R. Pratt's Little Madman. Bitches—exceeding 25 lbs.: 1st, J. R. Pratt's Maggie May. Medium Size—Exceeding 16 lbs., but not exceeding 25 lbs.: 1st, V. A. Wood's Nelson I.; 2d, E. Burley's Beatrice II. Small Size—Not exceeding 16 lbs.: 1st, J. R. Pratt's Myrtle; 2d, A. Krehl's Nelson II.

Bedlingtons—1st, A. Armstrong's Projectile; 2d, J. Baty's Piper. Irish Terriers—Champion Class—1st, J. N. R. Pim's Erin. Open Class—Dogs: 1st, G. W. Ramsay's Terence; 2d, R. B. and T. S. Cary's Nabockbish; 3d, H. Waterhouse's Killiney Boy. Bitches: 1st, R. B. and T. S. Carey's Nettie; 2d and high com., H. Waterhouse's Petticoat and Melcha. With uncropped ears—1st, G. W. Ramsay's Rotteen; 2d and 3d, R. B. and T. S. Carey's Thiggin Thu and Whisht.

Smooth-haired Terriers—Except black and tan: 1st, J. H. Mather's Vril; 2d, W. Neven's Rose.

Black and Tan Terriers—Champion Class: 1st, J. H. Mather's Cyprus. Open Class—Large Size: Medal, W. K. Taunton's Solicitor-General; 1st, C. F. W. Jackson's Reveller, and J. H. Mather's Grand Duchess; 2d, C. Whitehouse's Norah; 3d, J. H. Mather's Grand Duke. Small Size—1st, T. B. Swinburne's Sample; 2d, C. Whitehouse's Lucette; 3d, T. B. Swinburne's Serf.

Skye Terriers—Drop-eared—1st, J. Pratt's Corrie; 2d, W. E. Eastern's Scottish King; 3d, J. Pratt's Donald. Prick-eared—1st, E. T. Rees' Clyde; 2d, J. Pratt's Sandy Grant; 3d, R. Mastie's Rob Roy II.

Hard-haired Scotch Terriers—Dogs: 1st and 2d, P. Pigott's Tartan and Tassell. Bitches: 1st, 2d and com., P. Pigott's Cavack, Syringe and Fig.

Dandie Dinmont Terriers—Dogs: 1st, J. C. Carrick's Teddy; 2d, H. S. Wipp's Pebble; 3d, J. C. Carrick's Peter. Bitches: 1st, C. H. Gates' Maida; Capt. A. Brownlow's (R. N.) Hexe; 2d, W. W. Reid's Selkirk Gyp. Puppies: 1st, A. Steel's Peregrine; 2d, J. C. Carrick's Harold; 3d, A. Steel's Heroine.

Yorkshire Terriers—1st and very high com., Mrs. M. A. Foster's Bradford Hero and Crack II.

Pugs—Champion Class—Any size; 1st, J. Lewis' Scooty. Open Class—Not exceeding 20 lbs.—Dogs: 1st, E. Field's Young Peter; 2d, Mrs. Foster's Banjo; 3d, J. H. Locke Challenger. Bitches, not exceeding 20 lbs.: 1st, E. Weekley's Countess; 2d, Miss M. A. E. Holdsworth's Dowager; 3d, E. Weekley's Zoe. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. L. Booth's Boffin; 2d, C. P. Warburton's Smutty.

Maltese—1st, 2d and 3d, Lady Giffard's Hugh, Rob Roy, Lord Clyde.

Blenheims—Red and White: 1st, Mrs. L. Booth's The Earl; 2d, W. Forder's Bo Peep; 3d, G. E. Branklyn's Duke of Bow.

King Charles Spaniels—Black and Tan: 1st, Mrs. J. A. Buggs' Alexander the Great; 2d, J. Garwood's Prince.

Other Toy Spaniels—1st, Miss V. Cameron's Conrad.

Italian Greyhounds—1st, W. J. Crisp's Fly II.

Toy Terriers—Smooth-haired—Not exceeding 5 lbs.: 1st, Mrs. M. A. Foster's Dinah; 2d, M. Michael's Zut; 3d, Mrs. M. A. Foster's Bell II., late Minnie. Other than Smooth-haired—Not exceeding 5 lbs.: 1st, Mrs. E. M. Mouck's Silk; 2d, Admiral Sir G. Giffard's Katie; 3d, Mrs. M. A. Foster's Pride.

Sporting Puppies—Except Fox Terriers: 1st, Mrs. D. Murray's Dachshund; 2d G. Foster.

Fox Terrier Puppies—Smooth or Wire-haired: 1st, G. T. Congreve; 2d, J. W. Corner.

Non-sporting Puppies—Except Mastiffs and Collies: Medal, H. Waterhouse's Irish Terriers; 2d, E. Weekley's pugs.

Collie Puppies—1st, J. Firie; 2d, C. W. M. Adam.

Mastiff Puppies—1st, W. K. Taunton.

Special Fox Terrier Prizes.—1st, Challenge Cup and Medal for the best fox terrier in the show, Mr. Tinne's Brokenhurst Joe; 2d, Cup, value £5, for the best fox terrier under 12 months old, exhibited by the breeder, who must be a member of the F. T. C., Mr. Arkwright's Vishnu; 3d, Cup, value £5, for the best smooth-haired fox terrier dog, owned by a member of the F. T. C., Mr. Tinne's Brokenhurst Joe. 4th, Cup, value £5, for the best smooth-haired fox terrier bitch, owned by a member of the F. T. C., Mr. Fisher's Dorcas; 5th, Cup, value £5, for the best wire-haired fox terrier, dog or bitch, owned by a member of the F. T. C., Messrs. Cox and Nooth's Oakleigh Topper; 6th, Cup, value £5, for the best fox terrier, dog or bitch, in the open classes, Mr. Bagaley's Rusty.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CHAT.

A FEW days since, while at Mr. John Krider's gun store, where all who are fond of dog and gun hereaway are wont to stop and chat on matters pertaining to shooting, I heard a very interesting discussion relative to field trials between gentlemen who have shot for many years and who are now killing their full share of game each season over dogs of their own breaking. I could not help but be impressed with the sound sense which was in great measure expressed and, without going into details, for I am sure it would be too personal for your columns, I will only narrate in part that which particularly struck me would add to the interest of field trials in this country.

It was argued that too much jockeying was beginning to be shown and that a class should be made and prizes offered for the best setter or pointer broken and handled by an amateur owner. By an amateur owner was meant the sportsman who broke his dog for his own particular use and who never received compensation for the training of either setter or pointer. Such a class as would be akin to the gentlemen riders of English hurdle races and in gentlemen driving classes in this country. Do you not think, Messrs. Editors, that entries of this nature in our field trials would prove interesting and tend to advance the standard of sportsmanship? I would not have it understood that I oppose in any manner the present style of running, as I am confident it has done great benefit, nor do I wish to cast any reflection upon those who now handle field dogs at trials; but you know there are always those who will stand aloof from anything of the kind where there is the least intimation of professionalism. Of course, the dog and gun, the former of his own breaking (and let me say here such persons are generally dangerous opponents; Frank Forester says: "Beware of the owner of one dog and one gun"), would, I think, be induced, if such a class were made, to enter, and would take great pride in showing what proficiency had been gained by careful management and, as one of the gentlemen who was arguing remarked, "We would see then how many owners of dogs would come forward."

Mr. Henry Schreiber, of Schreiber Brothers, animal photographers, a few days since gave me a very interesting account of his setter bitch Nellie, the last of the get of his old Grouse, once famous as a snipe dog on our meadows. Grouse was the father of Nellie and a litter sister when he was seventeen years old, and at the time both deaf and blind. Both puppies were puny and weak when born, one shortly dying and the other growing up dwarfed and apparently worthless, yet withal perfectly shaped. Showing great excitability and aptitude as she neared a year old, Mr. Schreiber paid some attention to her and late this season took her to Culpepper, Va., and, without any previous work on game of any kind, she took to quail naturally and was wonderful in her performance. But the strangest thing I have to relate of this animal is to follow. A bitch at or near Mr. Schreiber's place having given birth to a litter of puppies and dying five days after Nellie went to them (never having had puppies herself) and allowed them to suckle her; strange to say, in a day or two milk appeared and she raised the whole litter, certainly never known as a case similar to this before, but have read of like occurrences in some of the medical books where children have been reared by "other mothers," and one instance is related where an infant was nursed by a man. Your medica readers are no doubt familiar with the story. While writing I am reminded that I once saw at a side show accompanying one of the large combined circuses, or "aggregations," a full-grown and finely-formed bull that had a partly-developed adder, from which milk was drawn as from a cow.

Our mutual friend Dr. L. H. Twaddell has returned from Pittsburgh highly pleased with the bench show there and full of the beagle question. We know of no one better posted on the subject than he, having owned many, and a devotee to the chase of the hare of the Middle States. We trust the new class for "American beagles" will be made for future bench shows.

We do not hear a single word relative to a dog show to be held in Philadelphia in the coming spring, notwithstanding many would be glad to render aid and lend their support—(why there should not be a yearly exhibition of the kind in our city we cannot divine)—but we have learned from good authority that the gentlemen who managed the last display were so completely worn out by the endless amount of work and detail attaining such exhibitions that they cannot be prevailed upon to take an active part in a second. They would, however, be only too glad to give such advice as was needed, and to offer such assistance as would advance the interests of an exhibition in the spring.

Many sportsmen here are speaking in the highest terms of the position FOREST AND STREAM is taking against the evil of jockeying which appears to be creeping into field trials, and admire the boldness with which it deeries any attempt of winning by chicanery. If we cannot have fair trials of skill we should have none.

We notice in Vero Shaw's chapter on the English pointer in last week's FOREST AND STREAM that he refers to the tendency of breeders sacrificing nose for speed, and we are pleased that so able a writer throws out such a warning. As he remarks, "A speed dog looks flash, and by his great pace covers more ground, and therefore may be able to find more birds," but adds, "that a slower dog with superior nose would be far preferable for the sportsman as he would knock up his swifter companion in half a day." We have often noticed this in our sporting trips with friends when several dogs were worked together, and have always preferred the steady, careful and systematic worker to the fashionable goers that too often overran their birds up wind and always suddenly found themselves right in the midst of the covey down wind.

Philadelphia. HOMO.

FAVORITE DOGS.

ADAMSTOWN, Md., Feb. 9.

IT was my pleasure some time since to perrue an article in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 16, 1880, from the pen of a gentleman, like myself, an amateur sportsman who styles himself "South Side." This article carries me back to the days of "Auld Lang Syne," when I too was young and in my prime, with a quick eye and steady nerve, when many a bird fell before my aim on the sedge fields of Cumberland and Buckingham counties, Va.

In those days I shot over a large black Irish setter known by the name of Sam. Gentlemen sportsmen of Cumberland, Buckingham, Nelson, Amherst and Campbell counties, Va., would all bear evidence of his superior merits. This noble animal was bred by my friend Col. S., of Frederick City, Md., an amateur in sport, and sired by the old imported dog of Gen. S. known by the name of Jet. All of his get that I ever saw were black or red with hazle eyes. They were very active and untiring hunters, firm and steady.

In those days I paid but little attention to retrievers, I endeavored to break my dogs to do their work prompt, quick and steady, no pottering. This family of dogs always traveled with head and breast high and at a rapid gait. They never false pointed or failed to locate their game. I never saw one afraid of fire. Their powers of endurance were remarkable. At the time I owned this dog I resided at Amherst Court House, Va. I have mounted my horse at 8 A. M., and ridden to my brother's who then resided in Cumberland County, Va., a distance of sixty-two miles, arriving there by 4 or 5 P. M. in the afternoon my dog following. He would range field after field on the road, frequently finding coveys and yet the last mile he would travel as game and fresh as in the morning. I am satisfied he would in the day's ride run over a hundred miles. Well do I remember a hunt by myself the following day after one of these long rides. The sun was warm, our route in the morning lay over high sandy land where water was scant. At 1 P. M., wearied, I stopped to eat my steak at a spring. At 2 I again started a hundred yards from this spring I found a covey; up to this time I had but six birds, from that time until night my dog worked beautiful, and after sunset I turned my face homeward with twenty brace of quail and four or five hares.

Pretty good work for a single dog and a muzzle-loader. I only averaged seven to eight in every ten shots. I do not believe I lost a single bird that fell within eighty yards of me. This is enough to show the merits of the setter. I have hunted him with the finest pointers of this section of Virginia, yet never saw but one compare with him, and that was a liver and white dog Mac owned by Mr. I. Wilson, of Langhorne, Cumberland County, Va. Like "South Side" I have bred dogs because I was fond of them and never sold one.

I have owned three of this family of dogs, and shot over many other, they all compared favorably with Sam. But alas! their race is extinct. I have owned other setters, some compared favorably, others were worthless. I do not mean to detract from the merits of the pointer, but to defend my old friend the setter, especially the Irish setter. He may be restive and heady in breaking as he is full of energy, but once well broken and he will repay you. So far as my experience goes with pointers I vastly prefer the old Spanish pointer. Years ago in Maryland and Virginia we had a breed of pointers with large heads, whose hips hung down like the fox-hound's that I conceit had finer scent and better nerve than the present race. My experience in southern regimes me to say, so far as scent is concerned, I know no difference. The pointer I believe is more tractable or easily broken, but the setter the most energetic, especially the Irish. NIMROD.

A HINT TO SPURGEON.

WINSTED, Conn., Feb. 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your protest against Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's treatment of the dog in his recent sermon on "Beware of Dogs," leads me to recall to your readers a fact which I do not remember to have seen in print, and which it might be well for the great London preacher to know. Does he like the Forest and Stream?

The Greek word in the Bible which is translated "to worship," means literally "*to act like a dog.*" The word is *proskuneo*, from *kuon*, a dog; and it occurs over sixty times in the New Testament, nor is it once found except with this honorable meaning of homage and adoration. For example, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God;" "All the angels of God worship him;" that is, let the angels act toward God as a dog acts to his master.

We who know the dog have often been amazed at his fidelity and affection, and we are able to appreciate the fitness of the term. How he looks up worshipfully into our face, waits upon our command, returns for our approbation and knows no self-denial in his efforts to please us! In the whole realm of nature there is no animal so highly honored as is the dog in this use of his name.

There is a deep reason and philosophy in the history of words. They do not come lawlessly out of the womb of chance. "Iliads without a Homer," Archbishop Trench has called them; and among all the words which he analyzes in his admirable "Lectures on the Study of Words" there is not one which is more suggestive or impressive than this old Greek word *to worship, to act as the dog.*

As I write there are two noble dogs lying in the patch of sunshine on the floor beside me; one sprung from the famous Ranger and the other, an orange and white, boastful of the blood of Leicester Dan. I confess I am very fond of them, nor do they dishonor the use of their name in that supremest duty of morials—worship God.

It would be well for Mr. Spurgeon to study his Greek Testament a little more.

And in the text in question Paul was not speaking of man's faithful friend, but of two-legged dogs, certain scalawags who were a reproach to the Church in his day and a thorn in his side.

It is true that dogs were not so highly esteemed in ancient times as now, but even then they had their friends and admirers, and the fact above noticed proves that they had made a profound impression on the Greeks.

Homer tells us that Telemachus took his two faithful hounds with him to the council of the chiefs, and it is a touch of nature when he makes the old dog in the house of Penelope recognize his old master Ulysses on his return from the wanderings even before his faithful wife.

Did it ever occur to you that the only two parties who had pity on poor Lazarus, in the Bible parable, as he lay at the rich man's gate, were dogs and angels? Dogs came and licked his sores and

angels stood by waiting to carry his spirit to Abraham's bosom.

Dogs and angels! Nor do they go badly together. That, too, is a touch of nature. J. P.

THE COCKER CLUB.—The ballots of the members of the Cocker Club were received up to the afternoon of Saturday, Feb. 12, at which time, as already announced, the voting ceased. An enumeration of the ballots cast, shows that the committee elected to decide upon the standard, and to take the preliminary steps toward the organization of the club consists of the following gentlemen: C. B. Cummings, South Acworth, N. H.; J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y.; J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ontario; Geo. D. McDougall, Whitestone, N. Y.; M. P. McKoon, Franklin, N. Y.; A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. Tinsley, Hamilton, Ontario; and J. H. Whitman, Chicago Ill. The committee covers a wide extent of territory, and includes some of the most experienced breeders of the cocker, and we feel sure that it will have the confidence and respect of all lovers of this excellent strain of dogs. It is of course desirable that steps should be taken without loss of time to organize the committee, and to get the work of preparing a standard under way as speedily as possible. We therefore suggest that the committee at once proceed to elect a Chairman and Secretary for this body, and announce the result to us not later than March 1 so that it may appear in our issue of the 3d proximo. To the properly authorized person we will turn over such papers as belong to the club. We cannot refrain from congratulating the cocker breeders of America, and especially the members of the club, that the agitator of this matter has had so successful a termination, and we hope before long to see the much vexed question "What is a Cocker?" speedily settled by competent authorities. It is a source of very great satisfaction to the FOREST AND STREAM to think that it has been instrumental in bringing about so desirable a result. We shall still be glad to do all in our power to further the interests of the cocker.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—The regular monthly meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held at the Astor House, Thursday afternoon, February 10. The following gentlemen were present: Messrs. W. A. Coster, R. C. Cornell, F. R. Ryer, E. A. Herzberg, J. N. Danforth, F. N. Hall, Dr. F. H. Aten, G. T. Leach, J. Otter Donner, Dr. J. W. Green, J. Pentz, H. N. Munn, J. Von Lengerke, P. H. Morris, A. E. I. Grainger, A. B. Godefroy, C. H. Raymond, T. F. Connolly, H. W. Livingston and Max Wenzel. President Donner in the chair. The auditing committee reported the accounts of the club for the past year correct, and recommended that some system be devised to simplify the keeping of accounts, and that the by-laws in regard to the paying of bills be strictly adhered to. The report was accepted, and a committee of three to be appointed by the chair are to revise the by-laws, and devise a system for keeping the accounts. The following gentlemen have resigned from the club: Dr. Arnold Stut, A. H. Moore and Gustave Walters. The following gentlemen were elected: James Wilson, Geo. W. Post, Frank F. Pike and J. J. Snellenberg. A committee of three are to be appointed by the chair to revise the running rules of the club. The treasurer, Mr. Munn, sent in his resignation but it was not accepted.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Rufus II, the property of Col. Henry Smith, of Boston, Mass., is regarded by his owner as one of the best setter dogs in this country. His dam is Nina, owned by D. T. Charles, Esq., of Albany, N. Y.; his sire, champion Rock. The dam of Rufus II. has a clear pedigree back to 1784, of the oldest and best blood in great Britain. Rock was the champion of America. Rufus II. is black and white and ticked, and weighs fifty-six pounds. His head is medium as to length and size; eyes quite wide apart and placed in expression of great brain intelligence; his chest is medium as to length, and sits high on the shoulder; chest deep and ribbed up well toward the hips; stern medium and muscular; fore legs straight, and hind legs a little curved; feet round, well feathered between the toes. His scent is keen and he has been known to stop on a partridge twenty-five rods away, and creep up until twenty feet of the bird, and then come to a firm point, and wait for the word to flush the bird. If the bird is missed the dog shows great sagacity in marking her down and in leading his master to the spot where she has alighted. This is the second year of his work. This shows that from good blood you are likely to get a good dog.

A DIMONT SUCKLING KITTENS.—The facts of the case are these: Howard S. Jaffray's Dandie Dinmont bitch Judy came in season about 12 weeks since, and sometimes showed that she did not fancy the dog she was tied with, so refused to be lined by him. About the time the pups would have been due the bitche's teats swelled up and she had milk (in fact I have often noticed this in other bitches). The cat with whom the bitch had been in the habit of playing (she having been a kitten when the bitch was a pup) about this time had a lot of kittens, two of which Judy took and nursed, and has nursed them ever since. They have grown remarkably strong and seem to have been as well fed as if brought up by their own mother. When it is taken into consideration what a deadly enemy a Dandie Dinmont is to all cats it is very remarkable; but what is more remarkable is that the bitch had no pups of her own and was able to suckle the kittens, never having been pregnant. The kittens and the bitch are at Mr. Howard Jaffray's house at Irvington-on-Hudson, and I, as well as Mr. Jaffray, will vouch for the truth of the above statement.

J. E. I. G.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The managing committee of the Westminster Kennel Club have fixed upon the last week in April for holding the fifth annual bench show, and the American Institute Building, better known as the Rink, between Sixty-second and Sixty-third streets in Third avenue, has been leased for the purpose. Mr. Charles Lincoln has been written to, and Mr. H. C. Cornell, secretary of the W. K. C., informs us that he will arrive here this week, and at once begin to make preparations for what promises to be the largest exhibition of the kind ever witnessed in this country. It is impossible as yet to give any correct idea of what the premium list will be like, but undoubtedly it will be a large one. The one judge system already tested and found to work so excellently at Toronto, St. Louis and Pittsburg will no doubt be adopted. Here we would suggest that the judges be selected at an early date, as we consider that all kennel club rules should direct that the names of the judges be made known thirty days before the closing of the entry lists.

STOLEN DOG.—Philadelphia, Feb. 14.—Editors Forest and Stream: The dog thief is loose again, and I am sorry to relate that he has taken a very promising pair of white, black and tan Belton dog puppies now nine months old, by Dash III, out of Cornelia. I had the puppies in the country at West Pikeland Township, Chester Co., Pa., and on last Friday evening some one unchained them from where they were tied in the barn. Have not yet been found or any clue to them. I hope through a notice in your paper I may obtain some clue to their whereabouts, and will very much appreciate and liberally reward any one who will give me any information that will lead to their recovery.

L. SHUSTER, Jr.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BEAGLES.—At the coming New York Dog Show the FOREST AND STREAM desires to offer two handsome silver-mounted hunting-horns, as special prizes for beagles These prizes will be offered, one for the best bench-legged and one for the best straight-legged beagle in the show, of any age or sex. The conditions under which these prizes will be offered will be announced next week.

PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.—At the meeting of this association, held at Pittsburgh, Penn., on February 9, the proposition to open any of the stakes to dogs owned outside of the State was voted down. A very proper proceeding if the club wishes to encourage and protect the breeders in its own State and preserve its individuality.

MR. SNELLENBURG'S SETTERS.—It gives us pleasure to call the attention of all dog lovers to Mr. Snellenburg's notice in another column. From personal knowledge we consider this remarkable fine draft to be not only a healthy one, but in every respect worthy of both the bench and the field. Mr. Snellenburg will retain three puppies for next year's Derby which he also intends running at Robin's Island. These three will receive Mr. Short's sole attention.

N. A. K. C. STUD BOOK.—Columbia, Tenn., Feb. 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: The books of the National American Kennel Club have been sent me by the late secretary, Mr. Charles Du Bosque, and all those members of the club who owe dues may forward them to me. Persons wishing to make entries in volume second of the Stud Book, and entries in the second American Field Trial Derby, should communicate with me at once.

JOS. H. DEW, Secretary.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of sporting dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request that in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Porter—Mr. Geo. A. Schnasler, of Monmouth, Ill., claims the name of Porter for liver and white dog puppy out of Belle Topsey by Whittoni.

Georgia Dash—Mr. J. P. Cozart, of Washington, Ga., claims the name of Georgia Dash for lemon Belton Llewellin setter puppy out of Mr. F. H. Andrew's Vashta (Rake-Fanny) by Scout (Rock-Kirby).

Diana—Mr. Eugene Powers, of Cortland, N. Y., claims the name of Diana for his black and white cocker spaniel bitch puppy, whelped November 25, 1880, out of same owner's Mignon by Hollis' Wildair.

Dicke—Mr. John Howe, of Providence, R. I., claims the name of Duke for his pure black native setter dog out of Mr. Newton Earle's Stunt (Pride-Gipsy-Pride-Queen Bess) by Pratt's Trim (Adam's Duke-St. Kilda), whelped February 19, 1879.

Major—Mr. F. L. Cook, of Sherburne, N. Y., claims the name of Major for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped August 22, 1879, out of Ruth by Holabird's Charlie.

Bruno—Mr. Frank Culbertson, Worcester, Ohio, claims the name of Monterey for white dog puppy with liver spot around left eye, whelped November 4, 1880, by Mack (formerly the property of Mr. J. T. Oliver, Council Bluffs, Iowa,) out of Mr. John Bolus' Waddy (Sealford-Lady).

Buck—Mr. W. Elting Harp, of New Paltz, N. Y., claims the name of Buck for his lemon and white English setter puppy, whelped July 15, 1880, out of Lady by Oakley's Frank.

Pyke—Mr. C. A. Holmes, of Somerville, Mass., claims the name of Pyke for lemon and white pointer bitch, not Fyke, as published in last issue.

Shadow—Dr. Ed. S. Carr, of Gallatin, Tenn., claims the name of Shadow for white, black and tan setter bitch out Daisy Dean, by Lincoln, bred by Montview Kennel.

Abe Lincoln—Dr. Ed. S. Carr, of Gallatin, Tenn., claims the name of Abe Lincoln for white and orange setter dog puppy out of Blaze by Lincoln, bred by Montview Kennel.

Bessie—Mr. H. Herz, of Philadelphia, claims the name of Bessie for black and tan English setter bitch puppy, whelped Nov. 6, 1880, out of Mr. S. Barr's Fannie by Duke de Lucois.

Flight—Mr. Fred. A. Tait, of Dedham, Mass., claims the name of Flight for black and tan Gordon bitch puppy by Mr. E. Flagg's Jerry (imported Ben—Lady) out of Nellie (imported by Mess. Kennel Club).

Rex—Mr. L. C. Twitty, of Macon, N. C., claims the name of Rex for Gordon setter bitch presented to him by Mr. Fred. A. Tait, of Dedham, Mass. She is by imported Kent (Allison's Reuben-T. H. Scott's Nellie) out of Rhen Dorr's Phe (imported Don-Lady).

Phyllis—Mr. J. W. Sickels, of Buckland, Conn., claims the name of Buff Belton for his setter bitch puppy, three months old, out of his blue Belton bitch Jennie by Mr. A. Goodwin's Gordon setter Bang.

Lady Bath—Mr. D. H. Sager claims the name of Lady Bath for liver and white cocker bitch by Wildair out of Sara Bernhardt, whelped Oct. 17, 1880, bought of J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Rex—Mr. C. M. Short, of New Albany, Ind., claims the name of Rex for his black, white and tan setter dog puppy purchased from Mr. J. H. Kraft, of same place; whelped Feb. 2, 1881, now a year old. He is by Druid II. out of Bessie Lee (Rake-Fanny).

Pem—Mr. D. G. Empie, of Wilmington, N. C., claims the name of Pem for dark liver and white cocker spaniel dog puppy by Bob out of Duna, from the Nursery Kennel, Franklin, Pa.

Mozart II.—Mr. M. A. Magner, of Boston, Mass., claims the name of Mozart II. for his recently-imported Yorkshire blue and tan terrier, weight 5¼ lbs., coat touches the floor, is a uniform blue, very wrought, the head of half a rich golden tan. Date of birth, winter of 1878.

BRED.

Nell-Dan—Mr. C. M. Munhall's (Cleveland, Ohio,) setter bitch Nell (Sam-Flora) to Sheffield's Dan (Don-Dimple) on February 7, 1881.

Bell—Mr. Dr. J. J. Jennelle's (Kankakee, Ill.,) red Irish setter bitch Bell (Bob-Duck) to same owner's Elcho II.

Dance-Elcho II.—Mr. W. P. Graham's (Madison, Ind.,) red Irish setter bitch Dance to Dr. J. Jennelle's Elcho II. Dance is a litter sister to Dr. Jennelle's Bell.

Maid Croxteth—Mr. Washington A. Coster's orange and white pointer bitch Maid to Mr. Godefroy's Croxteth.

Lady Rake—Mr. Gus Fuller's setter bitch Lady to Mr. D. O. Bergundthoe's Rake.

Skip-King Bang—Mr. J.R. Henrick's (Pittsburgh, Pa.,) English setter bitch Skip to King Bash.

Young Flora-Boots—Mr. Robert Blackwood's (Montreal, Canada,) imported black and tan setter bitch Young Flora (Ranger-Flora) to imported black and tan setter dog Boots, the property of Mr. W. W. Hatfwell, Plattsburg, N. Y.

Maid-Croxteth—Mr. Washington A. Coster's orange and white pointer bitch Maid (McConnell's Joe-Maud, they by and out of Wm. Lancaster's Gipsy-Gibson's Lilly) to the Neversink Lodge Kennel's Croxteth (champion Bang-Macdona's Jane).

Dora-Don Royal—Mr. Washington A. Coster's orange and white pointer bitch Dora to same owner's pure Dilley pointer Don Royal (Walker's Snipe-Countess Royal) litter sister to champion Ranger.

Bertha-Donald—Mr. A. L. Moore's pointer bitch Bertha (Flake-Lily) to his champion Donald, on February 12, 1880.

Princess-Brag—The Hornell Cocker Kennel's black and white ticked cocker bitch Princess to the same kennel's black cocker Brag, on Jan. 30, 1881.

Beauty-Robin Adair—Mr. L. P. Meek's (Hornellsville, N. Y.,) liver and white cocker bitch Beauty to Hornell Cocker Kennel's liver and white cocker dog Robin Adair, on Feb. 9, 1881.

Norah-Rory O'More—Rory O'More Kennel's (Albany, N. Y.,) Norah (Berkley-Tilly) winner of first prize at New York, 1880, to same kennel's champion Rory O'More (Rufus-Friend), on Feb. 5, 1881.

Idol-Snipe—The Cummings' Cocker Spaniel Breeding Kennel's (South Acworth, N. H.,) cocker bitch Idol to same owner's Snipe, Feb. 6, 1881.

Flora-Snipe—The Cummings' Cocker Spaniel Breeding Kennel's (South Acworth, N. H.,) cocker bitch Flora to same owner's Snipe, Feb. 8, 1881.

Foxy Ponto—Messrs. C. B. Cummings & Son's (South Acworth, N. H.,) fox terrier bitch Foxey to Dr. Allen's Ponto.

Duchess-Lion—Mr. Thos. M. Williamson's imported English mastiff Duchess to his imported Lion. All of Grand Java, Ill.

WHELPS.

Valtine—Mr. Wm. Loeffler's (St. Louis, Mo.,) imported dachshund bitch (Waldine II.), first prize St. Louis, 1880, whelped January 28, 1881, three puppies, two bitches and one dog, by Dr. L. Henry Twaddell's (West Philadelphia) Unser Fritz, winner of Centennial medal and special prize, Philadelphia, 1876; first prize and special, Baltimore, 1877, and same at Philadelphia, 1879.

Phyllis-Jessie B.—Benjumbhoi's Llewellin setter Phyllis, whelped Feb. 7, 1881, six dogs and three bitches; color white, black and tan; sired by his imported Rake.

Chance—Messrs. L. and M. Rutherfurd's fox terrier bitch Chance whelped six puppies on Feb. 5, 1881, by Rowstring.

Anne Boleyn—Mr. F. H. Andrew's (Charlotte, N. C.,) black, white and tan Llewellin setter bitch Anne Boleyn (Leicester-Kirby) whelped Jan. 25, 1881, seven puppies, three dogs and four bitches, by Prince Boyal (Rob Roy-Juno).

SALES.

Georgia Dash—Mr. F. H. Andrews, of Charlotte, N. C., has sold to Mr. J. P. Cozart, Washington, Ga., the lemon Belton Llewellin setter puppy Georgia Dash, whelped October 26, 1880, out of Vashta by Scout.

Billy Star—Mr. Eugene Powers, of Cortland, N. Y., has sold to Mr. Wm. B. Stoppard the black and white cocker dog puppy Billy Star, whelped November 25, 1880, out of same owner's Mignon by Hollis' Wildair.

Gilroy—Mr. Eugene Powers, of Cortland, N. Y., has purchased of Mr. Burr Hollis the Burdette cocker spaniel dog puppy Gilroy, chestnut and tan, whelped October 29, 1880, out of Hollis' Belle by Hollis' Wildair.

Dick—Mr. L. H. Mayott, of Springfield, Mass., has purchased of Mr. Steele, of Ellington, Conn., the lemon and white Ethan Allen setter dog Dick.

Irish Ranger-Irish Countess Whelp—Dr. J. J. Jennelle, of Du Quoin, Ill., has purchased back the bitch puppy lately sold Mr. Kelly, of Princeton, Kansas.

Blanche Hubbell—Mr. George Wicks, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has bought of Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., the black and tan Burdett cocker spaniel bitch Blanche Hubbell, three months old, out of his Belle by his Wildair.

Duke Alexis—Mr. James K. Boyd, of New York city, has sold his lemon setter pup Duke Alexis out of Gypsey by Hass' Ben to Mr. Frank Capron.

Blazelia-Blaze Whelp—The Montview Kennel, Columbia, Tenn., has sold to Dr. Ed. S. Carr one setter dog puppy, white and lemon, out of Blaze by Lincoln.

Lincoln-Blaze Whelp—The Montview Kennel, Columbia, Tenn., has sold to Mr. James Tyree one white, liver and tan setter dog puppy out of Blaze by Lincoln.

Snipe-Ruby II. Whelp—Mr. H. B. Richmond, of Lakeville, has sold to Mr. Charles H. Holmes, of Somerville, Mass., the liver and white pointer bitch, whelped August 25, 1880, out of Ruby II. (Snapshot-Ruby) by Snipe (Sensation-Coburn's Belle).

Hollis Wildair—Mr. Burr Hollis has sold to Mr. Charles F. Kent, Hamilton, Ont., the fine black cocker spaniel dog known as Hollis Wildair.

Lion, Duchess, Vixen—Mr. Eugene Heward, of Liverpool, Eng., has sold the English mastiffs Lion and Duchess and the all-white bull terrier bitch Vixen to Mr. Thos. M. Williamson, Grand Tower, Ills. These dogs won first prize winners at St. Louis, 1880, although they were just landed in time to enter.

Gilroy—Mr. Burr Hollis has sold to Mr. Eugene Powers, of Cortland, N. Y., his ches-tnut and tan Burdette cocker puppy Gilroy, whelped Oct. 29, 1880, out of Hollis' Belle by Wildair.

Belle Hollis Whelp—Mr. Burr Hollis, of Hornellsville, N. Y., has sold one black and tan toy terrier bitch puppy by Billy out of Toots to Mr. Pettibone, of same place, on Feb. 8, 1881.

Billy-Toots Whelp—Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N. Y., has sold one black and tan toy terrier bitch puppy by Billy out of Toots to Mr. Kimball, of same place, on Feb. 12, 1881.

Wildair-Josie Whelp—Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N. Y., has sold to Mr. J. P. Thomas, West Whiteland, Pa., one black cocker bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1880, out of Josie by Wildair.

Robin Adair-Fannie—Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N. Y., has sold to Mr. J. P. Thomas, West Whiteland, Pa., one chestnut and tan cocker bitch, whelped Oct. 24, 1880, out of Fannie by Robin Adair.

PRESENTATION.

Nellie Brack—Mr. J. Stetson, of Buckland, Conn., has presented his black bitch puppy Nellie Brack to Mr. E. H. Banks, of Hartford, Conn.

Rex-Elcho Whelp—Mr. Walter G. Morgan, of New York, has presented Mr. James Browne, of Brooklyn, with a red and white Irish setter dog puppy by Ben out of his Elena.

NAMES CHANGED.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 13—Editor Forest and Stream—I desire to change the name of Norah (Berkely-Tilly), winner of first prize at New York, 1880, to that of Norah O'More. Norah is a thoroughbred Irish setter bitch. The reason that this change of name is made is on account of there being quite a number of Irish bitches now in the country called by the name of Norah. W. N. CALLENDER.

DEATHS.

Delta—Mr. H. W. Livingston, of this city, has lost his black, white and ticked English setter bitch Delta (Belton-Floss). At time of death she was in whelp to same owner's Norah.

Beautiful May—Mr. H. W. Livingston, of this city, has lost his pure Llewellin setter bitch Beautiful May (Lelaps-Starlight).

Prince Lofty—Mr. J. R. Henrick's, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has lost by distemper his fine English setter puppy Prince Lofty (Lofty-Maud Muller).

Belle—Mr. J. R. Slayton, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has lost his beagle bitch puppy Belle (Rattler-Fan).

Sport in Forest, Dash of Donnerlicut, Frankie and Lilly White—Mr. Hermann Kellner, of Roxbury, Conn., has had the misfortune to lose the above named English setter puppies out of owner's Jessie by his Fred.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

63 T., Dedham, Mass—I have a spayed pointer bitch, two and a half years old, that for a year and a half has been shedding her coat out of the nape, making a very disagreeable, as she incessantly nibbles at every bite she touches. She has never been sick a day or had any skin disease; is not fat, and is apparently in perfect condition; has been fed from the table and has had plenty of exercise. She has a bath once a week. Can you suggest a remedy? Ans. Sometimes "ground gi" once a day will straighten the tools of the hair. After the washing, which should be once a week in tepid water, rinsing afterward in cold, in which has been dissolved a small quantity of alum, say one drachm to the gallon of water, give one of the following powders every morning, mixed in a little food: Recipe—Flour of sulphur, two drachms; bicarbonate of potash, one drachm, and mercury, with chalk, twenty-four grains, to be made into six powders. Write result.

64 J. E. K., Newport, R. I.—What is the matter with my cocker dog, two years old? His coat is very dry. He will eat dry grass from the lawn and then vomit it up. Ans. The grass which he eats is good for him; it is the *Triticum repens* or dog grass. Probably your dog is over fed. Feed no meat, and let his diet consist partly of green vegetables well boiled. Give plenty of exercise.

65 L. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—I have a Scotch terrier bitch puppy seven months old which gets spells every now and then, and pulls all the hair out of her tail and back parts. She first commenced to do this three years ago. I thought it was the mange, but upon examination found it not to be so, as her skin is perfectly white and clean. What can I do for her? Ans. If from itchiness of the skin, wash with bicarbonate of soda and water. A teaspoonful of soda to one pint of water.

66 W. H. W., Maine.—What shall I give an Irish setter puppy, ten months old, who runs badly at the eyes, but whose other symptoms are as follows: Nose cold and moist; shows no signs of worms; eardes rather too much flesh; is fed on table scraps. Ans. Overfeeding is probably the trouble. Correct this and give a little sulphur once a day for four or five days.

67 J. V. S., New York City.—My setter dog has got a very bad eye; bloodshot, and looks at times as if it had been turned inside out. It has not got any hurt in any way to my knowledge. Could you inform me through your columns what to do for it? Ans. Wash with tepid water frequently. The nictitating membrane or third eyelid gives the appearance spoken of.

68 C. H. M., Boston.—See answer to T., Dedham, Mass., in this column.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

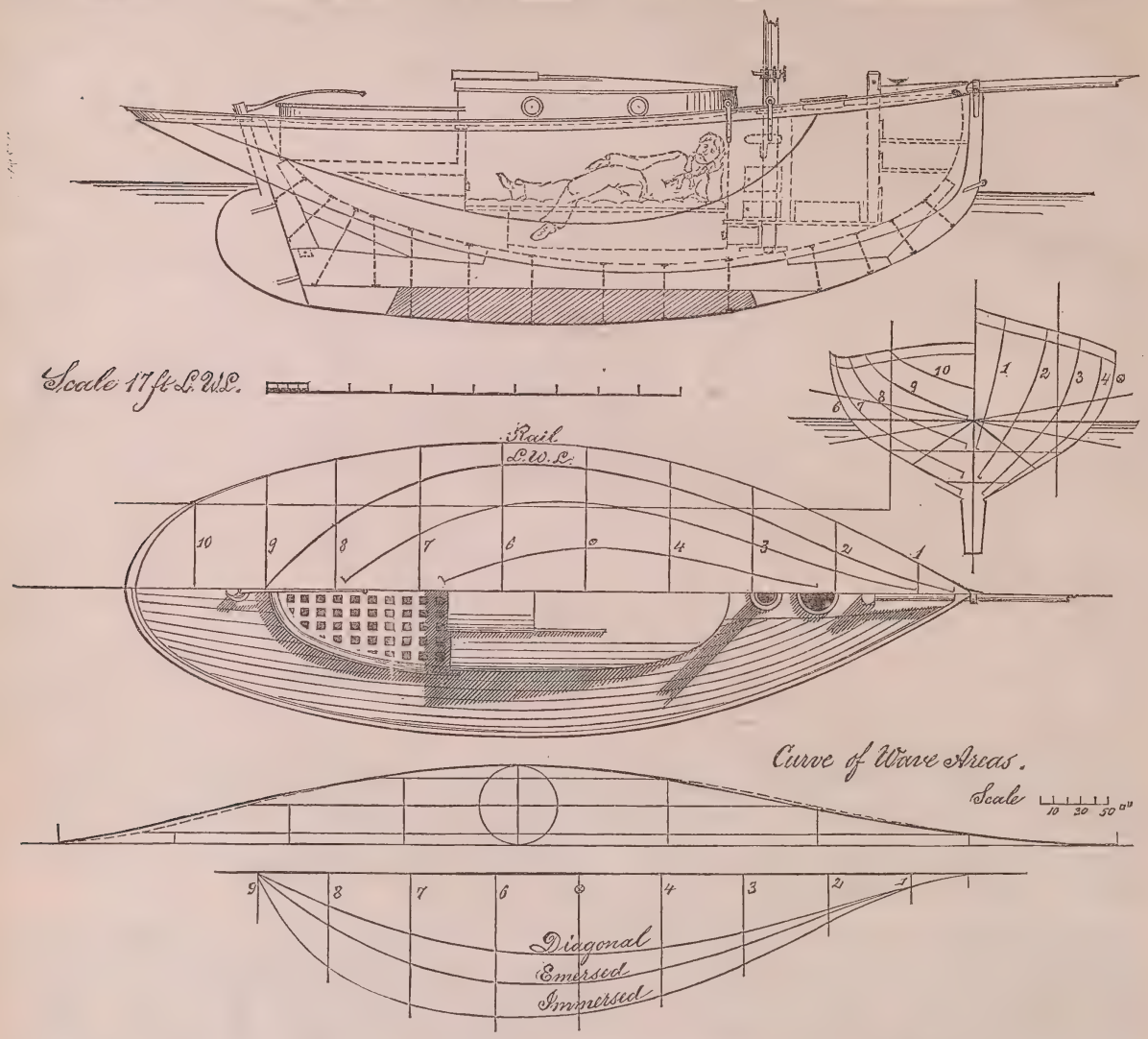
SOMETHING FOR THE CAMP.

HAVING had numerous inquiries for portable houses, easily packed up and transported; we refer our readers to the advertisement elsewhere of Mr. Karl Lee's patent houses for sportsmen, miners and campers out in general. There is not as much poetry in one of these houses as in a bark shanty, but there is a deal more comfort. We recommend these houses to the examination of prospective camping parties.

A BLESSING.—Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented sleep. So do our leading society belles bless the memory of the late Dr. T. F. Gouraud, who taught them how to be beautiful. Everyone should do all in his power to supplement nature in adorning the person, and a fine complexion is not given to all; and just here art aids nature, and all who use Dr. T. F. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier, know its value, and how the skin that is freckled, tanned, pimpled, or moth patched can be made like the new born babe's. To those who will use toilet preparations it is recommended by physicians, as the Board of Health has declared it free from all injurious properties, and, as it is on sale at all druggists', and fancy goods stores, it is an easy matter to give it a trial, and thus win the approbation of men, as well as the envy of ladies.—*Evening Express, Jan. 7, 1881.—Adv.*

WE HAVE RECEIVED from T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia "The Black Venus," by Adolphe Belot. Price 75 cents.

Holabird Shooting Suits, Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ill.



Two-Ton Cruiser for Single Hand.

Designed by C. P. Kunhardt.

Yachting and Canoeing.

BOATS FOR SHALLOW WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, "R. B. R.," in F. and S., of Feb. 10, says that he lives on a bay a hundred miles long, four miles wide and two feet deep. The only Northern bays that I know of that approximately answer this description are Barnegat and the South Bay. In both the bottom is too near the top for comfortable sailing in boats drawing more than fifteen to eighteen inches. Is the sharpie the best boat for these waters? This is the question that he desires answered. Briefly, I don't belive it is. Four or five years ago I specially investigated the point, with a view to purchasing one, and finally decided not to, although for cheapness they leave nothing to be desired. The summer before last I spent a few days on Barnegat Bay and was so well pleased with the sneak-box pertaining to that region that I have procured one and have satisfied myself that it is the boat for shallow waters. My first experiment with it was on the South Shrewsbury River. Finding the boat remarkably stiff I had a sail made for it, somewhat larger than the one that came with it. Later I had a still larger one made, to which I finally added another cloth. This gave me too much after sail in proportion to the hoist and she would not come about. To remedy this difficulty I added a jib, using for the purpose the leg-of-mutton mainsail of a canoe. Under this rig she sailed beautifully, and quite fast for a 12½ foot boat. It was necessary, however, to handle the jib sheets carefully, or she would go to sleep in stays. Finding this a nuisance I discarded the jib and rigged the mainsail as a "balance lug," something like the one described on page 271 of Kemp's "Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing." This rig I have not sought to improve, as after a summer's use I can find no fault with it. This boat with the centreboard up will sail on a heavy dew; with the board down it sails as close as a cat. On a triangular course it will hold its own with a cat of its size. It carries two persons in perfect comfort; three crowd it. It is practically unupsetable. One afternoon last August I sailed it through a heavy northwest squall close hauled, having on board, however, 150 pounds of live ballast. On another occasion I attended a cat race. Every cat sailing in the race was double-reefed. My own little box carried full sail. The sneak-box is pre eminently the boat for boys on account of its safety. Its usefulness for fishing and shooting will be vouched for by every frequenter of Barnegat. Ordinarily no ballast is required, in fact I have never taken any, except live ballast for company, and have never been obliged to stay at home because the wind blew, which is more than owners of more pretentious craft can say. This boat will live where a sharpie would drown. You don't have to part your hair in the middle and you don't have to sling bags every time you go about in an ordinary reefing breeze. If "R. B. R." desires to investigate the sharpie let him spend a week at New Haven; after that he should take a trip down to Barnegat. For pleasure sailing the Barnegaters do not rig their boats to the best advantage. They use an amount of canvas ridiculously small in comparison with what the boats can comfortably carry. The only sail they use is the ordinary sprit sail which is decidedly inferior to the balance-lug referred to above. This sail, by the by, ought to come into more general use for all small boats not belonging to the feline tribe. How it would answer for these latter I don't know, but doubt if it would be as convenient as the present rig.

SNARK.

SINGLE HANDERS.

AN impression very generally prevails that the safety of a cruising yacht depends to a great degree upon her size, and that in consequence small boats are always unfit for distant voyages or for open water. This is a mistake, and one which has done much to cool the ardor of would-be adventurous sailors the moment their thoughts reverted from some glowing cruise in imagination to the hard fact that their pocket-books were limited in weight, and their pet aim of skippering their own ship quite unattainable. They naturally base their conclusions upon the every-day experience with such boats as happen to be within easy reach. Built generally only for river use, and by men whose conceptions of the noble sport rise no higher than an afternoon's "outing" or a "spree," it is not to be wondered that experience in them disgusts the amateur who finds his dreams of a cruise rudely crushed by the inability of the usual run of "flat-iron" boats to respond to the cruiser's demands. He finds the "cat" and the "jib-and-mainsail," which are the topic of conversation in neighboring sailing circles, to be the flimsiest delusions, and to possess no more claims to the consideration of a sailor than a bycicle has to a follower of the turf. He finds the average "small boat" a lubberly affair at best, exceedingly dangerous, over-sparred, totally lacking in accommodation, and, worst of all, absolutely useless in any sea lumpy enough to lift her, for she "breaks all up" and has to run for shelter, unless driven through it by the aid of a numerous crew and a stack of sand bags, appurtenances altogether foreign to his purposes. He goes home disgusted and is on the point of concluding, with hundreds of others, that the small cruiser can have no actual entity, and that it is "tonnage that counts," for does not some friend go foreign every year in a big sloop, and she perhaps just as much of a flat iron as the racing machines he has tested in vain? Ergo, tonnage gives cruising qualities and safety just as plain as day. He pockets his disappointment, and keeps ashore in hopes of becoming rich some day, when he will take it out in a big one in his turn. It is to this large class of yachtsmen, temporarily on the shelf, that this article is more particularly addressed. We say, pluck up courage, steer clear of the superficialities which form the staple of so many men fulsely dubbing themselves "practical." The chances are that you have brains enough of your own without the prejudices of those who are slaves to custom, and that with a little effort you can solve the problem of "going to sea" in a small boat a great deal better than the persons who cannot even understand, much less appreciate, the motives by which you are actuated. Let the sand-baggers have it all to themselves as long as they like. Let them confound heaving ballast and taking a ducking every squall with the real article in the way of seamanship and romance on a cruise. Let them have all the "chromo yachting" they choose; sooner or later they will view your honest little ship in the proper light, and envy you your fortnight's cruising at a time, and the comfortable little floating home you have provided at a less cost perhaps than their own open make-shift affairs. You will take one of the deluded wretches along some time, and that little voyage will open his eyes to sport the existence of which he has never dreamed. He will start on a proselyting tour among his friends, and you will see them setting up the frames for little Corinthians and disposing of their machines to a class one step below them in the intelligent appreciation of the arts of sailing and navigation. Then comes your turn to smile, and "he who laughs last laughs best."

The safety of a boat depends upon strength, stability, buoyancy and handiness, neither of them having anything to do with size.

The comfort is obtained by proper attention to easy motion, perfect balances, disposition of space and accommodations (neither too long and narrow, nor too wide, short and shoal), so that the best average is attained to suit the varying requirements—completeness in outfit and exemption from petty annoyances, such as leakage, lack of ventilation or unsightliness. None of these essentials to comfort depend upon tonnage The only limit put upon comfort by small tonnage is the confinement inherent in any boat of modest dimensions; but with a little deliberation a pleasing variety of life can generally be secured on a cruise, nullifying even this presumed inconvenience, and a "spry young man" will very soon accommodate himself to his surroundings.

The cost of a cruiser will be no greater than that of a machine equivalent in size, for, though requiring more iron for ballast, a saving is made in rig, material and labor, and a builder making a specialty of the type can turn them out wholesale for stock at little more than half the figures asked for a shifting ballast racer.

As for a small boat's performances, they may not amount to much in a "flat iron," but with wholesome displacement or weight, an easy form, good draft, ample stability, with enough buoyancy to prevent drowning out if boarded in a capping sea or rip; lower spars and sails within reason, and kites for fair weather;—in short, in a good design throughout, we would like to know the weather the little shaver cannot live through in safety, while she will soak out to windward in a lop which would send the flat-iron ignominiously on to the nearest beach. For an all-round average they will be as speedy as the best. Your flat-iron machine may get away with her in smooth water and certain winds, but upon other occasions the record will be turned. As for the manly sport, the healthy acquisitions to mind and body to be got from the outlay, they show so much in favor of the "Corinthian cruiser" that comparison with the flat-irons would be decidedly superfluous.

Out of the small craft you may get all the *yachting*, and more, too, than the big, unwieldy fellow of hundreds of tons can offer, and at a

tithe of the expense. The little seagoing Corinthian abounds in English waters, and her merits are becoming more highly appreciated every day. It is no uncommon thing to find the owners of large schooners flying their colors with zest and pride at the mast-head of their skiffs, registered in Lloyds' at two or three tons, which they want to go sailing. We hope the old and mistaken notions unfavorable to small, safe craft will disappear and that the most *popular* phase of the sport will receive its due share of consideration in America, and by practical precept give the quietus to the silly cry of "dog and pony schooners," as though none but a millionaire could find room found within handy distance of any one caring enough for his hobby to go a few minutes out of his way to find it. In our next issue we will publish the sail-plan of the design for a two-tonner accompanying this article, and enter upon a detailed consideration of all her points, and how we came to the lines represented.

DETAILS OF A TWO-TON CRUISER.

Length over all	20	ft. 5 in.
Length on deck	20	ft.
Length on L. W. L.	17	ft.
Length extreme	7	ft.
Beam on L. W. L.	6	ft.
Beam moulded	5	ft. 10½ in.
Depth at side, amidships deck to rabbet	3	ft. 5 in.
Draft extreme	3	ft. 3 in.
Draft at L. W. L.	3	ft. 1 in.
Draft aft	9	ft. 11 in.
Depth keel amidships	1	ft. 3 in.
Rake of sternpost	18	deg.
Length of cockpit	4	ft. 8 in.
Width of cockpit	2	ft.
Depth of cockpit	1	ft. 4 in.
Length of cabin	7	ft.
Height in cabin	5	ft. 10 in.
Rise of trunk	5	in.
Least freeboard to deck	1	ft. 4 in.
Overhang aft	3	ft. 4 in.
Displacement	2	tons.
Displacement per inch L. W. L.	324	lbs.
Coefficient of displacement	0.21	
Area midship section	7.65	sq. ft.
Area L. W. L. plane	66.35	sq. ft.
Area longitudinal section	49	sq. ft.
Area wetted surface	117	sq. ft.
Canvas per sq. ft. do	3	sq. ft.
Radius of generating circle	7½	in.
Centre of gravity above L. W. L.	2	in.
" " " below C. G.	12	ft.
Centre of buoyancy from fwd. perp.	9 ft. 6 in.	
" " " below L. W. L.	9	in.
Centre lateral resistance from C. P.	9 ft. 11½ in.	
Centre of effort of sails from C. P.	9 ft. 4½ in.	
" " " above L. W. L.	10 ft. 8½ in.	
Ballast inside	500	lbs.
Ballast on keel	1,000	lbs.
Tonnage, Kemp's rule	1½	
" three-dimension rule	1½	
" girth rule	2	
Mast from end L. W. L.	5	ft.
" deck to hounds	16	ft.
" pole	10	ft.
" diameter at partners	4⅜	in.
" rake	0	
Boom	19½	ft.
" diameter	3⅛	in.
Gaff	12½	ft.
" diameter	2⅜	in.
Bowsprit outboard	8	ft. 3 in.
" diameter at stem	3⅛	in.
Sleeve of do	3	in.
Topsail yard	14	ft.
" diameter	2½	in.
Topsail club	8	ft.
Luff of mainsail	18	ft. 6 in.
Foot of mainsail	19	ft.
Head of mainsail	12	ft.
Leech of mainsail	23	ft. 8 in.
Foot of jib	23	ft. 8 in.
Hoist of jib	23	ft. 8 in.
Knock to clew	18	ft. 6 in.
Foot of jib	13	ft.
Luff of jib	18	ft. 4 in.
Leech of jib	13	ft. 4 in.
Area mainsail	251	sq. ft.
Area jib	87	sq. ft.
Area topsail	80	sq. ft.
Cost, hull, spars, ballast, sails, rigging and joinerwork	$800	

YACHTING NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA YACHT CLUB.—The second meeting of yacht owners of fourth class, 16 ft. boats, was recently held, and a yacht club under the above name organized. It is the intention to limit sails to a size that can be safely carried by each yacht, thereby doing away with the over-canvassing, which has been the chief object of Delaware yachting so far. The new club proposes 54 ft. 6 in. of boat rope as the limit of each boat's sail. The following are the officers for 1881: Commodore, Oscar Kern; Vice-Commodore, Enos L. Seeds; Secretary, Walter Gilbert; Treasurer, Geo. Bosler, and Measurers, Jesse Wandgriff and Chas. Meyner. The new club certainly has our best wishes for success. The one great hindrance to the development of healthy yachting on the Delaware in place of the mere machine jockeying as now prevalent, is the outrageous spread of canvas, bearing no relation whatever to boats' capabilities, but carried nevertheless by the device of "laying out" and "shifting ballast," two iniquities we judge it high time for Delaware yachtsmen to discard. We suggest to the new club a limit to shifting live and dead weight as certain to bring about their very laudable ends.

THE AMERICAN LAPTHORNS—Or perhaps it would be more in keeping with truth did we call Lapthorn the Wilson of England. Every one knows the wonderful success of the America created abroad and how, working on the lessons received from that famous schooner, the present firm of Lapthorns of Gosport, Eng., made for themselves a world-wide reputation. We are glad to find among our advertising patrons the same old established house which so many years ago taught our cousins across the sea such a valuable lesson. Messrs. F. M. & A. Wilson, whose loft is located at Port Jefferson, L. I., have won for themselves an enviable name as the leading makers of yachts' sails on the coast of the Atlantic. It was their fabrics that in all fair tests contributed so much to the victory of old George Steers' handiwork, and his successors in the business work on the same principles and attain the same perfection of fit. As Port Jefferson bids fair to become a leading yachting port for metropolitan yachters, owners will find the best work ever turned out with palm and needle within convenient reach of their "laying up" quarters.

LENGTH MEASUREMENT IN ENGLAND.—That measurement by length produces short, stumpy, dangerous and unsatisfactory boats is well understood by intelligent observers on this side of the Atlantic. We are happy to see by the following extract from the London *Field* that the best English authority is alive to the mischievous tendencies of such a rule, and that it is not likely to meet with favor abroad, the French having already discarded it. The *Field* says: It is therefore evident that if simple length were made the standard of value for cruising, yacht designers would at once turn their attention to the production of roomy, shallow craft (like the American sloops), just as they now build deep yachts, because beam is the standard of value under the Y. R. A. rule. To check the former tendency, of length be made the standard, a value must be put upon beam, and this can very readily be done by multiplying the square of the length by the beam."

THE NEW CUTTERS.—The three fine little ships now building in Boston are from designs by Mr. A. Cary Smith. He is also getting out lines for another to be 33 ft. over all, 14 ft. 3 in. beam, 7 ft. 10 in. draft, and to carry 12 to 13 tons, with rocker keel and raking post. It is likely she will be raced and, as she resembles Vesper in many respects, we expect her to turn out a fast one. Judging by the number of new cutters building and the inquiries for such craft with which we are fairly overrun, the worthy Bourbons who think keels and cutters have no place in America ought to hive out as mummies belonging to a bygone age.

EASTERN YACHT CLUB.—At the annual meeting the following officers were elected: Commodore, Chas. H. Joy, schooner Rebecca; Vice-Commodore, Henry S. Hovey, schooner Phantom; Rear Com., F. E. Peabody, cutter Enterprise; Secretary, Henry B. Jackson; Treasurer, A. Jackson; Measurer, Geo. A. Goddard; Regatta Committee—John Jeffries, R. S. Russell, G. A. Goddard, Daniel Appleton and F. W. Lawrence.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—Among the flag officers of the principal Eastern clubs, we note the owners of a cutter and yawl, two rigs, the mere mention of which a few years ago acted upon the sturdy patriot like a red rag upon a bull. But we soon get used to things which have utility as their recommendation. We may add that we have supplied the sail plans for two new yachts, whose owners are going to give the yawl a trial in preference to the schooner.

THE YACHTING RECORD.—Mr. Geo. Wilson's circular for February, just to hand from London, contains much reading of interest. This little publication shows a good deal of life and "spunk," and will, we hope, become a permanent literary institution. It fairly makes one's mouth water to read over the list of stable ships in the mari e, which form such a large component of the British fleet, and the absence of which in America we so much deplore.

BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, F. H. Peabody, steamer building; Vice-Commodore, W. B. Merrill, yawl Edith; Rear Commodore, J. Hall, schooner Adrienne; Secretary, Thos. Peary; Treasurer, Chas. Rouse; Measurers, J. J. Lawton and J. B. Smith; Regatta Committee—H. E. Hibbard, W. B. Gleason, N. Wales, E. Hardi g, W. F. Halsall.

WARWICK YACHT CLUB.—Commodore, Fred. P. Sands, Lizzie L., sloop, Newport; Vice-Commodore, W. C. David, Jr., Fall River; Rear Commodore, A. H. Nightingale, Warwick, Providence; Secretary, Geo. W. Rankin, Fall River; Treasurer, W. C. Rhoades, Providence; Measurer, James M. Hait, Newport. Regatta Committee—Dr. C. S. Powell, Newport, George W. Rankin and W. C. Rhoades.

LAKE FLEET.—W. W. Bates, of Chicago, has been doing a good deal in the way of yacht building lately. He has taken a fancy to "high speeds," and has built three for lake cruising. The Cleo, Mr. N. K. Fairbank; the Daisy, Mr. L. Z. Leiter, and recently another one 65 ft. long, 13 ft. beam and 4 ft. deep, expected to steam 15 miles, which is hardly likely in view of her great beam.

FROLIC.—Mr. Hugh L. Willoughby of Saratoga, has purchased this fast schooner, late of New York. Mr. A. J. Cassatt, the old boat from New York in the future. The Frolic is 56 ft. over all, 49 on w. l., 15 ft. 8 in. beam, 7 ft. 4 in. hold and 7 ft. 8 in. draft. Built by Alonzo Smith, of Islip, in 1859. Her spars are, foremast, 46 ft., mainmast, 48 ft., main boom, 38 ft., gaff, 30 ft., fore boom, 15 ft., gaff, 14 ft., bowsprit outboard, 15 ft., flying jib boom, 12 ft., topmasts, 24 and 25 ft.

PLATTSBURGH ICE YACHT CLUB.—At a large meeting of citizens on the 16th of February the Plattsburgh Ice Yacht Club was organized and the following officers unanimously elected: Commodore, Ross W. Nichols; Vice-Commodore, A. M. Warren; Secretary and Treasurer, A. R. Gilmore; Measurer, Scotland McNeil.

PACIFIC FLEET.—Jack Purvis, of Oakland, has a job in hand which will add another schooner to the fleet. She is 40 ft. long and is now in frame, but he is making slow progress with her. Jack is known as the builder of Marcia, ex-Thistle.

SIZE THE STANDARD.—A well-known yachtsman puts it this way in *Land and Water*: "I am quite of opinion that the sooner yachts sail at their actual size the better, but I fear the time has not come yet."

FOR ABROAD.—Mr. Rushton, of Canton, is building a small cutter for Jamaica gentlemen. She is 22 ft. over all, 5 ft. 3 in. beam.

BOATS FOR SALE.—We call attention to boats offered for sale in another column.

The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid, can use Hop Bitters with safety and great good.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSON, Mass., Feb. 12.—The weather this morning opened with all the conditions for one of the best days for good shooting—an overcast sky, with good light and steady wind from the East. Soon after the match was called the rain washed the targets, and the bullseye ran in all directions and spoiled its shape. Repainting the targets time and changes were in order. The wind at the opening of the match was reliable, but as the match progressed it became hard to control. The smoke also became a drawback to the marksmen. Good work, however, was done, Mr. C. E. Gridley taking the first place in the record match for 47, Mr. J. S. Bennett, the muscular rifleman, dropping for a "magpie" on his last shot, which he claimed for a bull, and no doubt was entitled to. But the rain obliterated the marks of the bullet quickly and the gentleman took second position. Lyman, a new man, made his first appearance on the range and took third position. In the record match (Massachussetts target), the worthy ex-president, Mr. J. N. Frye, made the elegant score of 47. Mr. Tyler scored 71, a splendid achievement with a short rifle. Mr. Law, who has not been at the hill since last May, scored 68. In the Badge match Mr. H. Gray made 47—the best score of the day—leading all competitors. He did the same work in the Amateur match. The shooting was brought abruptly to an end by the signals being thrown up on the targets and the wet markers in the gallery, the executive claim that they could no longer remain in the pits as the water was up to their knees. Flags were placed in positions for the match to end, with the following results:

Record Match (Creedmoor).

C R Gridley	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	—46
J N Bennett	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	—43
H K Lyman	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	—41
G C Arthur	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	—44

J H Dunlap	5	4	5	4	5	4	3	5	—44
H Gray	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	—47
J M Lyman	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	—42
S B Henry (mil)	5	5	4	4	5	4	2	3	—42

Record Match (Massachusetts Target).

J N Frye	11	12	9	10	12	11	12	—77	Thomas (mil)	12	10	10	9	7	10	8	—66
H Tyler (mil)	11	9	11	9	11	8	12	—71	H Gray	12	6	8	11	11	8	10	—66
E W Law	10	10	11	9	9	11	9	—69	J H Dunlap	8	10	8	10	9	11	7	—68
T Hart (mil)	10	12	10	9	7	9	11	—68	L H Warren	7	10	6	10	9	10	10	—62

Badge Match.

H Gray	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	—47
E W Law	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	—46
J N Frye	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	—46

H L Lee (mil)	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	—43
G P Gridley	3	4	4	4	4	5	4	3	—40

Amateur Match.

H Gray	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5—47

The second week of the All-comers's Match at the Magnolia gallery has shown good shooting, and there has also been an improvement in the entries for the FOREST AND STREAM match for the elegant trophy. Mr. H. Gray, it will be noted, is the leading man in his match for a total of 237, Mr. Arthur following for 236. In the pistol match, J. Ames 232 is an elegant record, the possible being 500.

All-comers' Match.

J Merrill	48	48	48	49	48	—241	E C Arthur	46	46	45	46	45	—230
C Gomez	46	47	46	47	48	—254	A Lawrence	44	45	45	46	46	—226
E Harris	47	47	46	47	46	—233							

Pistol Match (Ring Target).

J Ames	48	82	92	—252	W H Farnham	88	68	70	—226
E Harris	64	96	76	—238	C A Gross	72	56	70	—198

FOREST AND STREAM Match.

E Harris	47	47	47	47	49	—237	C Gilman	47	45	45	44	47	—229
E C Arthur	47	48	46	47	48	—236	C Wright	48	46	46	43	47	—282
C Cumings	45	46	47	47	48	—233							

GARDNER, *Mass.*, *Feb. 11*.—The Gardner Rifle Club have had another meeting at Hoemetack range, distance 200 yds, off-hand, with inch ring and Creedmoor target combined. The work of each is told by the following score:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.		R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
Ellsworth	44	43	46	47	—180	Austin	46	44	33	45	—168—88
Newton	37	43	39	40	—159—91	Matthews	34	44	33	44	—155—88
Hinds	40	45	43	44	—163—89	Goodale	43	43	46	43	—139—86
Dodge	37	44	31	45	—158—89	Merritt	43	43	46	43	—131—83
Howe	37	41	44	45	—89	Howard	44	42	39	44	—111—83
Nichols	42	42	39	46	—151—88	Shumway	42	45	42	46	—97—81

Mr. Ellsworth again has the lead, two scores of 43 Creedmoor out of a possible 50 has never been made by the same party in one day at this range.

MEDFORD, MASS., Feb. 9.—The attendance at Bellevue Range this afternoon was unusually large, the winter shed being crowded. There were 93 entries and 86 finished. The light was bad owing to the dazzling sunshine and for this cause six well on the fact that it be smoothered round the firing point prevented what would otherwise have been accomplished, namely, the making of one or more clean scores of 50.

R Abbott	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	—49
E F Richarson	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	—48
F Hollis	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	—48
G C Arthur	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	—46
A J Adams	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	—45
A Whitmore	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	—46
H Withington	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	—46
C H Russell	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	—46

A W Webb	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	—45
J H Williams	5	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	—45
J K Teel	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	—44
J Gregg	3	5	5	5	4	3	5	4	—44
A Locke	5	5	4	4	4	5	3	4	—43
A B Archer	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	—42
C R Gridley	4	4	4	5	4	5	3	4	—41

CLUB MEETINGS—The Pennsylvania State Rifle Association met on the 28th ult., and the following officers were nominated for election at the March meeting: President, W. Y. Price, Pennsylvania Club; W. C. Cramer, Keystone Club. Vice-presidents, John Hogan, Quaker City Club. Secretary, C. W. Zieber, Quaker City Club. Treasurer, A. B. Parker, Norristown Club.

The bronze medal of the National Rifle Association, presented to the Pennsylvania Association as an affiliating body, will be presented as the prize at an initial long range match early in the season.

The Newton Rifle Association have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: F. W. Stevens, president; E. B. Hitchcock, secretary; F. L. Claflin, treasurer. The club numbers thirty-one members.

CONEY'S SHOOTING GALLERY, 1,222 Broadway, New York.—The competition between the leading contestants for the championship in the pistol tournament continues to be very close and exciting. The shooting last week was excellent, and the large number of people who visited the gallery and witnessed it each day indicates the fact that the interest in the matches, as well as the ardor in the trigger, is taking an active interest in the match. The championship of shooting at swinging objects was won last week by Dr. E. T. Marsh, who hit fourteen consecutive swinging one and a quarter inch balls with pistol at ten yards. Henry Copeland, Jr., hit eleven consecutive balls, winning second place and an expert's badge. This is the second championship which Dr. Marsh has won, he having secured, a few weeks ago, the championship of word shooting. To hit a half dollar silver piece with pistol at ten paces fourteen times consecutively is wonderful shooting, but to do likewise at a mark of about the same diameter, swinging, throws the former feat far in the shade. Next week the championship of bullet shooting (an old battle field) will be shot for. The competitor hitting the most bullets in twenty shots with pistol at ten yards to be declared the winner. A very close contest is anticipated.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 10.—This afternoon the riflemen repaired to Rensselaerville to shoot the second of the seven matches in the fours' match and, should the weather permit, a match at 200 yards for a twenty-pound turkey. When the first squad arrived the mist was so dense that objects a hundred yards away could not be distinguished. At the two and three hundred yards firing points the targets could not be seen. The riflemen were in a quandary, and it was finally decided to shoot a volley up the ravine to see whether it would induce a current of air which would disperl the mist. The experiment proved successful, as the mist began to break, and in ten minutes the targets were visible from the 200-yard firing point. The 400 contest match was postponed and the competitors repaired to the 200-yard firing point. The Black Creek, which runs down the ravine, had burst the icy fetters which have covered it during the winter, and its overflowing volume was rushing madly to the river, the water backed up the drain to the butt, and there was nearly two feet of water in the butt; but the marker started in, and with the icy cold water up to his knees, recorded the shots with the accuracy and promptness with which he does his work on a bright summer's day. The targets did not present a good appearance, the dampness giving them a dirty appearance, while the bullseye was hardly distinguishable. On the original carries Captain Fitch led with twenty-two out of the possible twenty-five, which was not excelled until the re-entry scores had been completed, when Colonel James I. Miles had the best twenty-two. On the third round Captain Fitch put up a good twenty-three, which eventually proved to be the winning score. Towards the latter part of the afternoon the light was very poor, though the scores made were very good and were often beaten when all the conditions are favorable. The following were the scores in detail:

Wm E Fitch, Bat S..	4	5	4	5	5	—23	A Carpenter, S M R..	4	3	4	3	5	—20
J I Miles, Bat S..	5	4	4	5	—22		T Mosher, S M..	3	4	4	4	3	—18
C H Charles, Bat S..	4	4	5	5	4	—22	P Muldoon, Bat S..	4	3	4	4	3	—17
W T Miles, S C..	5	4	4	4	3	—22							

Thirty-two duplicate scores were made.

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—Feb. 7.—The first week of the February match has been a very busy one, and has developed some fine holding. Mr. P. G. Fenning leads with a total of 189 out of a possible 200, and came within two points of winning the $25 for a full score, making eight consecutive bulls. Mr. N. Nolio follows close behind. Following are the leading competitors with their scores to date in the February match, 35 yards, rounds 10, possible 50, four scores to win or possible 200:

P G Fenning	47	48	46	48	—189	C E Overbaugh	45	43	44	44	—176
N Otto	47	47	46	46	—186	W Holton	43	43	41	46	—173
M Dorrier	44	45	45	45	—179	J W Todd	41	41	42	43	—167
Col Riggs	43	44	45	46	—178	M Herrington	41	42	41	41	—165
T P White	43	44	43	46	—176	J N Mergenthaler	41	41	41	41	—164

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—The second week has been more lively than the first, and brought out some very fine holding. Mr. P. G. Fenning still holds the lead, with Mr. G. Joiner one point behind him. Following are the leading competitors with their four highest scores to date in the February match; 35 yds.; rounds 10; possible 50; four scores to win, or possible 200:

P G Fenning	47	48	48	48	—191	T P White	43	43	44	46	—176
G Joiner	47	47	48	48	—190	F N Nolio	44	43	44	46	—177
N Otto	47	47	47	47	—188	C E Overbaugh	43	44	45	44	—176
M W Farrow	47	47	47	48	—189	J N Mergenthaler	42	42	42	43	—168
Col. Riggs	46	46	46	48	—184	M Herrington	41	42	41	41	—165
M Dorrier	44	45	45	45	—179						

NEWARK, N. J.—The tournament of the Newark Rifle Association, which commenced on Monday evening, Feb. 7, at the Essex Club Range, was terminated on Wednesday evening, Feb. 9, and the result marks the eighth consecutive meetings of the organization. The members of all the clubs appear to have been in fine form, as is attested by the following hand some scores: Newark Amateurs, 464; Frelinghuysen, 448; Essex, 446; Washington, 412; Barnard, 412; Plymouth, 398, in a possible 500. A great excellence of the shooting is in a measure attributable to the construction of Mr. John Huegels's range, it being peculiarly adapted to the form of sights used by the clubs. Mr. W. T. McLeod made 49 points, the best score of this bout, but one less than his score in the last tournament. The high average in the match is very encouraging to the members of the various clubs and stimulates them to practice for the next meeting, which will take place in March.

BROOKLYN—Brooklyn Long Range Gallery. The rifle match, 300 yds. reduced; prize, a Ballard rifle, has been finished. Mr. A. H. Anderson making the best score (49, 49, 50), Mr. P. Ronaldson next (49, 48, 49). Mr. Anderson has won the rifle twice in succession in this place; target 300 yds reduced, 10 shots; entrance fee 25c.; four highest scores to be counted; four prizes $10, $7, $5, $3, full score $2 extra. This match will run for one month.

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY MATCH—The New York Rifle Club will hold an All-comers' Match, at 200 yds., on Feb. 22, at Harting's Park, Morrisania: 7 shots each score; entries unlimited; 50c. for original and 25c. for each additional; highest aggregate of 50 to take gold badge.

LOUISVILLE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION—Louisville, Ky., Feb. 9.—The State Team match to be shot on the third day of our tournament will be open to every State in the Union. Only one team from each State will be allowed to enter. Entries solicited at once and forfeit money must accompany the application. Conditions are as follows: Teams to consist of five members, each man to shoot at nine single clays at twenty-six yards, and four pair of birds at eighteen yards. Team entrance, $100; $10 forfeit. Prizes: 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third. Three best team scores to win the three prizes. We propose giving several prize (guns, etc.), in addition to the sweepstake. One to the best score in the winning team and one to the best score in the match, whether shooter is in the winning team or not. We bar no one. The programmes for our tournament will be out soon, when one will be mailed you. Asking your co operation and correspondence in the interest of lovers of trap shooting, we are,

T. C. and J. O. BARBOUR, Secretaries, 34 Third street, Louisville.

THE TRAP.

NEW YORK GUN CLUB—*Feb. 12*—Match for the Challenge Cup, value $100; $25 entry; 25 birds, 80 yards rise. The winner will hold the cup subject to challenge to shoot for the cup on each Saturday following at half-past ten o'clock. On January 1, 1882, the cup to be awarded to the one who has won it the largest number of times. Should there be a tie it will be shot at 25 birds, 30 yards rise, as follows:

Colonel Butler	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—22
Edmunds	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	—22

Mr. Dando was referee.

Sweepstakes, three birds each:

Col. Butler, 29 yds	1 1 1	Edmunds, 28 yds	—0
Dando, 25 yds	1 1 1	Arnold, 29 yds	—0

Sweepstakes, three birds each:

Edmunds, 28 yds	1 1 1	Arnold, 29 yds	—0
Butler, 29 yds	1 1 1	Dando, 28 yds	—0

Sweepstakes, three birds each:

Edmunds*, 28 yds	1 1 1	Col. Butler, 29 yds	1 1 0—2
Arnold, 29 yds	1 1 1	Dando, 28 yds	1 0 —1

*Edmunds killed his bird out of bounds.

Sweepstakes, three birds each:

Edmunds, 28 yds	1 1 1	Arnold, 29 yds	1 1 1
Butler, 29 yds	1 1 1	0—3	

Sweepstakes, ten birds each:

Edmunds, 28 yds	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—10	
Colonel Armstrong, 28 yds	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—9	
Arnold, 29 yds	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1	—8	
Dando	0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1	—7	
Colonel Butler, 29 yds	1 1 0 1 1 0	—4	

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.—Tenth monthly shoot for the Diamond Badge at seven birds each, handicap rise; to be awarded to the winner the greatest number of times in twelve shoots, with a prize in silver or bronze to be given the winner of each contest, such prize to be the winner's property, the value being from $10 to $20. The Diamond Badge has been won four times by Mr. Eddy, once by Mr. Delrahe, once by Mr. Jopert and yesterday by Mr. Cherry. The badge has to be shot for twice more, but Mr. Williams' chances are the best, for no one can beat him, and only Mr. Madison can make a tie with him, should the latter be fortunate enough to win it in the March and April contests. Mr. Williams had a chance to win it outright, but he would not shoot off, thereby giving one of the others a chance to win the silver cup and make a score for the Diamond Badge. Eighteen of the members faced the traps.

W Cherry	25	1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1—10
P Sheridan	23	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—1 0—9
John Snediker	23	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—0 0 — 7
W Williams*	30	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 — 7
A Eddy	26	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 — 6
Harvey Smith	26	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 — 6
W Hunter	23	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 — 6
H Miller	21	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 — 6
S B Hazard	23	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 — 5
W Lemken	23	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 — 5
James O'Conner	23	1 0 0 0 1 1 1 — 4
D A Lemken	22	1 1 0 1 0 0 1 — 4
E H Madison	30	1 0 1 1 0 1 0 — 4
P Havenhill, Jr	26	0 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 — 3
J Defraine	27	0 0 1 1 0 0 0 — 2
E Henning	23	0 0 1 0 0 0 1 — 2
E D Bushnell	21	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 — 1
W Selover	23	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 — 1

Mr. Williams declined to shoot off his tie.

FIRST GERMAN GUN CLUB.—New York, Feb. 9.—Regular quarterly shoot of the First German Gun Club for the club medal, at New Dorp, Staten Island:

Bohling	25 yards	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Fahrig	25	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0—7
Matsch	25	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0—8
Sauter	21	1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 1—5
Bomhoff	21	0 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0—5
Bockelman	21	1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1—7
Goetz	21	0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0—2
Hemmer	21	1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0—4
Schiller	21	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0—8
J V Lengerke	25	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Kunz	21	1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0—7
Riehl	25	1 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—3
Braun	21	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0—7
Zahn	21	1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1—6
Obermann	21	0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—6
Praender	25	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
		F. P.

LONG ISLAND GUN CLUB.—Eleventh regular monthly match for the Eddy prize:

G S Lamphear	23 yards	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—12
A Eddy		1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—11
W Mills	23	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 — 7
Robt Robinson	25	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 — 7
J V Turner	23	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 — 5
John Townsend	20	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 — 5
W Lemken	24	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 — 5
W Wynn	27	1 1 1 0 0 1 0 — 4
B W West	25	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 — 4
G W Post	21	0 1 1 0 0 1 1 — 4
G W Gildersleeve	23	0 0 1 0 1 1 1 — 4
Dr Morton	25	1 1 0 0 0 0 0 — 2

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB.—Second monthly shoot, at club grounds, Ridgeway Park; seven birds each; State rules:

W De Nyse, 21 yds	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7	J Knubel, 21 yds	0 1 0 1 1 1 1—5
T Kellett, 23 yds	1 1 1 1 1 1 0—6	H Heidemah, 23 yds	1 0 0 1 1 3 1—5
R M Hopps, 21 yds	1 1 0 1 1 1 1—6	Theo Obrig, 21 yds	1 1 0 1 1 1 0—5
F McGill, 21 yds	0 1 1 1 1 1 1—6	W E Trott, 21 yds	1 1 0 1 0 1 1—5
Christopher, 21 yds	1 1 1 1 1 0—6	Altenbrand, 21 yds	1 1 0 0 1 1 1—5
B N Watts, 23 yds	0 0 1 1 1 1 1—5		

VINCENTOWN, N. J. *Feb.* 2.—The Coaxen Glassball Club of this place held their monthly shoot here to-day for silver badge; Card's Trap; 18 yds rise; 10 balls each:

W S Hilliard	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—9	Jos G Haines	1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1—7
T C Shreve	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—8	W Haines	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0—8
N E Haines	0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1—6	W J Irick	0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2
R N Irick	0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0—7	F S Hilliard	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—8
Capt Haines	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10		

SMITH VS. HAWKINS.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Match shot at 26 yards rise, one barrel, tame pigeons, ground traps, between George W. Smith, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Robert Hawkins of the same city. Score:

Smith, Geo. W.	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

Wanted.

WANTED—Live Brant (*Anser bernicla*) decoys. Any person having one or more of these geese will receive a good price on application to W. HAPGOOD, 17 Court st., Boston, Mass. Feb17 4t

WANTED—Live Foxes. Write, stating age and how long caught. P. O. BOX 2,183, N. Y. City. Feb17,1t

The Kennel.

DRAFT FROM

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A KENNEL OF CRACK FIELD AND BENCH SHOW DOGS.

The Laverack Kennel offers all its aged dogs for sale and will only retain a few young dogs for next year's Derby. Mr Snellenburg will visit Europe about May 1, hence is desirous selling ere he leaves. These dogs have run in public and first-class reference will be given as to their bench and field trial qualities.

1. THUNDER, pure Laverack Setter, color, blue Belton; whelped May 7, 1877; weight, 53 lbs.; winner of seven bench show prizes and one field trial; sire of Daisy, Lady, Dick and Mack Laverack.
2. PEERESS, pure Laverack; color, lemon Belton; whelped August, 1875; sister to the celebrated Princess, Puzzle, Phanton, Petrel, by Prince out of Lill II., in whelp to Thunder. She is a grand bitch, being the dam of Daisy, Lady, Dick and Mack Laverack; broken by Smith, of Canada, and a merry worker.
3. DAISY LAVERACK, pure Laverack; color, lemon Belton; whelped June 19, 1879; winner of second prize in the Nat. A. K. C. Derby, Vincennes, 1880. Daisy, I consider, a first-class field dog; has a remarkably keen nose and is very fast.
4. MAY LAVERACK, black and white; whelped May 11, 1879; winner in two field trials; is the fastest puppy I ever shot over. She is by Thunder out of Spot, a native bitch by Glass out of Pink. She will breed well to a large, well-made native or Llewellin dog.
5. DICK LAVERACK, blue Belton, pure Laverack; a handsome-bodied dog and much like his sire, Thunder; second in a large class at the late Pittsburgh dog show; beaten by his brother Mack. I consider him as good in the field as Daisy or May; whelped June 19, 1879; weight, about 48 lbs.
6. MAZEPPA, liver and white Pointer bitch; 8 mos. old, Button-Topsy.

Price of No. 1, $600; No. 2, $250; No. 3, $300; No. 4, $200; No. 5, $250; No. 6, $30.

Sportsmen can rely that the dogs are as represented.

I refer, with permission, to the FOREST AND STREAM, or to any gentleman present at the late field trials. Dick, Daisy and May are two season dogs; broken in Missouri by H. M. Short and have had a great deal of game killed over them. There are no better bred dogs in the world, as gentlemen posted in canine matters will admit.

I intend importing a pure Laverack dog that I think will nick well with Daisy and May, and should I keep Peeress would breed her to no other dog than Thunder.

Address, until April 1,
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New Brighton, Pa.
After that, to
W. L. McCONNELL,
Newcastle, Pa.
Feb17,1t

FOR SALE—My black and white English Setter Dog (bred and raised by Ethan Allin, Promfret Centre, Conn.), 2½ years old; very handsome and a good worker in the field; fast, staunch and stylish. Sold for no fault. GEO. R. NEWTON, Grafton, Mass. Feb17,1t

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE, a Red Irish Setter Bitch, nine months old, by Champion Echo, out of my Elsie, for cash or Winchester rifle. Pedigree and particulars, address THOMAS P. MONTGOMERY, 7 South Third st., Harrisburgh, Pa. Feb17,1t

FOR SALE, orange and white Setter Bitch, one year old. BARTON PARDEE, Hazleton, Pa. Feb17,1t

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RARE OFFER.—For sale, the pure red Irish bitch Red Lou, seven months old; winner of 1st prize puppy class at late Pittsburg dog show; dam, the grand bitch Norah (Tilley-ex-Champion Berkley) 1st prize, N. Y., 1880; sire, Champion Rory O'Moore. Lou is a great beauty, all red (no white), and of the very darkest, richest color that can be shown; her head is a perfect picture of her grand-sire, Champion Berkley. Price $40. Address for printed pedigree and particulars W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. Feb17,1t

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FOR SALE, a handsome liver and and white Cocker Spaniel Dog, one year and a half old; flat-coated; weight, 24lbs; broke over woodcock, ruffed grouse and a No. 1 retriever from land or water; will retrieve ducks or any water fowl from shore or boat; price, $30. CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Feb17,1t

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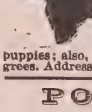
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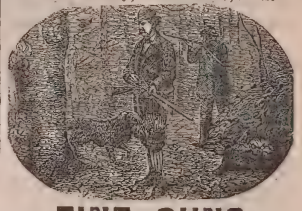
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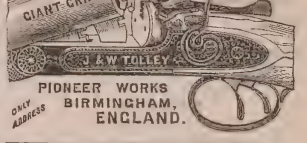
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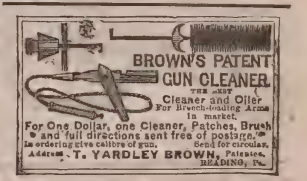
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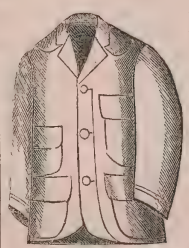
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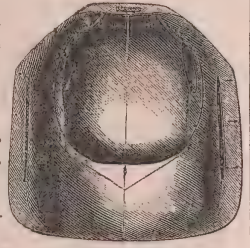
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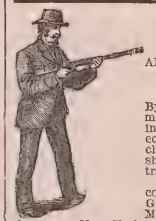
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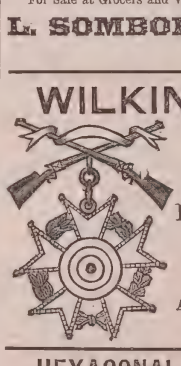
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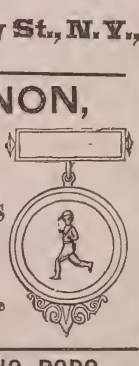
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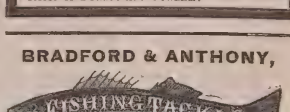
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FOREST AND STREAM
AND ROD AND GUN
THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between american sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, February 24.

THE LAST OF THE AQUARIUM.

THE New York Aquarium is approaching its dissolution. With the expiration of its lease, in May next, it will be no more. The proprietor claims that the American people do not appreciate an aquarium; but if he had said that they do not appreciate his aquarium it would be nearer the truth.

When it was opened in 1876 it was thronged for months, and had a brilliant and valuable collection of fishes. It paid for itself in a year, notwithstanding the fact that it was run at an enormously extravagant expense. The first management erred in this, and in exaggerated advertisements of "sea serpents" when a "muray," a specics of sea eel, was caught, etc. At the same time, the collection was kept up to replace the frequent deaths caused by bad management in placing fish in the show tanks before they became acclimated to the temperature and the light.

The Aquarium was not constructed on the best models, as at that time no one in America knew much about aquaria; and it cost more than twice what it should have cost. The second management has catered to a class who do not care for the legitimate features of an aquarium, and there have been all sorts of shows introduced, from Punch and Judy to circus and opera. That an aquarium built by a stock company, which would be content with a fair interest on their investment will pay in New York, if properly built and managed, we do not for a moment doubt; but it should be placed where the ground rent would not eat it up, and it should not attempt to do the sensational and to draw crowds, rather contenting itself with a steady moderate patronage all the year round.

At first, the attendance of children in charge of nurses was an important factor in the morning receipts, and it was a favorite resort for scientists and the clergy, who latterly have eyed it askance; and its patrons have been drawn from rural visitors mainly. An aquarium will pay in New York if the right persons are at the head of it, who have brains enough to employ competent managers and who will not let it degenerate into a variety show. The public started in right and received the Aquarium as the correct place of resort for themselves and their children for the firstyear; then it changed its character and the public changed also. Of late its attractions have been a few carp and perch in the fresh-water tanks and about fifty salty-water fish of four species; two hippopotami, two monkeys, one bird (toucan) and a circus.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BEAGLES.

IN our kennel columns last week we very briefly announced our intention of offering at the coming bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club two special prizes for Beagles, one to be offered in the bench-legged and the other in the straight-legged class. The attention of sportsmen at bench shows in this country has been given in such a great degree to setters and pointers that other and excellent strains of dogs have been passed over. Recently the admirers of the spaniel have spoken for him in no uncertain tones and it is high time that something be done for the interest of the useful little beagle.

We believe that the announcement of these prizes will induce keen competition among breeders and will encourage the improvement of the strain. We were especially desirous that the entries for these specials might be free. In order that no one entering a dog at the show should be debarred from entering for them, we therefore sent to the Secretary of the W. K. C. the following letter:

OFFICE OF FOREST AND STREAM,
39 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, February 16.

R. C. CORNELL, ESQ., Secretary Westminster Kennel Club, 206 Broadway:

Dear Sir—The FOREST AND STREAM desires to offer to the Westminster Kennel Club, at its bench show to be held this spring, two handsome, silver-mounted hunting-horns as special prizes for Beagles. One of the horns to go to the best bench-legged beagle of any age or sex in the show, the other to the best straight-legged beagle.

The FOREST AND STREAM is especially anxious that the entries for these special prizes shall be free, but is of course unable to announce the conditions under which the prizes will be competed for without first consulting the W. K. C.

Can you inform us at an early day whether it will be possible for us, in announcing the conditions for these prizes in our next week's issue, to say that the entries will be free?

The same individual who judged the open class could act as judge for the specials.

The beagle has not, to our mind, received in the past its fair share of attention, and we feel anxious to do what we can to encourage the improvement of the breed.

THE EDITORS FOREST AND STREAM.

To this Mr. Cornell replied that the only conditions that the club had to make in the matter were that the dogs competing should be regularly entered in the regular classes. We are therefore enabled to announce the conditions under which the FOREST AND STREAM trophies will be competed for, in our kennel columns this week.

The entries will be free, but those desiring to compete must forward their names and entries to the FOREST AND STREAM, and such entries will be published from time to time as received. As it is probable that the number of entries will be large, the earlier these are sent in the better.

The value of the beagle is slowly coming to be appreciated. As the birds on which we have been accustomed to rely for sport become, owing to hard winters, excessive shooting and the unfortunate passion which seems to possess our legislators for continually tinkering with the game laws, more and more scarce, lovers of the gun must seek some other diversion than that in which setters and pointers are employed. Hare hunting will in many localities take the place of bird shooting, and the merry little beagle with his tuneful voice will, before long, surely come into deserved prominence as a sportsman's assistant. We hope that the offer of these special prizes may have a good effect in inducing beagle owners to exhibit their favorites and in bringing to the front the best types of dogs of this strain.

We should be pleased to hear from all beagle owners on this subject.

HOUNDING AND STILL-HUNTING.

MORE than a year ago, with considerable trouble, we gathered a large amount of correspondence respecting the merits of the two methods of hunting deer—still-hunting and hounding. By a most unfortunate mischance the correspondence, when prepared for publication, was destroyed, and our own efforts and those of our friends who had proffered the result of their experience, went for naught. This subject is one deserving full discussion. Only by a comprehensive exhibit of the facts, as detailed by different observers in different parts of the country, can a sufficient basis of facts be established for proper legislation on the subject, and it is believed that the importance of the question is such as will induce all who are concerned to put forward their own individual information.

It will be conceded that the two methods, as practiced in different localities, are attended with widely different results; it is therefore often the case that a writer will adduce rules from a limited experience, which, while being entirely right for one section of the country, cannot be made to apply to other localities. The best way to get at the merits of the question is first to have the facts. We therefore invite concise statements respecting the following points, and we urge all who can supply any such information as is here called for to add it to the common fund:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
4th. Describe in like manner still-hunting and its effects.
5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
8th. What is the open season for deer?
9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them?

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—The new Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association seems to have been smitten with the lethargy which made the old Board little better than a display of figure heads. It does not seem that any progress is making toward the bringing on of an International match with the riflemen of Great Britain during the coming summer. The match rests with the Board, despite the shuffling motion made at the annual meeting that in the opinion of some of the members it was "inexpedient" to have a match. Gen. Hancock, who was chosen President with such a great hubbub, has not been near the rooms of the Association—does not appear to have lifted a finger in any way on behalf of the Association. The only sign of activity in the matter of an international match is the mass of "private" correspondence which is now going on between this side and the other. What this can be about we are at a loss to comprehend. It has been due to these gossipy, busybody letters that so much trouble and misunderstanding was brought about in previous matches between the two countries, and if they do not result in a final rupture at the present time it will be a result to be wondered at. The Board of Directors have the letter of President Stanhope, of the British Rifle Association, before them. It is an official communication and it has not as yet received a courteous official answer. Until that is done the private wire-pulling of the inside busybodies may be properly dispensed with.

BECAUSE "THE REFRIGERATOR AMENDMENT" has been modified, in consequence of the indignation of sportsmen everywhere through the State, the fact must not be overlooked that as it now stands it calls for earnest and continued opposition. The marketmen, who are at the bottom of it all, and those who are seeking to aid them, now say that the obnoxious "all-the-year-round" plan has been given up and so they would have it understood that in its present shape the bill is harmless. We pointed out last week the most patent objections to the proposed law. These objections should not be lost sight of. We are in receipt of communications from the interior of the State which show that the true character and object of the bill is understood.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING THE MOUNTAIN GOAT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ALTHOUGH residing for the last dozen years within sight and almost at the foot of a range of mountains upon the summits of which these animals are to be found in greater or lesser numbers, I had never until within a short time availed myself of the opportunity of a day's sport. But having received a request from a friend in the East to procure, if possible, a few skins of this animal suitable for mounting, and knowing the difficulty of obtaining such skins, properly made, through the agency of Indians, I resolved to combine business with pleasure, buckle on my armor, and interview the white-coated denizens of the mountains in their lofty retreats.

To make the success of the trip more certain I procured, as guide and general assistant, a sub-chief of the Squamish tribe of Indians, whose fame as a mighty goat hunter had "gone abroad in the land." In negotiating for his services I thought to impress upon him the dignity of the expedition by telling him that a great white chief, whose wigwam was in a land toward the rising sun, had expressed a wish to obtain some information respecting the animal of which he (the Indian) was such a mighty hunter.

But the sordid love of filthy lucre was deeply rooted in his savage breast, and the pursuit of scientific knowledge, unremunerated by a stipulated number of American half-dollars, had about as much interest for him as the chir-r-ring notes of the kingfisher just passing us; for with a shuffle of his moccasined toe in the sand, and an expression of face which left no doubt as to the meaning of his words, he replied, or rather asked: "*Konsick mica pottatch?*" (How much will you pay?) So, after considerable financial sparring, the bargain was settled for one dollar per day.

On the morning of May 26 I gathered up my traps, consisting of blankets, implements of taxidermy, light breech-loading shotgun, and my trusty Winchester rifle, and bundled into the canoe, and, long before the drowsy inhabitants of Hastings were astir, was gliding northward over the blue waters of Burrard Inlet.

It was a beautiful morning, even for this "beautiful month of the year," and at this time, to a lover of mountain scenery, there are few places on this Northwest coast more enjoyable than the north arm of Burrard Inlet. All along the tangled network of undergrowth which fringes the shore Nature is busy with palette and brush touching up her carpet and drapery with the wondrous hues of approaching summer.

Here and there garlands of crimson and blue dabble with the ebb and flow of the tide. Yonder the bright foliage of maple and birch appear and disappear amid the darker shades of hemlock and fir, while far above the dark line of waving pines, serrated and dome-shaped peaks, frosted and white with the lingering snows, stand out clear cut against the sky beyond.

Cataracts, coming from heights where their noise is hushed and their foaming lines dwindle to mere silver threads in the distance, tumble and leap and hurl themselves into the silent waters of the inlet, whose ceaseless ebb and flow go on unchanged. The music of our bird world, too, just wakening from a night's repose, fills up the enjoyment of the surroundings. We hear the plaintive cry of the little auk as it dips and flirts like a phantom bubble just ahead of us, the noisy chatter of Steller's jay, the joyous greetings of little warblers, while from far up amid the foliage of sighing firs comes the "Whoo, whoo, whoo" of the dusky grouse.

I had yielded to the charm of my surroundings when my reverie was broken and my ideas called back to their normal state by the loud baying of a hound on the hill to our left, and as I turn and watch the shore in that direction a large buck (*Cervus columbianus*) glides noiselessly into the water, and, standing at knee-deep, throws his head high in the air, looking back in the direction from whence the sound of his pursuer comes. What a picture of life and fleetness! We might have shot him where he stood, but we have too much regard for Her Majesty's game laws in this part of the Dominion to do anything of the kind. Presently the great ears begin to move back and forth, a step or two further is taken, then as the notes of the approaching hound sound clearer, showing with what fearful certainty the trail is followed, the deer plunges into the water and strikes boldly for the opposite shore, a mile distant.

But a breeze had sprung up from the gulf, and as it freshens we hoist our sail, and our beautifully modeled Chinook canoe skims over the water like a bird, and after four hours' run we reach our destination and pitch our camp at the mouth of a little stream at the head of the inlet. On our way up the old hunter informed me that his brother Charley, feeling annoyed at not having received an invitation to join the hunt, and being also a little jealous of the old hunter's fame, had declared his intention to follow us, and I was strictly enjoined by the old fellow to pay no attention to his advice concerning the mountains, for although he was an average hand at spearing salmon, his opinions as regarded goat-hunting were not to be depended on. And sure enough, we had scarcely finished arranging camp, when Charley arrived, bringing with him his two sons, lads of probably ten and twelve years of age.

As it was then noon I decided not to try the mountains that day, but to occupy the time in securing some specimens of harlequin ducks and water-ouzels which the Indians informed me were to be met with a short distance up the creek.

So leaving the two lads in camp we started, and had proceeded about half a mile, and while I was engaged in watching the antics of a water-ouzel, which was diving from one side of a piece of drift and coming up on the other, a large black bear stepped out from a clump of bushes on the bank and stood within twenty feet of us. It was but for a moment though, for before I could reach my rifle, or before the Indians could raise their muskets, with a loud snort he was back under cover. In an instant Charley was out of the canoe, followed by myself, and as the place on which we had discovered Bruin was an island, we thought to overtake him before or while crossing the stream on the other side. We were, however, disappointed, for on reaching the other bank we found he had already crossed, as his trail on the opposite shore indicated. When we returned to the canoe we found the old hunter intently watching some object on the side of the mountain opposite, and as we approached he pointed with his paddle and uttered the word "Sheep."*

I had with me a splendid field glass, which I at once brought to bear on the spot pointed out by the Indian. It was an open grassy place on the side of the mountain, down the centre of which a mountain stream coursed its way, emptying itself into the creek nearly opposite where we were standing. Picking the long grass and weeds which grew among the disjointed rocks were three shaggy, white-coated animals. A council of war was thereupon held and an attack immediately decided upon. The ascent of the mountain was comparatively easy, being along the course of the stream, until nearing the grassy opening when we had to make a long circuit to the left in order to keep under cover of the timber. The traveling then became tiresome and annoying on account of the great number of fallen trees and immense growth of a species of umbrella plant locally known by the very appropriate name of "devil's walking stick;" and woe be to the hand which clutches one of those sticks for a friendly support! We at last reached the level on which the grassy spot was situated, toward which, still picking our footsteps and guarding against the slightest snap of a twig, we kept on. Fortune seemed to favor us, for right in front and shutting out the opening from view was a rocky, moss covered ridge, up the side of which we crept, and cautiously peeped over the top, and there within one hundred yards were three goats quietly feeding, apparently unconscious of our approach, while further on and about four hundred feet further up, perched on the pinnacle of a rock, stood a large buck-goat whose attention was apparently attracted by the prospect of fresh feeding grounds on the mountains across the valley. Or he might have been a sentinel watching over the safety of his three companions in the little opening below him. If so, he was a careless one, for his position commanded a clear view of the rock on which we lay and no warning of our approach had been given. Choosing our victims we fired, and the three dropped almost in their tracks. Hastily throwing a fresh cartridge into my rifle I turned to look for the sentinel, but he had disappeared. In an instant Charley was off, dropping powder and ball into his old muzzle-loader as he ran; and while I was engaged in taking measurements of the three we had killed the loud report of his musket sounded far up the mountain side, and presently he appeared in sight on the point of rock on which we had first discovered the sentinel and, shouting down the warning "*Klosh Nanitch*" (look out), before I could utter a word to prevent him he tumbled the carcass of the unfortunate goat over the cliff. Down it came, a limp, shaggy white mass, bounding from crag to crag till it reached the flat on which we stood, shattered and torn beyond use. Its horns were split into shreds, its jaws broken and great patches of hair cut clean from the skin, in fact, it was useless as a specimen. I felt annoyed and only waited the approach of Charley to give him a severe reprimand for his carelessness. But the old hunter, chafing under Charley's success, and indignant at his presumption in acting without orders, at once opened out upon him with a burst of eloquence that to any one conversant with the guttural oratory of the Indian must have been scathing in the extreme. He concluded by informing him that we were collecting the skins of animals and birds solely in the interests of science, and not killing as do the Indians who hunt merely to satisfy their hungry stomachs. But Charley took it all very good-naturedly, and when he got the old fellow's back turned he held up two of his fingers to show that he had killed two goats while the mighty hunter had only bagged one.

Our descent of the mountains to where we had left the canoe was not at all difficult, as the hard snow along the border of the creek allowed us to drag our specimens without injury to the skins. On reaching camp we found the two boys fortified behind a large rock, over the top of which they had mounted an old flint-lock musket. It appeared that shortly after our leaving the camp a black bear had taken up his position on the opposite side of the creek facing the camp, and had remained there till a short time before our return, and the boys, fearing an attack, very promptly placed themselves on the defensive. Had they found it necessary, though, to use the musket it would no doubt have done as much damage to the besieged as to the besieger, as it was found to be nearly half full of slugs and buck shot.

The next day's sport, though of somewhat an exciting character, did not redound much to my fame as a goat hunter. The ascent of the mountain had been difficult, and in many places dangerous, and more than once the assistance of my trusty guides had to make up for my lack of iron nerve. Creeping along the face of a cliff with a thousand feet between you and the first halting place should you happen to miss your footing is a feat which few amateurs in mountain travel may accomplish with ease. Muscle and endurance are valuable adjuncts to the composition of a sportsman, but in hunting the mountain goat, muscle and endurance will avail him nothing if he is lacking in that most necessary of all requisites, a steady head; and the enthusiastic hunter urged on by the excitement of the chase with the game keeping just beyond the reach of his rifle, may find himself at a point where to go on is impossible and to return requires the nerve and coolness of a Blondin.

We at length reached a shelf, from which to gain the top the old hunter had to mount on the shoulders of his brother; after which he lowered the butt of his musket for Charley to cling to, and with my assistance he also ascended. The old fellow then formed a loop on one end of his belt and fastening the other to the butt of his musket passed it down for my assistance. I, however, began to look at the thing from a purely scientific point of view. I had much to learn concerning the habits of the mountain goat; in fact, I had only just commenced the task. Now the belt, which was an old one, might possibly break, and a fall back to the narrow shelf on which I was standing might carry me over its edge, and that would be the end of it. So I told the Indians to go over the ridge, and if they found any goats to come back, that I would then make the attempt. They had scarcely left me ten minutes when they commenced firing, the sound of their muskets echoing and re-echoing along the mountain side. Shot after shot was fired, till the whole place appeared to resound with one continuous roar of musketry. I became very much excited, and ran along the shelf in hope of finding some more accessible place by which to reach the top; but the search was fruitless, so I came back, sat down, and, lighting my pipe to soothe my excitement, waited the return of the Indians.



THE MOUNTAIN GOAT—Aplocerus columbianus, Coues.

In the meantime the firing had ceased, and presently the old hunter, with a frown on his swarthy brow, appeared on the crest of the ridge, and sliding down on the shelf, seated himself beside me.

He was decidedly in a wrathy mood, and refused to have anything more to do with the hunt so long as Charley remained, and urged me strongly to send him home. It appeared that shortly after leaving me they came upon a band of seven goats, and as they had approached them from above, there was a good opportunity for rare sport had they returned to notify me, as I had instructed and as the old hunter wished. But the uncontrollable Charley at once opened fire, and the old hunter, fearful lest he should again be behind, followed suit; but whether from excitement or the inaccuracy of their flint-lock muskets, it is hard to say—out of all their shooting but one goat fell, and that at Charley's first fire. As the old man was in bad humor, I decided to return to camp, but on reaching the canoe an exclamation from Charley drew our attention to a mountain on the opposite side of the creek, where, in a small opening, we discovered a she goat with a young kid, the latter appearing like a mere speck of snow skipping about among the rocks.

Before starting out I had offered a fair reward for the capture of a kid, and this was the old man's opportunity. As he was stripping for the chase he turned to Charley and commanded him to remain below and occupy his time in catching trout, with which the stream abounded. He then disappeared in the dense growth of timber which intervened between the creek and the foot of the mountains; while I took up a favorable position with my glass to watch the success of the chase. The ascent must have been difficult, for two hours passed before the crouching form of the Indian appeared in the opening. A short time before this the old goat must have snuffed the danger, for she started up the mountain, and at the moment the Indian came in sight had reached a shelf to which the kid was unable to follow. All this time a large white-headed eagle soared in majestic circles directly over the scene. After several unsuccessful attempts to reach its dam, the kid started back toward the point from which the Indian was advancing, but before proceeding very far sprang down upon a narrow shelf and stood concealed beneath an overhanging bush.

* Among all the tribes of Indians in this country the mountain goat is invariably known by the name of sheep. Indeed many of the whites appear to fall into the same error, although it would be about as consistent to call a marten a mink or a goose a turkey.

The Indian in the meantime working his way upward, stopped within a few feet of the place, but from his actions I was satisfied he was ignorant of the kid's position, and, fearing the prize would escape, in my excitement I shouted at the top of my voice; but the sound must have died away before reaching him, for he took no notice. Presently he raised his musket and leveled at the old one, which still remained in the same position on the shelf above, but lowering it again he commenced a search among the rocks for the lost kid. His stupidity annoyed me, for had he kept his position he commanded, so far as I could see, the only way by which the kid could escape; for below was a perpendicular cliff of a thousand feet against the side of which no possible foothold for anything without wings could be seen. But in this I was mistaken, for a rock, loosened by the Indian's foot, rolling over the cliff started the little animal from its hiding place, and with a bound it sprang outward and down. The thought of its fate sent a cold shudder through me. A thousand feet, sheer down, to be ground to atoms on the rocks below! But no—down it went fifteen or twenty feet, alighting on a rocky cone which stood out at a slight angle from the main cliff, on the top of which there was scarcely room for its feet huddled together. Had it started from that point and soared away over the tops of the trees which studded the valley it would not have surprised me in the least, and I waited breathlessly for its next move.

For a moment it rested like a speck of snow upon the dark gray granite cone, then with a downward spring of perhaps ten feet it reached a narrow shelf which had before escaped my notice and which ran along the face of the cliff to the wooded mountains on the right. But a sadder fate awaited the unfortunate animal than if it had fallen into the hands of the Indian. The terrible bird which in narrowing circles had kept above the scene, and whose piercing eye had taken in the vantage of the position—the kid separated from the protection of its dam—stopped suddenly in its course, then swooped downward swift as the lightning's flash, its great wings cleaving the air, and seizing the poor kid, just when life and liberty seemed so near, bore it clear of the cliff, fluttered a moment in mid air, then drifted downward along the mountain side, disappearing below the tops of the swaying firs.

The chase was over, and with a sigh of disappointment I shut up my glass and waited the return of the Indian. It was nearly dark when we reached camp, and after partaking of some of the delicious trout which Charley had hooked from the creek, I lit my pipe, and being somewhat tired with my exertions, rolled myself in my blankets, and with a beautiful clear sky for a roof and the "babble, babble" of the creek for a lullaby, I lay dozing, cogitating over the events of the day. Finally the forms of the two Indians, dimly outlined through the smoke of the camp fire, faded entirely away and I glided into dreamland, and all through the night re-enacted the scenes of the chase. The kid's terrible leap, my frantic exertions to reach the top of a cliff where goats were being killed by the two Indians, till at last a large white-headed bird lifted me from the rocks and dropped me over a precipice—then, with a start, I awoke and found it was daylight. My dusky companions were already astir, and after the morning's meal I announced my intention of starting for home as I had procured what specimens I required for the present. But the old hurter, feeling no doubt disappointed at his want of success during the last two days, and anxious to satisfy me that he was worthy of the name he bore, induced me, by representing that we would almost be sure to secure a kid, to accompany him to a high table land which he had pointed out the day previous, lying between two snowy peaks. I was satisfied this trip would occupy the greater part of the day, but the hope of obtaining a kid decided me in making it.

After leaving the valley of the creek, which is about one-fourth of a mile wide, the ascent lay over a succession of benches thickly timbered with giant firs, gloomy and silent as the tomb, save when the weird notes of the dusky grouse, coming from beyond the spectral trunks, broke in upon the ghostlike stillness; and it was with a feeling of relief that we poked our heads above the last line of sighing firs, and scrambling up a rather steep incline reached the open table land above. What a prospect awaited us! Nearly surrounding the little plateau and back as far as the eye could reach, dark granite and snow-covered peaks reflected the bright rays of the sun from a thousand different angles. The little plateau was composed of low grassy ridges with miniature valleys between, dotted here and there with clumps of juniper and stunted pines, while heaps of crumbling rocks, resembling the ruins of ancient castles, filled up the foreground. This was the home of the hoary marmot, whose sharp, prolonged whistle sounded so strangely human. Here, too, was to be found that strange little animal the little chief hare or rock rabbit; while in graceful circles above the opening soared that terrible scourge of mountain and plain, the white-headed eagle, seeking, no doubt, a morning meal in the shape of a fat kid. Although the emblem of a great people, I have a sort of supernatural antipathy to this bird, and this dislike was created under the following distressing circumstances:

In the early days of the Province—in the days of the gold excitement—I had, in company with an old mining partner, decided upon prospecting the head waters of a river far to the north of this; and for this purpose had in early fall cached a large quantity of provisions in a cabin situated some eighty miles up the river. It was on our journey toward this cabin that the incidents I am about to relate transpired. We left the mouth of the river on December 20, with the snow at least four feet deep; but being supplied with first-class Indian snowshoes, and having a light load to haul on our sleds, we calculated on making the trip in six days, and took with us only provisions to last about that time. But on the second day a blinding snowstorm came on, in the midst of which we missed our way and followed up a large tributary instead of the main river; nor did we discover our mistake until the morning of the tenth day, when the storm cleared up and showed us our position. There was nothing left for us but to retrace our steps.

Our provisions, which were nearly exhausted, were dealt out a mouthful a day until they were finished. Our sleds, which then became too much for us to haul, were abandoned, together with our blankets, and for five days, with nothing to eat, we dragged ourselves along over the desert waste of snow, and for five nights we built our camp-fire and walked around it, not daring to lie down lest sleep, that chilly sleep that often knows no waking, should overpower us. During all those days a large white-headed eagle kept us company, either soaring in regular circles behind, or ahead, perched on some naked limb, awaiting our approach. At night his place would be near our camp, and the first streaks of dawn would reveal the "Sexton," as we christened him, pluming his feathers to resume the journey. Night nor day did he leave us, and to our distorted imagination, with death as it were closing in upon upon us, each day he appeared to grow larger. Finally, when weak and exhausted and with bodies worn to mere skeletons, we dragged ourselves through the door of the home cabin, he uttered a piercing shriek, and soared back toward the mountains. And it was well for him that he did, for my companion, though scarcely able to hold his rifle, fished it out from among the things we had cached, and with eyes wild and glaring as the eagle's, waited for his approach; but he never returned. Since that time I never get a specimen of this bird, but it is with a feeling of revengeful satisfaction that I strip him of his skin. But to return to the present. The old hunter, who had been prospecting the neighborhood for goats, returned, his greasy face glowing with satisfaction, and announced the result as follows: "Hiyou sheep!" "Hi you tenass!" (Plenty of sheep, plenty of young ones); and following him a short distance over a grassy ridge we came upon small bands, either feeding or lying beneath the shelter of some bush or overhanging rock. There were also a number of kids skipping and frolicking about, much in the manner of those of our domestic flocks. But although we used every artifice, the capture of a kid proved a failure. At one time we felt sure of success. We had come upon four goats with two kids lying upon a narrow shelf, one side of which ascended almost perpendicularly over one hundred feet into a wooded ravine, the ascent on the other side being almost as abrupt: We were satisfied the goats would go up the face of the rock, and that the kids might be unable to follow them, or if they did, as a last resort, we would shoot the old ones. We approached within a hundred feet, when they suddenly turned and faced us. With foot advanced and every nerve strung to its highest tension, we waited the first move upward. But they surprised us by using widely different tactics from what we expected.

Suddenly wheeling to the left, and with limbs as rigid as if they had been jointless, they slid down the smooth face of the incline and disappeared in the ravine below. I cannot say that I was much surprised, for after witnessing the astonishing leap made by the kid on the day previous I had come to the conclusion that, unless by mere accident, there is but one animal a match for these little mountain acrobats, and that animal, *Haliatus leucocephalus*.

These grassy openings, the old hunter informed me, occur in many places in the mountains, and used to be, in the early days of blanket making, a great resort for the Indians. Here they would bring their families and camp for weeks at a time, slaughtering great numbers of goats and drying the skins before packing them in their canoes.

The following extracts from an article contributed by my valued friend, Mr. J. C. Hughes, to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM show the value of this animal to the Indians before the advent of the whites. He says:

The coat is of two qualities, namely; a fine white wool next the skin, of a fine grade, and a long, white hair, straight and stiff, coarse in texture, never curly, as is the wool in the domestic sheep. Sometimes the coat assumes a dingy white or yellowish cast, but white is the normal color.

The skins are shorn by the Indians of all, or nearly all, of the different tribes on this coast. The wool is spun in the most primitive kind of manner by the squaws, who twist it on the bare knees with the palm of the hand. This yarn is woven into blankets on a very rude kind of loom, by passing the weft over and under the warp with the hand, without the use of a shuttle or other appliance. These blankets, although occupying a long time in their manufacture, are still very common among the Indians, and at one time constituted their principal covering, especially among the tribes living on the coast. The manufacture of these blankets is yearly decreasing, however, owing to the importation of American and English ones, and other causes; and it is safe to conjecture that this species of goat is on the increase, instead of decrease, as the fleece, not the flesh, was the object sought for by the Indians. Not that the flesh is unpalatable and inferior, but that other pursuits are less arduous and more profitable; and among our Indians hunting is not so much practiced as when it was a necessity. The old adepts are fast dying off and the young fry pay more attention to working for the whites as servants, mill hands, salmon fishers, cattle herders, etc., than to hunting, the last twenty years having made a great change in their mode of obtaining a livelihood.

The flesh of this species resembles, in some degree, mutton. That of the kids is exceedingly delicate, has a slight gamey flavor, is eaten by both Indians and whites, and by some of the latter is preferred to venison.

Among the Indians of early times, to be a successful goat-hunter was to be a man of note in the tribe, a husband to be sought after by the dusky damsels looking for a helpmeet, as he was able to procure at the same time food and clothing—two very desirable things in domestic economy. And after his death this qualification insured him a sarcophagus, which was placed on posts in "the village of the dead," and emblazoned with representations in relief of the animal in question, as a memento of his prowess in this particular line during his lifetime.

It was nearly dusk when we reached camp, but wind and tide being in our favor, I decided upon starting at once for home. So carefully stowing my skins in the canoe and wrapping myself in my blanket, I nestled down comfortably in the bow, while the grim old savage, his steady hand guiding us over the rippling waters, sang out, in strange notes, the songs of his tribe; and Charley and the two boys, who followed behind, catching up the refrain, sent it back echoing among the mountains. They were happy—and why not? for surely this is the Indian's paradise. Here is to be found every enjoyment which the Great Ruler of the universe constituted him to inherit. The waters teem with fish that kings might covet. The mountains and valleys are alive with animals which furnish him both food and raiment; and, satisfied with the fruits which the earth affords him, he wanders through the forest, or, in his cedar canoe, wrapped in blanket and mat, he glides over the waters, unheeding the flight of time, whither wind and tide choose to take him. Truly "he soweth not, neither does he reap." But the picture sketched by these meditations is marred by the reflection that in a short time this state of things—this happiness of savage life—shall pass away. Already the "tramp, tramp" of the approaching East sounds faintly in our ears.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be—
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

Already a "shining iron track" is being laid, over which civilization, in all its complex character, with all its attending follies, its crimes and its varieties, its crowding and wrangling for wealth and position, its happiness and distress—shall move forward, and the unpretending savage and his food-and-raiment-giving animal, the mountain goat, shall be forced back beyond our ken and only live in the works of the persevering and self-sacrificing naturalist.

JOHN FANNIN.

THE CENTRAL FISHCULTURAL SOCIETY.—Our report in this week's issue closes the proceedings of this most interesting meeting, which we have given in full and more correctly than was attempted by local papers. It has all been stereotyped and will soon be printed in pamphlet form.

"A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The author of "A Trip Through the Provinces," which appeared in your issue of the 10th inst., so evidently not only has a keen appreciation of a sporting trip, having what he would probably call a "first-rate time," but has taken so much pleasure in talking and thinking over his experiences and writing out his very pleasant (because natural and unaffected) record of the same, and moreover is withal so palpably a good fellow, that it seems almost too bad to "go for him." And this is more especially the case from the fact that he writes over his own name, whereas I, for reasons which to me seem sufficient, object to appearing in *propria personæ* in a controversy of this kind. If he contented himself with giving an account of his experiences there would be no great harm, even if in his enthusiasm he did see everything rather rose colored; but when he goes on to give advice to others as to following in his footsteps, the thing is a very different one. The number of hard-worked young clerks in shops, railroads, insurance offices, banks, etc., who yearn after a little outdoor life combined with sport, is enormous, and is increasing every day, and any statement of the possibility of getting good salmon and trout fishing, with moose, caribou and deer shooting, in the space of two or three weeks, at a very moderate cost, would be almost sure to start off some parties, perhaps at a great deal of sacrifice of time and hard-earned savings, who, if they found that the hopes held out had been entirely illusory, would very naturally return with a feeling that they had been swindled out of their short annual holiday.

I remember perfectly being very much impressed by the exaggerated (though evidently unintentionally so) account of the chances for salmon fishing, which the same correspondent gave in an article some time ago, on the strength of a very lucky experience he had happened to have at Fraser's; and I have no doubt that had not "Manhattan" taken the trouble to state the real condition of things in that respect, many would have gone down, prepared for great sport, only to find that the only free fishing grounds showed more rods than fish per diem. However, it is not with regard to the fishing that I want to protest, as "Manhattan" did that most thoroughly, as is shown by your correspondent's own experience last season, although he is perfectly right in claiming that it was an exceptionally bad year. I would say, however, that it is not to be wondered at that a person's enthusiasm should cause him to mislead others, when it is so great as to start him off himself with two friends, without having taken any steps to find out whether there had been any change in the Restigouche during the past three years.

To anybody who knows the circumstances of the transaction there is something almost ludicrous in the idea of Fraser's speaking, "almost with tears," of the thirty odd thousand dollars that the New York Club paid him for his house and rights. But as I said before, it is not with regard to fishing that I want to take the liberty of making a few corrections to the "Tour Through the Provinces."

As the ground that I take is that one should not give advice and make statements with regard to the capacities of a certain locality for sport, without having accurate and personal knowledge thereof, it may not be out of place for me to present my credentials, so to speak, for the assumption of the authority to criticise. They simply consist in the fact of having with a friend passed during the last three autumns five, six and seven weeks in the country spoken of, most of which time was either in tents or in canoes, or excursions into the interior, with the best guides in the way of canoemen that the Provinces afford. We devoted each year the first part of our vacation, *i. e.*, from six days to a fortnight, to salmon fishing, and the rest to shooting. Having been pretty well over the Province of New Brunswick and that part of the Province of Quebec which is about Gaspe Basin, I feel that I have the right to state certain points, which I know to be facts. The remarks and advice which your correspondent makes with regard to shooting in the Provinces are evidently his honest impressions, but are derived just as evidently from hearsay, as by his own statement he has only been there in the spring or early summer.

First and foremost, in the way of misleading those who might be induced by his delightful account of the facilities for sport to take a trip to the Provinces, he makes no mention of the fact that unless they went to break the law and run the risk of being arrested and fined they must before firing a shot pay $20 for a license in New Brunswick and $50 for one in Nova Scotia! One would think that this was a pretty important fact for anybody who proposed going there to know, and one that would make considerable difference in the expenses of the trip, to say nothing of the unpleasantness of being hauled up as a poacher or law-breaker.

He speaks of moose and caribou being very plenty; deer not so much. There was a deer shot in Gloucester County, New Brunswick, some years ago, and the tradition is kept by the Indians as an extraordinary occurrence. There may be some few that cross the St. John River from Maine, but certainly east of the Tobique and in all the parts of New Brunswick visited by the author of the "Tour Through the Provinces," a deer would be looked upon as a great curiosity, and as for Nova Scotia, although I cannot speak from personal experience, I believe fully that no deer, *i. e. Cervus virginianus*, ever browsed. There moose and caribou are quite plenty, but what the chances of a party's going down on a few days' vacation, with al imited exchequer, would be of getting one is a different question.

In winter, with deep snow, anybody who went to the right place and got hold of the right sort of guide, could be sure of killing a caribou or two, and very likely a moose. But in order to do so he would have to put on his snow shoes, start off with a few biscuit or hard tack, and a little tea and sugar in his pocket, and follow his Indian or French guide a route through the woods, camping under a bough shelter at night, and generally leading a life of physical strain and endurance that few men not bred in the woods could stand. I do not mean to say that moose and caribou may not be shot in the autumn, because I know that they are. Last season, when I was at Bathurst, an English gentleman brought down the river one of the finest caribou heads that I ever saw, and the year before a gentleman on the Geological Survey shot two on the very same canoe route that my friend and myself went over a week or so later. But after all, it is a matter of chance, and implies of necessity having good hunters for guides, starting into the interior in birch canoes, two men to each sportsman, and an extra canoe with its two canoe men for supplies, if any lengthened trip was to be made; all of which is not of course compatible with the quickness and cheapness which is held out as an inducement. I can only say that a young gentleman, a wonderful shot, of my acquaint-

ance has for certain for four—and I think for—five years spent from five to seven weeks in the interior of New Brunswick, starting in with a crew composed of the best Indian hunter and French canoeman, a camp-keeper or cook, and an extra canoe to take up his supplies, the bill of which item alone (*i. e.*, the supplies) exceeded the amount laid down as sufficient to cover all expenses of your correspondent; and that although he has had a great deal of sport, got many bears, beaver, mink, otter, etc., it was last year only that he got his first moose, and that was shot on the head waters of the Restigouche, up to which he had to be towed by horses wading up the stream. It is well known that, in the rutting season, when moose are at all plenty, they can be got by "calling." But although there are some good callers in Nova Scotia, I doubt if there is one in New Brunswick. There are plenty of Indians, half breeds and French habitants, who are hanging about the hotels all through the Province, who will claim to be experts at calling, but from what my men have told me I doubt if they are justified in so doing. There is one old Indian, "Gabe" by name, who is reputed to be a caller, who went out with Lord Dufferin, when he was Governor-General, but I believe even for his Excellency no moose could be persuaded to come to bag.

With regard to the list of small game given, I would say that there is not and never has been a quail in either New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, and that such a mistake is utterly inexcusable for one who writes as an authority on matters of sport. Anybody who has looked into the subject at all knows that the quail cannot winter even in Maine. Partridges of both kind, that is to say the ruffed grouse and the Canada grouse, are quite abundant, or rather they were so before the pretty general establishment of freezers made them worth from ten to fifteen cents apiece. But anybody who follows your correspondent's advice and takes up a well-broken setter or pointer, will be doomed to great disappointment, and will find that the first little cur dog that he comes across will be infinitely more useful than his blue-blooded pet.

And here I want to say that I have been watching with much interest the discussion that has being going on in FOREST AND STREAM as to whether partridges could be "treed" or not, and was wondering how long it would be protracted before somebody would hit the true explanation. It was only in your last issue that the same "Manhattan" states, what is a self-evident truth, that it is a matter of locality. The discussion reminded one of the old story of the two knights meeting at the pedestal of a statue that held aloft a shield, and after having fought almost unto death on the question as to whether the shield was of gold or of silver, found out that it was golden on one side and silver on the other, so that they both were right from their own point of view. In the same way Jean Baptist would be much amused if any one should tell him that partridges could not be made to fly into a tree, and sit there until shot off, for time and again he has done it with his old king's arm, altered by the village blacksmith from a flint-lock to a percussion gun; and knows full well that all he need do is to walk along any wood in September a little after sunrise, and when he hears his little yellow cur yelping in the bush he is sure, on going in, to find one or more partridges roosting on the branches of a tree and craning their necks out to see what all this noise is about. On the other hand, if our friend Jean Baptist should bring his little cur to Massachusetts and walk through the woods, he undoubtedly would have the pleasure of seeing him put up some partridges, if the undergrowth was not too thick, but that would be all he would see of them, unless he followed them up to repeat the same unsatisfactory performance. This would of course strike my friend Hammond, of Springfield, as an absurd way of hunting partridges, and with Sensation and one of his own dogs that are, I am told, especially well broken on ruffed grouse, he could show Jean Baptist such sport as the latter never conceived as possible. But let Mr. Hammond take his best dog to New Brunswick, or even to the northern part of Maine, and the laugh would be on the other side, for unless he could so ee his way through the undergrowth quicker than a partridge can run, and thus put them up himself, he would simply see his dog drawing carefully after a flock that would keep walking away from him and might lead him for miles before they took to wing. In short, it is a question of different habits of birds in different localities. "Manhattan" struck the keynote of the truth, but he does not, I think, tell the whole story, as were it merely that the birds in more thickly settled districts get wild from being hunted, we should find on the opening of the season the young broods just as likely to jump up into trees as those hatched in more wild regions, which is not the case. The fact is that we have here one of the many proofs of the truth of the law of hereditary influence, of which all scientific breeders are taking more and more heed. The grouse that live in a region where much shooting is done not only become wild and chary, but they transmit this tendency to their offspring, so that in time the instinctive habits of the birds will be entirely differ nt from those of the same family who have for years bred and multiplied comparatively undisturbed by man. This is of course a digression, but it will serve to show that it will be useless for the sportsman to take well broken setters and pointers to the wilder parts of the Provinces. In spring and autumn it is true that the marshes teem with the English snipe, and of course a good, well broken dog is a great advantage, but for wood shooting any cur that can be borrowed on the spot would do better, and you will not run the risk of spoiling a good dog. What is needed is a good recriever, and that should always be taken if duck and goose shooting is proposed Both ducks and geese are very abundant, and early and late there is, along the coast, a great flight of brant. To be at all successful, however, requires having as guides men who know the country and the habits of the birds, as one might be camped on a point with millions of fowl flying over head just out of shot regularly twice a day and never see a single feather. Again, where only a few days are at one's disposal, it seems almost a fatality that the season should be just too early or too late; this of course is not confined to sporting tours in the Provinces.

I have spun this out so long that I will not refer to what seem to be inaccuracies or carelessness in the account of the expenses of the trip given, merely saying that one is rather in doubt as to whether it is meant to be implied that the expenses of the whole party were under $100, or that it cost them $100 apiece. The first supposition is absolutely impossible, as the fares alone of three merely to Bathurst and return would be about $60, and on the second supposition I must say that $15 a day for a party of three does not seem to me to be so very cheap. In conclusion I want to say that I trust what I have written will be taken in the spirit in which it was done, which was not in the way of fault-finding or unkindness, but merely to correct what, I am sure, were unintentional inaccuracies and misleading statements; for I am convinced that nobody would regret more than the author of the article criticised having been the means of sending some poor devil down on a wild goose chase.

Boston, Feb. 15. MIC-MAC.

JAMES F. WILLIAMS.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a sad duty that devolves upon me to-day to record the death of Mr. James F. Williams, which occurred last night at his father's residence in this place.

To say that he was a thorough sportsman, and a gentleman whom to know was to love and respect, but feebly describes his status as a man. Modest and unassuming, saying but little, when he gave an opinion it was sure to be listened to and carefully weighed.

Mr. Williams had always shown a great interest in field sports, and whatever of good may have been accomplished by the sportsmen's association of this place is largely due to his efforts. The attendants upon the annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will miss his genial smile and hand shake; in his death the committee on revision of the game law have lost a member whose knowledge of the subject in question would have been of great value.

It has been the writer's good fortune to be a personal friend of the deceased from the time we were boys together up to the last, and during all that time he has been the same true hearted gentleman, making hosts of friends and losing none. No death has occurred in our quiet community for years that has been so universally regretted. Surrounded by everthing to makes life enjoyable in the way of pleasant home associations and comforts, young in years, with a kind father, brother and five young lady sisters it seems doubly sad that he should be snatched from these dear ones who were so proud of him, and loved him so well.

Mr. Williams was taken with inflammation of the lungs but a few days ago, and nothing serious was apprehended until within three days of his death. Everything was done that medical skill and loving hands could suggest, but in vain, and now the community mourns as one man, and a gap is left in society that cannot easily be filled. H. W. D. L.

Natural History.

NESTING HABITS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

I NOTICE that in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM a question has been started as to the manner in which the ruffed grouse leaves her nest when disturbed. In the numerous instances which have come under my own observation the bird has always, with a single exception, taken wing, sometimes "booming off" till lost to view among the trees; again flying noiselessly to a distance of only a few yards, then alighting and continuing the retreat on foot. The exception referred to was in the case of a bird that had not commenced setting, she having laid only half a dozen eggs. She started suddenly from the nest as I approached, and ran swiftly, but did not take wing. The grouse nests, hereabouts, sometimes beneath a brush-pile, which affords excellent protection from prying eyes, but as frequently she scratches a little hollow in the ground at the base of some large tree, lines it with a few dead leaves and deposits therein her eggs, which are only protected by the tree trunk itself. Once I found a nest that had not even this protection. It was in the woods of young oaks, at some distance from any tree or other object. As to the locality chosen, it is sometimes in the densest, darkest portion of the woods, again in open and much-frequented spots. Before she has deposited the full complement of eggs the grouse usually keeps her nest covered with dead leaves. After she has commenced to set, however, when at intervals she goes in quest of food, which she generally does toward evening, she does not always take pains to hide her eggs from view.

After the first egg is laid the bird is generally found lurking near her nest. The bird dog scents her now as well as at any other season Later, however, when she has commenced incubating, no effluvium emanates from her motionless body, and the keenest nosed dog may pass close to the spot where she crouches without detecting her presence. This curious habit is, I believe, common to all game birds; but, strangely enough, all ground-nesting birds are not possessed of like ability. I have frequently seen my setter come to a dead "stand" upon a towhee bunting, the nest of which I would not otherwise have discovered.

To return to the grouse. Her usual complement of eggs is about a dozen, but I have seen as many as twenty-two in one nest. In this case, however, two hens may have laid together, as the quails sometimes do. Generally the grouse will not bear having her eggs molested; sometimes the mere discovery of her nest will cause her to desert. Yet one of the most persistent setters that I ever saw was a bird of this species. She was, I think, a young and inexperienced bird, one upon whom the maternal cares had never previously devolved, else, it seems to me, she would never have set cted such a situation for a building-spot as that in which I found her. The nest was in the very open woods of basswood and large oaks, near a small dry creek. On one side, at a distance of about one hundred yards, was a traveled highway; on the other, only a few yards away, a dense growth of young poplars. Not the slightest attempt at concealment had been made, except that the nest was placed at the foot of a tree. On three sides it could be seen at a distance of several rods. Why she had come out of the poplars to build I cannot imagine. Being a few yards nearer to a road could not possibly afford her much additional security from prowling "vermin," while the exposed situation certainly rendered her much more liable to be discovered by other enemies than if in the thicker growth.

Be this as it may, there she was, and there a friend of mine discovered her one May afternoon. She had not then finished laying and, as several of the eggs were taken, I had little doubt she would desert. Considerably to my surprise, however, on visiting the spot some days later I found the bird upon her nest. I walked directly toward her and she flew when I came within about fifteen yards.

As the locality was one that I frequently passed through during my rambles, I determined to experiment with the bird. Accordingly, the next time I visited the spot I appeared not to notice the grouse, approaching her indirectly and whistling carelessly. The ruse was successful. I passed and, turning, re-passed again and again, so close to her that I might easily have touched her with my foot, yet she did not move. Finally, satisfied, I paused and stood within two or three yards of the grouse, watching her closely from the corners of my eyes, though apparently gazing at some distant object. Motionless as a statue, her head drawn close upon her breast, she crouched, her bright, brown eye watching me with a look that betokened mingled hope and fear. Presently I turned my eyes full upon her Her "instinct" told her that she was discovered. Quick as a flash she left the nest and went humming off into the poplar thicket. I visited her several times after this, sometimes viewing at a distance, without molesting her, sometimes repeating my experiments, always with the same result. So long as I appeared not to have discovered her, so long she remained quietly upon the nest. Even though my dog followed close behind me as I passed within two feet of the mottled beauty, she did not move, and so well did her colors harmonize with those of the surrounding leaves that the setter never suspected her presence.

Nearly four weeks had elapsed since the grouse began to incubate. I knew that the young birds must be almost ready to burst the shell, and it occurred to me that I might not soon have a better opportunity to try domesticating the grouse. Here was a bird in whom the maternal instinct was very strong, and I doubted not that, should I succeed in hatching the eggs under a hen, the mother grouse would care for her offspring. Even if I failed in this, I should at least have the old bird herself.

Accordingly, as I came close by the unsuspecting creature, I stooped suddenly and she was mine. But my triumph was only for one moment, the next my prize had slipped through my fingers, leaving only a handful of feathers in my grasp. Immediately I regretted the step I had taken and was glad that the bird had escaped. But would she, I wondered, after three long weeks and more of weary watching, relinquish her task, now that it was almost done? I sincerely hoped not. A few days later the nest contained naught but broken shells; and as I looked at them I breathed a wish that the young birds might ever pass as safely through all perils as they had through that which threatened them before their eyes first saw the light. H. S. W.

A TRUE SNAKE STORY.—Morristown, N. J, Jan. 30—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been greatly interested by the stories of snakes in your paper, as I have been giving a good deal of my time to wandering around the woods this last summer, and I have had the chance of seeing a good deal of snakes. One day while out walking I came to a small pond, and it being very warm I sat down on the bank of the dam which leads off the water of this pond. While I was sitting there my attention was attracted by a small water snake swimming around in the water. I had not been long watching him when he came near some old boards which were sunk in the bank. All at once a very large frog jumped out of the pile of boards, and caught the snake and swallowed him all but the end of his tail. I could see by the way the snake was moving in him that the frog was in a great state of pain, so I want d to get him before he went under the water, in order to cut him open and see the damage done by the snake. Not thinking that the frog would sink, I shot him through the head with a small revolver, and of course he went under, and I could not get him that day. I came the next morning, and while looking for him I saw a very large blake snake, which I shot in the back, and after a long while captured. I noticed he was very much swollen in one place, and I cut him open and out came a frog, the same one that I had shot the day before, for the bullet mark was on his head. On cutting him open, in the frog's belly was the small snake of the day before. The large snake had swallowed the frog, not knowing what the frog had dined on before him.

When I cut the snake open he had digested the frog's legs; all had disappeared but the bone. The small snake was eleven inches long; the frog, as near as I could tell, was nine; the large snake four feet eleven and a half inches. I think this was something that few people have had the chance to see. I hope I have not taken too much of your time with this story, but it is a fact. I have seen a snake catch a trout, and have had a bass taken away by a large snake while it was left in the water, for we were camping at the time, and had left some in the water to clean. H. W. M.

HABITS OF SNAKES—Vermillionville, La., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed with interest several articles in your columns concerning the "Habits of Snakes," and can substantiate all that has been said in reference to the common garter snake swallowing its young on approach of danger. When but a boy on my father's plantation near Columbia, Tenn., I was one day engaged in a hay-field hauling the haycocks to be stacked. In moving one of the cocks from its place a garter snake was frightened from its den underneath and killed. Upon close examination the belly of the creature appeared to be somewhat distended. An investigation was immediately made, and no less than a half dozen small snakes alive and wriggling were brought to light.

I have also had opportunities of observing the habit that the small water or moccasin snakes have of preying upon fish. This species of snake is quite common upon the low prairies of Texas and Louisiana, and it was in the former State that I one day found a small water snake lying dead upon the margin of a small pool, with a good-sized perch partly swallowed. The snake had very evidently failed in the effort to swallow its prey, and in attempting to disgorge it the fins became fixed in its throat and protruded through the skin. This species of snake is very destructive to small fry. P.

As already stated in these columns, the common garter snake is viviparous, and the mere fact of finding young alive within the mother has no bearing on the question as to whether snakes swallow their young or not. We refer our correspondent to Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown's very interesting and conclusive note on this point in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

DO CROWS REASON?—Somersville, Conn., Jan. 29,—Last Wednesday one of our boys came into the mill and told me that there was a crow on the ice eating shiners, and wished me to shoot it. About fifteen rods from the mill there had been a hole cut in the ice on the pond for the purpose of catching shiners for pickerel bait. The mode of taking them was to make a large hole and let a net down strung on a large hoop, sprinkle in meal and very soon a pailfull can be caught. Those too small for use had been thrown upon the ice, and

knowing there was a good supply, and remembering my earlier experience in shooting crows from a bait through a hole in the old barn, I decided to wait and see if the number would not increase.

The next day my attention was again called to the crows, and this time five were feeding, and one acting as guard on a tree not far away. When I returned from dinner I carried over my gun, and about four o'clock there was one crow taking a meal all alone. Thinking I had best commence business before the others came for supper I went for Mr. Crow with a charge of No. 3 which tumbled him over very quickly, but he was no sooner down than up, and off as fast as possible up the pond. He was surely carrying a load, for he was up and then down and flew very low. He made for the first fence, and when he struck it tumbled off on to the snow. When I fired not another crow was to be seen, but before he reached the fence three others were following, and soon after two more were there. They seemed to be very unea y, and evidently they realized there was trouble in camp for all, but one kept at a proper distance and soon departed. When I last saw them the crow shot at had gained the corner of the fence, and was on a low rail with the one which had been most familiar near by on the top rail. Not a crow ventured near the bait again that day or the following. Friday one was seen at a distance and to-day one has ventured nearer. Now, if crows do not reason and have some way of telling their experience in dangers and good luck how did the five know the sixth had found a feast and accompany him the following day or how did they so soon learn it would be best for them to avoid visiting that place again?

If we had been placed in similar circumstances we could not have acted more wisely. I have loaded some shells with No. 6 shot and powder sufficient to carry them, and expected to clean out some of the crows which are very plenty here, but the game seems to be up. K. R. C.

ALBINO RAIL (?).—Feb. 18.—I was lately shown an albino rail bird captured by my friend, Mr. F. Franklin, near Tamaqua, Pa. Mr. Franklin, although a sportsman, was visiting the mountains on business in January. Locomotion was almost impossible on account of the heavy snow and intense cold, yet he could not deny himself the pleasure of a day or two's tramp, resulting, I am sorry to say, in frosted feet and a severe cold that may result seriously. The bird was taken alive, and although able to flutter only a short distance seemed otherwise full of vitality. It died in about an hour after being placed in the coat pocket, presumedly from the too sudden transition from the extremes of cold to heat. It is almost as large as a king rail, and unusually heavy feathered. Not being up in natural history, I cannot reconcile the bird with its surroundings. Its very helplessness seems to preclude the possibility of its being able to exist in a region so adverse to its habits and no remote from its natural haunts. Yet there is no doubt of its identity. Will you do me the favor to explain. R. G. W.

Philadelphia, Pa.

We should be very glad to receive further particulars of this alleged capture, and especially to know whether the bird was preserved. As told, our correspondent's story is a remarkable one. Will he advise us further in the matter?

AN INTELLIGENT CRANE.—An exchange tells a remarkable story of the patience and intelligence of a crane. We have often seen these birds in confinement, and can testify that they are expert mousers, but we must confess that the statement that the bird connected the trap and the mouse staggers us a little. Listen to the tale:

A large and handsome whooping stork can be seen daily strutting around the yard at the residence of Prof. Paige, in Council Bluffs, Ia. The bird was purchased by the professor during a visit to Mexico some months since, and has become quite tame. Among other food that the stork relishes is a good fat mouse. Mrs. Paige has a small wire trap in the house and whenever a mouse happens to wander therein he becomes a sweet morsel for his storkship. The other day Mrs. Paige noticed the bird standing near the barn watching intently at a small hole leading beneath the building. The stork remained in an attitude of watchfulness for nearly half an hour, and Mrs. Paige, becoming curious, concluded to watch and see what followed. Finally she saw a mouse creep into sight from under the barn, and the same instant the intelligent stork pounced down upon the mouse and "took him in," killing it first then eating it. After performing this intelligent feat the stork resumed his vigilance at the mousehole and after watching sharply for over an hour he seemed to grow weary of his work or get out of patience, and marching to the house entered the kitchen, and picking up the mouse-trap from which he had so often been fed he returned to the barn and set the trap down near the hole, evidently appreciating the use of the trap and believing that it would catch a mouse for him.

A LARGE PANTHER.—The following account of the capture of a large panther was contributed to a new Westminster (B. C.) paper by our talented correspondent, Mowitch, whose interesting articles on the game and fish of that distant land have so often given pleasure to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. The extract is as follows:

A very large panther was killed near Burnaby Lake, in the vicinity of this city, and brought to town on Wednesday. Perhaps no quadruped of America of this size has so wide a range as this. It is found on both sides of the continent of North America and is distributed from the 56th parallel of North latitude to Patagonia, although it is not so abundant in the tropics as in temperate zones. The circumstance of its being an inhabitant of so many countries accounts for its many names, which are Panther, Painter, Puma, Congar, California Lion, Catamount, Carajou. Its technical or scientific name, as classed by Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, is *Felis concolor*. By others it is classed as *Leopardus concolor*. Its chief food in sparsely settled countries is deer; but when these become scarce it waxes bold, and in some places is a perfect scourge to the stock raiser. It is very bloodthirsty and is not content with killing sufficient to satisfy its hunger. In some cases fifty sheep have been killed in a night by a single panther. It is by no means abundant on the mainland of B. C. The one in question was an adult male, considerably over the average size, which will appear from the following measurements: Total length from tip of nose to tail, 86in.; length of tail from insertion to tip, 30in.; girth of body, back of fore-shoulder, 32in.; height at fore shoulder, 33in.; weight 132 pounds. Animal in poor condition, not at all fat. This splendid feline specimen has been secured by the managers of the Mechanics' Institute, and Mr. John Fannin, with his accustomed magnanimity and liberality, has undertaken the duties of taxidermist for that institution.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.—A collection of John Ruskin's letters, extending over the period between 1840 and 1880, has been published in a volume entitled "Arrows of the Chace." These letters cover a wide variety of subjects, having originally been printed in the daily papers. On page 204 of the American edition (published by John Wiley & Sons, Astor Place, New York) we find the following terse letter on the study of natural history:

"It would be pleasing alike to my personal vanity and to the instinct of making myself serviceable, which I will fearlessly say is as strong in me as vanity, if I could think that any letter of mine could be helpful to you in the recommendation of the study of natural history as one of the best elements of early as of late education. I believe there is no child so dull or so indolent but it may be roused to wholesome exertion by putting some practical and personal work on natural history within its range of daily occupation; and once aroused, few pleasures are so innocent and none so constant. I have often been unable, through sickness or anxiety, to follow my own art work, but I have never found natural history fail me, either as a delight or a medicine. But for children it must be curtly and wisely taught. We must *show* them things, not tell them names. A deal chest of drawers is worth many books to them, and a well-guided country walk worth a hundred lectures."

OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—At the annual election of the American Microscopical Society of the City of New York, held February 9, the following named board of officers was elected for the year 1881: President, John B. Rich, M. D., 12 East 22d street, N. Y.; Vice-President, John Frey, Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.; Secretary, O. G. Mason, Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.; Treasurer, T. d'Oremieulx, 7 Winthrop Place, N.Y.; Curator, George Wale, Paterson, N. J. Communications and packages for the society should be plainly addressed to the American Microscopical Society of the City of New York, care of the Secretary. The time of the meetings, eight o'clock P. M., the second and fourth Wednesday of the month, at No. 12 East 22d street, New York City.

EXPORTATION OF AN OTTER—Westfield, Mass., Feb. 4.—Messrs. Pember & Douglass recently shipped a fine female otter to Charles Reiche, of New York, and it is now on the way to Germany, where it is to be used for breeding purposes. The otter was caught last winter with seven or eight others, and has since been kept in Mr. Pember's place of business, with a pair of playful coons, a twelve-pound silver eel, and an aquarium of fine trout, which have attracted numerous visitors. The number of live fish the otter will eat in one day is astonishing, and we fishermen owe thanks to the above gentleman for thinning out the stock in this locality. What is the weight of the largest silver eel caught?

G. A. S

The largest eel we ever saw weighed only twelve pounds. The one you speak of is a giant.

PINE GROSBEAKS IN NEW ENGLAND—Boston, Feb. 8.—Since my letter to you of the January 17th of pine grosbeaks being shot in Massachusetts, my friend J. says they have been very common in the woods of Brookline; in fact being almost the only birds to be seen. Last Saturday I went out to where they had generally been seen and I could not find one; but after hunting through the woods nearly all day long, I came across one all by himself, which I secured for my collection. The weather has become milder and I suppose they have gone back North. FRED LEWIS.

SPRING NOTES—Flatbush, L. I., Feb. 18.—The robins and blackbirds have been with us for a week. W. A. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FIRST EDITION of the FOREST AND STREAM's pamphlet on the "Dittmar Sporting Powder" having been exhausted, a second is now ready. Copies will be mailed free upon application. The articles contained in the pamphlet were published in this journal as follows:

Sept. 23, 1880—The "Dittmar Sporting Powder."

Sept. 30, 1880—Evading Detonation.

Oct. 7, 1880—The Detonation of "Dittmar Sporting Powder."

Dec. 9, 1880—The Dittmars' Abracadabra.

WHAT TO DO WHEN LOST.

I HAVE both read and heard of individuals, hunters and trappers, who in fair weather or foul, by day or by night, could find their way with unerring directness through the trackless wilderness to any desired point, and who were never known to get bewildered and lose their bearings. I have heard men declare that it was simply absurd to suppose that there was the least danger of their ever getting lost; that the woods were full of "guide boards" giving such plain and explicit directions that "a wayfaring man, though a fool," need not go astray.

Unfortunately, I have never come in personal contact with such highly-gifted mortals, though a great many localities have heard the crack of my rifle, and no inconsiderable portion of my life has been spent "far from the madding crowd." Frankly, I do not believe the man lives who is not liable to become uncertain about the right course to pursue, bewildered, demoralized and lost, when in the woods or on the prairie, and that, too, when on even comparatively familiar ground.

Once when in the Adirondacks with a friend our guide, one of the very best, got lost between Long Pond and the lower end of the "Sixteen-Mile Level," and he had been over the ground, he said, at least a hundred times.

A year ago last fall I camped with two noted hunters. It was their tenth annual hunt over the same range of country. At 3 o'clock one afternoon we separated, they to follow one direction to camp and I another. I got in before sunset; they were out nearly all night wandering about, and when they finally reached the house of a settler found that they had traveled six miles directly away from camp.

Within the past two years I have seen quite a large number of persons cripples for life from sufferings endured when lost; have heard of many others who, utterly bewildered, have wandered round and round in a circle until exhausted with hunger, cold and fatigue they have fallen down to die.

From conversations with persons who have been lost, as well as from an unpleasant personal experience of my own, I am of the opinion that almost invariably when one realizes that he is lost and in danger he loses control of his mental faculties and becomes actually insane.

I have recently heard of a young man, of at least average intelligence, who lost his way when within two miles of home. He wandered round in a circle for four days; when found he seemed to be suffering most from cold, and one of the two men who found him said: "We will build a fire the first thing."

"Yes, do," said the sufferer; "I've got some matches," and he took them from his pocket. When asked why he had not built a fire he declared he had never thought of it, though his feet were badly frozen.

He also told how many deer and how much other game he had seen and, though carrying a loaded rifle all the time, he had not thought to shoot anything for food, though he had killed his dog with his hunting-hatchet and eaten the liver.

This man's actions were no more at variance with intelligence than your actions might have been, my friend, under similar circumstances.

The main danger when lost is in losing one's self-control; the right thing to do is to prevent that mental demoralization, which is, as I have said, actual insanity.

My method is this: If I find that I am "out of my reckoning," don't know where I am and begin to feel a bit nervous, instead of rushing about and so becoming more and more bewildred, I lie down flat upon my back and close my eyes, or only look upward, and endeavor to fix my thoughts upon something beside my situation. For instance, I commence to quote poetry, Scripture, something I have committed to memory and which always interests and pleases me to repeat; or I imagine an interested audience and talk away like a candidate for Alderman.

At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes I can get up with a perfectly "level" head, examine trees to see on which side the moss grows, or on which side the branches are longest and most plentiful, decide upon a course and go directly where I wish to go. This plan has helped me out so nicely that I give it to my brother sportsmen, asking them to remember it and give it a trial if they ever get seriously uncertain of their whereabouts.

One never should start off for a tramp in the woods without matches in a waterproof safe and, if lost, it is an excellent idea to kindle a fire, then if you travel in a circle you will know it. And always, if night is coming on and you cannot decide with reasonable certainty upon your course, build a fire and stay by it until morning, or some one comes in search of you.

Lost or found, shooting or fishing, a sportsman's motto should be "Keep cool." J. FRANK LOCKE.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN TENNESSEE.

THE close season has begun in most places, and as this is an "off time" in shooting matters, perhaps the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may wish to know something of the manner in which we shoot *Ortyx virginianus* in this section. In this part of the State quail shooting is done almost exclusively upon the uplands; for although the birds are plentiful in the bottoms, the rough nature of the fields, cut up by sloughs, encumbered along their edges with weeds, cane and dense undergrowth of all kinds, renders shooting impracticable. The majority of the upland farms, thanks to reckless methods of cultivation, are worn out, and the rising grounds, hillsides and higher levels are abandoned to the broom sedge and blackberry briars, which are sure crops at all seasons. In most of the fields there are low places, basins or "hollows," in which the evil from the hills has been caught, rendering them moderately fertile. Here are planted cotton, corn, oats, sorghum, etc., and here also are the feeding grounds of the quail. It is lost labor to beat over the sedge, for in the shooting season, unless disturbed by some vagrant cur or marauding hawk, the birds are always, when "at home," to be found feeding somewhere in the small portions of the field under cultivation.

All sportsmen and the great majority of their four-footed companions also know this; and as a consequence, if they fail to find in these places usually try another field, losing no valuable time in quartering the sedge-encumbered hill sides. Contiguous to and bordering on almost all these patches of cultivated ground are thickets more or less dense grown up in locust, scrub oak, briars, coarse grass, sedge, weeds, etc., and into these, in most cases, the covey pitches, and where it is difficult to follow them.

The dog most in favor here for this sport is the native pointer. Owing to the prevalence of burrs, which, wherever they can find a foothold, grow and flourish with a perseverence worthy of a better cause, a long-haired dog is at a great disadvantage. What one needs here is a hardy, close ranging, industrious dog of medium size, one that will face briars and endure fatigue, and show himself a painstaking and close rather than a rapid and wide ranger. A good nose is an imperative want. In the thick sedge, where the birds lie so close that the sportsman may almost tread upon without flushing them, and where, when pointed, one has literally to kick them up, nothing but a careful dog and one endowed with scenting powers of the first class can insure sport. A field trial winner, despite his high speed and perfect style, would be at as great a disadvantage here as the best of our quail dogs if put down on a Minnesota or Kansas prairie to hunt for grouse. We require here not so much what is known as a good covey dog, but rather what is denominated a single bird dog. We endeavor to obtain a dog that will hunt carefully through the tangled thicket and bush-encumbered wood, where the startled birds have taken refuge, will point staunchly and truly indicate the position of the bird. As the largest part of my shooting has been done in covers, I have learned a few items about this style of shooting which may, I trust, prove of interest to others beside myself.

It is a matter of the utmost consequence to determine, as nearly as possible, the exact spot on which the bird is lying. When this is known and your point of approach determined upon, the line of flight to be be taken by the flushed bird can be closely approximated, and cover shooting may be brought within the bounds of reasonable expectation, instead of lying without the pale of even moderate conjecture. The method I adopt is the following: when my dog finds the bird I approach cautiously and, after satisfying myself as to the position of the bird and his probable course of flight, I fix my eye upon some opening along that line and flush the bird myself or make my dog flush it. If the bird crosses this opening it is apt to come to grief, otherwise it will stand a show to afford me a chance of a shot on another day. If

however, one adopts the tactics of ordinary field shooting he will find that in the majority of cases some unoffending sapling will receive the charge intended for the bird and his efforts at sport will result in an aimless expenditure of time, temper and ammunition. One might suppose from what I have written that quail shooting here hardly repays one for his time and trouble, yet occasionally there comes a red-letter day, when, by dint of good luck or well-considered strategy, one succeeds in driving a large covey away from the thicket into the open field and, as his good dog points firmly and the birds one by one rise, reluctant to leave the protecting sedge and direct their swift flight again toward their place of refuge, he may then and there revenge himself to the full for the many cruel disappointments he has suffered from their loud-whirring, close-dodging relatives. Besides, I know that there are men to whom the weight of their bag is but a minor part of the sport and who find more true pleasure in bagging a dozen birds secured by the exercise of judgment and patience, combined with a quick aim and steady hand, than they could derive from shooting thrice that number in the open stubble. Although this section is rather a dark land in regard to sporting matters, still the FOREST AND STREAM pours its radiant light upon many portions and exerts here, as elsewhere, a healthful influence.

I have been reading with great interest accounts of and comments upon the recent field trials.

From all I can learn, they appear to me, unless changes are made, likely to exert a pernicious, rather than a wholesome, influence upon dog-breeding. It seems to me that too much importance is given to pace and style and too little stress laid upon nose and staunchness. However well such trials may suit the needs of our "kin across the sea," with whom, I believe, the dog, except the retriever, is not used but for grouse-shooting on the Scotch moors, I cannot say, but I feel that if I am right in my estimation of the tendency of these trials they will result in the production of a strain of dogs in which style and pace will be cultivated at the expense of every other quality. I am sure that there are many dogs which not even a lunatic would expect to see placed in a "field trial," over which more shots could be had in a day's hunt than over many of the prize-winners.

But I must close this already too-long letter by saying that I, in company, as I believe, with many other lovers of the dog, am utterly and uncompromisingly opposed to any and everything that can result in placing the companion of my leisure hours in the same category as the fast trotter and the racehorse. WILL.

Savannah, Tenn.

HOUNDS VS. STILL HUNTING.

HAVING waited long and patiently for some one more capable than myself to take up the matter of hunting deer with hounds, place it in a clear light before the public and defend the lovers of such sport from the foul stigmas so frequently bestowed and sought to be placed upon such persons, and failing to see any one "come to the fore" to stand up in defence of a branch of hunting alike sportsmanlike and legitimate, that has been practiced from time immemorial and will likely be continued as long as sportsmen, dogs and deer exist, I venture to express my sentiments upon the subject. I am aware that I am treading upon dangerous ground, and that perhaps the ire of some will be aroused, as there are many who, judged by their writings, look upon us who practice this method as Pariahs, to whom a burial at the cross-roads without the benefit of clergy would be a fitting punishment for our misdeeds in the flesh. Now, what does all this mean? The fact of the matter is this, one-half of those who seek to be critics or advisers on such matters know little of what they are talking or writing about; they consequently fall into errors and draw false deductions.

Viewed in the proper light, what is a hound to the hunter? Simply an auxiliary and an assistance to insure what every hunter deserves and seeks to attain, viz., success. "But if you use dogs you have too great an advantage over the deer." (Granted, for sake of argument only.) What is a rifle? Merely an auxiliary to the strength, activity and reason that God has endowed man with to make him a ruler over the beasts of the field and birds of the air. Why not taboo the rifle as being too deadly, and resort to the old flint-lock musket; finding it also too deadly, go back to the bow and arrow, until you ultimately retrograde to the appliances used by our primitive fathers?

Its cruelty is frequently spoken of. I contend that not one-half of the cruelty or suffering is caused by hunting with hounds as is caused by still hunting. In the former case you either kill your deer outright or, if wounded, your dogs very soon catch it, and you can then finish it and thus put an end to its suffering. On the other hand, fully one-half of the deer shot while still hunting are never obtained and are left to linger and die a miserable death, and their carcasses, which otherwise would be of benefit to mankind, are left for no better purpose than perhaps enriching the soil. Why this senseless tirade should be made against hounds I am at a loss to account. Why are not setters, pointers, cockers, spaniels, retrievers, etc., to which the attention of the whole sporting world is directed, and for which such a large amount of money is annually expended, included in the same category and classed in like manner. These last-named dogs only assist in the capture of other game and render important service to the sportsman. Still not a single word is said against them or an objection raised against their use. "But," says the wiseacre—who perhaps never saw deer or of his own knowledge could state whether he carried his horns on his head or on his tail—"if you use hounds you will drive all the deer out of the country." This is an erroneous idea. My experience in this respect extends over twenty years with chances for observation not accorded to many, and my experience is that when a deer has escaped the hounds by taking water or otherwise, he cares as little for dogs as if he had never heard one, and each subsequent time he happens to be hunted by them he is only the more cunning and capable of eluding his pursuers; he goes back to his haunts and pays no more attention to the matter. Hounds running deer never make them forsake their accustomed haunts, and they pay no attention to hounds when after other deer. I knew of forty-four deer having been killed on one runway in two seasons; and notwithstanding this fact, you then could and can still start a deer within a mile of that runway any day in the year.

"But it is unsportsmanlike to take advantage of the deer in this way," says some one. Is it any more so or so much so as to call moose, to take advantage of their passions, over which they at certain seasons of the year have little or no control? Or to wait on a deer trail in the rutting season, when if a dog passes you she is sure to be followed in the course of the next ten or fifteen minutes by from one to a half dozen of bucks with no eyes, ears or nose for anything other than the doe? Or to sit perched in a tree close to a deer-lick and wait until a deer comes within fifteen or twenty feet of you? Or to float at night, when the mosquitoes drive the deer almost frantic and compel them to seek the water to escape the pests, and then to shoot such unfortunates under circumstances which preclude any discrimination between bucks and does, the death of the latter generally resulting in the death by starvation of her helpless offspring? Or to crawl upon a deer asleep at midday and blow his head to pieces with a double charge of buckshot at ten or twenty paces? Yet all the above are recognized by the opponents of deer-driving as legitimate sport against the practice of which nothing is heard nor any objection urged.

Then, again, to suppose that the advantage over the still-hunter is so great is a mistake. A good still-hunter, where deer are plenty, can kill more deer than can a man with hounds, take it week in and week out. The still-hunter is always ready, while the other has frequent mishaps, such as lost dogs, footsore dogs, etc., making many breaks in a hunting trip. Again, but few people can successfully run dogs. To do so with any degree of success requires, in addition to having good dogs, an intimate knowledge of the habits of both deer and dogs, which can be gained only in the school of experience, after years of patient study and observation, coupled with personal endurance and patience to a greater extent than is usually combined in the generality of persons; and the pleasure to be derived is not afforded by the mere killing of the deer, but the consequent circumstances attendant upon the find, start, run and finish of the hunt, as the accompaniments of the fox-hunt are the objects of pleasure associated with the sport, not the mere worrying of unfortunate Reynard at the close; as in upland shooting, the quartering, pointing, setting, backing and retrieving of your dogs afford gratification to the true sportsman, immeasurably beyond the bagging of your ten or fifteen brace of birds. I would be willing to wager that a novice might take six as good dogs as ever ran a trail and he would not, except by mere chance, kill a deer in a week, while at the end of that time the dogs, from want of proper management and lack of success on the part of the hunter, would be as worthless as would be so many coyotes.

To those who do not care for hunting with hounds I say, with all respect, that it would be easy for me to attack and throw more or less discredit upon their choice method, be it still-hunting, fire-hunting or otherwise. There is no wish on my part to do so. Let them pursue their favorite sport, doing it always in a legitimate, sportsmanlike and gentlemanly manner, always and only at proper seasons, never killing more than they want and can make good use of.

New Westminster, British Columbia. J. C. HUGHES.

REYNARD'S HABITS AND STRATAGEMS.

THE most persecuted among wild animals is the red fox. He seems to have been sought after, since time immemorial, by all classes of hunters, either for sport or for profit, or both. If he escapes the hounds, he is often dug from his burrow and kept (Sampson-like) to make sport for the Philistines. By the way, I never heard any conjectures relative to the manner in which Sampson caught those 300. If such another man as Sampson cou'd be found in these days, he might procure enough to supply an army of foxhunters the whole year round.

I have had some acquaintance with the nature and habits of foxes, and I never believed the fox to be that objectionable, thievish, pestiferous animal which he is represented to be. He is called a robber of hencoops and poultry pards, but I had rather have a horde of foxes in my hencoop than one little nasty weasel. I have always lived where foxes were plenty, and have always kept poultry, and I have never lost the value of a superannuated old rooster by his depredations.

He is wary and sagacious, having a wonderful faculty of self preservation, without which the race would soon become extinct. He is decidedly a still hunter, and follows his legitimate calling, seldom killing more than to supply his immediate wants. If a surplus is obtained, he carefully deposits it in some sly place, and returns for it as his wants require, being in this respect unlike the wolf, whose destructive proclivities seem to know no bound when opportunity presents.

The fox is a light and easy traveler, and his natural gait is what may be properly termed "foxy." He frequently burrows before or during a heavy snowstorm, where he remains many days, or until the snow settles or packs sufficient for easy traveling; when he will sally forth and perhaps remain out for weeks, unless driven in by hounds, and then only as a last resort; traveling to and fro during the night and lying by during the day on some secluded and elevated ground, where he lies bedded in snow, in such a position that he can see any object which may be approaching, and especially where he can see for some distance on his back track. Here he lies apparently asleep, but before you have caught a fox napping you will have caught the weasel asleep.

Several years ago, while hunting in Western New York, I had the curiosity to ascertain the average weight of the red fox. Of twenty-three which I caught one winter the weight varied from seven to nine pounds, the average being about 7¾ pounds each. ANTLER.

Piney Falls, Tenn.

BOTH the red fox and the gray are common here, and the music of the hounds and the sound of the horn are heard almost daily on the hills. From remote antiquity the fox has been celebrated in song and story for his cleverness and cunning, but I do not remember to have seen an account of one of his most successful strategems. It is a common practice with Reynard when hard pressed to run to the lair of another fox, and rout him up before the hounds, retiring himself unobserved to some convenient thicket to seek the needed repose. I have frequently when chasing the fox observed him, after a long run, almost exhausted; and when urging my horse to the front to be in at the death I have heard the pack going away over the hills after another fox. This one will run until sorely pressed in his turn, when he routs the now rested one that he had before relieved, or another if he chance to come in his way. Thus in a day's hunt the hounds will frequently chase two or more foxes, each relieving the other when sorely pressed. I once saw a half-grown cub enter a laurel thicket only a short distance in advance of the hounds, when a very large fox sprang out from under the shelter of a rock and ran directly over the other's tracks toward the pack, thus relieving his little friend from no imminent peril. It is said that the pregnant fox is scentless, and cannot be followed by the hounds. I read an anecdote of a fox sometime since, which, if true, is simply marvelous. He was being hotly pressed by the hounds and escape seemed impossible, but he entered an inclosure where a farmer was plowing, and running directly in the furrow before the horses for the entire length of the field, the plowshare effectually covered up and obliterated all trace of his scent. No general in all the annals of war ever conceived a more brilliant strategem than this. Sir Walter Scott said that he could believe anything concerning the intelligence of the dog; and certainly Reynard is quite the equal of his educated cousin in cleverness and cunning. The fox has the eye of the cat; the pupil is not round but linear and vertical and evidently designed for nocturnal vision. When escape appears to be impossible, it is said the fox will feign death. My own experience is, however, quite the contrary. He is game, frequently turning in his desperation on the hounds, and always dying hard. XIL YORRIS.

Bridgeport, W. Va.

GAME AND FISH IN INDIANA.

A WORKING SOCIETY NEEDED.

INDIANOPLIS, Ind., Jan. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your issue of Jan. 6 a communication signed "C. W. W.," who, writing from Fairland, Ind., complains of poor quail shooting in that vicinity.

It is true as he states. The weather has been unfavorable, but I would like to ask him if the season did not open with a scarcity of birds, and was he not partially responsible for it? Does he not know that during the months of January and February, 1880, as many quail were killed in his neighhood as during December and November preceding, which months constituted the lawful season?

Does he not know that quail were killed daily during October, 1880, by his personal friends and acquaintances?

Did he ever make any effort to have the game laws respected, or prosecute the known violators thereof?

Is he doing anything toward protecting the birds that now remain?

Although these questions are propounded directly to "C. W. W.," a stranger to me, I intend them for every man in Indiana, who, claiming to have at heart the cause of the sportsman, does nothing for it but sit and idly complain of poor shooting and fishing.

Something must be done and immediately too, for while this past season afforded but few days when men shooting over dogs enjoyed the sport, our markets have been glutted with quail—the ruling price for weeks being sixty cents per dozen

The ground throughout the State is still covered with snow, and probably will be for weeks to come. During that time thousands of our noble little friends, weak with cold and hunger, will fall before the proud pot-hunter, who boasts of killing an entire covey with one barrel, and many more will find their way to the never failing traps and nets. I think it has been fully proven that the ordinary machinery of the law will do but little toward the enforcement of statutes for the protection of game and fish. Therefore if the sportsmen of Indiana do not shake off the lethargy so long upon them we will soon have a law prohibiting the shooting of quail for a term of years. That is what the trapper wants, and sportsmen should endeavor to show their desire to enforce the present law and avoid the passage of such a one as I have named.

Indiana ranks fifth among the States in point of wealth and population, and has a larger common school fund than New York; but she is behind nearly all the States and many of the Territories in game and fish protection. I do not know of a protective association in the State. If there are any they do but little locally and nothing generally, because there is no concerted action, and there being no State Association their efforts are not well sustained.

Our game laws are all that could be desired, except that the woodcock season opens July 1 instead of Sept 1 as it should. As much cannot be said in favor of the fish law, since it does not provide for the appointment of State Commissioners or the maintenance of fishways in the many dams; it does not even protect bass during the spawning season. I have know parties to steal one hundred bass off nests in one trip on White River from Broad Ripple to the city limits, a distance of seven or eight miles. No wonder "M. W. R." took a vow to never again wet a line in Indiana.

We have within a few minutes' walk of the city three streams that are the natural home of the bass, and should afford a day's sport when whipped; but a man may angle faithfully for days and weeks and not take home a mess of fish. At the same time seines are owned openly, and but little secrecy practiced in the use of them. Every man who thus violates the law is known, and had we an association through which to work they could be watched and soon brought to justice. An effort was made in that direction a few years ago, but the county treasurer, sheriff, prosecutor and judge of the Criminal Court were careful to see the Grand Jury returned no indictments against those who made it a point to supply them with fish. In fact, those officers were not guiltless themselves, one of them being the most persistent fish thief in this county, while the other had on one or more occasions assisted in hauling a seine. A disgraceful acknowledgment certainly, but truth compels me to make it.

The question of game and fish protection has become an important subject for the consideration not only of sportsmen, but hotel keepers, merchants, railway companies and the public generally. Regardless of the question of food supply involved—and that is by no means insignificant—the people of Indiana should remember that by making their own State attractive to sportsmen they would draw annually from less favored States a large revenue, and the company of many excellent citizens, some of whom would be led to locate permanently with us. In addition to that they would keep at home the vast sum expended yearly by Indianians in search of pleasure in other States.

In these few hastily written lines I have tried to be reasonable, and have repressed the caustic words that suggested themselves when thinking of the rapidly departing joys of the sportsman in Indiana.

If some who read this are disposed to be indignant and deny its truthfulness I trust a large number will, like myself, feel humiliated and determine to correct the abuses named, and recover something of that which has been lost through idleness and negligence. HOOSIER.

WE ARE IN RECEIPT of the constitution and by-laws of the Alabama State Sportsmen's Association, which was organized last May, with headquarters at Montgomery.

WAS IT A WITCH?

AS a boy no stories fascinated me so much as those that told of witches and fairies roaming through the green forest under the form of deer, and long after the illusion of fairy-land had been dispelled I listened in wonder to the hunters who told me of invulnerable deer supposed by them to be witches. Few game localities indeed are without such traditions. Now I am not going to emulate Munchausen, but I crave a short space to record a very singular case of impregnable buckskin.

Last summer I was enjoying the amenities of a mountain resort in a neighborhood frequented by deer.

Through the kindness of friends living near by I was enabled to indulge my fondness for the chase. To be brief in detail, one rainy day found me stationed at a runway on top of a long ridge. The deer were to be driven by dogs. Let no arrogant still-hunter sneer, for I must tell him that if he hits a deer flying through the red brush in September he will have to do better work than ever he learned at still-hunting in open woods. At my side stood Jim B. Jim is a little deaf, and only watched to see me shoot, so he said at least.

Nevertheless Jim carried across his shoulder his well-beloved "Aunt Hannah." "Aunt Hannah" was a remarkable specimen; she was about six feet tall, and in her capacious double-stomach she carried an immense quantity of powder and buckshot. Jim said she was perfectly safe, but death to deer.

A few minutes brought the welcome cry of the pack, and in an instant I heard the brush cracking as I had never heard it before. A five-prong buck rushed heedlessly toward us. It seemed to me another bound would bring about a collision, but before I could raise my gun "Aunt Hannah" burst forth with a roar like the bolts of Jove.

The buck turned at right angles, and I fired twice. "Did we kill him?" said Jim. "Yes;" I said, "he dropped in that brush." Could I but paint the painful disgust depicted on Jim's face when we discovered that the buck had not dropped. "If I had only waited a second," said he, "he would have jumped right into old Hannah's mouth." One of my shots was too low, the other should have hit. No trace of Jim's buckshot could be found, and I think they are still traveling through illimitable space. Jim, however, expects to recover them when the deer is killed.

Not more than a week later I stood upon the same spot. Being alone I was sure of game. Imagine my surprise when I saw the same identical buck rushing through the brush again. I ran up the path to head him, but back he came and almost jumped on the spot where I had been standing. Getting in range as quickly as possible I fired twice with all the deliberation of which I was master. What a pang I felt when I saw him go off unharmed. This strange beast then proceeded to exhibit himself to three other watchers, all old hunters.

He ran back and forth through the stands like a frolicsome boy at play, and wound up his fun by driving off the dogs. I almost swore never to shoot at another deer, and nursing my chagrin I fled from the mountains. Now the denouement. A resident sportsman informs me by letter (and greatly to my consolation) that five different hunters have stood in my tracks and missed that old buck (undoubtedly the same). Moreover, he continues to offer all watchers a shot, and winds up the sport by driving off the dogs. I need scarcely add that this strange animal is now fully credited with being a witch. In my experience as well as that of all the local hunters nothing has ever been seen so nearly approaching the antics of a witch. SYCAMORE.

A SOUTH CAROLINA RESORT.

THE birds south of Chester, S. C., have not suffered much during this cold winter. We found them quite plenty about there, and also at Summerville, 22 miles north of Charleston on the South Carolina Railroad. If any of our friends are near this point they can be sure of good sport, and if fortunate enough to obtain board with Dr. White, near the depot, will have the best of fare and a comfortable home at reasonable prices. Woodcock, snipe and quail in season can be found within two miles of his house, and deer and wild turkey within five miles. Never shall I forget the drives through the pine woods in the deep, worn road filled with water, under the drooping branches that shut out the sunlight and made a welcome shade. We went six miles to Goose Creek, one of the branches of the Ashley River. Here the Major, who had come all the way from Chester, had promised to show us most magnificent snipe and woodcock ground. True to his word he did so, and the welcome "Mark!" and report of the gun greeted our ears in less than ten minutes after disposing of our lunch under a big live oak. On our way back he told us to look out for deer and turkey, and presently a large buck started in front of our most enthusiastic sportsman, who had prepared himself for just such game by loading several shells with buckshot. When his attention was called to the buck, he says, he attempted to change his shell, but from his description of the animal afterward we all doubted him, but believe he had a bad attack of buck fever. He was willing to bet or swear that it was all white, weighed three hundred pounds and had a tail as long as his arm. The next day we returned to the same vicinity and engaged some drivers to "jump" deer for us, and in less than one hour after the dogs were let loose the same gentleman shot his first deer, weighing about 120 lbs., of a dun brown color and with a tail about eight inches long. As the darkies express it, you can most always find them here, especially if your dogs roll over in going into the woods—"Deer, shuah." You cannot always, however, depend on the game by the name the natives give it. We inquired if there were any woodcock about and were told that there were "oodles" of them. "Where did you see them?" "In the woods, mostly up in the trees." They know the tufted woodpecker here as the woodcock, and you must get up soon to find them. W.

INDIANS STEAL DUCKS' EGGS—Carson, Nev., Feb. 8.—Game has been very scarce for months, in fact there has been seen but a straggling flock of ducks (our principal shooting) all winter. Now we have plenty, indeed too much, of water, and all the feeding resorts are overflowing. However, by the 1st of March the spring flight will be along, when we anticipate some good bags. Were it not for the miserable and destructive brutes of Indians this would be a fine field for duck shooting in the early fall, but the Indians—bucks, squaws and papooses—seek the nests of the birds and rob them of all the eggs they contain, thus destroying what would otherwise eventually be thousands of young ducks. And we are unable to prevent this slaughter, for the Indian in this country is a privileged character as far as game is concerned. SIVAD.

A TEST GAME LAW DECISION.

"THE PEOPLE VS. MAGNER."

ACTION was brought against one Magner, a Chicago game dealer, in January, 1880, for selling quail out of season, and judgment obtained in the Justice's Court and in the Criminal Court of Cook County. Upon appeal the case was taken to to the Supreme Court of Illinois, last March, and the decision of that court has just been handed down sustaining the decisions of the lower courts.

The Magner case was an important one because it had purposely been made a test of the constitutionality of the Illinois game law. The published report of the case states that by an agreed statement of facts the following points were covered:

"In case No. 1, the defendant bought and sold quail, during the prohibited season. The entire transaction taking place within the State, and confined to citizens of Illinois. In case No. 2, defendant bought one box of quail in the State of Kansas during the open season, had said case shipped to Chicago, and sold the same during the prohibited season to a citizen of Illinois. Case No. 6, same as No 2, except that defendant sold the package to a citizen of the State of New York. Case No. 10. Defendant sold quail at Chicago during prohibited season to citizen of New York, said quail having been killed in Kansas, and shipped to defendant in Chicago. These three cases were so framed to test the authority of the State to pass the law. Cases No. 3, 4, 7 and 9 contained the same statement of facts, except that the game was purchased in Kansas during the close or prohibited season by the laws of that State, and raised the question of the right of a citizen to deal in goods, when the law of the place of contract has forbidden such dealings. Cases No. 5, 8 and 9 represented similar facts, except that goods were sold in smaller parcels than original shipment, thereby raising the question, that as the original packages had been broken, the quail had become "merged in the mass of property of the State," and the State could then regulate its sale; even if it could not regulate Inter-State commerce.

"The argument upon the part of the State was briefed to evidence the following propositions, viz.: First. That game of all kinds is the property of the State, and that the State has full power to protect its property by statute even to the affecting of commercial relations between the various States, and that such law will not be unconstitutional, unless the opposition between it and the constitution be clear and plain. Second. Showing that the highest courts in the States of New York and Missouri have decided a similar law to be constitutional. Third. That the power of Congress, under the Constitution, to regulate commerce among the several States, is not exclusive. Fourth. That Congress having for over a century failed to pass a game law, it may reasonably be inferred that a "national rule" is not required, and in such a case the State may act. Fifth. That the States having always protected fish and game, the acquiescence of the Federal Government admits their rights so to do. Sixth. That the States can better control this question than Congress. Seventh. That Congress has no power over the subject. Eighth. That this law can be upheld under the police power of the State. Ninth. That goods contraband *lex loci contractu* cannot be the subject of a legal contract elsewhere. Tenth. That the comity of States requires each to assist the other in preserving its game. Eleventh. That game and fish are of great importance to the country. Twelfth. That the quail were bought in Kansas when such purchase was then and there prohibited, should not be received as a defense in the courts of this State. Thirteenth. That the practice has become general by which courts of justice examine into and enforce contracts made in other States, and carry them into effect, according to the laws of the place where the transaction took its rise; subject only to the exception that such contract should not either in itself, or in the means used to give it effect, work an injury to the inhabitants of the country where it is attempted to be enforced. Fourteenth. That even if another State was bound to permit the sale of the subject of contract in the hands of the importer, it is not bound to furnish a market for it, nor abstain from the passage of any law which it may deem necessary to guard the health or property of its citizens, although the effects of such legislation might discourage importation."

The opinion rendered by the Supreme Court sustains these arguments. It is so comprehensive and so important that we publish it entire as printed in a Chicago paper:

STATE OF ILLINOIS,
Supreme Court,
Northern Grand Division.

At a Supreme Court, begun and held at Ottawa, on Tuesday, the seventh day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, within and for the Northern Grand Division of the State of Illinois.

Present: Hon. T. Lyle Dickey, chief-justice; Pinkney H. Walker, justice; Benj. R. Sheldon, justice; Alfred M. Craig, justice; John Scholfield, justice; John M. Scott, justice; John H. Mulkey, justice; James K. Edsall, attorney general; Rufus C. Stevens, sheriff; Everell F. Dutton, clerk.

Be it remembered, that afterward, to wit: On the third day of February, A. D. 1881, the opinion of the Court was filed in the clerk's office of said court in words and figures following, to wit:

James Magner, vs. The People of the State of Illinois.) Appeal from Criminal Court of Cook County.

Opinion by SCHOLFIELD, J.:

The grounds upon which it is argued the judgment below should be reversed, are:

1st. Because the statute does not condemn the possession or sale of quail taken and killed beyond the limits of the State, which is subsequently shipped into the State for sale.

2d. Because, if the statute shall be held to condemn such possession and sale, then in its enactment, so much of § 13, Art. 4, of the State Constitution as requires that the subject of every act shall be expressed in its title, was disregarded, and hence it is not law.

3d. Because, if the statute is free of all other objections, but shall be held to condemn the possession and sale of quail taken and killed beyond the limits of the State, it is void, and not law, for the reason that it is in contravention of the 3d clause of § 8, of Art. 1 of the Constitution of the United States, which confers upon Congress power to regulate commerce with the foreign nations and among the several States.

They will be examined in the order stated:

1st. The first section of the statute under consideration makes it unlawful for any person to hunt, pursue, kill or trap, net or ensnare, or otherwise destroy any quail or ruffed grouse between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of October of each and every year.

The second section makes it unlawful for any person to buy, sell, or have in possession, any of the wild fowls, birds, etc., mentioned in section one, at any time when the trapping, netting or ensnaring of such wild fowls, birds, etc., shall be unlawful, which shall have been entrapped, netted or ensnared contrary to the provisions of the Act. This is manifestly but equivalent to saying that it shall be unlawful to buy, sell or have in possession, between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of October, in each and every year, any of the wild fowls, birds, etc., specified in section one, which shall have been entrapped, netted or ensnared contrary to the provisions of that section. Very clearly this section has reference only to wild fowls, birds, etc., within this State.

But section six is more comprehensive in its language than either section one or section two. It is: "No person or persons shall sell or expose for sale, or have in his or their possession, for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale, any of the animals, wild fowls or birds mentioned in section one of this act, after the expiration of five days next succeeding the first day of the period in which it shall be unlawful to kill, trap or ensnare such animals, wild fowls or birds," etc. No exception whatever is made with reference to the time when or the place where such "animals, wild fowls or birds" shall have been killed, trapped or ensnared; but the language, as plainly as language can, includes *all* animals, wild fowls and birds.

That this was intended, is further manifest from the language of the seventh section, which declares: "The provisions of this act shall not be construed as applicable to any express company, or common carrier, in whose possession any of the animals, wild fowls or birds herein mentioned shall come in the regular course of their business for transportation while they are in transit through this State from any place without this State where the killing of said animals, wild fowls or birds shall be lawful," thus, in effect, declaring that but for this qualification the provisions of the act would be applicable to such express companies and common carriers.

But, it is argued, this cannot be the correct construction, because such a prohibition does not tend to protect the game of this State. To this there seems to be two answers. First, the language is clear and free of ambiguity, and in such case there is no room for construction. The language must be held to mean just what it says. Second, it cannot be said to be within judicial cognizance that such a prohibition does not tend to protect the game of this State. It being conceded, as it tacitly is, by the argument, that preventing the entrapping, netting, ensnaring, etc., of wild fowls, birds, etc., during certain seasons of the year tends to the protection of wild fowls, birds, etc., we think it obvious that the prohibition of *all* possession and sales of such wild fowls or birds, during the prohibited seasons, would tend to their protection in excluding the opportunity for the evasion of such law, by clandestinely taking them beyond the State and afterward bringing them into the State for sale, or by other subterfuges and evasions.

It is quite true that the mere act of allowing a quail netted in Kansas to be sold here does not injure or in anywise affect the game here, but a law which renders all sales and all possession unlawful will more certainly prevent any possession or any sale of the game within the State than will a law allowing possession and sales here of the game taken in other States. This is but one of many instances to be found in the law, where acts, which in and of themselves alone are harmless enough, are condemned because of the facility they otherwise offer for a cover or disguise for the doing of that which is harmful.

A similar objection to the construction of the Act, it seems, was raised in Whitehead vs. Smithers (2d C. P. D. 553), 21st Moak 458; but Lord Coleridge, C. J., said: "I am of opinion that that argument is not well founded. It is said, it would be a wrong thing for the legislature of the United Kingdom to interfere with the rights of foreigners to kill birds. But it may well be that the true and only mode of protecting British wild fowl from indiscriminate slaughter, as well as of protecting other British interests, is by interfering indirectly with the proceedings of foreign persons. The object is to prevent British wild fowl from being improperly killed and sold under pretense of their being imported from abroad." In that case, the wild fowl was shown to have been of a consignment of dead plovers, received by a poulterer from Holland, and it was held that its sale was prohibited by general language, like that of the section under consideration, prohibiting all sales of such fowls.

In Phelps vs. Racey, 60 N. Y. 10, the language of the statute was substantially the same as that of the 6th section. The defense there was that the bird—a quail—had been killed in the proper season, but had been kept, by a process for preserving game, until after the season expired, and then offered for sale. The Court said: "The penalty is denounced against the selling or possession after that time, irrespective of the time or place of killing. The additional fact alleged that the defendant had invented a process of keeping game from one lawful period to another, is not provided for in the Act, and is immaterial."

2d. The title of the Act is "An Act to revise and consolidate the several acts relating to the protection of game, and for the protection of deer, wild fowl, and birds." We think this fully expresses the subject of the Act. From the views expressed under the first point, it follows that we are of opinion that the prevention of the possession and sale of *all* game during the periods designed to protect the same in this State from being taken or killed, may reasonably be regarded as a means necessary to the effectual protection of the game of this State. It was unnecessary to state the mode by which the game was to be protected, or the reasons which influenced the legislature in making the enactment.

Fuller vs. The People, 92 Ills. 182. People *ex. rel.* vs. Lowenthal et. al., 93d Ill. 191. Johnson vs. The People, 83d Ill. 431.

3d. No one has a property in the animals and fowls denominated "game" until they are reduced to possession. 2d Kent's Com's (8th Ed.) 416 *et. seq.* Cooley on Torts, 485. While they are untamed and at large, the ownership is said to be in the Sovereign authority—in Great Britain, the King 2d Blackstone's Com's (Sharswood's Ed.) 409-10; but with us in the people of the State. The policy of the common law was to regulate and control the hunting and killing of game, for its better preservation; and such regulation and control, according to Blackstone, belong to the police powers of the government. 4th Com's (Sharswood's (Ed.) 174.

So far as we are aware, it has never been judicially denied,

that the government, under its police powers, may make regulations for the preservation of game and fish, restricting their taking and molestation to certain seasons of the year, although laws to this effect, it is believed, have been in force in many of the older States since the organization of the Federal Government. On the contrary, the constitutional right to enact such laws has been expressly affirmed in regard to fish by Massachusettss, in Burnham vs. Webster, 5 Mass. 266, Nickerson vs. Brackett, 10 Id. 212, and by Indiana in Gentile vs. The State, 29 Ind. 409; and in regard to game by New York, in Phelps vs. Racey, *supra;* and by Vermont in State vs. Norton, 45 Vermont, 258; and upon principle the right is clear.

The ownership being in the people of the State—the repository of the sovereign authority—and no individual having any property rights to be affected it necessarily results that the Legislature, as the representative of the people of the State, may withhold or grant to individuals the right to hunt and kill game, or qualify and restrict it, as in the opinion of its members will best subserve the public welfare. Stated in other language, to hunt and kill game is a boon or privilege granted, either expressly or impliedly by the sovereign authority—not a right inhering in each individual; and consequently nothing is taken away from the individual when he is denied the privilege, at stated seasons, of hunting and killing game. It is, perhaps, accurate to say that the ownership of the sovereign authority is in trust for all the people of the State, and hence, by implication, it is the duty of the Legislature to enact such laws as will best preserve the subject of the trust, and secure its beneficial use in the future to the people of the State. But in any view, the question of individual enjoyment is one of public policy and not of private right.

Our attention has been called to no law of Congress, and we are aware of none, in regard to the transportation of game; still, if this law may be regarded as a restriction upon inter-State commerce, that is of no importance, for it was held in Welton vs. The State of Missouri, 91 U. S. (1st Otto) 275, that the non-exercise by Congress of its power to regulate commerce among the several States is equivalent to a declaration by that body that such commerce shall be free from any restriction. The inquiry then arises, Is the prohibition of the possession and sale of game as enacted in this State a restriction of inter-State commerce?

In Gibbons vs. Ogden, 9 Wheaton, at page 203, Chief-Justice Marshall classifies as belonging to and forming a portion of that "immense mass of legislation, which embraces everything within the territory of a State, not surrendered to a general government; all which can be most advantageously exercised by the States themselves," "inspection laws, quarantine laws, health laws of every description, as well as laws for regulating the internal commerce of a State, and those which respect turnpike roads, ferries," etc. And he adds: "No direct general power over these objects is granted to Congress, and consequently they remain subject to State legislation." So in The Daniel Ball, 10 Wallace 564, the Court said: "There is undoubtedly an internal commerce which is subject to the control of the States. The power delegated to Congress is limited to commerce 'among the several States,' with foreign nations, and with the Indian tribes. This limitation necessarily excludes from Federal control all commerce not thus designated, and of course that commerce which is carried on entirely within the limits of a State, and does not extend to or affect other States." And upon this principle, in the United States vs. Dewitt, 9 Wallace 41, it was held that a statute of the United States, making it a penal offence to mix naphtha and illuminating oils, was beyond the legislative authority vested in Congress, and it was said: "But this express grant or power to regulate commerce among the States has always been understood as limited by its terms; and as a virtual denial of any power to interfere with the internal trade and business of the separate States."

In the celebrated license cases, 5 Howard 504, laws prohibiting sales of liquors except in large quantities and under stringent regulations were sustained as within the police power, notwithstanding they interfered indirectly with inter-State commerce. Ch. J. Taney said: "These State laws act altogether upon the retail or domestic traffic within their respective borders. They act upon the article after it has passed the line of foreign commerce, and become a part of the general mass of property in the State. These laws may, indeed, discourage imports and diminish the price which ardent spirits would otherwise bring. But although a State is bound to receive and permit the sale by the importers of any article of merchandise which Congress authorizes to be imported, it is not bound to furnish a market for it, nor to abstain from the passage of any law which it may deem necessary or advisable to guard the health or morals of its citizens, although such a law may discourage importations or diminish the profits of the importers, or lessen the revenue of the General Government."

So, upon like principle, it has since been held that as a measure of police regulation, looking to the preservation of public morals, a State law entirely prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is not repugnant to any clause of the Constitution of the United States. Bootmeyer vs. Iowa, 18 Wall. 129. Beer Co. vs. Massachusetts (97 U. S.) 7 Otto 25.

Very clearly this law relates only to the internal commerce of the State in the article of game. As in the license cases, it acts altogether upon the retail or domestic traffic within the State, and as there said so it may be said here: "The State is not bound to furnish a market" for game; and by parity of reasoning is not bound to furnish game for a market.

And it would seem to be a legal truism, if a State may constitutionally prohibit the killing and possession of game during certain seasons, the prohibition of the transportation of game killed and possessed in violation of such prohibition cannot be unconstitutional. There cannot be a constitutional right to transport property which cannot legally be brought into existence.

The principle finds sanction in Munn vs. Illinois, 94 U. S. (4 Otto) 113. Slaughter-house cases, 16 Wallace 36. Fertilizing Co. vs. Hyde Park, 97 U. S. (7 Otto) 659.

The birds which are here admitted to have been brought from Kansas, as appears by the laws admitted in evidence by the agreement of the parties, were there killed and possessed in violation of a law of that State, and hence never legitimately became an article of commerce.

There is no question here of discrimination in favor of the game of this State as against that of another State, so as to apply the doctrine of Welton vs. The State of Missouri, *supra*, and kindred cases. Nor is there in R. R. Co. vs. Husen, 95 U. S. (5 Otto) 465, and other like cases, any question of the right to transport commerce from one State to another. For the 7th section of the statute expressly provides that: "The provisions of this act shall not be construed as applicable to any express company or common carrier into whose possession any of the animals, wild fowls or birds herein mentioned shall come in the regular course of their business for transportation while they are in transit through this State from any place without this State, where the killing of said animals, wild fowls or birds shall be lawful."

And herein our statute is directly the opposite of the 6th section of the Kansas act, which was held unconstitutional in The State vs. Saunders, 19 Kansas 127. There the prairie chickens were lawfully killed and lawfully became an article of commerce, and their transportation was prohibited. Here the quail were unlawfully taken and killed, and their possession and sale in this State were unlawful. But had they been lawfully taken and killed their transportation to a place where they might be lawfully sold could not be interfered with by the statute.

The questions we have been considering were all raised in Phelps vs. Racey, *supra*. The opinion in that case, by the late Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, is well considered and reaches the same conclusion at which we have arrived.

The judgment is affirmed.

EXPERIENCE WITH A SWAB—Rockingham, N. C.—While in Arkansas a few weeks since an incident was related to me by a friend and confirmed by two other gentlemen who were present, which, as I have never heard of the "like before," may be something new to perhaps many of your readers. My friend, while in Colorado last summer on a hunting excursion, was attempting one day to wipe out his Sharps rifle with an ordinary buckskin swab. The swab became detached from the rod and remained in the barrel about five inches from the end of the chamber. Ineffectual attempts were made to drive it out with an iron rod, alternating first from the breech and then from the muzzle. Not succeeding in this, about 20 grs. of powder, Eagle ducking No. 4, was put in a shell, the shell inserted, and with string tied to the trigger and gun placed at a short distance, the string was pulled and gun fired. A little noise was heard; the gun was taken up and unbreeched, a little smoke was seen to come out of the muzzle, but the swab was not moved. Thinking it probably best to fill up the space between the end of the chamber and the swab, in order to succeed in driving it out, they did so with paper driven in tightly. Twenty grains of powder were put in shell and gun again placed off and string pulled. This time no noise was heard. The gun was unbreeched and with a considerable report the shell passed out at the breech to the distance of 100 yards. Not at all daunted they determined to blow it open at all hazards, so they filled the shell with about seventy grains of powder and placed the gun a little farther off, again pulling the string. As before, no noise was heard, but in very cautiously unbreeching the gun a very loud report was heard, and the shell was sent kiting to a very great distance. The swab still remained in its former position. The barrel was then put in a stove, where it remained several hours, was taken out, being red-hot, and the swab having been burned to a crisp, it was removed. TECERLL.

PINNATED GROUSE PROPAGATION—Philadelphia.—You will be pleased to make known to your readers interested in the stocking of our Eastern grounds with the pinnated grouse that our mutual friend, Mr. John S. Davis, of Philadelphia, "put one up" late this fall, five miles from Hammonton, N. J., while quail shooting. I had the pleasure of questioning Mr. Davis regarding what he had gathered relative to other birds of the kind while on this trip, and learned that one or two had been seen and I think one killed in the same neighborhood by a native. This is the section of the country where the West Jersey Game Society liberated their grouse several years ago, the region being covered with scrubby oaks and dwarf pine trees. This report coming from so reliable and well-known a gentleman as Mr. J. A. Davis, who with the writer has killed many "a chicken," and knows the bird as well as he does the quail, should cause it to be recorded that the experiment of the West Jersey Game Society has proved a success.

Capt. A. H. Clay, who was present when your correspondent and Mr. Davis were conversing, stated, relative to the "Purnell grouse" in Maryland, that while duck-shooting on the Sinnepuxent Sound he killed a prairie chicken on his way from Taylor's Creek to the town, not knowing what it was when it jumped. This was three or four years after the birds were planted; furthermore, he stated that he saw a brood rise some distance from him and make a flight of nearly half a mile as far as he could judge, and that the oystermen had killed not a few at different times and did not observe the mutual agreement of the inhabitants of that section not to molest them. HOMO.

TRAPPING HAWKS—Mt. Sterling, Ky.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad the hawk question is so thoroughly handled by you, as I have long observed the terrible decimation of partridges where they are. Our club (Sterling Shooting and Fishing Club) and others made up a sum of money to reward the killing of them, paying twenty-five cents per head, and it is astonishing how many the country boys find. One of my sportsman friends in one week killed five large hawks, another has trapped eleven this winter. We take an old weather-beaten pole about twenty feet long, six inches diameter; saw one end square, mud it to make it look old, set a small steel trap on top with three or four fence rails driven so the heads will hold the trap secure, then we hoist it in a convenient place for the birds to alight upon in their accustomed haunts, and have not long to wait for a catch. I have caught two in the town suburbs this winter. The partridge have not suffered in this locality as much as was feared, owing in a great measure to the large amount of corn left in fields ungathered, as winter came in much earlier than usual. It has been very severe; one farmer informed me three coveys in all about seventy came to his stock feeding grounds daily to get their rations, and became so tame that he could shell corn and throw to them without their flying away. ANTWERP.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—This winter has been a peculiarly good one in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia for hunting, and for a number of years there have not been as many hunting and trapping parties through the Provinces as there were this year. Moose have been quite plentiful; caribou very numerous, and numbers of animals that are scarcely ever seen so far South as Nova Scotia have fallen before the huntsman's gun this season. Mr. John Connell, of Bartibogue, in two days last week killed eleven caribou, which weighed from 18 to 40 lbs. each. The meat was sold in Mirimachi markets at eight cents per lb. A good many moose have been got, and the game protectors have had to put forth strenuous efforts to prevent moose-snaring. There seems to be an unusual abundance of black foxes about the north of the Province, and several have been captured about Newcastle, and a number in different parts of Nova Scotia. Eight skins were sold to a Halifax furrier the other day at $1.25 each. A good many sportsmen have gone out from St. John, and if they didn't all first get black foxes and moose they all came back with unusual large supplies of the smaller and more common game. *St John, N. B.*

ROBIN ROOST.—A Glasgow, Kentucky, paper, has this report of a robin roost in that vicinity, which is very like the one reported in this journal last week: "A cedar thicket of about sixty acres furnishes the birds a lodging place. About sundown every evening constant streams from every direction pour into the grove and almost obscure the heavens in their flight. Night finds almost every bush in the thicket bending with its red-breasted load. For the past few weeks lovers of sport for miles around have visited the place and every night the thicket is illuminated with the torches of men with clubs and sacks gathering the feathery harvest. Mr. Smith has killed over two thousand, and hundreds are carried away every night, but they don't seem to decrease. There are millions of them. Large quantities of them have been sold in town. They are very fat and make, when well cooked, a dish good enough for anybody."

NO MORE LIVE QUAIL—Shelbyville, Tenn., Feb. 12.—I have been informed by some forty or fifty persons all over the United States (or rather Northern and Western States), and parts of Canada, that a notice appeared in FOREST AND STREAM on Feb. 5 that I could furnish live quail to parties wanting them. I am fully convinced of the wide circulation of your paper. I am doing all I can to fill orders received, but owing to the season being so far advanced, will not be able to supply one-twentieth part of birds wanted. If I had heard from them earlier with a little effort could have furnished all parties, as I have, without any exception, handled some 5,000 birds. H. C. RYALL.

Live quail can be procured of Mr. W. W. Titus, Monticello, Florida, at a cost of ten cents per bird.

THE PROVIDENCE BRANT CLUB organized February 4 and elected A. B. Gardiner, Esq., President and J. H. Palmer Treasurer and Secretary. The club at present consists of the following gentlemen: C. H. Perkins, A. B. Gardiner, H. R. Barker, J. E. Allen, J. H. Palmer, R. H. Purrington, F. J. Rabbeth, Peleg Lippitt, Francis Colwell, L. Vaughn, Jesse Howard, John Howe and D. H. Smith. The club-house, which is on a small island near Chatham, Mass., has just been put in complete order and newly-furnished and the season will soon open. A. D. COY.

OHIO—West Liberty, O., Jan. 15.—We have plenty of quail and rabbits, some few snipe and pheasants and an occasional woodcock. Squirrels by the thousands abound in the forests during the summer season. Geese and ducks fly in great numbers in the spring and fall, feeding in the large stalk fields. The winter here has been very hard on the game. In Ross County, O., the winter has been very severe also for game. While walking over some of the high hills I found a great number of dead quail. H.

EMSWORTH ASSOCIATION—Emsworth, Pa.—At the second annual election of officers for the Emsworth Sportsman Association held last night the following persons were elected: President, W. C. Berringer; Vice-President, W. D. Courtney; Secretary and Treasurer, Jno. S. Robb, Jr.; Executive Committee, D. D. Arthurs, W. M. Newbold, Chas. Crawford.

MONTREAL GUN CLUB—Montreal, Feb. 17.—At the annual meeting of the "Montreal Gun Club," held on the 11th inst., the following officers were elected for the year 1881: President, Colonel Frank Bond; 1st Vice-President, F. X. Orchambault; 2d Vice-President, Alf. T. Rudolf; Secretary and Treasurer, R. Blackwood; Committee—Chas. S. Ritchie, P. E. Nonnandeau, R. A. Allan. SEC.

GLASSES FOR SHOOTING.—If "Anon" will select a lens to suit him and have it put in a Lyman peep sight with an extra large peep hole, and have it attached to his gun, he will always find it in the proper position to see. S. J. S.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SPORTSMEN propose to bring from the West several varieties of live game birds, such as pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse, mountain and valley quail, and to free them, with a view of establishing one or more new varieties of birds there.

RHODE ISLAND—Newport, Feb. 15.—The mild weather last week brought the ducks within gun shot, and one hundred were shot by Peleg Card and Herbert Rice, of East Greenwich.

KENTUCKY—Quincy, Jan. 31.—We sometimes have as good duck and quail shooting here as that afforded by some of the famous shooting grounds of the West. D.

ILLINOIS—Aurora, Feb. 6.—Our prairie chickens seem to get along all right. Rabbits are very abundant. I don't see any quail; am afraid the weather has been too cold for them.

TEXAS—Huntsville, Jan. 24.—Ducks and geese have been very scarce in this part of the State this winter; partridges are plentiful. R

KANSAS SHEEP FARMERS are calling for a stringent dog law to restrain the raiding of dogs on their flocks at night. It is claimed that the sheep-raising industry is undeveloped because land-owners are deterred from engaging in it by fear of losing their stock in this way. Dogs which destroy sheep should be killed. That a community should suffer such an abomination at the expense of a profitable industry is outrageous. There are many counties in the different States whose hills should be covered by feeding flocks and would be were the regions not infested by hordes of cur dogs. The first step to develop the agricultural resources of many of these sections must be to kill off the dogs.

GARFIELD is said to have been a good deal of a sportsman in his younger days. When a student at Hiram College he used to spend his Saturdays hunting, discussing politics in the evening and preaching the next day. In the field he was generally successful and usually laid out the rest of the party in his tramps after game.

That indigestion or stomach gas at night preventing rest and sleep will disappear by using Hop Bitters.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

FRESH WATER.

Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*	Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike)	species).
Stizostethium americanum, *S. griseum*, etc.	War-mouth, *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavitilis.*	Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
	Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*	Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*	

THE GAMY RAINBOW TROUT.

THAT the latest importation from California, the beautiful *Salmo iridea*, is a thrifty growing fish for the fish-culturists has long been known, but little has been said of its gamesome ways and its grit. The *Sun* sent a reporter down to Fulton Market to interview Mr. Blackford on this subject, and this is what Mr. Blackford said:

"We expect to display some large trout of this kind on our stand on April 1, some that will weigh five pounds apiece As they run in the California streams they average about four pounds in weight. Ours will come from the United States hatching works on the McCloud River. Some trout will come, too, from Mr. F. N. Clark's fish hatching works at Northville, Mich Of course they are native in California, and those in Mr. Clark's hatching works were produced from spawn brought from Californ a.

"It is only two years since fishculturists in the East have received the eggs of the trout. This is to be the first year in which the United States Fish Commission is to turn loose small California trout in our streams. The culture of these fish has hitherto been carried on by private enterprise.

"The California mountain trout takes its name, rainbow trout, from the beautiful band of colors that runs along the side of the fish, and is ab ut a fourth as wide as the fish. There are no red spots on the body, as in our brook trout, but there are a few black dots near the head. When the fish is first taken from the water this band has all of the hues of a rainbow. After it is dead it becomes a uniform red color, but shading to a lighter color underneath. We had a rainbow trout about a year ago, sent by B. B. Redding, Commissioner of Fisheries in California, that was a male, over two and a half feet long, and that weighed five and three-quarter pounds. It was well-shaped and plump, with large black dots thickly sprinkled on the shoulders and tail. The operculum was decorated with a bright, red tint, blending into a greenish brown, or olive toward the eye. A broad, red dash or strip of color stretched from the tip of the tail to the cheek. It was a gaudy-looking fish.

"They are more gamy, and they fight far more than the common brook trout. At the fish hatching ponds in Caledonia N. Y., last spring, I caught with a fly several rainbow trout weighing from a quarter to half a pound. Each time that the trout struck my hook I thought that I had a pound trout on my line. Why, they strike a hook like that." Mr. Blackford, to illustrate, brought the palms of his hands together with vigor. "Then they are off in a flash, with the line running off so rapidly that the reel fairly smokes with the friction Although the average weight when full grown is about four pounds, yet they have been taken as large as six pounds, while in a lake near Bellingham Bay, on the Pacific slope, the trout are said to grow to be ten or twelve pounds in weight.

"As to their reproduction in New York State waters, the New York State Fish Commission in 1875 obtained 500 eggs from the McCloud River, from which in 1880 there were 16,000 trout two years old, and 34,000 one year old. They can be raised from the egg much more easily than the common brook trout, and experience shows that the rainbow t out is the hardiest fish in every way. Not half so many rainbow trout die in artificial life as their cousins in the East. They grow rapidly, too. In 1878, in the Caledonia Spring Creek, 2,000 young rainbow trout were set free, and last year a fishermen had no difficulty in landing a dozen with a fly inside of an hour. They remain in good condition for the table much longer than the brook trout, which spawn in the late fall or beginning of winter, and are lean, slabsided and tasteless from September to February, while the California trout begins to spawn about two months later than the Eastern brook trout. The female produces about 1,500 eggs. The males are ferocious. They fight with one another all the time. It is this aggressiveness that makes them take the hook so savagely."

"Are they as handsome as the Eastern brook trout?"

"No," the Commissioner replied; "no fish is handsomer than a Long Island brook trout, unless it is the 'Dolly Varden' trout. They are also a California trout, and are frequently found in the same stream with the rainbow trout, and are of about the same shape, plump, round and full. They differ from the rainbow trout in having all over their sides brilliant vermilion spots from one-eighth to three sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The spots on the Eastern brook trout are only one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. This season, I think, there will be distributed in New York streams from 75,000 to 100,000 small rainbow trout. They mingle amicably with the Eastern brook trout, but they will not be put in streams where these run in great numbers, because we want to keep the species distinct from each other.

"As to their habits, they are, unlike our trout fond of moderate currents of water or still places with the surface of the water shaded. The Eastern trout, on the other hand, love to hover under a waterfall or to skip from ripple to ripple in the most dashing rapids. Fishermen who have killed them on the Pacific coast say that the rainbow trout is most plentiful along the Western coast of California and northward. All of the true brook trout West of the Mississippi River have black spots. Fishing is very fine in nearly all of the rapid streams of the Coast mountains and the Cascade mountains in Oregon. At Fort Dallas trout fishing is good in April, May, June and July. The rapid snow water streams that flow from Mt. Hood abound in these trout, but the innumerable rattlesnakes interfere with, and in places prevent, angling. The fisherman has also another foe in the cottonwoods, willows and squaw bushes that make fly casting always impossible. When a fly does touch the water, though, it is snapped up greedily. The fish is delicious eating. In that section most of the fishing is done with bait. The fish takes common raw meat, the tougher the better. Crow meat is generally used, and crows are shot for bait. This flesh combines a vivid redness with a rank smell and a powerful toughness. All of these qualities are desirable for bait that is most taking. Like their Eastern relations, the California trout are sometimes capricious, and then a piece of a red fin from a dead fish will often lure them to destruction."

THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.—Since the announcement in our last issue of the arrangements made for the coming tournament in connection with the meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game in June, many letters have been received.

Loomis & Plumb, Syracuse, N. Y., have offered one of their newly-invented "automatic" reels to be made with a hard rubber shell or disks, gold mounted and appropriately inscribed and decorated, worth fifty dollars.

B. F. Nichols & Co., 36 Beach street, Boston, Mass., offer several of their "hexagonal" split bamboo fishing rods as prizes.

The Syracuse *Journal* says: "President Crook and the officers of the State Sportsmen's Association associated with with him have done themselves much credit in their selection of Mr. Fred Mather to have the sole superintendence of all matters at the next meeting relating to the rod and reel. Mr. Mather is an assistant to the United States Fish Commission and editor of the angling department of FOREST AND STREAM, and is thoroughly skilled in all that relates to his profession. For many years past fly casting at the conventions of the association has been a burlesque, and as a consequence gentleman who are true descendants of Isaak Walton have declined to participate in the contests Such men do not care so much for the prizes as for the credit of having honorably won distinction in an art for which they have so much fancy. Under Mr. Mather's direction the contests will be honorably, honestly and intelligently conducted, and it is fair to presume that there will be a large attendance of fly casters, many of whom will for the first time attend a convention of the association. The thanks of every expert and amateur in the State are due to President Crook and his associates for the admirable choice they have made, showing at once that the strictest fidelity is to be one of the guiding principles of the next meeting."

MAINE NOTES.—We learn from the Belfast *Journal* that the Maine House has passed to be engrossed an act for the protection of trout and landlocked salmon in Kennebago and Rangeley chain of lakes and streams; an act for the protection of fishing in Hosmer's pond in the town of Camden; and an act to incorporate the Piscataquis Game and Fish Protective Society.....Mr. C. G. Atkins has forwarded to New York State Fish Commissioner Blackford 25,000 salmon eggs, collected at Grand Lake Stream.....Smelts are scarce at Warren. .....The petitions to the Legislature from the shore towns prohibiting the seining of mackerel off the Maine coast will be confronted by remonstrances from the seiners of Portland and other fishing places, claiming that the fish are not diminished in numbers or the fishing interest impaired by seining. The Portland *Press* says that the mackerel fisheries of Portland are valued at half a million dollars a year, and that as the treaty with Canada allows seining within three miles of the shore, the only result of not allowing our vessels to seine mackerel would be to drive them under the English flag, sailing under which they would continue the business, and thus Anglicize more of our commerce.....The Waterville *Mail* says a petition for shortening the close time for perch has received many signatures from sportsmen in that place, who argue that the spawning season is over before the first of June, which is one of the nicest months in all the year for fishing.....Tom cods are plentiful in Bangor and sell for 50 cents a bushel. Some of the down river fishermen select and dress the finest fish and ship them to New York city, where $3 per bbl. is paid for them.

FISH HATCHING BY AN AMATEUR.—The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM interested in fish culture will remember perhaps an article stating the success of John N. Bennett, of Stamford, Delaware County, New York, in hatching over 10,000 brook trout in his cellar last winter. Those trout are now over four inches long, doing well in one of his five trout ponds, situated on his beautiful estate adjoining the Delaware and Ulster Railroad in Stamford. In one of these ponds he has breeding trout that range from a pound to two pounds in size. The other ponds are well stocked with smaller ones.

This past summer Mr. Bennett built a large and fine hatching house just below two large and running springs, and is now hatching out (a part are already out) nearly 50,000 of the *Salmo fontinalis* for the free stocking of the west branch of the Delaware River here and adjacent supplying brooks. I have the promise of 15,000 eggs of the California mountain trout which Mr. Bennett is to hatch for the same purpose. We hope to have a law passed this winter protecting our streams for two years, and if we do, with over 200,000 fish stocked therein during the past and present year, this part of Delaware County will again hold its old prestige of good trouting waters in the season

Mr. Bennett deserves great credit for his taste, energy and perseverance, for impure water from a creamery once emptied his ponds of the finest stock I ever saw—one, 3,000 of his trout being of large size. Mr. Bennett takes the FOREST AND STREAM and enjoys your fish department vastly.

NED BUNTLINE.

HOW LARGE IS A QUARTER-POUND TROUT?—New York, Feb. 10.—Will you ask your correspondent, "Manhattan," whose communication appeared in to-day's issue, what are the dimensions of a trout which weighs one-quarter of a pound? I highly approve of "Manhattan's" indignation at fingerlings being caught by boys or by would-be sportsmen, and it recalls to me that a few summers ago, at Pol Smith's I one morning caught from one locality, and put back alive, nineteen baby trout, and then went farther. On my return to the hotel at evening I found a "sportsman" displaying his great catch of about fifty "trout" the size of your little finger, caught that afternoon at the spot I had left, and among them, I do believe, those I had put back—they were the same size anyway—and the whole fifty could easily have been eaten by one man at a meal, and not much of a meal, either; they did not weigh two pounds. But if there is to be a penalty for a trout under a quarter of a pound in weight, what is its size? and what is the girth of a trout eight inches long and what will it weigh? No guess work, now.

GEO. W. VAN SICLEN.

SPORT AT FONDA, N. Y.—If I were a journalist I would tell you of the fun we had last fall catching pike from four to six pounds in weight, and how in hooking a three-pound bass we were compelled to send the boy we had to row for us in about five feet of water to retrieve him for us after he (the bass) had taken two or three turns of the line around a snag that was imbedded on the bottom, and also of the exciting times we have had running Reynard and how one of our Nimrods has the brush of eighteen hanging in his wigwam—the result of our fall running. But, as I say, we are not journalists; notwithstanding all that, we are as tickled as a child with a new toy when, on Thursday of each week, we march down from the news office with a copy of the current No. of the FOREST AND STREAM. A. B. J.

RANGE OF THE CATFISH—Cleveland, O., Feb. 2.—"Lex.," of St. Pauls, Minn.; W. L. Carpenter, U. S. A., Fort Omaha; and Lieut. Asa Wall, of Winchester, Va., have given interesting and valuable information regarding the northern range and value of catfish in those localities. It would be of interest to hear from some of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM in the Southern States giving their knowledge of the habits of this fish, its size, and reputation as an article of food and how they cook it. We often hear of its enormous size in those waters, but it is usually spoken of as coarse and rather inferior food. The yellow and blue-cats are of the same species, merely differing in color and size, the yellow rarely attaining the weight of fifteen pounds, while the blue variety, full grown, weighs from forty to one hundred pounds and over, according to the waters most favorable to its development. This fish pairs in the spawning season, and on several occasions I have reason to know that the two varieties breed with one another.

DR. E. STERLING.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from Mr. R. H. Kilby, of Montreal, Canada, the handsomely illustrated catalogue of his cricket and fishing goods. Mr. Kilby's stock is extensive and comprehensive, and his establishment is well known throughout the Provinces. Mr. Kilby is well known as one of the active officers of the Fish and Game Protective Club of the Province of Quebec.

SMALL STRONG HOOKS.—A London correspondent writes that Florida fishermen can get small hooks which are strong enough, and says that small ones are to be had in London which are as strong as cod hooks, and are known as "Mahseer" hooks. They are used for fishing in Hindostan and prepared to resist the crushing power of a 60-lb. mahseer, while small enough to be used for smaller fish.

SENDING FISH BY MAIL.—A halibut of one and a half pounds was recently sent from Gloucester, Mass., to Mr. Blackford, in Fulton Market, by mail. It was then the smallest on record, but one of three-quarters of a pound has since been taken.

THE Saturday *Review*, speaking of fishing, says that the Scandinavian rivers, like the Scotch streams, have passed into the hands of millionaires.

Fish Culture.

THE CENTRAL FISHCULTURAL SOCIETY.

[CONCLUDED.]

MR. FAIRBANK: There is no doubt about the evil influence of the pound net, and Mr. Green is right in his views on it.

MR. CLARK: How can the pound nets be abandoned and yet leave the herring fisheries profitable?

MR. BOOTH: No trouble about it in most places, for there are but few localities where the herring are caught.

MR. BARTLETT moved that the thanks of the Society be tendered to the railroads which have done so much in affording facilities for the transportation of fish and fry, and also carried them free of charge. Carried.

THE SECRETARY then announced that a paper had been received from Dr. Nahum E. Ballou, of Sandwich, Ill., a gentleman who had the cause of fish culture at heart, but who was prevented from attending the meeting. It was read as follows:

FISH CULTURE IN THE PAST AND FUTURE.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Central Fishcultural Society:

I regret exceedingly that I cannot be in attendance at the meeting of your Society which convenes to-day at the Grand Pacific Hotel, owing to sickness in my family and professional engagements, which entirely preclude absence from home

But if I were to say a few kindly words in connection with my regrets on the great and important topic of fish culture, it is possible it would be better than absence and silence, twin aids to masterly inactivity and most obvious hindrances to progress in this busy world of ours. In reference to the world-wide interest which now attaches to fish culture, I have read that it was the opinion of Pliny "that nature's great and wonderful power was more strikingly manifest in the sea than on land." If the "Harvests of the Sea" constitute a large portion of human sustenance, and the sea is viewed as a vast reservoir of human food, the writer fairly estimates its wonderful power as a food resource. It was also a remark full of meaning imputed to Capt. John Smith (the original Smith of our country), which may now be quoted as prophetic language: "Therefore, honorable and worthy countrymen, let not the meanness of the word fish distaste you, for it will afford as good gold as the mines of Guiana or Potozi, with less hazard and change and more certainty and facility." Although these words were spoken or written more than two hundred years ago, they are strikingly significant, and seem to have been tinged with more than a shadow of truth, as current events of to-day, in connection with fish culture, justify. The mines of Guiana or Potozi may become exhausted by man's eagerness and avarice for gold and gems, but when exhausted they cannot be replenished, cannot again be charged with golden sands, or golden ore, or planted with diamonds, but the exhausted rivers, lakes and oceans may be recharged by artificial production, and impoverished though they may be, teem again with abundance of the choicest of human food.

In 1853 Dr. Theodatus Garlick and Prof. H. A. Ackley, of Cleveland, Ohio, first demonstrated in our country, by careful and successful experiments, the validity of Messrs. Gehin and Remy's discoveries in the streams of the Vosges mountains of France. Messrs Garlick and Ackley were the fathers of fish culture in the United States. About sixteen years since New Englanders began to experiment, for they had become convinced that the artificial propagation of fishes by extraneous vitalizing of their ova was founded upon an embryological fact, which seemed to be in imitation of a natural law, and hence began the work of stocking streams and fish farms. Closely following these successful experiments State commissions were organized under special statutes, and one State after another, affected by the contagion of success, has adopted fish culture, until more than one-half the States of the Union have enlightened commissions engaged in restocking thousands of lakes, rivers and crystal streams. Meantime Mr. Green discovers that by using boxes that are susceptible of undulatory motion shad-hatching is made a success, and Mr. Fred. Mather, assistant to the U. S. Fish Commission, has invented the "Conical System of Shad-Hatching," which now very much facilitates the production of young fry. The latter method is largely in use on account of its efficiency.

Very soon after many of the States had inaugurated State Commissions, far-seeing men taking a look forward, the United States Fish Commission is organized, with Prof. Spencer F. Baird as its head. In the selection of Prof. Baird for the head of the National Board, no more valuable person could have been selected, for all of his labors are subjected to the scrutiny and close examination of science. His reports are the best repertories of natural history in connection with fish culture to be found in the language, and will do more for the advancement of the study of natural history in this department than any work written. Mr. Livingston Stone, one of Prof. Baird's assistants, is also an eminent fish culturist, and through him the country is familiar with the embryonized ova of the *Salmo quinnat* of the Pacific coast, together with European nations and the distant islands of the ocean. Not the least among the developments of our scientists is the discovery of Dr. Brooks, of the John Hopkins University, of Maryland, how the oyster may be increased by artificial propagation.

Prof. Baird has also brought the codfish into the domain of fisheulture, and is now producing the fry in millions to supply the immense falling off of our cod fisheries. Major T. B. Ferguson, of the Maryland Commission, has also subjected the herring to the artificial process, and his experiments attest that they can be largely increased by this method. The U. S. Commission has also succeeded in propagating the mackerel by this process.

I can only say that hybridizing is also going on, and it looks as if it could be practiced *ad infinitum*. Now, gentlemen of the society, we are only learning the alphabet of fish culture, for as we have already "builded better than we knew," wonderful developments are yet to come. The benign results of fish culture are yet to cheapen very largely the poor man's food. We have such rich fields for pasturage upon the vast plateaus of the ocean, that in the near future we are to be furnished with food-fishes of right royal flavor, almost without money and without price. NAHUM E. BALLOU.

Sandwich, Ill., Dec. 15, 1880.

MR. CLARK: If there is no discussion following the paper just read I would like to call the attention of the society to the subject of retarding fish eggs. It is something on which I have worked for the past five years. All who have been interested in the culture of whitefish know that there have been long and warm discussions on the propriety of hatching the fish in spring water and so bringing the fry out in midwinter, when some people claim there is no food for them in the lakes. I have now eggs of the whitefish on flannel trays, in a refrigerator, which have been there since December with no water on them and will not be placed in water until spring. Neither is there any fungus or dead eggs, nor has there been any picking of dead eggs. I do not expect to pick out any until April. The box maintains an even temperature of about 30½ degrees Fahr.; the highest has been 31 degrees. I have kept the eggs in former years until April and have no doubt they can be kept a month longer. After the first lot of bad eggs are picked out there is no further trouble than to keep the ice chambers charged. The eggs appear as if frozen, but only the moisture on the egg is turned to ice, the embryo being able to resist freezing at that temperature. In fact they will survive down to 25 degrees, but below that will freeze and die.

MR. BOOTH: It is strange that the eggs do not freeze.

MR. LYTLE: At Green Bay I took five trays and left them in the fish-house. The eggs upon them were frozen in solid in the ice and were shipped to Mr. Douseman, who wrote that they were his best eggs.

MR. CLARK: The record of my clerk shows that 25 deg. is the lowest that they will stand.

MR. MILLER: Our water at the Detroit hatchery was colder than at the Pokagon house. It is lake water, and many have said it contained no food in winter. Mr. Chase experimented with a very fine screen placed at the inlet to the troughs, and in the coldest weather there was plenty of animal life of minute forms. We held the young whitefish in the house, and they found food and grew finely on it.

MR. CLARK: I don't want to be too positive, but incline to think as Mr. Miller does that there is always minute life in the lake water.

MR. MATHER: The minute insects commonly known as gnats which are seen early in the spring spend their winter as larva in the water. Their eggs must be very small, and so must the worm which hatches from them. These eggs must be laid the year previous at least to the appearance of the insect, which lives and grows through the winter.

MR. FAIRBANK: Spring water does not contain this life when it emerges from the ground.

MR. CLARK: No, but we can very well hatch in spring water and plant in the lakes.

THE PRESIDENT: If there is no further business before the meeting, I will call for the report of the Treasurer.

The Treasurer reported as follows:

CHICAGO, Dec. 30, 1880.

The Central Fishcultural Society in account with A. Booth, Treasurer.

1879.	Cr.	
Oct. 3	By cash	$81 00
Nov. 17	By subscr. S. A. Forbes, Normal, Ills	3 00
		$84 00

1879.	Dr.	
Oct. 3	To cash F. Mather	$16 20
Nov. 17	R. O. Sweeney, cash paid by Prof. Forbes, used for postage and stationery	3 00
		$19 20
	Balance on hand	$64 80

The report was accepted.

MR. BARTLETT moved that the thanks of the Society be tendered to the proprietors of the Grand Central Pacific Hotel for courtesies extended to the Society and the use of its club room. Carried.

On motion the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the Executive Committee.

REPORT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COMMISSION.

THE fifteenth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is before us. In addition to their previous duties they have been charged with obtaining statistics of the shore and river net fisheries. The owners of about 1,000 weirs, seines, gill-nets, etc., have made returns, and these show a falling off in number which is not ascribed to a falling off in the fisheries, but from the fact that many of the men have given up the trade and their successors have failed to apply for papers. The leasing of ponds by the State is practiced, and thirty-five have been so leased within the past five years, and one has been reserved for fishcultural experiments. In the same period there have been distributed of eggs or of young fish: Salmon, 339,000; California salmon, 727,500 (these two kinds were placed chiefly in the Merrimac and its tributaries in connection with New Hampshire); Land-locked salmon, 988,763 in 131 localities; trout, 39,500 in 11 localities; carp, 900 in 40 localities.

The building of fishways has been encouraged, new ones erected and antiquated forms replaced by new models. The restocking of the Saugus River with alewives is thus announced in a letter to Commissioner Brackett:

WAKEFIELD, May 3.

MR. E. A. BRACKETT—*Dear Sir:* I have the pleasure of informing you that the reopening and stocking of the Saugus River is a success. Yesterday thousands of alewives were seen in the river in Wakefield above all the fishways, and no doubt they are in the pond before this. The first alewives were planted in the pond three years ago this month, and those seen yesterday are the first that have been in Wakefield of their own accord for about thirty years. Very respectfully, OSCAR STOWELL.

A large run of salmon in the Merrimac is recorded, but owing to drouths and depredations of men, but few reached the spawning-grounds, being kept back by low water. They congregated near North Andover and at the mouths of brooks between there and Haverhill and became a prey to the poacher in the night. This was not known until too late to remedy the evil. Massachusetts has its fish-hatching done jointly with New Hampshire, and Mr. A. H. Powers, of the latter State, gives an account of his work. From nine salmon he obtained 60,000 eggs. The 100,000 eggs mentioned in his last report hatched with a loss of four and a quarter per cent. The Superintendent of the Lawrence fishway reports more fish in the way the first part of the season than ever before, and that in June the river was full of salmon, but the low water of August, September and October prevented a full run of fish. The Commissioners believe that the land-locked salmon is being successfully established in many of their ponds, as individuals have been taken weighing from one to three pounds; 174,000 of them were hatched and distributed the year previous. This year (1880) Mr. Chas. G. Atkins writes them that he will probably have 300,000 for them.

Nothing has been done in the Connecticut River on account of the differences between the fishermen of Massachusetts and Connecticut—differences which, we are sorry to say, extends to the Fish Commissioners of these States. The carp has been extensively introduced, and in the appendix an account of its culture by Mr. Hessel, extracted from the report of the U. S. Commissioners, Part IV., is introduced.

FISH CULTURE IN ILLINOIS.

THE Quincy *Whig* recently published an account of the work and prospects of the Fish Commission of that State from which we extract the following:

The rivers, as a rule, overflow their banks every spring, and out into the shallow lakes, ponds and low places created by the overflow the fish go to deposit their spawn; and as the water recedes the fish find their way back to deeper water, the spawn in due time is hatched, and when the water has fallen within its banks and these shallow places are cut off from the river and lakes, they commence to dry up, so that unless rescued countless thousands of young native fish contained in these would perish. To save these fish, selecting the game fish, such as bass, croppy, wall-eyed pike, etc., and putting the rest, such as catfish, buffalo and sunfish into the nearest deep water, has been largely the work of the commission.

The game fish were put into ponds and live boxes until they could be distributed to other portions of the State.

All applications for fish for private ponds were supplied free of charge, as the ponds, and hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity of procuring a stock of fish.

During the month of September of this year the commissioners were tendered the use of the steamer Daisy and crew by the owner, Capt. Henry R. Corley, a generous sportsman. The boat was used to work the Mississippi River and sloughs from the northern part of Hancock County to the mouth of the Illinois River, and up the Illinois River to Peoria, and was under the immediate control of Mr. Bartlett, the member of the commission from Quincy, who carried great quantities of these valuable fish to the streams and lakes, and proved himself most efficient and successful in the work. The extent of his labors will be appreciated from the statement that the commission have saved, distributed and put into deep water, from July 1, 1879, to Oct. 31, 1880, nearly 6,000,000 young native fish, every one of which would have perished, either from drying up of water or freezing out in winter, had they not have been taken from the ponds and holes where they were found; and yet but a small portion of the work that ought to have been done has been accomplished. Millions of fish perish and will perish this winter that ought to have been cared for, but with only $1,000 to work with, and the other fish interests of the State to look after, the commissioners have been unable to do more.

In November of this year the commissioners secured 800 German carp direct from the United States ponds at Washington, which, with the exception of those delivered to parties holding requisitions for them from Prof. Baird, have been placed in the State ponds at Fall creek, built for their use. The greater portion of the State is admirably adapted for their successful propagation.

The State ponds are situated two miles west of Fall creek station, on the C. B. & Q. R. R., a few miles below Quincy, inside of the Shy levee embankment, and consist of a series of ponds supplied with living water. The carp ponds are natural ponds or lakes, supplied by deep water from the river, well protected by artificial lines and fences. The larger ponds will be so constructed as to admit of the natural propagation of bass, croppy etc., being a continuous flow of water for one and three-quarter miles, varying from one to twenty feet in depth.

The commission have on hand in their ponds and live boxes in the river, for distribution, 30,000 young bass and croppy, which will be sent to inland streams as soon as possible. When it is taken into consideration the large territory over which the commission are expected to work, and the limited amount of money they have to do with, the amount of work done by them seems incredible. The management of affairs has certainly been excellent, and while the commission as a whole is entitled to credit, the active services of Mr. Bartlett have been especially apparent to all interested in the subject of fish culture.

The commissioners have under consideration a plan of work for next year by which it is expected that every stream in the State will receive its share of young native fish. The railroads will be asked to co-operate with them, and if an appropriation is secured large enough to successfully carry out all branches of the work, plenty of fish in all our streams and lakes will only be a question of a few years.

An effort will be made by the commissioners to secure such legislation the coming season as will make it possible to enforce existing laws, or have such laws amended, making them stringent enough to protect the fish. It is a fact not generally known that the decrease in the supply of native fish has been over one-half in the past ten years, and that a marked decrease can be noticed every year, which decrease is to a great extent due to the unlawful use of the seine and net.

GROWTH OF CARP—Schenectady, N. Y., Feb. 1.—Seeing the report from various sections of our country in FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the growth of the German carp, I thought I would let you know how they grow up here in our cold climate.

Last may, about the 25th, our enterprising jeweler, Mr. J. T. Welton, obtained from the New York Commission eleven young carp, the largest of which did not exceed two inches. They were put into a pond of running spring water, about forty by seventy feet, and perhaps three feet deep, with a mud bottom. These fish never have been fed, only for a few days after they were first introduced into their new home.

October 1 some of them exceeded a foot in length, but none of them have ever been weighed and we do not think that any of them spawned last season.

Thank you very much for the exposure of the Dittmar powder.

Also, I think it the duty of every citizen to lift his voice against the "refrigerator act." D. CHAMBERLAIN.

DAMAGE TO THE U. S. SALMON-BREEDING RANCH.—Advices from California say that all of the low lands of the Sacramento Valley are under water from the floods. There has been no mail from the northern part of California for more than a week and only one telegraph line in operation. On the 8th a telegram was received that the Pit, McCloud and Sacramento rivers were very high, ferry-boats washed away and all communication interrupted. The report is that all the Government fish-hatching works on the McCloud River, including all the buildings, have been washed away by the extraordinary flood.

Our informant says: "I have no exact means of knowing, but estimate the loss there will not be less than $25,000. This is based on the statement that all the buildings have been washed away. If the attendants had had notice probably some of the property might have been saved, but until the mails get through we cannot get the particulars."

Later advices say: With the exception of the Post-office, all the buildings of the U. S. Hatching Station, eight in number, were carried away by the flood. The loss will amount to about $15,000."

TRANSPORTATION OF CARP.—That carp can be sent long distances without an attendant is demonstrated by the following: On the 21st of January, N. T. State Fish Commissioner E. G. Blackford sent to Mr. E. Ulrich, Sanford, Orange Co., Fla., two ten gallon cans, each containing ten carp six inches long, and they arrived without loss. They were sent from New York by steamer, and were nine days on the way. There was no change of water, the cover of the cans being perforated to admit air. Mr. Blackford has also sent carp to Cincinnati and Chicago without an attendant.

THE NATIONAL CARP PONDS.—The damage reported by the floods was much exagerated. Advices from Washington say that the ponds are not seriously injured. How many of the carp have been lost it is impossible to say until the ice melts and the water can be drawn off. It is believed that there are enough left for immediate practical service. Their habit of bedding in the mud in winter has probably saved the most of them.

The Kennel.

April 1, at Columbia, Tenn.—Close of entries, National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Joseph H. Dew, Secretary.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building, Third avenue and Sixty-third street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, No. 138 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,700, New York City.

HAVE DOGS AN EXTRA SENSE?

THERE is something about that which is commonly called the scent of the dog, more particularly the hunting dog, which from an observing point of view is not only interesting but, perhaps, a little mysterious.

We are accustomed to accept the theory that a dog follows birds and other game by the aid of the sense of smell very much as we accept a great many other—notably theological—notions and for the same reason—namely, that our fathers did so before us.

In calling this the sense of smell we are forced to wonder at the exceeding fineness and delicacy of a sense which can distinguish the track of a bird long after it has passed along, when even the bird itself held to our own nostrils gives out no perceptible odor.

Not only is this sense in the dog so fine that he distinguishes by it the track of a bird some time after it has passed by, but it is very much finer than simply that, for, of a very short series of such tracks, the dog will tell which was made last and thus follow the trail *toward*, instead of away from, the bird.

If it be the sense of smell which enables our canine friends to do all this, it is evidently a so much finer sense than a man possesses, the difference in degree is so great, that it practically amounts to a difference in kind.

Is it the same even in kind?

If it be by the sense of smell that a dog thus pursues the track of a bird, it follows that the canine sense of smell is so keen and delicate that odors which are so faint as not to be perceptible to the human sense are quite tangible to the sense of the dog.

Now odors which are pungent enough to be perceptible to the human sense, but faint to that sense, disappear in the presence of stronger odors; a faint odor of cologne is neutralized and destroyed in the presence of a strong odor of musk; this fact is a well-known one and needs no further illustration.

The sense of smell in the dog, if it be the same *in kind* with that of man, however much it may differ *in degree*, must need be, it would seem, obedient to the same law.

On applying this test to the case where the dog follows the track of a bird his sense does not seem to be obedient to the law.

Almost every hunter who owns a bird dog has seen this test applied, but has not been specially observant of it. It is not an uncommon occurrence, in hunting, for the dog to come upon, lie down and roll in carrion till he is offensive to the dullest olfacto-

ries, and till he gives off an aroma in the presence of which no other ordinary odor is perceptible to the human sense of smell. If this odor of carrion can thus drown, neutralize and destroy other odors powerful enough to affect the sense of smell in man, how much more overpowering and destructive it must be to those odors which are so faint and fine that the human sense cannot detect them!

Reasoning from analogy there seems to be no escape from the conclusion that the mere *odor* of a bird track can have no practical existence in the presence of an overpowering smell of carrion, and that no more sense of smell could enable its possessor to follow such a track.

The fact in such a case is that the offensive envelope of the effluvium of carrion that the dog carries with him does not, so far as appearance indicates, at all interfere with the dog's ability to pursue the evanescent trail; leading to the conclusion, seemingly at least, that the dog follows the feathered game through the possession of some other sense than smell, some sense that man does not possess and does not know the name and character of.

It is quite conceivable that things tangible and things intangible possess properties and attributes that we do not perceive, simply because we are not equipped with the sense necessary to such perception. For myself I little doubt that there are many senses which we have not, but which we might have possessed had the Creative Power so ruled.

If this proposition is a little mystical, perhaps I can make it clear by an illustration from daily life:

A bell struck near a deaf man fills the air with sound vibrations, but these are as though they did not exist to the deaf man, for he does not possess the sense requisite to their perception—for him there is no such sense as that of sound. A beautiful picture in front of a blind man sends forth outline and color, but they do not exist for the sightless man, for he has not the sense which would enable him to perceive them—for him there is no sense of sight.

In certain mental conditions, which are probably abnormal, we all develop a sense which might not unreasonably be called the sense of *presence*, which tells us that some one whom we know is near, a fact pleasantly put in the saying, "Speak of angels and you will hear their wings." In some persons this sense is almost present, in others rarely.

Since the sense of smell, pure and simple, does not seem to adequately account for the canine power of tracking birds and other game, it does not seem unreasonable to at least ask the question, "Have dogs an extra sense?"

WM. EDGAR SHIONDS.

HYDROPHOBIA.

ON the occasion of a very interesting report of a case of hydrophobia, by Prof. Haverly to the *Acad. de Medicine*, M. Bouley, inspector general of the veterinary schools of France, formulated this great truth:

"*The best way to prevent attacks of this redoubtable malady is to understand it.*"

This knowledge, the readers of *Hygiene for All* will have the good fortune to owe to M. Bouley himself, who has kindly authorized our editor-in-chief to reproduce the *resume* of his work on *Hydrophobia, the means of avoiding its dangers, and of preventing its propagation.*

Here is the tableau of the characters of hydrophobia, as the eminent professor of the museum has so ably indicated them.

I. The madness of the dog is not characterized by fits of fury in the earlier days of his manifestation. On the contrary, it is a disease of benign appearance at first; *but from its beginning, the saliva is virulent, that is, it contains the inoculable germ, and the dog is then much more dangerous from the caresses of its tongue than it may be from its bites, for it has as yet no tendency to bite.*

II. At the beginning of its madness, the dog changes its temper; it becomes sad, sober and taciturn, seeks solitude and retires into the most obscure corners. But it cannot remain long in one place; it is unquiet and agitated, comes and goes, lies down and gets up, roams around, smells, hunts about, scratches with its fore feet. Its movements, its attitudes and its gestures seem to indicate that, for the moment, it sees phantoms, for it bites the air, springs forward and howls as if it were attacking real enemies.

III. Its look is changed; it expresses a sombre sadness and something of the ferocious.

IV. But in this state the dog is not at all aggressive toward man; its character is what it was before. It is docile and submissive to its master, whose voice it obeys, showing some signs of gaiety which bring back, for an instant, the usual expression to its physiognomy.

V. Instead of aggressive tendencies, they are often the contrary, which are manifested in the first stage of madness. Affectionate sentiments toward its masters and familiars about the house are exaggerated in the mad dog, and it expresses them by repeated movements with its tongue, with which it is eager to lick the hands or faces of those it can reach.

VI. This sentiment, very highly developed and very tenacious in the dog, dominates it so much, that in many cases it respects its masters, even in a paroxysm of rage, and so much that they, moreover, preserve great control over it, even when its ferocious instincts commence to manifest themselves and the dog abandons itself to them.

VII The mad dog has not a dread of water; on the contrary, it is eager for it. As long as it can drink, it satisfies its thirst which is always great; and when spasm of its fauces prevents its swallowing, it plunges its nose into the water and bites, so to say, the liquid which it is unable to swallow. The mad dog then is not *hydrophobic; hydrophobia* is not then a sign of madness in the dog.

VIII. The mad dog does not refuse food in the first period of its malady; often even it eats more voraciously than usual.

IX. When the desire to bite, which is one of the essential characteristics of the disease at a certain stage of the development, begins to manifest itself, the animal satisfies it at first upon inert bodies. It gnaws the wood of doors and of furniture, tears clothes, carpets, shoes, grinds straw, hay, hair, wool, between its teeth, eats the ground, and the dung of animals, even its own etc., and accumulates in its stomach the debris of anything with which it's teeth have come in contact.

X. The abundance of the saliva is not a constant sign in the mad dog. Sometimes the mouth is moist, sometimes dry. Before the period of fits, the secretion of saliva is normal; it is exaggerated during this period and dries up at the end of the disease.

XI. The mad dog often expresses the painful sensation it feels from spasm of the fauces, by making with its forefeet on each side of its cheeks the peculiar gestures which a dog does in whose throat a bone is lodged.

XII. In a peculiar variety of canine madness which is called dumb madness, the paralyzed lower jaw is separated from the upper one, and the mouth remains open and dry with a brownish, red color of the mucous membrane which covers it.

XIII. In some cases the rabid dog vomits blood, which comes, in all probability, from wounds of the stomach, caused by the sharp bodies which it has swallowed.

XIV. The voice of the rabid dog always changes in *timbre* and its bark is always completely different from its usual manner. It is rough, husky and is transformed into a jerky howl. In the variety called dumb madness this important symptom is lacking. The disease receives its name from the absolute dumbness of the patients; *dumb or mute madness.*

XV. The sensibility is very much diminished in the mad dog. When struck, or burnt, or wounded, it utters no complaints nor cries by which animals of his species express their sufferings or even their fears simply. There are cases where the rabid dog makes deep wounds upon itself with its teeth and assuages its rage upon its own body, without seeking to injure the persons with whom it is familiar.

XVI The mad dog is always very violently impressed and irritated by the sight of an animal of its own species. When it finds itself in the presence of one or hears it barking, its rabid fury is manifested, if it was still latent, or develops and increases if it was already declared, and it springs toward it to tear it with its teeth. The presence of the dog produces the same impression on animals of other species when they are under the influence of rabies; so that it is correct to say that the dog fills the office of a ferocious agent, by the aid of which one may nearly always, with very great surety, bring out the madness still concealed in an animal which has it.

XVII. The rabid dog often leaves its home at the moment when, in the progress of its malady, ferocious instincts develop in it and begin to dominate over it; and after one, two or three days of wandering, during which it has sought to satisfy its rage upon all living beings which it has encountered, it frequently returns home to die with its master.

XVIII. When the madness has arrived at its period of fury, it is characterized by the impression of ferocity which it gives to the physiognomy of the affected animal and by the desire to bite which it satisfies every time an occasion for it is presented; but it is always against one of its species that it directs its attacks by preference to any other animal.

XIX. The rabid fury is manifested by fits, in the intervals between which the animal, exhausted, falls into a state of relative calm which may cause a doubt as to the nature of its malady.

XX. Healthy dogs seem to be endowed with the faculty of divining the rabid state of an animal of their species, and, instead of quarreling with it, they seek to escape its attacks by flight.

XXI. The rabid dog, when free, attacks first, and with great energy, all living beings it may meet with, but always by preference a dog rather than other animals, and these rather than man. Then, when it has exhausted its fury by its attacks, it goes forward with a vacillating gait, with tail pendant, head inclined toward the ground, its eyes looking wild and mouth open, from which escapes the bluish tongue covered with dust. In this state it does not have very aggressive tendencies, but it still bites everything, man or beast, that comes in its way.

XXII. The mad dog which dies naturally succumbs to paralysis and asphyxia. Up to the last moment the instinct to bite controls it, and it should be feared even when exhaustion seems to have transformed it into an inert body.

XXIII. At the autopsy of a rabid dog there is nearly always seen in the stomach a conglomeration of incongruous bodies, such as hay, straw, hairs, wool, shreds of cloth, pieces of leather, remnants of twine, tow, excrements, earth, leaves, grass, stones, everything which, by their presence together, have a great probative value of the existence of rabies in the animal in whom found.

XXIV. The surest means of preventing the effects of rabic inoculation is immediate cauterization, preferably with the red-hot iron, or lacking this, gunpowder or caustic agents. The sooner this cauterization is made the more one can count on its efficacy.

XXV. If the cauterization cannot be made immediately after the bite, one should, while waiting, wash out the wound, press very energetically to squeeze out the blood, sucking the wound, ejecting very quickly the fluid drawn by the mouth; compress very tightly its edges continually and apply, if possible, a circular ligature to arrest the circulation of the blood.—*Chicago Medical Journal and Examiner.*

BREEDING, TRAINING AND CARE OF BEAGLE HOUNDS.

IN the year 1851, I became possessor of a pair of beagle hounds. Since then, I have owned and bred them continually; for my own use mostly, occasionally parting with some, presenting them to my friends, and of late years selling my surplus.

A that period in this locality I had no trouble in getting good specimens of this breed of either class, I shall hereafter mention in detail. But as my shooting grew in favor, this strain of dogs with but comparatively few exceptions was superceded by pointers at that time, but more recently by the setter. The growing desire for this kind of sport, and the rapid extinction of all winged game has led sporting men to look to other fields for sport, and the hare and rabbit comes in. In almost all sections they may be found in suitable localities for this prolific little creature; and, with proper care, the rabbits cannot become much less in number. I find that if trapping and ferret hunting are allowed, it will soon clear them out. In keeping a record as to sex killed by the gun, two thirds or more are males, while those secured by ferrets are nearly all females; going to show that the females are, in the day time, either in holes or some secure place. I should like very much if others would give their views on this very important matter. As this little hound is rapidly coming in favor again, and as sportsmen are looking in this direction, let us keep alive the rabbit and not neglect to care for him, and begin in time.

As to this coming little beagle, I fail to find but two classes; first, the true English beagle. He should be not less than twelve inches at shoulder, nor more than fifteen inches. He should have a good, round ear, lying close to cheek, with a spread of from fourteen to eighteen inches from tip to tip of ear. The most suitable color is white, black and tan or ticked. Then he will be more readily seen on green or snow. He should have straight, clean forelegs. This dog seems to fill the bill: and I am glad to say, has given entire satisfaction wherever he has been introduced, and I might here mention some kennels of such dogs that I know well and favorably. Those of J. N. Dodge, Detroit, Mc., N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., and General Honeitt, are second to none.

Then comes the little basket or toy beagle, never exceeding twelve inches at the shoulder. I have had them as low as eight inches. They are nice little pets, but too small and delicate for practical purposes; but I should be sorry to see this strain lost.

I see that the bench show managers at Pittsburgh have let in a new class. I think it would have been much better to have made two classes in the dachshounds, for most assuredly he belongs to that strain.

As to breeding, select those that are without doubt pure in blood and well trained, as this feature is vastly important. There seems to be no doubt that it will be imparted to the offspring in a large degree. Such has been the experience of breeders. In color white black and tan seems to be the most fashionable. I am breeding some now that are ticked all over. They are beautiful and as readily seen on ground or snow as the white black and tan. I select for breeding those with a good, clear note, as this is the music for the chase. It is well to have it well developed, and without this very important feature, the sport would be monotonous. I accustom my puppies to follow me at an early age, commencing their training at about three or four months old, taking all the puppies out together. In that way they learn to run together. A dog trained by himself seldom runs well in a pack. The very best thing to train a young dog on is an English rabbit, and they are very easily obtained, and the scent is the same as a wild rabbit or hare. I am now breeding the genuine English hare, for the training of beagles. They are very fleet, and can keep out of the way of the pack. The proper way is to take the rabbit or hare some distance from their burrow, then let the puppies at first run by sight, which they will do readily. The introduction of an old, slow beagle will help them amazingly at the start. The hare will make its way back to the burrow and escape, and can be carried out at any time for another chase. After they are well up to their mode of hunting and tongue has been well developed, take them to good rabbit ground, in some thick cover, as the open country does not afford any sport for this kind of hunting, as a rabbit in nine cases out of ten, after being started, would go straight to hole. I always take my position in the edge of the thicket, and let the dogs do the finding. In the early part of the evening is the best time, for the rabbits will then be on the move and they would be sure to strike a fresh trail and start the rabbit at once. I never follow my dogs, but take a position near where the rabbit has been started, for if not killed or taken to hole it will be sure to return near to starting point. They run in circles generally, making shorter circles every time. You can encourage your dogs as they pass you by in their rounds, but never call them from the track. Should they make a loss and you see where the rabbit has gone, do not be in a hurry to assist them in taking up the track again, but if they should fail to do so, then you may assist them in finding it. I generally do this by calling them to me and waving my hand smartly along where the rabbit has gone. They will soon learn to take up scent in this way readily. In running them frequently in this way, I have had dogs run well and true at less than a year old, when it left to hunting only at the proper season for shooting rabbits it might take you two or three years to train them properly.

The best article on food for dogs was written by Everet Von Culin in FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. 15, No. 15 (Nov. 11, 1880).

GEO. POWNALL.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

IT has been decided to hold the fifth annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club, as already stated in last week's issue, at the American Institute Building, the dates set apart being April 26, 27, 28 and 29. Mr. Charles Lincoln, who has efficiently superintended these shows from the beginning, arrived in town on Thursday last, and at once opened an office at No. 138 Fulton street. There is no man in the country who has had as great experience in these matters, and the happy possession of a faculty to systematize the classification of the dogs and the management of all detail renders his services indispensable for the success of such enterprises. The arrangements will be on a much larger scale than heretofore. This year there will be 93 classes, against 75 last year, 92 in 1879, 91 in 1878 and 71 in 1877. Champion classes have been provided for mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies, fox-terriers (both dogs and bitches), pugs and Yorkshire terriers. There will be one class for field spaniels over 28 lbs. in weight, one for cocker dogs under 28 lbs., and one for cocker bitches under 28 lbs. Two for bull terriers above and under 25 lbs. in weight respectively, and an extra class for Irish terriers, of which there are now a number in the country.

The building where the show is to be held is much larger than the Madison Square Garden, where the shows before this have taken place; the ventilation is much better arranged, and there will be a large portion of the building set aside for the exercising of the dogs. It has been decided to select American judges for the sporting classes, and the single-handed system will take the place of the old way of having three judges. Not until to-morrow will the selection be made and the number of judges chosen, and the pooling of the different classes together, which each judge is to be allotted, decided upon. Different plans have been suggested, one that there be a separate judge for each of the following classes: English setters, Gordons, Irish and pointers; one judge for the hound classes and spaniels, and one for the non-sporting classes, making six in all. Another plan under discussion is to make four divisions and to place together (1) the English setters and pointers, (2) the Gordons and Irish, (3) the hounds and spaniels, and (4) the non-sporting. This will need but four judges, and although there will be room to have three rings going at once, yet we would prefer to see the more expeditious and less laborious method of having six judges adopted.

STERLING DOG SHOW.

STERLING, ILL., Feb. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you the premium list of the first exhibition of the Rock River Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, C. B. Whitford, of St. Louis, Judge. The weather was fearful all the week, it could not have been worse:

English Setter Bitches—1st, T. Donoghue's (La Salle, Ill.) Daisy.
Irish Setter Dogs—1st, T. Donoghue's Irish Fritz; h c, J. E. Currier's George.
Irish Setter Dog Puppies—1st, A. Fulton's (Rock Falls, Ill.) Darby; v h c, H. J. Pease's (Rock Falls, Ill.) Terue; h c, W. H. Miller's (Sterling, Ill.) Raw II.
Irish Setter Bitch Pups—1st, W. H. Wheeler's Lady Wheeler.
Gordon Setter Pups—1st, J. F. Covey's Don.
Pointer Bitches—1st: F. May's Jessie; v h c, A William's Nell.
Pointer Puppies—1st, T. Donoghue's Princess Nell.
Irish Water Spaniels—1st, T. Donoghue's Count Bendigo.
English Bull Dogs—1st, R. B. Commerford's Jack.
Bull Terriers—1st, J. E. Kelley's Joe; v h c, A. Adair's Jack.
Skye Terrier Dogs—1st, E. H. Galt's Jack.
Skye Terrier Bitches—1st, C. A Keefer's Flossy.
Black and Tan Dog—1st, W. P. Ross's Tip.
Black and Tan Bitches—C. A. Keefer's Duffie.
Black and Tan Puppies—1st, C. A. Keefer's Buster; v h c, C. A. Keeefer's Cute.
Special Prizes—A Fulton. (Rock Falls, Ill.) takes one of your specials, the FOREST AND STREAM prize, for best Irish setter pup dog.
T. Donoghue (La Salle, Ill.) takes the other for best Irish setter dog.

The other was not taken as there was not a Llewellin shown. T. Donoghue's Irish water spaniel secured the highest of any dog on exhibition. Their was a large number of exhibitors with their dogs that could not get here on account of the storm, as most all the trains were snowed in along the road. We hope to have a large show next year. Allow me to thank your paper for what you have done for the society in advertising the show, also for your specials of the FOREST AND STREAM. R. B. CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary.

Although the above communication is dated the 14th the post mark on the envelope shows that it was not mailed until the 18th thus accounting for its non appearance in last week's issue.

CORRESPONDENTS' COMMENTS.

JOCKEYING AT FIELD TRIALS.

WE publish below some of the many responses which have come to us since the publication in this journal, February 3, of the article "Jockeying at Field Trials." Numerous private letters from prominent sportsmen, breeders and owners of dogs are of the same tenor.

A Philadelphia correspondent says: "I am very glad to see your article on jockeying at field trials. Unless field trials are run in the interest of all, and not for breeders only, it will soon be found gentlemen will not support them.—G. E."

A Hudson, N. Y., letter says: "Am glad that the cold snap did not prevent you from showing up the jockey. He deserves it all and more.—G. H"

PIEDMONT, N. Y., Feb. 10.—Your answer to Whitford gives general satisfaction, and the opinion is that it will block that little game of circling a dog ahead of another at field trials. I am glad there has been some one who dared to show up the trickery of the thing.—W. P. STEEL.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Allow me to express to you my hearty thanks for your masterly article on jockeying at field trials. In doing this I believe you have the thanks of all well-wishers of the dog. We are able to see now why so many dogs that have been hunted in the field by gentlemen in a sportsmanlike manner and are known to be good are often beaten at field trials. We see now that it is not necessarily because they have met a superior dog, but that the defeat is in many cases caused by these dog jockeys. Why is this jockeying allowed by the judges? Don't you think the field trials would be more largely attended by lovers of the dog and with many more entries if owners would hunt their own animals? I have heard many say they would like to enter, but decline doing so on account of meeting, not a finer dog, but a dog-jockeying shark. I see that this Whitford is to play the *role* of dog judge at the Sterling dog show.—THIRTY-TWO.

Philapelphia, Pa., Feb. 8.—I have carefully read your able reply to the Whitford article, and can say that you may safely rest your case as stated before the sportsmen of this country. The onus of the matter is squarely placed where it belongs, *i. e.*, on the judges, and they should define the difference between hunting the dogs in a sportsmanlike and a gentlemanlike manner.

"THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER"—Havana, Cuba, Feb. 12.—The following is a strange case of a mother being jealous of her puppies. She was a black and tan terrier and was a great pet of a young friend of mine, but after she had pups, three in number

the boy gave his whole attention to the pups, and when they were about ten days old the mother kept whining one day so much that it attracted the attention of the family. She went and lapped them well and shook them to death and buried them in a row, and for more than a week she wasn't known to eat anything, but went where she had buried the puppies and whined constantly. The only way I can account for it is the affect of the climate, for all of her sex are jealous. This country. J. W.

[All animals dislike to have their newly-born offspring petted. We have heard of similar cases with dogs and cats.]

GUSSIE.

OUR illustration this week is of the red Irish setter bitch Gussie, owned by W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., and formerly property of H. P. Dortch, of North Carolina. Gussie was awarded first prize at the recent Pittsburgh Bench Show, and is a large, handsome bitch, standing fully twenty-five and one-half inches high at shoulder. She is of good color—all red, with white frill—is an own sister to Champion Arlington, first at Boston and St Louis, 1879, being out of Hobart's Ruby, by Judge Pratt's Dan, he by Scott Rodman's celebrated old Dash.

Gussie is thoroughly broken, very particular and very obedient and has an excellent reputation as a remarkably good field dog; has great speed, with a remarkably keen nose to back it, which she uses to perfection, and is perfectly staunch and very steady. She is also the dam of some excellent field dogs.

THE COCKER CLUB COMMITTEE.—In the election of the Club Committee Messrs. Cummings and Kirk received precisely the same number of votes, and this number less than any one else elected. As it was impossible to decide which should belong to the committee, the names of both were announced as having been chosen. We have received a letter from Mr. Cummings, in which he states that owing to failing health he is unable to accept the position. This, while it will be a matter of regret to many cocker men, will leave the committee seven in number, as originally determined.

READ THIS NOTICE.—The Columbia Veterinary College, No. 217 East 34th street, this city, has kindly offered to make *post mortem* examinations of any specimens sent them, and to report on the same through our columns. The animal must be boxed and sent to the college by express, charges prepaid. This arrangement will admit of our treating diseases of an epidemic character in the most direct way, which may lead to the saving of many valuable animals of the same kennel.

MASSACHUSETTS KENNEL CLUB.—Vice Presidents for 1881, Edward E. Hardy, Edward P. Brown. At the annual meeting the President and Secretary were appointed a committee to represent the club in any movement which in their opinion would aid in procuring a better law for the protection of our game birds.

THE BLUE STAR KENNEL.—Mr. M. P. McKoon, the proprietor of the well-known cocker spaniel breeding kennel, unfurls his flag in another column. Long may it wave!

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

69 J. H. M., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—1. I had a cocker spaniel bitch, seven months old, taken five weeks ago with a kind of gagging. A little slimy mucus would sometimes be vomited. Diarhœa set in, and her breath was very offensive. Her nose began to run a little, and was at times hot and very dry. There was considerable fever for two weeks and she drank water freely. She became very weak and her eyes began to run somewhat. Then she began to make a noise in breathing and a sort of groaning and rattling. She would not eat without compulsion. After doing everything for her she died. 2. I have now two of her sisters very low with the same complaint, only they are free from diarrhœa and do not make as yet noise in breathing. One has vomited a worm about five inches long. They seem to waste away. What shall I do for them? Ans. 1. The puppy that died was suffering from gastric irritation. Treatment in such cases: Five drops of laudanum, two drops of fluid extract of ergot, mixed in table-spoonful of water; given four to six times a day until diarrhœa is stopped, keeping up the strength in the meanwhile with nux vomica or any tonic in increased doses. Food: beef tea thickened with oat meal. Good fresh air, pure water and a clean kennel. 2. First try for worms. Give in milk the following vermifuge after twelve hours' fasting: Powdered areca nut (fresh), sixteen grains, and two grains of santonine. Follow with a purge six hours later: olive and castor oil mixed. To strengthen, begin to give five drops of tincture of nux vomica in half an ounce of water three times a day. Add one drop a day to each dose until the doses are increased to ten drops. Write result.

70 J. T. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—The following is a good cure for mange: Powdered bi-carbonate of potash, one ounce; powdered white vitriol, one-quarter ounce; sub-sulphur, two ounces; lard, eight ounces; mix and rub well into the skin. Feed no meat and administer five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice a day in food. This is the proper dose for a full-grown setter or pointer.

71 J. A. W., Fargo, Dakota.—I have an Irish setter bitch, eight months old, that is troubled with a nervous affection of some kind, and, as I think a great deal of her, and what I have done seems to be of no avail, she gives me some concern. When either standing or lying down her body jerks. This has been the way for four months. If you can tell me what is the matter with her from my diagnosis, and what will cure her, you will confer a favor. Ans. As you omit to state the treatment which has failed, we are not as well informed on the subject as we would wish. Your bitch is probably afflicted slightly with chorea, one of the many evils resulting from distemper. Feed her well on good, sound and stimulating food, and give moderate exercise. The following preparation may assist her until we can hear more definitely from you. Quinine, one drachm; sub-nitrate of bismuth, two drachms; make into twenty pills and give two a day.

72 A. P. S., Boston, Mass.—My Gordon setter, almost three years old, has had the rheumatism, for which I gave him the prescription suggested in Stonehenge. He now seems to be nearly free of the trouble, but is in very poor condition and twitches his left hind leg and hip frequently. Ans. Keep your dog dry and warm, giving moderate but gentle exercise. Feed with laxative food, such as oat meal, vegetables, greens and beef tea. A good tonic may be of use; break an egg in an ounce of sherry, and beat until thoroughly mixed; give half in morning and remainder in the evening. Later on a tablespoonful of the best cod-liver oil will improve condition, but at present have the following prescription prepared by a chemist: Sulphate of quinine, two drachms; nux vomica, pulverized, one scruple; muriate of ammonia, two drachms; made into twenty pills, three of which to be given every day, one morning, noon and evening. Write result.

73 HAYWARD.—From your description the dog probably has chorea, otherwise called St. Vitus' dance. Feed well on light food, and especially see that the bowels are in a properly regulated state. Avoid, however, any resort to physic, but rather accomplish the object by a careful regulation of diet. Where the attack is but slight the dog may live for years a useful animal. Dogs severely afflicted with chorea seldom get completely cured. Proper exercise and good kenneling are necessary. Try the effect of one-eighth to one-quarter grain of nux vomica extract, given in pill three times a day. Also give two tablespoonsfuls of cod-liver oil twice a day, and feed liberally.

74 F. G., Saranac Lake, N. Y.—What can I do for my four-year-old hound who has been sick for three days? He seems stiff in the joints connecting head and neck, and holds his head forward in an unnatural position, resisting all efforts to press the head downward, which apparently gives him much pain. His pulse is rather slow and erratic. He shows a disinclination to move, lying most of the time extended either on side or stomach. His eyes, from which there is a slight discharge, are sunken and expressive of pain. Nose dry, but I have once noticed a very little discharge. Appetite fair; tongue whitish. He was found in this condition in his kennel one morning, though he had seemed well the night before. He has had some diarrhœa for two or three weeks, during which time he lost in flesh, but seems to have gotten entirely over it. Appears to urinate with some difficulty. Ans. The only probable cause rheumatism of the muscles of the neck, or inflammation of some of the glands about the neck; if the latter, they will be swollen and easily discovered. Give him some bi-carbonate of soda and sulphate of magnesia, half teaspoonful of each, every day until well. A light diet and a dry warm bed is advisable.

75 M. O. S., Owen Sound, Ont.—1. Two of my foxhounds are continually shaking their ears; when they scratch them or are touched the hand they howl. Is it not canker? In every other respect they are in first-rate order and hunt two or three times a week. I feed corn meal, scraps, and when meat always well cooked with potatoes or oatmeal mixed. I have used a syringe with warm water and castile soap, then well dried the parts and applied olive oil, but so far without success. 2. I am using an injection of strong salt water for my young dogs as a remedy for worms; it is far ahead of internal medicine. Ans. 1. Yes, your dogs are afflicted with canker, but from your description it is impossible to know whether it is internal or external. Canker is a term of very general application to many diseases, accompanied by a fetid humors; it is equally applied to a disease of the foot of the horse, to that disease of the feet of cattle sometimes called "foul" and also to the disease more generally known as "foot rot" in sheep, but, as far as we are aware, the term is not applied to any disease of the foot of the dog. Internal canker consists of inflammation of the lining membrane of the passage to the ear, which runs on to ulceration and suppuration, and when of long standing a blackish offensive discharge takes place and accumulates in the passage and frequently matting the interior of the ear will be found to be red and inflamed. The dog thus suffering may be observed frequently scratching his ear with his paw, holding his head on one side and giving it a violent shake as though to empty something out of the ear. We believe external canker never exists except as a consequent and concomitant of inflammation, ulceration, or suppuration of the internal passage. We have seen cases where the whole of the external ear has become swollen and tender and the flap thickened and filled with fluid between the skin and the cartilage or gristle. In such cases the best plan is, after bathing the ears well, to open them with a lancet, press out the bloody matter and, having again well washed and softly dried the ears, touch them with the following liniment: Goulard's extract of lead 1 oz., glycerine and carbolic acid ¼ oz., finest olive oil 4½ ozs. The bottle must be well shaken before the liniment is used. For internal canker syringe the ear with lukewarm water and with a camel's hair brush paint the inside of the ear with the following lotion: Sulphate of zinc 12 grains, wine of opium 1 dr., water sufficient to make ½ oz. In treating canker of the ear give the dog a purgative such as Epsom salts ½ oz. in water once a week. The diet must be light and consist partly of boiled green vegetables. No meat should be given. 2. Injections of salt and water are good to rid animals of pin worms, but for round and tape worms medicine must be administered internally.

76 T. A. A., Tarrytown, N. Y.—We must refer you to articles on dog breaking published in this paper last spring, in March, April and May.

77 F. H. H., Lynn, Mass.—Mange: Feed no meat and rub the parts afflicted with Glover's Imperial Mange Cure, which you can procure of Messrs. John P. Lovell & Sons, Dock Square, Boston, Mass. Price, per bottle, 50 cents. The description of Wildair's cocker, given by his owner, is correct. There are a number of nostrums advertised for the destruction of lice, some of which are quite as likely to kill the dog as the parasite. A safe and effective remedy is the sulphuret of calcium (lime and sulphur dutch) which is made as follows: Take flowers of sulphur, 2 lbs.; unslacked lime, 1 lb.; water, 2 gallons. Slake the lime in water, stir in the sulphur, and boil down to one gal on; let it stand till cold, pour off the clear liquid, and make the quantity up to five quarts with cold water. Saturate the coat and skin thoroughly, and, if left so for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, all that will be left of the vermin will be shrivelled carcasses. Wash the dog then with soap and warm water, and brush and comb until dry. For dogs with tender skins reduce the lotion. Perhaps it may be well to try a weaker solution first and watch its effects.



W. H. PIERCE'S GUSSIE.

78 A. S., York, Pa.—I had a liver-colored setter dog three years old. Last Saturday morning he took sick, vomiting about a pint of blood and slime. At the recommendation of a physician (and not knowing myself what to do) I gave no medicine, but made a good bed for him and tried to keep him quiet. About noon he again vomited up blood and slime, and all this time kept his mouth open with a little slime running out and breathing very hard, but would occasionally walk about a little, but was very weak on his legs. Sunday he kept more quiet, but twice during the day stood up and vomited blood and slime, and appeared to have great pain about the middle of his body, and occasionally moaned very pitifully. Sunday night he seemed to be better, not suffering so much pain, and looked better out of his eyes, but all this time kept his mouth open, breathing very hard. On Monday he lay quietly till noon, when he commenced kicking and trying to get up, crying pitifully, till in the evening when he died. I had him opened and found his intestines black, and could discover nothing else wrong. The man who opened him said he had several dogs the same way and they had been fed pounded glass, but we could find none here. Now, I should like to have your opinion. Ans. Your post-mortem was entirely too lax for us to form a positive conclusion. Moaning and whining denote pain. The vomiting of mucus (slime) and blood indicates a stomach trouble. For both there is treatment; to prescribe nothing relents no credit on the physician. When the domesticated animal is ill a veterinarian is the proper person to give advice. Had you looked at the internal aspect of the stomach you would doubtless have found it similar to the intestines; but, as you passed this organ over in silence, an absolute diagnosis is impossible. We suppose, however, your animal suffered from gastritis (inflammation of the stomach), of which we will give you the causes, symptoms and post-mortem appearance. So will then be able to judge for yourself whether the supposition is correct or not. Causes—Anything that will irritate the stomach, whether it be a poison, indigestible food (especially sharp pieces of bone) or other substances, wood, glass, etc., we have seen it caused in two instances from swallowing small pieces of whalebone), external violence (blows, kicks, etc.). Symptoms—Vomiting; bowels either relaxed or constipated; considerable fever; nose hot and dry; breathing accelerated; pulse small and quick; mucous membranes injected; tongue furred, with intense thirst. The animal lies flat on his side, or stretches himself full length on belly, on the coolest spot he can find, moaning and whining at intervals; expression of countenance indicates pain. As the disease progresses to a fatal termination, the moaning becomes more frequent, the search for relief continuous. Sensorial rigors, cold extremities, sunken eyes, a rapid, almost imperceptible pulse, sudden cessation of pain, denote that gangrene has set in, and the animal dies gradually and quietly or in delirium. Post-mortem appearance—Intense redness of mucous membrane of stomach, either in patches or diffused. When any length of time is allowed to pass between the animal's death and the examination of the parts, this deep red becomes a dark purple. If the disease was caused by a poison the stomach may be perforated. Treatment—Time water gruel, given in small and repeated doses; opium, 3 to 10 grains; enemas of soap or oil and water, with bland drinks, such as linseed tea, barley water, weak beef tea; give cold water, like everything else, in small but often-repeated doses. It is not necessary to have all the above symptoms to have the disease they describe. We give you a typical case: you can judge for yourself. We may add two things here, which few, if any, canine authorities mention: That *enteritis*, inflammation of mucous lining of the intestine (it was his disease which caused the dark appearance of intestine described), is often the result of gastritis; that when gastritis is caused by a poison the bowels, as a rule, are relaxed.

79 B. F. P., Louisville, Ky.—Your four-year-old setter dog is probably suffering from rheumatism, a common disease in dogs. The bowels should be freely acted on, and for this purpose use the following pills: Take podophyllin 6 grs., compound extract of colocynth 36 grs., powdered rhubarb 48 grs., extract of henbane 36 grs., mix and make into twenty four pills. The dose is from three to five pills, according to age and size; a little warm broth given afterward will assist action. Administer internally a large half teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda dissolved in water three times a day. A light diet is advisable.

80 J. H. B., Philadelphia.—Having removed the worms in your dog by freshly-powdered areca nut and santonine, we would advise you to give him two grains of quinine twice a day and in addition a dessertspoonful of cod-liver oil once each day.

81 M. D. G., Boston.—See answer to M. O. S., Owen Sound, in this column.

KENNEL NOTES.

**** *Breeders and owners of sporting dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, brel, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Wilbur—Mr. J. B. Rohrman, of Philadelphia, Pa., claims the name of Wilbur for red Irish setter puppy, whelped July 5, 1880, by Rory O'More out of Mr. W. H. Pierce's Gussie. Purchased from Mr. W. A. Callender, Albany, N. Y.

Tag—Mr. James S. Brown, of Brooklyn, L. I., claims the name of Tag for liver and white setter dog puppy out of Mr. Walter G. Murphy's Elena by his Ben.

Jupiter—Mr. Peter M. Moscrip, Hamden, Delaware County, N. Y., claims the name of Jupiter for his liver-colored cocker spaniel dog, three years old, out of Fannie by Curly.

Daisy Me—Mr. Mack W. Miner, Waukegan, Ills., claims the name of Daisy Me for black setter bitch puppy by Mr. D. W. Johnson's Gordon setter Bob out of Col. Griffith's Belle.

Ted. W. P. Davison, Lockport, N. Y., claims the name of Ted for his red setter dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1879, out of Mr. T. P. Montgomery's (Harrisburg, Pa.,) Elsie by same owner's Nix.

Dante—The Mohawk Kennel, Chatham, Ont., claims the name of Dante for white, black and tan puppy, six months old, by Dash III. out of Mina, purchased of Mr. Walter H. Beebe, of New York city.

Noisy—Mr. J. J. Donovan, of Boston, Mass., claims the name of Noisy for his red Irish setter bitch puppy, whelped Dec. 9, 1880, out of Mag by Elcho.

Bye Bye and Long Taw—Mr. M. W. Miner, of Waukegan, Ills., claims the names of Bye Bye and Long Taw for the two Scotch deerhound puppies, dog and bitch, out of Jessie by Bruce, purchased of Mr. J. H. Whitman, Chicago, Ill.

Ray—Mr. Edward S. Bradford, of Holyoke, Mass., claims the name of Ray for pointer dog formerly the property of Mr. T. M. Aldrich, of Providence, R. I., out of Lincoln & Hellyar's Daisy by Whiting's Duke.

Frolick—Mr. J. P. Thomas, of West Whiteland, Pa., claims the name of Frolick for liver and white cocker bitch, four months old, out of Nellie by Rex, purchased of Mr. Robert Walker.

Squaw—Mr. J. P. Tomas, West Whiteland, Pa., claims the name of Squaw for black cocker bitch puppy out of Jo-ie by Wildair.

Flos—Mr. J. P. Thomas, West Whiteland, Pa., claims the name of Flos for chestnut and tan cocker bitch puppy out of Fannie by Robin Adair.

Nell. Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Nell for imported lemon and white pointer bitch, by Rain's Mager out of Paget's Fly, February, G. s., Humlets G. D. Nina.

Joe—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Joe for liver and white pointer dog by Shorthose's Sam out of Flash.

Duke—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Duke for lemon and white pointer dog by owner's Joe out of his Nell.

Duke II—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Duke II. for lemon and white pointer dog by owner's Joe out of his Nell.

Garfield—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Garfield for lemon and white pointer puppy by owner's Joe out of Rose.

Hancock—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Hancock for lemon and white pointer puppy by owner's Duke out of his Rose.

Juno—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Juno for red Irish setter bitch by Stewart Robison's St. Patrick II. out of Paget's Fly.

Jim—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Jim for imported dachshund out of Gaine by Drummer.

Rover—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Rover for his dachshund dog out of Huntercup by Ben. Rover arrived from Germany on Feb. 12.

Queen—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Queen for his dachshund bitch by Edward Saxe's Wehner out of same owner's Gip. Queen arrived from Germany on Feb. 12.

Dick—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Dick for red Irish setter dog by Stewart Robison's St. Patrick II. out of his May.

Pan I.—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Pan I. for English setter bitch by owner's Duke out of his Pan.

Dubie—Mr. John Fawcett, of McKeesport, Pa., claims the name of Dubie for imported lemon Belton setter dog by Grouse out of Fly.

Oak and Leaf—Mr. H. Malcolm, of Baltimore, Md., claims the names of Oak for dog puppy and Leaf for bitch puppy out of his Dreamless (Toledo Kennel Club's Grouse-Dream II.) by owner's Malcolm (Munn's Duke-Tilly's Dream).

Ruby II.—Mr. Gard. G. Hammond, of Walnut Grove, New London, Conn., claims the name of Ruby II. for his Chesapeake Bay bitch puppy, whelped June 4, 1880, out of his Rose by his Rake.

Ida—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, claims the name of Ida for a white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy by Rattler out of Sill, sold to Mr. W. H. Todd, of Vermillion, O.

Sound. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, claims the name of Sound for a white, black and tan beagle dog puppy by Rattler out of Sill, sold Mr. D. B. Young, of Hamilton, Ont.

Nona—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, claims the name of Nona for a white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy by Rattler out

of Fan, sold W. P. Percival, Palo, Mich.

Fret—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, claims the name of Fred for the white, black and tan beagle dog puppy by Rattler out of Sill, sold to Mr. W. P. Percival, of Palo, Mich.

Trump—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, claims the name of Trump for the white, black and tan beagle dog puppy by Rattler out of Sill, sold Mr. W. R. Shedd, of Waltham, Mass.

Top Snap, Pistol Grip, Double Bolt, Choke and Bird—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, claims the names Top-Snap, Pistol Grip, Double Bolt, and Choke for four dog puppies, and Bird for the bitch puppy sold Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn. Puppies all by Ringwood II. out of Flora.

BRED.

May-Rover—Mr. A. Bailey's orange and white setter bitch May to Mr. T. Denmead's (Baltimore, Md.,) imported red Irish setter dog Rover, on Feb. 3, 1881.

Nancy-Rover—Mr. R. Gill's setter bitch Nancy (Hutchinson's imported Rob-Belle) to Mr. T. Denmead's (Baltimore, Md.,) imported red Irish setter dog Rover, on Feb. 9, 1881.

Queen-Elcho II.—Centralia (Ills.) Kennel Club's black and tan Gordon setter bitch Queen to Dr. J. J. Jeuuelle's Elcho II.

Queen-Baron—Mr. J. F. Kirk's (Toronto, Ont.,) imported black cocker bitch Queen to same owner's imported liver dog Baron, on Feb. 14, 1881.

Judy-Sandy—Mr. M. H. Clark's (Clarksville, Tenn.,) imported Judy to Sandy, Feb. 15, 1881.

Turk-Dick—Mr. Tom Warwood (Ludlow, Ky.,) has bred his red Irish setter bitch Pert to his white, black and tan Gordon setter Dick.

Fly-Rex—Mr. O. Francis Caldwell's (N. J.,) Scotch collie bitch Fly to Lindsay's Rose, Feb. 9, 1881.

Shepherdess-Rex—Mr. Wm. Lindsay's (Elizabeth, N. J.,) imported Scotch collie bitch Shepherdess to Lindsay's Rex, Feb. 11.

Fairy-Rex—Mr. A. Galloway's (Linden, N. J.,) collie bitch Fairy to Lindsay's Rex, first prize, New York, 1880.

Flora Bell-Dash II.—H. B. Stoll's native red and white setter bitch Flora Bell to Dash II., Feb. 16, 1881.

Luce-Leicester—Dr. Emlin Physick's (Cape May City, N. J.) Luce (formerly Psyche) to A. H. Moore's champion Leicester.

Belle Rattler—J. N. Dodge's champion beagle Rattler to N. Elmore's Belle, Feb. 16, 1881.

Music-Ringwood II.—J. N. Dodge's foot beagle Ringwood II. to Wm. Smith's Music, Feb. 14, 1881.

Ringwood II.-Fan—J. N. Dodge's foot beagle Ringwood II. to R. M. Baker's Fan, Feb. 16, 1881.

WHELPS.

Prairie Rose—Mr. F. L. Sheldon's (Rahway, N. J.,) setter bitch Prairie Rose, whelped Feb. 4, 1881, eleven puppies, eight dogs and three bitches, black and white, and black, white and tan, by St. Elmo.

Nell—John Fawcett's pointer bitch Nell whelped on Feb. 1, 1881, nine puppies, seven dogs and two bitches, all lemon and white, by owner's Joe.

Juno—John Fawcett's red Irish Juno whelped on Feb. 8, 1881, nine puppies, six dogs and three bitches, by owner's Tilden.

SALES.

Elcho-Man Whelp—Mr. J. J. Donovan, of Boston, Mass., has purchased from Mr. Geo. A. Kimball, of Chelsea, Mass., a red Irish setter bitch puppy, out of Kimball's Mag by champion Elcho.

Lady Byron—Mr. Emory P. Robinson, of Sidney, O., has sold to Mr. J. M. Haynes, of Wilmington, O., the four-year-old Laverack and Llewellin setter bitch Lady Byron (Carlowitz-Dodge's Rose).

Bruce-Jessie Whelps—Mr. M. W. Miner, of Waukegan, Ills., has purchased of Mr. J. H. Whitman, Chicago, Ills., two Scotch deerhound puppies, whelped May 12, 1880, out of Jessie by Bruce.

Rob-Belle Whelp—Mr. Mack W. Miner has bought of Mr. A. McArthur, Waukegan, Ills., a black setter bitch puppy, sired by Mr. D. W. Johnson's (Richmond, Ind.,) Gordon setter Bob out of Col. Griffith's (Waukegan, Ills.,) Belle.

Pet Laverack—Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, of New Brighton, Pa., has bought back from Mr. J. B. Reno the pure Laverack bitch Pet Laverack, out of Peeress by Thunder. She is litter sister to Lu and Mack Laverack.

Sport—Mr. Jas. K. Boyd, of New York city, has sold his English setter dog Sport to Mr. W. A. Jenkins, of Natchez, Miss.

Rattler-Sill Whelp—Mr. J. N. Dodge 81 Pine st., Detroit, sold Mr. D. D. Young, of Hamilton, Ont., a white, black and tan beagle dog puppy, 5 months old, by Rattler (imported Warrior-Gen. Rowett's Rosy) out of Mr. J. N. Dodge's Sill.

Rattler-Sill Whelp—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, sold Mr. Hill, of Randolph st., Detroit, a white, black and tan beagle dog puppy, 5 months old, by Rattler (imported Warrior-Gen. Rowett's Rosey) out of Mr. J. N. Dodge's Sill.

Rattler-Sill Whelp—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, sold Mr. W. E. Shedd, of Waltham, Mass., a white, black and tan beagle dog puppy, 5 months old, by Rattler (imported Warrior-Gen. Rowett's Rosey) out of Mr. J. N. Dodge's Sill.

Rattler Sill Whelp—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, sold Mr. W. H. Todd, of Vermillion, O., a white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy, 5 months old, by Rattler (imported Warrior-Gen. Rowett's Rosey) out of Mr J. N. Dodge's Sill.

Ringwood II.-Flora Whelp—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, has sold to Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., a mottled white, black and tan beagle dog puppy, two months old, by Ringwood II. (imported Ringwood-Roxy) out of Mr. J. N. Dodge's Flora.

Ringwood II.-Flora Whelp—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, has sold to Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., a white, black and tan beagle dog puppy, two months old, by Ringwood II. (imported Ringwood-Roxy) out of Mr. J. N. Dodge's Flora.

Rattler-Fan Whelp—Mr. J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, has sold to W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich., a white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy, six months old, litter sister to Belle, who took first in puppy class, Pittsburgh, 1881, by Rattler (imported Warrior-Gen. Rowett's Rosey) out of R. M. Baker's Fan.

Rattler-Sill Whelp—J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, has sold to W. J. Percival, of Palo, Mich., a white, black and tan beagle dog puppy, five months old, by Rattler (imported Warrior-Gen. Rowett's Rosey) out of J. N. Dodge's Sill.

Ringwood II.-Flora Whelp—J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, sold to N. Elmore, of Granby, Conn., a mottled white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy, two months old, by Ringwood II. (imported Ringwood-Rosey) out of J. N. Dodge's Flora.

Ringwood II.-Flora Whelp—J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, sold to N. Elmore, of Granby, Conn., a mottled white, black and tan dog puppy, two months old, by Ringwood II. (imported Ringwood-Roxy) out of J. N. Dodge's Flora.

Ringwood II.-Flora Whelp—J. N. Dodge, 81 Pine st., Detroit, sold N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., a mottled white, black and tan dog puppy, two months old, by Ringwood II. (imported Ringwood-Roxy) out of J. N. Dodge's Flora.

Dash II.—H. B. Stoll, of Geneva, N. Y., has purchased of Dr. H. A. Rosenthal, Brooklyn, the orange and white English setter dog Dash II. (port-Flora).

Duke of Beaufort—A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, has sold to J. H. Goodsell, of Orange, N. J., the black, white and tan ticked imported English setter dog Duke of Beaufort, out of Fairy II. by Pride of the Border.

Nantawara—J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N. Y., has sold to Fred. Bill, of Burns, Allegany Co., N. Y., the black, white and tan ticked foxhound bitch Nantoura, whelped Oct. 29, 1880, by Drum out of Smoke.

Robin Adair Fannie Whelp—J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N. Y., has sold to A. R. Wallace a liver and white cocker bitch puppy, out of Fannie by Robin Adair.

PRESENTATION.

Mr. M. W. Miner, of Waukegan, Ills., has presented the black setter bitch puppy Daisy Me, by Bob out of Belle, to Mr. W. L. Parks, Port Royal, Tenn.

IMPORTATION.

Mozart II.—Mr. M. A. Magner, of Boston, Mass., has imported another Yorkshire terrier, Mozart III. He is about three years old, has a beautiful blue and uniform and straight coat; the golden tan markings are rich; weight 6½ lbs.

THE ENGLISH POINTER.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.]

FOR years Devonshire has been the great home of the pointer in England, and Mr. Francis, of Exeter, and Mr. S. Price, of Bow, Devon, have done much for gaining this southern county the reputation it bears so justly for the production of first-rate specimens of the breed. The latter has certainly gained immortality by breeding Wagg, a dog who in his day knew no rival, but who at the time of writing is beginning to show traces of that great destroyer—Time. Mr. E. C. Norrish, too, of Crediton, is rapidly making himself a name as an exhibitor of pointers, and is in possession of a remarkably handsome brace of liver-and-whites in the persons of Digby and Revel, who began to win prizes in first-rate company when only a few months old. The credit of breeding these dogs, however, is due to Mr. R. Andrews, from whom Mr. Norrish obtained them.

Among older breeders the names of Mr. T. Statter, Mr. C. H. Mason, Lord Sefton, Lord Downe, and Mr. Garth, Q. C., appear most prominently, and their blood is eagerly treasured by breeders.

The dog we have chosen as the subject of illustration in our colored plate is Wagg, who is the property of Mr. Richard J. Lloyd Price, of Rhiwlas. As remarked before, he was not bred by his present owner, but by Mr. Samuel Price, of Devonshire. Wagg was born March, 1871, and is by Champion Sancho out of Sappho, is liver and white in color, weighs sixty-five pounds, and measures as follows: Length of head, ten inches; girth of muzzle, ten inches; height at shoulder, twenty-four inches; girth of chest, thirty inches; girth of loin, twenty-three inches; girth of skull, eighteen inches; girth of forearm, seven and three-quarter inches.

The following list of his triumphs speak for his quality, and need no further comment—Field Trials: Field Trials divided Clinton Stakes at Devon, 1874. Shows:—1st Birmingham, 1874; 1st Crystal Palace; 1st and cup Exeter; 1st Truro; 1st and cup Nottingham; 1st and cup for best pointer in the whole show, Birmingham, 1875; 1st Crystal Palace; 1st Brighton; 2d Exeter; and 1st and cup for best pointer in the whole show, Birmingham, 1876; champion prize, Birmingham; champion prize, Kennel Club Show, Alexandra Palace, 1877; 1st Kendal; 1st Oxford Show; champion, Crystal Palace; 1st Cleckheaton; 1st and cup for best pointer in show, Blaydon-on-Tyne; 1st Darlington; 1st Brighouse; 1st Great Horton; 1st Whitby; 1st Thornton; 1st Queensbury; 1st Bingley; 1st Skipton; 1st Todmorden, and cup for best sporting dog; 1st Wakefield; 1st Farnworth; champion Birmingham; champion kennel club show, Alexandra Palace; and champion Kendal, 1878; 1st and cup for best sporting dog in the show, Wolverhampton; 1st and cup for best sporting dog, Stockport, 1879; champion cup Irish Kennel Club show, Dublin, April, 1879; 1st Spennymoor, 1879; 1st and special cup, Great International Dog Show, Hanover, Germany, 1879; 1st and special cup for the best dog in all classes of the show, Ripon, June 10, 1879; champion prize, Kennel Club summer show, Alexandra Palace, July, 1879, and cup for best pointer in the whole show; 1st and extra cup for best dog in the whole show, Heckmondwike, 1879; 1st and cup for best sporting dog, Cleckheaton, 1879; 1st Darlington, 1879, 1st and extra cup, Brighouse, 1879; Hayley Hill, 1879; special cup for best sporting dog, a handsome clock presented by Spratt's patent; 1st Whitby; 1st Thornton, Bradford, Yorks; 1st Blackpool; 1st Keighley; 1st and cup Woodsome, Huddersfield; 1st Halifax; 1st Armley; 1st variety class and cup for best dog in the field, Wortley; 1st and cup, Todmorden; champion Bishop Auckland; 1st Farnworth; 1st and cup for best pointer, K. C. Show, Brighton; champion Birmingham, 1879; 1st and cup Bradford 1880; 1st (Ehrenpreis) and Emperor's cup for best sporting dog, Berlin, 1880; champion Crystal Palace, 1880; 1st Thorne, 1880.

Belle, the subject of the engraving which accompanies this article, is also the property of Mr. Richard J. Lloyd Price. She was bred by Lord Henry Bentinck in 1870, and is by his Ranger out of Grouse. Belle weighs fifty-five pounds, and measures as follows: Length of head, nine inches; girth of muzzle, eight and a half inches; girth of skull, eighteen inches; height at shoulder, twenty-four inches; girth of chest, twenty-eight inches, girth of loin, twenty-one inches; girth of forearm, nine inches.

The following are among her performances, from which it will be seen that she, the course of her illustrious career, has succeeded in lowering the colors of Mr. Purcell Llewellyn's Countess and Mr. Macdona's champion Ranger:—County stakes for all-aged bitches at Vaynol Field Trials, 1872, and of Judy of the Bangor stakes for pointer braces at the same meeting. Won also the County stakes for aged pointer bitches, at the National Pointer and Setter Field Trials, held at Combermere, Shrewsbury, April 29, 1873, and with her daughter Grecian Bend, won the Acton Reynald stakes for pointer braces, at the same meeting; also at the Ground Field Trials 1873, second with Mohammed Ball, her son, in the Penllyn stakes for braces, August 13, 1873, and 1st in the Rhiwlas stakes for all-aged pointers and setters, August 16, beating Mr. Macdona's Ranger, Mr. Llewellyn's Countess and Flax, Mr. Statter's Rob Roy, and other celebrated animals, after which performance she was withdrawn from public competition and put to breeding purposes only. Appended are the points she made in the Rhiwlas stakes, 1873, and County stakes, Vaynol, 1872:

RHIWLAS STAKES.

VALUE OF POINTS WHEN PERFECT.

	30	20	20	15	10	5	100
	Nose.	Pace and style of hunting.	Breaking.	Pointing (style and steadiness).	Backing.	Drawing on game or coming to.	Total.
Belle.	27½	20	20	15	10	5	97½

COUNTY STAKES, VAYNOL, 1872.

Belle.	30	20	20	15	10	5	100

Full marks, a feat only once accomplished, except by Belle.

MEASUREMENTS OF BELLE, TAKEN MARCH 13, 1874.*

Round chest	2ft.	1½in.
Nose to root of tail	3	2¾
Height at shoulder	2	0
Head, skull-bone to nose	0	8
Round face, under eyes	1	3
Round thigh	1	8
Round loin	1	8
Round skull	1	3
Skull-bone to shoulder-blade	0	10

While alluding to famous pointers, and Drake especially, the pedigree of this great dog should not be omitted. We therefore give it, and also a short history of the crack, as they appear in Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Kennel List.

Drake was purchased at Sir R. Garth's sale, July 14, 1874, for 150 guineas. Died April 22, 1877.

DRAKE.

Doll. | Rap.

Jilt. | Mr. Combepatch's Don.

Mice. | Mr. Newton's Ranger.* | Lord Lichfield's Juno. | Lord Lichfield's Jasper. | Lord Lichfield's Nonsk. | Owen Hills Joker. | Mr. Marriott's Moll. | Mr. Cornwall Leigh's Rap. | Mr. Corbett's Kate. Mr. Cornwall Leigh's Peg.

Lord Derby's Belle. | Mr. Bentinck's Tell. Mr. Estes' (of Okeneithe) Juno. Mr. Odin's Dido. Dog of Mr. Stanhope's, name unknown. | Lord Sefton's Major. | Capt. Whittes' Monarch. Lord Tilt's Jill.

Daisy (from Lord Derby's Kennels). | Sir T. Whichcote's Ranger.* Mr. Foster's (of Nottingham) Ruth. | Mr. Bonnor's Nell. Mr. Newton's Nell.

*These are taken from the Rhiwlas List, Kennel forwarded us by Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price.

PEDIGREE OF MR. NEWTON'S RANGER.

Sire, Sir T. Whichcote's Ranger.—Dam, Mr. Foster's Ruth.
Dog of Mr. Stanhope's.—Mr. Odin's Dido.—Mr. Newbatt's George.—Mr. Newbatt's Nell.
Lord H. Bentinck's Jovial.—Lord Craven's Venus.
Mr. Ellis's Rake.—Lord Villiers' Maymus.—Lord Craven's Bess.
Sir H. Goodrich's Jewel.—Mr. Twibet's Jewel (Laxten Kennels).

MEASUREMENTS OF DRAKE, TAKEN OCTOBER 25, 1874.

Round chest	2ft.	5in.
Nose to root of tail	3	0
Height at shoulder	2	1
Head, skull-bone to nose	0	8
Round face, under eyes	0	11
Round thigh	1	2
Round loin	1	10½
Round skull	1	4½
Skull-bone to shoulder-blade	0	8½

Drake's performances were:—1st prize Puppy Stakes, Stafford Trials, 1868; 1st prize: All Aged Stakes, ditto, ditto; 1st prize, Braces (with Mars), ditto, ditto; 1st prize, Champion Cup, ditto, 1869; 1st prize, Champion Cup, Shrewsbury Trials, 1870.—Drake was sire of the winners of the 1st, 2d and 3d prizes, Puppy Stakes, Shrewsbury, 1874; also of the winner, Dandy Drake, and grandsire of second and third in 1878; also of Beau, Mallard, Romp, Lucky Sixpence, and Gypsy and Yellow Drakes, of Lord of Kendall (winner of the Field Trial, Derby, 1879), and of Tick, in the Rhiwlas Kennels, as well as Lord Downe's Bang, Drake II., Mars, Grace, Jill and Bounce; Lord Derby's Drake and Dutchess; Lord Litchfield's Daisy; Mr. Barclay Field's Biot, and Mr. Price's Rose; Sir R. Garth's Mitè II.; and many other Field Trial and Show Bench winners. Is also grandsire to Mr. Pilkington's Garnet and Faust; Mr. Barclay Field's Drake and Pride, and many others. We may here state that Faust was sold to America last year for the large sum of £450.

Considerable judgment is required in selecting a pointer, for to no breed of dog is the axiom of "handsome is as handsome does" more applicable. Many of the very best Field Trial dogs of modern days, having been singularly lacking in quality, additional importance has been given to the belief already in existence that in the matter of a pointer good looks go for very little. Such is, however, by no means the case, and if the institution of dog shows has done nothing else, it has had the effect of improving the appearance of the modern pointer very considerably. Until owners were in a position to be able to compare their dogs with those of their neighbors, naturally enough the sportsman was to a certain extent indifferent about his dog's appearance. When, however, it came to be a matter of winning credit for his kennel, a new aspect of affairs appeared, and pointer men seemed to be particularly affected by the craze for improving the appearance of the breed, as before said. In selecting a pointer a very great deal depends upon the nature of the circumstances under which he is to be worked, and the strength of the sportsman who wishes to use the dog. The small, active dog is all very well if he is only intended to be shot over in a country where there is not much hard work to be gone through, and the big lumbering dog is also very serviceable under similar circumstances, or if the sportsman who proposes to work him is unable to undergo a vast amount of work or hardship. Judging, therefore, from the above remarks, it can be safely taken as a general maxim in pointer judging that a good middle-size dog is the best to select for general purposes of sport, yet it is by no means a wise proceeding to select an indifferent specimen of the middle-weight in preference to superior large or small-sized pointers. There are exceptions to every rule, but it is generally safer to trust in the undeveloped excellence of a good-looking dog than to rely upon coming across a diamond in the rough; so we will at once proceed to lay before our readers a description of what a pointer should be like.

*Mr. Newton's Ranger, "Champion Pointer of England," awarded Prize at Leeds, July 16; Birmingham, December 2, 1861; Preston, September 2, 1862; Asburnham Hall, Chelsea, March 23; and Paris, May 4, 1863.

[Reprinted from advance sheets of Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," furnished to the FOREST AND STREAM by the author, through Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 596 Broadway, New York.]

EASTERN FIELD TRIAL WINNERS.

We have had struck off upon finely-tinted paper the portraits which appeared in recent numbers of the winning dogs at the late field trials at Robin's Island. The pictures are very neatly executed, and as the originals were drawn from sittings, by the eminent artists Mr. E. Forbes, of this city, and Mr. J. M. Tracy, of St. Louis, Mo., we do not hesitate to recommend them to our readers. See notice in another column.

Rheumatism comes from inactive kidneys. Hop Bitters never fails to cure it. Read advertisement.

Yachting and Canoeing.

THE TWO-TONNER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You have hit it exactly. The only change I might suggest is a trifle less flare to the midship frame near deck. However, I propose to build from your lines and expect to begin work soon. X.

[It must be borne in mind that a yacht in actual relief will give to the eye a different impression from the projections on paper. The flare in the design will not appear half as much in relief, and her topsides will look almost plumb. The same applies to the sheer. In the drawing it is rather too much for good looks, but in relief it will appear a great deal less. Apart from this there were good grounds for carrying out the midship frame above water as shown. Less flare would have produced a "straight of breadth" in the inclined line, which would not have belonged to the ends, and the work of the latter would in part have been thrown away. The flare also gives more gangway, wider house, and more floor to cabin in consequence. —ED.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last FOREST AND STREAM just to hand. I want to compliment you on the design of the small boat. I like her much, and trust that she will be the forerunner of many more. I like the after body very much, and know that that shape of frame is about the thing. I agree with you that we must seek a compromise between the narrow English cutter and our own flat bottoms, and think your design meets the question fully. CRUISER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was glad last night to see your small craft. She would make a dry and lively little craft and will likely be built from. J. H.

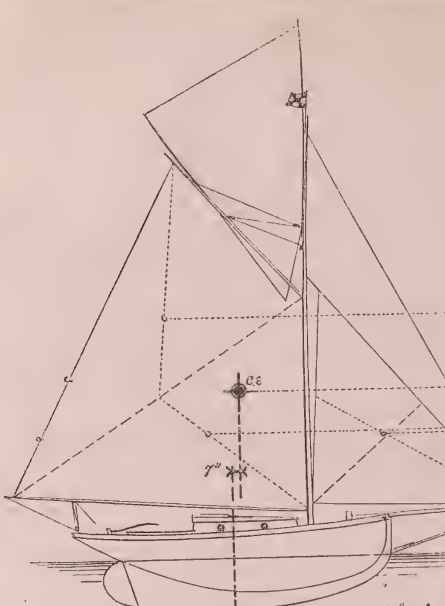
Editor Forest and Stream:

I shall continue to buy the FOREST AND STREAM, which I have taken for six or seven years, and I regard its articles on all subjects as the best to be found. I have waited a long time for the little cutter, which I pronounce a perfect gem. E. C. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your plans of Feb. 17, how would it do to add ten feet to extreme length, locate meta-centre and centre of gravity on load-water line and ballast with lead on the keel? CORINTHIAN.

[The centre of gravity can readily be brought down to the water-line by lighter scantling and more ballast. The meta-centre should always be kept above the former, even at initial angles, or the boat would be decidedly too crank when near the plumb, a slight shift of crew, etc., sending her down to find bearings. If not, is



added to length give about 9ft. beam on waterline and 4½ to 5ft. hold. Increasing length only would make a narrow boat of small displacement, good down the wind but not weatherly—not the most satisfactory arrangements of size and heavily handicapped in sailing on length. Lead is good, but iron is cheaper, and all that is necessary with fair beam, in a cruiser—ED.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

We all like your model very much and can find no fault with her. There is a good deal of interest taken in yachting here in Saco and, thanks to the teachings of the FOREST AND STREAM, they all go in for keels and iron thereon. F. R. A.

MEASURMENT.

(C. P. KUNHARDT IN HAMERSLY'S NAVAL ENCYCLOPEDIA.)

THE sole object of measurement and allowing time is to enable yachts of various sizes to compete upon terms of equality. A fair and logical rule must, therefore, be based upon size. Any rule which places a tax upon model is erroneous in foundation and misleading in its workings. Rules based upon any one or two dimensions, however much they may be the custom, are manifestly not equitable, because they do not tax differences in size, but differences of model in the one or two particular directions measured. They do not tax size, because any one or two dimensions added or multiplied are in no wise an expression of size, nor does such measurement necessarily represent the ratio of size between the vessels gauged. Yachts will shrink in the direction measured, as witness the short, dumpy American sloop seeking to escape the penalty of length, and the English cutter squeezed into untaxed depth, the designer being restricted to their production against his will. A measurement of actual magnitude is the only mode which satisfies the fundamental proposition from which the reasoning takes its start. A rule taxing the actual size of a vessel does not in the slightest degree tax shape or model; it taxes quantity only, and not its location. Under such a system the designer is left absolutely free to mold a given quantity into any shape he deems most desirable; he may proportion length, beam and depth to his taste, and a rival will not be compelled to pay unjustly because he may prefer some other shape, involving an excess in one or two directions without any excess in size. Computing size has one objection. It does not admit of quick and ready gauging, nor can a yacht's size be easily verified upon the spot by an owner or regatta committee. A simplification of the method of arriving at the same results, with sufficient accuracy for practice, is desirable. To this end, a multiplication of all three chief dimensions—length, breadth and depth—has been adopted with success by some clubs as a shortcut leading to like results. The correctness of this plan is based upon the assumption that the true size of fast yachts bears so nearly a like proportion to their circumscribed solids that the products of the three extreme dimensions will express the ratio of their sizes to one another with sufficient accuracy for racing purposes. The only danger to be apprehended from a general and permanent adhesion to this rule arises from the probability of cutting down freeboard, and thereby decreasing the depth and with it the racing size of yachts, whose owners would sail them only in fair weather. A long string of prizes won in midsummer breezes would be a strong inducement for others to follow suit, and one of the most desirable qualities of a cruising boat—ample freeboard—would be sacrificed to the greed for prizes. Should this fear turn out to be well founded, the tendency can be counteracted by including in the rule of measurement a standard amount of freeboard, which would at once remove the inducement to cripple cruising efficiency in the manner indicated.

"HAMERSLY'S NAVAL ENCYCLOPEDIA."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not long ago there appeared in one of the minor publications what purports to be a "review" of an article of mine, written for "Hamersly's Naval Encyclopedia." At first I did not deem such a tipsy burlesque at reviewing worthy of any notice, the jealous animus and amateur character of its seedy origin being too self-evident; but, out of regard for the publishers, let me ask you to print these few lines.

Stripped of impotent bar-shop personalities—which sufficiently indicate the source of inspiration—the driveling rubbish termed a "review" contains the following charges:

First, that I ignorantly misapplied the word "range" in speaking of stability. I used the word in its good Anglo-Saxon meaning. Every one who has followed my writings will, I think, give me credit for knowing what the technical term "range of stability" signifies, without wasting any more words over the matter.

Second, that there are errors in the tables accompanying my article. This is possible. I did not travel all over Europe and America measuring boats, but necessarily accepted data collected from a variety of sources, and errors are to be charged to the original source rather than to myself. They will be rectified as fast as discovered, and do not vitiate the purposes of the tables.

Third, that raking masts, and therefore sails at an angle to the vertical, can have no lifting power. This is a fair sample of my amateur reviewer's mechanical conceptions, and is on a par with a previous assertion of his that a long counter, bringing the mainsheet further aft, decreases the leverage on the main boom. My clumsy critic is the same verdant incapable whose crooked eyes discovered undue fineness in the rather full bow of the schooner Intrepid, so located her ambitious centre of gravity about her quarters, and whose pointless "descriptions" of yachts—few and far between—form a standing butt of ridicule to the half dozen who chance to see them. His incubrations, by the way, are admitted only to the columns of petty starveling sheets, flourishing on the outskirts of a respectable profession, as weeds do about a bed of flowers.

Fourth, my reviewer, foaming at the mouth, launches out into the measurement question with an amount of childlike inanimity with which I will not burden your readers. It is enough to say that he only goes over stale ground, discussed in your columns *ad nauseam*, and takes good care to shed no light of his own on the matter.

Fifth, that my article is a plagiarism. This is a charge easily made, and any one who knows what has preceded my article may judge for himself.

Beyond this the swashbucklerism calls for no attention. For the advertising it has given me I would have been grateful had it appeared in a reputable journal circulating more than a few hundred copies. C. P. KUNHARDT.

NONPAREILS AND SHARPIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It gives me pleasure to thank "R. B. R.," not only for his quasi-indorsement of my boat, but I am also grateful to him, as a boating brother, for giving us one of the most sensible and readable letters that has appeared in your columns. But he has made a mistake in saying that I have ever claimed for the sharpie—pure and simple—any such qualities as being able to "beat all creation," "sailing like lightning," etc. That is the way they talk about these boats at New Haven. Yet, while a well-designed sharpie is, in my opinion, as fine a sea boat and as fast as a cutter, ton for ton, she has her faults, which I have from time to time spoken of in FOREST AND STREAM, and she cannot beat all creation, though very fast when modelled for speed.

"R. B. R." has shown that the sharpies of Great South Bay are tubs, and "paddled round with an oar." This speaks badly for the Southside builders, but no more condemns the sharpie than does the fact that some people have modelled sloop tubs condemn the sloop. But, in short, we do not build the New Haven sharpie at Roslyn. We have taken her in the block, so to speak, and have "whittled out" something better. We call it the "Nonpareil" model, which in future, I think, will have to speak for herself, her designer being too busy building boats and models to admit of his taking further part in the discussion of their merits or demerits; so, as the barber said, "Next!"

And now, at the request of many subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM, I will give a brief description of, and some specifications for, a Nonpareil cruising yacht: Length over all, 35 ft.; beam, 11 ft. 6 in.; depth, not open about 5 ft.; depth amidships, 4 ft.; stem, apron and stern of oak; keel and keelson, solid oak, 6x10 in.; timbers, 2x2 in., of oak, and 15 in. apart; side and bottom plank of best clear white and yellow pine, 1¼ in. thick; plank rail of oak; deck of clear white pine laid narrow, and carving with dares' fastenings of best galvanized iron; centreboard of hickory or oak, 15 ft. long; cockpit finished in hardwood, oiled; cabin the same; house, 9 ft. by 15 ft., with headroom of 5 ft. 6 in.; masts and spars of best spruce; sails of extra quality, by Sawyer or Wilson; all rigging complete and of best quality; rig, the regular sharpie schooner style; balance rudder, with wrought-iron stock and tiller; all iron work attached to rigging galvanized; four berths in cabin, with ample space for two more forward. Cost of all complete, as above, $800 to $900, according to amount of extra finish, etc. Such a boat will draw, with board up, 12 to 15 in. of water, and, as regards her safety and seagoing qualities, I will again refer you to the bold keel tars who did not circumnavigate Long Island. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

Roslyn, L. I., Feb. 17.

SHARPIES AND KEELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

YOUR correspondent R. B. R., in his amusing letter on "Sharpies and Keels," is hardly fair to the latter type, or to their advocate to whom he refers as having insisted upon length measurement for their prospective match. If does seem as if a forty-foot sharpie was rather larger for racing purposes than a twenty-five-foot cutter, and in the elaborate calculation, Carpenter's measurement, R. B. R. is somewhat in error in regard to the data. Nevertheless, I think such a match could be arranged, and if Mr. R. B. R. desires an allowance he shall not be disappointed, provided the race is not to be sailed in his favorite bay, which, as he suggests, is better adapted for the pursuit of fish, flesh and fowl than cutter sailing. If my memory is not at fault his authority on sharpies, Mr. Clapham, was much more enthusiastic in their behalf, as he wished to race with his sharpie a cutter of equal length around Long Island. The match fortunately fell through. If R. B. R. gives the question a moment's thought he will see that the cutter men, from interested motives, would be the very last to advocate a length measurement, as it would operate very unfavorably for the narrow boats. I think, too, that all cutter men will agree with the FOREST AND STREAM in considering such a measurement an abomination in the more important matter of its influence on the shape of boats to be built where it is made the basis for time allowances. *V.*

We may add that offers have reached us to sail against sharpies, and others are holding back simply because they deemed the whole matter not worth the powder.

CHALLENGE TO FLAT BOTTOMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I will sail my little sloop against any flat bottom or sailing machine, any day or any weather, for the merits of a keel boat of moderate draft and good record. In his letter "R. B. R." says that he wants to get at the merits or demerits of both kinds, and here is a chance on the following conditions: 1. There shall be no man-boards or shifting ballast used. 2. Any sail can be carried that is desired, and only six men to each boat. 3. No means but sails shall be used for propelling. 4. No money shall be staked. Or I will sail a race, man and man (myself against the other), over the Dorchester or South Boston Yacht Club course, under jib and mainsail, any kind of weather. If this last offer cannot be accepted I will sail under conditions 1, 2, 3 and 4, from Gloucester, Boston Light or Provincetown.

Sloop Sunbeam, Dorchester, Feb. 12. W. S. NICKERSON.

YACHTING NEWS.

WALNUT FRAMES.—Mr. Clapham, of Roslyn, is building two boats with walnut frames, costing 14 cents per sqr. ft. or 70 cts. per foot.

NEW CUTTER.—Dr. Dawson, whose flag was hoisted abroad the Corsair sloop last year, is to have a cutter this season.

FOR ABROAD.—The Herreshoffs are building a fleet of picket launches for the British Admiralty, under the superintendence of Capt. Wm. Arthur, of the British Legation. The launches are 48 ft. long.

MINNEAPOLIS CANOE CLUB.—Minneapolis, Minn., talks of forming a canoe club. Minnesota affords unequalled facilities for the sport, and in time should become one of the foremost States, counting her double blades by the thousand.

KIRK'S HIGH SPEEDS.—Mr. Kirk, of Chester, Pa., has favored us with an examination of the model for the Yale coaching launch. It is a beauty indeed, and faultless in conception and fairness. The speed of 15 miles is guaranteed by a heavy money forfeiture.

QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB.—At the annual dinner it was proposed to form a cruising squadron for the summer months, when the fleet will sail in company to Cape May, an idea we trust will be carried out, as it will serve to promote seamanship of the real sort, and a better appreciation of cruising qualities in yachts.

LONG GAFFS.—The Gracie proposes to make closer sailing with Mischief this year, and has sensibly concluded to follow the preaching of "theorists," at least in one respect. She is to cut off 5 ft. of "bigger part" and ship a longer gaff, and at the same time take her mast. We had supposed that rake had gone out of date long ago.

DOUBLE HEAD SAIL.—We have the opinions of one of the best sail makers in America in favor of double head sail or the cutter rig, and those who contemplate recanvassing should give the rig a fair trial. The angles of the two jib stays make the sails more effective. We are glad so that our preferences receive the endorsement of men who are really practical and not merely claimants to the appellation.

NEW STEAMER.—Cuthbert, of Trenton, Ont., has the frames up for a steam yacht to the order of Bowmanville gentlemen. She is to be 70 ft. on keel, 14 ft. beam and 5 ft. draft, with a speed of twelve miles. Built of oak throughout, with planking 2 in. thick, and to take highest class. He will also have a sloop underway before long, 60 ft. keel and 17½ ft. beam. E. S. B.

THE TWO TONNER.—We print a few out of the bushel of endorsements of our design for a small cruiser. So far, four gentlemen propose to build on the lines this spring, and others yet to be heard from. For the many encomiums our thanks are due to numerous friends. We publish this week the sail plan for the yacht, but for want of space must delay further description till next week. It may be added that we are now getting out large scale drawings to meet the demand for working plans which are crowding in upon us. In the table given last week the height the Meta-Centre above the Centre of Gravity should read 1 ft., and the tonnage by three dimensions is 1⅞ tons.

CRUISING CLUB.—A special club for the promotion of cruising in small yachts has been established in England. There is good material "Down East" for the formation of a similar club which would certainly be popular. We hear of a large number of small cabin keels now in course of construction, and several gentlemen also propose to build on the lines this spring, and others yet to be heard from. For the many encomiums our thanks are due to numerous friends. We publish this week the sail plan for the yacht, but for want of space must delay further description till next week. It may be added that we are now getting out large scale drawings to meet the demand for working plans which are crowding in upon us. In the table given last week the height the Meta-Centre above the Centre of Gravity should read 1 ft., and the tonnage by three dimensions is 1⅞ tons.

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TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—At the last meeting it was resolved that voting should be restricted to canoe owners, and that members owning both a canoe and other boat should be entitled to accommodation for both in the club house. The constitution adopted is based upon that of the N. Y. C. C. The knotty question as to what constitutes a canoe was thus settled: Length not over 20 ft.; the following definition settled upon: A canoe is a craft sharp at both ends, not more than 36 inches wide, and capable of being efficiently propelled by a double-bladed paddle. The Executive Committee consists of Messrs. Bridgman, Nicholson, Nelson, Tyson and Barret. An opening cruise is to take place in May.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE DOMINION RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

OTTAWA, FEB. 16th.

THE annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association was held this morning in the Public Accounts Committee-Room, House of Commons. The chair was occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. A. E. Botsford, one of the vice-presidents, and almost every part of the Dominion was represented in the large attendance of military men.

The chairman, in opening the meeting, expressed his regret at the absence of the able president, Col Gzowski, to whose advice and assistance the society is largely indebted for its success.

Hon. G. Macdonald, Halifax, moved, seconded by Lieut.-Col. MacNachtan, Cobourg, that the thirteenth annual report be accepted as read.

The report of the Council was a favorable one. The Wimbledon team for 1880 sailed from Quebec on the 19th of June, under the command of Lt.-Col. A. H. Williams, M. P., with Major Macpherson, G. G. Foot Guards, as second officer. At Altcar the team made excellent shooting, and in the usual matches with the 15th Lancashire, the 1st Cheshire Rifle Volunteers, and the Liverpool Rifle Brigade, they came off victorious. At Wimbledon, the number of prizes which fell to the team was about the same as in former years, but the unfavorable state of the weather when the Canadians were shooting at the 600 yards range in the "Queen's" destroyed the prospects of several members who had gone back to that range with scores which fully entitled them to hope that they might gain the honor of a place in the 2nd stage. Want of success in the Kolapore Cup match has again to be recorded.

In response to representations made by the Governor-General, the directors of all the leading banks have generously contributed a fund for prizes to be given at the next meeting, thus showing the Council that they have the sympathy of the monetary and commercial leaders of the country in their efforts to foster the efficiency of the militia force of the Dominion.

The total receipts from all sources from 29th January, 1880, to 13th January, 1881, have been $12,697,69; balance brought forward from last year's statement, $1,435.70; total amount, $14,133.39; the expenditure amounted to $14,120.82, leaving a balance of $12.57 to the credit of the association.

The report of Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, M. P., regarding the Wimbledon team of 1880 says among other things: that when the team went to Wimbledon an order was issued that the team would pursue the usual course as to going into camp, but if any member of the team felt that he would be "physically weakened" by camp life, a personal application to remain out should be made to the officer commanding. It has been claimed that the supposed exposure in camp had the effect of impairing the powers of marksmen, and, as the point had been agitated, I deemed it my duty in the interest of the association to add to the comfort of the team in every way, and was forced to an additional expenditure in flooring the tents, which certainly added greatly to the comfort of the occupants of the camp.

As the few that had permission to remain out of camp, although good marksmen, fell far behind what was expected of them in the matches, I infer that camp-life at Wimbledon has the reverse effect of what they anticipated, and I would suggest that for the future it should be an established rule of the association that those who go to Wimbledon as marksmen and representatives of the active militia of Canada should reside in camp. The Canadian camp has always been a centre of attraction to visitors, and the personal representation of the Canadian militia upon Wimbledon Common is most important from a public or national point of view; if the team as a body were allowed to remain out of camp under the plea of physical weakness, it would reflect seriously upon the physique of

Canadians generally, as well as on that of the defensive force of the country.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkpatrick, M. P. in seconding the adoption of the annual report said in regard to team shooting:

The combination of team shooting and individual shooting is not desirable so long as coaching is allowed at the firing point, and I think it would be well to do away with the system of coaching altogether, and to distribute the teams so that they will not shoot with each other. If that is done, team shooting and individual shooting may be combined, and the firing in the teams may be counted in respect of individual scores.

The Governor-General, in an address, said of the Canadian militia, "Our militia may be only an army organized for defence. We desire to be friends with all the world, but I believe we all know there is no friendship so lasting and so wholesome as that which is founded on thorough mutual respect. We are prepared in Canada to defend the institutions which your free country has adopted, and you know well that those institutions can never be changed by any foreign will so long as you prove to all that any attempt to change them would mean a long and very costly war. (Cheers.) I believe that although the Government may do very much in the way of providing and extending training schools for officers and in seeing to the proper organization of the force, yet that individual efforts are those which in the long run will best support such an association as ours. (Applause.) And in the way of individual efforts nothing can be more successfully attempted than the encouragement of local and central rifle associations. We know by experience from the days of Lexington until these last unfortunate days when the British forces have encountered the Boers, how very difficult it is to beat an enemy who are individually good rifle shots. I believe that there has been a certain amount of feeling that most of the prizes are taken by gentlemen who are too good shots to be beaten, and perhaps it might be desirable, to spread over a greater number of contestants the rewards of their perseverance in coming here, to have a greater number of so-called nursery prizes—in short, that we may make our rifle contests somewhat of the nature of the ladies' tennis tournament which has been proceeding during the last two or three weeks, and in which I believe almost all the contestants will receive at all events some prize. (Applause and "hear, hear," and a laugh.) At the last association meeting in September I thought one target was of a peculiar value, and that was the display made by Sergeant-Major Oliver of his equipment, which enables men to carry nearly double the number of rounds of ammunition that their present equipment enables them to do, and which also provides them with a spade. It might be a question also for the consideration of the Council whether it would not be possible to arrange for a prize in connection with which a team should in a given time, with light entrenching tools, entrench themselves and fire subsequently at targets, for, after all, one great branch now of the science of war seems to be the art of rapid entrenchment. Indeed success in war seems sometimes little less than a prize, which can be won by those who can attack fastest and fire the most rapidly and at the same time with the greatest precision." (Cheers.)

The Executive Committee was authorized to make the necessary arrangements for assembling the Wimbledon team and to fix the time when they shall embark for England, and to incur the necessary expenses for sending the team to Wimbledon. Competitors shall notify the Secretary whether they can go before the 1st of April next, and in the failure of sending notice the committee shall be authorized to fill any vacant place; also to frame the necessary instructions for the government and guidance of the officers and men of the team.

The prize meeting will take place at Ottawa, commencing on the 5th of September next. Captain Costin was appointed executive officer.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Mass., *Feb.* 19.—Another stormy Saturday greeted the Walnut Hill riflemen to-day at their regular meet. The slight rain which prevailed early in the day with a perpetual gray light indicated that good scores would be recorded by the participants. Hardly had the flags been lowered when the wind changed several points to the North, and came strong and unreliable, requiring constant changes, while a severe snow storm set in, and the atmosphere became thick and the targets could hardly be discerned from the firing points. In the afternoon the sun shone brightly, the wind became stronger and exceedingly unreliable. Mr. C. Richards took first position on the Creedmoor target against all comers, and did so at a long array of good shots present. Mr. H. Gray took first honors in the league match for 45, while Dodge and Eutebrouck followed for same amounts. In the record match Mr. Adams heads the list for 46, and J. N. Frye, ex-President of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, on the ring target made the magnificent score of 98—six consecutive bullseyes, the wind catching him on his last shot for a 9. The amateur match closed yesterday. In it brilliant shooting has been done. Mr. A. C. Gould has made three elegant scores of 47 each, or a total of 141, and wins the beautiful gold medal of the association. Mr. H. G. Bixby wins the silver medal on the fine score of 45, 46, 47; total, 138. Of the large number of entries made we give only the following:

Amateur Match.

C Richards	5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 4—47	G C Rogers	5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5—43
H Gray	4 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5—45	R Curtis	4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4—43
G Hudson	4 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 4 4—44		

Badge Match.

H Gray	4 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5—45	G Henry	4 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 4 4—41
E L Dodge	5 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 4—45	J N Frye	4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 4—44
Eutebrouck	5 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 3 4—43	H E Clare	4 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 4 4—43

Record Match (Creedmoor Target).

A C Adams	5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 4 4—46	G White	4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 5—42
E S Bennett	5 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 5—44	E Benson	4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 5—40
G Warren	4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 5—43		

Record Match (Massachusetts Target).

J N Frye	12 12 11 11 11 12 9—78	H Edgar	10 10 12 10 9 10 7—68
G Warren	10 9 11 10 10 10 11—71	W Gunson	12 9 10 8 9 10 10 11—67
E Bennett	11 9 10 7 10 11 11—69		

Washington's birthday proved a gala one at Walnut Hill. All the matches now on the programme were shot.

MAGNOLIA GALLERY.—There has been a good attendance during the week in the all-comers' match. Mr. L. Merrill holds first position with a total of 241, and Mr. J. Wyman is second with 240. Mr. Wyman succeeded in making 18 consecutive bullseyes. In the pistol match Mr. Wyman takes first place for the week with 266. In the FOREST AND STREAM match Mr. E. G. Arthur leads all competitors for the trophy with 242, he making during his shooting twelve consecutive bullseyes on a ring target. Below are given the best scores in all matches during the week:

All-comers' Match.

J Merrill	48 48 48 49 48—241	A Lawrence	45 45 46 45 46—227
J Wyman	48 50 48 47 47—240	B Thomas	46 44 46 46 44—226
E Harris	47 47 47 47 48—236	W M Merrill	43 45 45 46 45—224
C Jones	47 47 48 47 47—236	F Wiss	43 44 44 43 41—215
E C Arthur	46 46 46 46 46—230		

Pistol Match (Ring Target).

J. Wyman	6	5	11	11	12	9	9	9	10	7—89	
	6	6	9	11	7	7	10	11	11	12—80	
	7	8	8	12	12	11	10	9	11	7—97—266	
W H Farnham	10	10	11	9	10	10	4	2	10	10—86	
	5	6	7	12	11	11	11	10	9	9 91	
	11	12	10	9	9	8	7	7	4	4 81—260	
J Ames	12	10	9	9	8	7	7	6	5	5 78	
	7	7	5	10	9	9	8	5	5	5 82	
	11	11	11	8	8	10	10	9	9	5 92—252	
E Harris	10	10	10	7	7	5	5	5	2	3—64	
	12	11	11	10	10	9	9	9	9	8—98	
	11	11	11	9	9	8	8	7	7	6—76—238	
O A Gross	11	12	8	9	9	8	2	2	7	4—72	
	0	11	9	8	7	5	4	7	5	8—56	
	2	6	7	7	8	4	12	9	9	6—77—198	

FOREST AND STREAM Match.

E C Arthur	48 48 49 48 49—242	C Gilman	47 45 47 47 46—232
H Harris	47 47 47 47 49—237	C Wright	48 46 46 45 47—232
C Cumings	46 47 47 48 47—234		

MAMMOTH GALLERY, *Boston, Feb.* 19.—The following are the leading scores to date in the everybody's match; rounds 8, possible 40; 5 scores to win, possible 200:

Richardson	39 39 39 38 38—193	Williams	37 37 37 37 37—185
Merrill	38 39 39 38 38—192	Ames	36 37 36 37 37—183
Arnold	37 37 38 37 37—186		

In match 2, called the Silverware Match, which is for those who have never won a prize in the Gallery. The scores stand:

G Warren	37 35 36 38 37—182	N W Norcross	35 36 35 36 36—178
E Brown	37 33 36 37 36—181		

Pistol Match; rounds 6, possible 40; 3 scores to win, possible 120, range 50ft.:

F J Rabbeth	37 37 36—110	G Warren	34 34 34—102

In the FOREST AND STREAM match for the Merschaum Pipe, the following scores have been made:

D N Sherburne	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5—37 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5—38 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5—38 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5—38 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5—33—159	
J J Ross	5 5 4 4 5 5 4 5—37	
S Nagg	4 4 4 4 5 5 5 5—36	
N W Arnold	5 5 4 4 4 5 5 5—37	
Geo D Edson	4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5—36	

WAKEFIELD, Mass., *Feb.* 18—The Wakefield Amateur Rifle Association had its range open this afternoon for practice in the February series of competitions. The following were the best scores made:

D W Walker	4 5 5 5 3 5 4 4 5 5—45	R Howard	4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5—43
W Daniels	5 4 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 4—43		

The association will have its range open Washington's birthday for practice in the February series.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Feb. 15.—Regular semi-monthly shoot for gold badge; Card rotary range, secured, 18 yards rise, 15 balls each:

Braley	11111 11111 11111—15	Farwell	11111 00011 11011—11
Cornell	11110 10111 11111—13	Valentine	10000 11111 11111—11
Hall	01110 11111 11111—13	J Borden, Jr.	11001 10001 10111—10
Buffinton, 2d	11110 11101 11110—12	Allen	10011 01110 11110—10
Wood	11010 11111 10111—12	Butler	10111 01011 01001—9
Borden	11111 00111 11011—12	Nichols	01110 11001 01100—8

Wm J Braley wins badge.

Special Match—10 balls each:

Buffinton	11111 11111—10	Braley	11111 11111—10
Allen	11111 11111—10	Valentine	11111 11111—10
Hall	01111 11111—9	Hathaway	11111 10111—9
Farwell	01111 01111—8	J Borden, Jr.	11001 11100—7
Nichols	01111 01111—8	F S Borden	10111 01001—7
Dubois	10110 11111—8	Wood	10111 01001—6
Butler	10011 00110—5—58	Cornell	11101 11000—6—55

T. S. H.

WORCESTER, Mass., *Feb.* 19—The following scores were made to-day at the Pine Grove Range; distance 200 yards, off-hand:

Steadman Clark	5 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 5—45	4 5 5 3 4 4 4 5 4 4—42—87	
Dr. Arnold	5 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 5—45	4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4—39—84	
A L Rise	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4—41	5 5 3 4 4 4 5 4 4 5—42—83	
Moses Carter	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—40	4 4 4 4 3 4 5 4 4—41—81	
Jesse Olmstead	4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4—40	4 4 4 4 4 3 4 5 5—41—81	
John Norman		5 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4—40	
C Jenkins		4 4 3 4 3 4 4 4 4—38	

The same day and place, at 800 yards, any position without artificial rests; cartons counting 6, with a possible 60. The following was the score made:

C Jenkins	5 5 6 6 5 5 5 5—54	A L Rise	4 4 6 6 6 4 5 5 6—51
Moses Carter	5 5 5 4 5 5 6 5 6—52		

ALBANY—N. Y., Feb. 17.—The pleasant weather this afternoon called out quite a goodly company of riflemen to Rensselaerwyck. Besides the local experts, Troy and Hudson were represented once more. The first match called was the All Comers', in which four only succeeded in getting an average of inners or over. This match was won by Capt. Fitch with 41 out of a possible 50. At the conclusion of the match a subscription match at 200 yards was called; this was also won by Capt. Fitch with 21 points out of 25. Two more subscription matches were called at 300, the first of which was won by G. L. Charles, with 24 out of 25, and the second by L. Geiger, with 22 out of 25. The conditions were favorable for all the competitions except the 200 yard match, the wind being extremely troublesome and hard to gauge. The two scores made in the subscription matches, at 300 yards, by G. A. Charles, were equal to anything ever done at that range, he having a total of 46 out of 50. The following were the scores in detail:

All-Comers' Match—300 Yards.

Wm. E. Fitch, Bal. S	4 3 5 4 4 5 4 5 4 3—41		
A Carpenter, S. M	3 5 4 4 5 3 4 4 4 3—38		
G H Charles, Bal. S	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3—39		
O Dexter, S. S	4 3 5 3 4 4 4 4 4 4—39		

Subscription Match—200 Yards.

Wm E Fitch, Bal. S	5 4 4 4—21	O Dexter, S. S	3 4 3 3 5—20
A Carpenter, S M	4 4 4 4—20	A Thorne, S M	3 4 4 4—19
L Geiger, R S	3 4 4 5—20	James I Miles, Bal. S	4 3 4 5—19
G H Charles, Bal S	4 4 3 5—20		

Subscription Match—300 Yards.

G H Charles, Bal S	5 5 5 4 5—24	A Carpenter, S M	4 3 4 4 4—19
Wm E Fitch, Bal. S	4 4 4 5 4—21	L Geiger, R S	4 4 4 3 4—19
James I Miles, Bal. S	5 4 5 4 4—22	A Thorne, S M	3 4 4 4 3—18
O Dexter, S. S	4 4 4 4 4—20		

Subscription Match—300 Yards.

L Geiger, R S	3 5 4 5 5—22	A Carpenter, S M	4 4 4 4—20
G H Charles, Bal S	5 4 5 3 5—22	James I Miles, Bal. S	3 4 4 4—19
Wm E Fitch, Bal S	4 4 4 5—21	A Thorne, S M	4 3 3 4—16

On Thursday the eighth competion in the All Comers' will be called, and should the weather prove favorable, a match of 200 yards also. On Washington's birthday a number of riflemen will visit the range for practice.

CONLIN'S SHOOTING GALLERY, 1,222 Broadway.—As was anticipated, the competition for the championship of short-range pistol-shooting at bullets was the most closely-contested match yet of the tournament. Mr. D. A. Divis, champion of all ranges bullet-shooting, and Dr. E. T. Marsh, champion of cord-shooting and swinging objects, each made a score of twelve bullets out of twenty shots; distance, ten yards. According to the conditions the tie must be shot off and the competitor hitting the largest number of bullets in twenty shots to be declared the winner. The shoot-off will take place at whatever time agreed on by the parties, probably during this week. The gentlemen are very evenly matched in skill and great interest is manifested as to who will win. Mr. Wm. C. Southwick won the great's badge, with the score of eleven bullets, followed by Col. J. Dunn and D. D. Davis, also tieing the score—nine bullets each. The bullets shot at are three-quarters of an inch in diameter, suspended by a string, with a white background, form a very distinct mark. Mr. Conlin first introduced bullet-shooting in 1871; since then it has always been one of the favored marks for both rifle and pistol practice. Foreigners and visitors from all sections of the country, while at his various galleries, have been successful in hitting a bullet, or else, seeing some of the experts perform the feat, have taken the mark away, as either a proof of their skill or a memento of the occasion. In this way at least a ton of the bullets have found their way to all parts of the civilized world. During the week ending February 26 the championship of tack-shooting will be contested for.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—Washington's Birthday was profitably and pleasantly spent by the New York shooters in an all-comers rifle match, at Harting's Park, Morrisania, under the auspices of the New York Rifle Club, the conditions being 200 yards, off hand, seven shots; highest aggregate of any two scores to count for prizes; entries unlimited; prizes, three gold medals or bandges and two silver ditto, valued at $20, $12, $7.50, $6, $4.50; all other conditions in accordance with the rules of N. R. A. Shooting began at 10:30 A. M. and stopped at 4:30 P. M. Ring targets, with eight-inch bullseyes were used. Following are the leading scores, the highest attainable number being 350 points: A. J. Howlett, 291; C. J. Faleo, 287; A. H. Anderson, 284; M. B. Hull, 284; A. J. McInnis, 283; F. H. Holton, 282; F. J. Donaldson, 280; N. O'Donnell, 279; Frederick Alder, 278; J. S. Case, 274; T. Fitz, 274; Walter V. Overbaugh, 272; P. Ronaldson, 265; Dr. J. W. Wright, 263; T. P. White, 259; G. J. Seabury, 251; J. W. Mangam, 243; G. Butler, 240; J. B. Blydenburgh, 232; J. H. Fricken, 234; C. E. Overbaugh, 218; W. A. Robinson, 203; H. Holges, 203; Col. Josiah Porter, 178; R. Troutman, 172.

THE NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—The third week's practice in the Feb. match at this gallery has been most worthy of note. As the month is short the shooting has been very spirited from the first, and will increase to the end of the month. Mr. W. M. Farrow, with his extremely fine holding, stops to the front with 192.

The following are the leading scores to date on the 35 yard-range, 10 rounds, 4 scores to win or possible 200:

W M Farrow	48 48 47 49—192	T P White	46 46 46 46—184
P G Fenning	48 45 47 48—191	M Dorrier	47 45 45 45—182
G Joiner	47 47 48 48—190	F N Nolton	43 44 46 46—181
N Obel	47 47 47 47—188	J W Todd	44 45 44 48—181
Col. Riggs	46 46 46 48—184	D F Davids	44 45 46 46—181

A Champion Team match will be shot at this gallery soon as arrangements can be made; teams to be composed of seven men each from any rifle club or military organization, the conditions of the match to be as follows:

Entrance fee, $10 per team, ten shots per man, Creedmoor target and Creedmoor rules to govern; no practice on the night of the match. Prizes to be as follows: First prize, fifty per cent. of entrance fee; Second, 30 per cent.; Third, 20 per cent. A meeting of the captains of each team to meet at the gallery, 699 Broadway, cor. West Fourth st., March 8, at 8 o'clock P. M., to make final arrangements. Two teams can shoot each evening with ample room for friends and guests, the proprietors will donate the use of gallery rifles, ammunition and targets free, or teams can furnish their own. Letters from captains, or teams will be considered if not convenient to be present at the meeting.

ZETTLER GALLERY, Feb'ruary.—All Comers' match, Creedmoor target, 10 shots:

M B Engel	186	Henry Gunther	168
J H Brown	186	Wm Klein	165
P Fenning	184	Hugo Siebeneichen	163
W M Farrow	183	Aug Siebeneichen	145
F Levy	177	Jacob Leubeck	144
H Holger	170		

CAMDEN, N. J.—The Stockton Rifle Range Association Directors are preparing for a grand celebration of the third spring opening of their range, about April 1, and to afford additional encouragement to participants, they will offer for competition a number of prizes. The officers of the association are General E. Burd Grubb, President; T. B. Baldwin, Vice-President; Major Wm. M. Palmer, Treasurer; John S. Lee, Secretary.

THE TRAP.

MICHIGAN STATE MEDAL ASSOCIATION.

THE Michigan State Medal Association had another meet to-day at Hamtramck Park. The weather was against the contestants, but birds were unexpectedly lively and no very brilliant scores were made. The ridiculous handicapping rule was enforced, with the following result:

Goff Stenton, 30 yards						0	1	0	1	1	0—3
F St Aubin, 21 yards						0	0	0	1	1	0—2
J V D Eldridge, 30 yards	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1—8
J Metzger, 30 yards											0 0—0
Ed H Gillman, 30 yards		0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1—8
Edward S Barbour, 21 yards		1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0—7
Charles A Mack, 23 yards		1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1—9

As the reader will note, Mr. C. A. Mack was the winner of the medal, which is a championship affair, and therefore quite beyond the pale of handicapping from any recognized sportsmanlike point by view. I had an interview to-day with two members of the committee who are responsible for this handicapping business. One of them is Mr. W. J. Mason, Secretary of the association, who frankly told me that he had seen enough of its unjust workings to convince him that it ought to be abolished. Said he: "Either cease calling it a championship medal, and christen it a handicap medal, or do away with the rule altogether. Mr. John E. Long, who is really the father of the plan, was the other committeeman whom I interviewed. He said: "When this matter first came up it was urged very strenously that the only way to get out the young shooters was that would not be expected to successfully compete with some of our experts, of whom the association has many—was to offer them some even-up inducement. As an experiment partly, and partly as a compromise, I suggested handicapping as the remedy. Of course I am aware that this is a little irregular for a championship medal. Personally (and it is for my interest, too), I prefer the straight way. Let every tub stand on its own bottom. I have learned that handicapping is not altogether just to experts who are set back, but when it was adopted the idea, as I said before, was to bring young shooters to the score. The experiment has been tried; it has developed some good men. If it has served even that purpose it has not been altogether barren. I am ready to support a movement to abolish the rule, and it is my opinion that we shall take the bull by the horns at our next meeting. At the same time we shall probably change our rules, substituting English rules for the plunge-trap and twenty-six yards for tame birds and adopting the ground trap, with English rules, for wild birds."

In the course of my talk with Secretary Mason he showed me the original subscription list of the association and told me something of its origin. One night in 1873 a party of gentlemen were sitting in that old, familiar back room of John E. Long & Co., on the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, discussing various matters, when the subject of a Medal Association was introduced. It met with very general—even enthusiastic—approval and in three days, at odd hours, there were obtained sixty-four signatures and the magnificent medal which, has been the bone of so much friendly contention, was ordered.

At the end of the list I found the names of several who have since gone to the happy hunting grounds. First on the solemn roll is poor Elam Fisher, gentleman, enthusiast, sportsman. His death was the only tragic event the association has known. At one of the shoots of the association he was accompanied by his little son. Standing near the score, leaning on his gun, awaiting his turn to come on deck, he took his last look of earth, for at that instant his son, in a playful mood, ran up to him and clasped him around the legs. Fatal playfulness. The gun went down on the hammer of the gun without knowing it; there was a loud report, and Elam Fisher dropped instantly dead in his tracks, the charge of one barrel having entered his side and riddled him all to pieces. He never knew what hurt him. Other dead of the association are Samuel J. Geddey, Charles L. Pignette, *bon vivant*, gentle, genuine aristocrat and whole-souled man. He died in Paris, the "gay, gind, gorgeous city, where life is a pasture, and the only reality is death." He knew how to enjoy life with reason, and he was the man to die unflinchingly. Peace to his memory!

The backing-and-filling business methods of the association during its earlier history were not favorable to the preservation to data, and there is much in connection with its growth that cannot be set down with very near approach to accuracy. From recollection, however, I am able to name a considerable number of the medal winners. "Lon" Hascall was the first man who bore it off the field in triumph. I well remember what a mark of distinction for him that day's achievement was, and how the wassailers made merry for long, long hours with Lon as the host. Then follow John E. Long, Ed. Gillman, J. V. D. Eldredge, Goff, Stenton, E. S. Barbour, Charley Jewett, Frank Wherry, Henry Penney, Jim Caniff, Wm. C. Colburn, M. K. Christy and Cook Cousins, not to mention our own and latest champion, Charley Mack. The only man who has ever won it three consecutive times is Ed. Gillman, but the third winning was declared off by the Executive Committee under the rule that no shoot by a *non quorum* should count. There was a tremendous kick about that decision, but the committee were inflexible, and inasmuch as there was no going behind the returns, the inevitable was accepted as graciously as the circumstances would permit. Had that shoot been counted in instead of out, Gillman would now be the sole and individual owner of the trophy. A like decision was rendered in the case of Frank Wherry, of Plymouth. He was not morally equal to the occasion, and instead of accepting judgment he wrote a savage letter to the association. The result of that single epistollary experiment was the incontinent bouncing of the experimentalist by the association.

Detroit, Feb. 18. PASSE-PARTOUT.

CARVER DEFEATS SCOTT.—The following details of the Carver-Scott match shot near London, Feb. 7, are given by the London *Sportsman* of 8th inst.:

The day was very unpropitious. During the morning a bitterly cold wind prevailed, and this by noon had increased to a perfect gale, bringing with it an assortment of snow, hail and sleet, which drove across the grounds at the rate of about forty miles an hour. Each competitor had to supply 110 blue rocks, the two lots of birds being placed in one hamper and from that hamper trapped. Dr. Carver failed at his third bird and Mr. Scott killing took the lead. The latter, however, broke down in his fourth attempt, and as in this round the Doctor had grassed with a very fine second they were on level terms. The shooting continued to be very even, but a "zero" scored to Mr. Scott in his tenth essay left him one behind his adversary, whose total was 9 to 8. Although the "Spirit of the West" hit his eleventh very hard it managed to evade him, while the Londoner downed a good rock in neat time, and consequently drew level. A too great frequency of misses just about this time gave Mr. Scott a powerful lead, he being four birds ahead at the eighth-teenth round Between this and the twenty-ith round a change came, and a few of Mr. Scott's birds crossing the pailings gradually pulled him back to the Doctor, who had in the meanwhile settled down to a good series, and in this way they were once more on terms of equality, each having felled 18. Dr. Carver's twenty-sixth bird, a very snipy little customer, fairly beat him, and as Mr. Scott was more fortunate he again went to the fore. This advantage, however, was only momentary, as in his succeeding effort Mr. Scott pulled both barrels simultaneously and the bird escaped. Another failure in the twenty-eighth trial by Mr. Scott gave the Doctor the lead, and this for a time he held, but without arguimenting it to any great extent. The American's forthieth pigeon was a real flyer, and leaving the middle trap like a rocket was out of bounds in an instant Mr. Scott killed and, therefore, they were again even, with totals of 29 each. During the next ten rounds they remained in close company, while it was evident that the excitement in the contest was gradually rising to a high pitch At the conclusion of the fiftieth round—half the journey—Mr. Scott had the lead by one bird, his figures showing 36 to 35. An interval of ten minutes here occurred, and on resuming the wather had slightly improved, the snow fall being less heavy and the light clearer, though at the best it was bad enough. Both sportsmen soon after beginning the second half of their match shot very badly, especially Mr. Scott, who during tho next fourteen rounds, secured but four birds. Dr. Carver, too, missed six out of seven, but a run of eight on the right side gave him a decided lead, and at the sixty-fifth round he was three to the fore. Between this and the seventieth Mr. Scott pulled up wonderfully, reaching the latter point only one in the rear. Unfortunately now Mr. Scott lost three in succession, so that again did the American forge well to the front; there being at the seventy-sixth round of five between them. Mr. Scott never recovered this, though he strove most manfully, and at the ninety-sixth round Dr. Carver was proclaimed the winner by five birds, his total being 65 to Mr. Scott's 60. They, however, shot at their remaining four birds each, and when the hundredth round was finished the total stood—Dr Carver 66, Mr. Scott 62. As regards the shooting, there can be no doubt that the average was a very poor one, but to account for this the wretched state of the weather must be taken into consideration. At the best shooting in a snow storm is a difficult matter, but under yesterday's circumstances, and with such clipping birds, a tall total was almost out of the question. Dr. Carver, it may be mentioned, shot with a central-fire breech-loader built by Greener, while Mr. Scott had two weapons, and changed about—one manufactured by Greener and the other by Baker. The duties of referee were discharged by Mr. Henry Holt. Score :—

MATCH, for $2,000, at 100 birds, 30 yards rise, 5 traps, 5 yards apart

DR. CARVER—11011, 11111, 00100, 01011, 11111, 01111, 11110, 110 10, 10110, 01011, 11000, 10001, 11111, 11000, 11110, 11110, 11010, 00011, 11111, 10001,. Total, 66 out of 100.

MR. SCOTT—11101, 11110, 11110, 11110, 01001, 10011, 11010, 11111, 11011, 11100, 10101, 00010, 00001, 11110, 00010, 01111, 11011, 01110, 10110, 01010. Total, 62 out of 100,

CONEY ISLAND CLUB.—First monthly meet on new shooting ground adjoining Theodore Alston's Hotel at Coney Island. The first contest was for the badge, and the contestants for this were Messrs. Steers, James, Furey, Shevlin, Massey, Grace, Fogart, Fate, McLaughlin, Miller, Alston, Maxfield and Schimmell. The distance was handicap from 30 yards to 21, Mr. James shooting at 30 yards rise and Mr Alston at 21, Mr. Furey standing at 27, Mr. Massey at 26, and the majority of the others at 21 Theodore Alston was the only competitor who had a clear record, he killing all of his seven birds, and thereby winning the badge for February. Messrs. Furey and Shevlin killed six each, and Messrs. Grace, James, Massey, Maxfield and Schimmell, five each, all but Messrs. Grace and Fate killing a majority of their seven birds. After the badge shoot there was a contest for a gold pencil, for which there were sixteen competitors, each shooting at five birds, at handicap rise. Out of these Messrs. Graves, Wilson and W. R. Hunter killed all their birds, and on the ties being shot off Mr. Graves killed two of the three extra birds, as did Wilson, the second tie, giving the prize to Mr. Graves. A match was shot between Captain Steers and Mr. James at double birds, 21 yards : C. James, 11 01 10 11—6 ; Captain Steers, 00 00 11 10—3.

NEW YORK GUN CLUB—Bergen Point, N. J., Feb. 18.—Match, at five birds, handicap rise :

A Reblin....25 yards.	1 1 1 1 1—5	G Morris....26 yards.	1 0 1 0 1—3

Same conditions as first match :

G Morris, 28 yards.	1 1 1 1 1—5	A Reblin....29 yards.	1 0 1 0 w—2

Same conditions as first match :

G Morris, 30 yards	0 1 1 1 1—4	A Reblin....30 yards.	0 1 1 0 w—1

The Club Fund Cup, value $100, ten birds each :

T Van Buren	29 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
G Morris	25	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—9
E White	29	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—8
C G Howard	25	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8
H Dunleavy	25	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 w— 7
Colonel Butler	29	0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—6
L Hunter	22	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 w — 6
A Reblin	29	1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 w — 5
E Murphy	29	0 0 1 1 1 0 w — 4

Optional sweepstakes, 7 birds each, ties miss and go out:

Colonel Butler	29	0 1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 1— 9
H Dunleavy	27	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—1 0— 8
E White	29	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 — 5
G Morris	26	0 1 0 1 1 2 w — 4
A Reblin	28	1 1 0 0 1 1 w — 4
C G Howard	26	0 0 1 1 0 1 w — 3

Optional sweepstakes, 7 birds each, ties miss and go out:

T Van Buren	29 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 1—10
E White	29	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 0— 9
A Reblin	29	1 1 1 1 1 1 0— 6
Colonel Butler	30	0 1 1 1 1 1 1— 6
E Salmon	28	1 0 1 1 1 1 1— 6
E Murphy	30	1 1 0 1 1 w — 4
H Dunleavy	27	1 1 0 1 w — 4
L Hunter	25	1 0 1 0 0 1— 3

FALCON GUN CLUB.—*Dexter Park, L. I., Feb.* 17.—State rules; plunge traps, and Falcon Gun Club handicap rise; 10 birds each :

Van Staden	23 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—9
Lencken	23 "	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Doscher	21 "	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8
Offerman	25 "	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—8
Miller	25 "	1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 1—5
Lager	23 "	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Boiling	25 "	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0—6
Palmer	23 "	0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1—6
Kelly	21 "	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—8
Rothmann	21 "	0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 1—5

The shot off at 3 birds each ; 23 yards.: Van Staden, 2; Lencken, 2; Lager, 1. Club badge and Wesley Richards B. L. gun won by Lencken. This is the last contest under the old rules, which are that the winner has to win these prizes 3 successive times before becoming his property. They are now changed to commence with March shoot as follows: that the member winning the club prize the most number of times during the year it shall become his property.

CARSON, NEB., Feb. 8.—Considering that this is the only ball breaking they have indulged in for more than two years past, I consider the scores made quite creditable. The club will have frequent shoots hereafter. Score: 18 yards rise, 20 balls each, Huber traps :

C D Meder	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—17
H G Parker	0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—14
G H Davis	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—16
H H Bonnell	1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—14
E Harris	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—17
G W Richard	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1—15
Jas Crawford	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1—11
C G Bryson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—20
E M Hunt	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0—12
J R King	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—16

GULF CITY GUN CLUB—Mobile, Ala.—We had our monthly medal shoot on the 8th. The weather was windy and bad. The shooting was worse. It was one of those unaccountable days when the shooters suspicion are not to him. I only send you some of the best scores.

Master Willie Vass	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0—13
E Carre	0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0—8
H P Vass	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—20
Jas Alexander	1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 w
J Bush	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 w

Sweepstake Match, 21 yards, 10 balls.

H P Vass	1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1—6	Alexander	1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0—3
Carre	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—8	T S Scales	1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0—4
Bush	1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0—6	Tunstall	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10

Tunstall, 1st; Carre, 2d

NEWTOWN, L. I., February 10.—The fifth monthly contest of the Audubon Gun Club was held to-day. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, the day being very foggy, the shooting was well up to the average monthly contests. The club shot at 30 balls each, spring from a nrds Rotary Trap, at 21 yards rise. Ties were shot off at 3 balls each. Appended is the score:

E H Blackwell	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1—6	R Allen	1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0—5
A Andrews	1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—7	L B Field	1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—6
P Post	1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1—6	Henry Eger	0 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—6
J H Benning	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0—7	C W Field	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—7
P K Fehrling	0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0—3	K Sabin	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—7

In shooting off the ties R T Sabin won the club badge.

H. HUNTER.

THE W. K. C. CUP.—At the shoot for the Westminster Kennel Club cup, at the grounds of the club, at Babylon, L. I., on Washington's birthday, Mr. F. O. de Luze won the trophy, killing 14 out of his 15 birds.

BREWER DEFEATS TALBOT.—In a match at Deerfoot Park, Feb. 22, Jno. H. Brewer, of Philadelphia, defeated B. Talbot, of New York, (100 birds each, L. L rules, 21 yards, one trap, one barrel allowed) by a score of 96 to 71.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

A fretful mother and cross child indicates ill health, requiring only Hop Bitters to remove.

COOK'S TOURS.—Those who contemplate traveling in Europe or any part of the Globe, either alone or with excursion parties, will find it to their advantage to investigate the numerous facilities offered by Thos. Cook & son, the renowned Excursion Managers of 261 Broadway, New York

A large pamphlet, giving full particulars of their tours, will be mailed free, on application, to any address.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.**

J. D. C.—The cut of your boat is at our office.

CHARLES DAVIS, Providence, R. I.—We have a letter for you.

G. A. B., Boston, Mass.—Address J. R. Whitman, Chicago, Ill.

INQUISITOR.—The setter you refer to is cross bred, not pure Irish.

T. J. W., Hartford.—We refer you to the daily papers of last November.

O. M. B., Washington, D. C.—We call your attention to notice at head of this column.

E. S. H., Grand Rapids, Mich.—The book may be procured of Orange Judd Co., Broadway, New York.

W. B. M., New Glascow, N. S.—The gun is of German make and is not of very high grade.

GRAFTON, Mass.—Address Mr. T. P. Montgomery. Harrisburg, Pa. Mack was owned by Mr. L. Dimock, Leeds, Mass.

H. Indianapolis.—For smooth water and centreboard give the plans you refer to more beam and floor with less dead rise. Have forwarded your letter. Make her 24x9x3½.

F. W., Sullivan.—There was a schooner built at the Charlestown Navy Yard about 1870, we believe, but have no records. Apply to the commandant. She was not considered fast.

J. G., Coyahoga.—The yawl rig will suit your purposes exactly. There is money in the fisheries. Will send you alterations and details by mail. Articles on Alaska were written by a Commander in the U. S. Navy, and good as gospel.

H. W. T., Columbus, O.—Newfoundland puppies are dangerous and unsatisfactory things to judge and criticise, as they alter very much. We do not know at this time where you can purchase a first-class one. Perhaps some of our readers can inform us.

RIFLE CLUB.—In the game of casino can a player have more than one build of different denominations at the same time? Ans. A player may make another build, or may pair or combine other cards previous to taking in his first build.

J. L. C.—1. Read the article on "The Flight of a Rifle Ball" in our issue of Feb. 3, page 7, and see also "How to Aim the Hunting Rifle" in next issue. 2. By writing to the manufacturers of your rifle you may procure pamphlet or circular giving full directions for its use.

F. W. J., Sullivan, Me.—What species of trout are the fish called in this State "togue?" Ans. They are the lake trout of the rest of the country, called in parts "Mackinaw trout" and "salmon trout," the *Cristivomer namaycush*. The Maine name, "togue," may possibly be derived from the Indian name of the fish. In some parts of the Eastern states they are also called "lunge," "Winnipesaukie trout," etc.

T., Duxbury.—The sail draft tent is moderate, about right for cruising, though we should prefer 1 or 1½ ft. more head to mainsail, making it more effective. The head sags to leeward most and its inefficiency should be made good by ample area. All our sails are cut too narrow in the head and a reaction in favor of more gaff is setting in. Prefer housing topmast of greater length.

J. C. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Would you kindly oblige a reader of your journal by answering in your correspondent's columns when the season commences for perch and sucker fishing? Ans. Perch and sucker are not included in your State game laws. Perch will bite in April, according to weather. Suckers run in March and April, do not bite freely and are usually scooped up with a net, or snared.

A., Saco.—The most economical plan would be to add the small jib outside, although we would prefer a more equal division of the canvas. Rather than have a new single jib, rig the boat with a new double headsail. The large jib as mainsail and under. Carry stay of outer jib half way up masthead. Staysail sheet can work itself in narrow water. If you order sing le jib, use old one set flying with after canvas reefed.

POINTER, Norfolk, Va.—Can you give me any information concerning a pointer named Old Rock. Ans. Old Rock was owned by W. S. Barnum, of Syracuse, N. Y., and was entered by his owner at the State Bench Show at Syracuse, June 19, 1877. His sire's name was Don, dam's June, a very fine looking bitch owned by Mr. George Dalkain, of Syracuse. Mr. Barnum bought Rock, when a puppy, of a Mr. Bell, of Onida Valley, N. Y. Rock did not win a prize at Syracuse, but his half-sister Betsey took first in her class.

J. S. H., Mo.—For full history of dashchunds and fox terriers see The Dogs of the British Islands, by Stonehenge, on parts 14 and 15 of Illustrated Book of the Dog by Vero Shaw, published by Cassell, Potter, Galpin & Co., this city. We can furnish them. St. Bernard and Leonburg puppies can be procured by advertising in our columns. The fee for mating varies. The length of a good beagle's ears from tip to tip is about 17 inches, the dog measuring about 15 inches at shoulder. See our kennel advertising columns for prices of beagle puppies.

W. G., Ithaca.—The London *Field* publishes the lines of English yachts from time to time. Lines of Vanduara have not been published. Send P. O. order to *Field* for selection. About 12c. per number, or see Kemp's Yacht Designing. You can order through Brentano, Union Square at higher rate. Do not overlook the fact that the tonnage rule has had much to do with the scant beam of English yachts. Elephant is both deep and beamy, the result of measuring by length only. Her spars are: mast, deck to hounds, 38 ft.; masthead 4½ ft., topmast 18 ft. 9 in., boom 35 ft., gaff 20½ ft., bowsprit, stay to knightheads, 16 ft. Six to seven tons inside iron.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—[*Adv.*

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Heaviest Salmon, 9 feet long	$20 25	$22 50	Extra Heavy Treble, 9 feet long	$42 00	$48 00
" " " 6 "	13 50	15 00	" " " 8 "	28 50	32 00
" " " 3 "	6 75	7 50	" " " 3 "	14 00	16 00
Very Heavy " 9 "	17 25	18 75	" " " 2 "	11 00	13 50
" " 6 "	11 50	12 50	" " 9 "	24 00	26 00
" " 3 "	5 75	6 25	" " 6 "	16 00	24 00
Heavy " 9 "	13 50	15 00	" " 3 "	8 00	12 00
" " 6 "	8 00	9 00	" " 2 "	5 50	8 00
" " 3 "	4 00	4 50	Regular " 9 "	16 50	24 00
Salmon " 9 "	10 50	12 00	" " 6 "	11 00	16 00
" " 6 "	6 00	8 00	" " 3 "	5 50	8 00
" " 3 "	3 50	4 00	" " 2 "	3 75	5 50
Ex Hvy Bk Bass. 9 "	9 00	10 50	Extra Heavy Double, 9 "	27 00	31 50
" " 6 "	6 00	7 00	" " 6 "	18 00	21 00
" " 3 "	3 50	4 00	" " 3 "	8 00	10 50
Heavy " 9 "	7 50	9 00	" " 2 "	7 50	9 00
" " 6 "	5 00	6 00	Regular " 9 "	16 50	24 00
" " 3 "	2 50	3 00	" " 6 "	11 00	16 00
Black Bass " 9 "	7 50	9 00	" " 3 "	5 50	8 00
" " 6 "	5 00	6 00	" " 2 "	3 75	5 50
" " 3 "	2 00	2 50	Regular " 9 "	11 25	16 50
Trout " 9 "	4 50	6 00	" " 6 "	7 50	11 00
" " 6 "	3 20	4 00	" " 3 "	3 75	5 50
" " 3 "	1 60	2 00	" " 2 "	2 25	4 00

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WANTED—Live Brant (*Anser bernicla*) decoys. Any person having one or more of these geese will receive a good price on application to W. HAPGOOD, 17 Court st., Boston, Mass. Feb17,4t

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For sale, a few loose plates of Audubon's Birds of America, elephant folio edition. These represent the birds of natural size, and are suitable for framing as ornaments for a dining room or library. Some of the plates are slightly soiled, and one or two have been folded, but any of them can be cleansed and restored at slight expense. Price from $1 to $5 each, according to condition. Among the birds represented are the Great White Heron, Red-headed Duck, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Purple Finch, Black-shouldered Hawk, several warblers, finches and other small birds. For further particulars apply to this office. Feb24,tf

FOR SALE at a great bargain.—I W. & C. Scott D. B. B. L. 8 gauge ducking gun. Finest laminated bbls., 34 in., 12½ lbs. weight, 3 in. drop. Pistol grip; rebounding hammers; modified choke; cost in England, with case and tools, $260 in gold. Also 1 Remington D. B. B. L. gun, 10 gauge; 30 in.; finest birdseye Damascus barrels; pistol grip; rebounding hammers; 3 in. drop; elegantly engraved; splendid shooter, weight, 8¾ lbs; cost, $125; both warranted in every respect, but little used, and only sold for want of use; prices, 8 gauge, $150; 10 gauge, $75. Will be sent by express for inspection and 1 day trial by addressing GUNS, P. O. Box 688, Washington, D. C. Feb17,2t

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United States or States patent rights for new implement for extracting cartridge shells. For effectiveness and strength it is unexcelled, and so constructed that cartridge shells of any size can be extracted with it, and as it combines three different powers, the sportsman or hunter having one becomes master of the "fight shell" situation. Address AD. PAUL, 837 Chouteau av., St. Louis, Mo. Feb17tf

FOR SALE.—A double-barrel rifle of Nichols & Lefever make; .45 Gov. cal.; 70 grains powder; 100 new shells, ball, caps, loading tools, moulds, &c., &c. Gun has never been used, and is sold for want of use. Cost $150; will sell for $125. Address WM. PRETTIE, 12 W. R. R. street, Syracuse, N. Y. Feb24,2t

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FOR SALE, 15 vols. FOREST AND STREAM, unbound, in good order. Address H. C. KIRK, 53 North Swan st., Albany, N. Y. Feb17,2t

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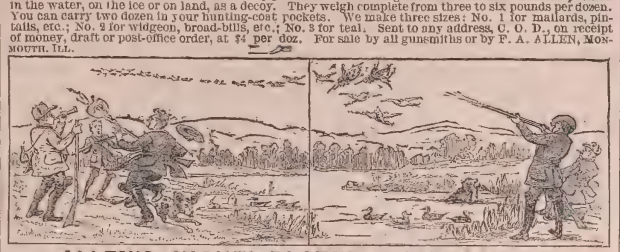
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1. THUNDER, pure Laverack Setter, color, blue Belton; whelped May 7, 1877; weight, 53 lbs.; winner of seven bench show prizes and one field trial; sire of Daisy, Lady, Dick and Mack Laverack.
2. PEERESS, pure Laverack; color, lemon Belton; whelped August, 1875; sister to the celebrated Princess, Puzzle, Phanton, Petrel, by Prince out of Lill II., in whelp to Thunder. She is a grand bitch, being the dam of Daisy, Lady, Dick and Mack Laverack; broken by Smith, of Canada, and a merry worker.
3. DAISY LAVERACK, pure Laverack; color, lemon Belton; whelped June 19, 1879; winner of second prize in the Nat. A. K. C. Derby, Vincennes, 1880. Daisy, I consider, a first-class field dog; has a remarkably keen nose and is very fast.
4. MAY LAVERACK, black and white; whelped May 31, 1879; winner in two field trials; is the fastest puppy I ever shot over. She is by Thunder out of Spot, a native bitch by Glass out of Pink. She will breed well to a large, well-made native or Llewellin dog.
5. DICK LAVERACK, blue Belton, pure Laverack; a handsome-bodied dog and much like his sire, Thunder; second in a large class at the late Pittsburgh dog show; beaten by his brother Mack. I consider him as good in the field as Daisy or May; whelped June 19, 1879; weight, about 48 lbs.

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I refer, with permission, to the FOREST AND STREAM, or to any gentleman present at the late field trials. Dick, Daisy and May are two season dogs; broken in Missouri by H. M. Short, and have had a great deal of game killed over them. There are no better bred dogs in the world, as gentlemen posted in canine matters will admit.

I intend importing a pure Laverack dog that I think will nick well with Daisy and May, and should I keep Peeress would breed her to no other dog than Thunder.

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Feb17,1t

WANTED a thoroughbred house and field-broken cocker spaniel. Address J. W. S. ARNOLD, M. D., 759 Lexington Avenue, New York. Fe 24,2t

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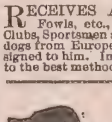
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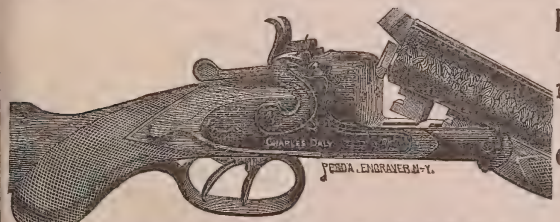
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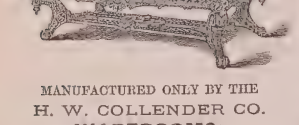
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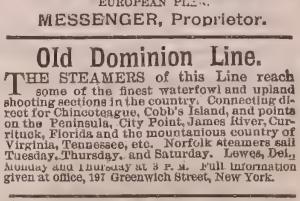
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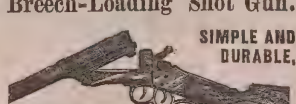
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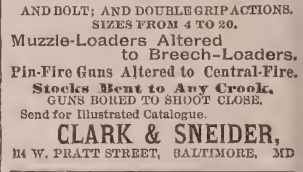
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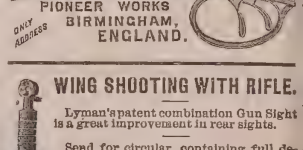


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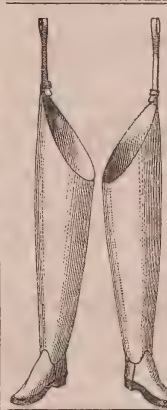
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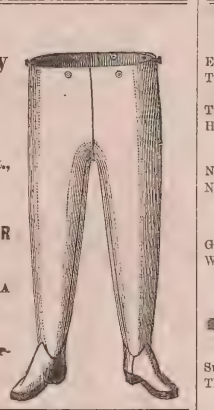
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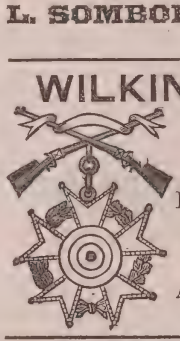
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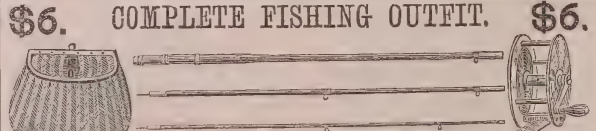
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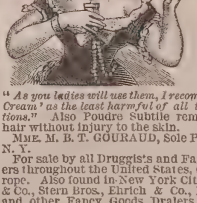
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, March 3.

WESTERN BIRDS FOR EASTERN SHOOTING.

A BRIEF note in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM called attention to a proposed movement of very high importance. A number of gentlemen, of Springfield, Massachusetts, have signified their intention of procuring from the West game birds of different species, which are to be liberated here in the hope that they may firmly establish themselves and serve to replenish our now depleted covers. Such a project deserves every encouragement, and we thoroughly believe that if this matter is taken hold of in the right way, and the importations are made on a scale sufficiently large, there is no reason in the world why it should not succeed.

Among the birds which first suggest themselves to us as desirable, and at the same time sufficiently hardy to bear our climate, are three species of grouse. The prairie hen, as is well known, is indigenous to Massachusetts, and was exterminated there, on Long Island and in New Jersey simply by overshooting. The sharp-tailed grouse is still more hardy than the pinnated, is more a frequenter of the timber and, so far as can be judged from the facts at our command, a bird likely to do better here in the East than the prairie hen. It is fond of cover, though found also far from the timber, and we have frequently in the Rocky Mountains killed it far up the mountain side among the quaking aspen sprouts and in high willow undergrowth. Along the Missouri we have often found it among tall timber, but it especially delights in the undergrowth that always fringes the streams in the country west of the Missouri. This species is indigenous to Wisconsin, Minnesota and to the high dry plains of the West, and its range extends into British America far to the Northward. It is thus able to endure a temperature much more severe than anything to which it would be exposed here. Whether the low elevation and more humid atmosphere of the Eastern States would operate unfavorably against the species is a question that can only be decided by experiment. We hope to see it decided.

From the time when we first became familiar with the dusky grouse in the grand old mountains of the Territories we have felt that the introduction of this superb species to the Eastern covers was something greatly to be desired. It is an inhabitant of the higher mountains of the West and seems to prefer just such localities as are frequented by our own ruffed grouse. Like the latter it is a swift flyer, and the man who starts a bird in the thick cover has no very great amount of time in which to decide whether he will or will not shoot. As a table bird it is quite the equal of its New England cousin and, like it, is white meated, well flavored and game. It is, however, more than twice the size of the ruffed grouse, weighing up to four pounds. On the whole, it is one of the very finest of North America's game birds and, if it could be naturalized in the East, would soon be as highly prized by sportsmen as any bird we have.

Besides these three grouse there are two of the Pacific Coast quails, the Mountain and the Valley that we feel confident would do well in sections of the East suited to them. But about these two species we have already expressed our views.

The first question that arises with regard to this proposed importation of game birds relates to the possibility of obtaining them in any quantity, but we think that in regard to the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse and the two species of quail there should be no difficulty whatsoever in securing all that might be needed. It would be well, if possible, to obtain this spring eggs of the grouse, as well as to secure, at once if possible, a number of the old birds. No better time than the present could be chosen for the latter purpose, for in many parts of the country where they are most abundant the snow lies deep on the ground, food is scarce and the birds might be trapped without difficulty. We have no doubt that many of those who read these lines are in a position to furnish our Springfield friends with birds at a moderate cost. A few years ago live pinnated grouse could be bought in large numbers in this city, and we have no doubt that by a little exertion they might now be obtained. As to procuring the dusky grouse or their eggs, we confess that we are unable to give any suggestions. We know many localities where the birds breed, but they are not within easy reach of the sportsman now, or during the breeding season. If there are any of our readers who could obain either the birds or the eggs we should be glad to hear from them on the subject. The California quail could be obtained without difficulty and if properly treated would very likely breed in confinement.

If the eggs of the grouse could be obtained they might be hatched under small hens and attempt made to rear the young in confinment. We have no doubt that the pinnated grouse might be reared in this way, and in that case they would become as tame as ordinary fowls and would probably breed regularly. Some wild prairie chickens which we kept through part of a winter, a few years since, became so tame that in spring they came close to a man who was spading the garden and scratched in the fresh earth at his feet. We presume that the sharp-tailed grouse would be less easily tamed, but it seems reasonable to hope that they might eventually breed in confinement.

We know too little of the facilities which the gentlemen who propose to undertake this excellent work have, for keeping the birds in confinement, or for carefully protecting them, if they are to be turned out to shift for themselves, to be able to predict the success of this experiment. Surely, however, it is worth a trial. To undertake it with any hope of carrying it to a happy termination, however, it is essential that the work should be undertaken on a large scale. To turn out ten or twenty pairs of birds will simply be to waste so much money. We would not think of commencing operations with less than fifty pairs of each species, and one hundred pairs would be better. We are convinced that there are very many sportsmen in Massachusetts and indeed throughout the New England States who would be glad to contribute liberally in support of such a movement as the one contemplated, and we sincerely hope to see it carried through. Should it take definite shape and the managers proceed to secure their birds we shall be pleased to do anything in our power to aid them.

OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON.

HOW many an old angler's heart will leap as he sees this heading! How visions of former seasons flit down the trail of memory of those who recall a half a century of trouting! Scarce a moccasin track is to be observed close at hand say for ten years or so, but with a raised eye the veteran glances past these and observes the trail broadening into a path which is well defined at a distance of three to five decades, and then slowly fades into the prairie grass of oblivion. The last figure is of a barefooted country boy who has thrown away his alder sapling and triumphantly brings home a string of trout on a piece of his fish-line. The boy looks as wholesome as the trout and his flush of health is not dimmed by the contrast as he lifts his prize to the height of his shoulder to show it to his mother, who has brought her knitting to the door in answer to his triumphant whoop. Blessings on his happy heart; that innocent face under the ragged straw hat does not look like the face which the old banker sees in the glass; is it possible that one has grown into the other? The boy is gone; he died when he first went to the city to dabble in other pools than those where the trout live. He did not feel the change, but as he now sits in his easy chair with a copy of FOREST AND STREAM in his hand announcing the trout opening, he feels that he was the boy who died and his heart beats as it has not beaten in months, and forgetting his gout, he opens a drawer and looks over his tackle.

The opening brings other views to the naturalist and the epicure who think of the display to be held in Fulton Market and how it has grown in size and interest from a few specimens from Long Island to its present state when the amber specimens from Long Island lie side by side with the dark Canadians and the rainbow-sided gems from California with perhaps a few specimens from abroad. Here our fishculturists love to congregate; and this reminds us that this year it is the intention of Mr. Blackford to make a display of fishcultural apparatus as well as fish, and he invites loans or contributions. Other species of fish which are cultivated will also be shown, if sent, but we caution our friends not to have their trout arrive in New York before the 1st of April or they will not be received, no matter where they are caught.

AMATEUR HANDLERS.

IN this country, and more especially in our large cities, where time is money—and there is no denying that much of that valuable commodity is egregiously cut into ribbons by "going a-shooting"—the task of training one's own dogs is no easy matter. Dog-training, therefore, has to contend against mercantile business habits and has become a business of itself. Most of our city men have not the time to train their own dogs nor are there within the easy access of our cities favorable localities which afford them opportunity for working their dogs. Therefore a very large class of men, lovers of the dog, turn over their puppies to be handled and brought up in the way they should go by professional dog-breakers, and indeed without this useful class of men many good sportsmen would either forego the pleasure of breeding their own stock, and relinquish the field altogether, or they would be entirely dependent upon the market which offers "full-grown and well-trained dogs" for sale.

In vast sections of our country, however, and in the rural districts, where there is time to breathe and where everything is not on the bounce and everybody on the bound, there is a large class of amateur sportsmen who can take a few hours almost at any time from their business and who do take a pleasure in breaking their own dogs. To those who can devote their leisure moments to the high art of dog-breaking we will say that if they choose they can learn much while giving instruction, for if the task of training a dog inculcates anything it preaches and practices patience, it enforces self-control, it eliminates irascibility, it displays the excellence of discipline and it is the "open sesame" to the field where the highest quality of sport is to be found.

To determine whether the amateur is content to give his dog an inferior education, or whether he will acquire great proficiency in the art of dog-handling, we cannot think of any better plan the one suggested by us a few weeks ago—the offering of prizes for amateur handlers. We believe that this should call out a number of proficients who up to this

time have hid their light under a bushel. Much may thus be learned in such competitions, and the various systems for the education of dogs can be practically compared. There are many men in the United States, natural geniuses, who have never seen Col. Hutchinson's book or other dog-breaking manuals, who have from inate intelligence turned out dogs of the most killing qualities. We have known many such, and with whom it was a pleasure to shoot, for the most enjoyable dog to shoot over is one that the owner has well trained himself. At the same time we must not forget how great a debt sportsmen at large owe to the professional dog-handler, and how much the latter have done for our dogs. Some of these men are among our very best sportsmen, and their services can scarcely be over-estimated.

OUR FOREIGN MATCH.—Earl Stanhope has received an answer from General Wingate, the Vice-President of the National Rifle Association of America, in response to his note of invitation sent in November last. This reply will be found in our rifle columns and represents the sentiments of the not inconsiderable section in the National Association who are such sticklers for form and order that they stand a good chance of being overwhelmed by their own foolishness. The Palma obstacle rises up to balk every good intention that they might have, and now when the simplest possible form of an invitation is sent for a friendly match this musty, dusty old piece of junk is hauled out of its oblivion and thrust forward with the taunt, "Come and take it, if you can." It is entirely overlooked that Earl Stanhope's note was for an international match, while the Palma, according to the original programme about it, issued on March 6, 1876, is the trophy of "an international long-range match for the championship of the world." According to the views embodied in the Wingate letter, there is never to be another long-range match in which American riflemen can with propriety engage unless the Palma be the object shot for. If so, then the prospect is a sorry one indeed, after the long chapter of wrangles and misunderstandings, of complications and even misrepresentations, which have formed so large a part in the history of this centennial offering. There was no suggestion of the Palma in Earl Stanhope's letter. America holds the championship in long-range team shooting, and would continue to hold it even if an American team had accepted the invitation of Lord Stanhope, visited Wimbledon and been defeated. British riflemen have themselves fixed the status of the Palma as the championship token, but they have what our American managers seem to lack—sense enough to see that many hearty matches may be shot outside of the championship records.

QUAIL, PARTRIDGE, BOB-WHITE, COLIN, or whatever we may choose to call him, there is no doubt that the little brown bird ought to have a settled and determined name and appellation by which it may be known throughout the land. The attempt of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association to furnish for the favorite little fellow, at present so overweighted with names, a designation at once suitable and likely to be generally adopted is most praiseworthy, and deserves warm support. We question, however, whether the recommendation of the association will be able to effect so desirable a change. The usage of two centuries has established the name "quail" in the North and "partridge" in the South so firmly that we see little hope of the general adoption of the name colin.

When sportsmen generally will consent to call our little cotton-tail a hare, and not a rabbit, and will speak of ruffed grouse, instead of partridges and pheasants, then we may hope to hear that field trials are to be run on colins and not on quails.

MOUNTAIN QUAIL FOR THE SOUTH.—The mountain quail referred to in our issue of two weeks ago as being at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., have been sent south and are to be turned out in Alabama. They are at present in the hands of President Spear, of the Montgomery Shooting Club, and will, in a short time, be put down in some favorable locality, where it is hoped they may do well and breed.

It is a pity that a good number of both mountain and valley quail could not be secured and introduced in various sections of the country. The former, being quite a hardy bird, would no doubt do well in our middle states, while the smaller but not less beautiful valley quail would with proper protection, we think, become acclimatized in the Southern States.

The testimony of Mr. F. J. Thompson, whose careful and accurate observations are always so interesting to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, shows that these birds can endure a very severe temperature without any very great degree of inconvenience. Will not some of our gun clubs or game protective societies take this matter in hand?

JAMES R. TILLEY.—Very many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will learn with sadness of the death of James R. Tilley, at Locust Valley, Long Island, last Sunday, Feb. 27. Mr. Tilley was widely known and highly esteemed among the sportsmen of the United States, and many a scene of most pleasant companionship in the past will be recalled by this note of the lamented death of a genial, whole-souled man.

STANDING COMMITTEE OF STATE ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Abel Crook, President of the New York State Association, has appointed Mr. M. A. Stearns, of Danville, N. Y., a member of the Standing Committee of the Association, in place of James F. Williams, deceased.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—We continue this week the report of the Michigan Sportsmen's Convention at Lansing. For the minutes of the meeting we are indebted to the courtesy of Secretary H. B. Roney. The various reports presented by the special committees, in particular those relating to the protection of game, reflect the highest credit upon the Association. We congratulate the sportsmen of the State of Michigan on the noble stand taken by their representative organization, and we premise that as the character of the Association becomes more clearly understood and better appreciated throughout the whole State, its influence for good will be advanced in equal ratio.

THE HAPPY SUGGESTION to the Cocker Club, printed in our kennel column, deserves the immediate attention of the members of that body. The gentleman who makes it is one of our best-known and most highly-respected authorities on kennel matters, and the recommendation presents an easy way out of such difficulties as may arise in the way of the formation of a standard for the cocker. There is plenty of time between now and the inauguration of the New York show to arrange all matters of detail as to standard and judging.

The Cocker Club unquestionably includes a majority of the breeders of this strain in America, and whatever this body has to say in regard to the cocker is entitled to great weight.

The Sportsman Tourist.

INDIAN FOLK-LORE.

THE RUNNER AND THE WHITE BEAVER.

IT was near the close of a beautiful August day that I awoke from my afternoon nap and stepped out of the lodge. Calling to my little servant—an orphan whom I had picked up in camp—I bade him light my pipe, and seated myself against the lodge for a quiet smoke and to enjoy the beautiful scene before me. Our camp, composed of about a hundred lodges of Blood Indians under the head chief Running Rabbit, was pitched at the foot of the Black Butte, a rocky spur of the Snowy Mountains. How picturesque, how primeval it all seemed. The smoke rose in graceful curls from the lodges and slowly drifted up the mountain side. The shouts of the children at play and the scrape, scrape of the flesher, as the women faithfully worked on a buffalo robe, filled the air.

On the sunny side of some of the lodges a group of men could be seen smoking, chattering and idling the hours away. Up on a little eminence a whole family were mourning for a lost one, who had been killed by the Sioux a few days before. "Oh, Bear child, you are gone; come back. You will never come back," they kept repeating, and their doleful cries seemed to affect the whole camp. Even the dogs seemed to feel it, and they answered back with their peculiar wolf-like howl.

Looking away to the north I could see a vast, boundless prairie, dotted here and there with several bands of buffalo and antelope, and on the very verge of the horizon the outlines of the Bear Paw, Little Rocky and Hairy Cap mountains could be seen, rose colored in the setting sun.

It was getting dark. From all directions the hundreds of horses were being driven into camp and tethered by the lodges of their owners. With them came mine, two beautiful wiry pintos, renowned as the best buffalo horses in camp, and they seemed to know it, for they shook their heads and switched their tails as if on purpose to make the little bells jingle, which had been placed in their hair as an insignia of their prowess. What sport I had had with them as I swept over the prairie in pursuit of a band of buffalo. I seemed to hear the thunder of the many feet pounding over the turf, the crack of rifles, the thud of the falling, the snorts of the dilated nostrils—I seemed to see the spurts of blood—the red, flashing eyes and the angry tossing of the shaggy hair as some master bull made a dash at me. Can it be that there is any more sport than this, more mad, breathless excitement? To me it is the most enjoyable of all sports. The very thought of it excited me, and I resolved that on the morrow I should try it again. "To-morrow goes!" I said to myself, and went into the lodge to eat the simple meal of boiled "hoss rib" and bacon, bread and tea which had been prepared for me.

After supper the head medicine man, Pe-nuk-wi-um, sent for me to pay him a visit. Going over to his lodge I found it filled with the renowned warriors, medicine men and chiefs of the tribe, smoking and telling stories. After saluting Pe-nuk-wi-um ("Pe-nuk-wi-um" means "I stand on a hill and, far off, see a single moving object") and being assigned the seat of honor by his side, a fresh pipe was handed me which I lighted and, with the utmost gravity, repeated a prayer to the Sun commencing with the usual words, "Hi-yu natose Kim-o ket," meaning "Take pity on me, oh, Sun!" at the end of which all exclaimed "Ah," as the Methodists do at a prayer-meeting.

"Ap-we-cun-na," said Pe-nuk-wi-um, "have you ever heard the beaver story?" I replied in the negative. "Then I will tell it to you," he said, and every one being comfortably settled and attentive, he began.

THE BEAVER STORY.

Long ago, before the white men came, the Bloods were camped one year at Yellow Creek, on the south side of the Missouri. At that time the ceremony of the Medicine Lodge was going on, and many valuable presents were given to the Sun, among which were thirteen white buffalo robes, so plenty were buffalo in those days.

Now, in the camp was a great medicine man named Wolf-Tail, who had five wives. The youngest one, who was very handsome, was named Antelope Woman. There were also in the camp two young men named The Runner and White Elk. The Runner was a very poor young man, and as he had no relations he lived about from one lodge to another. He and the Antelope Woman had always loved each other, but her father had obliged the poor woman to marry Wolf-Tail, who gave ten horses for her. Now the last day of the Medicine Lodge had come, when the women, dressed exactly like the one they spoke of, entered the lodge and told what brave deed their husband, lover or relation should do to keep their affections, for women do not love a man who is not brave.

The Runner had sat in the lodge all day waiting for some one to come and say what he should do, but no one came, and he began to feel very badly, thinking that no one cared for him, when all of a sudden the Antelope Woman came in and touching the medicine, said: "He who wears clothes like mine, he whom I love, will swim across the Missouri next spring, when the ice is running out, kill an enemy and bring him back to this side." Having said which she turned and went out. What joy The Runner felt when he saw her come in the lodge dressed exactly like him. But what was his grief and despair when he heard what she wanted him to do. He thought it impossible, and going out he sought a hill-top and commenced to lament and pray the Sun to help him.

Day after day he wandered among the mountains, on the prairie, along the rivers, asking each animal and object he met for help. He became poor and weak, and at last in despair lay down beside a spring to die. Just as he was becoming unconscious he was startled by the Spring speaking to him, saying, "Get up, you crazy man; what are you doing here? I know what is the matter with you, but cannot help you. Do you see that big beaver lodge over there?"

"Yes," the poor boy replied, "I see it."

"Well," said the Spring, "go over there and perhaps the King of Beavers will help you."

Trembling and weak, the young man arose and did as he was bid, and coming to the lodge tore a hole in the top, entered and closed the hole up again. What was his surprise, on looking around, to see a great White Beaver sitting on the logs, singing the most beautiful songs he ever heard. Presently the Beaver stopped singing and asked the young man what he wanted. The Runner told him his story.

"And how came you here?" the Beaver asked.

"The Spring sent me," The Runner replied.

"Ah! the Spring sent you, did he? The Spring is our very best friend; he furnishes us water to live in; it floats our food and we build our dams across it, but your people kill us; they tear down our houses and break our dams. On one condition I will help you. You must promise that your people will never molest us again."

"I promise," said The Runner.

"Well, then, take this little piece of wood and wear it at your side; never take it off. With it you can swim like a beaver. When you have killed your enemy and start to come back, your friend White Elk must run down to a bend in the river and back to a big rock, where you will come out of the water. Now eat these berries," giving him a great dish of bull-berries, "go to sleep, and to-morrow go home."

Next morning he returned to camp and found the war party all ready to start; so, putting on some war paint and his little finery, he joined them. While they traveled he told White Elk all that had happened to him, and earnestly enjoined him to follow the Beaver's directions about running down to the bend and back to the big rock.

When they came to the Missouri they saw a large band of Gros Ventres trying to cross, but the river was so high and so much ice running that they could not do it. One young Gros Ventre, more brave than the rest, stood up to his waist in water, brandishing his spear and yelling at the Bloods.

"I will kill him," said The Runner to White Elk, and dived into the water like a beaver.

Then the Gros Ventres laughed, thinking he was drowned, but he soon appeared right beside the young Gros Ventre in the water, who was very quick and threw his spear at The Runner, but it struck the medicine wood at his side and glanced off. Then The Runner threw his spear and killed the Gros Ventre and, grasping him by the hair, disappeared under the water. At the same time White Elk ran down to the bend of the river and back to the big rock, arriving there just as The Runner came out of the water with the body of his enemy. When the Gros Ventres saw this they commenced to howl and lament for their dead companion, but the Bloods only laughed and started back for home, The Runner taking his enemy's scalp with him.

When they arrived at camp they all commenced to sing war songs, and The Runner went ahead, telling of his victory and tossing the scalp in the air. The whole village came out to meet them, and Wolf Tail coming up, embraced The Runner and took him to his lodge. Giving him the best seat, he turned to the Antelope Woman, saying, "Why don't you go and sit by your husband?" But she thought he was jesting and began to cry. "Do not cry," he said; and, turning so The Runner: "You have been very brave and you are fit to be my son. I give you the Antelope Woman; she is your wife. I give you my lodge, my horses, my medicine; and all I ask is that you allow me to live with you and teach you the Beaver medicine songs."

So ended the Beaver story. I looked at my watch; it was 11 o'clock. Pe-nuk-wi-um had been three hours telling that story, of which I have given only a synopsis.

"Is it a good story?" Pe-nuk-wi-um asked.

"It is good," I replied, and went home to bed.

Next morning I still felt like a hunt. The camp had decided not to disturb the buffalo till the next day, so I took my rifle and started up the mountain after deer, elk or anything I could get sight of. For more than an hour I toiled up the steep rocks and through the underbrush. Then I got sight of a few elk scampering off around the mountain. They had winded me. I did not want to kill an elk anyhow. Of course not. "By George," I thought, "there must be sheep in this mountain. I'll see;" and I kept on climbing, resting now and then to get my breath, for it was pretty steep work. At last I reached an open space not far from the summit. Sure enough, there was a small band on the very highest point. With the utmost caution I proceeded, keeping a large boulder between them and me. I must see if they are there yet. I stepped one side. They saw me and bounded off down the mountain side. I felt amiable; I sailed sweetly to myself and said—never mind what. The sheep were gone. I climbed up to the place where they had stood. It was a satisfaction to know that they had been there. I sat down on a bed of larb, leaned my back against a rock and was soon asleep.

When I awoke it was near evening. I started to get up when I saw a sheep coming straight toward me up the mountain. When he came within range I fired and he dropped right in his tracks. It proved to be a fine fat yearling buck. Quickly cutting off its hind quarters I started for home tired, hungry and just in time to enjoy a meal of fat boiled antelope ribs.

AP-WE-CUN-NA.

Fort Benton, M. T., 1880.

JACK FROST IN A FLORIDA GARDEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the visitors this season at St. Augustine, Fla., was his honor, Jack Frost. He was a belated traveler, for the thermometer at 11:30 midnight quieted all apprehensions of his visit, marking 34 degs.—two degrees higher than his entrance ticket numbered.

I arose at 6, December 30, to find the thermometer at 20 degrees. I rushed to the orange grove. Alas for human hopes! Every leaf was curled by our frosty barber. He had rubbed his clammy hands over the cheeks of every orange—sending back to their very heart's core every vestige of their glory. The curled locks were only a prelude of the destruction to follow. Orange leaves admire to stand straight out, lifting their glossy faces to the sun. Curls didn't suit, and they would rather be cast out altogether than to seem to be what they were not.

This leads me to my garden. Pass this little wire gate. The first lamentation I offer you is: Look at these black guavas! They were my pride. Two years they have fought with all the variations of weather, having recovered from a well-nigh death blow in '78. There they stand, 15 ft. high, as dead as your walking stick, and the fruit, which was ripening on Christmas Day, still clings ruined. This tree, rearing its head above its leafless neighbors, is a "green bay tree." The fragrance of its lacerated leaves suggests bay rum. Like the orange, its leaf is dark green and glossy, and so are many of the trees South.

Here is a shrub of two summers, *Duranta*, which bears long sprays of lavender-colored blossoms, the yellow waxen berry at the base end contrasting finely with the petals at the tip. It too shares the fate of the guava. Possibly both may struggle for re-life, but it will be at the very root of themselves.

That trellis holds a vine grown from Hawaiian seed. Though coming from the tropics it holds it's own, and next summer you shall see large clusters of bloom with white petals and pink stamens.

Had you been here last winter you would have seen all these geraniums intoxicated with their own vivid colors. Ballgoers will find few blooms this winter to light up their raven tresses.

This broad-leafed plant, with each leaf sharpened to a pin point, is the American aloe. Its sister, the century plant, has white edged leaves, and will not grow half as fast. Near by is the *Yucca Filamentosa*, bear grass; this and the aloe each sending up a flower stalk which I have seen grow a foot a day—the aloe stopping at thirty feet, the bear grass at ten feet.

The aloe throws out on its flower stalk lateral branches at right angles with greenish, yellow flowers, the bear grass flower stalk forming a pyramid of pendant, tulip-shaped white flowers; base of the pyramid a foot in diameter. The gracefulness of this Myrsiphyllum Asparagoides (Smilax) vine drooped as old Jack suddenly passed by her, and again fairy dresses will miss the green festooning amid their folds. It was wonderful to see how the Olea (tea-olive) laughed at Jack's cold looks. She peeped out from behind her glossy sentinels and kept her own white petals pure and sweet as ever, as did her cousin.

Just over there Jack had it all his own way. He took full possession of that group of Alpinea nutans, and the broad leaves are dried up as though a furnace had found shelter in its thick foliage. As late as November I cut from it one of its own beauties. The blossom shoots from the base of the terminal leaf on a pendant spike with amber and creamy shell-tinted flowerets. The helmet shape of the floweret gives it its common name of dragoon plant. Fortunately this Tradescantia of Nassau was covered so it will revive again with its odd shaped flowers, its bracts forming a half open mouth showing the rows of white flowers within; these bract cups growing all around the plant, hugging close to its centre under its purple-lined, lance-shaped leaves. These borders of "witch lilies"—so called because the flower shoots up in a night after a summer shower—around the beds, were saved from the ravages of a curious caterpillar, long, smooth, black, with white rings the entire length of the body.

That reminds me, strangers from the North have most amazingly crude ideas about raising orange groves or roses, or anything else. Just as though Genesis iii., 19, did not apply as much to the tiller of the ground below Mason and Dixon's line as above it. One thing convinces me of the unity of the race: that curse is shared alike by all mankind. "Do you enrich the soil any?" they ask me. "Do you have any insects?" If there is a place on God's earth where eternal vigilance is the price of liberty it is just here in Florida. You admire the oranges, the roses, the lilies; but you shall go to your garden some lovely morning and find a cluster of rarest rose buds gimlet-bored to the very centre by some patient insect. One side of your bud shall look so tempting, but the other is pierced to the heart. You shall find the caterpillar crawling leisurely along the edge of your lily leaves. You shall imagine to yourself that next fall you will have a pecan tree to make sport for you as did the hickory tree in your youthful days at the North, but suddenly you awake to the fact that a secret foe is getting his fun first, and despite your efforts at discovery he day by day cuts off branch after branch as clean as could your pocket knife.

There are half a dozen acacias, some bearing white button ball flowers, of Northern white clover fragrance. This shrub, with locust tree-like foliage has clusters of gay yellow and red flowers, called by the Spaniards Walkamiah, and by the South Sea Islanders Pride of Barbadoes. The Rousellia juncea, with its sprays of red fairy drops and needle-like leaves, is burned like a wisp of tow, but here and there a green shoot tells us it was not quite conquered. The Virgin lilies, called so from blooming in Mary's month, convince doubting critics that the artist in the figured long tube of the lily was true to nature. In the month of May high carnival is held among the flowers in honor of Mary, and the cathedral is a font of lilies.

Here, too, on Easter Day, in striking contrast with the snowy rosebuds, you will find the *Amaryllis Johnsonii*, with its outspoken crimson face penciled with white. Those trees, with grace in every branch and twig, are the pepper from California—not the pepper of commerce, though its leaves are very aromatic. Here are palms of various varieties, and St. A. might become a modern Jericho. Must I tell you of the banana! If there was anything above another to give you a glimpse of a South Sea island home it was the waving fronds of the banana, standing fifteen feet high. But they made their obeisance to the northern king and have not dared to lift their heads again.

Right there, to combine utility with beauty, to gratify the palate as well as the eye and the nose—right by the side of my roses—I had strawberries. We were on a strife, my neighbor and I, to be first to set out the luscious fruit on our tea-table in December. But they, too, have stepped backward. It was the safest way to avoid being annihilated by that cold foot.

There was one flower, so modest that Jack did not deign to notice her—the English violet—so she laughs merrily at the joy she perfumes through the air. There was one glory in my garden that defied the artist's brush—the *Poinsettia*, ten feet high, with its great face of scarlet bracts and yellow flowers. It must have made old Jack exult to see how easily he could just blot those beauties out of my garden picture.

This front piazza stands a monument to the energy of Jack Frost. He was not satisfied with walking over the grounds, but climbed these vines and rent their barks from top to toe; and the bignonia, with its dark foliage and scarlet trumpets, and the Mexican creeper, with its almost etherial sprays of rose-colored dots, will not cheer us again this winter, though the festooning ivy mocks at the cold intruder.

I suppose some people will say there was a great spot on the sun's face that made this cold wave, but I know one thing—it will take months and years to undo what the chill king did in a few hours, though doubtless he has killed some insect pests as well. I cannot speak of the Japan plum, of the Pibiscus, of the "turkey turban," etc., etc., that fell victims to his cold sword. But Florida does not despair, for the rose bushes only gave their roses and buds to the destroyer. There will yet be Sarnarque, Cloth of Gold, Marshal Niel, Arch Duke Charles, Duchess de Brabant, Tea Sylphide, Saffrano, Solfiture, Duchess of Orleans, Zelia Pladelle, Souvenir De Malmaison, Gloria de Rosamond and many others. "Oranges on the ground free to all!" And all sizes and ages and colors and kinds flocked into Dr. Anderson's grove with wheelbarrows and pails and baskets and bags, school satchels and whatever could hold, and ran riot over the orange-carpeted acres. One colored brother was overheard to facetiously remark to another, as he saw the youngsters flying the oranges in every direction, at every conceivable target: "In that day shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel," etc. The Doctor calmly pockets his loss. 'Twas all Jack left for him or us for the oranges he ate.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

"A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES."

"Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint."—ROBERT WEST.

"For I am nothing if not critical."—OTHELLO, Act ii., Scene i.

To my aimable critic, "Mic-Mac," I heartily commend the above texts suggested by the perusal of his article in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 24 concerning mine of Feb. 10. He evidently belongs to the same school of critics as my quondom reviewer, "Manhattan," and by his own confession approves of this method of imparting information to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

If it shall happen that anything I have written shall mislead or deceive any brother sportsmen no one can regret it more than the writer. If stating my own experience as a fact and giving "hearsay" as hearsay is misleading then I fail to see it. But let us see for a moment whether the criticism is just. First, with regard to salmon, "Mic-Mac," in assuming the role as critic, exhibits his credentials to the effect that he has "passed the last three autumns in the country spoken of." Well, the writer has also spent three seasons there, and traversed almost the entire line where salmon abound, and with special reference to fishing. Two occasions were in the spring and one in the fall. Upon my fall trip which was my first I was advised that it was "out of season for salmon," that they only rise to a fly, to any extent, in the spring from the 10th of June to the middle of July and sometimes a little later. Now, isn't it presuming a little in a critic to venture upon criticism when confessedly he has never been "in the country spoken of" during the fishing season, but has confined his observations to a small portion of trips manifestly projected for hunting purposes. And *ex necessitate*, must not his information be not personal but hearsay? His informants advise him that there are few or no salmon, and mine, that there are many, coupled with our experience of taking eight salmon, each of which weighed over twenty pounds save one. This was in 1876; has it been noted in any sporting paper that that was an exceptional year? Is it so that salmon catching is so rare that to have a fair catch is an exception? Then truly those New Yorkers who paid "thirty odd thousand dollars" for "Fraser's pool" were most woefully deceived and taken in, and yet there are numbered among them some whose reputation for shrewdness has brought them a mint of money. But they are probably deceived, misled perhaps, by my former article, and went straightway and fooled away $30,000 on six miles of waste water where salmon are rarely taken. And yet the fact still stares us in the face that New Brunswick alone sends more salmon to market than all Canada and Nova Scotia combined. It is useless to discuss the question as to whether salmon abound in considerable numbers in the Restigouche, Miramichi and Nepisiguit rivers of New Brunswick. To deny it shows a woeful lack of information. For authority that they do I would refer my critic to "Hallock's Gazetteer," pp. 200, 201; "App. Cyclop." vol. xiv., p. 569; "Forest Life in Acadie," by Hardy, p. 238, *et seq.*, and in short to every sporting book published; and every sportsman knows that no streams in N. A. are more noted than those I have named. I appeal to authority because my assertion is attacked.

Now, with regard to fishing them. I fished upon all of the rivers named without objection and without license, except on the Restigouche, in 1876, and both the Restigouche and Miramichi last year without license or pay whatever. A nominal license is required, and a gentleman I met showed me one given him by the warden of the Miramichi, but for which he said no fee was exacted. Our party had none and no questions were asked.

But enough upon this head, my article guaranteed nothing and advised nothing—I simply said, and repeat again, that previous to last year salmon were yearly taken with a fly in the rivers named in sufficient quantities to repay the sportsman and that one experienced no difficulty in obtaining permits. Now, I will venture that "Critic" never took a salmon in his life and, second, that personally he knows little of the rivers named as regards their fishing qualities.

A word in regard to hunting in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Personally I know nothing about it and did not profess to in my article, and the careful reader knows it; and a critic certainly should. I wrote: "Moose and caribou are said to be plenty; deer not quite so much," etc. "As to the place to go for game, I was told you can hardly go amiss."

Will Critic point out wherein the "way of misleading" occurs?

But will my friend deny that game is very plenty there of all kinds except "deer" and "quail"?

The very number of FOREST AND STREAM in which his strictures appear, on page 70, is a communication from St. John, N. B., in which appears, viz.: "Moose have been quite plentiful, caribou very numerous and numbers of animals that are scarcely ever seen so far south as Nova Scotia have fallen before the hunter's gun. John Connell, of Bartibogue, in two days last week killed eleven caribou."

Does yo amiable Critic think the reader would deem himself mislead by the writer if he found no deer if he got caribou? As to feathered game, does Critic mean to insinuate they are not plentiful?

If so, then his experience has been "exceptional." The only trouble is its tameness, and you may pass near to it without putting it up unless you have a dog. Three years ago a party I was with came upon seven partridges and we shot them all, one by one, before they would fly, and that has always been my experience in the deeper wilderness. And in conversation with the natives upon my last trip they advised bringing bird dogs for bird shooting. They said the dogs there were "no good," and I fail to see why, if we go West with our dogs, which is getting to be quite common, we should not—if our purpose is bird shooting—take our dogs to New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, however Critic may view it.

Now, a word with regard to the expense of the trip, time required, etc. First as to time. Critic is very solicitous of the happiness of our "hard-worked young clerks," etc.

Now I assume at the outset that there are as many hours to the day in New Brunswick as in the United States. Hence if a clerk has ten days, or two or three weeks for Cape Cod, he has the same number for New Brunswick. My article, however, was written for the especial attention of those who yearn to go to the woods, and as only one day more is consumed each way in going to New Brunswick, than in going to Rangeley, for instance, I see no special difficulty as regards time, as the sporting grounds of the rivers named are all within three hours' ride from the stations on the Intercolonial Railroad.

With regard to expenses of the trip. When Critic says he is in doubt whether I meant $100 "apiece" or $100 for the "whole party," he displays the same lack of careful observation as he does elsewhere. A school-boy, by adding up the fares and hotel charges, would learn that it meant "$100 apiece." When I gave in my table the distance "Boston to Bangor, 244 miles," I meant that each man must travel 244 miles, and the other tabulated items are equally plain to any one not willfully critical. But he says if I mean $15 per day for three, then trout "does not seem to me to be so very cheap." Well, suppose it don't, what of it? That "clerk" I would impose upon may think a trip from Boston to St. John, Halifax, and return to Gulf of St. Lawrence, thence to Quebec and through White Mountains back to Boston, covering three weeks' time and 1,757 miles, is cheap, if Critic don't. Try a trip in the States covering that period of time and distance, stopping at hotels, and see if by comparison this is not cheap. At all events, if one can get a three weeks' vacation for that amount of money, in this to him *terra incog.*, he may like to know it. Hence I gave it, and will leave the reader to decide that question for himself.

But I do not care to discuss this matter further. I simply wrote this, hoping I might add to some one's pleasure and possibly profit. I wrote for neither money nor fame. I believe the FOREST AND STREAM to be doing great good in many ways. I have experienced much profit from it, and would repay in kind if in my power, and I have not assumed to "write as an authority" *de* "quail" in New Brunswick, and no one knows it better than Critic.

If all the writers of FOREST AND STREAM confined their articles within the narrow limits of criticism—and that behind the mask—what an interesting, entertaining and instructive sheet we should have. In a short time we should have another edition of "Junius' Letters."

My esteemed friend and critic assumes in his article to be deeply concerned in the welfare of "the number of hard-worked young clerks in shops, railroads, insurance offices, banks," etc., whom he is fearful will be "swindled out of their short annual holiday."

Now, are you as anxious they should have a good time as you profess? If so have you given your mite to aid them? You assume to know it all, why not try your hand at an article which shall give naked facts with no "rose coloring," and let one know just where they can go, what game there really is and what it will cost? Such articles are always welcome, and then you hold a ready pen, you know. You would not have us believe, I suppose, that you have fooled away "five, six and seven weeks in the country spoken of" for "the last three autumns" and found no game or fish. O, no! Of course not. Now, tell us frankly why you went the second and third time, and especially tell us if you do not intend still another trip, and tell us first what you got for game and about how much your trip cost, for perhaps some of the "clerks" may venture being swindled out of their holiday. It is too generous a thing upon your part, this vicarious sacrifice and reminds me of the scene in David Copperfield between David and the waiter concerning one "Top Sawyer—perhaps you know him."

"'He came in here,'" said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, 'ordered a glass of this ale—would order it—I told him not—drank it and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn, that's the fact. Why, you see," said the waiter * * * our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But I'll drink it if you like I'm used to it, and use is everything' * * But it didn't hurt him, on the contrary I thought he seemed the fresher for it." Perhaps my friend will make the application of the moral.

I have been a sportsman in an humble way some twenty years, have visited most places in the northern United States where fishing is desirable, including Adirondacks, Moosehead, Rangeley, Parmechene, etc., and have learned two things at least, that nowhere is everything rose-colored.

Good fishing is seldom to be had without more or less tramping and fatigue, and oftentimes not then; much depends upon the condition of the water etc. But this much I have learned, that trout are more abundant at tide water and larger also than in the lakes and rivers. However, he who goes into the woods must prepare for disappointment wherever he goes. He is no more liable to disappointment in New Brunswick than at Moosehead or Rangeley, and perhaps no less so.

I have also learned that there is a class of sportsmen who always decry places they visit themselves. We had that experience at Restigouche. We found two Englishmen camped at the junction of the Restigouche and Metapediac awaiting the run of salmon; they seemed quite disappointed when we arrived, assured us we should take no salmon, etc.; that we had better go on than waste our time; and afterward they were very much chargrined and vexed at our success. I

learned subsequently that they had fished this same pool some twelve years running.

Now, I trust my esteemed friend and critic does not belong to this class, but is really a friend of the overworked "clerk," and that he will add a leaf to the sportsman's library by giving us from his facile pen the result of his experiences *de* a band of which little is written.

He can maintain his *incog.*; we shall relish the truth even if we don't know the author, whom it would give me great pleasure to meet notwithstanding his criticism, of which I will not complain if only he will supplement it with a version of his own.

I intend to visit New Brunswick again soon, and hope to try for salmon at Gaspe Point, and I have no doubt my friend can furnish valuable information *de* the country with which he is so familiar.

In conclusion, let me ask my friend not to "go for him" It isn't pretty, it savors too much of a hostile spirit; but let us rather imitate the spirit of good old Ik. Walton, and endeavor to disseminate charity and brotherly kindness. Let's shake hands and be friends. GEORGE A. FAY.

Meriden, Conn. Feb. 28.

Natural History

MICHIGAN GAME NOMENCLATURE.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMENCLATURE OF THE MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

THE careful analysis of classification with reference to certain genera submitted by your committee on nomenclature at the session of 1880 will, we think, sufficiently indicate the methods adopted by your present committee in arriving at the conclusions and nomenclature, "both popular and scientific," recommended in this report. It will therefore be unnecessary to occupy your time in the enunciation of our analysis of the genera herein considered, and we will proceed at once to our task, and continue the work of making a correctly named list of Michigan game animals of "fur, fin and feather," by naming a portion of our waterfowl. We do not intend to make a complete list of any order or family, but confine ourselves to such species as occur either habitually or accidentally in our State. As belonging to the latter class we may mention the swans. There are but two species that can be considered as belonging to our fauna, even accidentally. These are the whistling swan (*Cygnus americanus*), also called the American swan, and the trumpeter swan (*Cygnus buccanator.*)

Of the goose family there are but two genera containing species likely to be found within the borders of our commonwealth.

The goose genus, proper, all having bright or light-colored feet and bills, and white or much varied plumage—namely, the white-fronted goose (*Anser albifrons*), also called prairie brant and speckle belly. This is probably identical with the white-fronted goose of Europe.

Snow goose (*Anser hyperboreus*), also called white brant.

Lesser snow goose (*Anser hyperboreus*), variety *albatus.* Like the snow goose, only smaller.

Blue goose (*Anser cærulescens*), also called bald brant.

The brant genus, proper, all having black feet and bills, and the head and neck black with white spaces, the general color of the body being gray, namely:

The Canada brant (*Branta canadensis*), also called Canada goose, gray goose and common wild goose. This is the only goose, or, properly speaking, brant, that is common in Michigan. There is a variety, *leucopareia*, which is not known to have occurred in this State, while the

Hutchins brant (*Branta canadensis*), var. *hutchinsii*, is quite generally distributed, and is smaller than the Canada brant.

The brant (*Branta bernicla*), also called brant goose, barnacle goose. There is a well-defined variety of this brant, viz.:

The black brant (*Branta bernicla* var. *nigricans*), on which the black is more extensive.

Of our ducks there are three sub-families—viz., the *Anatinæ*, the river or fresh-water ducks; the *Fuligulinæ*, the sea or deep-water ducks, and the *Merginæ*, the fish ducks.

Of our shoal water or river ducks we will enumerate as belonging to our avi-fauna:

The mallard, *Anas boschas.* The male is also called the green-head, the female the gray duck.

The black duck, *Anas obscura*, also called dusky duck, and black mallard.

The pinnated duck, *Anas acuta*, also called the spritail.

The gadwall, *Anas streperus*, also called gray duck.

The widgeon, *Anas americana*, also called the American widgeon, and baldpate.

The shoveler, *Anas clypeata*, also called broad-bill.

The wood-duck, *Anas sponsa*, also called summer duck and tree duck.

Of the teal genus we have here:

The green-winged teal, *Querquedula carolinensis.*

The blue-winged teal, *Querquedula discors.*

Of the deep water or diving ducks found more or less habitually on our waters during their migrations, we notice:

The canvas-back duck, *Fuligula vallisneria.*

The red-head duck, *Fuligula ferina*, var. *Americana*, also called pochard, red-headed widgeon and rufus necked duck.

The blue-bill duck, *Fuligula marila*, also called big black head, greater scaup duck, raft duck, flocking fowl and shuffler.

The little blue-bill, *Fuligula affinis*; with the same local names as are applied to the next preceding species, with the word little prefixed.

The ring-necked duck, *Fuligula collaris*; sometimes improperly called blue-bill.

The golden eye duck, *Fuligula clangula*, also called garrot and whistle wing.

The buffle-headed duck, *Fuligula albeola*, also called butter-ball, spirit duck and dipper.

The Lake Huron scoter, *Fuligula bimaculata*, also called American black scoter and coppernose.

Of the fish ducks we have three species—viz.:

The goosander, *Mergus merganser*, also called merganser, fish duck and sheldrake.

The red-breasted merganser, *Mergus serrator*, also called fish duck and sheldrake.

The Hooded Merganser, *Mergus cucullatus.* Also called saw-billed diver.

This list embraces the more important species of the waterfowl that frequent Michigan marshes and waters, or that will be likely to be captured by the duck shooting members of this association. Yet there is no doubt but others do occur, and we here beg the privilege of requesting members of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association who may chance to secure any rare specimens of ducks or waders, or other birds, to send them with a statement of the time and place of capture and as near as may be the number of the same kind observed; also the color of the eyes, bill and feet when first taken. The specimens will be returned to the sender if desired. If we would all cultivate the habit of observing and carefully noting novelties, anomalies and unusual occurrences, it would add immensely to the pleasure of our recreation trips, and would give us something to think of besides slaughter and a "big bag."

Your committee ask the further attention of the association for a few minutes while we review a portion of the report on nomenclature made last year, which was accepted, and the recommendations adopted, excepting that part pertaining to *Ortyx virginianus*, called quail at the North and partridge at the South. We do not propose to go into a minute description of the three birds involved in this question, as they are too well known to intelligent sportsmen to require it. But we wish to submit a few generalizations. The name quail has been applied to the *Coturnix communis* for ages. No one disputes its correctness. It belongs to the European bird that has been quite largely introduced into this country within the last few years. It is equally true and undisputed that the quail, *Coturnix communis*, sometimes called "migratory" quail, is distinct from our American bird *Ortyx virginianus*, not only specifically but generically distinct. In habits these two birds differ as essentially as the barnyard fowl from the Guinea hen. It is manifestly improper to call two entirely different birds by the same name, and as the name quail properly and indisputably belongs to *Coturnix communis*, it certainly does not belong to *Ortyx virginianus.*

Again the name partridge as indisputably belongs to *Perdix cinerea.* No one disputes it. Now, although our *Ortyx* is nearer to *Perdix* than it is to *Coturnix*, yet it is likewise essentially different from the former. Ornithologists acknowledge it to be generically different. And as *Perdix* was christened partridge in the vernacular long before *Ortyx* was known to civilized man, he is certainly entitled to the name. As before stated, it is manifestly improper to call two distinct birds by the same name. Therefore our *Ortyx* should not be called partridge. In the light of this simple logic we see why the controversy that has been so warmly carried on for years as to whether our bird should be called a quail or a partridge has been so entirely unsatisfactory. The simple fact is, he should not be called either—because he is not either. The controversy has had just as much point as would a discussion of the question as to whether man should be called an ape or a baboon. He should not be called either, because he is neither.

Then what shall we call our *Ortyx*? The term Bob White has been proposed for him, and is occasionally used, but it is not euphonious, and does not seem to meet with favor. Although it is not inappropriate as applied to him it will not suit his cousins. It would be manifestly improper to say the California Bob White, and the mountain Bob White, etc. Their voices would belie the name. But the name recommended by your committee last year is not liable to any of these objections. It is euphonious, it is short, easily written and easily spoken, it is appropriate to all our American birds, of what has been called the quail genus. It sounds well, and is appropriate to say the Virginia colin, the California colin, the mountain colin, the Messena colin, etc. Then again, the name *Colin* has the right of priority. It was used in probably the earliest descriptions of our bird. It is given in both Webster's and Worcester's unabridged dictionaries as the name of our bird. Also in Chamber's Encylopedia, and in Henry Thornton Wharton's "List of British Birds," which is authorative, we find "*Ortyx virginianus*—Virginian colin." It seems quite important that an undisputed name should be adopted for all our game, so that when they are named in our laws there will be no ambiguity about the meaning of those laws. We therefore respectfully recommend the adoption of *Colin* as the vernacular or common name of *Ortyx virginianus.*

All of which is respectfully submitted.

E. S. HOLMES,
J. C. PARKER,
A. J. HOLT.

Moved by Mr. Higby that the recommendations embodied in the report of the committee on nomenclature be adopted as the sense af this association. Carried.

MASTICATING POWER OF SNAKES.—A valued correspondent calls our attention to the fact that in a recent article on the rattlesnake, the blacksnake is reported to kill the former, and after "biting off his head" to swallow him.

It will be evident to any one familiar with the dentition of serpents that the feat mentioned is one which could never be performed. The teeth of snakes are used solely as aids to swallowing and enable the snake literally to crawl outside of its prey. A snake holds its victim and can puncture and scratch its food, but cannot masticate it.

The same writer notes that more than one well known authority on Natural History state that the rattlesnake is a tree climber. Our correspondent decidedly doubts the truth of this statement, and in this we believe him to be right. We think that the fact that the rattlesnake is not a tree climber is well established. Many of our readers, however, will remember Audubon's spirited plate of the rattlesnake attacking the nest of the mocking bird.

FOX FEEDING WITH RAVENS—No. 4. Feb. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few weeks ago two dogs chased a large buck on to the ice of one of the lakes near here and killed it. The carcass remaining on the ice soon attracted many ravens and foxes. Wishing to secure a raven for the purpose of having it mounted by a taxidermist, I thought this a good opportunity, so repaired to the spot for that purpose. On approaching the place where the buck lay I saw five ravens taking their morning meal, but was much surprised to see a fox also with the ravens, all feasting upon the same carcass at the same time. They did not appear to have any enmity or fear of each other, but were all huddled together, and seemed only intent on securing a good meal, each regardless of his strange neighbor. Is it not strange to see this depredator of the poultry yard associating with fowl; or is it common for them to mingle with carnivorous birds without any desire of molesting them? Can any of your numerous correspondents inform me. C. FENTON.

The occurrence reported by Mr. Fenton, though unusual enough here in the East where the carcasses of game animals are rarely permitted to lie on the ground, would not surprise any one used to hunting in winter in the country west of the Missouri River. It is no unusual thing in the Rocky Mountain region to see ravens, coyotes and foxes all feeding on the same carcass. Moreover, the wolf poisoners often find lying about an animal that they have put out as bait, gray wolves, coyotes, foxes, eagles, ravens and magpies. Hunger makes strange companions.

We do not think that the fact that a fox does not attack a raven feeding with him on a deer is very remarkable. We should lose a considerable portion of our respect for the judgment and acuteness of Reynard if he were to waste his time in killing ravens when he had an opportunity to fill his belly with good deer meat.

PINE GROSBEAK (*Pinicola enucleator*, (L.) V.) AND ROBIN (*Turdus migratorius*, L.) IN WINTER.—I am somewhat surprised to observe from the notes of certain correspondents that have been published in your columns of late that they consider the occurrence of the pine grosbeak during the winter months in the States of Maine and Massachusetts as something unusual. Their observations must surely be confined to the more cultivated and populous districts, which the birds rarely care to visit unless forced to do so by extreme severity of weather, from its usual haunts in the deep forest. It is quite a common bird in this Province all the winter, generally keeping in the woods, but in time of deep snow visits our gardens to feed upon the dried berries of the white thorn and mountain ash. I also observe that the wintering of the robin in Maine is considered unusual. Here we have small flocks frequenting the spruce woods every winter, especially in Point Pleasant Park, a tract of a few hundred acres covered with spruce and pine, which forms the northeastern portion of our Halifax peninsula, and is washed by the waters of the harbor on both sides. I often perceive stray robins about the shore and I have an idea that when berries fall short they try the shore at ebb tide for amphipods or any small marine invertebrates they can find.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 22. J. MATTHEWS JONES.

ELMIRA, N. Y., February 22.—I secured yesterday, the 21st inst., a female pine grosbeak (*Pinicola enucleator*) from a flock of about a dozen that came to feed on the buds of the evergreens in our grounds. This is the first specimen I have secured or observed in this locality during the last four years in which I have been a collector and observer of birds. They were very tame and fed on the trees close to the house, uttering a soft, plaintive note as they moved about.

E. B. GLEASON.

HOW CALIFORNIA QUAIL STAND COLD WEATHER.—On Sept. 30, 1880, the society received by rail, from San Francisco, three pairs each of the mountain quail (*Oreortyx pictus*) and valley quail (*Lophortyx californicus*). They were placed in outside aviaries, the sides and backs of which were of plank and the tops and fronts of wire netting. As they were excessively wild, a small box, with one end entirely open, was placed in each aviary to serve as a hiding-place. When the cold weather commenced I felt no uneasiness about the mountain quail, as I had shot them in the Carson Valley, Nevada, in six inches of snow and the cold so intense that I got a frosted ear. About the valley quail I did not feel so sure, but determined to let them alone, and to-day they are all alive and in good condition. Three of the mountain quail killed themselves by floundering, the remainder are doing well, but remain as shy and wild as when first received. Therefore I cannot agree with "Chico," who says: "There is no doubt about it, the birds (valley quail) cannot stand the cold weather." If it has not been cold this winter I would like to know the definition of the word.

Zoological Garden, Cincinnati. FRANK J. THOMPSON.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS FOR PHILADELPHIA.—Some time since Mr. A. E. Brown, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, at Fairmount Park, purchased the female hippopotamus which last year was such an attractive feature of Cooper & Bailey's Circus.

The animal is now at the Central Park menagerie, in this city, where it will remain until the advent of warm weather. It will probably be sent to Philadelphia in May.

A Philadelphia paper thus describes the quarters which it is to inhabit at Fairmount Park:

The unwieldy creature, when received here, will be placed in the elephant house, where a cage has been prepared next to that of the rhinoceros. It is a roomy apartment, formerly occupied by the giraffes, but has undergone considerable alteration. A division has been made in the centre and one-half the inclosure converted into a tank, which will hold seven feet of water. The bottom has been cemented and along the sides of brick are steam pipes, with which the water will be kept at a certain temperature. At the rear end is a platform, which leads from the tank to a platform above, covering the other portion of the inclosure.

SPRING NOTES.—Saw first blackbirds in large numbers January 30; since then our section is immersed in another cold wave, which will make them wish they had remained a little longer in the land of Dixie. W. N. B.

Buffalo, N. Y.—The first robin of the season was noticed here this morning, February 24, at 8 A. M., while the thermometer was four degrees above zero. The bird was by no means subdued, but sang cheerily. CHARLES LINDEN.

GLASSES FOR SHOOTING—Lockport, N. Y.—I noticed "Anon's" inquiry for "short-sight shooting glasses." I think he will find relief by using spectacles framed with a very low "nose piece." If he wears straight "temples," for an experiment he can put them on up-side down. If he uses "riding temple" (which he should do while shooting), he will have to get frames made to order with low nose piece. If his eyes are both alike he can have frames made with double nose piece—one long and one in centre—and can reverse them at pleasure. Sometimes persons affected with myopia require lenses of different focus, when the latter frames would not answer. If "Anon" finds any relief by the above suggestion I hope he will acknowlege it in FOREST AND STREAM for the benefit of many of its readers similarly afflicted. J. L. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FIRST EDITION of the FOREST AND STREAM'S pamphlet on the "Dittmar Sporting Powder" having been exhausted, a second is now ready. Copies will be mailed free upon application. The articles contained in the pamphlet were published in this journal as follows:

Sept. 23, 1880—The "Dittmar Sporting Powder."

Sept. 30, 1880—Evading Detonation.

Oct. 7, 1880—The Detonation of "Dittmar Sporting Powder."

Dec. 9, 1880—The Dittmars' Abracadabra.

HOUNDING DEER.—Three communications on this subject are deferred until next week. The discussion promises to be an interesting one. The points on which the experience of deer hunters is asked are as follows:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?

2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?

3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?

4th. Describe in like manner still-hunting and its effects.

5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?

6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?

7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?

8th. What is the open season for deer?

9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them?

"FLIRTATION CAMP, OR THE RIFLE, ROD AND GUN IN CALIFORNIA," is the title of Mr. T. S. Van Dyke's excellent book, a review of which will be given next week. We can supply the book at $1.50.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

[Tuesday Session, Continued from Page 49.]

THE Secretary's annual report gives the best of evidence that the Association is gaining the estimation of the people of the State, and thereby largely increasing its opportunities of usefulness. We give the greater part of the report as follows:

TO THE MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION:—Reviewing the work done by this association the past year, your Secretary would join with you in mutual congratulations upon the unmistakable evidences of the result of our work, which present themselves on every hand. Notwithstanding the increased edition, the demand for copies of our annual book for 1880 has been greater than ever before, so that of the 2,000 books published I am able to report but seventy-five copies left for future demands. This little missionary for good has been sought for far and wide, and wherever it has gone a better public sentiment is sure to follow. The past year has witnessed a marked change in public sentiment generally in relation to this association and its objects, and in no way is this more plainly manifested than in the discriminating and commendatory notices received from the State press. To our staunch friends, the leading newspapers, including the sportsmen's journals, our allies and supporters in the dissemination of knowledge and the overthrow of ignorant prejudice concerning this association, we return grateful thanks for their appreciative and encouraging utterances during the past year. It is but a few years since the term "sportsman" was considered in this State a synonym for all that was lazy and irresponsible, not to say dishonest and immoral—a gambler or vagabond without the pale of good society. There are too many so-called "sportsmen" still who but too closely fill this description, but thanks to the men of character and influence, who have stood at the helm of this association since its organization, and to our friends everywhere, the public have grown to recognize a vast difference between a "sportsman" and a "sporting man."

From a small beginning the Michigan Sportsmen's Association has grown to be an acknowledged State institution, respected and commended for its spirit of humanity, friendship and protection toward our game animals, birds and fishes, while its sincerity of purpose is no longer doubted. From friends and strangers in the East, West, North and South have come voluntary words of praise and encouragement for the good that is being accomplished and the faithful manner in which this society lives up to its professions and the purposes of its organization. It is not with any feeling of vanity or vain glory I recall the many complimentary words that have been spoken of this body since its last meeting, but rather with a feeling of thankfulness and deep satisfaction that the disinterestedness and sincerity of purpose, or, in other words, the spirit of "the greatest good to the whole State," which actuates each and all of us, has succeeded in making its influence felt, not only at home, but far beyond the confines of the peninsular State. Your Secretary has kept no record of the number of letters answered the past year, but they must amount to several hundred. Information has been asked upon every conceivable subject, and sometimes a stamp for reply was also sent. Several requests have been made for a form of constitution and by-laws for game protection clubs, both in and out of the State, which suggests that it would be desirable to have printed an approved form of articles of organization for the use of auxiliary clubs that may be formed. About 1,000 circulars for different purposes were printed during the year and mailed.

Our book for the current year promises to be larger and better than any of its predecessors, and judging from the material now in sight, will comprise two hundred pages or more, or about double in size the book of last year, while the edition will be doubtless increased to 2,500 copies.

This will enable us to carry out a plan we had arranged for the past year, but which failed owing to the great demand for copies, viz., the sending of a copy of our book for 1881 to the editor of every newspaper in both peninsulas, on the line of and north of the Flint & Pere Marquette R. R. These pioneer papers, the molders of public sentiment in their respective localities, could they receive and peruse this book, would soon become disabused of the erroneous idea which so many of them advance, that this association is endeavoring to secure game legislation for the benefit of a favored few at the expense of the hardy pioneer and actual settlers. And the co-operation of the settlers on the frontier of our pineries will never be secured until they can be made to see the wisdom of stringent laws to preserve for years to come this abundant food supply, to themselves and their families, against the wasteful slaughter of their neighbors or outsiders, and until they learn that the members of the Michigan Sportsman's Association are the best friends they have, and not their enemies.

The outlook for our usefulness was never more encouraging. The public is becoming aroused to the importance of protecting and preserving the noble denizens of our forests from the insatiate rapacity of outside market hunters, and the fiendish waste of beasts in human form who, for the paltry shillings the hide may bring, kill during nine months in the year, and leave to rot on the ground the entire carcass of the noblest animal that roams the Michigan forests.

For years we have labored assiduously, expended time and money to no small extent, to procure a code of laws for the protection of game and fishes, that would wisely perpetuate to us and to our children, the finny, feathered and antlered tribes with which a bountiful Creator has with so lavish a hand stocked our forest and fields, and our lakes and streams. Let us hope that the near future may bring the consummation of our cherished plans. H. B. RONEY, Sec.

REPORT OF THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Your publishing committee would respectfully report as follows: They procured the publication by the "Saginaw Courier Company" of 2,000 copies of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association's third annual book, containing the transactions in full of the fifth annual session at Bay City, Feb. 3 and 4, 1880, the game laws, etc., at a cost of $1.50 per page. The book contained 116 pages, making the total cost of publication $174. To meet this expense, advertisements were secured amounting to $175.50, entirely paying for the edition of 2,000 copies and leaving a surplus of $1.50, which was applied on expense account for stationery, circulars, etc.

The books were distributed as follows, in every instance a circular being sent requesting the recipient to distribute them with judgment and without delay:

St. Johns	25	Evart	12
Saginaw City	30	Galesburg	20
Hastings	20	Monroe	6
Eaton Rapids	6	East Saginaw	100
Pokagon	100	Indian Point	10
Grand Rapids and Western Michigan	375	Dowagiac	12
Howell	40	Whitehall	20
Jackson and Grass Lake	50	Orleans	12
Coldwater	7	One to every fish commissioner in the United States—total	100
Owosso	25	State Legislature	150
St. Louis	12	Sent to State press, sportsmen's papers in England and America and individual sportsmen throughout Michigan, the U. States, Canada and Great Britain	339
Bay City and vicinity	115	On hand	75
Mt Clemens	30	Total	2,000
Lansing	25		
Port Huron	12		
Traverse City	25		
Detroit	80		
Flint	50		
Battle Creek	105		
Marquette	12		

Two hundred and fifty circulars soliciting advertisements for the book were printed at an expense of $1.25 and the cost included in the Secretary's bill of expenditures.

Respectfully submitted.

H. B. RONEY, D. R. BROWN, C. M. NORRIS,
Publishing Committee.

WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION—JAN. 26, 1881.

The chairman of the Missionary Committee, Mr. S. A. McLean, of Bay City, made the following report of the Missionary Committee:

"Owing to the late appointment of this committee we were unable to put into execution the plans agreed upon at Bay City last year, and owing to the unwillingness of the majority of the committee to act we became practically ineffective. We have made some progress, however, and would recommend the following as one of the ways of making our laws more effective."

Mr. Higby, of Jackson, another member of the Missionary Committee, and chairman of the Committee on Enforcement, then read the following, as a joint report for both committees:

ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW.

This association is organized for the purpose of securing the enactment of judicious and effective laws for the protection, at proper time, of wild game of fur, fin and feather.

While this association has been diligent the past six years in preparing and presenting wise and judicious amendments to our game laws, it occurs to me that we have lost sight of, either directly or indirectly, one of the principal objects—the protection, at proper time, as before mentioned.

Gentlemen of the association, now is the time. Then let us cast about, one with another, that the best means may be devised for protection at proper times. There can be no better method than the enforcement of the law. We should not stop to scrutinize. A weak law, well enforced, is far more beneficial than a radical gone by default. If we fail in so doing we belie one of the express objects of this association.

It is useless for me to enjoin upon you the great necessity of immediate action in this direction. There is not a gentleman upon this floor who is not aware of the wanton and wholesale destruction of every species of game in and out of season.

It lies within the power of this association to say: "Thus far thou shalt go and no farther." I think I have not overdrawn the estimate. Let us fight it out on this line if it takes all winter.

The most effective way would be to establish a State game warden—an officer independent of any police or other measure—with salary sufficient to make it effective, with power to appoint one or more deputies in every county in the State, and to remove for disability or incompetency. In order to bring this matter properly before this convention I have prepared and hereby offer the following resolution:

WHEREAS, This organization is organized for the purpose of securing the enactment of judicious and effective laws for the protection, at proper times, of wild game of fur, fin and feather; and

WHEREAS, For want of proper protection by enforcement of the laws, the game districts of the State are becoming depleted by wanton and wholesale slaughter; and

WHEREAS, It becomes an important duty of this association to convince all parties interested that we are protectors, by making some special provision for the enforcement of the law; therefore

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the President to confer with Gov. Jerome as to the importance and advisability of the appointment of a State Game Warden, thereby creating an independent office, with salary sufficient to make it effective, said Game Warden to have power to appoint one or more deputies in every county in the State, and to remove the same for disability or incompetency. The said committee of three to prepare and draft a bill defining the duties of the State Warden and his deputies; also the amount of compensation and manner of paying the same.

CYRUS W. HIGBY.

On motion the report was accepted, and the resolution looking to the appointment of a State Game Warden adopted. A motion was introduced by Mr. A. J. Kenney, and was carried, as follows:

Resolved, That the Legislative committee be and are hereby instructed to draft a section of the recommended game bill for the consideration of this association to prevent the shooting and killing of game in this State on Sunday, and providing for the arrest of offenders against the same.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LAWS FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME ANIMALS OF FUR AND FEATHER, AND INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS.

To the Michigan Sportsmen's Association:—Gentlemen: Your committee "On laws for the protection of game, animals of fur and feather, and insectivorous birds" beg leave to report as follows:

We have put our recommendations largely in a practical shape, and herewith submit to the consideration of the association drafts of two bills prepared for enactment. These bills upon a comparison with existing laws show the changes proposed thereto.

The object of the first bill is to amend the provisions of existing statutes.

The object of the second is to define the purpose for which game may be killed, and to prevent the killing of the same, or the shipment of the same if killed, for any use or purpose not permitted by law.

The association at its meeting in 1880 substantially passed the consideration of the subject referred to your committee until this session of the association. And these proposed bills are but an outgrowth of the bill which met the approval of this association in its meeting of 1879, improved, it is hoped, by amendments, mainly suggested by considerations which have arisen since that session.

And we take occasion to say here respecting the amendments proposed that they do not in any sense embody ideas original with your committee, for they may all be found enforced by able argument in the published proceedings of this association for the years 1878, 1879 and 1880, and we hereby cheerfully acknowledge the assistance derived from reading and considering the said proceedings, and hope we have embodied the ideas already advanced in a practicable shape for successful enactment. The necessity of their enactment needs no argument at our hands. A stronger argument than we can present is the knowledge which every member of this association has that our game, particularly our deer, are meeting with wholesale slaughter, largely to replenish the pockets of non-resident market hunters (who hunt in other States for sport, in Michigan for the market), and to enrich non-resident game dealers and tickle the palates of non-resident epicures. In fact, it may not be considered as stating the question too strongly to state that the above causes account for the greater portion of the unnecessary killing of deer.

A word as to the changes and the reasons for the same made in the bill of 1879, which, with the exception of a few purely verbal changes, are as follows: First, so much of the said bill as relates to elks is stricken out, for the reason that an act of the legislature of 1879 prohibits the killing of elks for ten years from the passage of that act.

Second. The amendment proposed by that bill to section ten of the existing law is dropped, and an additional clause drawn by Judge Holmes, of Bay City, is added to section one as amended, to take the place of said amendment to section ten. We call special attention to this valuable amendment.

Third. The subject of the shipment of game from the State is eliminated from the bill, and we indulge in the hope that the purpose of the clause on that subject is more fully met by the second bill herewith reported to this association.

The object of this second bill as well as the first, and indeed of the existing game laws, is to preserve and protect game, birds and animals.

There is nothing better settled than the position that laws enacted with such an object will be upheld as constitutional, unless they contain provisions which are unconstitutional for other reasons.

Is the second of these bills unconstitutional? It has been decided that a law which prohibited the shipment of game, lawfully killed, was unconstitutional, and it may be urged that this bill is unconstitutional upon the same reasoning. Waiving the point as to whether our Supreme Court would make the same decision on a similar law, the bills are clearly distinguishable on principle. And the bill proposed will, we think, be upheld by our Supreme Court, if enacted and called in question.

The following positions are well settled and have been sustained and declared constitutional by the highest courts of the land, viz.:

(1). It is permissible for the Legislature by legislation to entirely prohibit the killing of any given species of game, or any species of wild bird or animal.

(2). The Legislature may likewise define, limit, shorten or lengthen the time in which any species of wild game may be killed.

(3). The Legislature may prohibit the killing of all of any given species of game, animals, fish or birds under a certain given age or size, or prohibit the killing of any but males of a given age. There are numerous instances of such laws on the statute books in various States.

(4). Statutes prohibiting the killing or capture of given species of game and wild animals in a certain manner declared to be by such act unlawful, have often been held constitutional.

(5). And an act prohibiting the having in possession of birds of a kind specified in the act has been upheld even when it appeared that the birds in question had been lawfully killed in the open season either in the State where the suit was brought, or some other State

The principle on which such decisions could have been and doubtless were largely based as applied to our own State, may be stated thus: It is within the constitutional power of the Legislature of this State to pass laws which define the time in which, the manner by which and the purposes for which, wild game and wild animals may be killed; and to make unlawful the prohibited killing, or the having in possession, or the transportation of such as have been unlawfully killed.

Under the bill proposed there can be no lawful killing for any purpose except for food in this State. Hence, practically, there will be no lawfully killed game to transport out of the State. It will, we think, be a presumption of law that dead game in the possession of parties, consigned to parties out of

the State, or actually being transported out of the State, will be presumed to have been killed for that purpose. That the bill can be improved we have no doubt, and we hope it will be considered by the association for that especial purpose. It may be by the association deemed best to amend the bill by adding to it provisions which shall provide—

(1). That it shall be *prima facie* evidence of the fact that game has been killed for other than its proper purpose to find it in the possession of persons, consigned to persons, or being carried out of the State.

(2). Providing for the confiscation of game consigned to parties, or being carried out of the State.

As to what species of game shall be inserted in the blanks in the said bill herewith submitted, whether other than deer, such as ruffed grouse, quails or graylings, for instance, we submit to the good judgment of the association.

A general revision of the game laws, including a condensation and simplification of the same, and an improvement in many items of detail, for instance, inserting the correct scientific name of each species or kind of game protected, defining the meaning of "close season," "open season," etc., is desirable. It has not been attempted by your committee, for the following reasons: The suggestions herein proposed embody material changes and additions to existing laws, some of which are of a radical nature, and it is desirable that a part of these changes be enacted if all of them cannot be placed on the statute books.

Such a revision, embodying all of these suggestions and a simplification and condensation of all existing statutes, might fail to become a law, when all or nearly all of the same, if separately presented on their own merits, might be enacted. And such revision might be vetoed after its passage by the Legislature for a single objectionable clause—the bill would be no stronger than its weakest point.

Revision is the proper course, when no radical changes are contemplated, and simplification and condensation are the main objects. But separate and independent acts which can be separated and independently considered and acted upon are the proper mediums for engrafting new and material amendments on existing laws.

Respectfully submitted,

C. L. COLLINS.
R. J. BIRNEY.

(Judge Shaw, of Eaton Rapids, the second member of the committee, was not in attendance at the convention.)

The drafts of the two bills, as reported by the committee, were then read by sections and full and extended discussion followed and was participated in by nearly every person present. The results of this discussion were the following changes from existing and recommended laws adopted by the association, viz.:

1. Making the legal season for killing deer uniform as to time in both peninsulas, on the ground that the climatic differences between the two sections were not sufficient to warrant the legal season in the upper peninsula opening six weeks in advance of that in the lower peninsula.

2. Striking out the words "buck, doe or fawn" and inserting the words "deer, *Cervus virginianus*," it being held that the correct scientific name was essential to indisputable clearness.

3. Opening the legal woodcock season upon August 1, instead of July 5.

4. The interdiction of the killing of any prairie chicken until after September 1, 1883.

5. The commencement of the legal colin or quail season upon November 1, instead of October 1.

6. The prohibition of shooting from batteries and sink-boxes.

7. The prohibition of shooting ducks after sundown.

8. Allowing but five days for the transportation of game after the expiration of the legal season, instead of fifteen, and eight days in which to sell or expose for sale, instead of fifteen.

9. Prohibiting the taking or killing, save for the purpose of consumption as food, within the limits of the State, any deer, ruffed grouse, colin or quail, pinnated grouse, wild turkeys, speckled trout and grayling except such as are the product of private ponds or hatcheries or State or United States hatcheries.

10. The prohibition of killing deer in water in any of the ponds, lakes or streams in the State.

The bill of the Secretary for expenditures since September 13, for $17.06, and bill of the President for expenditures, $19.36, were allowed and ordered paid.

[To Be Continued.]

GAME AND SPORT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

NEWFOUNDLAND is a country where a good deal of genuine sport may be had. Sparsely populated by fishermen, who reside near the seacoast, its vast interior abounds with wild animals, the chase of which often provides splendid sport to the hunter. Large herds of caribou (*Cervus tarandus*), a species of reindeer, still roam comparatively unmolested through its glades and woodlands, their only enemy, besides man, being wolves, which must be pretty numerous in the island, though our knowledge of the latter is very meagre. The flesh of those deer furnishes the choicest venison, pronounced infinitely superior to that of the moose or elk of Nova Scotia and other parts of the North American continent by persons who have shot and eaten of both. Our caribou is not nearly so large an animal as the latter, the maximum weight of a fat stag being about four hundred pounds, while the bull moose reaches double that.

Sporting gentlemen from Great Britain come to this country every fall to hunt the deer, and among others, we have had more than one visit from the sporting and distinguished author of "The Great Divide."

It has sometimes (whether rightly or wrongly) been laid to their charge that, not content with satisfying the demands of legitimate sport, they have slaughtered in some cases many head of deer that could not be utilized as food, these animals being most frequently shot in parts of the island, to and from which there are no means of transport save the backs of those who may happen to form the hunting party.

I regret to say that our own people do not always discriminate between what is rational and what is wanton in dealing with the caribou, for it is said that large numbers have been slain for their skins in some parts of the island remote from settlement, those skins and antlers having a small commercial value.

There can be no question that deer-stalking in this country affords fine sport, but requires stout thews and some means to prosecute it thoroughly, owing to the rugged physical character of the country and the absence of facilities of communication between the various parts of the interior and the seacoast. A set of antlers of an old stag caribou is a trophy fit to adorn the halls of the palace of a king.

Mic-Mac Indians, who have a small colony in one of the southwestern bays of the island, are generally employed by deer-hunters as guides and porters, being best qualified for it by their knowledge of the interior, acquired in their constant pursuit of hunting and trapping, which they have nearly all to themselves.

It would be more than a pity if those noble animals should ever become extinct from indiscriminate slaughter or other cause. Each successive year the army of hunters, still very small, appears to increase, the reports of success of those who have already occupied the field seeming to stimulate others to prove themselves as doughty Nimrods as those who preceded them. These agencies, in concert with the exploration of the island now going on, and its future opening up and settlement, will, at some future time, accomplish the extermination of the deer of Newfoundland.

It would be interesting to be able to form a tolerably approximate idea of the number of deer roaming through the country. The area of Newfoundland is about 42,000 square miles and the population dwell along the coast line, in scarcely any case more than half a dozen miles from the salt water, so that the vast interior still remains almost a *terra incognita*, through which many herds of deer may range unseen and undisturbed from year's end to year's end. It has been supposed by many persons in the colony that their number was becoming very much reduced, but a friend of the writer, who crossed the island the summer before last, told me he was informed by two of his Indian guides that in the preceding spring they had seen, from a rising ground on the southwestern part of the island, deer passing north in thousands; that they had leisurely watched their migration, which continued passing their point of observation for hours.

Such being the case, there need be no fear of their extinction for many years if ruthless slaughter be avoided and practical protective legislation be brought to bear against it.

St. Johns, N. F. TERRA NOVA.

THE PAST SHOOTING SEASON IN VIRGINIA.

NEVER has the season in this portion of Virginia opened with better promise of a good supply of birds, and never have sportsmen as a general rule been more bitterly disappointed. The disappointment, however, came not from the birds themselves, but from a source that in these favored localities we are hardly accustomed to take into our calculations—namely, the unprecedented and relentless persecution with which the weather dashed hopes and plans to the ground.

To many sportsman this quail season has been an absolute blank. Those whom business arrangements compelled to pin their faith on December or January, which in an ordinary year is a perfectly safe thing to do, were almost entirely cut off; while November itself was so chary of those sunny days that have ever made its name dear to the sportsman, that the latter end of it, which the writer devoted to his annual hunt with a small party in the counties of Pittsylvania, Halifax and Campbell, produced less than one-half of the birds per gun that under exactly similar circumstances and over similar grounds the last three years have done. The week's shooting in November '78 produced to our three guns 350 birds. The same week in '79 to the same three guns 400, while this year from very exasperation at the elements, at the unprecedented wildness of the birds, and at the everlasting, gloomy and dripping forests they clung to, we let away less birds than usual and only succeeded in accounting for 170 without even seeing so much as the tip of a woodcock's wing—a most unusual occurrence.

And this too when we knew from the experiences of the opening of the season proper, which in these counties is October 15 (though on account of the dry, warm weather of that season not often taken advantage of), that the coveys were unusually numerous.

In my opinion the cream of quail shooting comes when the birds scatter in the woods. But too much of a good thing is never desirable, and when you get nothing but cream it is apt to sicken, especially when accompanied by successive days of cold rain, alternating with hail and sleet. I have seen this fall in Virginia what I have never seen before, and should not have believed to be possible—namely, three coveys rise wild in different corners of a ten-acre stubble almost simultaneously before our party had well got over the fence, and that on ground, too, that had been strictly preserved, not only against the public, but had been left unmolested by the owner for our special benefit.

My friend and host in those parts who in bright weather is a splendid shot, but owing to defective eye-sight is heavily handicapped on dull days, was in a terrible state of mind as he insisted on taking upon himself some part of the responsibility of our unwonted ill luck, which was entirely due to the complete demoralization that the weather had spread among the birds; and he would not be persuaded that good roaring oak fires and pleasant reunions around them beneath his roof after the hardships of the day were over, quite compensated for the latter. So we left him making the most solemn vows that he would not merely never shoot again as long as he lived, but that he would destroy his gun and shoot every dog in his kennel—which, by the way, is a most serviceable one. In spite of these dire threats I have no doubt but that the gun and the dogs, with probably some additions and the cheery face of their owner, will be well to the fore in the fall of '81 at the old place.

Game preservation and sporting interests seem making considerable headway in Virginia as elsewhere. In the County of Bedford, for example, never has so much land been posted. It has generally been the custom for gentlemen owning any extent of land, whether they be sportsmen themselves or not, to exercise some sort of discretion, at any rate, as to who shoots their birds and hares, and rightly so. But this year even little holders of fifty acres, every mountain squatter within reach of the county, town or railroad, has plastered his trees with notices to the effect that the whole rigor of the law will be poured forth on the unlucky head of the trespasser, more especially, it might be added, if he has on good clothes, carries a breechloader and looks like a gentleman. There is a certain class of men, not common by any means to this county or State, who hate to see any one surrounded by the accompaniments of sport and deliberately bent on enjoying it. The motive is not easy to detect; but may, I think, be traced to a vague sort of idea that it is trifling or idling. But, of course, sitting the whole winter's day on a country-store counter, spitting tobacco-juice at the stove and talking about other people's business—not to speak of mean whisky—is not. Upon the whole, however, such growing jealousy about game, though often of the most dog-in-the-manger order, is beneficial to the future prospects of sport, as every resident is sure to have all the facilities for shooting through private sources; while for the stranger, even if he were introduced, there would be no more difficulty than of old in getting permission from gentlemen to hunt on their places.

With the class of people above alluded to his best chance of escaping molestation would be to stop his ablutions for a month, to let his hair and beard grow, to borrow a beggarman's every-day suit and a rusty muzzle-loading gun. Armed with these precautions he would probably meet with no opposition from the framers of the remarkable posters, whose orthography would render them a valuable collection.

Comparatively few quail have been shot this season out of what there is every reason to suppose was a full supply. I see by the papers a game association has been formed in Lynchburg, who offer premiums for the destruction of hawks—a capital idea and one which embodies the most important of all the measures that can be taken for the preservation of game. The amount of hawks one sees in a day's ride through the country here is incredible, and the damage done by them is far greater than by the shot gun.

No ducks or snipe have as yet arrived in this locality. March often brings them in considerable numbers, more especially, though, after mild winters. The number of "old bars," as far as I can learn, has generally been up to the average, while the continuous snows before and after Christmas afforded excellent facilities to that branch of the fraternity, abounding more or less in the neighborhood of schools, who look on "tracking" as the highest form of recreation.

To sum up, however, the quail season of 1880 in Virginia will be remembered by sportsmen as an unfortunate one and will not be that feast of memory redolent of bright skies and sunny days that other years have left in their track. It remains only now for those of us who are anglers to look up our trouting and bass tackle ere April proclaims that brook and river are ready to yield up their store. RINGWOOD.

JACK HUNTING AND "BUCK FEVER."

CAPT. BARKER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE MAINE NOVICE.

WHILE collecting material for an article for your most interesting paper in regard to the new role in which Capt. Frederick C. Barker, the famous guide of the Rangeley Lake region, has appeared, much to the delight of many a Boston boy and several members of the sporting fraternity (gentlemen who make Indian Rock and Camp Caribou at Lake Parmachene their home during their summer vacation) through the kindness and forethought of Mr. Wm. H. Ladd, of Chauncy Hall School, I find an article in your paper of February 10, taken from the Boston *Herald*, which robs me of a part of my communication; and just as I am about to launch at you with a full broadside I find a part of my guns spiked. But as I have some powder left you shall hear from me. Although this is the first appearance of Capt. Barker in the role of lecturer, yet his modest bearing, his plain, straightforward statements, and his power of description at once attracts and holds the attention of his listeners. His thorough knowledge of his subject, acquired by years of hunting, trapping and guiding, and the facility and ease with which he imparts that knowledge renders him not only interesting but exceedingly instructive; and the round of applause which greets his every appearance shows how thoroughly he is appreciated by his youthful hearers. I have attended all his lectures, and although an old sportsman possessing some knowledge of woodcraft, have learned many things of great value to me.

During the course of his lectures, first in number he has described the hunting of fur-bearing animals of Maine, their habits, the signs by which they may be found and the methods of trapping each. He also exhibited the skins of the beaver, otter, mink, fisher, sable muskrat and fox, and described the method of skinning them and stretching their skins.

He also gave a detailed description of camp life, the needs of the sportsman, the method of building camp and campfires for comfort and safety, illustrating each by mimic camp and camp-fire, as mentioned in your number of February 10. From him the boys have learned the signs to be observed in the woods, how to handle, load and trim a canoe, run rapids, use the setting pole, and the proper method of finding the best channel, all of which will be of great value to his listeners, requiring, of course, the addition of experience. He told the boys about his annual fall hunt with his friend John S. Danforth, of Camp Caribou, during which hunt of ten days' duration seven caribou fell at the crack of the rifle; how they skinned them, hung them up and got them out of the woods; also the habits of deer, moose and caribou; the Indian method of killing moose and drying or jerking their meat, and gave a clear description of the geography of the country between Indian Rock and Majantic Lake, illustrated by a map drawn by himself.

I wish to give his account in his own language of the youthful sportsman's first still-hunting by the light of a jack. Your paper has contained many accounts of the successful hunt, but none that I remember which will compare with this, and I doubt not that many of your readers will enjoy a quiet laugh, as this recalls to his mind a similar experience in which he was the principal actor.

"It is a curious sensation for a beginner to be paddled along the shore of some mountain lake or up some wild river in the dead hours of the night under the light of the jack. Not a sound does he hear from his guide, who is paddling in the stern. The canoe seems to glide along of its own accord. Everything looks odd and strange to him, and the place which he has passed twenty times by daylight he does not recognize when seen by the light of the jack. The hoot of the owls, high up on the mountain side, together with the occasional lonesome cry of the loon far out on the lake, all serve to nerve him up and make it seem more wild, and as the canoe passes along within two or three rods of the shore, everything that the light strikes upon looks to him like a deer. He sees a bunch of bushes close by the water's edge, imagines he can see a deer in them, can see his eyeballs shine, and almost makes his mind to shoot. Then as he passes an old upturned root he makes a deer out of that—antlers and all. A frog jumps from a lily pad into the water. He jumps too, and thinks that surely is a deer just entering the lake. The muskrats swimming along in front of the canoe, or diving under it as it approaches them, looks odd to him. The sentinel beaver that is stationed out in the pond to warn his working brethren of the approach of danger lies with just his noes and eyes out of the water, and wonders whether there is anything dangerous or not in the approaching light. When the bow of the canoe almost touches him he suddenly makes up his mind that something is not right and down he goes, strikes his tail on the water, makes a tremendous splash and spatters the hunter all over.

He nearly jumps out of the boat, and levels his gun. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! That's nothing but a beaver," whispers the guide. Slowly he lowers his gun, tries in vain to draw a long breath, and wonders how in the devil a beaver can kick up such a commotion as that. He is just beginning to breathe regularly again, and his heart doesn't jump oftener than every sixth beat, when all of a sudden – "Slop-quork-quork," and he just gets a glimpse of something he is sure is a moose. Up goes the gun again. "Hold on, that's nothing but a crane," comes from the guide. The gun is again lowered, and a little more hard breathing follows.

Time and canoe pass along and for a time he sees and hears nothing. He is beginning to ache a little in his cramped position, is not sitting just right and carefully lays his gun across the gunwale of the canoe just ahead of him, places his elbows on the same and shifts his position a little; after waiting a minute or two, that does not feel just right and he changes back again. Soon he draws up one leg, then he straightens it out again. The guide whispers: "You've got to quit that if you want to get anything." He then sits still for a few minutes, which seems like hours to him. Occasionally he finds his eyes closed, try hard as he will to keep them open. He tips his head back, looks at the sky and makes up his mind that it is going to rain and that there won't be any deer in to-night. He drops his head and makes a few more nods, then turning half round toward the stern, places his hand edgeways up to the corner of his mouth and whispers loudly: "I think its going to rain; hadn't we better go to camp?" The guide whispers back; "No 'tain't, neither. Let's hold on a little while longer; I'll bet there will be one in inside of an hour." The hunter straightens himself round again, squirms down into the bottom of the boat a little snugger and says to himself that "he will bet there won't be one in in the next six years. He is soon nodding again, and at length his head tips forward again and does not came back again—he is sound asleep.

After a while the guide hears a deer and gently shakes the canoe, the signal agreed upon to let the hunter know that *that's* a deer and not a muskrat; but his man feels it not. Again he shakes; but with the same result. He then draws his paddle silently from the water, leans forward and gives the hunter two or three good pokes in the back with it. This brings him back to earth again and the guide softly whispers: "Be ready; I hear a deer." After some hesitation the hunter picks up his gun and makes ready.

The guide begins to work the canoe slowly toward the head of a little cove. Soon the nipping of a lilypod is heard, and the splash, splash, splash of some heavy animal walking in the water. The hunter hears it, and he cannot draw a long steady breath to save his life. He finds that the canoe as well as himself is shaknig. He ain't scared, but he is awful cold. The animal stops walking, but the canoe glides slowly along toward the place whence the sound proceeded, and after a little stops The hunter strains his eyes but can see nothing. At length the guide whispers, "Can't you see that deer right straight ahead, not two rods off? He won't stand there more than a year longer." Still the hunter does not see him. He changes his gun a little and accidentally hits the breech against the side of the canoe, then something which he had seen all the time, but had no idea it was a deer, gives a jump and a snort. He sees him now and he looks bigger than a meeting-house. The hunter blazes away without getting the butt of his gun near his shoulder and shoots a limb off a tree above ten feet above the deer. The deer bounds away into the bushes and the hunter lets drive with his second barrel, if anything a little straighter into the air than at first.

Up the side of the mountain goes the deer snorting at every bound. The guide now suggests that they might as well go to camp, while the hunter, as he is paddled back to camp, would give his best breech-loader for a chance to try that over again. He has had his first night's experience in floating, seen a deer, and it did not look a bit as he expected it was going to, and he has also had a very fair touch of the "buck fever."

The above I have given as nearly as possible in the exact language used by the lecturer, that you might gain some idea of the value of these lectures, as he was very careful to give a clear and detailed account of each separate topic taken up during the course.

By the way, my friend and former guide of the Coburn House, Eustis, Me., Mr. O. A. Hutchins, is to have a cook at his large camp at King and Bartlett Pond, and is to furnish sportsmen with board, lodgings and the use of boats, all for $1.25 per day, which is wonderfully cheap, considering that he has to transport his provisions sixteen miles through the woods on a sled, over the new road opened by himself and fellow-guides last fall, a description of which I sent you last September and which appeared in your issue of September 9, 1880. Trusting that this may be found worthy a place in your columns, I remain, E. D.

Hyde Park, Mass.

DAKOTA GAME.

I VERY much fear that the quail in Dakota and some of the adjacent States and Territories will be completely exterminated by the extreme cold and snow that covers our prairies from a foot to eighteen inches deep on a level.

Reports come from all directions that whole coveys of quail are being found frozen to death. Prairie chickens are also found dead, but I do not anticipate that any large number of chickens will perish from either cold or starvation, because, in the first place, they are a hardy bird and can endure an extreme degree of cold and, secondly, because large fields of corn remain ungathered in this territory and the prairie chickens need no invitation to help themselves. If, however, Vennor's prophecy of eleven feet of snow should be fulfilled (and at this writing it looks that way, judging from the manner the snow is falling) pinnated grouse will be scarce in Dakota next year.

We have had a severe fight in our Legislative Assembly to kill a bill presented by a granger allowing hunting, trapping, snaring, etc., of prairie chickens, quail, etc., for shipment and market purposes. I am happy to be able to record the fact that half an hour ago that bill was defeated by a decisive vote.

I am not ashamed to say that I lobbied against this infamous measure with all my ability.

Our Territorial Game Protective Assocaition requested me to draft a more stringent act than the present law, which, although admirable so far as it goes, does not cover the whole ground. I have done so, but the average legislator is scarcely educated up to the point of perfect game and fish protection, as understood by the most advanced associations, and I fear the bill will not be adopted. If not, we shall try again at the next session.

Our markets are filled with jack rabbits, many of them with hair or fur white as snow.

The depth of snow prevents the bringing in of deer and antelope. Usually at this time our markets are glutted.

Preservation of deer, antelope, jack rabbits, etc., will soon become a necessity with our people. In 1870 Dakota had less than 15,000 people; by the census of last spring she had over 135,000, increased to, by this time, probably 150,000. Naturally the destruction of game has been, and will in the future be, correspondingly larger as the population increases. I. E. W.

Yankton, Dakota, Feb. 14.

[Dakota, in common with the other Western States and Territories, must before long adopt stringent laws to limit the market exportation of game. The Territorial Game Protective Association will find that they must take the lead and be prepared for persistent and determined effort.

HOW TO AIM THE HUNTING RIFLE WITH OPEN SIGHTS.

IN order to more clearly explain this mysterious subject, let us take four shots with an average hunting rifle and partially point out the course pursued by the ball along the range, that we may note the standing errors of the rifle as they appear in a drawing of the trajectory. The same elevation and charge will be used. I select for my illustrations the 100 yards range, because, by common consent, this is the most important of all for general purposes; and I will here add that to this range the open sights of the hunting rifle should be accurately trained and firmly fastened to the barrel. When once well adjusted they should not be altered, but remain as standard sights.

100 YARDS. At this point blank range let the rifle be aimed with a fine sight at the centre of the bullseye and fired, and let the centre be struck. By this shot the exact conditions of the best aimed rifle and the best shooting are attained. The aim here being on the centre, and the centre struck, this constitutes a true point blank shot. The novice with the rifle, in making this shot, would exclaim: "My rifle holds up right on the centre and shoots as straight as a line!" This exclamation is not surprising, for from this shot alone it would appear that the rifle does shoot straight. This calls for another shot.

8 YARDS. Now let the position of the target be changed to about 8 yards from the piece and let the centre of the bullseye be fired at with the same fine sight as at 100 yards. The ball will strike the centre at this short distance the same as at 100 yards, because at 8 yards is the near point blank; it is here that the ball, in ascending from the muzzle of the piece, first cuts the line of sight. But this point blank is not the one recognized in science. The recognized one is at the end of the range, where the ball, in its descent, cuts the line of sight the second time. The 100-yard shot affords an example of this. The novice, in making this 8-yards shot, will exclaim: "You see that my rifle carries straight to the centre again!" From these two shots, made with the same fine sight, it would appear as if the rifle did shoot straight. But this is a common delusion which I wish to expose by a clear analysis of the subject. These two shots present the following important truths, which should be recognized by every one who professes to shoot the rifle understandingly, for they are strictly in accordance with the laws which govern all rifle shooting:

First. That the rifle which makes a centre shot (or "holds up") at the end of the range will also make another centre shot (or "hold up") near the piece. The principle is general.

The near points blank will all occur within the extreme limit of about 30 yards. This limit has regard to rifles sighted high with peep and globe sights. For hunting rifles with low sights the limit is about 20 yards. It is a quantity which varies with different guns and charges. Near points blank vary in distance from the piece with the elevation; the greater the elevation the closer to the piece is the near point blank, as, for instance, it is about 1 yard distant under an elevation for 1,000 yards, while under a low elevation it vanishes at 30 yards.

Second. That the same uniform sight, whether it be fine or coarse, is required for both distances, 8 and 100 yards, in order to strike the centre. The principle is general.

This fundamental truth shows why the rifle, with the same aim, will kill a little sparrow when near by as well as at 100 yards away. At both distances the bullet cuts the line of sight, hence the two centre shots. Thus far in our experiments the rifle appears to carry straight, therefore another shot becomes necessary.

55 YARDS. Now let the target be removed to 55 yards from the stand. This distance is selected because at about 55-100 of the range the greatest error in the flight of the ball occurs. Let the rifle be aimed and fired as before, with the same fine sight on the centre of the bullseye; the bullet will not strike the centre as before at 8 and 100 yards. It will strike about two inches above it, measuring always from the centre of the bullet-hole; and mark, these two inches are a standing error of the rifle at this particular point of the range.

By this shot the novice with the rifle will learn that the rifle does not shoot straight; no, not for one yard. The standing error of the rifle is practically the same for 50 and 60 yards, for the path of the ball along mid range very closely approximates to a straight line. At 30 and 80 yards the standing error is about one and a half inches, and from these points the errors diminish to zero, both at the near point blank 8 yards, and at the true point blank 100 yards. To correct these errors of shooting too high a finer sight (than the standard) is required along mid range than for the first 30 and the last 20 yards of the range. We thus see that the aiming requires to be varied in order to meet the standing errors of the rifle. The trajectory changes in curvature at every point, and strictly speaking, the aiming should change with it, but in practice this is impossible, nor is it always necessary. Between the two points blank, a distance of 92 yards, the rifle shoots too high, and this fundamental truth explains why, in our misses of game, we shoot over instead of under four times out of five. The prevalent belief and common rule for aiming is to take a "coarser sight the farther off the game is off;" the consequence is over shooting and that millions of game have escaped with their lives. The very essence of this article is to point out a remedy for this great evil of shooting over.

We have now shown how the rifle shoots when the ball cuts the line of sight, also when it is above it. It now remains to be shown how it shoots when the ball is below the line of sight. It is below it until, under the elevation of the piece, it rises and makes the near point blank. If the shooter could see the bullet at this instant its centre would exactly cover the centre of the bullseye a hundred yards away; it would eclipse it. After this it would be seen to rise a little above the line of sight, then to fall and approach it, and lastly to merge with it in the centre of the bullseye. Thus we have a true point blank shot, while the barrel points nearly 9½ inches above the centre of the target.

1 YARD.—If the rifle be aimed and shot as before at the target placed at but 1 yard from the piece, the ball will strike below the centre of the bullseye, varying in distance according to the construction of the rifle, whether it have high or low sights, or a thick or thin barrel. No practical aim, however coarse, will enable one to make a centre shot so near the piece. If such a centre were made, the elevation of the piece would have to be so great (as in Creedmoor shooting) that it would produce a point blank nearly 1,000 yards off, for every near point blank, be it remembered, has always its counterpart, the true point blank. From this shot the novice will again see that the rifle does not "shoot straight." We see that it shoots too low near the piece, hence a coarse sight must be taken here in order to get the best shooting possible. We all aspire to this, therefore we should know exactly how it is to be reached.

BEYOND THE RANGE.—Beyond the range the ball is found below the line of sight, and lower and lower as the distance increases. To correct these increasing errors of shooting too low, we must sight coarser and coarser or aim higher and higher, the farther the object is off. All sportsmen will readily agree in this respect.

Having now quite fully shown the path of the ball along the line of sight, which I make the prominent line in this article, as it truly should be, I will next embody some primary rules, which if followed in practice will give the very best results.

First. To avoid shooting over a finer sight than the standard is always required at about 55-100 of the range than at any other point in it.

This same sight may safely be used also between 40 and 70 yards, since the trajectory is very flat.

Second. The same uniform sight used at all distances up to 100 yards will give no greater error at any point than the greatest error of the rifle (two inches in this case). Ergo—

Third. If the greatest error of the rifle is known, the same uniform sight may be used throughout the range, unless a finer sight is necessary to obtain the desired result.

On large objects such as deer and turkey a finer sight is not necessary, but on smaller ones, as the squirrel, robin, crow and hawk, it will be if they are at mid range.

Fourth. In hunting the same uniformly fine sight may generally be used within the first 30 yards, and also at a distance of from 80 to 100 yards.

This is because the standing errors (1.50 and 1.40) of the rifle at these distances vary from only about 1¼ inch to zero, and hence may be entirely disregarded unless the game is very small.

SUMMARY. The sight should be coarse very near the piece (within 8 yards), changing to fine at 8 yards, which is the near point blank; then to very fine at 55 yards, which is the point greatest error; from this to fine at 100 yards, the true point blank, and beyond the range, coarser and coarser, the further the object is off.

Different rifles produce different errors, but I find these differences to be very small at this short range. They will all fall between 1¾ and 2½ inches, which is the greatest error at 55 yards. This includes the military, long range, mid range, express and all good hunting rifles, which I suppose to be well loaded.

There are two methods of aiming the rifle among sportsmen: One by changing the sight taken from fine to coarse and *vice versa*, and the other by not changing the sights, but by aiming higher or lower on the object. Which of these modes is the best I will not pretend to decide; each has its advocates. For myself, I never vary the sight, but aim higher or lower as the case may require.

I have omitted to state that 52-100 yards approximately shows the point in the range where the trajectory is the highest and 55-100 the point of greatest error.

The distances I have given above are approximately correct, but will vary slightly under different conditions.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Feb. 14. Maj. H. W. MERRILL.

CORRECTION.—The words "blank range" in the second line of my definition for "point blank range," in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 3, are superfluous and should be omitted.

HINTS ON BRANT SHOOTING—Chicago, Ill.—I have a well-trained French poodle dog that retrieves very nicely from the water. Do you think it will be worth my while to take him to North Carolina with me this spring, where I intend going for brant and duck shooting? How many decoys are used for brant shooting? Is the shooting done from the shore or afloat? By answering the above questions you will oblige an old subscriber. FOWLER.

Many years ago in England, France and Holland the French poodle was used by amateur sportsmen, but the professional fowl shooters of the coast used Newfoundlands. For inland ponds, marsh and narrow stream shooting the poodle could, of course, be used; but an Irish water spaniel is preferable. The poodle is useless for inlet and deep channel shooting, as he is apt to become cold and seasick. The best dogs for this work are Chesapeake Bay dogs and Newfoundlands. From seventy to one hundred and twenty decoys or "stools" are used for one "rig," according to the weather and making of the tides. In rough, windy weather the smallest number should be used, as they are difficult to handle—that is, to set out and take up. To set stool in broad waters, bays and channel edges, have all the stools stowed in the boat tails to the bow, with the anchor lines wound loosely around the body of the decoys. As stools are always set to windward of the blind in sea shooting, row up to the point to windward where the head of the flock should ride and plant a long pole firmly in the mud; around this pass a small line, one end of which is fastened securely to the bow of the boat, and the rest coiled in the bottom. With one hand toss the stools from the boat, between it and the pole, and with the other play out the line. You will thus be enabled to control the boat and set your stools at regular distances apart, and if properly managed a large number can be set out in this way in a very short time, without fear of fouling them and tangling the lines, and moreover they will ride in the proper position. When all the stools have been anchored, draw the line in the boat and take up the pole. The stools can be picked up in the same way. The shooting is done almost entirely from blinds made of cedar trees planted on the feeding flats, in an oblong shape, that the gunning skiff will fit very tightly inside.

DEER KILLED WITH NO. 9 SHOT—Toms River, N. J., Feb. 23.—There appeared in your issue of Feb. 17 an article

from Mr. Geo. Lyman Appleton, of Byron County, Ga., in which he states that he had killed a deer with No. 9 shot, and that this is the only case that he ever heard of where a deer was killed with that size shot while on the run. During the winter of 1877 I was located in Salinas Valley, California, shooting for market. Part of the season I shot with a gentleman, Capt. P., who has made a business of shooting in that section for a number of years. One evening about dusk we parted company, having been quail shooting all day, he going to his cabin, I to mine. We had been separated but a few moments when I heard the report of his gun. On visiting his house a day or two later I observed a fresh deer skin thrown over the limb of a tree. On inquiring of him where it came from he informed me that the shot which I heard a few moments after we last parted was the death signal of the deer; that his dogs had started the deer, which ran directly toward him, and that he had killed it within five yards of himself with a charge of No. 9 shot, which size we used exclusively for quail. Capt. P. used a 6½ pound gun, and I will say was the best shot on California quail that I ever had the pleasure of shooting with. Let me here remark that the California quail is a much more difficult bird than his eastern brother. H. C. G.

WORK OF THE GAME PROTECTORS—Utica, Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* State Game Protector Dodge, of Prospect, has been bringing the game dealers of Utica up to the "Captain's office to settle." Last Saturday he had four of them before Justice Edwards for examination, two of them settled by paying $25 and costs, which they ought to consider getting off easy, for the full penalties in these cases range from $50 to $750. The other parties got an adjournment for a few days, but they will probably settle as they have no possible defense. Other parties in Utica have been sued for selling game out of season, and their cases will come off this week. The only excuse that has been offered thus far is that they were ignorant of the law, and for that reason they have been favored as above stated in the settlement, but for a second offence they must expect to suffer the full penalties. These cases, together with indictments found against six offenders at Oneida Lake who made such war-like demonstrations last fall, tend to give the people in this part of the State to understand that the game laws are going to be enforced. We hope Mr. Dodge will continue the good work, and that all true sportsmen will lend him a helping hand. MACK.

NEW JERSEY GAME LAWS—Newton, Sussex Co., N. J., Feb. 17.—I must say the proposed new laws astonish me, as I am glad to see the opinions expressed by the FOREST AND STREAM, which I consider the foremost of sporting journals. As far as my experience goes, most, if not all, illegal shooting occurs just before the season opens and just after it closes. For, if one season is to be divided into two, it does not require such a great knowledge of higher mathematics to see that the amount of illegal shooting in the first case will be to that in the last in about the ratio of one to two. If I am not mistaken, the chief, or perhaps one of the chief objections raised to the last law was that it could not be enforced. Now how much harder will it be to enforce a law which allows a man to shoot for a month, then forbids it for ten weeks, and finally permits it again. I believe it to be a generally conceded fact that the more complicated a law is, the more difficult to enforce. In my opinion, any sane law, properly enforced, will do more for the preservation of game than all the wordy, voluminous bills that ever passed the Legislature of a State. It's protection the birds want, not legislation. M.

THE SOUTHERN DOG FARES—Jacksonville, Fla, Feb. 19.—I think your correspondent's (Kenorc) letter published in your issue of Feb. 10 apt to mislead the Florida bound sportsman. It met my eye on the eve of my departure for New York for this State where I have stayed two days prepared for war on the quail. The charges though high, are not, according to my experience, so excessive as to warrant the "throwing away" of three tickets from Charleston to Jacksonville as Kenorc and his friends did "thereby making a clear saving of $12 on dogs." I had the misfortune to find the connection between Charleston and Savannah severed by the freshets, and was forced to travel 157 miles out of my way to get to the latter place for Charleston; so with this additional, or substituted expense—the heaviest of the trip—my expenses for carriage of dogs amounted to $25, divided as follows: New York to Washington, $3; Washington to Charleston, $12.50; Charleston to Augusta, $1.50; Augusta to Savannah, $5; Savannah to Jacksonville, $3. How there would be any economy then in throwing away three tickets, as your correspondent did, I do not see. S.

THE GAME LAW TINKERING—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in the FOREST AND STREAM that the annual tinkering of game laws has commenced and, judging from what has been done by some "associations," legislation upon the subject is to be rigorously pursued. Now, in the name of the public and the sportsmen of the State, for one I protest against any changes of the laws. As a rule they are explicit, the penalties are right and the manner of enforcement is sufficiently plain. There are not enough important changes needed to again take the time and subject our Legislature to further enactments What is needed is the enforcement of present laws. In this one thing lies the important part in protecting and preserving the game and fish of New York State. Let the New York State Association, the Long Island Sportsmen's Association and all the numerous clubs say with one voice, and do it, too, that our present game laws shall be enforced, and I will guarantee there will be no more raids upon the Legislature for changes in the law, and that within two years a bill for the protection of game and fish will have no hearing in our legislative halls, because there will be no necessity for it. SYRACUSE.

MAINE—Marshfield, Feb. 4.—Woodcock are scarce in this vicinity. One may travel through our woods from day to day and seldom, if ever, get sight of one. Ducks are quite plenty in some of our lakes during September and October. Quail are new birds for our people, having been introduced into the State within two years Last summer, for the first time, their notes were heard and now and then a stray one seen in the haying fields. But we trust that they will rapidly increase. I think an amendment to the deer and moose law, as proposed by Messrs. Stillwell and Smith, making the time for killing September, October and November, would be a good move, for the reason that sometimes in December the snow gets dow so deep—at Machias River, for instance—that lumbermen have run down deer on snow-shoes. H.

"A WINTER VISIT TO THE ADIRONDACKS."—A party of young men, consisting of John B. Marie, J. Abraham Theriot, Edward P. Coogan, George A. Williams, Francis E. Splain, Harry Hilliard, Joseph M. Phelan and Hamilton Parker, started last evening for the Adirondacks and Lake George, where they will spend a week or ten days hunting. Just before their departure they dined with several friends at Delmonico's.—*New York Sun, Feb.* 20.

As these young gentlemen must now have returned from their hunting trip, will they inform the FOREST AND STREAM what game they found in the woods which they could lawfully kill?

IOWA—Glenwood, Iowa, Feb.—Judging from the reports of many sportsmen and farmers and my own observations, the quails and chickens have weathered the winter so far. We have not had any deep snows, and the birds have obtained food; but it has been far different fifty miles north. There they have suffered greatly and great numbers have frozen. The quail's greatest enemy here is the prairie wolf (*Canis Latrans*). But few birds are trapped, I am glad to say. As the bluebird (*S. Sealis*) has arrived we expect the ducks and geese soon and anticipate rare sport this spring. W. H. R.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Our bay and river is now full of marsh ducks and shooting is good. Purple grackles and bluebirds have appeared. Yet to-day we are having freezing weather, but when spring comes it will be ushered suddenly, and we look for a quick passage through our section of all migratory birds.

Joe Krider is about starting on his collecting tour to the Northwest. If he had not decided to take the journey, Uncle John, old as he is, would have attempted it and succeeded, for all say he has a new lease of life. HOMO.

GALVESTON GUN CLUB—Galveston, Texas, Feb. 19.—At a regular meeting of the Galveston Gun Club the following officers were elected to serve the ensuing year: President, H. A. Seeligson; Vice-President, H. P. Redmond; Secretary and Treasurer, W. J. Hughes; Directors—C. C. Pettit, D. Hall, A. Cannon, H. DaPonte and W. H. Hodges We claim for the Texas State Tournament to take place in this city, commencing May 3 and lasting four days W. J. HUGHES.

A MICHIGAN POACHER'S PLEA.—Menomanee, Mich., Feb. 19.—A hunter arrested for killing a deer out of season—offence proven—J. P. allows the prisoner to be sworn. Prisoner swears that he was out with his gun, and he saw a deer coming at him with his mouth wide open, and he was afraid the deer would hurt him, so he shot him. The prisoner was discharged. Is that good law in the "White Settlements?" I think the J. P. should have one-half of the deer at least for conscience sake. GUYON, JR.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION—Meadville, Pa.—The name of our club has been changed from the Madison Sportsmen's Club to the Crawford County Game and Fish Protective Association. The State Association meets in our city on the 7th of June next, and we would like to see all of the clubs of the State represented. O. H. K.

LOUISIANA—Mile Creek, Feb.—We have game here in abundance—deer, turkeys, quail, ducks, fine fish, worlds of beaver in the streams. This is the sportsman's Paradise. M.

My wife and daughter was made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

FRESH WATER.

Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*	Rock Bass, *Amblopltes.* (Two species).
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.	War-mouth, *Chænobrytius gulosus.*
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatitis.*	Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
	Chub, *Semotitis corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*	Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*	

FISHING RODS.

THEIR MANUFACTURE, CARE AND PROPER USE.

(Read by S. W. Goodridge before the Michigan Sportsmen's Association.)

TIMBER for making all fishing rods should be selected with great care; the varieties of timber used or recommended are almost endless. I shall confine myself to such as I consider the best.

For butts there is nothing superior to white ash, which, although one of our most common woods, is not always what the rod maker would have it, and it is at times extremely difficult to procure an article suitable for fine fly rods. Our experience teaches us that the best is from small second growth trees not over one foot in diameter. It should be grown in a sheltered position, protected by the surrounding forest from high winds, which are the cause of crooked and cross-grained timber to a much greater extent than is thought. The grain should be fine and straight, and should be springy and recover its place at once after being bent. The white part (the sap) only should be used, and that taken from not too near the bark. The heart is liable to be too heavy, and will warp, which is not desirable.

Hickory and maple are much used by English rod makers for second and third joints, but these woods do not find much favor with American anglers, or rod makers for fine work.

Hornbeam has been highly recommended, and does very well for large joints, but when worked down for second joints and tips does not keep its place, but will warp and not recover itself.

Green heart was much sought after several years since, but does not appear to hold its own against lance wood. We have used specimens from several lots and have never been able to find that which is reliable, and have therefore given it up.

Lance wood is imported from the West India Islands; the best comes from Cuba, and is now generally admitted to be the best timber that can be procured for fly, bait or black bass rods. It is sometimes very difficult to procure this wood of the best quality, and its imperfections can only be discovered by actual working it on the bench under the plane. This wood is frequently full of minute knots no larger than a pin, one of which passing through a second joint or tip weakens it greatly; these cannot always be discovered until a joint is nearly finished, and then only on the closest inspection. It is also sometimes cross-grained, the grain crossing a small piece, a tip for instance, within an inch or less of its length. By working by hand all such imperfections are discovered, while by turning in a lathe the tool will go over it leaving it perfectly smooth, and to appearance a sound and good piece of timber.

THE TROUT FLY ROD.

This rod should be in length from ten and one-half to eleven and one-half feet, and should weigh from eight to ten ounces. The reel should be placed behind the hand near the extremity of the butt. The handle above the reel should be one inch in diameter and eight inches long. Immediately above the handle of the rod the size should diminish suddenly for about two inches, and from that point run on a perfect taper to the end of the tip.

The rod should be made of three joints—viz., butt, second joint and tip. The joint ferrules on all rods should be made seamless; all soldered or braized ferrules are liable to open on the seams and cannot be made as smooth on the inside as mandril drawn ferrules, and consequently as good fits cannot be secured. The second joints and tips should be made of the best selected lance wood, and if any imperfection should show itself it should be rejected. In English rods the tips are usually made of two or more pieces spliced. It is claimed for them that they keep their place better, and are not as liable to warp with use. I do not think that there is any objection to the spliced tip.

The rings on the rod should be two on butt, four on second joint and five on each tip. There should always be an extra tip with each rod.

The joint ferrules should never be riveted on a fly rod. They should be closely fitted and set with the best orange shellac, which should be applied to the wood over the flame of a spirit lamp, and the ferrule then crowded on, heating the ferrule over the lamp. Whenever a ferrule thus set becomes loose it can usually be tightened by warming it in a flame revolving the joint while doing so. It may be necessary to draw the ferrule off and apply more shellac.

All rods of whatever kind should be made with close-fitting metal dowels, and the sockets into which the dowels fit should be accurately bored to the size and taper of the dowel.

Rods should have their handles wound with fishing line or split rattan, either of which gives a good grasp.

The split bamboo fly and bass rods when made by a good maker are as near perfection as possible. The best are made from selected Calcutta bamboo, and should be what is known in the East Indies as the male bamboo. They should be made in six strips and all the enamel of the wood preserved; cutting away from the inside all the softer parts.

These rods can never be produced of good quality at a low price, but there are thousands of inferior rods of this kind on the market which are sawed out of bamboo promiscuously without any selection. Such rods are worse than useless, as they soon come to grief.

THE TROUT BAIT ROD.

Taking the fly rod as a standard of excellence we should look for something as nearly like it as may be consistent with the additional work which the bait rod is expected to do.

This rod should also be of three joints made of ash and lance wood. The handle should be below the reel seat, one inch in diameter, and from eight to ten inches long. The taper should commence immediately above the reel bands, and run as in the fly rod to the extremity of the tip

The joint ferrules now used on bait rods are smaller than formerly. In the old style of four joint rods, there was but little elasticity in butt and second joint, nearly all the spring coming on the third joint and tip, and many cheap rods both of three and four joints are now made in that manner, the lower half being firm and rigid, while the upper part is withey but limber. Such rods are to be avoided. They are a source of vexation and annoyance and are constantly out of order and breaking. By using smaller ferrules and dividing the strain throughout the rod, a much larger fish can be landed, and much more pleasure derived, as by a properly constructed rod every movement of the captive is as distinctly felt by the angler as with the delicate fly rod. The bait rod should be from ten and one-half feet to twelve feet in length and from twelve to fifteen ounces in weight. Such a rod will do as much execution, properly made and properly handled, as a much heavier one of the old pattern. Such a rod as I have described is amply strong for all ordinary boat or pond fishing for any kinds of fish that do not weigh upward of twelve to fifteen pounds.

The demand for rods suitable for black bass fishing has within a few years been greatly increased, and it has not until recently been very well understood what constitutes a good bass rod, and there were until recently about as many different ideas on the subject as there were different fishermen. Rods were ordered by anglers of all descriptions from a light bait rod to a salmon rod of twenty feet in length

It now, however, appears to be pretty well settled that a short stiffish rod is the best for bait fishing and throwing the minnow for black bass, and all anglers are under great obligations to Dr. J. A. Henshall, of Cincinnati, for his ideas of what a perfect rod should be. Through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM he has given much valuable information on the habits of the black bass and the best methods of capturing them.

He recommends a rod of three joints, ash butt second joint and tips of lance wood. The handle one inch in diameter and about eight inches long. The reel seat to be placed immediately above the handle, and the taper of the rod starting directly above the reel, and continuing true to the end of the tip. The length of the rod to be eight feet and three inches, and the weight to be from eight to ten ounces. With such a rod a very long cast can be made with bait or minnow, and in striking and killing the fish it is very efficient. This style of rod is now coming into general use. Some, however, insist on a longer rod. Ten feet is, I think, as long as they ever should be made. When one once becomes accustomed to Dr. Henshall's pattern, we think they will thereafter use no other.

The country is perfectly inundated with cheap rods, with a good outside finish, but made from worthless timber, stained and varnished so as to conceal all imperfections; they are made entirely by machinery, and many are sold at high prices.

While gentlemen anglers who can afford it will always have a well balanced and highly finished and high cost rod, there are thousands who cannot afford such, and it is next to an im-

possibility for them to procure a decent rod at any price which they can afford to pay. There are makers who make as good a rod for service, brass mounted, and in every way as strong as the best for from $5 to $6, which is as low as good work can be furnished.

THE CARE OF FISHING RODS.

More rods are ruined by the want of proper care than in any other way. In jointing up a rod for use it is a good plan to first put together the second joint and tip, as you will not be so liable to strain the lighter joints as when first (as is usual) putting the butt and second joints together; before putting on the reel see that the joints are firmly together, and never under any circumstances allow a rod to be handled when showing or using it without it is firmly put together. When through using your rod, first wipe it to remove all moisture, then unjoint it and see that each joint is straight, and if not, straighten it at once. Don't fail to keep and use the plugs which belong in the joint ferrules; they keep out moisture from the most exposed parts of the rod (the dowell sockets), also the dust and dirt. A single grain of sand will ruin the fitting of the best rod. Never put a rod away in a damp case, tie it loosely in the case; tight tying will bend the tips and second joints. When laying away at the end of the season's fishing, place it where it will be as nearly as possible in a uniformly cool temperature. Never stand it in a leaning position, but lay it down.

The best of all varnishes for rods is simply shellac dissolved in alcohol. It is perfectly waterproof, dries immediately, and is easily applied with a bit of soft sponge. A coat of this applied once or twice during a season will add greatly to the appearance and durability of your rod. It should be used quite thin. By following these directions you will always find your rod in a serviceable condition.

HOW I FOUND A NEW LAKE.

READING in a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM about the supposed discovery of a lake never seen before by a white man, in the Adirondack Region, put me in mind of a discovery I made one bright October day when that country was new to me. It was late in the month, there was about six inches of new snow on the ground and I was out on a still-hunt. I had struck a monster deer track near the mouth of Cascade Brook, which empties into the upper part of Lake Utowana, and followed it up far in the mountain to the east, where it joined a couple more smaller tracks. I wanted that buck. I had promised a big pair of horns to a friend in New York and believed I would find them if ever I drew sight over my Lewis rifle on the animal that made the track. The day was fearfully cold, but I kept in motion and hardly felt it.

Reaching the crest of a steep ridge, along which the tracks led, I looked down over what seemed to be a small beaver meadow, covered with snow. There, about two hundred yards away, on an opposite ridge, nearly on a level with me, was my buck and two does, all picking away at some moss in a rocky ledge under which they stood.

They had not seen or heard me and I took a good look at them while resting to steady my nerves for a sure shot.

The buck was the largest I had ever seen in the North Woods. His horns spread out like a brush-heap. I knew that if not hit exactly in the right spot he would carry off all the lead I could put into him. So I made up my mind to take a dead rest and to shoot as fine as I would in a rifle match. And we had some sharp shooting up there in those days—1857 and 1858.

My rifle, made by Lewis, of Troy, was a muzzle-loader, double-barreled. One barrel was smooth-bore, carrying nine No. 1 buckshot, or, as it was then loaded, an ounce, round bullet. The other barrel carried a half-ounce spherical ball and was good for five hundred yards range when held well up. I never raised a surer-sighted gun to shoulder. It weighed fourteen pounds, having the metal for a good charge of powder with slight recoil.

Watching a chance when the buck stood about half front, with both barrels cocked, I aimed high for his shoulder with the smooth-barrel and let drive Without meaning it, some way I touched the other trigger too and off went both barrels at nearly the same time.

The buck gave a tremendous leap and, fairly turning a sommersault, came plunging and rolling down the side of the ridge toward the level below, while the frightened does scudded off with white flags flying beyond the ridge.

Seeing the buck yet struggling and plunging to regain its feet, I hurried a load into one barrel of my rifle and started down the steep ridge to get one where he was. Seeing a place clear of underbrush (I expect it had been an otter slide in summer), I sat down, leaned back and, holding my rifle well up, slipped down the soft snow just as easy as "sliding on a cellar door" in boyhood's days. A little easier in fact, for I went down that thirty or forty yards like an arrow shot from a well-strung bow—went down quick as thought, and brought up at the bottom of a "new-found lake!" Yes, up to my neck in ice-cold water, for the thin ice softened by snow broke easier than pie-crust under one hundred and sixty pounds' weight of sorrowful humanity.

I have taken cold baths by choice, but never one quite as cold as that. Luckily I was within reach of some overhanging birch limbs, and I pulled myself out of that icy surrounding as quickly as I could, hanging to my rifle all the while. Then, with the thermometer at zero or thereabouts, every thread on me wet and freezing as I came into the air, I was anything but comfortable. Fortunately I saw dry ground under a huge ledge of rocks near by, and I got to that as soon as I could. I stripped some birch bark from trees close by, got some twigs, and with matches from a waterproof box that I always carried with me, got fire. Not until I had every dry limb within reach of me piled on a huge pile did I think of looking for my buck. But he was safe. He lay stark and stiff on the further edge of the little lake which I had supposed to be an old beaver meadow.

I did not trouble him, however, for the next two or three hours. It took all that time to dry out my soaked clothes, get my gun fit for use and fix for the night, for Eagle's Nest was three or four miles off, and I knew I could never get home that night if I started. And I was bound to carry those horns with me when I went.

After I had dried out, collected a good lot of dry wood and made all snug for camping, I went around the little lake, cut a good lot of steak from the buck, got the horns and came back just in time to see the light fade away into darkness when I sat down to broil my supper.

That night a gang of wolves took care of the rest of the venison, making such noisy work over that I could not have slept had I tried. I had to keep my fire up any way or freeze.

Any one who now follows Cascade Brook to its source can find where I had that adventure and got the seven pronged horns which for years adorned the sanctum of a Sunday newspaper in Gotham. But I would advise the seeker to look for the lake in the summer time, with a good rod and hook of flies in his possession, for he will find it well stocked with speckled beauty, or it was, the last time I was there.

NED BUNTLINE.

THE GREAT FISH EXTERMINATOR.

WITHIN six miles of this city (New Bedford, Mass.) there must be at least fifteen pounds, traps, wiers—nets running out from the shore to a pound or pocket at a distance of six hundred feet to twelve hundred fathoms. These are put into the water in the early spring and kept in until fall, catching everything except the very smallest fish, waging a continual, uninterrupted warfare on everything that swims—fish that are good for food and fish that are not.

The rule is to keep the food fish and let the others go—hence the fish of prey are protected to continue war on the food fish that escape the traps. Each year sees a great diminution of the best food fish along the whole Atlantic board, where nature had been so prolific—more so than in most any part of the civilized world. This great enlightened government, when wise legislation is boasted of all over the world, allows a constant war of extermination to continue without an effort to check it.

In FOREST AND STREAM of December 2 is an article on "A Gigantic Fish Trap," where fish are to be kept yarded to supply and control the fish market. When the price is too low for profit they propose to hold back the supply until the price rises, then draw from their large yard—a rich harvest, no doubt, if it works well. Having seen a good deal of this sort of thing—keeping fish in weirs alive—I will give you a faint idea of one where fish have been kept a few days. On first going alongside, you are surprised at the dense mass of fish moving round and round, huddling together at times, so that you cannot see the bottom. You will notice light spots on them—some well covered—and wonder what they are, having never seen them on fish caught with hook. As you watch more closely you will notice some that move more lazily than others and will discover the spots around or near the gills, the eyes are discolored and that the fish are blind. Occasionally catching a sight of the bottom, you discover dead and dying ones, and about this time a disagreeable odor arising from the water; your presence has frightened them, and in trying to escape they have stirred up the vile, decayed and decaying mass on the bottom. Take one of these and examine the spots and you discover them to be a fungus growth similar to what the physicians describe as a sure sign of diphtheria in the human being, only much larger. These live fish the weir owners propose to send to market for fish-eaters, providing they will pay a price high enough. Take these fish, clean off the fungus, pack them in ice and who will ever know the difference, for whoever examined to see if the fish was in a healthy condition or would know after the fish was dressed.

Again, if the fish have just got into the trap and are taken out to send to market, the rushing and dashing about, trying to escape, cutting and piercing each other with their sharp spears, then piled together and taken away in this manner, dying in their slime, which works into the fish, they become heated and diseased in dying and are delivered to market in this shape and disposed of to the consumer. If carried alive in wells or cars, of course they are much better off until kept in the dirty, filthy water about the piers of a city to sicken in the sewer-poisoned water. The largest catches are in the spawning season, when, moving along the shores for places to shoot their spawn, they are caught in incredible numbers. Whoever has seen the herring run up shallow streams to spawning beds can form some idea of the spawning fish along our sea shores. Millions of fish loaded with spawn are killed every spring that never find the way to market, but are turned out to die along there. Such is a faint idea of the destruction going on around us that is surely exterminating the food fish of our coast.

Is it not time to awaken the public to this question, that there may be some wiser legislation in the matter? For one State to move will not amount to anything—there must be a national law, applicable to the whole coast, either to prohibit trapping altogether or have the traps taken up, say from Thursday to the following Monday of each week. In localities where the traps have been set for several years the fish have been so generally exterminated that it only pays to set them when they are sure the fish are migrating along there—this in localities where, before traps were used, a boat could load any day during the season with nice, large fish. They were sent to market fresh and only caught in such quantities as to keep the stock on hand fresh all the time.

I hope gentlemen interested will take this matter up, and that the papers—the principal dailies—will take hold, for surely it is high time a move was made, or our fish supply will be cut off; and I beg the FOREST AND STREAM to use its utmost efforts in this matter, and also all gentlemen, whether fond of angling or not, for it is a matter of political economy. Where fish are caught in large quantities with nets, weirs, etc., they are never, nor can they be, cared for so that they can come to market in prime first-rate condition—they are sure to become heated and injured. I have the word of some of some of the most experienced of mackerel fishermen and successful owners of the craft used for that fishing, and they tell me they only have No. 1 mackerel when they are caught with hook, and that the catching of them with seines has ruined the business, for their former customers cannot be furnished with the real No. 1 fish, because the fish are all caught in such quantities with seines that they become more or less heated before they can be taken care of. If this is so with mackerel when the crew of the fishing craft are right on hand to care for the catch, how much more so will it be with fish caught in pounds, when there are only two or three men to take care of the fish, which have first to be taken from the pound, then packed into vessels or boats, then taken to the nearest point for ice, repacked and shipped to market?

I wish no injury to any one, but much benefit to many, to the whole fish-eating community in fact; and I believe the abolishing of pound-nets will in the end be of most pecuniary benefit to the trade also. J. E. JR.

New Bedford, Jan. 8.

FLY FISHING.—A small volume entitled "Fly Fishing in Maine; or, Camp Life in the Wilderness," by Charles W. Stevens, is before us. It is not in the least technical, but is filled with anecdotes of fishing trips, camp experiences and stories of trout. A pleasant, readable book for a leisure hour. Published by Rand, Avery & Co., Boston. Price, $1.

STRONG BAIT FOR CATFISH.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

THE hunting season closed here on the 1st inst. The last two or three days of the season were too cold and disagreeable for a hunt, and now we have to sit around the fire and, toasting our shins, dream of days gone by and patiently await the return of better days. The FOREST AND STREAM reaches us regularly every Saturday, and is read with pleasure for the information it alway contains, and we always rejoice in the experience of brother sportsmen chronicled therein. Perhaps you will be willing for us to add our mite.

The catfish has been attracting considerable attention of late. Whether he will rise to a fly, I am not prepared to say, but know he will bite freely at grasshoppers. However, that has nothing to do with my story. It was my good fortune to be living in San Antonio, Texas, not a great many years ago, and I whiled away many a long day on the banks of the Leona and the banks of the Salado, streams which at that time were noted for black bass, called "trout" in that section of the country. Once I accepted the invitation of an old fisherman to go with him catfishing, he agreeing to furnish the bait. Leaving the old city one morning before sunrise, we journeyed down the road along the San Antonio River until we reached the old Mission Espada, some ten miles from the starting point. Here we stopped and began the day's sport. Supplied with a jointed bamboo rod, reel and silk line, I approached that old fisherman and asked him for a bait. He gave me some, enough in fact to last all day. Ye gods! what stuff! How it did stink! I had never seen or imagined anything like it before. What is it? Limburger cheese and flour! "Will the fish bite that?" "Try it." "How do you put it on the hook?" The old fisherman gave me the needed instruction, and I cast the bait into the stream in swift water at the head of a deep pool. Hardly had it sank below the surface before a long pull and a hard one informed me something had tho cheese; a smart stroke with the rod fastened the hook, and in a short time I landed the first catfish with cheese bait, and it weighed something over five pounds. I continued the sport or rather slaughter for two or three hours, and then had to quit from exhaution. I never saw any fishing like it before or since. I enjoyed it hugely at the time, and write this hoping some of my friends may some day have a like experience, but desire to warn them in time, to be sure to take along some one to handle the cheese and bait the hook. My wife would not let me come into the house for a week after that excursion.

It is an actual fact that in less than four hours that old fisherman and myself caught over one hundred pounds of catfish; they were nearly all large fish, scarcely any weighing less than three pounds, the largest between five and six pounds. The paste was made thusly: One pound Limburger cheese and two pounds flour, mixed and worked over until of the consistency of putty. For we break off a piece as large as a piece of chalk, flatten it between the thumb and forefinger, and fold it around the hook. The larger the bait the larger the fish; no gammon.

Now don't despise the catfish. In Texas they are better than the black bass. When you get one clean it carefully, boil in water with a little vinegar added, just enough vinegar to bleach the flesh and not flavor it. When cooked, put on a strainer; after all the water has drained off put the fish on the ice, and when it is thoroughly cooled and hardened cover it with a mayonaise dressing greenish with pickles and chow-chow, and he is worth eating. GRINGO.

GRAYLING IN TROUT STREAMS.

THE fact that the grayling and trout are not found in the same stream in Michigan where the grayling streams contain no trout and *vice versa*, has been used as an argument against grayling being placed in trout streams. On this subject it is well to listen to what Mr. Francis Francis, the veteran fishery editor of the London *Field*, says of streams which have contained both fishes for generations.

One of his correspondents writes: "My experience of the Itchen has led to the observation that it is useless to try much for grayling, except about a particular date in the autumn, viz., Sept. 15. Others say after a frost, but their luck may have been different, as in a sport which requires so much of skill and observation is often the case. Is there any reason for this date? I think that, next to the trout, we have no finer fish. It is a pity to see it despised on account, as some affirm, of destroying their spawn. Has the fact of its spawning at a different time and leaving it free in September anything to do with the matter, or is it an authenticated fact that any of the Salmonidæ prey on the spawn of each other."

To this Mr. Francis replies in an editorial note as follows: "Our experience does not coincide with that of our correspondent. We have had good sport on the Itchen with the grayling quite in the end of October, and have heard of fair baskets in mid-winter. In the best parts of the Itchen the grayling run often very large, and the large fish are not good risers at the fly, particularly the small winter duns. That grayling do devour a good deal of trout spawn we fear is true. They are in the height of condition and season when the trout are spawning, and naturally, being a ground-rooting fish, they would pick up all the spawn they could; but, doubtless, when the grayling have their turn on the redds, the trout retaliate. We have always held that, for the sake of lengthening the season of fly fishing, and even for the sake of the grayling itself, which is an unquestioned delicacy, it is worth while to have grayling in your waters, and if it is found that the trout are too heavily handicapped with the grayling, it is the easiest thing in the world to start a little hatching apparatus and to rear a few thousand of fry, so as to put them past the notice of the grayling. Indeed every trout stream of any note or value should have such an apparatus attached. If, by any chance, you get too many stores in the stream, they are an exceedingly valuable and marketable commodity."

This appears to us to hit the mark and we especially commend the two last paragraphs to all who own trout streams.

VERMONT TROUT LAW—Grafton, Vt.—We have lots of trout here (*Salmo fontinalis*) which come from Canada, the depot for the sale of them is said to be at St. John, just over the line, and as we have no law to prevent the sale of them in this State, the dealers keep at it all the time. One dealer at Bellows Falls receives about 150 pounds per week, and they are hawked about in wagons all over the country.

They come from the lakes on the north side of the St. Lawrence, which are now accessible by railroad from Montreal to Quebec. I have fished one of those lakes in the St. Leon district for several years, and until last June with great success. In the fall of 1879 it was netted, and apparently

every fish over half a pound was captured. I was there in September last and found that they were making preparations for netting many of the best accessible lakes. Lake Carolus has been quite celebrated for its large fish, and has been a favorite resort for many Vermont anglers, Senator Edmonds among others, and I found that the poachers were preparing to skin it. S. W. GOODRIDGE.

BROOK TROUT IN OCEANA COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

[Read by L. G. Rutherford before the Michigan Sportsmen's Association.]

DURING the winter of 1877, L. G. Rutherford, of Hart, opened a correspondence with J. G. Portman, of Watervliet, upon the subject of trout growing in Michigan, which resulted in the purchase of a few thousand from the hatchery of the last named gentleman by a few of the citizens of Hart. Owing to an accident to Mr. Portman, the fry were forwarded to Hart in the care of another, and when they arrived fully one-half were found to be dead, and the balance of them were not in good condition. They were, however, planted in four different streams. This was a mistake. Experience has shown that one plant in large numbers is far better than to divide it up into many small ones. Every one of the plants have been heard from, but in two instances they are known to have thriven beyond the most sanguine expectations of those interested. Last spring (1880) two members of the Hart Club discovered in the largest stream in which they had planted young fry, showing unmistakably that the trout had not only thriven but had begun to propagate their species. The results of the first plants were carefully watched, but no more were planted until the spring of 1880. In the meantime Mr. Portman had become identified with the State hatchery, accepted an invitation to visit Hart, and here with his own eyes beheld one of the "speckled beauties" (pardon the term, but I know of none better) only eighteen months old, which measured nine inches in length. Seeing was to believe; and to believe was to furnish the club with ten thousand fry from the State hatchery. These the club received at New Buffalo, and by dint of unceasing care they were safely deposited in their new home in Oceana. We were yet experimenting and, as usual, the plant was divided and thirteen different streams were honored with their presence. Another mistake was also made in several instances—the fry were placed at the head of very small streams and when the winter closed in they had not grown to more than half the length of those in streams where there is a strong volume of water, with holes of one or more feet in depth. We are forced to the conclusion that in the smaller brooks the fish cannot pass up and down with the same ease and consequently do not obtain the same amount of nourishment. In seven of the places of the last plant we know that the result is all that could be desired, and we have heard satisfactory accounts from two others. In some instances no fish have been seen. Two of the streams in November last exhibited fish four inches in length; they were only eight months old.

We are of the opinion that trout will flourish in nearly all the streams north of Grand River, unless such as are fed by lakes, in which case the water becomes too warm in summer and it may be too cold in winter to suit their dainty tastes. The people of Oceana County generally are becoming deeply interested in this subject and are giving the club substantial assistance. There are, however, a few whom we will call "pot-hunters" who think it cunning to steal from the streams, thinking that they are thereby too smart for the club.

On the question of legislation, we think the law for the protection of game and fish should be more stringent. Some people need to be punished by imprisonment, as the payment of a fine is no disgrace, but while a discretion is left with the justice of the peace no one will ever go to jail for the violation of the game law.

All of the larger streams of Oceana County formerly abounded with grayling, but there is now none seen save in one branch of Pentwater River, which runs through Hart. They have been driven from the other by the use of dams for flooding in driving logs. This one stream shall not be sacrificed if in the power of the club to prevent. Many are caught every year, but the supply does not perceptibly diminish, and it is noticeable that more small grayling have been seen last year than ever before. As to the vexed question, "When do grayling spawn?" we are not prepared to give any positive information. This, though, we do know, that they were taken every month of the last season with spawn in every stage of development.

THE COLORADO COMMISSION.

DENVER, Colorado, Feb. 14.

HEREWITH I hand you copies of four bills passed by our Legislative Assembly, which closed its session yesterday, pertaining to fish and fish culture. The measures provoked a most stubborn opposition and were carried through only by persistent work. They embody really the first effective laws we have ever had upon the subject, and make the first decent appropriations which will enable a start in the right direction.

W. E. Sisty was reappointed Fish Commissioner, as he deserved to be. The passage of the fish bills was due almost entirely to his efforts. Respectfully, W. N. B.

The following are the main points in the bills:

It shall be the duty of the Governor, immediately upon the taking effect of this act, and every second year thereafter, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint a person skilled in fish culture and the habits and nature of food fishes, to be State Fish Commissioner, and who shall hold his office for the term of two years. And said Commissioner shall give bond in the sum of five thousand dollars, conditioned for the faithful performance of his duties. Said Commissioner shall have supervision of all fishcultural matters of a public nature and shall receive and provide for the proper care and distribution of such food fishes or ova of the same as shall come into the possession of the State. He shall determine the necessity for fishways, the location, form and capacity thereof, directing their construction and maintenance. He shall furnish to any person, association or corporation owning any lake or reservoir as private property, such stock of fish as they may desire for the purpose of stocking such lake or reservoir at the actual cost thereof. The cost thereof to be determined by said Commissioner. All moneys received by the Fish Commissioner from sales of fish as aforesaid shall be returned by him to the State Treasurer to the credit of the general revenue fund of the State.

Said Commissioner shall receive a salary of five hundred dollars per annum and all expenses actually disbursed by him while necessarily engaged in the service of the State, which said sum so paid for his expenses shall not exceed the sum of five hundred dollars per annum. The Commissioner shall have power to appoint deputy commissioners throughout the State and remove the same at his pleasure, who shall have full power and authority to enforce the fish laws of this State and prosecute any violators of the same, but such deputy commissioner shall serve without compensation from the State. All accounts under this act to be approved by the Governor.

The sum of four thousand dollars is hereby appropriated for the purpose of paying the salary and necessary expenses of the State Commissioner during the year commencing July 1, 1881, and ending June 30, 1882, in performing the duties required of him by law in relation to the propagation and preservation of food fishes, which sum the State Treasurer shall, from time to time, pay to the said Commissioner on the warrant of the Auditor, as vouchers therefor shall be duly exhibited to said Auditor and approved by the Governor.

SECTION 2. The further sum of thirty-five hundred dollars is hereby appropriated for the above purposes for the year commencing July 1, 1882, and ending June 30, 1883, to be audited, paid and allowed in like manner.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the Governor, within thirty days after the passage of this act, to appoint a suitable person, resident of this State, who, with the Governor and Fish Commissioner, shall constitute a board, whose duty it shall be to select and purchase a suitable location for a State establishment for the breeding and propagation of the better class of food fishes adapted to the waters of this State and to erect thereon suitable buildings for said purpose at as early a date as possible.

Answers to Correspondents.

T. P. M., Harrisburg.—For live quail write to W. W. Titus, Monticello, Florida.

K. K. C., Somers.—For result of Carver-Scott match see last issue of this paper.

J. W. W., Boston.—The license fee for non-residents shooting in Nova Scotia is $50.

S. A. M., Saginaw.—Prices of Kemp's books have advanced. Exact figures in a few days.

J. F. F., Alta, Iowa.—The process you refer to is probably the heliograph, which is for sale by most stationers.

W. B. C., Ithaca, N. Y.—We know nothing of the rifle. There is a rifle attachment to the Baker gun, but it is not a repeater.

C. W. L., Northfield, Vt.—The guns are of good make and the attachment is useful if you are shooting where large game may be met.

TWENTY-EIGHT FEET.—Our time is fully occupied for a month with similar work. Refer you to yacht designers advertising in our columns.

S., Troy.—The originator of the boiler can advise you best. It would be a good deal of an experiment Write to the source of your information.

C. D., Portsmouth, Va.—See article in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb 24, on "Breeding, Training and Care of Beagle Hounds." Please send full name and address.

J. H. M., East Saginaw.—What kind of pistol (maker, calibre, length of barrel and weight) is used in the principal galleries of your city? Ans. 10 inch barrel, 22 cal., generally Stevens make. Very light pull.

A. D. E., Irvington, N. Y.—Yesterday while sleighriding I saw five robins and a blue bird. Is it not unusual to see either of the above birds as far north as this at this time of the year? Ans. No, not particularly so. See recent issues of FOREST AND STREAM.

W. R. A.—Can a gun chambered for the long .38 cal. cartridge be chambered for the extra long cartridge of the same cal. and do as good shooting with the latter cartridge as it made for it, or if not how much would be lost from its original accuracy? and would it be accurate enough for hunting and general purposes? Ans. Yes.

G.—1. What do you charge per vol. for binding FOREST AND STREAM? 2. Will fish after being frozen in a cake of ice be alive when thawed out? 3. Will a gun burst or injure you if it has say an inch of snow or mud in the barrel near the muzzle? Ans. 1. $1.50. 2 Sometimes, see FOREST AND STREAM, vol. 15, page 428. 3. Extremely likely to.

S., Woonsocket.—You applied the correct receipt. Perhaps your canvas was of too open a texture. Another receipt is: Boil 12 ozs. beeswax in 1 gal. of oil for two hours; paint with this a couple of times. A third is to add 6 ozs of best yellow soap to 1½ pint of water and when boiling add 5 lbs of ground spruce ochre, 5 lbs of boiled linseed oil and ½ lb patent driers.

S. J., Pittsburgh, Pa.—I have just bought five dozen of live quail Please be so kind and let me know what month of the year is the best to put them out, as I intend using them for stocking purposes and how to put them out, whether in pairs, or how? Ans. Do not turn the birds out before May and then four at a time; two males and two females. Spread them over as much ground as possible.

F. W. V., Elizabeth.—Two parties shoot a match at 100 Birds, Hurlingham rules to govern. They shot a tie and, no provision having been made for a tie, the referee declared the match a draw and all bets off. A bets B that had odds been bet, say 2 to 1, that the money should have been divided, and not declared off. Will you please have the question decided? Ans. The referee was right. Bets were off and each man's money should be returned.

W. H. Y., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—1. Are the salmon rivers on the Island of Anticosti leased to individuals? 2. Is the fishing (salmon and sea trout), in your opinion, enough better on the Island to compensate for the trouble of the trip? 3. When do the packets leave Gaspe for the Island, or is the time uncertain, depending upon the wind, etc.? 4. How many canoes are necessary for a party of four, and how many Indians should we take? 5. Is it the best plan to take our tents with us from the States, or can we hire tents at Gaspe? Can we get any accommodations on the Island at the houses of any of the settlers near the fishing grounds? 6. How is the climate? 7. Are the flies particularly bad? 8. Can you give us the name of any responsible party at Gaspe, or anywhere else, who has been on the Island or Anticosti, or is posted as to the fishing? Ans.—1. They are offered each year for lease. They are controlled by the Government. Write to W. F. Whitcher, Esq., Commissioner of Fisheries, Ottawa, Ont., for specific information 2. Yes; if you like to get out of the beaten path. 3. They are irregular, they wait for wind, tide and passengers; you can't tell until you get there. 4 and 5. The number of canoes and Indians depends somewhat on your tastes and the amount of your luggage. Some parties of four would get along with one canoe and two men, but this does not allow much baggage, four canoes and four men would be better, and if you go with big tents, much clothing and canned goods you will need more. Take your tents with you unless you stop with the natives, and then when you would want them for excursions. 6. Good. 7. No; except at certain times when weather has been damp for a while and clears up suddenly. 8. Write to the Postmaster.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—[Adv.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Old men, tottering round from Rheumatism, Kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost new by using Hop Bitters freely.

ATTENTION IS CALLED to the advertisement of J. Palmer O'Neil, which, like all the FOREST AND STREAM's advertisements in fact, is entertaining reading. Mr. O'Neil's notes will interest those who are contemplating the purchase of a fine gun.

JAS. E. GRUEB & CO. of Philadelphia, Pa., have a select and extensive stock of fine guns of the best grade; and report trade good in the City of Brotherly Love.

SINCLAIR'S EASY CHAIRS are known all over the United States and Canadas. They are by all odds the most comfortable chair ever made; and in them may be found the coldest kind of cold comfort. No family circle is complete without them.

Fish Culture.

REPORT OF THE MAINE COMMISSION.

THE report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine, for the year 1880, has been received and we have made some extracts from it, in a former number, relating to the game. They report that the result of the year's work has been satisfactory and an unusual amount of work done. Four large and important fishways have been built on the Penobscot and its tributary branch, the Mattawamkeag. Two have been built on the Kennebec, one at Augusta and one at Waterville, and one on the Androscoggin, at Brunswick, where no salmon have been seen above the dam since its erection one hundred years ago.

Shad were placed in the Kennebec and Penobscot and half a million of whitefish eggs have been received from the U. S. F. C.

The Commissioners disclaim having more to do with the sporting side of fish and game than the farmers have, their duties being to produce food, yet since their appointment there has been an increase of fish which has drawn anglers into the State who have left more money behind them than the value of the fish taken, to which they refer as follows: "For the importance of this travel, its gold-bearing results as compared to our mines, and to our other industrial resources, we must refer you to our hotel keepers and our railroad superintendents."

The run of salmon in the Penobscot in 1879 was larger than for many years, but the run of 1880 was larger, a fact attributed to artificial culture by Mr. James M. Treat, of Stockton, who owns the large salmon fisheries at Cape Jellison. There has been a large return of salmon to the Mattawamkeag, where they have been shut out for many years, which goes some way toward proving that the fish return to their place of planting, and the Commissioners, to confirm this, quote from an article by Prof. Henry Youle Hind on "the egg of the salmon," written for FOREST AND STREAM in the number for October 7, 1880.

Salmon have taken the fly on the Penobscot and the Wassattaquoik, in spite of stories afloat that they would not, the commissioners having so taken as many as ten in one afternoon. A hotel at the Hunk farm is already projected and a rush of anglers is predicted over the railroads to Mattawamkeag and the East branch of the Penobscot. The success of salmon restoration is now beyond all cavil an accepted fact, as much as wheat culture, or any other food product and they say that they can never again trust to the natural production of the fish fields for salmon or trout crops.

Their dividend of salmon eggs, this year, from Orland, will be 330,000, to which Prof. Baird has added 250,000, making 580,000. Dividend of land-locked salmon eggs from Grand Lake stream, is 120,000, and they are promised 1,000,000 young shad for the Kennebec and Penobscot, 500,000 Michigan whitefish eggs, (for Rangeley,) and 50,000 California trout, (*Salmo iridea*). They require a hatching house for the Penobscot, at either Mattawamkeag, Bancroft or Danforth. The salmon eggs this year will be hatched at Bangor, from necessity, the temperature of the water in Orland being so high that the fish would be ready for distribution before the ice was out of the streams. A hatching house has been extemporized at Bangor, in a store on Broad street, using the Holly water in the troughs. For the Kennebec, the salmon eggs will be hatched at the house built for and owned by the Kineo House proprietors. The total number of fish eggs to be hatched in Maine this winter will be about 2,000,000.

Several hundred salmon taken at Bucksport for purposes of propagation have been labelled with platimm tags affixed to the dorsal fin, a record of each of these salmon has been kept, and each tag has a reference number.

Any one obtaining possession or knowledge of any of these marked salmon at any future time is requested to send the tag to the Commissioners, or to C. G. Atkins, Esq., Bucksport, with such account of it as may be possible, and it is hoped by yearly marking all the adult salmon caught and liberated in the Penobscot River to learn more of their habits.

Besides their desire to obtain a report of every marked salmon that may be caught in the future, they wish especially that, whenever possible, some of these salmon may be delivered *alive* to Mr. C. G. Atkins, at Bucksport, to be placed in the breeding establishment at Orland. An extra price will be paid for these fish.

A TERRAPIN FARM.

A FEW days ago an article clipped from a Washington paper appeared in the *Register*, giving a description of Senator Dennis's terrapin farm in Maryland. As we have something of the sort to boast of in the neighborhood of Mobile, it may not be amiss to give our readers a description of Mr. Mulford Dorlon's great terrapin farm at Cedar Point. This projection of land is on the western shore of Mobile Bay, about thirty miles below this city, and is inhabited principally by oystermen who reap golden harvests from the many beds which furnish nearly every oyster brought to the port of Mobile. Mr. Dorlon, who keeps a store at this point, has about three acres fenced in with strong pilings. Leading to this inclosure are two canals, one on the bay side and the other on the gulf side, which supply with salt water a number of ditches ten feet wide and 100 feet long. The sand accumulating from the excavation of these ditches is thrown on each side, and used by the terrapin to sun themselves and lay their eggs in, which, if counted, would go up in the millions, and can be raked up by the bushel. In the winter season the terrapins remain imbedded in the sand of the ditches where they stay until spring time, never touching a morsel of food. A system of sluices enables Mr. Dorlon to keep the ditches full of salt water, or drain them at pleasure, and he is not at all dependent on the tide.

The number of terrapins on the farm, as can be ascertained and by the closest calculation, is between 20,000 and 25,000, and in the course of the next three or four years will be something hard to calculate. About May 1 Mr. Dorlon makes his purchase of terrapins from the country people of the Mississippi Sound, and takes all he can secure at $3 a dozen, and that generally averages about 8,000 a year added to his farm, outside of those bred therein. The inhabitants of Mississippi and Alabama hunt the terrapins with dogs trained for that purpose. The dog barks when he finds one, and the hunter immediately secures it by going to the spot where the dog points.

The cost of feeding the terrapins, which, as we have said, is only done in the summer, is about $1 per dozen for the season, and the price per dozen in New York has varied from $18 to $8. The food, which consists of crabs and fish, is caught with a seine, in front of the farm, and really very little expense is attached to the raising of these valuable land tortoises. Mr. Dorlon begins to ship about Oct. 1, and then on to about May 10. He generally sends his to Savannah by rail, and thence to New York by steamer, averaging about 12,000 a season, and, had it not been for a disastrous hurricane, which some time ago washed out Mr. Dorlon's farm, it would to-day be the greatest terrapin farm in the world. He can always ship all he can get, for there is a ready market for these delicacies.—*Mobile (Ala.,) Register.*

I have just heard of an instance where a United States Senator is supported by terrapins. Senator Dennis, of Maryland, as my information goes, has about twelve acres of land put down in a pond that is fed by salt water. This pond makes the largest terrapin farm probably in the world, and is the source of a heavy income. In it terrapins are raised for the market, and it is said that over 12,000 "counts" have been sold from it in one year. It may be noted, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that a "count" is a terrapin over seven inches in length, and that "counts" are sold by number, bringing from $10 to $14 a dozen, or about $1 each. In market they retail for about $20 a dozen, and in the fashionable restaurants are served at $1.50 a plate, one terrapin filling about three plates. Smaller terrapins are sold at lower figures, but all bring good figures, and are "diamond" backs in fact as well as in name. There are several terrapin ponds in Maryland, and they grow in importance as "terrapin stew, Maryland style," is becoming more and more popular among high livers.—*Atlanta, (Ga.,) Constitution.*

PACKING EGGS.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, Maine, Jan. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Possibly some of your readers may be interested in the results of some experiments I have tried in materials for the protection of packages of fish eggs *in transitu*.

Several years ago I packed some boxes, holding about one cubic foot each, with wet and dry sawdust and wet sphagnous moss and exposed them to the outer air on a cold winter's night, the temperature ranging from 2 degs. to 8 degs. On opening them it was found that the frost had penetrated the dry sawdust in the box through and through, freezing a bit of wet moss in its centre; that it had penetrated the wet sawdust one and five-eighths inches from the sides and the wet moss one inch from the sides. I suppose the theory of latent heat given out by freezing objects explains the superiority of the wet over the dry materials.

A few days since we packed large cases, such as we use in shipping eggs, with egg-boxes full of wet moss, surrounded severally with dry sawdust, dry moss and dry forest leaves, and exposed them for thirty-six hours to a temperature averaging 10½ degrees Fahrenheit. The envelope of sawdust, moss and leaves was in each case three inches thick and the other cases made of half-inch pine. At the end of the period of exposure the cases were opened and found to be all penetrated by the frost to the inner boxes, in which the wet moss was frozen to the following depths: in the sawdust case; three-eighths of an inch; in the dry-moss case, one-eighth of an inch, nearly; in the dry-leaves case, one-eighth of an inch, nearly—showing the inferiority of the sawdust and the approximate equality of the leaves and moss. It requires a very careful test to determine whether the moss is at all superior to the leaves. The leaves used were mainly beech. The moss was *Sphagnum* from a bog, or "heath," as it is universally called by the inhabitants of this region.

The sphagnum moss I have always used for the inner packages of fish eggs. For two years past I have employed it largely for outside packing, for which purpose we have to pull and dry it in August—a very troublesome operation, which we would gladly avoid. I am pleased to find that forest leaves stand the test so well, for they are very easily gathered at the proper season. Wet moss would doubtless be the most complete non-conductor of heat, but it would be so heavy that I question the economy of using it.

I think that for protection of egg packages against heat the best available means would be an envelope of frozen moss. It could be frozen in the case, or perhaps more expeditiously, in broad, thin plates, which would hold together well enough to be afterward put in position in the case. This would surely outlast several packings of ice. In warm weather doubtless the moss could be frozen by some easy process. It occurs to me that this mode of packing might, in many cases, be profitably applied to the transportation of fish and meats in hot weather. C. G. ATKINS.

A NEW TENNESSEE COMMISSIONER.—The Nashville *American* says: "Mr. H. H. Sneed, of Chattanooga, has been appointed Fish Commissioner for East Tennessee. He is a thorough scholar and an earnest advocate of fish culture and protection in our State. His able lectures have contributed materially to the advancement of this new industry. With such Commissioners as Mr. H. H. Sneed, for East Tennessee, Col. Geo. F. Akers, for Middle Tennessee, and Judge W. W. McDowell, for West Tennessee, we may expect good results; and, with the aid of our present General Assembly to give us good and wholesome laws, our streams may soon be filled with every variety of fish in their primitive abundance."

GROWTH OF CARP IN CALIFORNIA—*San Francisco, Feb. 9.*—I have been much interested in the report of the growth of carp in America as collected by Mr. Fred Mather from the reports in FOREST AND STREAM and read before the Central Fish Cultural Society, at Chicago. We have also some carp which have grown rapidly and when we draw our ponds this coming summer for young fish we will have something to report in this matter of rapid growth. In the meantime we can say that the carp have grown in our ponds to an average of eight inches in length in ten months from the egg.

The evidence is beginning to accummulate that carp and catfish, *Amiurus albidus*, do not do well in the same pond. I think that the catfish increase at the expense of the carp and my suspicion is that the catfish eat the eggs of the carp. I will know more of this in a few months, however. R. B. REDDING.

Commissioner of Fisheries.

SMELTS FOR FRESH WATER.—Now is the time for our inland friends who contemplate planting this delicate fish in their spring lakes to make arrangements. The fish lives equally well in salt or fresh water and always comes into the latter to spawn. Otsego Lake, N. Y., has begun it and Mr. Fairbank is contemplating their introduction to the waters of Geneva Lake, Wis. The excellent little smelts of the Hackensack and Raritan rivers, N. J., are deservedly the favorites, notwithstanding they seldom grow over five inches in length. They sell in the markets for twenty-five cents per pound, when the large Eastern smelts of a quarter of a pound only bring five to ten. The large striped bass, *Roccus lineatus*, would also be a grand addition to large lakes, even to Lake Michigan and the other great ones.

A FALSE REPORT.—A short time ago we read in the Cape Ann *Advertiser* that Captain J. W. Collins, of the U. S. Fish Commission, was about to proceed to Lapland in the fishery interests of the German Government, and recently saw in the Fischerei *Zeitung*, of Stettin, Germany, an account of the Captain having received an order from the Swedish Government to go to Lapland and establish a fish hatchery. Thinking it queer that we should have to go so far from home to learn the news, we dropped the captain a line, and he replies under date of Washington, D. C., Feb. 22d. "You see the item before you about Lapland. I *have not* received any order from the Swedish, or any other government, to build a hatchery in Lapland, and the statement that I have received such an appointment is as much a surprise to me as to you, and one that I am in no way responsible for. Should such an unlikely event ever occur I shall certainly give you the facts for the FOREST AND STREAM. J. W. COLLINS."

CASTRATING CARP.—We have often heard of this mode of producing large carp, but never had a very clear idea of it, and have not yet, for that matter, but our attention has just been called to an article in the London *Fishing Gazette*, by Mr. J. Harrington Keene, who says: "For the purpose of accelerating the growth and improving the size of carp, a method of castrating carp—a sort of capousing process—was shown Sir Hans Sloane by a Mr. Tull. Sir Hans subsequently showed it to George IV., and gave a full description to Mr. Geoffrey, of the Paris Academy of Science. It appears from this that the ovary leads out of the part termed the cloaca, and the experiments consists in severing its ligamentary muscles and the membrane, and after closing the wounds by means of a silk thread. The fish is afterward returned to the water and the result is said to be an increase of voraciousness and a decidedly superior flavor when brought to the table.

CARP IN UTAH.—Prof. Joseph L. Barfoot, Fish Commissioner of Utah, is introducing the carp and notifies all who have ordered them to be in readiness to receive them. Prof. Barfoot labors under the disadvantage of having no funds provided by the Legislature to enable him to work. Still he is entitled to great credit for perserving and working up public opinion to the great advantages of fish culture, and for introducing the carp without funds to meet the transportation bills unless those who wish them for their own waters relieve him of the burden. Utah should give the Professor a helping hand in his good work.

THE FISH COMMISSION.—A few days ago, Maj. Ferguson, of the U. S. F. C., came to New York and, with the assistance of State Com'r. Blackford, chartered a well-smack to take 1,000 live cod to Hampton Roads, where they will be kept until ripe and their eggs hatched for deposit in the Chesapeake. It is expected to make new fishing grounds for this fish in Southern waters. There have been lively times on the "Fish Hawk" and "Lookout" for some time, and they are now in readiness for business. Early this month they will begin shad hatching in Albemarle Sound.

The Kennel.

April 1, at Columbia, Tenn.—Close of entries, National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Joseph H. Dew, Secretary.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building. Third avenue and Sixty-third street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, superintendent, No. 138 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,709, New York City.

NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.

RULES.

This Bench Show will be held under the following rules:

1. The term dog, where used in these rules, is general in its application, and includes bitches and puppies, unless they are otherwise mentioned. The term puppy is restricted to dogs under one year of age.

2. Every person who enters a dog for exhibition must be the *bona-fide* owner (or the duly authorized agent of the owner) at the time of closing the entries, and must identify it in the entry by its name, and, if known, its age, and also, if known, the names of its sire and dam. If the name of a dog which has won a first prize has been changed, its name at the time of its winning any and every such prize, and the place thereof, as well as its present name, must be given. If the names of its sire and dam are not known, it must be entered, "pedigree unknown."

3. If a dog shall be entered without being identified as directed in Rule 2, it may, in the discretion of the Board of Managers, be disqualified from competition.

4. Puppies may compete in grown classes, except in classes where they are specially excluded, and will be judged as if matured, but cannot compete in more than one class.

5. A dog which has, when a puppy, won a first prize in a puppy class, is not thereby disqualified from competition in a class where first-class winners are excluded.

6. A dog, to compete in a champion class, must have won a first prize in an open class at Springfield, New York, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, St Paul or Pittsburgh; and a dog, having won a first prize at any show held as above, cannot compete in an open class when there is a champion class for its kind, but must compete in such champion class.

7. A dog affected with mange or other contagious disease is disqualified from exhibition, and may, in the discretion of the Board of Managers, be excluded or removed from the show, and forfeit any prize which may have been awarded to it.

8. In any class where there is only one dog entered for competition, if it possesses sufficient excellence to deserve a prize, the judge will award to it the prize which he is deserving of, whether it be first, second or third; and they are not to award a prize in any class where no dog possesses sufficient excellence to entitle it to a prize. In case two dogs in the same class possess equal merit, the dog with the better pedigree will be preferred in awarding the prize.

9. The decision of the judges will be final in all cases, except where mistake, fraud, misrepresentation or collusion can be shown. In any such case the Board of Appeals must decide all cases, and the dog may be rejudged.

10. Any question involving the merit of a dog to receive a prize can be brought before, or be determined by, the Board of Appeals.

11. All protests and charges must be made to the Board of Appeals in writing, and delivered to the Board of Managers.

12. Any person who has misconducted himself in any way in connection with dogs, dog shows, or field trials, may, in the discretion of the Board of Managers, be disqualified from exhibiting any dog at this show.

13. The Board of Managers shall have the right to exclude or remove any dog from the show for any cause appearing to the committee sufficient.

14. An imported English setter is understood to be one directly imported, or whose sire and dam were both imported.

15. Native English setter dogs may be entered in the imported classes, but no imported dog may be entered in the native classes.

16. No dog can be entered for competition in more than one regular class.

In addition to the foregoing, the following regulations will be strictly enforced:

1. No dog belonging to the Westminster Kennel Club will be entered for a premium; but members have the privilege of entering their own dogs.

2. It must be distinctly understood by all exhibitors that the managers will not be responsible for loss or damage to any dog exhibited, whether the result of accident or any other cause.

3. It is desired that with each entry the exhibitor will state the price at which he is willing to sell his dog; a prohibitory price being, of course, permitted.

4. An entry fee of $2 will be charged for each animal entered, and no additional fee will be charged for entries for special prizes. The entry fee *must in all cases* accompany the entry, and includes care and feed for dogs during the exhibition.

5. All entries must be made on blanks furnished by the superintendent, and can be had on application at his office, 138 Fulton street.

6. The entries close on Monday, April 11, and as soon thereafter as practible each exhibitor will receive a ticket of identification and a numbered tag corresponding with the stall number of his dog. When the dog is brought to the exhibition-hall the tag *must* be attached to the collar, and the person accompanying the dog must show his ticket of identification before the animal will be received. Therefore exhibitors are requested not to lose their tags, nor to put them on the dogs, when practicable, until a few moments before they are presented at the door; and in case of dogs coming by express, their tags must be firmly nailed to the crates.

7. Each exhibitor will receive a separate ticket of identification for every animal entered, which must be carefully preserved, as no dog will be permitted to pass out of the building at night until its owner deposits five dollars and surrenders this ticket to the check-clerk.

8. Exhibitors will be permitted to take home their dogs every evening after ten o'clock, upon leaving a deposit of five dollars with the check-clerk and surrendering their identification-tickets, both of which will be returned on the reproducing of the dog in the morning before nine o'clock. If prize-winners should be taken out and not returned, the prizes will be forfeited.

9. All dogs must be removed and returned by the Sixty-fourth street entrance.

10. Exhibitors need not accompany their dogs. They can be sent direct to the exhibition hall.

11. The managers will use due diligence for the care and safety of all dogs exhibited—watchmen will be on duty both night and day.

12. The members of the committee and managers will be in constant attendance, and especial attention will be given to the care of pet dogs, commodious boxes with wire netting being provided for the same. Each of these boxes will have a hasp and staple attached, so that the owners may, if they see fit, keep their dogs under padlock and key.

13. The managers will meet every afternoon to receive complaints. Cases for the Committee of Appeal will be submitted through the managers. All communications must be made in writing and deposited in a box at the office, provided for the same.

14. No dog will be received unless supplied with a suitable leather collar and chain.

15 Bitches with pup, and small pups weaned, will be provided with suitable pens, if application is made at time of *entry*.

16. No dogs, except those from abroad, will be received before 7 A. M., Monday, April 25, or after 8 A. M., Tuesday, the 26th. All dogs will be received at the Sixty-fourth street entrance.

17. The show will be open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. each day.

18. The judging will commence promptly each morning at 10 o'clock and continue until 1 o'clock, and also from 2 P. M. until 6 P. M. During these hours no dog shall be taken out of its stall, not even by its owner; and if any dog is not found in its stall when called by the judges, the judging will proceed without it. *This rule will be rigidly enforced, in order that the judging be not retarded.* Owners are requested to be near their dogs, and, when the class is called, to bring their animals into the judging-ring. Owners who cannot be present should notify the superintendent, that their dogs may be taken in the ring for them.

19. Ribbons will be attached to the stalls of the prize-winners as soon as practicable after the awards have been made.

20. Railway arrangements for the transportation of dogs are in course of completion with all railway companies centering in New York, and will be duly announced.

21. Exhibitors, whose entrance fees amount to $4 or more, will be furnished with a season ticket free.

22. All disputed questions, except those of merit, in any way connected with the judging, will be referred to and decided by a committee composed, if possible, of members of the Massachusetts, Philadelphia and Westminster Kennel Clubs, who will act as a Board of Appeals.

23. No dog can be permanently removed from the building until 10 o'clock on Friday night.

The judges will be requested to make their decisions in conformity with the scales of points given in the third edition of the "Dogs of the British Islands;" but exhibitors are reminded that the decisions will not be reconsidered, except in the cases provided for by Rule 10. And should a judge fail to comply with the above request, it will not be deemed such a mistake as is provided for by the said rule.

PREMIUM LIST.

In the following list where one prize is named it is for the best; where two, they are for the first and second; and where three, for the first, second and third.

Class 1. Champion Mastiffs—Dogs, silver medal.
Class 2. Champion Mastiffs—Bitches, silver medal.
Class 3. Mastiffs—Dogs, $15, $10, silver medal.
Class 4. Mastiffs—Bitches, $15, $10, silver medal.
Class 5. Mastiff Puppies—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 6. Champion Rough-Coated St. Bernard Dogs, silver medal.
Class 7. Champion Rough-Coated St. Bernard Bitches, silver medal.
Class 8. Rough-Coated St. Bernard Dogs, $15, $10, silver medal.
Class 9. Rough-Coated St. Bernard Bitches, $15, $10, silver medal.
Class 10. Champion Smooth-Coated St. Bernard Dogs, silver medal.
Class 11. Champion Smooth-Coated St. Bernard Bitches, silver medal.
Class 12 Smooth-Coated St. Bernard Dogs, $15, $10, silver medal.
Class 13. Smooth-Coated St. Bernard Bitches, $15, 10, silver medal.
Class 14. St. Bernard Puppies—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 15. Newfoundland Dogs, $10, silver medal.
Class 16. Newfoundland Bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 17. Newfoundland Puppies—Dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 18. Siberian or Elm Dogs or Bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 19. Greyhounds—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 20. Deerhounds—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 21. Champion Pointers, over 55 lbs.—Dogs, $30.
Class 22. Champion Pointers, over 50 lbs.—Bitches, $30.
Class 23. Pointers over 55 lbs.—Dogs, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 24. Pointers over 50 lbs.—Bitches, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 25. Champion Pointers, under 55 lbs.—Dogs, $30.
Class 26. Champion Pointers, under 50 lbs.—Bitches, $30.
Class 27. Pointers, under 55 lbs.—Dogs, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 28. Pointers, under 50 lbs.—Bitches, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 29. Pointer Puppies, under 12 mos.—Dogs, $10, silver medal.
Class 30. Pointer Puppies, under 12 months old—Bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 31. Champion English Setters—Dogs, $30.
Class 32. Champion English Setters—Bitches, $30.
Class 33. Imported English Setters—Dogs, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 34. Imported English Setters—Bitches, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 35. Native English Setters—Dogs, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 36. Native English Setters—Bitches, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 37. English Setter Puppies, under 12 months—Dogs, $10, silver medal.
Class 38. English Setter Puppies, under 12 months—Bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 39. Champion Black and Tan Setters—Dogs, $30.
Class 40. Champion Black and Tan Setters—Bitches, $30.
Class 41. Black and Tan Setters—Dogs, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 42. Black and Tan Setters—Bitches, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 43. Black and Tan Setter Puppies, under 12 months—Dogs, $10, silver medal.
Class 44. Black and Tan Setter Puppies, under 12 months—Bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 45. Champion Irish Setters—Dogs, $30.
Class 46. Champion Irish Setters—Bitches, $30.
Class 47. Irish Setters—Dogs, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 48. Irish Setters—Bitches, $25, $15, silver medal.
Class 49. Irish Setter Puppies, under 12 months—Dogs, $10, silver medal.
Class 50. Irish Setter Puppies, under 12 months—Bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 51. Irish Water Spaniels—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 52. Field Spaniels (large size), dogs over 28 lbs.; bitches over 25 lbs.—$10, $5, silver medal.
Class 53. Cocker Spaniels—Dogs, under 28 lbs., $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 54. Cocker Spaniels—Bitches, under 25 lbs., $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 55. Cocker or Field Spaniels, Puppies under 12 months—Dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 56. Foxhounds, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 57. Beagles—Dogs, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 58. Beagles—Bitches, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 59. Dachshunds—Dogs or bitches, $10 silver medal.
Class 60. Champion Fox Terriers—Dogs, silver medal.
Class 61. Champion Fox Terriers—Bitches, silver medal.
Class 62. Fox Terriers—Dogs, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 63. Fox Terriers—Bitches, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 64. Fox Terrier Puppies, under 12 months—Dogs, silver medal.
Class 65. Fox Terrier Puppies, under 12 months—Bitches, silver medal.
Class 66. Champion Collies—Dogs, silver medal.
Class 67. Champion Collies—Bitches, silver medal.
Class 68. Collies—Dogs, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 69. Collies—Bitches, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 70. Bulldogs—Dogs or bitches, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 71. Bull Terriers—Dogs or bitches, over 25 lbs., $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 72. Bull Terriers—Dogs or bitches, under 25 lbs., $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 73. Bull Terrier Puppies—Dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 74. Champion Skye Terriers—Dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 75. Skye Terriers—Dogs or bitches, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 76. Champion Pugs—Dogs, silver medal.
Class 77. Champion Pugs—Bitches, silver medal.
Class 78. Pugs—Dogs, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 79. Pugs—Bitches, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 80. Pugs (Puppies)—Dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 81. Rough-Haired Terriers—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal
Class 82. Black and Tan Terriers—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 83. Dandie Dinmont Terriers—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 84. Irish Terriers—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 85. Champion Yorkshire Terriers, Blue and Tan, over 5 lbs.—Dogs or bitches, silver medal.

Class 86. Yorkshire Terriers, Blue and Tan, over 5 lbs.—Dogs or bitches, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 87. Champion Yorkshire Terriers, Blue and Tan, under 5 lbs.—Dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 88. Yorkshire Terriers, Blue and Tan, under 5 lbs.—Dogs or bitches, $10, $5, silver medal.
Class 89. Toy Terriers, other than Yorkshire, under 5 lbs.—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 90. King Charles or Blenheim Spaniels—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 91. Japanese Spaniels—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 92. Italian Greyhounds—Dogs or bitches, $10, silver medal.
Class 93. Miscellaneous (or Foreign Class)—Dogs or bitches, not specified in the above classification—$15, $10, $5, silver medal, silver medal.
Entries close April 11.

NEWPORT DOG SHOW.

THE first annual Poultry and Bench Show held under the auspices of the Aquidneck Agricultural Society, was held at Newport, R. I., on February 23, 24 and 25, 1881. The following is a brief of the rules governing the exhibition:

All dogs must be at the hall at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 24th of February, when the entries will close. An entrance fee of fifty cents charged on all dogs, which includes their food, water and care, as well as ticket for the exhibition. Every dog must be supplied with collar and chain. Exhibitors will be permitted to take home their dogs after 10 o'clock each evening, after receiving permission from the Superintendent. The judging in all classes will be done by gentlemen competent for the position. Dogs will be judged by rules of the Westminster Kennel Club, and poultry by the American Standard of Excellence. Mr. Michael McCarty will have entire charge of the dogs during the exhibition and his long experience well fits him for the position. The managers will use due diligence for the care and safety of all dogs exhibited, watchman being on duty day and night.

Considering that very few dogs were exhibited which did not belong to Newport, the show was really very good. There were about ninety entries, very nicely gotten up. Diplomas were given for first and second prizes, but no money. It is rumored that there will be another show in September. The judges of setters, pointers, foxhounds, New Foundlands, collies and spaniels, were Messrs. Russell Forsyth and George L. Collins, of Newport, R. I., and Dr. Handy, of Fall River, Mass. Of terriers, bull terriers, and other non-sporting dogs, Messrs. Al. Watts and John P. Barnard, Jr., of Boston, Mass.

The judges from Boston stated that the exhibition in some respects exceeded any which have been given in that city for the past two years, for quality, although, of course, the number was much smaller. The show was governed by the following gentlemen who constituted the officers and committee of the society: President, Mr. Albert C. Landers; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Melville Bull; Committee of Management, Messrs. James H. Hammett, Howard Smith, William O. Green, John T. Trip, George P. Lawton, H. P. Hamilton, Henry T. Easton and James A. Greene, all of Newport R. I.

The Beacon Kennel of Boston was represented by Mr John P. Barnard, Jr., who exhibited three English bulldogs, Bonyboy, Southbank and Judy. A Yorkshire terrier weighing four pounds, the property of Mr. Al. Watts, of Boston, attracted much attention; its hair which touches the ground after being parted on the back, measures seven and a half inches in length. There was a fine English setter bitch, Belfast, the property of Mr. H. V. Blankenship, of Fall River, Mass.

Subjoined is the full list of awards, the names of the dogs having been omitted in many cases:

LIST OF AWARDS.

English Setter Dogs—1st, Dash (N. Hathaway, Fall River, Mass.); 2d, R. M. Livingston, New York; 3d, Count Morris (A. Mercer Fell, Newport, R. I.).
English Setter Bitches—1st, Opal (N. Hathaway, Fall River, Mass.); 2d, Geo. L. Collins, Newport, R. I.
Gordon Setters—1st, A. P. Baker, Newport, R. I. Puppies—1st, Geo. L. Collins, Newport, R. I.
Irish Water Spaniels—1st, Sam'l Engs, Jr., Newport, R. I.
Cocker Spaniel Dogs—1st, J. E. Kline, Newport, R. I.
Cocker Spaniel Bitches—1st, J. E. Kline, Newport, R. I. Puppies—1st, J. E. Kline, Newport, R. I.
Ulm Dogs—1st, Sultan (A. V. Schade, Newport, R. I.).
Ulm Bitches—1st, Tiger (A. V. Schade, Newport, R. I.). Puppies—1st, Poppy (A. V. Schade, Newport, R. I.); 2d, Sam (Mr. McLeod, Newport, R. I.).
Newfoundlands—1st, Benj. Bliven, Jr., Newport, R. I.
Fox Hounds—Dogs—1st, A. Wilbor; 2d, John T. Tripp, Newport, R. I.
Dachshunds Dog—1st, Wm. H. Mayer, Newport, R. I.
Scotch Stag Hounds Dog—1st to E. B. Harrington; Newport, R. I.
Collie Dogs—1st, Wm. Maher, Newport, R. I.
Collie Bitches—1st. W. Andrews, Newport, R. I.
Scotch Collie Puppies—1st, W. Andrews; 2d, Wm. Maher.
Welch Collie Bitches—1st, Mrs. Lily S. Clymer, Newport, R. I.
Black and Tan Bitches—1st, James R. Palmer, Newport, R. I.
Kennel Terrier—1st, J. Fox, Newport, R. I.
Fox Terrier Bitches, with pups—1st, B. Foxhall Keene, Newport, R. I.
Large Yorkshire Terriers—1st, Arnold Freeborn; 2d, P. Fagan, Newport, R. I.
Yorkshire Terriers—2d, Miss E. H. Stimson, Newport, R. I.
Black Terrier Puppies—1st, James Carey; 2d, W. S. Cooper, Newport, R. I.
Blue Terriers—1st, W. H. Dewick; 2d, James Carey.
Toy Terriers—1st, Robert Carey, Newport; 2d, W. S. Cooper; 3d, James Carey.
Dalmatian Dog—1st, T. T. Bowler, Newport, R. I.
Bull Terrier Bitch, with pups—1st, W. P. Davenport, Newport, R. I.; 2d, W. C. Davenport, Providence, R. I.
Bull Terrier Dogs—1st. Wm. C. Davenport; 2d, William Slavin, Newport, R. I.
Miscellaneous Class—W. P. Davenport, bull mastiff; John Black, Newport, R. I., Swiss bloodhound; Samuel McLeod, one-half St. Bernard and Newfoundland; John Carridan, Newport, R. I., St. Bernard; J. P. Barker, Newport, R. I., Newfoundland bitch with pups.

POINTS FOR JUDGING THE POINTER.

[From Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog."]

The Head should be rather wide between the ears, and of substantial appearance. It should not be in one straight line from occiput to nose; on the contrary, there should be a decided fall at the stop, which should be well developed, as also the occipital protuberance should be.

The Muzzle should be long, wide and blunt.

The nose must be large and moist, not black, but dark liver or flesh colored. A black nose is an especial blemish in a lemon and white dog.

The Jaws should be powerful, with the teeth meeting evenly.

The Lips should be fairly well developed, but not to any great extent, as in the bloodhound.

The Eyes.—The color depends upon the color of the dog, and are therefore either dark or light, as the case may be. They should be moderately well developed, as a pig-eyed pointer is an abomination few can stand.

The Ears should hang flat to the sides of the head, and be soft and thin, low set on and long, may be to reach the throat.

The Neck should be arched, and any dewlap is a serious fault.

The Shoulders moderately sloping, and well set up.

The Chest must not be too wide, as if so the dog's pace will be injured. It should be very deep.

The Body must be powerful-looking, and not too short, which is a fault, and well ribbed up. Loins particularly strong, and a little arched.

Fore-legs very strong and heavy in bone, and placed well under the body.

Fore-feet round and compact. Many authorities express admiration at the long hare-foot, but in our opinion there can be no question but that the cat-foot is infinitely preferable.

Hind-legs should be very muscular in thighs, with stifles turning out a little. Hocks powerful, and turning inward very slightly, on account of the outward turn of the stifle joints.

The Stern short, and thick at root, but gradually tapering toward the tip. It must not be set on too low down, and should be carried straight out from the neck.

The Coat should be soft, but at the same time weather-resisting. Color is a point which has been already discussed above. Though many judges prefer to ignore the question of color, we are certainly of the opinion that liver and whites and lemon and whites are by far the most preferable on the show bench, if only on account of their beauty.

In General Appearance the pointer should show every evidence of a combination of strength and refinement. A coarse-looking dog should be avoided, as also should a light-boned one, for reasons already given.

According to custom we append a

STANDARD OF POINTS FOR JUDGING POINTERS.

Skull	5
Nose, ears and eyes	5
Neck and shoulders	5
Chest, depth and breadth	5
Body	5
Feet and legs	5
Coat	5
Stern	5
General appearance	10
	50

MORE COMMENTS.

JOCKEYING AT FIELD TRIALS—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 23.—I was disgusted at Whitford's own cheap advertisement; it was all about W., and what he could do. It was the emptying of ooze and slime of a "Western slough." I believe he never wrote a word of it. It is sufficient to converse with W. for but fifteen minutes to ascertain how illiterate the man is.

Columbia, Tenn., Feb. 10.—I have read with much pleasure the editorial comments on "Jockeying at Field Trials" in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 3d inst., and I thank the editor in behalf of all honest sportsmen for his well said and well-timed remarks, and the just rebuke he gave the dog-jockey Whitford. I hope he will handle all such in like manner.

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 10.—I think you have done the fair amateur, genteel sportsman a signal service in writing up and down the sly trickeries of Whitford & Co. The trials should either be purged and purified utterly, and all such felons cut off by the scalpel of fairness, or else relegated to the jockeys who may then snarl among and prey upon each other. As the trials were to be run as between two gentlemen shooting regularly alongside, it is plain no friend would throw his dog in ahead on another dog's birds already found, but would cause him to back or take the trail of side runners, not wearing another's laurels. I have heard others commend your article and many copies have been mailed to the sportsmen of the land, owners of the soil. You may reasonably expect to hear a howling wail from the stricken; the harder they are whipped the more painful the yell; but go for them whenever needed. The better and the larger portion of the sportsmen are with you and the right.

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 14.—I have heard many gentlemen express their thanks to you for your showing up in such a fearless way the sneaking trickery of Whitford. It may be agreeable to know you are sustained by those who are above all frauds, proven by stainless lives.

GORDON SETTERS.—The origin of the setters goes back to a very distant period and one which it is rather difficult to specify. They were used (says *La Basse Cour*) long before the pointers, who were not known very much before the beginning of the century, and they appear to have always been taken great care of in England. There are many points of resemblance between the setters and our large French spaniels and it is very certain that these dogs have the same origin. By careful selection and judicious pairing the English have, however, succeeded in giving a more elegant shape, more silky hair and, more than all, a keener scent and a swifter pace to their setters than we can boast. Half-bred setters are very common in England. The best known among them are the Gordons, the Laveracks and the Irish setters.

The Gordon setters should be placed in the first rank, because they appear to be called upon in our country to render more service than the others on account of the facility with which they can accommodate themselve to our sports and to different ground. Gordon setters of pure breed are magnificent animals, vigorous, very energetic and well made and they unite strength with great elegance. Their hair, though rather coarse, is generally less long than that of the other setters and this enables them to make their way more easily among the briars and furze; while, at the same time, as their feet are firm and well covered with hair, they do not hurt themselves on the hard and flinty ground which they have to go over in the rougher sports. They are able to endure great fatigue and they can bear the intense heat of summer better than any other kind of spaniel. The quest of the Gordons, though extensive and very active, is wise and prudent and is suited to the nature of the country which we live in. These dogs are usually so mild and docile that it is exceedingly easy to tame them and most satisfactory results are to be obtained by those who are willing to give a little attention to the business.

The color of the Gordons is a fixed one. They are black and yellow and many of them have a white mark on the chest. Breeders appear to have given their attention for a long time toward eliminating this white mark from the coats of their dogs. It is, however, well known that the setters of the Duke of Gordon were black, yellow and white and that the white color is only a sign of greater or less purity of blood. We think, therefore, that it is not reasonable to attach so much importance to this mark, which is certainly no disfigurement to a fine animal.—*Live Stock Journal.*

GREATEST WEIGHTS OF DOGS—San Francisco, Jan. 15.—I am a great lover of the dog and endeavor to own (as many as my limited means will allow) the best specimens of certain breeds. My object in addressing you this note is to give the dimensions of a splendid specimen I possess of the species known in natural history as the "Great Dane" (a smooth-haired dog), but erroneously classed at bench shows as the "Siberian blood hound." I am anxious to ascertain, through your courtesy and columns, if any of your many readers know of any larger dog, of any breed, and if so I will be very much obliged if they will send me his measurement. The dog I refer to took the first prize at the bench show in New York in 1879. His name is "Bruce." He stands 33 inches high at shoulder, 32 at the rump; is 6 feet 5 inches long from end of nose to tip of tail, 42 inches round the girth and 13 inches across the chest. He weighs, when in good condition, about 175 pounds. Just now he is in poor health; suffering from a skin disease. I have tried all sorts of remedies—sometimes with success. He is not four years old and yet his front upper and lower teeth are going fast. I give him few bones and feed him on oatmeal mush, soup meat and vegetables and cannot account for this loss. Perhaps one of your readers who owns this breed may know what causes it. I hear it is a peculiarity of the species. Bruce is the grandest looking dog I ever saw, gentle and active and looks like a young stallion when head and tail are erect. He goes into the water for sticks like a Newfoundland dog. I have seen notices of big dogs in your paper of the "Leonberg" breed, one of which stood, if I recollect aright, 34 inches at shoulder. But I never saw so large a dog, and now write to call out some information on the subject. I am very fond of big dogs and want to own the biggest and think we should do all in our power to improve the larger breeds in size and sagacity. A friend of mine is anxious to purchase an animal of this or any other good breed of grand proportions, and perhaps you can kindly assist him in his desire.
STUART M. TAYLOR.

NOTES FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.—The well-known smooth-coated St Bernard bitch Jura is dead. She was for a long time the property of the late Miss Aglionby. At the time of her death Jura belonged to Mr. W. H. Goddard, of Barrow-in-Furness. She was the winner of fifty-one firsts and forty-nine second prizes and was ten and a half years old.

It is said that the Rev. J. Cumming Macdona has withdrawn his name from the list of members of the English Kennel Club.

On the 18th January a valuable Newfoundland bitch belonging to Mr. T. Loader Brown, of Chardleigh Green, escaped from a crate in which she was traveling and was lost in the snow. For several days nothing was heard of the wanderer, but on Sunday, the 25th, two laborers, while passing over Beaminster Down, discovered the poor creature in a snowdrift. The dog appears to have been stopped, the chain attached to her collar having become entangled in a large root, which, to gain liberty, she had bravely gnawned through; but while doing this the chain became frozen to the ground within about six inches from the collar, so the poor animal was scarcely able to move. The men probed the snow with a pick, but the dog, not liking this mode of examination, growled and showed her teeth. The men, terrified, proceeded to Beaminster and asked Superintendent McHale to bring a gun to shoot the "devil," who was surely out on the Downs. Superintendent McHale quickly comprehended the case and, accompanying the men to the spot, soon relieved the imprisoned dog, which was returned to its owner, apparently none the worse for her six days' fast in the snow.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Regarding the Alexandra Palace Show, a correspondent writes to me: "I think the election of judges system should be altered. The Kennel Club Committee elected several of themselves as judges, while eight others of them exhibited thirty-four dogs and won £60. If don't look well."—SIRIUS, *in the Stock-Keeper.*

The report and balance-sheet of the Fox Terrier Club for the past year have just been issued and there is a balance of £119 13s. 7½d. to improve the fox terrier.—*The Stock-Keeper.*

BENEDICT.—We had a look the other day at the Lachine Kennel Club's recently imported black spaniel dog Benedict, Mr. G D Macdougal kindly bringing him, at our request, to our office. We found Benedict all that had been claimed for him, and a remarkably fine dog of his breed. He is about one year old. The Lachine Kennel Club imported him direct from the kennels of Mr. T. Jacobs, of Worlborough House, Newton Abbot, Devonshire, England, which have recently been so successful on the bench. Benedict is own brother to Squaw and Lass o' Devon, and brother in blood to the magnificent Kaffir, Zulu and Mr. A. H. Moore's imported Dash.

Subjoined we give the measurements of several celebrated English winners, contrasted with those of Benedict:

	Brush Bona.	Bach.	Bene.	Cock.	Cock.
			slor.	dict er	Nell er
Weight	40lbs	32lbs	36lbs	31lbs	23lbs
Height at shoulder	15in.	15in.	15in.	15in.	9in.
Length from tip of nose to set on of tail	38	35	32	33⅜	30
Length of tail	5	4	6	6½	13
Length of head from tip of nose to occiput	9¼	8	9¼	5¾	8½
Girth of neck	26	24½	25	22	23
Girth of head	16	14¼	17	15	14
Girth of nose half-way between tip and eyes	9	7½	9½	8¼	4
Girth of forearm	7	6½	7	—	5
Height from ground to elbow	—	—	7¾	8½	—

As we shall publish at an early date the chapters on spaniels from the advance sheets of Mr. Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," our readers will then have an opportunity of seeing what is said of this breed, which of late years has almost monopolized the classes provided at dog shows in England for spaniels other than Sussex and Clumbers. As a beautiful dog the black spaniel ranks very highly, while as a companion to the sportsman he is invaluable.

PHILADELPHIA GOSSIP—Philadelphia, Feb. 23.—The report is becoming quite general that a dog show is to be held in Philadelphia under the patronage and direction of a canine lover in our city, and one of my informants even went so far as to state that Mr. Chas. Lincoln would be the Superintendent. I give the news as I learned it—not on my own authority. None of the Philadelphia Kennel Club appear to know anything about it, nor do I think they will take a part, for the exhibition given not long since at the Industrial Art Building so thoroughly annoyed the gentlemen of the committee on account of its endless detail that it has several times been declared that nothing would induce them to take an active part again. Disputes arose during the exhibition, which were exceedingly distasteful to them, and they were forcibly obliged to resent unfounded charges made by dissatisfied exhibitors against the judges of their careful choosing—judges who were acting gratuitously (at least some of them) and whose position in society precluded any idea of unfair awards with their names. This they say they did not expect, when the names of the committee should have been a guarantee that the judges acted according to their honest convictions. Errors should not have been openly called frauds, as they were by some. Your correspondent need not comment upon the success of a well-managed bench show in this city. All that is necessary to insure a large display and attendance in our very conservative Quaker town is a co-operation on the part of the projector with the leading kennel-owners of the country and to insure the public that the exhibition would be such a one as a lady might attend without distate; for be it known that a great part of the display of non-sporting dogs is made by the fair sex and the interest taken by them and their fair friends in their pets' success runs very high at such times. HOMO.

VACCINATION—Piermont-on-Hudson.—In your issue of December 9 "Homo" writes that the French have recently inoculated young hunting dogs with vaccine virus to protect them from a disease (distemper) which decimates them when quite young, and it has proven quite successful. The French can hardly claim prior discovery in the use of vaccine virus as a preventive to distemper, as that prince of sportsmen, Col. Hawker, speaks of it in his work, "Wild Fowling." I have do doubt but it will prove a great benefit as a preventive, having vaccinated all my young dogs but one for the last ten years. Of those vaccinated none died of distemper; the one I neglected to vaccinate died of pneumonia. I have lately vaccinated Mr. F. Meyer's beautiful pure Laverack bitch puppy Rose Laverack, by Young Laverack out of Petrell II., and his lemon and white pointer bitch Snowflake, by Glenmark out of Girl. The mode of doing it is as follows: Get the points or quills, which generally have directions for use with them, but if they have not, dip one in clean, cold water and lay it aside; then scarify the skin under the foreleg, close to the body, or, as I prefer, the small knob in the ear. Either should be scraped with a sharp knife until a very small quantity of blood appears through the pores of the skin; then rub the convex side of the quill you have dipped in water on the scarified surface about a minute and the job is done, not occupying more than three minutes' time. If you expect a large sore and big scab you will be disappointed; it may be a very little larger than the place scarified, but not much, and the pup will not mind it in the least. W. F. STEEL.

BREAKING DOGS WITHOUT A WHIP.—An esteemed correspondent asks us if it is possible to train dogs without the use of the check collar and whip, adding that he owns a dog that has been timid from his youth. We choose to reply in the words of a once well-known authority. A paragraph in his choicest of quaint books gives our views in a nut shell. "If a dog" says he, "will not stand the whip, I can do nothing with him. Assuredly, if he cannot be brought to endure something under the shadow of discipline, he is utterly out of the sphere of my system; and I would acquire the credit by generously giving him away, to increase the valuable kennels of your gentlemen, 'whose breed never wants breaking in; take it all of themselves, but you must never use a

whip: O no, sir! they are too high bred to bear it.' When I have been obliged to hear this, I own I have smiled at the different notions of the sublimation of breed. As soon should I think of finding a general officer out of some snivelling booby, who, for every rap on the knuckles to awaken attention will creep away to blubber and suck his thumbs in a corner." No delicacy of nose can compensate the manifold mortifications a man must undergo in waiting and watching the whims of some trifling, shivering, whimpering, indecisive, half-witted animal of this class. Life is too short; we would not squander the time and patience on such materials.

DO PIGS EVER POINT?—A correspondent writes us, do pigs ever point? Did you ever hear of one being trained for the field? Do dogs other than pointers and setters ever point? The system of making any dog stand is a simple matter. We have known of dogs for both of "high and low degree" taught "the trick of standing," from the greyhound to the bulldog, and mongrels and curs of every description. In the "History of Animals" by the Rev. Bingely, published in London, at the begining of this century, he speaks of a case where a pig was made up into a pointer. The story runs as follows: "It (the pig) had formed an intimate acquaintance with some young pointers, belonging to a keeper on the New Forest in Hampshire, fed and slept along with them, and when they were taken out on training, it regularly followed them into the field. Hence a whimsical idea occurred to the breaker, that he would try his hand in teaching him the trade of his companions, and with the help of a parcel of stones in one pocket and of lumps of pudding in the other, he very early succeeded in his attempt and the pig did his part to admiration. We are further furnished with strong certificates from a Sir Henry Mildmay concerning these extraordinary performances."

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB'S STUD BOOK.—The entry-fee for single registry to the Stud Book is twenty-five cents and the annual dues, now payable, of members to the N. A. K. Club, is five dollars. We learn from Mr. Jos. H. Dew, the Secretary of the club, whose address is Columbia, Tenn., that he is overwhelmed with letters of inquiry. We therefore would suggest to the sporting world that as the secretaryship of the organization is an onerous one, from which the Secretary receives no emolument, it would be no more than courteous to assist him in the compilation of the Stud Book by sending in their entries in a proper form, which is substantially as follows: 1. Name of breed; 2. Name of dog; 3. Name of owner; 4. Residence of owner; 5. Breeder's name; 6. When whelped; 7. Color of dog; 8. Pedigree.

ESSEX COUNTY HUNT—Montclair, N. J., Feb. 26—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are pleased to learn that you have kindly offered special prizes for beagles to be exhibited at the coming Westminster Kennel Dog Show, for we have always felt that the merry little beagle has never received the attention and appreciation he so well deserves. We trust a competent person will be appointed this year to award the prizes for this class, as in last year the judge evidently did not know the difference between a beagle and a harrier, so wrongly were his awards given. We are now in correspondence with Dr. Gordon Stables for the purchasing of some fine beagle stock from the kennels of Sir Asheton Ashburnham or Sir John Montfield Bennet and hope to receive our importation in time for the April exhibition. F. M. WHEELER, *Sec'y.*

BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLES—Baltimore, Feb. 21—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue you state that the FOREST AND STREAM will give two special prizes at the coming New York show to straight-leg and "bench-legged" beagles. When the awards at the late Pittsburgh show were awarded I was much astonished to hear the classification for beagles—"Maryland bench-legged"—a strain I never had heard of had, after diligent inquiry among men who had owned beagles for years, am still unable to find a single man who had ever heard of them, much less seen one. My inquiries were addressed to sportsmen resident in different parts of the State and the invariable reply has been: "Never heard of them, and, as a particular strain, do not believe they exist." The Westminster Kennel Club should sift this matter thoroughly before adding a new class to sporting dogs, for if already there exists a perfect dog in the straight-legged, why mar the classification by adding an imperfect dog. No one would object to any improvement in our field dogs, but that improvement must conform to the standard, and that all hounds must be straight-legged is an accepted fact. HARE.

SUGGESTION TO THE COCKER CLUB.—Philadelphia, February 26.—Don't you think now is the golden opportunity of the "Cocker Club" to settle their differences of opinion as to the typical cocker. Let them appoint a committee empowered by the club to act as a jury, at the coming Westminster Kennel Club Show, the committee to select a specimen as their ideal, and from that animal erect a standard and scale of points. Newspaper controversy will never settle the question, and as they seem to have ignored Stonehenge in their wordy war, something will have to be done. As the case now stands it will be difficult to find a judge willing to adjudicate the class, unless they (the club) furnish a standard. This is what the Chesapeake Bay dog breeders did at Baltimore in 1877, when they were in a similar quandary. How would it do for the Cocker Club to nominate the judge for this class? LEPCS.

CALIFORNIA DOG SHOW AND FIELD TRIALS.—Several well-known enthusiastic sportsmen of the Pacific Slope are discussing the advisability of holding a bench show and a field trials meeting at an early date in California. There are many finely-bred dogs in the State, prominently Mr. Tristam Burgess' Queen Mab and Daisy, Mr. Rice's Belton and Belle, Mr. Aldrich's McGregor, sired by Rob Roy, and Messrs. Bartlett and Briggs have imported a brace of the renowned Carlowitz and Prince stock, besides many other fine breeds of sporting and non-sporting dogs. San Francisco has a coterie of sportsmen from which competent judges can be selected and we trust at an early date to have the pleasure of announcing that arrangements have been made to carry out this very "happy thought."

BEAGLE SPECIAL PRIZES.—It has been suggested to us that the wording of a paragraph in our editorial last week on this subject may possibly lead to its misconstruction. We therefore wish to state that all entries for these prizes must be made in the regular way to the Superintendent of the show and not to the FOREST AND STREAM.

The managers of the show have expressed the opinion that the publication of the competitors for these prizes before the closing of the entries may interfere with the plans of the club. We recognize the force of this suggestion and have therefore consented to forego our intention of publishing the entries for the beagle specials until after the closing of the entries to the show.

OFFICERS OF THE COCKER CLUB.—We have been informed that the committee of the Cocker Club have chosen as their President Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, and as Secretary Mr. Geo. D. Macdougall, of Whitestone, L. I. It is to be hoped that a meeting of the committee will be called at an early day.

FOREST AND STREAM TROPHIES.—The special prizes offered by the FOREST AND STREAM at the Westminster Kennel Club's bench show, to be held this spring, will be to the best bench-legged beagle of any age or sex in the show, a silver mounted hunting horn. To the best straight-legged beagle of any age or sex in the show, a silver mounted hunting horn.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

82 C. P. P., Hartford, Conn.—I have a setter dog two years old that has had the distemper very badly and it has left him with a dry scaly nose. I have been using vaseline; it has done no good. What shall I apply to cure it? Ans. External applications are of no use. Give the dog plenty of exercise and feed him properly. Give him also little sulphur, now and again, with his food.

83 H. B. V., Bradford, Pa.—My setter dog three years old has a large lump in his throat the size of a turkey's egg. The lump has been there about a month. He coughs occasionally, and sometimes throws up a green froth. His appetite is not changed and I do not see any serious effect of the lump. Ans. Give a little sulphur each day for a week, and now and again a dose of sulphate of magnesia. Paint the swelling every day with tincture of iodine. Stop for a time when the skin gets sore. Give the dog exercise at regular hours.

84 E. T. B., Springfield, Mass.—I have an English setter dog three years old. Some time ago he commenced to grow fat and a few weeks ago I noticed his nose became dry and an eruption appeared near the end of it. I have also noticed within a few days that the muscles in his legs jerk considerably. He pants a great deal when quiet and sneezes when his chain is taken off. At times his eyes look inflamed. What shall I do for him? Ans. Has probably suffered from over feeding; a mild course of sulphur and saltpnate of magnesia combined low diet, and plenty of exercise will put him all right.

85 DANIEL, Newark, N. J.—Yes, your dog has internal canker of the ear. Pour a little of the following lotion in his ear three times a day: Calomel, one scruple; lime water, twelve ounces. Give the dog a little cooling medicine every week.

86 A. P. V. B., Rondout, N. Y.—What can I give my setter to improve his coat? He is well feathered on legs and stern and hair good on head and neck, but the hair on his back and across his loins seems to be dead, and looks as though the ends were broken off. He seems to be perfectly healthy. Ans. Wash only twice a month. Dress coat daily with a brush (not too hard a one). Dress the parts referred to twice a day with a compound of oxide of zinc ointment and give teaspoonful of sulphur in food every day for a short time. Mix vegetables with ordinary diet. Greens are especially recommended when dogs cannot get grass.

87 J. O. F., Hornellsville, N. Y.—When my puppies get a chance they eat wood and cool ashes. Will it hurt them? What do they need? I have been feeding bread and milk, bread and meat, jelly, some bread made of graham flour, corn meal and boiled meat, no grease. They have always been kept in a warm room. Ans. Your puppies are suffering from acidity of the stomach. Give bi-carbonate of soda, one scruple; compound with one half drachm of pulverized charcoal made into pills with mucilage. Two a day, night and morning. Give plenty of exercise and feed healthy food, such as oatmeal and corn meal boiled in beef tea. To make the food, boil the water and take in the meal until no more can be stirred in.

88 J. H. M., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—I have given my cocker bitch (she will weigh about 15 lbs.) about 20 grains of areca nut, but she vomits it up every time. Twelve long white worms have come from her. Her symptoms are: Eyes bright, nose moist and dry alternately. Sometimes she will twitch and jerk. Her head will bobble about, and she will reel in walking. My other cocker bitch has lost the use of her limbs; she has quite a little appetite, looks bright as can be, sleeps well and appears to be well, only troubled with weakness. Ans. For both dogs discontinue the nux vomica, they evidently have had too much. Give to one troubled with worms 5 grains of calomel with bismuth, say 8 to 10 grains, for two days, one dose per day. Follow with castor oil. This will prepare her for the vermifuge. Then give 20 grains of areca nut next day, and repeat dose of oil. Give both dogs 2 grains of quinine three times a day, and feed the one that cannot walk with good broths and strengthening, well cooked food.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** *Breeders and owners of sporting dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Leigh Doane—Mr. J. H. Roberts, of Philadelphia, claims the name of Leigh Doane for his Irish setter bitch, whelped Nov. 27, 1879, out of Dr. Jarvis' Rose by champion Elcho.

Dash—Dr. Bidwell, of Winsted, Conn., claims the name of Dash for liver and white pointer puppy out of Grace by Gay, purchased from Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn.

Rough—Mr. Gard. G. Hammond, Walnut Grove, New London, Conn., claims the name of Rough for his Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped June 4, 1880, out of owner's Rose by Blue.

Cartouche, Count Plover and Lookout—Mr. Frank B. Fay, of Boston, Mass., claims the names of Cartouche, Count Plover and Lookout for setter puppies out of Countess Gay by Coin.

Roxella—Dr. H. B. Wygant, of Peekskill, N. Y., claims the name of Roxella for lemon and white pointer bitch puppy, whelped Dec. 30, 1880, out of Countess Nellie (Snapshot-Gypsey) by Sam (Caper-imported Kate).

Count Warwick—Mr. R. M. Briggs, Gilroy, Cal., claims the name of Count Warwick for black, white and tan setter dog puppy by Warwick (N. A. K. C. S. B. 277) out of Belle (N. A. K. C. S. B. 299).

Leah II.—Mr. H. D. Bartlett, Gilroy, Cal., claims the name of Leah II. for black, tan and white ticked bitch puppy by Royal Duke (Carlowitz-Titus) out of Leah (Boybell-Livy II.).

Bright III—Mr. Thomas Kelleher claims the name of Bright III. for his Yorkshire terrier, sired by his champion Willie.

Nettie II.—Mr. Thomas D. Burke claims the name of Nettie II. for his Yorkshire terrier, sired by champion Willie.

Trump—Mr. Robert Maher claims the name of Trump for his bull terrier puppy out of Mr. Charles Armstrong's bitch Friday by Fred. Duncason's Rocks.

Jewett—Mr. Fred. F. Smith, of Woonsocket, R. I., claims the name of Pearl for white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy, whelped Dec. 22, 1880, out of Best by Victor. Purchased of Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn.

Duke de Luvois II.—Mr. C. C. Donglass, of Philadelphia, claims the name of Duke de Luvois II. for black and white setter puppy, whelped Nov. 1, 1880, out of Sam Barr's Fannie (W. W. Colket's Echo-Barr's Lill) by J. H. Robert's Duke of Luvois.

Ring—Mr. W. E. Shedd, Waltham, Mass., claims the name of Ring for black, white and tan beagle dog puppy, whelped Nov., 1880, out of Sill by Dodge's Rattler.

Hazard, Hermit, Regent, Royal, Dixie, Fannie, Ruin, Tinkle and Zeal—Mr. C. B. Wight, of Mooleyville, Breckenridge, Ky., claims the names of Hazard, Hermit, Regent and Royal for dog foxhounds; Dixie, Fannie, Ruin, Tinkle and Zeal for bitch foxhounds, imported *in utero*, whelped Jan. 21, 1881, out of imported Bluebell (forwarded by Dr. Gordon Stables) by Mr. Garth's Senator.

Gypsey—Mr. Frank Sowers, Tamaqua, Pa., claims the name of Gypsey Maid for a black and white setter bitch pup, whelped Dec. 7, 1880, out of Shuster's bitch Wynne by Champion's Bow.

BRED.

Meg-Sensation—Mr. Wakeley's (Levana, N. Y.,) Meg to Westminster Kennel Club's Sensation, Feb. 21, 1881.

Leigh Doane-Berkley—Mr. J. H. Roberts' (Philadelphia, Pa.,) Irish setter bitch Leigh Doane to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Berkley, Feb. 8, 1881.

Bess-Thunder—Mr. J. T. Margerum's Bess (Belton-Nellie) to Mr. J. J. Snellenburg's pure Laverack setter Thunder.

Lill D.-Coin—Mr. Frank B. Fay's Lill D. (Dash III.-Madjeska) to his Coin, on Dec. 28, 1880.

Belfast-Coin—Mr. H. V. Blankenship's Belfast (Dash III.-Opal) to Mr. Frank B. Fay's Coin, on Jan. 24, 1881.

Ninette-Coin—Mr. Frank B. Fay's Ninette (Thunder-Minna) to his Coin, on Feb. 6, 1881.

Desdemona-Coin—Mr. Frank B. Fay's Desdemona (Leicester-Nellie) to his Coin, on Feb. 10, 1881.

Fly-Music—Dr. H. B. Wygant's (Peekskill, N. Y.,)- liver cocker spaniel Fly to his liver and white cocker spaniel Music, on Feb. 14, 1881.

Cricket-Racket—Mr. James T. Walker's (Troy, N. Y.,) orange and white cocker bitch Cricket (McKoon's Captain-Beauty) to owner's Racket (McKoon's Sam-Fanny Fern), on Feb. 19, 1881.

Eden-Grouse-Moll III.—Mr. G. K. Munger's (St. Thomas, Ont.,) black and tan setter Eden (Grouse-Moll III.) to Dr. Niven's Blosson, on Feb. 12, 1881.

Vic-Pontiac—Mr. N. Trumbull's English setter bitch Vic to Mr. John C. Higgins' pure Laverack setter Pontiac, on Jan. 23, 1881.

Collette-Flute—Mr. N. Elmore's beagle bitch Collette (imported Chanter-Beauty) to Flute (Rattler-True) on Feb. 23, 1881.

Hazel-Dash—Mr. J. H. Winslow's (Baltimore, Md.,) cocker spaniel bitch Hazel to Mr. A. H. Moore's black cocker spaniel Dash.

Kit-Lock—Mr. J. Frank John's (Haverhill, Mass.,) Gordon setter bitch Kit (Tom-Bess) to owner's Gordon setter dog Lock (Doane's Tom-Gay's Pansy).

Nellie-Nick—Mr. James K Boyd, of New York city, has bred his lemon and white English setter bitch Nellie to Mr. H. Bainbridge's orange and white Laverack setter Nick, on Feb. 22 and 24.

Rose-Leicester—Mr. J. N. Dodge's English setter bitch Rose to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Leicester.

WHELPS.

Minnie—Miller & Co.'s Minnie (white English terrier) whelped two bitch pups on the 19th, only one alive, sire Mr. P. Sharky's Trouble.

Gyp—Mr. Dave Gibson's cocker spaniel bitch Gyp (Blackey-Jewel) whelped on Feb 19 six puppies, four dogs and two bitches, one dog pup died, sired by Mr. O. T. Stone's Max. Max is from the kennel of Mr. M. P. McKoon, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.

Kate—Mr. Harry Mattes' (Philadelphia, Pa.,) Gordon setter bitch Kate whelped Feb. 24, 1881, ten puppies, eight dogs and two bitches, by Mr. W. Schelm's Gordon setter dog Rod.

Bonny Kate—The Montview Kennels Bonny Kate whelped Feb. 8, 1881, six puppies, four dogs and two bitches, all white and lemon, by Lincoln.

Belle—Mr. J.C. Bishop's (Monson, Me.,) foxhound Belle whelped Feb. 23, 1881, ten puppies, seven dogs and three bitches, by Rochester's Ben.

Nellie—Mr. P. J. Sharkey's (New York city) pure white imported bull terrier bitch Nellie whelped Feb. 27, 1881, five puppies, by same owner's imported Trouble, grandson of Henry Hammond's celebrated dog Sting, of Manchester, England.

SALES.

Bounce—Mr. E. Le Roi Willis sold his bull terrier puppy Bounce (first prize at late bench show puppy class) to Mr. A. Wishardt, of Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.

Mazeppa—Mr. W. P. Todd, of Portland, Me., has bought of Messrs. Shelenberg and McConnel, New Brighton, Pa., the pointer bitch Mazeppa (Button-Fan).

Gay-Grace Whelp—Mr. N. Elmore, of Granby, Conn., has sold a liver and white pointer dog puppy out of Grace by Gay to Dr. Bidwell, of Winsted, Conn.

Warwick-Belle and Royal Duke-Leah Whelp—Mr. H. D. Bartlett, of Gilroy, Cal., has purchased of Mr. F. A. Diffenderfer, Lancaster, Pa., a black, white and tan setter dog puppy by Warwick (N. A. K. C. S. B. No. 277) out of Belle (N. A. K. C. S. B. 299) whelped May 1, 1880; also a black, white and tan ticked bitch puppy by Royal Duke (Carlowitz-Fern) out of Leah (Boybel-Livy II.), whelped May 6, 1880.

Warwick-Belle Whelp—Mr. H. M. Briggs, Gilroy, Cal., has bought of Mr. H. D. Bartlett a black, white and tan setter dog puppy by Warwick (N. A. K. C. S. B. 277) out of Belle (N. A. K. C. S. B. 299), whelped May 1, 1884.

Nell—Mr. Joseph A. Malone, of Tremont, N. Y., has sold his Irish setter bitch Nell, of imported stock, to Mr. Chester B. Corbin, of Westford, Conn.

Lincoln-Blaze Whelps—The Montview Kennel has sold to Mr. Charles DeHonge two puppies, out of Blaze by Lincoln.

Music—Dr. H. B. Wygant, of Peekskill, N. Y., has sold to Dr. J. W. S. Arnold, of New York city, his cocker spaniel dog Music for $125. Dr. Arnold advertised last week in FOREST AND STREAM for a thoroughbred, well-broken cocker spaniel. By that means he found Music. The dog cannot be bought to-day for $500.

PRESENTATION.

Sun-Countess Nellie Whelp—Mr. John L. Martin, of Milford, Mass., has presented to Dr. H. B. Wygant, of Peekskill, N. Y., a lemon and white pointer bitch puppy, two months old, out of Countess Nellie by Sun.

Grip—Mr. Robert Blackhall presented his field spaniel Grip, winner of second prize at late bench show, to Mr. J. McGill.

Lincoln-Bonny Kate Whelp—The Montview Kennel, Columbia, Tenn., has presented to Mr. Charles DeHonge of this city, a fine setter puppy, out of Bonny Kate (Carlowitz-Daisy Bean) by Lincoln.

Dan-Wynne Whelp—Mr. Wm. Boehm, Philadelphia, has presented Mr. F. Sowers, Tamaqua, Philadelphia, with a handsome setter bitch pup out of Mr. W. H. Shuster's bitch Wynne by Harry Champion's Gildersleeve Don.

NAMES CHANGED.

Jerry D.—Boston, Mass., Feb. 21.—As Mr. Cambell, of Spring Hill, Tenn., claimed the name of Jerry some thirteen months ago I change the name of my red setter dog, whelped July 18, 1880, out of Norah (now Norah O'More) by Rory O'More to Jerry D. J. J. DONOVAN.

DEATHS.

Dan II—Mr. T. Davey, of London, Ont., has lost from congestion of the lungs his liver and white ticked dog puppy, out of Belle by Paris.

Turk—Mr. Addison Child, of Childwold, N. Y., lost by the distemper his Gordon setter Turk, out of Mr. Ellerton L. Dorr's Lady by Don (both imported) on the 12th inst.

Nora O'Neil—Mr. Erastus Corning, Jr., of Albany, N. Y., has lost his cocker spaniel bitch Nora O'Neil; inflammation of the bowels the cause.

Ask any good doctor if Hop Bitters are not the best family medicine on earth. See notice.

Yachting and Canoeing.

THE TWO TON CRUISER.

ALTHOUGH the experienced yachtsman will be able to discover the faults and virtues of the two-ton cruiser illustrated in our recent issues, a few words showing how we were led to her particular form will help many to whom yachts of her type are a novelty. If we go over ground familiar to some they must bear with us, as the object is to give these remarks as wide a popularity as possible.

The problem was virtually to design a safe, comfortable, weatherly, handsome and fast boat about a given amount of accommodation. The latter was to consist of a couple of berths, a small cockpit and stowage for a week's cruise or more. The design was to be, so far as qualities were concerned, a ship on a small scale—not a makeshift, a machine or an extemporized affair—and she was to be handled in all weathers by a single person with a reasonable amount of labor. She was designed as a yacht, not as a boat for hunting, fishing, exploring or for exploration of creeks, nor was she to sail on dew, it being presumed that a person building a yacht would use her as intended, for *sailing*, and would not be so obstinately perverse as to insist upon doing his sailing on flats, bars or meadows, when a few minutes' travel will land him alongside of hundreds and thousands of miles of water fathoms deep. We can see no reason why a yachtsman should not be expected to select his water quite as much as he will choose the roads, and the best at that, when handling the ribbons ashore, without insisting upon racing his team across field and stubble, ditch and gutter.

Seven feet of cabin and about four or five for cockpit, with enough more for ends, furnished us with a length of 17 ft. for the design. A little experimenting with midship sections gave us 6 ft. on the load line as a beam, and here we could get 6 feet 2 inches and have a two-foot floor, eighteen inch berths and sitting room under it. This with more beam the depth would have had to have been decreased, or the displacement would have become too large and the boat too much of a tub. Seven feet for cabin and midships convenient for "sitting height," and the beam adopted, was found to be two feet, measured from load line down to rabbet. With the three chief dimensions settled upon, the boat was gradually sketched in in such a way as to combine fairness of body, easy lines, the most accommodations, the cheapest form of construction and lightliness. No pride was allowed to force itself upon the design without due consideration of its effects. As an illustration we may mention that our first choice was for 16 ft. water line only, but we found it impossible to combine the necessary depth and beam in so short a length with anything like an easy body. A foot more was then taken and found to overcome the objection. Again, we had desired to give the boat a longer counter, but could not accomplish it, owing to the depth, without a sharp hollow or drop to the sections of lines, equivalent to an unfairness in the model as a whole. In consequence a shorter and elliptical stern was substituted. The round up aft to the rabbet line was governed by reasons of fairness and economy, and forward with the desire partly of making both ends match in displacement in the ratio of the lengths of fore and after body, partly of aiding the handiness of the yacht and of making her more weatherly, without too large a longitudinal section, by transferring the gripe out aft into rocker to the keel amidships, thereby bringing the ballast lower down as well. The keel was rounded up, and the post raked for similar purposes, a small effective longitudinal area always being preferable to a large and less effective one, as a reduction in area means a reduction in skin friction, and greater speed in light winds where friction is the main source of resistance. The ends of the lower water lines are found become more obtuse in consequence, but it should be borne in mind that the lower lines are always out of proportion sharp compared to those above. When a sailing yacht attains her maximum speed under canvas, the lower lines add but little to her resistance more than in proportion, its "wave-making" propensity being so much less than that of the much wider body above. We believe that in thus cutting away useless deadwood, for deep-threated floors are little else, the speed is favorably affected, and a keel-boat can be made to work like a cat. The freeboard was made ample, without being more than necessary to lift the boat out well so as to keep her as dry as possible. The sheer is moderate and will show less in relief than in the plans. Her nose has been kept high, not by undue sheer, but by keeping the flush freeboard well aft and giving relief to the eye by a sweep nearly horizontal. The cabin house has been proportioned for appearances, sufficient room below and as much clear deck as we could gain. The cockpit is small and shoal, and the slit of the cabin door is carried up flush with the deck, a single adjustable panel taking the place of doors. If a sea washes fore and aft unexpectedly, the cockpit may fill without drenching the skipper's duds down below. We gave the boat a tiller, as she seemed too small for the more expensive wheel, and a good keel is so easy to steer compared with a wild centreboard that a tiller is all that is required, besides some prefer to "feel" their boats. For rig, the sloop, with pole mast, has been adopted as the least expensive and simplest for so small a ship. The

mast was stepped well forward to reduce the size of the jib and to sail as a cat when boxing about, and a little weather helm is no objection. A storm jib, say 8ft. on the foot and 14ft. on the luff, No. 4 canvas, can be set on its own luff by hooking into an eyebolt or temporary rope strap 4½ ft. out on the bowsprit. The mainsail has two rows of reefs, 5ft. 6in. apart, with which the canvas can be snugged down for a stiff gale. Should the cruiser be caught out of reach of a harbor, in the very worst of it he can extemporize a storm trysail out of his storm jib. The lower sail may be of heavy duck, the topsail of stout drilling. The latter has been made large for light weather, but a simple working jib-header may be all that some would want. The relation of the various areas and centres to one another can be gathered from the table published. The centre of buoyancy with the boat inclined was found to be in the same longitudinal position as when plumb, so that we may conclude a proper distribution of volume "between wind and water" has been obtained, the bare forward and quarter aft balancing fairly, doing away with "rooting" or "squatting" propensities. The co-efficient of displacement, representing the proportion to which the solid circumscribed about the three dimensions of the underwater body has been cut away, is moderate, the skin has been kept at a minimum, the bow is fine and easy, the run clear and the midship section well forward, all within hand at the bilge. If is a fair inference to claim good speed for the design, if built, balanced and rigged for that purpose. We have allowed in the calculations for extra heavy scantling and outfit and find the centre of gravity sin. above the load line with the lower deck, the hold, skipper sitting on the cockpit coaming. With a lighter frame, etc., from two to four hundred pounds could be saved for additional ballast, and nearly the whole amount put on the keel. In that case a foot and a half more lead would be required, and the spar and rigging would not be out of proportion, while a regular topmast and whacking balloomers would make the two-tonner him. The meta centre, 11ft. above the centre of gravity as calculated, shows the boat to be sufficiently stiff at initial angles, and that under the most pressing to obviate crankiness. As the yacht heels, the centre of buoyancy shifts rapidly to leeward and the stiffness is increased by an increased meta-centric height as it is wanted. With hatches down there is no doubt but that the little boat will right when knocked over beam ends, but we may soon publish her curve of stability, to exhibit this in a more indisputable way, and to illustrate the great effect a low position of ballast has upon stability, enabling us to build of much more moderate form than customary in a centre-board yacht, and yet retain her advantages in the way of comfort, owing to moderate heel. The emersed, immersed and diagonal lines are of a very satisfactory nature as shown in the cut, all of them corresponding closely in their features and proving the design to be a unity in concerning throughout, and a pattern of how, middle body and stern, or underwater and above water bodies having no relation to one another. The frames, every other one only being represented, likewise show "the same boat" all the way through, and are the cheapest to get out.

In the cut we have made a comparison between the displacement and a curve of wave areas showing a close coincidence of the two. Although the value of "wave areas" has not been definitely demonstrated by actual experiment, a resolution of the wave form of Scott Russell's clothes a defined approximation to such a curve, and we regard it at least as a valuable standard of comparison. That a proper distribution of a boat's bulk has much to do with economic passage through the water seems rational enough. Having in this instance at either end would retard speed, and in boats varying from the general run the wave curve is useful in pointing out divergencies which should receive the consideration of the designer. A series of experiments are to be undertaken in England for the purpose of obtaining data on this subject. It is said that a curve of versed sines represents nature's law of economically performing work. Commencing at 0 the work accomplished is gradually added to in proportion to the time expended until a maximum is reached, when a gradual decrease sets in, owing to the same cause that the object moved has been allowed to come to a state of rest in its new position. Thus the water is parted and moved aside, and above the level, slowly at first, receiving a gradual acceleration until half the bow has passed, when the inertia of the water to be moved is overcome, the passage again gradually until the midships or largest section has passed. At this point the water has come to a rest, and is prepared to glide in again under the stern. It has been driven off no further than necessary, and no force has been expended to give it more velocity than not required for the passage of the boat. From amidships the displaced water again flows into the wake, slowly at first, then reaching its maximum speed and once more subsiding into a state of rest when the boat has passed. In order to apportion the displacement according to such a curve a base line representing the length on load-line is first drawn, the station of the greatest section marked off and a vertical drawn at that point. With a radius selected according to the type of the boat, draw a circle. Divide the forward part of the line into any number of equal parts, say six. Divide the half circumference of the circle into the same number of parts. Then draw through these points lines parallel to the base. Their intersection with the verticals of corresponding divisions gives a number of points through which a fair line is drawn for the curve. The areas, lengths or sections used in the plans are then drawn up from the base at their proper positions and measured by a scale. The resulting figures indicate the areas to be apportioned to those sections. The scale is obtained by regarding the diameter of the circle as representing that area of the midship section found from its outline in the body plan. The diameter to be used can be ascertained from the following figures determined by Mr. Colin Archer, of Laurvig, Norway, from the examination of a number of good boats of known qualities, as being the height of the after body and ft. the radius of the generating circle:

TYPE.	L. R.
1.—Light and)	(13.48
2.—Shallow,)	(12.58
3.—Light)	(12.14
4.—to)	(11.45
5.—Medium)	(10.56
6.—Powerful)	(10.1
7.—Sea-going)	(9.51

For the after body we proceed in like manner, but give to the sections a more liberal curvature, by making the areas correspond to a wave of the second order, or oscillating wave, the bow wave being one of translation, having to carry off water and deposit it in another place, while the filling in of the wake is due only to the difference in height of the columns of water at the sides and bottom of the boat. The curve for the after body is obtained by adding beyond the intersection of horizontals and verticals: distances equal to the length of the horizontals inclosed between the half circumference of the circle and the diameter. We then locate the centres of the sections and measure areas by the scale already established.

In practice, as we sketch in the areas an occasional test can be made best by a plan suggested by Mr. Ripley. He uses shot, a quantity of which, after covering the area to be measured, is weighed and the drawing heard on a close-headed scale, the number of squares covered giving the measure of the area. With a little experience it will be found necessary only to regulate a few areas, as the rest can be run in by eye with all the accuracy required. Of course, the water areas considered refer only to the under-water body. In a well-shaped boat they should preserve their relation when the boat is inclined.

In the sail plan we have illustrated the method of "balancing" or "hanging" a boat. This plan works well in practice, and is universally followed by designers. The sails having been sketched in according to preference are divided into triangles and "referred" to any plumb line, such as XY. The centre of each triangle is found by drawing a line from one angle to the middle of the opposite side and laying off two-thirds its length from the angle. Lines from the bottom of each area perpendicular from one angle to the opposite side and multiplying half its length by the side or base. Then multiply each area by the distance of its centre from XY, and these "moments" and divide by the sum of the areas. Thus, for example, if the distance of the centre of all the sail is from XY. Draw a vertical at that distance. Proceeding in a similar manner, but referring to the load line, we obtain the height of the centre above the latter.

This height on the vertical gives the point marked C.E. in the cut, known as the centre of effort: Fsails. It should be situated approximately over a similar centre of the immersed hull considered projected on the plane of the paper, and known as the centre of lateral resistance, the C. L. R. of the plan. The more bulky the bodies, much flare and little drag, the centre of sails should be kept forward of the C. L. R. For long, sharp, flat sided vessels about over it, and for sharp-bowed, easy-lined, deep-legged craft a trifle abaft.

The scantling of the cruiser was made extra heavy for strength, rough usage, and so as to keep the calculated centre of gravity at the highest likely. We allowed for oak keel, stem, post, garboards and sheer strake, yellow pine deadwood, knees and beams, cedar plank, hackmatack frames, white pine deck, spruce spars. The keel is 7in. on top, 4in. at bottom of iron amidships, tapered at ends and moulded as shown in the sheer plan. Stem and post 3in. sided; frames, double, sawed, each 1½ x 2¼ at keel; beams, 1¼ x 1½; main beams to have hanging and lodge knees; deck plank, ⅞in. side plank, ⅝in.; ceiling, 6-8in.; bilge strakes, 1in.; clamps, 1¼in.; hooks of 1in. oak, to be varnished; waist, ¾in.; transoms and lockers ¾ and ⅞in.; decks to be kept bright or paid with marine glue. Butts of oak or locust, 4 x 6 at deck. From 1,000 to 1,200 lbs. iron cast in a mould to carry the taper of the keel down and fore and aft. Cored holes for say 1in. bolts, composition is best but more expensive. These bolts are set up on top with nut and washer. Part of the inside ballast may consist of a long casting to go over the floors a couple of inches thick and six inches wide. Fill underneath with hard wood chocks between the floors and run the keel bolts up through all. Deadwood bolted with ⅞ or 5-8in. galvanized iron, both ends headed, as shown in the plans. Main throat, peak, sheet, jib halliards and sheets of ⅞in. manila. Topsail gear of ¾in. manilla. Shrouds 5-16in. wire, and bobstay ⅝in. round iron. Anchors 65 and 40 lbs. with 25 fms. ⅝in. best chain and a coil of whale line. Frames spaced 12 in. between centres and beams about 15 in.

THE SHARPIE AND HER POINTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The communication in No. "H. B. R." in your edition of Feb. 10, attracted my attention, especially the sentence about sharpies not going about when working to windward. I have owned sharpies for the last fifteen years, and have one at present, 30 feet long, named Hopeful. You will find her in your published list of winning boats for 1880, and I claim her, and all sharpies properly rigged, to be the surest and quickest boat in coming about in the world, and that without the assistance of an oar. We use a rudder on all our boats owned below the bridge, and they work as sensitive as any cat boat. If by accident in rounding up in a sea she loses her headway and should take a sea on her weather bow, when most boats would pay off and fill away on the same tack again, all that is necessary on board the sharpie is for the helmsman to take hold of the foot of the mainsail, pull it to windward, and she will come to on the other tack, close by on the other tack, and she is off in a second. I can work my boat out of a narrow slip or channel, not over 75 feet wide, by giving her a rap full, and then hard down with the tiller, pull the mainsail over to windward, haul in, with the rudder hard down, will forge her ahead almost her length every tack. I will turn a 36-ft. sharpie around in 75 ft. five or six times without the use of an oar or rudder, merely by trimming the foresail, then jibing the mainsail, trimming the mainsail and then jibing the foresail, which makes a complete circle, done by one man at the stern with the fore and mainsheet. Before the wind they certainly take advantage of every foot of sail when winged out, or, as we call it, "split open," mainsail on one side, foresail on the other. They will carry sail in this way, and go like the wind all day blue, being so evenly balanced. If it comes to the worst, let go the sheet and the two sails will swing around in front of the mast, like two flags, which makes her very easy. But this is not often necessary, unless trying to go slow over a long course, when under a low, hard down, and back come the sails ready to be trimmed in. Care should be taken always, if the wind is a little on the quarter, to have the mainsail on the leeward side and the foresail on the windward; if the other way, the mainsail will come over with a jibe to measure. A great many scrub races are lost here by amateurs in that one particular. The oystermen at Fair Haven use an oar, as they have to go through two bridges, and some of them through four. The tide runs very strong, and, with the draw open, just enough to let the mast through, and a cross tide, it is necessary very often to scull. That is another point in her favor: She being so long and narrow, it is very easy to scull her when the wind dies out. We always carry an oar for that purpose. I am not an enthusiast on sharpies, nor do I propose to go to England in one or pay a bet with a cutter. But for smooth water, I mean by that Long Island Sound, in a good sailing breeze, and for short work and shoal water they are very convenient, and it is my delight to get her in a tight place where a jib and mainsail boat of 30 ft. long cannot work, and then bring out some of her fine points. RUDMAN.

MEASUREMENT IN A NUTSHELL.

WE are in receipt of numerous communications concerning measurement. Most of these we have concluded not to print, as they go over oil ground and present nothing new. The gist of nearly all consists in more or less weak efforts in favor of length or some measure of stability—called power by many—such as area of sails.

Measurement is no complicated question of abstruse science, if you only start with a clear head unprejudiced by existing customs. It is very easy to show how to construct a length basis is, and how little length by itself really has to do with the matter:

	Length.	Beam.	Depth.	Relative Size.
A	90	20	8	128,000
B	72	15	7.2	93,312
A1	80	13	6	81,000

We will suppose in this table that two yachts, A and B, have been built from the same lines, one 8ft. long the other 72. Eliminating slants, A will outsail B, and should allow the latter time. No one will dispute this. But why? Because she is *longer* or because she is *larger?*

A plain answer to this question can be obtained by bringing a third boat, A1, to the start. She is as long as A, but owing to less beam and depth is smaller. If length were a logical basis of comparison, A1 should allow B just as much time as A. Certainly no one will maintain that A1 has a smaller length than B—has the same advantage over her that A, a larger boat than either of the remaining two has, yet length measurement implies that she has, or there would be no object in changing her with the same allowance.

We will now, however, in order to show that length by itself is by size will work in harmony, because between the two boats a difference in length happens to express the true relation of their sizes. As between B and A1 length no longer represents that relation, and in saddling the smaller of the two with the same allowance that B has to the larger vessel, as the preceding paragraph indicates. If length is a logical measure, A1 should be able to outsail B the same distance A can, which no one will be likely to assert. There is, then, something else which we must consider besides length.

The difference in the sailing of A and A1, compared with B, must lie in other directions. The table shows the boats to differ in beam and depth, the remaining factors of size. For this difference we must also have consideration in the comparative allowances tables, and are to be logical and work with like fairness to yachts of any shape.

We submit that a little consideration of the above ought to be enough to abolish length as a basis and to convince persons of concise reasoning capacity that size should be the standard for rational competitive sailing. This is all the "theory" there is to the question.

When it comes to the practical application of the rule, any modifications, not multiplying the *raison d'etre*, can be engrafted for the purposes of simplicity. Thus, a limited arrangement of models to which preference is to be given should it be necessary.

In a few words, give to a number of designers ten tons, a thousand cubic feet, bulls of putty, or equal bulks gauged by any standard of volume, and let them build what they are pleased to and as they choose. All have an equal start. No resulting shape has been taxed; every one proportions as he pleases without let or hindrance. But say length and you at once put a value upon the result of their labor, that is upon model. Tax stability or sail and you do the same. You make a boat of fair stability pay to a cranky one. The designer should be at liberty to derive stability as he wishes from choice of form, but he should not in equity be allowed to appropriate more size than his neighbor, unless he is willing to pay for the use of it.

YACHTING NEWS.

POSSIBLE MATCH FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Cuthbert, of Trenton, N.J., has stretched the keel for a new centre-board sloop of 56 ft. over all, 18½ ft. beam and 6 ft. deep. Her model is said to be a fine one, and it is whispered that she is to show fighting colors for the America Cup this summer. She will have to be a mighty good one to dispose of Mischief and Gracie, and, if she can, I suppose she can be sent south of the St. Lawrence will begrudge us the international trophy. BELLEVILLE.

WANTED.—Parties having a 35-ft. keel yacht for sale are referred to our advertising columns.

FLEETWING.—Mr. R. S. Elliott has purchased this schooner. She will remain in the N. Y. Y. C.

DREADNAUGHT.—Mr. Nickerson is fitting out his big schooner for a cruise to the South.

FOAM.—This schooner has been sold by Mr. T. D. Boardman to Mr. F. Cunningham, late of the Eastern Y. C.

WORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.—Fixtures for the season: June 17, off Nahant; July 16, off club house; Sept. 3, off club house.

CUTTERS.—The Cosette of Boston has been purchased by Mr. Davis. She is to shed her rig and come out as a cutter, thus adding yet another to the rapidly growing tribe.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A contemporary says that our indorsement of the cod boiler in "Honeyden's Naval Encyclopedia" is worth thousands of dollars! We blush to the very roots.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—A room for the club has been engaged, and a library will be attached where models, drawings, etc., can be deposited. The membership is increasing.

"LE YACHT."—We have received the annual hand-book published by our French contemporary. It contains much information, including a copious vocabulary of French-English nautical terms.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have recently dropped all non-paying members, and will not elect officers until spring, so that the new element brought into the club will have representation. PENSANT.

SALEM BAY YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. D. H. Rice has been elected Commodore of the Salem Bay Yacht Club, and Mr. G. W. Benson Vice-Commodore, in place of A. L. Huntington, resigned. Dates for regattas not yet fixed. M.

NAUTILUS YACHT CLUB.—The election resulted as follows: Commodore, C. Dodge; Vice-Commodore, C. A. Reynolds; Fleet Captain, Smyrnes Rich; Secretary and Measurer, Frederick Rice; Regatta Committee, Capts. Rogers, Raymond, Dudley, Weymond and Newcomb.

PADDLE.—Mr. Rushton has sent us a fine sample of his lightweight double-bladed paddle. It is made of the clearest of spruce, jointed in the centre with nickel-plated sleeves, having slide and button so that the two blades may be kept in the same plane or "feathered" as desired.

KELPIE.—The sloop Kelpie, built by Herreshoff of Bristol, and for a long time owned in Boston, has been purchased by Mr. J. N. Winslow and will fly the burgee of the N. Y. Y. C. She is 31 ft. over all, 25 ft. 10 in. water line; 11 ft. 3 in. extreme beam; 3 ft. 4 in. deep, and draws 10 ft. with board.

CRUISE OF THE AMERICA.—General Butler is bound on an extended cruise in his schooner. She will visit the leading ports of the West Indies, and is to be gone five or six weeks. The party includes the General, his two sons, Thomas Pierce, Henry Hastings, Sydney and Drake DeKay and others. The crew numbers fifteen hands.

SALEM BAY CHALLENGE CUP.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some curiosity is felt among our yachtsmen to know what manner of the cup will be offered by the Salem Yacht Club for somnarship, etc. Some thought that the Vice-Commodore was to have it, but not whether it was awarded to him or to some other member of the club does not seem to be known. A decision is in order. A. A.

INTREPID.—This schooner was at Nice the earlier part of February. The French papers hope she will race at the Algiers International match. A gentleman recently home from a long cruise in the Intrepid, reports her as a very fine seaboat and fast as well. The fleet of English yachts in the Mediterranean is the largest ever seen in those waters, and many races from port to port, and international regattas are to be arranged at Marseilles and other ports are announced.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, W; Lloyd Jeffries, Bluebell; Vice-Commodore, S. W. Burgess, new cutter, Secretary and Treasurer, R. D. Sears, Psyche; Measurer, F. E. Cabot; Regatta Committee, G. P. Gardner, R. D. Sears, F. C. Lowell, T. H. Coolidge, C. Minot, Jr. A new rule of measurement has been adopted by the club, two-thirds the length on water line plus extreme beam. The club now owns quite a number of cutters, and is to be congratulated upon breaking loose from length measurement. Other Eastern clubs will no doubt follow suit as soon as there is a chance that out of the shaking up the question will receive something like an equitable rule will result. Mr. Sears' Psyche has been matched for $50 against Mr. H. K. Norman's Baby of Newport, the race to be sailed in August.

WINNERS FOR 1880.—The *Bellefonte Intelligencer* (Pa.) says: "FOREST AND STREAM publishes in its issue of January 27 the list of winning yachts for 1880. This list is very valuable to yachtsmen, as it is completed with great care, but some errors have crept in with regard to the R. B. V. C. fleet. The Emma is owned by Mr. Geo. Lord, instead of Capt. Cuthbert; the Gracie started in three races, not one, and was disqualified in one for touching a buoy; and the Katie Gray did not start in three races, winning two, but in two regattas, winning first prize in each, and in another match she also won. FOREST AND STREAM finds it necessary to reduce the size of its type in order to accommodate its army of contributors. It is by far the best weekly sporting journal in America.

DETAILS OF A SHARPIE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following details of a fast sharpie may be of interest to you: Length over all, 30 ft.; beam, 11 ft. 8 in. on deck; depth, 2 ft. 6 in. at midship section; depth at stern; depth at bow, 3 ft. 2 in.; amidships, 27 in.; draft, 6½ in.; centreboard, 10 ft. 6 in. long, 5 ft. wide at after end; cockpit, 22 ft. long, with yellow pine grating on floor. All bulkheads of black walnut 1 inch thick. Working sails, dressed with 10 ft. club, and the working foresail with 5 ft. club for a main sail. Foremast, 38 ft. long; mainmast, 35½ ft. long, 6 in. at partners, and 1½ in. at head, with sheaves for halliards. Mast steps are brass collars, with centre-line for working gear under the oilskin that protects the cockpit floor. Skylight 4 ft. 7 in. wide, 9 ft. long, 3 ft. high. Lockers, gear, oars, etc., complete. W.

CANOEING IN THE CHEAT RIVER.—A correspondent sends the following: "... Started from X. Saturday morning down the river Cheat, and we did come down it; but of all the infernal rivers I ever saw the Cheat will take first prize. From Sunday noon until Wednesday afternoon we did not see a living human being or a sign of human habitation, and the river is one succession of falls, rapids and pools, but the falls and rapids predominated. We would go down some rapids like a bullet from a gun, and at the bottom the waves would be so large that when we would strike them our canoes would swamp first one end and then the other and the heads and tails of the canoes, in spite of aprons being fastened down. One day we worked eighteen hours and only made two miles. A week or two after my return home I was taken sick, and for eight weeks was flat on my back with a fever. I can say that the trip for my health to my home trip was not a success, but for all the hard work and sickness I am glad I made the trip....." S.

PORT JEFFERSON.—It is to be hoped that the new management of the Long Island it. will give us better accommodation to Port Jefferson. The inhabitants in that neighborhood should insist on obtaining more consideration than empty promises. As the shipbuilding trade has unfortunately declined of late, much more attention is being given to yacht work, and the large appropriations now on hand will give a fairway into a harbor of ample depth for the largest keel schooners. We believe Port Jefferson is at no distant day to become the Cowes and Medina of America, but much depends upon the interest of the people in their own welfare. The S. S. Stranger is cutting down spars 5 ft., and gaffs about 5 ft., for sound work this year. Mr. Wicks' yacht Nellie is also being cut under decks. The schooner Sylph is receiving her joinerwork, which was not supplied last year. The Active is to have a new mainsail and spinaker. Allen comes out with a suit of compromised head rig; her skipper having become dissatisfied with the cut of his sails. Owen's sails are not distributed throughout. Wilsons have their loft busy with new orders, and this enterprising firm are supplying the greater part of the fleet laid up.

THE TWO TONNER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I like the two-tonner very much, and I think she will meet the wants of a large class of yachtsmen. But why not have a "Bermuda" rig, and if she is tried to say what I could in the same cause of cruising and real work instead of machine sailing. I think that if such boats become a success and "take," they will do more to build up yachting than a dozen "Bay of Quinte" and "Shark" pot boats. A good word for the balancing for small boats. I have been preaching its merits for some time. W. P. S.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Hurrah for the little two-tonner! You're struck the nail on the head! All deep yachting friends should take to FOREST AND STREAM, and it will open their eyes as to small cruisers. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your design is exceptionally good, and many so-called experts and professionals could do well to copy it. Such a coursing boat as being built for deep water cruisers here is amusing to one who has made a study of yachting for fourteen years. HONEST BOAT.

MEASUREMENT.—Some of the junior clubs of England, with a view to furthering the interests of small yachts, have held a conference to devise some fair and logical rule of measurement which should not handicap form. After considerable discussion size was agreed upon, to be determined by length and the greatest girth, as follows: The yacht is being brought to her ordinary racing trim, to the satisfaction of the measurers, the length shall be taken in feet and tenths of a foot in a straight line from the fore end to the after end of the load water-line. If any part of the vessel (excluding the rudder) project beyond the load water-line, the length over such projection shall be added to the length. The girth shall be taken in feet and tenths of a foot, where it is greatest, including any projection upon the vessel's side, but not coamings, bulwarks or any other projection not forming part of the hull of the vessel. The vessel shall not to exceed three-quarters of an inch per each foot of length upon the load water-line, then the girth shall, for the purposes of this measurement, be corrected by deducting from it twice the difference between the actual girth and the girth as measured, calculated as in the rule above mentioned; and if the actual freeboard falls short of the freeboard so assumed, then twice such difference shall be added to the girth. The girth so corrected, if necessary, shall be divided by four, the quotient squared, fractions of .5-100th of a ton or more being reckoned as a tenth of a ton, and smaller fractions being disregarded. The result shall be deemed the yacht's true racing measurement, so long as she does not undergo any such considerable alteration of structure or of ballasting as shall, in the judgment of the measurers, require her to be remeasured. The tonnage of a yacht shall be expressed in tons and tenths of a ton, and shall be determined by dividing the number of cubic feet by seventy-two, fractions of .5-100th of a ton or more being reckoned as a tenth of a ton, and smaller fractions being disregarded. The conference met again on the 10th inst.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

AMERICA DECLINES.—General Wingate has sent the following response to the invitation of Earl Stanhope for the visit of an American team to Wimbledon during the coming summer:

"My Lord.—Your letter of the 26th November, to Hon. H. A. Gildersleeve, the former President of the National Rifle Association of America, was received and referred by him to his successor, Major-General W. S. Hancock, U. S. A.

"As General Hancock will be prevented from assuming the duties of his office until March he has requested me, as Vice-President, to reply to it.

"In doing so I would state that our association and, indeed, all American riflemen, are desirous that a long range match may be had during the year between American and British representatives. At the same time, having instituted the match for the 'Palma,' and provided that prize (which has obtained an additional value by the various contests which have taken place for it), they feel that the proposed match should be for that trophy and be shot in this country.

"This feeling is the stronger as, in deference to what was understood to be the desire of your association, as expressed by Sir Henry Halford, the terms of the competition for the 'Palma' were changed in April, 1880, so as to exclude any but a British team organized by your association from representing any part of the United Kingdom —a change which was made in the belief that the attendance of such a team, if not in 1880, then certainly in 1881, would be thereby secured, and the match kept alive.

"So strong is the feeling that, at the recent annual meeting of our association, a resolution declaring it inexpedient to send a team to Wimbledon was adopted by a unanimous vote of those present. If, however, a British team were to visit Creedmoor in September there would, I think, be but little difficulty in arranging for a return visit to Wimbledon in 1882.

"I have stated the situation here very frankly, and trust that your Lordship will inform me as soon as convenient whether, in view of the national character and importance of these contests, it is not possible to arrange for a British long range team coming to America this fall.

"It might further suggest that, in addition to the match for the 'Palma,' our association has in September a match for the 'Hilton Shield—open to Regulars or Volunteers (teams of twelve) from any State or country; any military rifle; 200, 500 and 600 yards, seven shots at each—which is now our most important match; and we would be much more pleased to welcome a team of British Regulars or Volunteers from any part of Great Britain to compete against our army and State National Guards for this trophy than to receive a team of small-bore men in a competition for the 'Palma.'

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully yours,

"GEO. W. WINGATE.

"To the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope, Pres. of the Council of N. R. A."

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 26.—The meeting at Walnut Hill to-day was not so large as usual, but the shooting was of the best. Mr. E. F. Richardson made 50, the full score, which had been made previously only by Messrs. W. H. Jackson, O. M. Jewell, W. M. Farrow, J. S. Sumner and L. L. Hubbard. The wind gave no unnecessary trouble, coming from the northwest steady and reliable. At the beginning of the match it was blowing between 11 and 12 o'clock, settled back to 8 o'clock, remaining quite steady during the balance of the shooting, enabling the marksmen to roll up excellent records. The snow, as usual with its brightness, which has given so much trouble to the riflemen, was particularly unpleasant, although the score appended shows what good work was done. A. C. Adams was so dangerously close to Mr. Richardson that the former gentleman was shaky on his last shot; and Mr. Adams was left by only one point, 49, while Lee scored 47 and Frye 46, Dodge and Boyden securing 45 each —capital results all of them. Appended are only the best scores:

Record Match (Creedmoor).

Richardson	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—50	Williams (mil)	5 4 5 3 5 4 4 4 4 5—43
Adams	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—49	Dunlap	4 3 4 5 4 4 4 5 5—42
Lee	4 5 5 5 5 4 4 4 5—47	Frost	4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4—41
Frye	4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5—46	White	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—40
Dodge	5 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 5—45	Borel	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3—39
Borden	4 5 4 4 5 4 5 5 5—45		

Record Match (Massachusetts Target).

Richardson	10 11 12 12 11 11 12—79	Claxton	9 9 12 11 9 11 9—70
Gould	11 11 11 11 12 11 10—77	Dunlap	7 9 12 6 5 9 7—54

Badge Match (No. 2).

Gray	4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 4—46	Joslyn	5 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 5—44
Fellows	4 4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5—45		

THE BOSTON GALLERIES.—The fourth week in the February Allcomers' match at the Magnolia gallery has shown brilliant results. A new match will be opened March 1, for which $25 in cash will be offered. Conditions, five scores to win. In the new pistol match, on the same date, $10 in cash will be offered, three scores to win. E. C. Arthur is still at the head of all comers in the FOREST AND STREAM match, his total being 215. Below is a summary of the best work during the week in all the matches:

All Comers'.

Wyman	48 50 48 50 49—245	Lawrence	43 46 48 47 46—232
Harris	48 49 49 49 50—245	Arthur	46 46 46 46 50—230
Fordyce	48 48 49 49 48—242	Max	44 48 45 45 44—226
J Merrill	48 48 48 48 48—241	Thomas	46 46 46 46 46—226
Ames	49 47 48 48 48—240	W M Merrill	43 35 45 46 45—224
Fellows	46 46 48 48 48—236	Law	45 44 44 46 44—222
Jones	47 47 47 48 47—236	West	43 44 44 43 44—218
Fogg	47 49 45 46 47—234	King	42 40 43 41 42—208

Pistol Ring Targets.

Ames	92 94 92—278	Farnham	88 91 81—260
Wyman	97 90 90—277	Fordyce	86 87 88—251
Harris	88 88 80—263	Gross	72 56 70—198

FOREST AND STREAM Match.

Arthur	49 49 48 49 48—243	Farnham	44 47 45 40 48—223
Harris	47 48 48 48 48—240	Gilman	47 45 47 47 46—232
Cummings	46 47 47 48 47—235	Wright	48 46 46 45 47—232

In the Every body's match at the Mammoth Rifle Gallery Mr. N. W. Arnold succeeded in making ten consecutive bullseyes. Following are the best scores:

Richardson	38 39 39 38—193	Williams	37 37 37 37 34—185
Merrill	38 39 39 38 38—192	Ames	36 36 37 37 37—183
Arnold	37 37 37 38 39—188	Warren	36 36 36 36 36—180

In the Silverware match there has been considerable interest taken by the three leading men, each of them having increased his score one or more points:

Brown	36 37 37 37 37—184	Norcross	36 36 36 36 36—180
Warren	36 36 36 38 36—183		

In the pistol match F. J. Rabbeth still holds first place. The score follows:

Rabbeth	36 37 37—110	Warren	34 34 35—103

In the FOREST AND STREAM match Mr. D. N. Sherburn heads the list with 238, or 183, W. H. Harrington coming next with 236, or 183, or 113; J. J. Ross, S. Fogg and N. W. Arnold with 37 each, and O. T. Hart, H. H. Daily, C. R. Bartlett, G. D. Edson and A. C. Goodspeed with 36 each.

March 1 will begin new matches. The first for $25 will be known as the Expert match, is open to all, same conditions as the other matches. The second, the amateur badge match, is for a silver badge and cash prizes; prize winners in any gallery barred. The FOREST AND STREAM match for the meerschaum pipe will continue, as will the pistol match for three cash prizes.

MEDFORD, Mass., Feb. 26.—The Bellevue range was the scene of some good 200 yards shooting on Washington's birthday, out of 86 entries made, and up to date over 500 entries have been made in the Silverware matches. The live organization at Bellevue has never presented such an attractive programme and Mr. Teel, the President, is to be congratulated upon the success of his management. Below is the standing of the leading contestants to date, with their handicap added:

Charles	49 49 47 49 49—243	Jacobs	45 45 44 42 44—232
Hollis	49 49 49 48 48—243	Russell	45 45 46 45 45—226
Teel	46 47 47 46 45—231	Whitney	46 43 43 45 44—221
Gould	46 46 48 46 46—238	Archer	46 44 45 46 44—231
Webb	45 45 45 46 46—237	Whitler	44 44 44 44 44—220
Withington	45 46 46 46 45—237	Clafin	41 47 41 42 38—209
Ames	46 45 45 44 46—237	Green	42 43 44 44 43—227
Richardson	46 48 47 45 46—235	Cushing	44 44 42 44 44—226

CONLIN'S SHOOTING GALLERY, 1,222 Broadway, New York.—The sixth week of the pistol shooting tournament for the championship ended Saturday, Feb. 26. According to the conditions the match was to be held for ten weeks, the championship of each style of pistol shooting to be competed for during a specified week and the winner of the most championships during the tournament to be declared the champion. Of the six matches already contested Dr. E. T. T. Marsh has won four, leading all competitors. The four contests yet to be shot, however, will be the decisive ones, and the mettle of the leading competitors will no doubt be thoroughly tried. The last contest was for the championship of small object shooting at seven paces. The mark shot at was a medium-sized tack, stuck head toward the shooter. The style was the least, a novel match for such for tack driving, but a large number of them were driven, head and all, hastily too, into an inch and a half of pine board. The contest throughout the week was very spirited, and the scores speak sufficiently for the shooting. Dr. E. T. T. Marsh won his fourth bar, hitting thirteen tacks out of twenty shots. Col. J. J. Dunn scored eleven tacks, winning the Expert's gold badge, followed by D. A. Davis, who scored nine tacks. The contest for the week ending Saturday, March 5, will be at the Wimbledon target, ten shots at ten paces.

SCHUETZEN SCORES.—A champion match was shot at the U. S. Park' Union Hill, N. J., on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, under the following conditions: Ring target, 22 centres, 200 yards distance, offhand, 100 shots, entrance $10 each, open to all comers; the first best receiving 40 per cent. of the entrance money, second best, 30 per cent. third best, 20 per cent., and fourth best 10 per cent. The following scores was the result of the match:

Farrow	22 18 21 24 22 21 20 21 22 19—210		
	23 23 24 18 18 23 22 24 24 21—220		
	24 25 21 19 25 21 24 24 21 21—225		
	23 23 19 23 25 21 19 17 24 25 22—220		
	22 21 23 24 25 22 20 17 24 22—220		
	23 21 22 22 23 22 22 22 22 23—226		
	22 17 21 24 23 23 18 21 21 21 24—211		
	21 21 21 22 25 25 24 23 19 21—224		
	22 20 21 23 20 21 23 24 22 21—217		
	24 24 23 23 24 22 23 22 23 23—233—2,196		
Ochl	21 19 21 21 23 22 23 21 22 22—219		
	24 20 19 22 20 19 17 22 20 20—203		
	22 20 21 24 25 22 17 17 21 18—206		
	22 21 20 23 22 21 18 21 24 23—214		
	22 24 21 22 24 24 24 23 24 24—232		
	23 18 20 23 23 23 23 23 23 23—215		
	22 20 17 25 22 23 24 22 22 20—217		
	18 25 19 20 23 22 21 19 23 20—210		
	23 21 24 16 16 20 23 25 20 22—210		
	20 21 22 23 20 19 24 19 23 24—214—2,134		
Hayes	24 20 20 0 20 19 24 23 1816—183		
	23 16 21 20 18 22 22 22 21 23—208		
	21 24 18 20 23 22 22 22 25 22—220		
	20 21 23 19 22 21 24 25 22 23—220		
	22 23 18 20 21 22 21 23 18 21—208		
	25 23 19 16 21 22 19 19 21 21—208		
	23 24 21 21 21 22 18 18 19 22—210		
	25 18 21 22 23 20 22 23 22 23—219		
	23 23 21 24 21 21 20 22 25 22—213—2,078		
Brown	21 21 23 21 22 22 19 23 15 12—195		
	17 21 24 19 23 22 19 20 20 18—203		
	13 22 21 17 19 23 18 18 23 24—198		
	25 23 19 22 23 22 24 23 20 20—221		
	24 18 22 23 18 18 20 20 22 22—209		
	20 22 21 21 21 22 19 24 23 21—214		
	23 22 20 17 20 20 23 22 21 23—210		
	18 11 17 17 20 24 19 18 23 21—198		
	22 22 20 23 24 25 17 22 20 24—221		
	21 20 20 15 24 24 23 20 22 20—2,072		
Joiner	24 21 18 17 21 23 0 20 23 19—186		
	20 23 0 23 20 22 23 23 23 20—197		
	24 23 23 22 23 22 21 22 25 21—227		
	17 23 19 19 21 18 25 23 19 19—204		
	24 22 23 23 19 15 23 20 19 19—191		
	20 25 21 23 21 18 25 21 23 22—222		
	15 12 22 24 22 23 19 18 21 23—200		
	22 22 20 19 22 19 19 20 21 25 24—211		
	14 16 23 22 22 20 20 23 18 23—191		
	23 18 22 16 23 19 22 19 21 22—205—2,034		
Zettler	21 15 22 20 22 21 22 22 21 15—201		
	23 21 22 20 22 17 23 22 17 15—202		
	15 15 19 13 22 20 22 25 23 14—192		
	23 23 19 20 21 22 21 22 21 21—215		
	21 23 21 21 19 23 23 21 23 15—213		
	24 20 18 14 25 18 21 15 23 19—202		
	23 19 20 23 15 21 21 18 19 13—191		
	20 23 23 19 22 21 15 15 21 24—206		
	23 23 19 19 18 21 21 22 21 21—204		
	19 22 23 19 20 22 17 19 20 22—204—2,019		
Harrison	19 21 23 17 20 21 22 24 15 18—200		
	20 0 20 22 21 15 21 17 23 19—194		
	23 11 23 18 21 19 20 23 22 6—187		
	21 21 20 19 18 17 20 18 21 22—201		
	17 20 22 24 21 21 21 22 20 16—203		
	25 20 18 20 20 17 13 15 16 21—190		
	24 16 withdrew		

Mr. Brown shot with regular Creedmoor 10-lb. gun, 3-lb. pull. By the closing of the match it was agreed to that a match under the same conditions will be shot at the Newark Schuetzen Park, Newark, N. J., on Good Friday next.

ALBANY, N. Y.—At the recent annual meeting of the Third Division Rifle Association General J. Hampden Wood, President, delivered an address and the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were received, showing a satisfactory condition of affairs. The eleven directors for the ensuing year were then elected and the following named gentlemen were chosen: General J Hampden Wood, Colonel M. J. Severance, Colonel Amasa J. Parker, Jr., Captain William E. Fitch, Lieutenant William D. Taylor, Lieutenant Benjamin B. Speiman, Jr., Sergeant Howard Batcheider, Corporal W. V. Denison, Joseph N. McDonald, Charles H. Gaus and William T. Miles.

EXPRESS BULLETS WANTED—Troy, N. Y., Feb. 21.—Why, by bringing up the subject in your columns, could not the Winchester Arms Co. be induced to make an express bullet of about 230 grains for their .45-.60? The Sharps make a .45 express and recommend it above the .50 in some respects. I have a Winchester .45-.60 and find it satisfactory and I think it the gun for Eastern shooting. I find by filling the shell through a 30in. tube I can get in 70 grains powder, by weight, without crowding. Now, by driving out the bullet to 230 grains I have about the same proportion as in the .50-.85. If the Winchester people would make a bullet like this and a rear sight such as "Tirador" speaks of, I think both would have large sales. I found that an express bullet of 230 grains, with 70 grains powder, flattened the trajectory considerably and gave very good results. If any one else has made any experiments with a .45-.60 Winchester let us hear from him. QUIER.

THE TRAP.

RIDGEWOOD, Feb. 22.—The Saddle River Gun Club:

G V Hopper	1 1 1 1 1—5	R Van Riper	1 0 1 0 1—3
H Van Emburgh	0 0 1 0 1—2	J Van Emburgh	0 1 1 0 0—3
W H Jersey	1 0 1 0 0—3	F Blackledge	0 1 0 1 0—3
J J Bush	0 0 0 1 1—2	John G Berdan	1 0 1 0 0—3
John Eckerson	1 1 0 0 0—3		

This is the first time the club has shot at pigeons. G. V. H.

THE LYNN TOURNAMENT.

THE Lynn Central Shooting Club held a tournament on their grounds, Revere Beach, Tuesday, February 22. The attendance was large, many clubs from other places being represented, and some excellent records were made. Previous to the opening of the tournament John C. Haskell, a member of the Lynn Central Club, attempted to break 500 balls thrown from two Bogardus traps, in 29 minutes. Mr. Haskell used two 10-gauge breech-loading shot guns, with 2¾ drams of Bridesburg powder and 1¼ ounce shot. Major L. G. White, of Worcester, was selected as referee and Eugene Barry, of Lynn, acted as scorer. E. W. Webster pulled the traps and H. Mortimer, of Boston, attended to the cooling of the guns. The record was broken and 23 birds were killed in 24 min. 15 sec. Mr. Haskell was warmly congratulated on his success.

The first shoot of the day then commenced with a sweepstake of 5 balls each, 27 entries. The second shoot was a grand sweepstake of 10 balls, 22 entries. The third shoot was a two-man team shoot with ten entries, $5 entrance. The fourth shoot and last one was a sweepstake with 24 entries. All was class shooting and divided into three prizes, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Card's rotary trap was used in all the matches. It was a fine day for shooting and every one seemed to enjoy it finely. The Central furnished chowder, coffee and other refreshments to all their visitors. The scores were as follows:

First Sweepstake.

F A Johnson	1 1 1 1 1—5	W S Brackett	0 1 0 1 1—3
W W George	1 1 1 1 0—4	H Mortimer	1 1 1 1 1—5
L G White	1 1 0 1 0—3	H W Eager	1 1 1 1 1—5
Ira Randall	0 1 0 1 1—3	M E Tucker	1 1 0 1 0—3
N G Rowell	1 1 1 0 1—4	A P Pond	1 1 0 1 1—4
F L Paine	1 1 1 1 1—5	F H Landon	1 1 1 1 1—5
D F Howe	0 1 1 0 1—3	W Mitchell	0 1 1 0 1—3
E T Smith	1 1 1 1 0—4	A Houghton	1 1 1 1 1—5
J G Howe	1 1 1 0 1—4	H Merrish	1 1 1 1 1—5
T J Beaudry	1 1 1 1 0—4	W S Perry	1 1 1 1 1—5
O F Belcher	1 1 1 1 1—5	A F Cooper	1 1 1 1 1—5
Geo Monk	1 1 1 1 0—4	H Smith	1 1 0 1 1—4
C Prescott	1 0 1 1 1—4	E Barry	1 1 1 1 1—5
J F Witherel	0 1 1 1 1—4		

Ties on 10: Johnson, Payne, Mortimer and Cooper tied again on 10 each and divided. Ties on 4: George, E T Smith and Monk tied again on 6 each and divided. Ties on 3: White, Howe and Tucker tied again on 5 each and divided.

Second Sweepstake.

Webster	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9	Pond	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Belcher	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9	Gerrish	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Perry	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Lander	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—8 – 7
Houghton	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—9	Witherell	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8
Barry	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—8	White	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Eager	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9	Smith	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9
Randall	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	D F Howe	1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0—6
Johnson	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	J G Howe	1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1—7
Smith	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9	Payne	1 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—7
Haskell	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	George	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Beaudry	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Cooper	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10

Ties on 10: Perry, Eager, Smith, Beaudry and Cooper tied again on 10 each and divided. Ties on 8 won by Johnson with 9. Ties on 4: Webster, Belcher and Payne tied again on 11 and divided.

Third Sweepstake.

Haskell	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	D F Howe	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9
Kirkwood	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—9	Prescott	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Eager	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Johnson	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—9
Pond	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Mortimer	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Beaudry	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Smith	1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0—5
Smith	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Webster	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Barry	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	Cooper	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Webster	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	White	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—8
Randall	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1—7	J G Howe	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Belcher	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Mitchell	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1—8
Perry	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Payne	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—8
Houghton	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	Curtis	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0—8

Ties on 10: Haskell, Pond, Smith and Perry tied again on 6 and divided. Ties on 9: Johnson and Barry tied again on 5 and divided. Ties on 8 won by Mitchell with 5.

Two Men Team Shoot.

Lynn Central.

E W Webster	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		39
F A Johnson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		

Worcester Sportsmen.

A Houghton	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		38
E T Smith	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		

Worcester Sportsmen.

W S Perry	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		39
A P Pond	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		

Marlboro Sportsmen.

H W Eager	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		37
T J Beaudry	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		

Exeter (N. H.) Sportsmen.

C H Gerrish	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0		38
A F Cooper	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		

Lynn Central.

O F Belcher	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		40
J C Haskell	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		

Worcester Sports.

J G Howe	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0		38
Maj White	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		

Lynn Sportsmen.

F L Payne	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		36
H Mortimer	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		

Merry Mount.

C Prescott	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		38
Hardwick	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1		

Merry Mount.

F Curtis	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		37
W Mitchell	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0		

Belcher and Haskell took first. Webster and Johnson and Perry and Pond divided second. Houghton, Smith, Barry, Smith, Gerrish, 1 1 0 1 1; Cooper, 1 1 1 1 0—8, Howe, 1 1 1 1 1; White, 0 1 1 1 1—9. Prescott, 1 1 1 1 1; Hardwick, 1 1 0 1 1—9.

NEW YORK GUN CLUB—Hergen Point, Feb. 26.—Optional Sweepstakes at seven birds each, ties shot off at miss and go out, handicap rise:

Dunleavy	27 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7	
Butler	29	1 1 1 1 1 1 0—6	
Dexter	26	1 0 1 1 1 1 1—6	
Arthur	25	1 1 0 1 1 1 1—6	
Sanders	29	0 1 1 1 0 1 1—5	
White	28	1 0 1 1 1 0 1—5	
Morris	26	1 1 0 1 0 1 1—5	
Rebiln	28	1 0 0 1 1 1 1—5	

The Barron Cup, ten birds each; ties shot off at three birds each.

Sanders	29 yards	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0—8	1 —10
Rebiln	28	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—8	0 — 9
White	30	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	
Armstrong	30	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—8	
Arnold	29	0 0 1 1 0 7 0 1 1 1	— 6
Arthur	26	0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 w	— 5
Morris	26	1 0 1 1 1 0 0 w	— 4
Butler	30	1 0 1 1 0 0 w	— 4
Dexter	28	0 1 0 —	— 1
Dunleavy	28	1 0 0 w	— 1

Optional sweepstakes, seven birds each:

E White	28 yds.	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7	
Rebiln	28	1 0 1 1 1 1 w—6	
O Hopper	29	0 1 1 1 1 1 1—6	
Morris	26	1 1 1 0 1 1 w—5	
Sands	30	0 1 1 0 1 1 w—5	
Armstrong	28 yds.	1 1 0 1 0 1 1—5	
Dunleavy	27	1 1 1 0 1 0 w—5	
Arnold	29	0 1 1 1 1 0 w—5	
Hunter	27	1 1 0 0 0 w—3	

SUNBURY, Pa.—Match for breech-loading shotgun; 10 balls, 18 yds. rise.—The gentlemen who could not be present had their chance shot as follows: For John Peeler, Frank Grover; E. M. Bucher Samuel Baxley; Lewis Dewart, John Colket; A. F. Clapp, S. E. Slaymaker; H. Clark, John Colket; J. K. Davis, John Peeler.

Landis Fry	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—8	Dr Richstine	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—8
G A Sleeder	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0—6	L Dewart	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
J Peeler	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0—5	A F Clapp	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
G M Lyons	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	P Clark	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
J Leyden	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	Sunbury	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
H Nodecker	0 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—6	H J Waltz	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—7
F Grover	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—8	S Basley	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
J Slough	0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—8	J K Davis	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
T Fry	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	J Reed	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
E M Bucher	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	M L Fisher	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1—6
S E Slaymaker	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—9		

A. F. Clapp, owning one of the ties, purchased the other four and took the gun. The gentlemen who shot in this match are all good field shots, as the scores will testify; but not more than four or five of them had ever shot before from the trap, and for this reason think it a very creditable performance. A. F. C.

PORT MORRIS, Feb. 23.—Several matches were shot by the members of the Knickerbocker Gun Club on the K. Y. C.'s grounds at Port Morris on Washington's Birthday. The first match was at pigeons, five birds, five traps, five yards apart, eighty yards boundary, handicap rise. Mr. E. P. Mowton proved the winner, killing four out of five birds, from the 27-yard mark. The next event was a sweepstake glass ball match, ten balls, eighteen yards rise, rotary trap:

A Steinke	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	Mr. Chubb	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1—6
W Potter, Jr.	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—8	K Whitehouse	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0—6
C E Baker	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1—8	E Miller	0 1 0
D F Caughlan	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1—8	G R Hobby	0 0 0

Mr. C. W. Lumb acted as referee. Judges—F. Fitzpatrick and D. M. Winne. Three or four scrub matches were shot during the afternoon and afforded considerable amusement to the spectators. Six gentlemen that had never shot at glass balls arranged a sweepstake match, five balls, eighteen yards rise, rotary trap. Mr. R. H. Miller won the stakes, breaking one ball by accident. The other five scored nothing.

Temperance clergymen, lawyers, ladies and doctors use Hop Bitters, as they do not intoxicate, but restore brain and nerve waste.

The *Nebraska Farmer* says: "No efficient bounty law has been in effect in this State for five or six years, and in the interval wolves have increased to an alarming extent; even the most populous and thickly settled counties in the State are overrun by them, and destruction is daily wrought by them among sheep, pigs, poultry and even calves, and disabled horses and cattle. More than $1,000 worth of stock has been destroyed by them in the year within fifteen miles of this city. This state of affairs exist all through the eastern and central part of the State, and no doubt they are as fully troublesome on the great prairies in the western part of the State as they are hereabouts, and great apprehension is felt by grazers in that section lest thousands of their cattle, already much decimated by the hard winter and heavy snow, and wholly unable to protect themselves, shall fall easy victims to the horde of hungry wolves that dog the steps of the half-starved cows day and night waiting for starvation to make them an easy prey."

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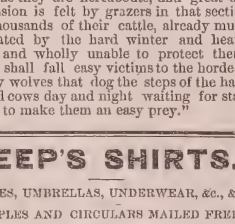
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	20 YARDS.	25 YARDS.	30 YARDS.	40 YARDS.	60 YARDS.	80 YARDS.	100 YARDS.	150 YARDS
Capacity of reel								
Polished brass plain handle with stop	.65	.70	.75	.80	.85	.95	—	—
" " balance " no "	—	.75	—	.90	1.00	1.15	—	—
" " with bushed bearings, click	—	1.35	1.45	1.55	1.65	1.95	—	—
" hard rubber, bushed bearings, click	—	—	—	2.75	3.00	3.25	—	—
" " best q'y, (Abbey pattern)	—	—	8.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	—
" brass, plain handle, multip'g with stop	—	1.30	1.40	1.50	1.60	1.75	—	—
" balance " " better q'ty	—	2.20	—	2.40	2.60	2.75	3.25	3.75
" " " " best "	—	3.00	—	3.25	3.50	3.75	4.25	4.75
" G. S. balance handle, " " "	—	4.50	—	5.00	5.75	6.50	7.25	9.00
" hard rubber balance handle, multiplying, best quality, steel pivot, with adjustable click (Imbrie patent)	—	—	—	—	11.00	12.00	14.00	16.00

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For sale by druggists or mail, $1. **F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.**

Wanted.

WANTED—Live Brant (*Anser bernicla*) decoys. Any person having one or more of these geese will receive a good price on application to W. HAPGOOD, 17 Court st., Boston, Mass. Feb17,4t

WANTED Keel Sloop, about 33 ft. long; must be sound, safe and of fair speed, suitable for cruising and hunting. Moderate in price. Send full particulars to K., this office. Mar3,2t

WANTED Ballard or Wesson's No. .22 cal. breech-loading rifle in exchange for Wesson's Sporting Rifle, .44 cal., 7 lbs., 24-inch barrel, in good order. Apply to F. W. M., Box 4, Summit, New Jersey. Mar3,1t

WANTED—The Galveston (Texas) Gun Club want to engage 6,000 pigeons for the State tournament, to take place May 30 to 7th. Please to state how many you can furnish, and at what price delivered in Galveston. Address W. J. HUGHES, Sec., Galveston, Tex. Mar3,4t

WILL EXCHANGE new Sharp's Rifle, 60 grains, for Maynard. DIRIGO, Box 1,263, Portland, Me. Mar3,1t

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FOR SALE.

A Farm of 22 Acres at Gouldsboro, Lack'a Co., Penn.

On the Lehigh River; about 15 acres under cultivation; the balance is wooded with a beautiful pine grove, through which a stream of clear spring water runs; abundantly stocked with speckled trout; the finest place in the State for a trout pond; a dam can be put in at a slight cost and it will stock itself with trout. A fine young orchard of about 30 trees on place, which is in grass and will cut about 10 tons of hay per year. All kinds of game and fish in the vicinity. Will sell for $250, one quarter its value, and will take a first-class B. L. gun in part payment. Clear title and possession given at once. A. R. SPICER, Morris, Tioga Co., Pa. Mar3,4t

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Trout Hatchery and Preserve in Connecticut, four hours' ride from Grand Central Depot; 27 years' lease of about one mile of a spring stream; high natural falls at one boundary and solid masonry dam at the other; also a timber dam for smaller lake. New Hatchery House connected with a fine spring; nursery pond and, in fact, all necessary appliances. Stream and lakes now thoroughly stocked with trout from fry to five year olds. Land rent but $52 per annum. Will sell lease and improvements low to a prompt buyer. JOHN B. MORGAN, 85 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. Mar3,4t

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United States or States patent rights for new implement for extracting cartridge shells. For effectiveness and strength it is unexcelled, and so constructed that cartridge shells of any size can be extracted with it, and as it combines three different powers, the sportsman or hunter having one becomes master of the "light shell" situation. Address AD. PAUL, 837 Chouteau av, St. Louis, Mo. Feb17tf

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Cabin sloop yacht, one year old, with full set racing canvas, an excellent sea boat and fast; frames natural bent timber and extra heavy; length, 37 feet; beam, 13 feet; draft, 3½ feet; will sell for half original cost; only object in selling prefer larger yacht. For further inquiries, address F. H. O., Post-office Box 93, Buffalo, N. Y. Mar.3 1t

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FOR SALE, a twelve-foot Rushton Hunting Canoe, in perfect order; fitted with sail, foot steering gear and lee boards, oars and paddle complete, together with crate to pack for shipment. Address A. J. H., Box 4, Bridgeport, Conn. Mar3,1t

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For sale, a few loose plates of Audubon's Birds of America, elephant folio edition. These represent the birds of natural size, and are suitable for framing as ornaments for a dining-room or library. Some of the plates are slightly soiled, and one or two have been folded, but any of them can be cleansed and restored at slight expense. Price from $1 to $5 each, according to condition. Among the birds represented are the Great White Heron, Red-headed Duck, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Purple Finch, Black-shouldered Hawk, several warblers, finches and other small birds. For further particulars apply to this office. Feb24,1t

FOR SALE, a first-class breech-loading, double barreled English grooved rifle, large calibre. Daw of London maker. A most effective and powerful gun for large game, particularly Florida alligators, complete with case, tools, etc. Can be seen at HENRY C SQUIRES, No. 1 Cortlandt st., N. Y. Feb17,4t

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TO EXCHANGE—A Remington 10-gauge Damascus barrel breech-loader for a thoroughly-broken setter dog, not over three years old, good nose, good retriever, staunch on all game. Address BOX 1,115 Williamsport, Pa. Mar3,1t

TO SPORTSMEN.—For sale or charter, small stern-wheel steamer, 55 feet long, 14 feet beam, of good speed; suitable for hunting party on the Western rivers. Owner will take charge if necessary. S. G. DOLSON, 271 Altavista street, Dubuque, Iowa. Mar3,1t

LIVE DEER FOR SALE.—A yearling buck; good size, very tame, in splendid condition. Or will exchange for a good dog; must be a No. 1 retriever from the water. J. FRANK LOCKE, Burnhamville, Todd Co., Minn. Mar3,1t

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For sale, the produce of animals that have been hunted during the whole of last season, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Penn. Mar3,1t

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WANTED a thoroughbred pointer, unbroken; price not to exceed $15. F. H. TAYLOR, Box 337, Washington, Ind Mar3,1t

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1. THUNDER, pure Laverack Setter, color, blue Belton; whelped May 7, 1877; weight, 53 lbs.; winner of seven bench show prizes and one field trial; sire of Daisy, Lady, Dick and Mack Laverack.
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3. DAISY LAVERACK, pure Laverack; color, lemon Belton; whelped June 19, 1879; winner of second prize in the Nat. A. K. C. Derby, Vincennes, 1880. Daisy, I consider, a first-class field dog; has a remarkably keen nose and is very fast.
4. MAY LAVERACK, black and white; whelped May 11, 1879; winner in two field trials; is the fastest puppy I ever shot over. She is by Thunder out of Spot, a native bitch by Glass out of Pink. She will breed well to a large, well-made native or Llewellin dog.
5. DICK LAVERACK, blue Belton, pure Laverack; a handsome-bodied dog and much like his sire, Thunder; second in a large class at the late Pittsburgh dog show; beaten by his brother Mack. I consider him as good in the field as Daisy or May; whelped June 19, 1879; weight, about 43 lbs.

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Trotter, with permission, to the FOREST AND STREAM, or to any gentleman present at the late field trials. Dick, Daisy and May are two-season dogs; broken in Missouri by H. M. Short and have had a great deal of game killed over them. There are no better bred dogs in the world, as gentlemen posted in canine matters will admit.

I intend importing a pure Laverack dog that I think will nick well with Daisy and May, and should I keep Peeress would breed her to no other dog than Thunder.

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After that, to W. L. McCONNELL, Newcastle, Pa. Feb17,1t

FOR SALE CHEAP, thoroughly broken Setters Pindee (Dash III.-Dora II.), Count Dan (Cariowitz-Queen Bess); Frost II. (Gladstone-Frost), Dog pup, three months (Gladstone-Frost), black Spaniel bitch Madcap, two prizes, and best spaniel pups LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I Feb17,1t

FOR SALE, a liver and white (Sensation-Flirt) pointer, 2 years old; drops to shot and will wing and retrieves well from land or water; a strictly first-class dog; satisfactory reasons given for offering him for sale. Address Lock Box 16, Rome, Georgia. Feb10,4t

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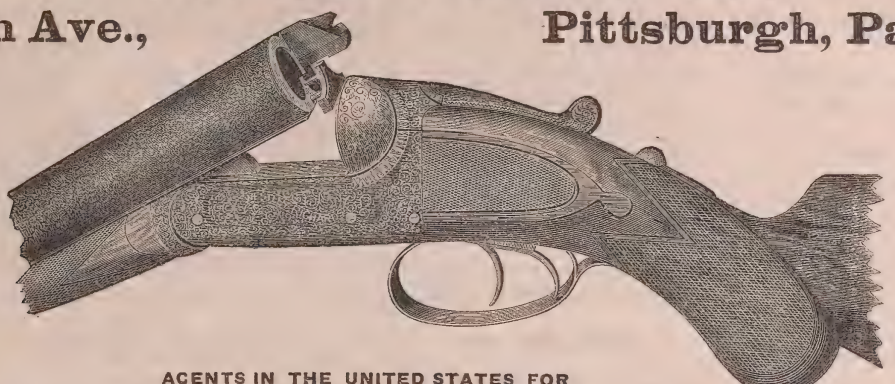
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We have just received a superb assortment of these matchless weapons, choked on Westley Richards new system, for extra close hard shooting, giving marvelous results with light charges, as the following scores will show:

On May 5, 1880, in the contest for the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association's prizes, and a place on the team to represent this association at the State shoot, at 50 wild pigeons, 26 yards rise, from 6 ground traps 5 yards apart, out of 55 competitors, 3 of the 5, Messrs. Register, O'Neil and Bell, made the following score, winning places on the team:

J. Register	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	01111	11111	11111	11111	11011—48
J. Palmer O'Neil	11111	11111	11111	11111	11110	11111	11111	11110	11011	11111—47
W. S. Bell	11111	11111	11111	11111	11110	11111	11101	11111	11111	11011—47

And in shooting off the tie for second Mr. Bell killed 16 straight at 31 yards rise.

On April 10, 1880, the following score was made at 50 glass balls thrown from Mole's patent rotating trap, 18 yards rise:

J. Register	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11110	10101	11111	11111	11111—47
W. S. Bell	01011	11011	11111	11111	11111	11111	11 11	11111	11111	11111—47

On May 26, 1880, same trap and rules:

W. S. Bell	10111	11111	11110	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111—48

On June 2, 1880, same trap and rules, the following remarkable score was made at 50 glass balls:

W. S. Bell.....11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111—50

At Toledo, Ohio, on June 29, 1880, match, 7 wild pigeons at 21 yards rise, Ohio rules; Mr. Bell killed 1111111—7. Tie, 26 yards rise, 3 birds: 111—3. Tie, 31 yards rise: 111 111 111 111 111—15, winning.

One peculiarity of the Westley Richards new system of boring is the small charges required. In the match of May 5, above referred to, Mr. O'Neil used a 12-gauge, 7-lb. Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, loaded with 3 drs. powder and 1⅛ ozs. of shot. Mr. Bell, in all his shooting, used a 10-gauge, 9-lb. Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, loaded with 4½ drs. powder, 1⅛ ozs. shot. Mr. Register used a 10-gauge, 9½ lb. Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, loaded with 4¼ drs. powder and 1¼ ozs. shot.

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Highest quality, elaborately engraved and finished, best gun made	$450
B quality, not so highly engraved	350
C quality, well engraved and finished	250
C quality, no engraving	190

These guns have Anson & Deeley's Patent Hammerless Cocking Action and Automatic Safety Bolt. No possibility of an accidental discharge, as the safety bolt is worked automatically, securely locking the tumblers whenever the lever is moved to open or close the gun.

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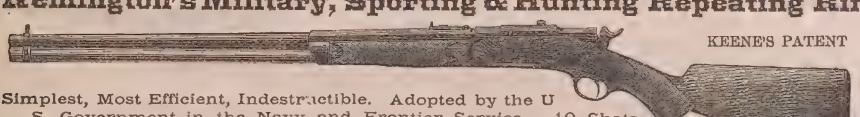
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PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if the dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices, $50 and $75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia. Oct 2,tf

OULEOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL.—For pure Cockers from the finest selected stock in the United States, imported and native in the stud, imported cocker Racer, liver and white. A very handsome, powerful dog, 3 years old, fine feather, weight, 28 lbs., litters warranted. Will serve good approved bitches only at $15. Address ROBERT WALKER, Keeper Ouleout Kennel, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. tf

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address LE ROY Z. COLLINS, Lancaster, Mass., U. S. A. Sept 15-tf

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Imperial Kennel

Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken.
Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment.
Dogs have daily access to salt water.
N. B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs for sale; full pedigrees. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest, as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1879; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the gold necklace at New York, 1880. For sale, thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. June24,tf

NEWMARKET KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained Setters and Pointers for sale. Address Box 335, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. Feb17,3mo

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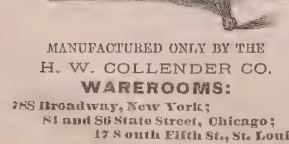
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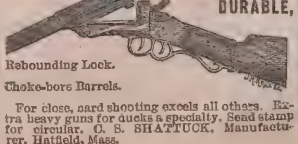
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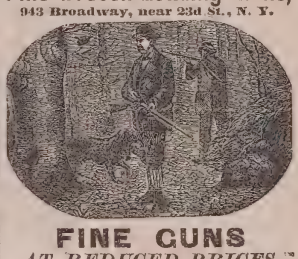
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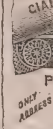
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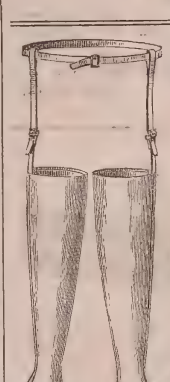
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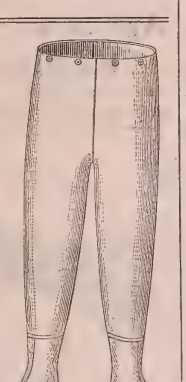
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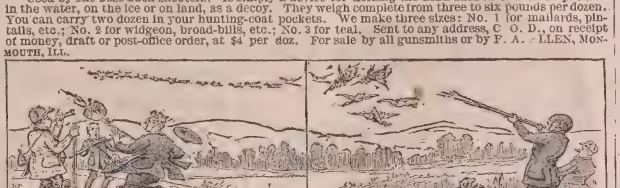
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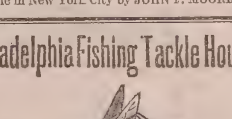
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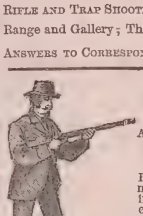
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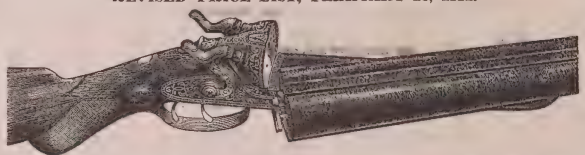
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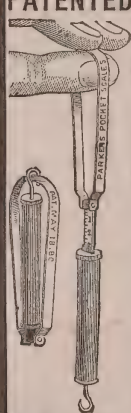
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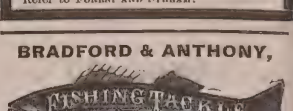
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1881.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, March 10.

NATURALISTS' PERMITS

IN many State game laws a wise and just provision is made whereby students of natural history and taxidermists are allowed to kill song and insectivorous birds "for natural history purposes." This privilege has been outrageously abused, particularly in the neighborhood of large cities. Long Island is infested the year round with song-bird shooters and nest robbers who slaughter the song birds and steal the eggs "for natural history purposes." The traffic in birds' skins and eggs is much greater than most people have any conception of, and the number of "specimens" collected by these vagrant robbers almost exceeds belief. The abuse is not confined to Long Island. In their very able report, the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners call attention to the same evil existing in that State, where, they say, "the office or license of taxidermist is more sought for purposes of traffic in the skins of birds and animals, and even for the destruction of game during close time, than the legitimate purposes of scientific study. Our song birds in particular are most eagerly coveted during the mating season, as they are then in their gayest plumage." Doubtless the same state of things exists elsewhere.

So great has been the destruction of song birds on Long Island that those who have framed the proposed new game law introduced a change in this respect, partially revoking this naturalists' license. This change, if we are not misinformed, was suggested by a collector, who, in his wanderings over the island, has learned the extent of bird destruction worked by the vagabonds from New York and Brooklyn. That these fellows should be debarred from their practices is certainly much to be desired alike by the farmer, land owner and naturalist; but it would, perhaps, be wiser to have framed the law so that responsible students of natural history and *bona fide* collectors might still have the privilege of right belonging to them. They should not be made to suffer because of the lawless doings of the robbers who stray out from the city's slums. There are many gentlemen in New York and Brooklyn—the members of the Linnean Society, for instance—who ought not to be debarred from prosecuting their favorite pursuits. The best law on this point would be one still allowing the privilege and cutting off the possibility of its abuse. This may be done by providing for licenses and strictly regulating the granting of them to applicants. The control of the licenses should be put into the hands of responsible parties—preferably natural history societies and scientific institutions. The seventh section of the proposed Massachusetts law, quoted elsewhere, makes just such a provision. The only material change, which it might be wise to make in such a law, would be a limit of time to the certificates, so that the holders would be required to renew them at given intervals, when those which had been abused might be rescinded.

THE MASSACHUSETTS GAME BILL.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association represents, we believe, the best informed, most experienced and practical element of the sportsmen in that State. Its headquarters are at Boston, where, during the years of its existence, it has had an ample field for effort in the cause of game protection. The vigorous manner in which prosecutions for the violation of the game laws have been pushed and the determined activity of the society have inspired respect for its character and confidence in its judgment. The society has been engaged in the actual work of enforcing the game law. By experience and practical test it has proved the weak and and the strong features of the statute.

As the result of this experience of several years we have the draft of the bill for a new game law—published in another column. This bill has been drawn by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. It represents what they believe to be the best game law possible and practical in Massachusetts. The bill has been under consideration by the members for a long time; unusual care has been taken to make it comprehensive and effective in its operation. It has been submitted to able criminal lawyers and indorsed by them as strong and without flaw.

Having been prepared in the manner designated, and embodying as it does the points acquired by the experience of the Massachusetts Society this bill should receive the hearty sanction of the sportsmen of that State. It may not suit all; in some points it is open to objection. To frame a bill which shall meet the unreserved approbation of all is an impossibility, and one great obstacle to efficient legislation in Massachusetts has been that bills which were good as at first presented have been manipulated to suit individual notions until utterly worthless.

The Massachusetts Association have fairly earned the confidence of the sportsmen of the State, and this confidence should be extended to their efforts in legislation. For this reason it is to be hoped that the sportsmen of Massachusetts will urge upon their representatives at Boston the passage of the bill as it stands. We understand that it comes before the House this week, and we hope in a future issue to record that it has become a law.

GAME BIRDS FOR MASSACHUSETTS.—It is satisfactory to learn that the movement of the Springfield sportsmen, which has for its object the stocking of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts with game, is likely to be extremely popular in all sections of the State. Although the movement was inaugurated at the rooms and among the members of the Rod and Gun Club of Springfield, it has now so far exceeded the bounds originally marked out for it that it can be said to be under the auspices of no association. Contributions have been offered in the most liberal way by men who had no connection with any gun club, and it really looks as if the brotherhood of sportsmen in the old Bay State were going to carry this thing through with old-fashioned New England push and vigor. The fund to be applied to this purpose has already attained quite respectable proportions and is constantly growing. Sportsmen hearing of the project for the first time instinctively thrust their hands in their pockets, fish out one, five or ten dollars and contribute it to the fund; so attractive does the project appear to practical sportsmen. We understand that the managers of the undertaking have already purchased in Tennessee three hundred quail and purpose, if it be possible, to secure as many more. They have obtained some pinnated grouse, and have arranged for some sharp-tailed grouse and some California quail. They propose also to obtain some of the eggs of the sharp-tailed grouse and to hatch them under bantam hens, and will endeavor to rear them.

MIGRATION IS MADE EASY for certain birds, if all we hear be true, and if it be not true we have here a very curious similarity of belief in two widely separated and utterly diverse races. We venture to say that Dr. Merrill's note in another column will interest not our ornithological readers alone, but many others as well. That a belief of the Bedouins of Africa should receive confirmation from the savages of our Western wilds is a noteworthy if not a significant fact. Such a tale as that of the wagtails crossing the Mediterranean on the backs of storks, and the similar one of the sandhill cranes transporting the "cranes back" in their migrations would have been scouted a few years since. But in these days, while we may all doubt, he is wise who refrains from denying. While the story of the "crane's back" may be without foundation, it may also have a very substantial basis of truth. We shall watch with interest for further information on this subject.

WE NOTICE that the New York *Herald* is "down on" what it is pleased to term the pedestrian infliction, and it manifests its disapprobation of the walking matches by giving place to only exceedingly meagre reports of their progress. This attitude of the press is a pleasing sign of the times. If now our highly-esteemed contemporary will only curtail the space devoted to Philadelphia cock-fights and Long Island dog-fights that will be equally gratifying and significant of an increasing disregard for the indecencies which mar our civilization

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Among the names of the new Cabinet sent in by President Garfield and confirmed by the Senate was that of Col. Thomas L. James as Postmaster-General. This is a fit recognition of Col. James' ability and of the successful manner in which he has conducted the postal service of this city. The appointment is unqualifiedly indorsed by the business men of New York and the press of the country irrespective of party.

Col. James, although a politician of no mean order, has received this high honor strictly on his merits. With an executive ability almost phenomenal, courteous in bearing, and of a strict integrity which twenty years of political office has not tarnished, Postmaster-General James will enter upon his new and larger sphere of duty indorsed by the best men everywhere without regard to politics. Our best wish for him is that at Washington he may serve the whole country as faithfully and as successfully as he has served this city, and that the recognition of his efforts there may be as general and decided as that of his services here.

It is highly desirable that the efficient postal system perfected by Col. James in this city should be continued by those who have co-operated with him in the past. The hope is expressed in business circles, and we share it, that Col. James' able assistant, Mr. H. G. Pearson, may be put at the head of the New York Post Office.

MORE MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Many interested readers will learn with satisfaction from the letter published elsewhere that Mr. Horace P. Tobey, of Boston, again proffers his services to assist in the further importation of migratory quail. As we have already pointed out, the success of this enterprise depends upon conditions which demand that the importation should be on a large scale; and it is to be hoped that the response to Mr. Tobey's note may insure an importation equal to those of other years.

It should be understood that this is purely a labor of love on the part of Mr. Tobey, whose repeated efforts in this direction merit—and we trust receive—the very highest appreciation.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—Do not forget the meeting of this association to be held at Fishmongers' Hall, Fulton Market, New York, on the 30th and 31st of this month. Prepare a paper on some important subject, if you have such a subject, and send its title to the Secretary, Mr. Barnet Phillips, office of the New York *Times*, so that it can be put upon the programme. Bring collars enough to last while you stay over the first two days in April to see the trout opening, and you will return home and be an authority on trout and fishculture for your neighborhood for years to come. You will read the signs on the oyster-houses which tell you to "Take home a fry in a box," and, treasuring the hint, may go home with a hat full of trout.

WILLIAM W. WINCHESTER.—William W. Winchester Vice-President of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, died of consumption at his home in New Haven, Conn., last Monday, 7th inst., aged 44 years. Mr. Winchester had been connected with the company of which he was an officer since its inception. He was an able and energetic business man, and commanded the respect of his associates. Socially, Mr Winchester was a generous-hearted and true friend. He will be mourned by a very wide circle of friends, in New Haven and elsewhere.

SEVERAL GAME BILLS have been introduced into the Connecticut Legislature and referred to the Committee on Agriculture It is probable that the present law will not be changed. One of the bills provides for legalizing the trap shooting of pigeons. We have the best of reason to believe that this will not be made a law.

"WHY DID HE DO IT?"—This question is satisfactorily answered in another column, together with some further particulars of who did it, what it was he did, where he did it, when he did it, how he did it, what he did it with, who saw him do it, what it cost him to do it, and all about it.

"MARSTRAND" has drawn a pleasing picture of the rare angling days on the "Unknown," and he is wise in not divulging the local habitation and names of the guides who might conduct the envious angler to those favored pools.

MR. THEO. MORFORD, of Newton, N. J., has returned from his Southern sporting and health-seeking excursion. He reports game abundant, and his trip a most pleasant and enjoyable one.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE SQUATTIC AND TULADI LAKES.

A NEW BRUNSWICK FISHING EXCURSION.

ONE of the most difficult things to decide in a country so full of lakes and trout streams as New Brunswick is, where to go. All the places of easy access are fished to death, consequently if one wants good sport one must go long distances to obtain it.

Early in July, 1879, an English friend, H. S. B., and myself determined upon going where we would be reasonably sure of good sport—"but where?" That was the question. We did not care to take any of the well-known routes, and perhaps follow immediately in the wake of some party who had taken all the cream leaving us the milk, so after pestering the life out of everybody in the least likely to give us the right tip we were fortunate enough to meet a lumberman from the upper St. John who told us wonderful stories of fishing to be had in a chain of lakes that lies in the extreme N. W. part of the province called the Squattic or Squat-took and Tuladi lakes. But as it does not always do to take everything one hears for gospel, especially when relating to fish, we made further inquiries, and found that our informant had not multiplied the numbers and size of the fish by more than two, and that even by knocking off the fifty per cent. the sport would be worth going any distance for, so we determined upon the Squattic route.

To reach these lakes from St. John, New Brunswick, the most pleasant way is to take the day boat up the river to Fredericton, where the sportsman will be obliged to stay over night as the St. John and Fredericton and New Brunswick railroads seem to have gone to infinite trouble to make antagonistic time-tables, and the consequence is that a journey that ought only to occupy fourteen hours cannot be done in less than two days. From Fredericton the New Brunswick R. R takes you to Grand Falls, which alone are worth going the whole distance to see. Thirty-nine miles above Grand Falls is Edmundston, the terminus of the railroad, and from that point the remainder of the journey is by boat, either birch bark canoes, pirogue or batteau, the latter being far the best, both as regards safety and comfort.

Now, when an individual or party has decided upon this it is absolutely necessary that their boatmen should be energetic, obliging and, above all, thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the route, for it is strange, though nevertheless a fact, that the very best looking streams and pools are destitute of trout, while the best fishing is to be found where the most experienced angler would never think of wetting his line. William Malcolm and Bernard McLaughlan have been my men on both the trips I have made through these lakes, and better men in every respect it would be hard to find. Their address is Grand Falls, New Brunswick. Their terms, too, are most reasonable. They furnish batteau, good new tent, cooking utensils, etc., for $3 per day for one passenger, or $4 for two or more. If expense is no object, an extra man with canoe to carry tent, provisions, etc., will make things more comfortable, as this will make more room in the batteau, and the third man can go ahead, make camp, do the cooking and many other things. Tom Ryan, also of Grand Falls, is just the man for this work. Before leaving St. John lay in what canned goods will be necessary, not forgetting condensed milk and a few bottles of pickles; and if there are any thirsty souls in the party, a small keg of something to dilute the water with. Everything else can be bought at Edmundston, good and cheap.

Bear in mind that the lighter the load is the lighter the work will be. Another very necessary article is a preparation sold by A. Chipman Smith for keeping off the flies and mosquitoes. This, if rubbed on about once every hour, is an effectual check to these pests.

Any man who values his personal appearance or whose complexion is too delicate to be trifled with has no business here, for the sun, black flies, mosquitoes and midges will, in one day, make such an alteration in him that his most intimate friends would hardly recognize him, and even his intended, unless she had a remarkably well-balanced head, would be ashamed to be seen in his society. In fact, unless a man is a thorough sportsman he had much better stay at home.

The most killing flies for these waters are Jenny Linds, brown fairies (trout size), and hackles, red, brown, gray and black. Baillie or Scribner of St. John tie good flies and know the best sizes When arranging for the men give them a week's notice, and when you leave Fredericton telegraph them, and they will have their batteau and traps ready to go on with you to Edmundston from Grand Falls. You can lay in your provisions the same evening and be ready for an early start next morning. Ten pounds of ship biscuits per man will be found sufficient. You must guess at the quantities of the other stores.

The first day's poling takes you up the Madawaska River to Griffin's, seventeen miles, where you make your first camp, having previously stopped six miles below at Lynch's, and secured him with his oxen to portage you over to Beardsley's, better known as Mud Lake.

The outlet from this lake is called Basley's Brook, but there was not water enough in it this year to float the batteau, and it took us from noon until 9 P. M. to do seven miles, as we had to drag batteau and load the whole distance, and a harder day's work I never put in. A mile or two below our camp we struck the Squattic stream, and from this time until our journey was finished it was all beer and skittles, as we had plenty of water.

From the forks to the first lake is ten miles, with a good current running, and enough trout may be picked up while going to the lake to suffice for the next meal, but they are generally small.

I am told that there is sometimes very good fishing where this stream enters the first lake, but that has not been my experience and, though you may get a few good trout trolling, it is not until you get to the foot of the lake, twelve miles, that the fishing improves. By camping at the foot of the lake you are certain of fair sport, but it is not until the Squattic lakes are passed that you get the good fishing. Tuladi, weighing from five to thirty-five pounds, are often killed at the foot of the big lake with a troll. If ever I go over this route again I intend taking a salmon rod, with stiff tip, and spinning for them, either with a phantom minnow or small spoon, and feel convinced that good sport can be had in this way. Tuladi, or, as they are called by many, Togue, are identical with the lake or salmon trout of the upper lakes and have no equal, in my opinion, for the table. The thoroughfare between the first and second Squattic is ten miles long and the fishing does not amount to much. By keeping along the right hand shore of the second lake, near the lower end, a fine brook will be seen and as pretty a camp as there is on the whole route. I have taken some splendid trout at this spot that would average two pounds each, but from eight to a dozen will be a good take here.

It is best when leaving this camp not to stop until you have passed the next two lakes, as they are not worth wasting time upon.

The angler will have observed that up to this time there has been very little fishing, but when he has passed the last Squattic and enters the thoroughfare, called the Tuladi stream, he can put up his very best tackle, for believe me he will have it well tried.

If either of the men I have named as boatmen have been employed they will show exactly where to commence fishing, and one fly will be found sufficient, as the fish are very large and game as any fish I ever saw. One is apt, the first few casts he makes, to have a fish on each fly, and this sometimes severely tries both rod and temper. In these holes I found that after killing two dozen or two dozen and a half with the fly that they got shy and would not rise. Then you want a good, stout Stewart's tackle and put up a live minnow, any quantity of which can be caught on the upper side of the bar, behind which the large fish lie, and you can kill as many more. I am not romancing when I say that I have frequently seen, when I have had a large fish in play, three or four other trout, as large, and often larger, chasing the poor beggar about and worrying him like dogs, and when I got my fish into the landing-net would find his throat all scarred by their teeth. The fish taken from this hole will average a pound each—scarcely any under half a pound and a good many from three to four pounds each. A short distance below this place the Haughton branch runs in, and Barney (Bernard), who has fished it, says it is the best place by far he ever saw, but there is a bad jam a mile or so from its mouth, over which it is impossible to take a boat. There is an easy way of getting up along the bank, I believe, and then fishing it down. I did not try it this year, as my time was limited.

Less than a mile below this branch is another ripple very much like the last I have described and which is fairly alive with big trout from one pound to four each, and the fishing can all be done by wading, which does not disturb the fish nearly so much as a boat does. The best plan is to camp at the upper ripple, where there is a first-rate chance, and as the places are within easy reach, go from one to the other in the boat. After leaving this camp there will be no use fishing any more until the Tuladi lakes have been passed, as there is no fishing in them, but at the foot of the last lake, where the Temisquatta stream leaves it there is a magnificent series of rapids and falls, through which the boatmen I have named will take you, and where you can kill all the trout you wish. Camp here by all means for one day at least.

After passing these rapids the fishing is done, and a four-mile paddle, with rapid water most of the way, takes you into Lake Temisquatta, the largest of the chain, being twenty-seven miles in extreme length, though only ten from where you enter it.

Mr. Terrican, member for that district, built a house a couple of years ago, and this is occupied by a French family. We stopped there in passing, as it was the first house we had seen since leaving Griffith's, and saw one of the worst sights I ever remember. There were several children and grown people, all of whom were more or less covered with sores from fly bites, but one poor little fellow was literally scalped, for he had not one hair or a bit of skin on his head

We had a fair wind down the big lake, so we rigged one of my waterproof sheets for a sail, and while we were booming along Bill enlivened us with songs, of which he seems to have an inexhaustible collection. One of his heroines must have been unique in her dress, though I should not like to have to foot her dress-maker's bill.

> "For red and rosy was her cheeks
> And coal-black were her hair,
> And costly was the robes of gold
> That this fair maid did wear.

The grammar, it will be seen, is a little defective, but that is nothing. Near the foot of the Temisquatta there are some very fine echoes, some of which, on a favorable day, will repeat three and even four times. An easy day from the head of the Madawaska takes you back to Edmundston, and any body who has gone this route and is not satisfied with the sport must be hard to please indeed. The time required to do it properly is fourteen days from St. John and back again, though of course more time can be profitably spent upon it, but nothing less than a fortnight will do. E. F. T. H.

"A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES."

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I never intended to assert that no good salmon fishing could be had in Canada, as Mr. Fay says in his very interesting account of a trip there, in yours of 10th inst. I did say no good salmon fishing could be depended upon by any one having only the open and public waters of the Nepisiguit and Restigouche or any other salmon river, and only two weeks at that, at his disposal. I also said that few could make a salmon trip for so small a cost as Mr. Fay mentioned.

I repeat that, in nine seasons out of ten, it is waste of time and money to expect to get good salmon fishing in Canada without several weeks and hundreds of dollars at your disposal. Salmon are proverbially fickle in the time of their arrival at the pool, where they are usually taken.

If a man has not time and money and, above all, a permit from the lessee to fish upon the private part of a salmon river in Canada, he had better save his energies, unless he be content with trout fishing and to make a hasty traveling tour, stopping a few days in each place. It is a question of preference

"A rolling stone gathers"—no salmon. I prefer to spend my time on one river, camped out in the woods and wait for the salmon if they have not arrived as soon as I. To fly fish for salmon properly, also, each angler requires a canoe managed by two canoemen. This costs money. I cannot comprehend any enjoyment or success in having two anglers in one canoe, as must be done if the trip is to cost within or near Mr Fay's figures. Fancy two lines, each with a 20-pound salmon on, from the same canoe! Or fancy a man traveling "1,757" miles and then taking turns with three friends in fishing from the same canoe!

I have leased salmon rivers and been salmon fishing many years and I know that proper enjoyment of the noble sport takes time and money. Still, if any one prefers to take his sport "on the pun," why *de gustibus*, etc. MANHATTAN.

SADDLE MOUNTAIN.

"WILL you set down and take a bite with us?"

It was a wild scene in a wild country, where this rude but sincere invitation to partake of frontier hospitality was given. A small and roughly built log cabin, located at the foot of Saddle Mountain, in the heart of an Oregon forest and about twenty-five miles from Astoria. A building without a door or window, its outside walls ornamented with several half dried elk and bear skins; a roof of shakes with a hole in the top, through which the blue smoke was slowly climbing up among the heavily fringed boughs of hemlock that towered to the height of more than 200 feet above the ridgepole. But rude and primitive as it was I assure the reader that it was one of the most welcome objects the writer had gazed upon for at least twenty-four hours preceding that cold, damp October morning, when, shivering with cold and extremely hungry, he stood at the entrance of the cabin and was greeted with the welcome with which I have opened my tale of adventure.

A year's incessant toil in one of the quartz mills upon the great Comstock lode of Nevada, had so reduced me physically that I determined upon a few weeks' recreation in the coast range of Oregon. Accordingly I went down to the "bay," purchased a Mississippi Yeager, a Colt's dragoon revolver, some trout lines and an ample suply of ammunition, bought a ticket for Astoria on the steamer "Oriflamme," and a week later found myself sipping a glass of Bass' ale at the "Columbia Bar," located immediately upon the wharf of that historic town. I had heard a great deal about the terrors of the "Columbia Bar," its heavy seas, its shifting channels and its dangerous currents; but before I was half through with that glass of ale I was satisfied that the whole thing was a put up job or a means of self-gorification used by those who had been there when intent upon awe inspiring the louts who had only heard of this Scylla and Charybdis of the far northwest. To be sure some of the passengers chattered vociferously about some kind of a bar we had passed over the night before, but as this was the only bar I saw, and as there was no mistake about this being the "Columbia Bar," I speak only of things whereof I know.

From some of the old shellbacks who were hanging about the wharves, I learned that elk and bear were very plenty at Saddle Mountain, that there was an old trail leading directly to it from the town, and that two hunters, known as "Old Dawson" and "Happy George," had built a cabin at its base, intending to pass the winter hunting and trapping there. This was exactly what I had been looking for, and as the trail was impassable for horsemen on account of the fallen timber, I set out the next morning on foot and without a guide for the hunters' camp. The first few miles were made with comparative ease, but as I penetrated deeper and deeper into the immense forest of spruce, hemlock and yellow fir, the undergrowth kept encroaching upon the trail until finally it formed but a narrow path beneath a complete archway of foliage. Everything was dripping with moisture from the heavy fogs rolling in from the sea, and the fallen timber was covered with a heavy growth of moss that entirely prevented any drying process, and soon transformed every fallen tree into a soggy, rotten mass of punk, green and beautiful on the outside, but treacherous to the feet, and useless for fuel. These monsters of vegetation, some of which were 300 feet long by 8 or 10 feet in diameter, were lying so frequently directly across the trail that traveling soon became very laborious, and early in the afternoon I became satisfied

that I should not be able to accomplish more than twenty miles that day. The moist and slippery trail gave constant evidence that it was also a favorite thoroughfare for wild animals. The great cow-like footprints of the elk were mingled with the negro-shaped track of the black bear, and the broad, cat-like spoor of the cougar or mountain lion.

Gigantic ferns, ten or twelve feet high, grew abundantly along the low depressions of the trail and the undergrowth in many places was as dense as any I have ever seen upon the Isthmus of Darien. Hour after hour passed and found me still toiling along the narrow trail, sometimes clambering over and sometimes crawling under those mighty prostrate monarchs of the forest, lying so frequently directly across my line of travel, until the slowly-fading light in that sombre wilderness warned me that I must prepare to pass the night in the most primitive style possible, more especially as I had no blanket and nothing to eat but a few apples purloined from an orchard on the outskirts of Astoria. The first thought, after this became a settled conviction, was for fuel, and my anxiety in this respect grew greater every moment as I traveled mile after mile and could not find a stick that looked dry enough to burn.

The idea of lying out that night was certainly not a very inviting one. The numerous tracks of wild animals, of both the ursine and feline orders, which I had observed upon every mile of the trail during the afternoon, suggested a possibility of unwelcome intruders, and the cold, moist and penetrating night air, whose influence already began to make itself unpleasantly felt, precluded, in my thinly clad condition, any very luxurious anticipations of the night's repose, even to the most romantic temperament. My spirits, however, came to the surface with a bound when, upon ascending a slight swell or ridge, I saw the great, sail-like slivers of a lightning-shattered tree lying in heaps about its stump, small enough to handle and apparently dry enough to burn. A short distance beyond two dead trees lay, crossing each other at right angles, and half an hour later I had a tolerably comfortable bed arranged in the corner, with a pile of slivers at my feet and a not very enthusiastic fire burning in front.

Slowly wore the night away. The fire, unless frequently stirred, threatened to go out, and the strange noises of the night in those deep solitudes kept my mind so active that upon consulting my watch at nearly 12 o'clock I found the night was half spent and, weary as I was, sleep had not yet visited my eyelids. I sunk into a light slumber, however, soon after and awoke with a start at 4 o'clock to find that the fire had died down to a dull bed of coals and that the few stars visible directly over my head, through the tops of the tall trees, were shining as brightly as ever. Anxiously I watched the pale light announcing the coming of the day-king steal over the heights, and as soon as I could fairly see the trail I was again on my way.

Two hours later found me standing in the doorway of the cabin I have already described, at the foot of Saddle Mountain - and what a welcome sight presented itself to the shivering and nearly famished hunter! Dawson sat upon one side of an immense bed of lively coals, with a long-handled frying-pan, frying huge slapjacks in bear's grease, and upon the opposite side sat "Happy George," roasting and basting the fat ribs of an elk.

"Will you set down and take a bite with us?"

Dear readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, devotees of the rifle and untiring followers of those antlered monarchs of forest, grove and glen, it is superfluous to ask you if you have been there, for I know you have, every last one of you, and it is only necessary to say that on that particular occasion I was there too. Half an hour later, as I lay reclining upon a bear skin, and my entertainers put the h use in order, I began to take notes of my companions. Dawson was a light-built, light-complexioned man, of medium height, about forty years of age, had lost his left eye and was at that time the most famous hunter in all those parts. He carried the most terrific rifle I ever saw—muzzle-loading and throwing a round ball fourteen to the pound. "Happy George" was at least fifteen years younger, dark-skinned, broad-shouldered and evidently of herculean strength, having nothing peculiar about him, except, perhaps, the enviable disposition from which he derived his sobriquet. He was armed with a Springfield rifle.

The day was spent in eating, smoking, lounging, running bullets for Dawson's artillery piece preparatory to an elk hunt on the morrow and in general conversation, while my interest in this wild country and especially in its fauna was not easily appeased. The two hunters were equally desirous of hearing about the great silver-bearing lode of Nevada and the methods for extracting the precious metals in vogue there. I found that Saddle Mountain and its vicinity was a favorite resort of some of the mightiest of wild animals to be found upon our continent. Deer were very scarce or entirely unknown there, but elk, bear, panther and cougars were to be found in abundance, some of the former of which would dress upward of 600 lbs.

We were off by daylight the next morning, our course being directly up the side of the mountain, which at this point was so steep that the climbing was exceedingly laborious. Not a word was spoken by either of us as we toiled slowly upward, for the fresh tracks of elk were visible in every direction. None of the animals themselves, however, were sighted until we had nearly reached the summit, where we emerged into a charming little glade with an area of about two acres. Here we beheld one of the most imposing sights it was ever my good fortune to contemplate. Right in the centre of the little meadows, as if framed in a picture, with his beautiful head crowned with a magnificent pair of horns raised seven or eight feet high, his great nostrils and eyes distended in alarm, stood a buck elk of the largest size. He was standing with his side toward us, but his head was turned in our direction, and not being over thirty yards distant I stood perfectly lost in the contemplation of the spectacle. Not so, however, with my companions. Both rifles cracked simultaneously and the noble animal, with a bound that brought him to the edge of the meadow, plunged headlong down the almost perpendicular cliff with the blood spurting in purple streams from his side. We heard him go crashing down among the firs and underbrush, and it being impossible to follow him in safety by the direct route we descended to the place where he had lodged by an easier grade. There lay the splendid fellow doubled up in a heap at the foot of a great tree, dead, his horns broken and ruined, and the situation he was in rendered it very difficult for us to get out with any considerable portion of the carcass.

We left him where he had fallen, and, ascending to the summit, crossed to the opposite side where we had a fine view of the dense forest around the sources of Young's River. Far, far below us the clear, singular whistle or bray from a numerous band of elk, floated up to our ears from that vast sea of dense, dark green foliage, and went reverberating off among the hills like the blasts from a hunter's horn. The descent upon that side was accomplished with great celerity, and in half an hour we were in the midst of the band which numbered thirty or forty elk. We got two shots apiece with our old muzzle-loaders before the band broke and ran, leaving four male elk dead within 200 yards of where we stood, the timber being so dense that no shot was at a greater range than fifty yards. Here was meat in abundance, and it would be wasteful if not sinful to continue the slaughter. We therefore took the finest pair of horns with as much meat as we could conveniently carry and, hanging the choice portions of the remainder in the trees, set out on our return to the cabin, going around the mountain, however, instead of over it. We passed within a few rods of several elk before we had gone a mile, but we refrained from shooting at any of them.

Nothing astonished me more than the wonderful skill in woodcraft shown by Dawson and Happy George, the great fir and hemlock trees standing so thick and tall, not only looked alike to me, but rendered it utterly impossible to locate even the cardinal points of the compass; but they took their course with such unerring fidelity that could hardly have been surpassed had they been walking the thoroughfares of a city. They recognized localities and even trees in places where I learned from their conversation that they had been only once before, and we all arrived safely at the cabin an hour before dark, and the hunter's feast, the evening cigar and the wild tales of that honest, hospitable pair of leatherstockings made a fitting termination to my first and last day's experience upon Saddle Mountain. FORKAD DEER.

Mason Valley, Nev.

Natural History

VISITORS TO AN ENGLISH BACK GARDEN.

DURING our last hard winter my little back garden—yard, perhaps, would be a better word—in the suburbs of London swarmed with birds eager to pounce on the crumbs and crusts, cold rice and potatoes, bones and scraps of meat thrown out to them. Nine blackbirds at a time—including hens—were to be seen down in the yard and even more quarrelsome than usual the golden-billed cocks proved themselves, fighting on the ground and leaping up fluttering in the air to fight; and, I am sorry to say, their brown-gowned wives sometimes followed their bad example.

Part of the skeleton of a goose, well picked before it was thrown out, the blackbirds pecked at and hustled about in a most amusing fashion; and one big, bullying cock made a point of leaving the crust or scrap on which he might be feeding and deliberately shouldering away any of his fellows who attempted to feed in his neighborhood. A long, real garden stretches behind the little back gardens of our row of houses, which in ordinary weather furnishes blackbirds with a pretty good supply, according to the season, of grubs, worms, snails, chrysalides, etc., although there are not many apples to give them their dessert for their meritorious labor in devouring these gardeners' pests. Accordingly, the birds breed about the garden, and very pleasant it is to hear them piping in the morning and the evening dusk—that is, when they will condescend to sing, and in their own voices. But for the most part they are very lazy. It is not only in summer that the "silver tongue" is dry, and when they do sing they are generally "hoarse as when a hawker hawks his wares." This hoarseness in these birds (the male being a great mocking-bird) I attribute to their imitation of the harsh scolding of a next door parrot. Under the slates of that next door house a pair of blackbirds nest every year, just at the top of a water pipe, in company with a colony of sparrows, which slip in and out of the holes left in the side wall for the ventilation of the loft under the roof like dingy Londoners in and out of the mouths of their dark courts. The country blackbird's nest is made of grass and roots and clay, plastered with smoother clay inside or lined with finer grass; but I have never seen my suburban neighbors carrying in clay for their housebuilding, although there is plenty of it about. What a different place to lay their spotted, bluish green eggs in from that in which a blackbird's nest rises in my mind's eye! A clump of hazels in a Welsh park, peeping over a rough, mossed, lichened, ivied limestone wall upon a shaded, rocky lane, down which zigzagged a clear, tinkling runlet, between wet, mossy rounded blocks of stone.

Bigger blackbirds visited us—rooks, probably, from Ken or Highgate Wood or Lady Burdett-Coutts's park. Now and then we had a robin among our visitors, but I think not so frequently as in milder winters. A titmouse often made his appearance. I saw him on the roof of the scullery, pecking away at a bone which bigger flesh-relishing birds, although bold enough to light upon the ground, had been afraid to touch because within eyeshot of a first floor window. Tit finished off his dinner with some little bits of cheese which for days the other birds—sparrows included—had left untasted. All the birds have turned an almost scornfully cold shoulder upon cold potatoes as long as there was anything else for them to get. When water has run out under the scullery door into the frozen yard most of the birds have made a rush for it. A solitary, stray starling and bright-eyed, bold thrushes—the last looking like smart young men of the last century in their smooth brown coats and speckled waistcoats—were also on our visiting list, the thrushes three and four at a time.

But the sparrows were, of course, the most numerous. All round about they build. In the breeding season, over and anon, down comes and smashes one of their spotted white eggs—perhaps ejected from the nest by a felonious neighbor abstracting its material; or an unfledged, white-mouthed nestling drops gaping, and afterward when the young ones have begun to try their wings every now and then one tumbles down the chimney like an inexperienced little sweep. Bold at all times during the hard weather the sparrows have, save when prowling cats were in the way, shown themselves almost totally devoid of fear. They have leaped into windows and tapped with their bills upon the panes to call attention to their wants.

They have to rise up like barnyard fowls to snatch scattered crumbs, and scarcely take more trouble than pigeons to get out of the way of human feet. It has been prime fun to see two of them at a time tugging away at a crust like rival porters at a passenger's portmanteau, and to note the insolent coolness with which every now and then one has swooped down upon and carried off for his own repast upon a distant roof that big scrap on which another has been engaged, the robber staggering along with his spoil like a ship "down by the head." W. R.

Quebec, March, 1881.

THE "CRANE'S BACK."

I NOTICE that in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 23 you reprint a letter published in the *Evening Post* on the subject of wagtails crossing the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of cranes and storks. This has the indorsement of the eminent ornithologist von Heuglin, and induces me to report a general belief among the Crow Indians of Montana that the sandhill crane performs the same office for a bird they call *napite-shu-utle* or "the crane's back." This bird I have not yet seen, but from the description it is probably a small grebe. It is "big medicine," and when obtained is rudely stuffed and carefully preserved. I hope to have one brought to me soon for identification.

The Indian's account of the bird is as follows, and I give it for what it may be worth, adding that I have been assured by a very intelligent and observing hunter, who has lived in Montana for eighteen years, that he has noticed the same habit:

The "crane's back" arrives and departs with the sandhill crane, and except when nesting is rarely seen far from that bird. About ten or fifteen per cent. of cranes are accompanied by the "crane's back," which, as the crane rises from the ground flutters up and settles on the back between the wings, remaining there until the crane alights.

Such is the Indian account, and many of their hunters and chiefs have assured me that they have frequently seen the birds carried off in this way. At these times the bird is said to keep up a constant chattering whistle, which is the origin of the Crow custom of warriors going into battle each with a small bone whistle in his mouth; this is continually blown, imitating the note of the "crane's back," and, as they believe, preserves their ponies and themselves from wounds, so that in case of defeat they may be safely carried away as is the *napite-shu-utle*. The Cree Indians are said to observe the same habit in the white crane. J. C. MERRILL.

Fort Custer, Montana, February, 1881.

JIM CROW.

THIS was his name. Andy was the name of the other. I had them from different nests in different years, and found them both most interesting and affectionate pets. I loved them living, I mourned them dead. I am a friend of the crow and would say a good word for him in spite of his unfortunate reputation. I would not shoot nor kill a crow. They are useful birds and, I believe, honest birds and so entitled to live. Injustice has ever been done the crow, both in ancient and modern times. "Æsop" has not only slandered him, but tries to make a fool of him by representing him as being wheedled out of his cheese by a fox. No fox ever outwitted a crow nor never will. He is a bird with brains and his eyes and ears are always open. I do not claim that he is a wit, but he is a wag, full of "infinite jest and humor." Few birds are his equal, none are his superior. I presume that many, if not all, the readers of FOREST AND STREAM look upon the crow as vermin, destructive to game—an Ishmaelite against whom the hand of every man should be raised. If this presumption is correct I think it arises from a want of knowledge of his merits or a hereditary prejudice against him. He is called a thief and a robber, but he is neither, unless the taking that which satisfies his hunger, and no more, makes him such. He provides for himself and his household, as every good crow should—he does not steal for the mere pleasure of stealing. Every crow has his own individual character; no two are alike; some are sober, others are merry, but all are fond of practical joking. He is as affectionate as a dog, and in the daytime quite as useful, for no tramp, stranger, dog or cat can come on the premises where he is that he will not give a note of alarm. I have said that I had two—Jim, named after the popular song, and Andy, after a prominent citizen who once stood well with his countrymen. Jim was a very sociable crow, fond of ladies and children, but had his favorites, and never hesitated in showing his likes and his dislikes. Jim was brought up in a Republican family, but, droll enough in one of his color, he could never abide a negro, and while he would be chatty with white folks he would have nothing to say to a black man. He at one time formed a friendship with a workman who daily passed the house where Jim lived and wore a heavy white beaver, which one day he had dyed black. This was too much for Jim; he looked at his old friend in silence and never afterward took any notice of him. He disliked dogs and availed himself of every opportunity to give them a nip. He would sit in solemn silence near the front gate, apparently waiting for some dog with more curiosity than wit to thrust his nose between the bars, when he would give him a blow with his horny beak that would send him howling away, a sadder if not a wiser dog, to remember the difference between *cave canem* and *cave corvum*. Andy was conservative and inclined to be aristocratic in his intercourse with society, and was shy of the *ci pollot*. He was fond of ladies, especially those who wore bright or gay colors. He was fond of flowers, but pansies were his favorites. He would fill his mouth with them and strut around the garden walks in the sunshine as proud as a peacock. He was always perplexed with Sunday -its stillness and the Sunday coat, gown and bonnet were too much for him, he was quiet and silent. J. C.

Bangor, 1881.

We agree most heartily with what our correspondent says. We know of no bird that makes a more interesting pet than the crow, and there is none more easily reared or that better repays in intelligence and affection the care bestowed upon him. We remember especially two that we had one year—Jim and Sam. They were never confined, and as the weather in fall grew colder, and less attention was paid them they became wilder, and finally, one cold November day, flew away never to reappear. It was fun to watch these birds. They did not know what fear was, and their impudence was something sublime. From the time that they became able to fly they were the companions of the children, and would join in their games with as much spirit as any one. They were greatly attracted by any shining object and had to be carefully watched to prevent their stealing any object of metal and hiding it. When the children were not out of doors to play with them they used sometimes to amuse themselves by alighting on the backs of the gardeners working on the lawn or over the flower-beds, and then trying to remove the metal buckles from their vests or the bright suspender buttons from their pantaloons. With their stout beaks they would pound

and punch until the irritated victim would strike viciously at them, when they would fly away with loud cawings of amusement and derision. If for any reason their meal was delayed beyond its accustomed hour the pair would proceed to the kitchen door and raised such a tumult as never failed to call forth some one to satisfy their wants.

OREGON QUAIL IN ALABAMA.

YOUR correspondent, "Morse," in your issue of the 17th instant, wrote in a descriptive way of a bevy of what you advised him are mountain quail, *Oreortyx picta*. Very considerable interest has been created in the birds here, and despite the rigors of the climate many places were suggested for colonizing or domesticating them. These were but the expressions of enthusiastic wishes, however, serious thoughts of the birds passing through one of our winters being out of the question.

The gentlemen to whom they were sent here have finally sent them to the sunny South, and they are now in the care of the Montgomery Sporting Club, Montgomery, Alabama, of which Mr. Charles Spear is President. Advices say they arrived there in fine condition and are greatly admired. The bevy of twenty-one are to be divided, a part liberated in a locality favorable to their propagation and protection, and a part upon private lands under the surveillance of the proprietor

In the interest of true sportsmen and of all interested in colonization and domestication of foreign birds, please insert this in FOREST AND STREAM. It will surely merit the attention of the gentlemen having the birds in charge and secure in your attractive columns reports of this experiment.

The narrative of the advent of these beautiful birds, from its very inception, is interesting. Twenty-four birds, caught near Oregon City, Oregon, in late fall or early winter—in what manner I know not—were there cooped in a pine box about three feet square, with a single partition, or deck, slatted on two opposite sides, and shipped by steamer to San Francisco and thence sent by rail to this city. Two birds were missing on their arrival here and one was found dead in the coop. The twenty-one survivors were in good heart and condition. They were liberated in a large cage constructed to receive them, with a floor, and of about twenty-five square feet, and about five feet high, slatted on all sides and the top, and with cross-pieces placed for the birds to roost on. The cage was kept in an apartment heated pretty uniformly above the freezing point, and a few days in this habitation restored the birds in spirit and appearance from the effects of their long journey. Their habits were watched so far as could be for about six weeks with curious interest, and they developed, seemingly, every trait that could encourage hopes of their complete domestication.

What beautiful birds, to be sure! The first impression from them, seen huddled in fear and apprehension—heads erect, the slender plumes in their crowns at a perpendicular, nodding, flitting, their beautiful plumage displayed in their strut and *chasse*—is charming. I wonder if this long, delicate plume is peculiar to the mountain quail?

In size, full-grown, the bird is about that of a pigeon. The breast is very full and dimpled and of a rich blue, fading into a dusky brown on the sides of the neck and upward over the crown and all over the back, wings and tail, save that the contour of the wings is marked by dottings of white. Below the wings the feathers are of a lustrous maroon, barred with white downward and backward. The throat is ornamented with lustrous maroon, shield-shaped, bordered with white, the upper points reaching the auriculars, and the lower point terminating about an inch below the base of the bill. The plume is about two inches long when fully developed, and when the bird is undisturbed slopes backward and close to the neck and back. When animated the bird erects it to a perpendicular, and it is seen to consist sometimes of one and sometimes of two long, slender, dark brown feathers. To observers here there was nothing to indicate sex in the birds but a dominating action and expression.

What game to entice the true sportsman from office and shop! Dinsmore, to whose attention the birds were fortunately committed while here, declares he will go to Alabama next season and identify his pets and the progeny. MAC

Ogdensburg, N. Y., February, 1881.

THE GIANT SQUID ON THE GRAND BANKS.

BY PROFESSOR A. E. VERRILL.

FROM Capt. J. Collins, now of the U. S. Fish Commission, I learn that in October, 1875, an unusual number of giant squids were found floating at the surface on the Grand Banks, and mostly entirely dead and more or less mutilated by birds and fishes. In very few cases they were not quite dead, but entirely disabled. These were chiefly seen between N. lat. 44 deg. and 44 deg. 30 min., and between W. long. 49 deg. 30 sec. and 49 deg. 30 min. 49 deg. 50 min.

He believes that between twenty-five and thirty specimens were secured by the fleet from Gloucester, Mass., and that as many more were probably obtained by the vessels from other places. They were cut up and used as bait for cod fish. For this use they are of considerable value to the fishermen.

Capt. Collins was at that time in command of the schooner Howard, which secured five of these giant squids. These were mostly from ten to fifteen feet long, not including the arms, and averaged about eighteen inches in diameter. The arms were almost always mutilated. The portion that was left was usually three to four feet long, and at the base about as large as a man's thigh.

One specimen when cut up was packed into a large hogs head tub, having a capacity of about seventy-five gallons, which it filled. This tub was known to hold 700 pounds of cod fish. The gravity of the Architenthis is probably about the same as that of the fish. This would indicate more nearly the actual weight of one of these creatures than any of the mere estimates that have been made which are usually much too great. Allowing for the parts of the arms that had been destroyed this specimen would perhaps have weighed nearly 000 pounds.

Among the numerous other vessels that were fortunate in securing this kind of bait Capt. Collins mentions the following: The schooner Sarah P. Ayer, Captain Oakley, took one or two; the E. R. Nickerson, Captain McDonald, secured one that had its arms and was not entirely dead, so that it was harpooned. Its tentacular arms were thirty-six feet long. The schooner Tragabigzands, Captain Mallory, secured three in one afternoon. These were eight to twelve feet long, not including the arms.

These statements are confirmed by other fishermen, some of whom state that the "big squids" were also common, during the same season, at the "Flemish Cap," a bank situated some distances northeast from the Grand Banks.

The cause of so great a mortality among these great Cephalopods can only be conjectured. It may have been due to some disease epidemic among them, or to an unusual prevalence of deadly parasites or other enemies. It is worth while, however, to recall the fact that these were observed about the same time in autumn when most of the specimens have been found cast ashore at Newfoundland in different years. This season may perhaps be just subsequent to their season for reproduction, when they would be so much weakened as to be more easily overpowered by parasites, disease, or other unfavorable conditions.—*American Journal of Science.*

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.—The March number of the *Journal* contains a number of articles of great value, most of them on physical subjects. The number opens with an article on the Phosphorograph of a Solar Spectrum by Prof. J W. Draper, following which is a discussion of the Structure and Affinities of *Euphoberia* of Meek and Worthen, by S. H. Scudder. Mr. S. P. Langley writes of the Actinic Balance. The wonderful mineral deposit at Branchville, Conn., which has furnished so much interesting material to the mineralogists, calls forth two articles in this number. Mr. G. W. Hawes gives an interesting paper on Liquid Carbon Dioxide in Smoky Quartz, and Prof. Arthur W. Wright one on Gaseous Substances contained in the Smoky Quartz of Branchville, Conn.

Other articles in the March *Journal* are: Origin of New Points in the Topography of North Carolina, by W. C. Kerr; On the Solubility of Chloride of Silon in Water, by J. P. Cooke; Papers on Thermometry, from the Winchester Observatory of Yale College, and others.

Scientific Intelligence is very full and varied, and the number, as a whole, is extremely interesting.

UNUSUAL DEER.—Bozeman, Montana Ter., Feb. 18.—I have noticed in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM "Cork's" letter about a "horned doe." In the winter of 1873 74, while hunting at the head waters of McDonald's Creek—a tributary of the Musselshell River—Montana Territory, I happened to kill a large white-tail doe with four horns—or, rather, four spikes—each from 2½ to 4 inches in length. They were produced in pairs, one pair on each side of head. In the fall of 1873, while trapping at the head of Flat Willow and McDonald's creeks, I also killed two large white-tail deer with a black line along backbone and two rows of white spots, the latter of the size of a copper cent, on each side. Have not seen any like it since. A. G.

In the autumn of 1878 we killed, in a dry lake, near the head of the Dismal River, Nebraska, the biggest and handsomest buck we ever saw. He had on each side of the backbone a row of spots somewhat smaller than a five-cent nickel, which were very much paler than the rest of the coat. We never saw one marked like him, though there is no doubt that adult deer are sometimes more or less spotted.

NECTURUS LATERALIS.—Catskill, Feb. 26—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This afternoon while a party of men were fishing in the river they caught a very curious looking "affair" It looks about as I should imagine a cross between an eel and a lizard would. Is about one foot six inches long from tip to tip; is of a dark-mud color on the back; its sides are lighter and have small, dark-blue spots; its belly a light-yellow, and quite rough; has a broad, flat head, small, dead-looking, gray eyes; its legs are very much like a lizzard's. Just ahead of forelegs are two spongy like substances (one on a side) of a dark-red color. Has a tail very much like a bullhead. "Is as slippery as an eel." Is it fish or lizard?

W. K. H.

The animal which you mention is easily recognized from your description. It is neither a fish nor a lizard, but an amphibian, and belongs to the same class with the frogs, toads, siredons and so on. It is called mud-puppy, water-dog or menobranchus in the vernacular, and *Necturus lateralis* by scientific men. It is not uncommon in the Northern United States, though not very often seen, and sometimes reaches a length of two feet. The "spongy-like substances" are the gills.

A TAME RUFFED GROUSE—Cortlandt, N. Y., March 3—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have now in my possession a tame partridge. Hearing remarkable stories about such a bird having been secured, that having been placed in the coop with the chickens it had conformed to their habits and mode of life, I had the curiosity to drive with a friend about a mile from town to see this domesticated partridge.

Upon arriving at the house the farmer led the way to the hen-house, cautioning us, as we opened the door, not to approach too near the bird, as it did not like strangers. He had the grouse confined in a coop in one corner of the hennery. Upon opening the lid the bird walked out with the familiar kluck! kluck! "and with many a flirt and flutter" flew to the floor, taking his place familiarly with the cock and hens, they seeming to recognize him as one of the family.

We were told that the bird had flown into the house about five months ago early one morning, the family supposing it had passed the night in one of the balsam trees near the house and that the cat, prowling about, had startled him, when he flew blindly through the open door into the room. He was immediately placed with the fowls, with the result before stated.

He is fed only with the chickens and eats with them with apparent unconcern, and at night would take his place on the roost with them, but for fear of accident his owner has of late each night placed him in a small, slatted coop. The bird allows Mr. H—— to take him in his hands to be shut in quarters for the night. What seems to me the most remarkable is that the bird should know Mr. H—— from others, as it was very evident that he did. MIG.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 26.—Two Raccoons, *Procyon lotor*, presented by Mr. Julius Graü, N. Y. city. One Horned Owl, *Bubo virginianus*, presented by Mr. C. W. Baxter. Captured at New Hamburg, N. Y. One Canada Porcupine, *Erethizon dorsatus*, presented by Mr. Douglas H. Stewart, N. Y. city. Two Opossums, *Didelphys virginiana*, presented by Mr. W. Irving Snyder Captured at Rutherford, N. J. One Long-eared Owl, *Otus wilsonianus*, presented by Mr. Charles H. Dorlinger, N. Y. city. One Fournier's Capromy, *Capromys pilorides*. *Hab.* Cuba Presented by Captain William H. Taylor, Barge Saginaw.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Game Bag and Gun.

"DITTMAR SPORTING POWDER."—The FOREST AND STREAM's pamphlet, explaining the dangerous nature of the Dittmar detonating explosive, will be sent to any address upon application. The articles contained in the pamphlet were published in this journal as follows:

Sept. 23, 1880—The "Dittmar Sporting Powder."

Sept. 30, 1880—Evading Detonation.

Oct. 7, 1880—The Detonation of "Dittmar Sporting Powder."

Dec. 9, 1880—The Dittmars' Abracadabra.

DUCK SHOOTING OFF THE VIRGINIA CAPES.

CAPERVILLE, VIRGINIA, October, 1880.

DEAR SIR: You asked me last summer to notify you when was the best time for duck shooting off the Capes. From all indications the brant and black ducks will be in heavy force about the 1st of December. If you want good sport make your preparations to come about that time. Cold weather will have set in, and the birds will be young and not shot at. It would be necessary for you and your friend to go aboard a schooner and anchor off near the blinds so that in rough weather you would be on the spot; for if you boarded on the mainland your expenses would be heavy and the shooting not worth the while, to say the least of it, for on windy days the ducks fly up to the decoys and you could not reach the blinds were you on the mainland. There are millions of winter snipe, too, so you had best bring a large supply of No. 10 shot. I cannot promise you luxurious fare, but can give you plenty of good bread, butter, eggs, beef, bacon, oysters, clams, stewed terrapin, ducks, snipe and wild geese. Bring a heavy supply of ammunition, waterproof boots and clothing, and come down on the steamer Northampton on the 3d proximo from Cherrystone and across the main to Caperville is ten miles. I will have an ambulance waiting for you and your traps. My schooner, well furnished, will be ready, and you can embark at once.

My terms are $4 per day each, I to furnish everything. All game can be expressed to any point you desire. It would be best for you and your friend to make some arrangement with a Baltimore commission house to dispose of your surplus game, for after your friends are remembered you can probably pay all your expenses and have enough funds left over for Christmas. I would expect you to remain at least ten days, as my expenses in getting ready for the trip will be considerable. Very truly yours, MAC.

P. S.—Bring two breech-loaders with you, as one is apt to get so hot with rapid firing as to necessitate an extra piece; also, your rifle to shoot at long distance at the wild geese. There are acres of them. M.

NOW, I appeal to every lover of the gun if this letter was not calculated to make any sportsman go off at half-cock, to make business distasteful for the time and turn his thoughts, waking, and his dreams, slumbering, to visions of slaughtering the wild fowl? With such a letter in his pocket a man might be pardoned for ignoring "the partner of his bussom and the sweet offsprings of mutual affection," as Mr. Micawber pathetically expresses it, and let his gaze wander lovingly and longingly at his pet breech-loader that sits so solitary and alone in the corner.

Dark hints are made in the family circle of failing health and failing appetite, glowing descriptions of successful duck-hunts in the FOREST AND STREAM, from the pens of enthusiastic Nimrods, are read aloud and, like a skillful engineer preparing the approaches for the erection of his batteries, so the shootist breaks ground for his intended departure—and then it becomes known that he is about to leave on a great duck-killing trip. Like Hector preparing for a foray upon the Grecian host, he is surrounded by admiring friends, the warriors help him to arm—buckler, casque, javelin; the fair Trojans give him helpful words and smiles And, like the favorite son of Priam, as he goes out to slay and conquer, he deals in liberal promises, not like Hector, though, in giving this one a love-lock from Paris' brow, that a golden gorget from Belus' shield, or the gilt eagle that adorns the top of the Thracian standards; instead, he pledges his solemn word to forward hampers of game to every acquaintance, a pledge, if carried out, would load down every steamboat on the Chesapeake Bay. But in the midst of all this exultant preparation comes the boding voice of some Cassandra in breeches, who croaks of bad luck, of wild shooting, of stormy days, of bitter, biting weather, of colds, rheumatism and neuralgia, of false, fleeting and perjured guides, that make the word to promise to the ear only to break it to the hope.

But who ever heeds the warning voice when bent on an enterprise, whether it is of conscience, of our creditors or of our friends?—Allah Bakalum! What is to be shall be, and so we and our friend James Fox, of Richmond, a direct descendent, by the way, of the famous Charles James of King George's time, proceeded to lay in our stock of ammunition. Just here, by the way of digression, I would like to ask my fellow-sportsmen why there is always such a wide difference between the estimated and actual expense of fitting out for a hunting expedition? It seems a very simple and inexpensive affair—powder and shot don't cost much. A mere bagatelle not worth a moment's consideration, says the huntsman, as he stuffs his roll of notes in his watch-pocket, those same promises to pay being the expenses of the round trip. A mere nothing, is it?—not worth a thought? Well, reflection comes when buying a ticket to your destination—Where is the money? Surely some of it is lost! You search in each pocket, knit your brow and then, after a moment of brown study, a new light breaks upon your bewildered mind. Your paraphernalia—that your gunmaker has beguiled you into purchasing—is about ten times more than you dreamed of, and as you think of your bank account and supply yourself with blank checks you register a mental vow to be more cautious in future. Everybody cuts the suit according to the cloth but a sportsman never does.

Fox and myself compared notes. The expenses were already as much as the whole trip ought to have cost, and we had not even left Richmond: But when a man finds himself in that position called "in for a penny in for a pound" he gets as reckless as a poker player who sees a heavy blind or a bob tail flush.

Thursday evening we left the capital city for Norfolk, taking as a lesser of the two evils the all-rail route via Petersburg. The fare is more than by the steamer Ariel, but no man who ever traveled once on that old ice-box that bears the name of Prospero's sprite would ever knowingly or willingly take passage on her again. Gentlemen sportsmen who love their comfort, their dogs and their guns, I warn against this ancient arctic hulk that plies between Richmond and Norfolk. Mark Twain's canal boat is a palace steamer in comparison. Come to think of it, the New York steamers that leave on irregular days or at high water are the only decent modes of communication between the two cities. On the Ariel you and your dogs will be treated like tramps or vagrant rouxtabouts, on the latter everything that can be done to make the passenger comfortable is carefully undertaken by the officers of the Old Dominion Steamship Company. This is not a puff, for I don't know any of them, I only write in the interest of my fellow friends of the gun, and *noblesse oblige* is nowhere stronger than among the votaries of the field, forest and stream.

From Norfolk the route to the capes and to Cobb's Island is to Cherrystone, thence by land across the peninsula.

Leaving the wharf at seven o'clock in the morning we reached Cherrystone by noon. This place is a little village situated on an inlet that runs into the Chesapeake Bay, but a few hundred yards distant. This same small hamlet, obscure as it is, has yet a name as much of a household word in America as Waterloo or Gretna Green in Britain, for it is here that the finest bivalves in the world are grown. The Cherrystone oyster is a thing of joy and delight to every epicure and gourmand in the country. They sell at $4 and $5 a barrel, and the demand exceeds the supply tenfold. But few reach the public as private clubs, and customers generally contract with the oystermen for all they can gather.

Stopping at Cherrystone only long enough to load our traps, and an attempt to dispose of a dozen on the half shell, a feat beyond our gastronomic capacities with these mammoth bivalves, fifteen miles brought us to the coast. Mac and the sloop awaited us, and in a few moments everything was, to use a nautical phrase, "snug and ship-shape." Then we began to take in the surroundings. Our cabin was fearfully limited in space; like Captain Dick's apartment, it was so small that you couldn't swing a cat in it without hurting the cat; only a dwarf could stand upright, in fact, a big dry-goods' box is the best simile I can think of. A minature stove sat in the centre; on each side were the bunks, and such sleeping accommodations! Not longer nor wider than a coffin, once in you were wedged tight, indeed, our Joe who has big feet could not turn over without getting out of bed. Our crew consisted of the guide, an ordinary looking man, and his mate Joe. Now, Joe was a character that Hogarth or Felix Darley would have loved to have limned and Dickens to have made one of his character sketches of. He was nearly seven feet high, but a constant life in the low-roofed cabin had so bent his body that he always walked, even in the open air, as if he had lost something and was looking on the ground for it. Joe confessed to be but thirty-eight years old, but he looked fifty, the heat of the stove that he was continually roasting over, for Joe was the cook of this craft, had seamed and lined his features, until he looked as if old Father Time himself had set his sign and seal upon him. Joe's face was a study. In profile it was a half moon, with a nose in its centre that Julius Cæsar would have been proud of; a huge nose indeed that sounded like a fog horn when Joe blew it with his fingers, which he always did. Underneath was a mouth that wise Dame Nature had made when she took in consideration the long, flexible body that had to be filled—for the larger the hold the bigger the hatchway. It was a mouth equal to the one that little Red Ridinghood saw when the supposed grandmother popped her head out of the bedclothes. Joe's ears opened wide like a retriever on a dead stand, and his head was surmounted with the thickest, bushiest shock of hair ever seen. Joe was, albeit, not the glass of fashion or the mold of form, yet has that sterling honesty, simple mindedness and perfect good nature which are better than outward show. If Joe had one fault it was that of Uncle Toby, and Heaven would forgive him, for he means nothing by his oaths.

Shortly after our arrival night set in, the solitary lamp was lit and by its dim light Joe proceeded to get supper. The little stove grew red hot, and the hatchway had to be opened. Coffee was boiled, meat fried and bread cooked, and the long ride giving us an appetite we crouched down and made a hearty meal, then a walk on deck with our cigars to give the guides time and place to eat their supper

It was a beautiful night, calm, clear and mild; the broad firmament gemmed, as Hamlet has it, with its golden fire; the air, laden with salt, is fragrant to the lungs; the bay reflects back the myriad stars. Across the way is seen the gleaming white light of Cape Charles, that every forty seconds revolves and flashes a broad pathway across the still, calm waters. It is such a night as Nature seemed to have robed herself in a costume of spectral white, and charmed all with her weird, enthralling loveliness. To descend from the stars down in the little cuddy hole is a descent indeed. But it is getting late, and we must be off by day to-morrow. So we make preparations for retiring, which consist in taking off our boots and wrapping up in an old dirty coverlet that was grimed with dirt and smelled—Jupiter, how it did smell! After having tucked us in the guides placed a sail-cloth on the floor, and Joe, doubling up his legs, spread a blanket over him and Mac, blew the light out, and then snores—one a tenor and Joe's deep bass—soon showed that slumber had weighed their tired eyelids down. Not so with us, the close imprisoned condition we were lying in, the hard planks with no pillet kept us awake. Hours passed on, and "sleep—balmy sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care"—was not for us. It was pitch dark. The swishing of the water against the oaken bottom, not two inches from our bodies, kept our senses painfully on the alert. The noisome, mouldy perfume of the bed clothes, the varied smells of lamp oil, stale cooking, old clothes, all combined made a horrible mephitic odor that arose in heavy exhalation and could find no vent, for the door of the cabin was closed tight. To my comrade, all unused to rough it, and a perfect Sybarite, the situation was torture.

Dawn came at last—a bright morning—but we did not get under weigh until near noon. And then slowly making our way along under a ripple of wind came to anchor off Smith Island, some ten miles from Cobb's, and about a mile from the mouth of the Chesapeake. A southwest wind now arising, we went to the blinds, placed out the decoys—but it was a bad day, and the ducks did not fly. Though we sat there until dusk only four brant rewarded our efforts. That night we rested better, as our noses grew more accustomed to the confined air of the cabin. The scond day it rained, and we took a tramp on the island—only getting wet and mad for our pains. The third we were out only two hours, and killed only one little deadapper. The morning of the fourth was chiefly spent in trying to get warm—or rather Mac said it was too cold for ducks—and we doubled up, waiting for the wind to moderate; but it still keeping up we insisted on going to our blind. Phew! it was cold. The wind cut like a knife, and blew so hard that the waves were capped with foam. Still, we did not suffer. Each of us had on two pair of drawers, two pair of pants, and a pair of canvas breeches over them. Our bodies were covered with three woolen shirts, vests, coat and oilcloth. Three pair of yarn socks, over which our rubber boots were drawn, kept our feet comfortable—only our faces were blinded with tears when we faced the breeze. The decoys were put out, and we took our position in a small boat inside of the blind, which consisted of cedar bushes stuck in the mud. Mac and his large boat went to a blind some half a mile distant where he concealed himself. It was low water, and the bars around us were covered with snipe in numberless quantities; but we kept quiet, though we were sorely tempted to shoot. The wind was now rapidly rising, and at last a regular nor'wester was whistling around us The tide was on the flood and rushing like a mill-race, and soon the brant, the gamest bird that flies, commenced to move. Here come four in one bunch. We fire, and three fall dead, the other dropping in the waves a couple of hundred yards away. Hardly had we slipped fresh cartridges in when a large flock was seen heading directly for our decoys. We crouched low and waited for them, with every nerve strung to a tension. They wheeled by on the pinions of the wind like a flash of light, but the lead was more swift, and two fell from the flock. But see! here comes a single bird, who circles around and finally alights outside of the decoys We did not waste a shot on him, for the brant now fly in squads, in couples, and flocks, and every few seconds our guns speak out. The sport was glorious and exciting, but it soon came to an abrupt conclusion—the stiff nor'wester was now changed into a gale, and it howled as if so many demons of the deep were unloosed. Just at this time McKown passed by, luffed and ran alongside of us. He cried out:

"Jump on board." We did so, and left our boat adrift.

"Why don't you get the boat and the decoys?" said Fox.

"The wind is too stiff," said McKown, who was undoubtedly scared and thought of nothing but safety. "It's blowing so that I won't try to reach the sloop, but will have to make a run for Smith Island." So saying, he placed her head before the wind and in a few minutes the boat's head struck upon the sand.

Now, neither Fox nor myself were sailors, but we had common sense enough to know that Mac was so timid that even a breeze made him look longingly at the nearest land. He lived in perpetual fear of storms, hurricanes and cyclones. He was always in expectation that the wind was going to *bust* into an everlasting tempest, and that he would be, like old Mrs. Gummige's son, drowned*ead*. And we knew there was no real necessity for running into shore at a time when the ducks were just sailing around the decoys. "Four days gone," significantly said Fox, holding up his fingers of one hand, "at $8 a day—and no ducks."

The keeper of the St. Charles Lighthouse received us most kindly and hospitably. He is an educated gentleman, having taken his degree of A. M. at the University of Virginia. Though surrounded by his wife and children his is an inexpressibly lonesome and dreary life. The days seem like weeks, the months like years, the time drags on with leaden heels, and the monotony is well nigh unendurable. Truly could he exclaim with Alexander Selkirk on his lonely Island,

> "Oh solitude where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face."

The eternal sameness and utter isolation from all mankind is hard to bear, for man is a sociable animal and needs company. It must have been such a place as this that caused the plaint in Locksley Hall

> "The weary waste of waters,
> The barren, barren shore."

The next day, instead of being up and early at the ducks, it found Mac toasting his shins at the fire, and as it was near sunset before we were in the blinds, and in the meantime the wind had gone down, the result was nary a duck. "Another day gone," said Fox. Out of temper we pulled back to the sloop, and found that Joe had fulfilled, as he always did, his contract, and had a hot supper awaiting us. After the meal over our pipes we listened to Mac's vivid description of what he was going to do. Fox and myself glanced meaningly at each other, while Joe sat half enveloped in a cloud of smoke that poured from his mouth, his whole attitude expressing a perfect content, that it was none of his funeral as he wasn't after ducks.

"Joe," said my friend, "are you fond of gunning?"

Joe grunted out a negative.

"Why?"

"Cause I most killed myself once, got nuff of guns to last me."

"How did you do that?"

"Well, it happened some years ago when I was a boy. The old man had an old ducking gun of No. 4 I believe, that always sat in the corner in the passage. He told me he'd thrash thunder outer me if I ever totched it, so I dassent handle it. One day a large hawk come and sit on the barn, and I runs and grabs the piece meaning to shoot her anyway, thrashing or no thrashing. I crept behind the cornhouse and peeped around the corner, and there sat the hawk a waiting for a chicken. I tried to draw back the hammer, but it was rusty and I couldn't, so I drops on my knees and puts the butt of the gun against the pit of my stomach and pulled. I had nearly got it cocked when the hammer slipped out of my fingers and it went off. At fust I never knew what happened; then I thought that Mose, the brindled bull, had butt me, or that Sally, our old blind mule, had plugged me; then marm come running out screaming that I was killed, and the old man—" here Joe stopped to fill his pipe.

"Well, Joe, what did he do? Did he scream too?"

"Scream!" said Joe with scorn in his voice, "he wasn't that kind. No; he picked up the old piece, carried it in the house and walked off to the woods, and by the time that marm had got the cramp out of my stomach he came back with a hickory sapling and just tanned the hide ofen me."

After an early breakfast we remained in the blinds during the flood tide, and had a spurt of good luck, but the wind was not high enough, so we returned to the sloop early and passed the rest of the day after the guides' fashion—in the cuddy hole over the stove. "Another day wasted" I remarked.

"Yes;" said my comrade; "I am getting tired of being imposed on. Here we are paying four dollars apiece and we don't get two hours' shooting a day, and it is fine fun for Mac to doze over the fire all the time and play us off with what he is going to do. Here are millions of snipe within pistol shot of the boat, and he hasn't even deigned to carry us to shoot them. I'm going back home to-morrow."

"Yes," I replied, "the whole trip, is a fraud and I will go back too."

That night we notified the guide of our determination, and he promised to carry us to the blinds at daybreak, hail, rain, wind or sunshine.

"How's the weather Joe?" said Fox, poking his head out of the bunk as the gray dawn came stealing in the pane of glass that constituted the window.

"I don't know, but I will see," assured Joe as he unconsciously paraphrased the words of the game that children and even grown people are fond of indulging in called "The Shaking Quaker." So, yawning like Mount Ætna, Joe arose up and almost burst his skull against the low ceiling.

"Durn me for a fool," said Joe (*sotto voce*) "that's five hundred times I have done that; 'pears to me I never will learn sense. Wish my blasted head was off, anyhow."

"Raining like blazes," he shouted, after taking a survey of the weather through the cabin door.

So we remained in our shelves, watching the breakfast being gotten ready. Joe could scare one up in ten minutes when he was in a hurry, but this morning he took his time leisurely, and had a real artistic meal set before us. "I never have no appetite noway when I have to cook," said Joe, and then he sits down and eats enough to make a half a dozen men ill with indigestion.

Noon by our watches and still the rain came down with one of those steady pours that looked as if it meant business and did not intend to leave off. Cramped, cribbed and confined as we were in the cabin, we were glad to put on our waterproofs and take a trip on Shell Island. A tramp of a couple of miles showed us nothing, and so we returned out of sorts and disgusted back to the sloop.

"Another day gone and nothing to show for it," said Fox.

The next morning it was blowing great guns, and the ducks flew beautifully, but our guide Mac curled himself in the bunk, with a congestive chill, as he said; I and my comrade smoked our pipes in wrathful silence.

Both Fox and myself had enough of this, and we insisted on returning home. So Captain Joe commenced to raise the anchor; then by our assistance the sails were spread, and then Mac coming out of the cabin, seized the tiller and steered. All went well until the sloop turned sharp to the right, up a bend in the river, where she ran right in the teeth of the gale. She could make no headway, so the anchor was dropped and the sails were reefed. Then she kept on her course; the wind shrieked, the cordage rattled, the sails flapped, the masts creaked, and the sloop, with the blast on the larboard side, cut through the water with the speed of a racehorse The waves swept the decks clear; the water-casks went first, then all Joe's wood, next Mac's decoys, my hat blew off, and it was the biggest kind of a time. Inside of the cabin there was the devil to play; the boat careened so that the stove slipped aside and broke the pipe off, and the cabin was filled with a dense smoke. Then could be heard the crash of glass as the lamp slid off the shelf, the crockery clattered, the knives jingled, the pans rattled, and it seemed as if the last hour was at hand. Fox and myself stood in the cabin with our heads out of the door. Joe clung to the anchor chains forward, while Mac steered the boat by means of a rope hitched around the tiller. The water was rapidly shoaling now, but the wind still beat the waves up high and bellied out the canvas to its fullest extent. Mac clung like grim death to the rope. All at once the line slipped off of the end of the helm, and the holder disappeared from view into the bubbling tide beneath.

> "And is he gone? Oh, sudden solitude,
> How oft that fearful question will intrude!
> 'Twas but an instant passed and there he stood,
> And now —"

"Save me, for God's sake!" came a cry from the stern. We looked over, and there swung Mac, the other end of the rope being tied fast. "Save me!" cried the pallid lips; "save me!" uttered the imploring eye, and more dead than alive we hauled him aboard. Scared? No, sir. He was only a little demoralized; he hadn't touched bottom all the time, but hung suspended by the rope. The water was only two feet deep and the keel had sunk deep in the mud.

"Thank Heaven! I've escaped from a watery grave," he cried, as he reached the deck.

"Dog gone it," said Joe, "he must have waded in shore; the water ain't 'bove his boot-tops."

And so the trip ended, and we left him wiser, poorer and, as Artemus Ward has it, sadderer men. Yet we were safe; not the ill luck of Canon Kingley's "Three Fishers" was ours, only—

> "Two sportsmen went out in a ducking sloop,
> In a ducking sloop as the tide went down:
> They came back safe but thoroughly scooped
> Of the cash they had by Kenneth MacKown.
> But the guides must live and hunters must pay
> When they go ducking near Chesapeake Bay;
> And the guides do nothing when they charge by the day
> But to anchor by the bar that's moaning."

CHASSEUR.

THE FLIGHT OF RIFLE BALLS.

MT. FAIRVIEW, San Diego Co., Cal., Feb. 14.

THE excellent article by Major Merrill on the above subject calls up a question which has long puzzled me, and I should be obliged to any one who will satisfactorily solve it.

He says "It is as mathematically certain that the rifle does not carry straight for ten yards, as that it does not for 1,000 yards. Gravity is always pulling the bullet down; its effect commences at the muzzle of the gun, and no velocity of the ball can cancel it."

This is the common opinion of the best authorities; but just for fun I propose to dispute a part of it. I have the highest respect for mathematics, and am not one of those who back their own "experience" (miscalled so) against all philosophy. At the same time there is some room here to doubt the proper application of mathematics, or rather philosophy, in this case. That no velocity of bullet can cancel the effect of gravity is absolutely indisputable. But is it correct to say that the effect of gravity commences at the muzzle of the gun?

That gravity is acting upon the ball all the time of it passage up the barrel is undeniable. But are you sure that that action produces downward motion instantly? In other words can force be converted into motion instantly? Can any force overcome instantly the inertia of the ball?

It is clear that at the instant of the ball's passing the muzzle that although it has its forward motion it is as regards its downward tendency in a state of inertia.

That inertia requires time to overcome it is as certain as anything in philosphy. I admit that ordinary cases of over

coming inertia by the sudden application of force, as the gas of powder, etc., are not analogous. The motion must there be imparted from molecule to molecule; whereas, in the case of gravity, the force is exerted upon every individual molecule at the same time. But can the inertia even of a molecule be instantly overcome?

You cannot escape this by saying that inertia is only a negative agent, and is already neutralized by the action of gravity. We all know that a No 12 brass shell may be filled half full of No. 10 wads that would require a pressure of 50 pounds or over to force them through the barrel by hand. This pressure, too, would have to be constant. Yet a charge of powder will blow them out of the gun at a high velocity, and with very little recoil. Put in three ounces of shot so loosely wadded that one pound pressure by hand will force it through the gun barrel and it will have little velocity and will nearly unjoint your neck with recoil if you drive it out with powder. In the one case we have 50 pounds (a constant resistance too) of friction. In the other we have only one pound of inertia. The friction is truly a negative agent. But about the other there is a stubbornness that seems terribly positive when you come to experiment with it.

This is further exemplified by the fact that with no amount of powder, however quick or however arranged, to burn faster as the ball advances can you impart the initial velocity to a ball twice the weight of round ball of same calibre that you can to the round ball with only a moderate charge.

Now, then, can gravity overcome this any more than powder? That gravity is constantly acting on every molecule is true. But the powder force when once developed and when the ball is half-way up the barrel is extremely near to doing the same thing. Yet if the ball be very long a great increase in the powder adds little increase to the velocity, and the force is mainly lost in recoil. There is here some resisting agent besides the time lost in imparting the increase of motion from molecule to molecule. That is not enough to explain the great difference between the velocity of one ounce of shot and one and a half ounces between a short ball and a long one; must not the extra resistance be looked for in the molecule itself?

I strongly suspect that the more philosophical state of the matter is this: The ball tends to fall at the instant of its escape from the muzzle, but as force cannot instantly be converted into motion it remains in equilibris for a fraction of time during which it will be driven on a level line

The experimental proof or disproof of this would of course be very difficult. I doubt if any instrument could be made without great care or expense that would test the question. I suggest the following, however, as the nearest practical approach to it:

Take a very accurate rifle and sight it at ten feet with the finest globe or telescopic sights to a dark line the exact distance below another dark line that the line of the axis of the bore is below the line of sight. Load it with the heaviest charge of powder consistent with accuracy and a round ball; none of the slow lumbering long range balls. If you do not know how to make a round ball work in a breech-loader whittle down a conical one to nearly the same weight, or, what is better, take a good muzzle-loader of large calibre, then sight at the upper line. In this way you will get the line of fire and line of sight very nearly if not perfectly parallel. Then begin shooting at as few feet from the muzzle as possible, and increase the distance until you first notice a drop of the ball. I will warrant you that there is a distance—much longer too than you would suppose—at which you can detect absolutely no fall whatever.

I have just tried this with a rifle which I have used for the past three years and which has gained me many deer by its immense level reach (practically so) which I would have lost if I had had to make any allowance for distance. It is a breech-loading 16-bore (.65 cal.) double express, probably the first one made in America made to order for me by Nichols & Lefever. After trying everything else from .35 up, hunting with all the boasted American "sporting" rifles, having all the work in hunting crippled deer that I wanted, and having fed enough buzzards and coyotes, I have killed 150 odd deer with this and have never hunted for fifty yards one that was struck anywhere in the body. I can truly say that I would not have it a single 100th part of an inch smaller. To the small-bore men who feel disposed to jeer at this I can only say I have tried all yours. Have you tried mine?

This rifle is extremely accurate, but as I had no telescopic sights and only coarse globe sights, and as I shot at considerable distances and had to use a fair-sized bullseye, the experiment was not as close as I would desire. But the following was the result:

Sighted to cut at ten yards the lower edge of an inch bullseye (so as to get the line of sight and the centre of the line of fire parallel) I could detect no drop at fifty yards. At seventy-five the ball was in the lower edge of a two-inch bullseye; at one hundred at the lower edge of a four-inch bullseye. This was with a hardened round ball, patched with heavy parchment, well greased, with six drams of Eagle Duck No. 2 and H. Izard's Electric (finest grain) mixed. The ball weighed just one ounce and went as true as ever ball went from any rifle, the horizontal variation of several shots being less than one inch at one hundred yards. It seems impossible for this ball to have touched the line of sight anywhere, though of course it may have risen a little owing to my want of facilities for getting everything exact. The recoil was no worse than that of a shot-gun properly loaded for ducks. Length of barrel, twenty-nine inches; weight of rifle, eleven pounds.

A word as to point blank. Whatever may be the truth as to an actual natural point blank, or the throwing of a bullet on a level line for any distance, there is, in fact, as nearly all hunters with the rifle well know, a practical natural point blank. The above experiment shows this. The words "natural point blank," which have been so much ridiculed by the ultra-scientific, should be retained as expressing a practical and highly useful fact. I would define it to be this: that distance at which a rifle without any rise of the ball will strike the regulation bullseye for that distance. Under this definition the point blank of my rifle would be one hundred yards and much farther if held over the centre of the bullseye without being held above the upper edge.

Major Merrill has relaxed his usual caution about exactness in his use of words, ect. In speaking of trajectory he should have specified the rifle, ball and powder used. I get a very different trajectory with my rifle from the one he there speaks of. At one hundred and seventy-five yards, sighted level as before, the drop was only fourteen inches below the centre of an eight-inch bullseye. This would catch a seven-inch ring the whole distance and make it almost impossible to miss a deer up to one hundred and forty yards by any mistake of distance. In fact I hold square on everything with level sights right up to that distance.

The trajectory of a ball depends almost entirely on the relation of the weight of the ball to the calibre. The relation to the weight of powder is trifling compared with this. Bullets may be designated as Nos. 1, 2 and 3. No. 1 would be the round ball, the lightest one ever used. No. 2 would be about twice its weight (of the same calibre of course). No. 3 would be three times its weight. No. 2 is about the size of the Winchester ball, while No 3 is about the size of the Creedmoor ball. These proportions are perhaps not exact, but nearly enough so for our purpose.

Now, by no possible amount of powder can you drive No. 3 to one hundred yards on as flat a trajectory as you can No. 2. Nor can you drive No. 2 as far on a level as No. 1, provided that No. 1 is large enough to have sufficient actual weight as well as relative lightness. The more you increase the length of ball the less effect does the powder have upon the initial velocity and the more effect does it have upon the shoulder. On the other hand, the lighter the ball in proportion to the calibre the greater the effect of the powder in increasing velocity and the greater quantity you can shoot. Had the ounce of lead I used in the experiment above mentioned been cast into a .44 ball and fired from a Creedmoor rifle with six drams of powder it would have dropped at least eight inches under the mark at one hundred yards, and the man behind the rifle would have dropped eight or ten feet somewhere else.

But unless the light ball has actual weight it will lose its velocity very fast. And this actual weight can be given only by enlarging the calibre. Any attempt to increase it by lengthening the ball only reduces its velocity at short range, increases the recoil and lessens the amount of powder you can use.

The trajectory you want must be governed entirely by your requirements of the rifle. You cannot combine a good short range and long range rifle if the calibre be small. The length of ball required to make it hold its momentum for a long flight will make entirely too much drop between 80 and 150 yards, the ticklish point (not where the most game is killed), but where the most chances to kill occur, and the most misses also from undershooting and from overshooting in trying to avoid undershooting.

If you lighten the ball enough to overcome this last trouble then it will be too short range. That is, it will not have enough actual weight to hold out well to 300 yards and over.

And this is one of the reasons why I don't bow in blind adoration to the wonderful .44. I'm out of the fashion I know, but not only like the hunt to end when I get a shot instead of one-third of the time just fairly beginning. I not only like to spare noble animals useless suffering and frequent waste, but I like a good long level range with the possibilities of shooting well up to 400 yards or over if necessary. I generally use a short conical ball 1½ times the weight of the round ball with five drams of powder. This gives a better trajectory beyond 200 yards than the round ball, and under that distance is close enough to it for general shooting and is less affected by wind.

I agree with Major Merrill exactly as to the distance of shooting on game, but at the same time one should have a rifle that will perform well at double 140 yards. And to get a good 140 yard trajectory without losing it on the next 140 is the sole and only question as to the trajectory of hunting rifles. And I have found no trouble in solving it at least to my own satisfaction.

Since writing the above it has occurred to me that some will say a 16 bore gun cannot burn six drams of powder, and that it is of no advantage to be able to shoot such large charges. The answer to this is that though a less proportionate amount is burned in a large charge than in a smaller one a greater actual amount is nevertheless burned. I have never had any doubts on this point, but to settle the matter I have just tried the round ball with five drams of the same mixed powder. At 100 yards the balls dropped off an inch from the place where six drams had placed them, and at 175 yards six inches.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

WHY DID HE DO IT?

THE EXPERIENCE OF A "DITTMAR SPORTING POWDER" VICTIM.

ALTHOUGH we have had information of many serious accidents with the "Dittmar sporting powder," which occurred previous to Sept. 23 (when in consequence of the FOREST AND STREAM's explanation of the real nature of that compound its use was abandoned) we have thought that the publication of such accidents would be of little value. Were the powder still employed for sporting purposes these accidents might serve as useful examples, warning the foolhardy from risking their lives by the use of the Dittmar detonating compound. As the case now stands, to warn against the danger of that powder is to deal with a dead issue. For these reasons we have not published the circumstances of the following case, although the main facts came to our knowledge some months ago. They are now given only in response to repeated inquiries for the full circumstances and a request that they be put on record in this journal.

Briefly stated, as developed by personal investigation on our part and amply substantiated by the proper documentary proof now in our possession, the facts are as follows:

On the first day of last July a glass ball match was shot at "Buck's Hill," Summit, N. J. Among those present were E. G. Delany, Job Swain, George Sisco, C. W. Brainsted and J. Ahern. The contestants were all shooting under the same conditions of powder, shot, etc., and care was therefore taken to insure for each the proper charge. In deciding a tie it was E. G. Delany's turn to shoot. In the presence of the others Job Swain carefully measured out with a Dixon's gauge 3¼ drams of "Dittmar sporting powder," with which George Sisco loaded the gun, a muzzle loader, putting in two wads over the powder and one wad over the charge of 1¼ oz. shot. When Delany pulled the trigger the gun burst with a terrific shock which hurled Job Swain violently to the earth. The second finger of Delany's left hand was blown off at the middle joint and the first and third fingers of the same hand torn open. No one else was injured. Delany's hand—what there was left of it—was dressed by Dr. Whittingham, of Milburn, N. J. It was entirely useless for several months, and is now (March 5) at times exceedingly painful.

The powder used had been procured at the office of the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company, No. 24 Park Place, New York, the week before, i. e., the last week in June. It was sold in a "sealed can," the "seal" being intact until broken by Job Swain, who himself took the powder from the can when the gun was loaded. The powder was that manufactured, sold and "warranted" by the present Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company.

The bursted gun belonged to George Sisco. In compensation for his loss occasioned by their detonating compound, the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company's agent, Justus Von Lengerke, gave Sisco another gun. "Why did he do it?" The Company must have known that this act was an acknowledgment that the cause of the accident was the detonation of their nitro-cellulose explosive.

The Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company's agent, Justus Von Lengerke, also immediately after the accident sent word to the man who had been maimed by their powder that the Dittmars would pay all his expenses. "Why did he do it?" They must have known that this too, was an admission that the man, who had been crippled for life, owed his misfortune to the detonating compound which had been sold by them in a "sealed can." The reason, probably, was that the manufacturers, who were just at that time endeavoring to explain away the Nash accident down in Mississippi, thought that the best way to deal with this accident nearer home was simply to hush it up. However, the question quoted above is one which we will leave every intelligent man to answer for himself.

There is another question which is not more difficult of reply. Delany's "expenses" were to be paid by the Company. In addition to the physician's fee, the accident and consequent enforced idleness entailed a loss to Delany of several hundred dollars; but up to the present (March 5), with the exception of a letter from the Company's agent, Delany has heard nothing more from them. When their agent promised to pay the crippled man's expenses, why did he *not* do it?

HOUNDING AND STILL HUNTING

NEAR THE ADIRONDACKS, Feb. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed in late issues of the FOREST AND STREAM quite a number of articles in relation to the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks, in most of which the writers are opposed to that mode of hunting, giving as the principal reasons that it is more destructive of the game than other ways of hunting them, drives them out of the country, and besides is an unsportsman-like manner of hunting. All this I claim is not the fact by any means. There are three ways of hunting the deer practiced to any extent in the Adirondacks—still hunting, hounding and floating or jack-light hunting, as we call it here. Now, any one who has ever still hunted knows that it cannot be followed to any advantage before the leaves are off the trees, which is not much, if any, before November, at a time that but few, if any, sportsmen come to the Adirondacks from the cities and large towns. At that time the sporting season is considered over by the sporting houses in this part of the country at least. But very few sportsmen come here for the purpose of still hunting at any time. In the thirty years and over I have lived near and frequented the Adirondacks, I have not known of a dozen different ones coming here from a distance to stillhunt deer, and have seldom known of any hunting being done in November, except by residents of this and adjoining counties, and a few market-hunters.

Of the two other methods of deer hunting, hounding and floating, the first is by far less destructive of the deer, will not any more tend to drive them out of the country and is a far more sportsman-like way of hunting. I was camped last season from the middle of June to the last of October on the 16-mile level of the St. Regio River, and kept a record of the number of deer killed while I was there, on the level and ponds in the vicinity. By floating in June, 17 were killed; in July, 2. By hounding in August, 4; in September, 4; in October, 4. I heard by Mr. Phelps, of the Blue Mountain House, who also kept a record, of four more being killed by hounding after I left.

In August and September quite a number of parties came here and hounded deer that did not get one, although I knew of only one case in all where the dogs did not water the deer somewhere. And I will say here that it is not by any means so easy a matter to get a deer by hounding as those who write against it would have one believe. It is seldom one gets a chance to "grab one by the tail" or "knock it in the head with a club," before it is shot, and when a party puts out the dogs in the morning they are not sure of having venison for supper by any means, as many who tried it on the 16-mile level last season season can certify. Deer have many ways of fooling both dogs and men, some of which I could give here, but space will not permit.

By hunting deer by floating, as it was practiced last season and always has been ever since I have been a frequenter of the Adirondacks, is the means of destroying half as many more at least as are killed at the time, because the fawns are left to starve when the does have been shot. I would like to ask what is more unsportsman-like than to be paddled up to within a few feet or yards of a deer and then to fire a load of buckshot into it. As likely as not it will be a doe, which is suckling a pair of twin fawns. In hounding the deer has some chance for his life, but by floating he stands watching the deceitful light, unaware of any danger until shot down in his tracks, or, as is frequently the case, wounded unto death when he will hobble back into the alder bushes and die and is left to rot or make food for wolves or foxes. I found a two-year old buck last season that had been shot and left in that way on the level.

As to driving deer out of the country by hounding, it is all bosh. I admit that where deer have been hounded in a locality for any length of time they will leave and go back into the unfrequented parts of the wilderness, but no more than they will by being fired at in floating, as by my record you will notice but two deer killed in July, although there was more hunting then than in June, when so many were killed and shot at that they all left the level. But they will always return to their old feeding grounds after a while, as they did last season—the last of August and first of September. It is for this reason of hunting deer with dogs that most of the sporting-house proprietors are so opposed to it, for when parties come near their vicinity and hunt with dogs, as they generally do the first of the hounding season, it drives the deer away from their vicinity, so that their guests don't have so good a chance to buck-shot them by floating, and but few are killed in that month, which I consider all the better for the preservation of the game. In my opinion the first of September is early enough to admit hounding deer, and floating ought to be prohibited altogether. Still hunting I believe to be the most sportsman-like manner of hunting deer; but as I have stated above, but seldom sportsmen come here at a time when it can be practised to any advantage. And, therefore, I should not think it advisable to prohibit hounding altogether.

Some may wish to know why I do not complain of those

parties who kill deer out of season. I will say here only that I have reasons that to my own mind I think sufficient, which is the same that many other residents besides myself have, who would be glad to have it stopped. In conclusion, I will say that if the present laws, with a little alteration in the time for hounding to commence, would be good enough, even allowing floating, if they could be properly enforced, and the deer would increase in the Adirondacks. And this is the opinion of fifty or more sportsmen, guides and hunters residing in this county whom I have talked with on the subject within the last six months. Although they do not all live up to it they admit it to be the fact. Their cry is "the game is going and I am bound to get my share while I can."

ADRON ONDACK.

P. S.—A lumberman here to-day, who is cutting lumber between the middle branch of the St. Regis River and Meacham Lake, tells me that as many as forty or fifty deer are feeding every night on the tree tops which are cut down during the day. The snow is about two and a half feet deep on the level. The deer come there instead of yarding. He would not admit any had been killed, but judge by his talk that the camp has a supply of venison. A. O.

The points on which the experience of deer hunters is asked are as follows:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?

2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?

3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?

4th. Describe in like manner still-hunting and its effects.

5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?

6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?

7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?

8th. What is the open season for deer?

9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them?

MIGRATORY QUAIL.

BOSTON, Feb. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in receipt of advices, under date of Jan. 25, from Mr. Carl F. Braun, of Messina, Sicily, by whom most of the migratory quail that have come to this country were shipped. He requests me to make public his prices and terms for the present season, which I gladly do through your columns. Mr. Braun offers to deliver the cages of one hundred birds each on board steamer, to provide food for the voyage, to prepay the freight to New York, and to effect marine insurance against total loss, all for the price of $30 per cage of one hundred birds. He reserves, however, the right to cancel the orders and return the money in case the flight of birds during the coming season proves to be so small that he cannot execute the orders without loss to himself. Those who have received birds from Mr. Braun in previous years will bear cheerful testimony to the conscientious manner in which he performed his part of the contract, and to the excellent condition in which the birds arrived. The greatest loss that came to my notice was six from one cage; the average loss was less than three per cent., and in many cases not a single bird was lost.

The terms named by Mr. Braun are cash in advance; evidently the only terms upon which it is possible for him to deal with purchasers at such a distance. Upon the arrival of the birds they must be passed through the Custom House (duty free) and must be delivered to express companies, to be forwarded to their respective destinations. As this is a troublesome operation for parties at a distance, I will, as in former years, at the request of Mr. Braun, and in order to facilitate the importation, attend to it free of charge; and I will also receive and forward to Mr. Braun any orders and money sent to me by parties desiring to import. No orders are received excepting for full cages of one hundred birds each, and the price of large and small lots is the same, to wit, $30 for each cage. The latest time to forward an order with any possibility of having it filled is April 1; and the chances are more than even that orders received here so late as that cannot be filled.

Those desiring to order from Mr. Braun will please send to me as quickly as possible, and certainly before April 1, their orders with cash inclosed to the amount of $30 for each cage, and with full address and name of express route preferred for shipping the birds from New York. I will buy the foreign exchange and send it and the orders to Mr. Braun, after which my responsibility ends until the birds arrive in New York, when I will see that they are passed through the Custom House, and given to the express company designated by the purchaser.

As some of your readers may be interested to know how many migratory quail have already been imported. I give below the exact figures for 1879 and 1880, and figures which I believe to be correct for 1877 and 1878.

Imported in 1877, 200; 1878, 5,000; 1879, 3,046; 1880, 5,100; total, 13,346. HORACE P. TOBEY.

17 *Oliver street.*

THE PROPOSED GAME BILL.—A meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association for the purpose of conferring with a committee from the New York Society for the Protection of Fish and Game was held at the rooms of the Fulton Market Fishmongers' Association, Monday, afternoon, March 7. The committee from the New York Association was composed of Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, Senator Wagstaff and Charles E. Whitehead, Esq. Mr. Roosevelt pointed out the imperfections of the bill, and offered the following suggestions: That the penalties should not be the same for unequal crimes. That the word "willful" should be stricken out of the entire bill excepting in the clause relating to trespassing. That the law on ducks be changed so that the open season commences the first of September. That the law in regard to small fish should not apply to the fisherman who catches them with rod and reel; and that all contraband game should be surrendered to the officer appointed for that purpose in twenty-four hours after it had been received, or the party having the same would be liable to prosecution. The law on summer woodcock shooting is to apply to Long Island, also the words "voluntary surrender or," have been stricken out of the bill. The above suggestions are to be placed before the special subcommittee of the Long Island Association who pass upon them subject to the approval of the New York Association.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

IN my last preceding letter to FOREST AND STREAM I hit nearer the truth in respect of time than I anticipated in the matter of those then prospective changes in the rules governing the shoots of the Michigan State Medical Association. A meeting was held this week at which my identical prognostications were literally realized, that is to say, the handicapping experiment was abandoned by a nearly unanimous vote, the only opposition coming from Goff Stanton and J. V. D. Eldredge, both excellent shots, but somehow infatuated with the twenty-one yards range. The new rules are:

1. H. and T. plunge traps at twenty-six yards for tame birds, usual rules to govern other points.

2. English rules, twenty-six yards rise for wild birds.

This action effectually settles handicapping by this association so far as contests for its much coveted trophy are concerned. I am glad of it, and I am very sure that the association as a whole is glad of it too. It can well afford to drop everything that has the appearance of child's play, and permit its members to come to the scratch on their merits as marksmen, and not by sufferance of a too tender managing committee.

The Pacific Gun Club held its annual meeting last night and elected officers for one year as follows: President, John Demass; Vice-President, W. H. Gillman; Treasurer, John Shuton; Secretary, Lyman Brant.

This club will give a shoot so soon as the weather shall have taken a favoring turn. At present there is a complete embargo on sport. Even our usual fox-chasing has been laid on the shelf, and is snugly reposing there all because of the heavy snows which render it impossible to run dogs with anything like a compensating measure of success. Our local sportsmen are burnishing up their arms, however, preparatory to a seizure of time by the forelock when the sign is right.

Game legislation at Michigan's capital is in a reasonably satisfactory state of forwardness. There is considerable opposition to that clause of the bill prepared by the State Sportsmen's Association which prohibits duck shooting from batteries. The opposition comes from those who live near the big lakes who say that battery shooting is the only kind they can indulge in with any considerable degree of success. A committee of the association is in correspondence with Senator Gibson (who introduced the bill) advising him that there is no disposition to be tenacious about the objectionable clause if the bill can be passed and preserve intact its remaining features. G. P. G.

Detroit, March 5.

ENGLISH RABBITS FOR LONG ISLAND.

THE great prolificness and fine epicurean properties of the English as compared with the American rabbit have been the cause of many trials by American sportsmen and others to introduce it into this country, but invariably without success.

Mr. Aslin Ward, a well-known sportsman of Brooklyn, has succeeded, after much trouble and expense, in importing a number of these rabbits, and has presented them to the Southampton Sportsmen's Club, of which he is a member, to be turned out upon their preserve. By this instance of liberality Mr. Ward has not alone benefited sportsmen and the Southampton Sportsmen's Club, but the people generally, and especially the poorer classes, the increase of these rabbits being so rapid that in a very few years they will be plentiful throughout all parts of the State, and the wild lands will abound in a spontaneous production of fine meat.

The indefatigableness and efficiency of the efforts of this club in the promulgation and preservation of game deserve the encomiums not alone of the sporting fraternity but of the public generally.

During the whole of this severe winter the birds upon their preserve have been well fed and thoroughly cared for and are now all alive. NEW YORKER.

INFORMATION WANTED.

MINNESOTA SHOOTING.—C. E. W., Troy, N. Y., asks (1) where he can find best deer hunting within 150 miles of St. Paul, Minn.; wants board, preferably with some one who understands sport. (2) Resort for deer, ducks and geese in Otter Tail County, Minn., with board. (3) Sporting centre, with board, on line of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad.

BEAUFORT.—"Subscriber" asks: (1) What is the range of the thermometer at Beaufort, N. C., in winter and summer? (2) Is the climate healthy, or subject to malaria and fever and ague? (3) Is wild fowl and general shooting good in its vicinity?

TRAPPING THE CAT.—Our song and game birds have no deadlier foe than the common cat. The serpent destroys only when compelled by the pangs of hunger to seek his food. He fasts for more than half the year. The cat, cruel and cunning as the tiger, kills more than she can consume and, like the Berserkers of old, is mad with the love of slaughter. Prowling by night through forest and by stream, her path is dyed with blood. The young in the nest of the hare that escape her tiger fangs are fortunate. As a household pet she is a nuisance; as a destroyer of rats, a failure; as a companion, unsatisfactory and uninteresting, feeling but little affection for either friend or home; she is the sworn enemy of the farmer, killing the beautiful birds that are his friends and helpers; she is the unrelenting foe of the sportsman and should be hunted down and destroyed like the wolf. Almost any dog can soon be taught to chase and kill a cat; without this accomplishment he is but poorly educated.

The breech-loader can only be used effectually by daylight, or when the moonbeams are very bright; but as the cat prowls most when the nights are dark in the lonely woods, where the ruffed grouse loves to lead her young, and through the stubble fields, where the quail have their play-ground, a deadfall placed here and there along the paths is almost sure to arrest the midnight marauders. If a stream flows through the grounds, throw a tree across it and set your trap there. The cat dislikes to wet her feet and will always use the bridge. As is well known, none of the feline race can resist the odor of valerian; to all the tribe it is the elixir of life and the fountain of youth, and they will rush into any trap where it is. The skunk also loves it, and in his death agony will mingle his own perfume with it. If you set a deadfall and sprinkle under it some of the essential oil of valerian no Thomas or Tabitha passing near it will fail to enter and yield up the last one of the nine lives at the shrine of this great medicine god of the tribe. XIL YORRIS.

[Our correspondent does not tell how to take cats on fish-hooks, but it can be done, and has been done.]

PROPOSED MASSACHUSETTS LAW.

AN ACT FOR THE BETTER PROTECTION AND PRESERVATION OF BIRDS, BIRDS' EGGS, DEER AND GAME.

Be it enacted, etc.:

SECTION 1. Whoever takes or kills any woodcock or any ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge) between the first day of January and the first day of September in any year, or within said time sells, buys, has in possession or offers for sale any woodcock or ruffed grouse, whether taken or killed in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for each and every such bird.

SEC. 2. Whoever takes or kills any quail between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of October in any year or within said time sells, buys, has in possession (except alive) or offers for sale any quail, whether taken or killed in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for each and every such bird; *provided*, that any person may buy, sell or have in possession quail during the months of January, February, March and April if such quail were legally taken or killed; and in all prosecutions for the possession of quail during the four months aforesaid the burden of proof shall be upon the defendant to show that such quail were not taken or killed contrary to the provisions of this act.

SEC. 3. Whoever takes or kills any wood or summer duck, black duck or teal between the first day of May and the first day of September in any year or within said time sells, buys, has in possession or offers for sale any wood or summer duck, black duck or teal, whether taken or killed in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for each and every such bird.

SEC. 4. Whoever takes or kills any Bartramian sandpiper (commonly called called upland plover) between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of July in any year or within said time sells, buys, has in possession or offers for sale any Bartramian sandpiper, whether taken or killed in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each and every such bird.

SEC. 5. Whoever, at any season of the year, takes or kills any pinnated grouse (commonly called prairie chicken, except upon ground owned or occupied by him, and grouse placed thereon by the owner), shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for each and every such bird.

SEC. 6. Whoever takes or kills upon their breeding ground any wild or passenger pigeon, or takes or kills any Carolina or turtle dove, herring-gull, tern, sea-swallow or mackerel-gull between the first day of May and the first day of September in any year, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each such offence.

SEC. 7. Whoever takes or kills at any season of the year any undomesticated birds not named in the preceding sections of this Act (except birds of prey, crows, crow-blackbirds, jays, wild geese, herons, bitterns and such fresh water or sea fowl as are not named in the preceding sections of this Act), or willfully destroys, disturbs or takes the nests or eggs of any undomesticated birds (except the nests and eggs of birds of prey, crows, crow-blackbirds and jays), shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each such offence: *provided*, that any person above the age of sixteen years, having a certificate from the Curator of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, the president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, the Boston Society of Natural History, the Worcester Lyceum and Natural History Society, the Peabody Academy of Science at Salem or from any incorporated society of natural history or college in the State, to the effect that said person is engaged in the scientific study of ornithology or is collecting in the interests of and for said institutions or any one of them, may take the nests and eggs of, or at any season of the year take or kill any undomesticated birds; but this provision shall not apply to the birds or eggs of birds named in the first five sections of this Act during the time they are protected.

SEC. 8. Whoever, except during the months of October and November, takes or kills any deer (except his own tame deer, kept on his own grounds), shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of one hundred dollars for every such offence; and whoever hunts deer at any season of the year by the use or aid of dogs, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of fifty dollars for every such offence; and any person may kill any dog found chasing or hunting deer.

SEC. 9. Whoever, between the first day of March and the first day of September in any year takes or kills any gray squirrel, hare or rabbit, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each offence.

SEC. 10. Whoever, at any season of the year, takes, kills or destroys any game bird, hare or rabbit by means of traps, snares, nets or springs; or, whoever, for the purpose of taking or killing any game bird, hare or rabbit shall construct or set any trap, snare, net or spring; or whoever takes or kills any hare or rabbit by the use or aid of any ferret, or whoever shoots at or kills any wild fowl or any game bird on the shore, marsh or beach birds with or by the use of any battery, swivel or pivot gun or by the use of any torch, jack or artificial light, shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for each such offence:

Provided, the provisions of this section shall not apply to the trapping or snaring of ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge), hare or rabbit by any person upon his own land between the first day of September and the first day of January following; and *provided, also*, that owners of land shall not lose said rights for such purposes, nor under any circumstances allow any other person to snare or trap upon their lands.

SEC. 11. The Commissioners of Inland Fisheries shall have authority to act as game commissioners also; and their authority shall extend to the protection and preservation of game birds and animals in like manner as to fishes.

SEC. 12. Any regularly incorporated association for the protection of fish and game within this State may appoint, with the approval of the governor and council, one or more persons for each county of this Commonwealth, to act as fish and game constables. Such officers shall have authority to enforce any and all provisions of acts relating to the protection and preservation of fish and game within this Commonwealth, and shall serve without expense to county or State.

SEC. 13. It shall be the duty of every officer qualified to serve criminal processes, including the officers who may be appointed under the provisions of this Act, to arrest without warrant any person whom they shall find violating any of the provisions of this Act and bring such offender before the nearest magistrate. Any officer neglecting or refusing diligently to enforce the provisions of this Act, upon proper information and complaint, shall be punished by a fine or imprisonment, or both.

SEC. 14. Any justice or magistrate, on receiving proof or having reasonable cause for believing in the concealment of any game mentioned in this Act during the time possession of such game is prohibited, shall issue his search warrant and cause search to be made in any house, market or other building, or in any boat, car or vehicle of any description whatever; and for that end may cause any apartment, chest, locker, box, crate, basket or package of whatever description to be broken open and the contents examined.

SEC. 15. All fines accruing under this Act shall be paid one-half to the complainant and one-half to the city or town wherein the offence is committed.

SEC. 16. Chapter 209 of the Acts of the year eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, and all Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

A DUCK BRIDLE.—Port Royal, S. C., Feb. 14.—I inclose you a "duck bridle." No man knowing the intelligence of the wild duck will shoot over dead decoys. With the old poodle duck, muddy gray, and the green-headed drake, "mallards" bridled, placed as decoys, you can kill all the ducks you want. Take up the ducks by the two wings, as you would carry live ducks, place both wings through the slit, one part going behind the wings, the other in front of

the wings; bring the two eyelet holes together, make the cord fast, attach a weight (sinker) and throw out the sinkers far enough apart to keep the ducks separate. As soon as they are in the water they will commence washing and playing. You can sleep in your blind, for as far as the eye can reach they will see ducks on the wing and will call them—the she one with a loud quack! quack! quack! the drake will do the same. Moored, as they will be by this means, they ride like a boat breasting the sea, and they will live through any sea. Secured by the foot, they will drown in five minutes. I invented the duck bridle; use it for the benefit of sportsmen.—J. E. J.

[The bridle sent by our correspondent is a bit of canvas one inch wide and fourteen inches long, with eyelet in each end and a slit six inches long in the centre.]

DEER KILLED WITH NO. 10 SHOT—Tara, Iowa, Feb 27.—In your issue of Feb. 17 I see that Mr. G. L. Appleton, of Bryan County, Georgia, tells of killing a deer on the run with No. 9 shot. I spent the winter of 1879-80 in Marion County, Florida. A gentleman from Connecticut also passed a portion of the winter in the same vicinity. One morning, while walking in the woods, I heard a shot near me and soon the Connecticut gentleman appeared with his gun in his hands. He said that he had just jumped a deer in some palmetto scrub and had broken her right hind leg with a charge of No. 10 shot. She got up about twenty feet from him. He then fired his left barrel at her body; this was also No 10. She, however, got away. A few days afterward we passed near the same spot and found the deer, dead. She had got out of his sight in the thick scrub and he had not gone after her, as he supposed that his shot was too small to have killed her. H. R. E.

AUXILIARY BARREL—Bellville, O.—I purchased one of Shelton's auxiliary rifles some months ago, with which I have done some excellent shooting up to three hundred yards, which is as far as I have tried it. Having failed to find a rear sight that would give good satisfaction in thick timber I have a sort of a peep sight which I made myself, but do not think that it would do for game as well as an open or sporting sight. Probably some one can give us some new ideas or experience in the matter. The winter has been so severe here that quail shooting next fall will not be very profitable. I knew of half a dozen coveys last fall, but it is impossible to find a single bird. Ruffed grouse seem to have stood the storms exceedingly well; plenty of squirrels and rabbits.—W. S. C.

GOOD RECORDS.—Pittsburg, Pa., has a very large and active sportsmen's association; and is a centre for sporting matters. Among other evidences of this fact is the large sporting goods establishment of Messrs. J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., who are displaying most commendable enterprise in providing for the demands of their trade. Mr. O'Neil not only knows what a good gun is, but understands as well how to use it. As a proof both of the excellence of the gun and the skill of the man, we refer our readers to the scores published elsewhere, which were made with the Westley Richards hammerless gun. The gun, the man and the firm have good records.

THE NOROMBEGA SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, of Bangor, Me., held their annual meeting February 23, and elected the following officers for the coming year: President, John P. Tucker; Vice-President, H. N. Fairbanks; Secretary, Charles York; Treasurer, Fred T. Hall. Executive Committee—John P. Tucker, Charles York, Fred T. Hall, H. W. Durgin, G. A. Abbott. The club is prospering and in good financial standing. We have twenty-four members and some applications for membership now of good men. We propose to see the game laws of the State carried out to the letter. BANGOR.

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN CLUB re-organized Feb. 1, 1881, formerly the North End Club. The law, as it now stands, prohibits pigeon shooting in Connecticut; but a bill is now before the Legislature which will repeal it. If repealed, a three days' tournament will be inaugurated, under the auspices of the club, to come off some time in the spring. A drag fox hunt will also take place on each day of the tournament. The tournament will take place at Sherwood Park. Officers: President, Charles Greather; Vice-President, James Scott; Secretary, F. Symington; Treasurer, John White.

THE KENNEDY RIFLE has of late won many friends because of its excellent performances. The weapon is manufactured by the well-known Whitney Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., and the makers are among the men of the day who believe in building up a reputation for their rifle by its own record and merits. Those who are not familiar with the Kennedy rifle will do well to send to the manufacturers for a description of it.

PROF. HALL'S GUN.—Prof. Wm. B. Hall, of Indiana, Pa., is to be congratulated upon the recovery of his valuable gun, the theft of which was noted by us some time ago.

ARCHERY.—The Executive Committee of the National Archery Association of the United States is now in session at the office of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr G. F. E. Pearsall, No. 298 Fulton street, Brooklyn, prepared to receive application from archery clubs in any State of the Union for admission into the National Association. As the grand annual meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of the National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applications for membership be made immediately to the Corresponding Secretary, who will afford all necessary information, with copies of the constitution, by-laws, etc.

We have received a copy of what is perhaps the smallest newspaper published in the world. It is the *School News*, edited by a Pawnee boy, who is one of the pupils at the Indian school, Carlisle, Pa., and the pages—there are four of them—measure four inches by three inches. The editor advises his subscribers to keep their undershirts on and to study hard. Napoleon is said to have feared a newspaper much more than a hostile army; if the young Carlisle editor learns his business he may yet play an important part in solving the Indian question.

THE FOREMOST NAME in the retail clothing trade is that of Baldwin, the Clothier. He has the largest establishment in New York and only one branch store—"Baldwin Building," Brooklyn.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MARCH.

FRESH WATER.

Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizotethium americanum, S. griseum*, etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chænobryttus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*

TROUTING ON THE UNKNOWN.

"LIVES there a man with soul so dead" that has not somewhere way over the hills and down into the valley a choice little bit of woodcock cover that nobody else in all this world knows of, or some trout brook hidden in the depths of the forest, where no one drops a worm or casts a fly but he to whom alone the brook is known?

The woodcock cover may be shot over by a dozen others, who each cherish the same delusion, still you hug the fond fancy to your breast that you alone pull trigger there, and that for you the brown cock wait in sweet anticipation of being shot exclusively by yourself.

The trout stream may be fished by half the urchins in town; you won't believe it, but stealthily take a devious path through the woods to reach the sanctuary, known to none other among the sons of men.

Away in the vast forests of the North I know a lake, walled in by virgin hills, flooded with the sunshine of summer. Down through the woods a foaming river pours its swift current into the lake. There leap the great red trout; there you hear the partridge drum as you cast the fly, and there the caribou looks curiously at you from out the thickets.

Where is that river? Alas! my friend, for you it is nowhere; it is Utopia; it is the great Unknown to all the world besides, for I alone know of its existence. It is my sanctuary. And I am sure I cannot disclose it to you until at least you tell me truly the exact locality of that new alder run where you shot a dozen cock one afternoon last fall, where no one else ever shot a cock before. But I will tell you of a day's fishing I once had on the Unknown.

We pushed out upon the lake at "5 o'clock in the morning," just as the bell on the little frontier church was ringing matins. Our boat was a light cedar, lap-streak canoe, twenty-three feet long My guides, Jim and George, pulled a leisurely stroke, while I trawled with two light rods from the stern.

I soon reeled off a long line from each rod. On one line I trolled a cast of three brilliant flies; on the other an enormous trolling fly, with yellow body and red wings.

Out upon the great lake we rowed. The only ripples that broke the surface came from our boat and reached away toward the receding shore in long, diverging lines. The lake was yet asleep in the lap of her wooded hills, the morning sun shone brighly from a clear, blue sky; a great quiet filled the air, broken only by the distant dying peal of the church bell calling to early mass. It was

The rarest thing of all the year—
A perfect day in June.

Ah! there's a rise—a tug on the line, the swift click of the reel and a swirl in the smooth water a hundred feet astern.

How it thrills one to be among the trout again. The little fellow fights gamily as I reel him in. Ziz-zag he rushes with the line and gives a pretty curve to my nine-ounce pliant rod of toughest greenheart. In he comes, the first trout, with more pluck than weight, for he falls two ounces short of a pound.

Three miles across the lake we pull. As we near the farther shore there comes a sharp jerk on the trolling fly. My larger rod, of eleven ounces, buckles to the strain. I pass my disengaged rod to George, who reels in the line out of the way, and, standing up, I fight a large, determined fish. He seeks the bottom; the rod bends so sharply I am forced to give him line. Now he slacks and I eagerly reel in great lengths of the silken cord. He shoots under the boat. Why will trout be so disagreeable? What an awkward bend it gives your rod and what a miserable strain it puts upon it to have a big fish run under the boat, double up your little strip of wood, bring the tip to the water's edge and then tug, tug, tug, like the extra leader on an overcrowded horse-car stuck on a slippery, uphill grade! But now he gives a swoop out from under the stern and breaks water for the first time, flinging himself into air, shaking the drops from him. "A beauty, boys, a beauty!"

The tip of the rod drops a bit, the hook does not tear out and the big trout falls into the lake with the hook still fast. Again and again he leaps into air, then seeks the depths once more, but this time so feebly that I snub him short, then reel him to the surface. A few faint rushes. Ah! he lies over on his side. What a picture on the surface of the water, his side all mottled with gold, gleaming with crimson points, his white throat and his red-tipped fins!

But it won't do to stop and admire till he gets his second wind. Jim stands ready in the bows with the edge of the landing-net just dipping in the water. Smoothly I slide my prey along the crystal surface of the lake, Jim gives a sudden dip with the net and aboard flops master trout. Placed on the steelyards he weighs down just two pounds and three ounces. It is wonderful how the simple act of carrying scales with you reduces the weight of trout. Now, my guides and I would all have sworn this trout weighed seven pounds at the least calculation had he broken away.

Having landed him, had we only fortunately forgotten our steelyards we should have taken our solemn oaths that he was a five-pounder, but with that miserable little exact contrivance for reducing the weight of trout we find his weight to be just two pounds and three ounces. "You'd better take river weight," once said an old guide to me. "What's river weight?" quoth I.

"Oh, that's what we guides set the fish at without weighing 'em. It's always much more satisfactory to gentlemen, sir."

But I took my scales along, weighed every fish and entered the weight in my note-book. There were no five-pounders that the guide had promised me. At last he took up my steelyards with a contemptuous sneer, and looking straight at me, said, oracularly, "You'll never catch a big fish as long as you carry that d—d thing along with yer."

True enough; I have always carried that d—d thing along with me, and I have never caught one-half the big trout that most of my brother piscators who take river weight are ready to swear to.

"Show me a gunner and I'll show you a liar," was one of glorious Cale Loring's brevities. Ah, me! must we also include fishermen. But my guides are pulling up the lake, my lines are scarcely reeled out before I get a strike on my little rod, and after fine sport bring to basket a trout of a pound and three quarters.

We hear a gurgling sound; a little rill stealthily creeps out of the forest and trickles into the lake; Jim and George rest on their oars, and reeling in my line to twenty feet I make a cast and drop three flies fluttering down through the air to the margin of the lake just where the brooklet ripples in. Jove, how the little trout leap for the gaudy deceits, I hook and land one of three quarters of a pound, then another the same weight, then three more weighing, respectively, a half pound, six and five ounces.

The trout were still jumping in expectation of more flies, but the catch was getting too small, so we pulled away and soon reached the mouth of the Unknown River. Here I took the middle of our cedar canoe, and reeled in and stowed away my larger rod. Jim stepped into the stern, then the guides, taking their iron-tipped setting poles, forced the canoe steadily up the foaming rapids of the Unknown. Here we caught a few half-pounders; next we paddled through two miles of dead water with never a rise. Now, we come to a deep, broad, still pool. Great ash trees lean far out over the water. Jim and George cease paddling. Stealthily the canoe forges ahead with its old momentum.

I swing my rod back, and with the most gingerly turn of the wrist of which I am capable shoot my choicest cast of flies out into the air, then let them drop like fluttering butterflies upon the smooth surface of the pool. At the first cast a ruddy trout jumped perpendicularly clear of the water, missed the fly and dropped back stiff as a stick. At the second cast I hooked him—a pounder

Next a bigger fellow rose to the lure. He weighed a pound and a half. Then a monster swirled up and quietly took the fly, but as he was fat and lazy, Jim soon netted him—a very handsome fish weighing full two pounds and a half.

It is true that one needs to be very quiet and circumspect in trout-fishing; yet it is equally true—and this I did not find out for years—that in a large pool it is not well to anchor your craft or cast all the time from one spot, even if that spot commands the whole pool.

I fancy that the trout, after a while, get accustomed to seeing the flies drop in the same way and pulled everlastingly in the same direction or toward the same point and so get educated up to your little game. Or perhaps trout need to be stirred up a bit to give the quickest sport, and a boat moving slowly and quietly around a pool, with an almost imperceptible dip of the paddle, may stir them up just enough, without frightening them.

That a canoe and paddle do not always scare the trout I know full well. Indeed, I think the reason so many trout, when hooked, run under the canoe is because they mistake it for a log and seek shelter beneath it.

An old trapper told me that once when propelling his canoe with a red paddle slowly across a remote lake a large trout shot up from astern and bit his paddle as it quietly moved through the still water.

So after landing the three trout we paddled cautiously around the pool. Now a ruddy hero catches the fly and bravely fights; run after run he gives. The sharp click of the reel makes sweetest music as the line whizzes out. But Jim's landing-net stands ready and open like the doom of fate and gathers him in. The fish weighs two pounds six ounces, but he was a male, and these fight hardest. Another rose; he weighed one pound ten ounces. Then, as we slowly moved about the pool, a grand old red-bellied male broke water and took the fly in air. What sport he gave! lashing the pool with his tail, swirling around, the tight gut cutting the water with a twang like the string of a violin, then diving to the bottom, bending the little rod to a keen tension, almost to breaking. Jim landed him at last and he brought down the scales to two pounds and ten ounces, but the scales did not do him justice. Nothing but river weight meets the requirements of such a plucky trout as this.

We had taken six trout from this one pool in less than half an hour, each weighing a pound or more and the six weighing eleven pounds and three-quarters. May this pool forever be unknown. We paddled on. Just above in a whirling rapid we basketed a trout of two pounds and two ounces. At the first catch after landing him a dappled monster took the fly, cut across the rapids from shore to shore and fought me on every inch of line I reeled in. He was the biggest trout yet. How anxiously I watched the scales as the great fellow hung pendant. Why didn't he pull them down to three pounds! "Hold on! hold on!" I cried to Jim, who held him, for the trout flapped his tail and the index on the scales seemed to move down a bit. But it was no use. No friendly hand was near to drop a charge of shot into the trout's gullet or stuff a stone into his jaws, so the scales remained inexorably at two pounds and thirteen ounces.

But our sport here was not ended, for in the rapids we took two more which weighed two pounds seven ounces and two pounds one ounce respectively. Then we poled on, catching a trout wherever we chose to whip the stream

Soon we hear a dull, distant roar that grows louder and louder as we pole up the rapid river. Rounding a bend we catch sight of a white wall of foam stretching across the stream from bank to bank. These are the Unknown falls. The wide river pours over a ledge of rock and tumbles down a rocky incline for thirty feet or more. The whole fall is not more than ten feet vertically, but the rapid water is dashed into foam, and the white, tumbling line forms a pretty contrast with the dark pool beneath and the high, green woods on either bank. At the foot of the falls we land for dinner.

I count the trout; there are thirty. The twelve largest weigh twenty-five pounds and two ounces. I lay out these dozen two-pounders in a row in the bottom of the canoe and a pretty sight they were as a fisherman may care to see. Two red-bellied, big-headed males had a whopper-jawed, horny beak projecting upwards from the point of their jaws which fitted into a groove at the end of their noses when their mouths were shut.

Meanwhile George had built a fire, hung the kettle and got ready the frying-pan. Jim lays violent hands and a sharp knife on one of my two-pound pets. The frying-pan sizzles and sputters, and fragrant odors are wafted from the tea-kettle. Soon, sitting on the bank under the shade of the forest looking out on the foaming falls, we ate a royal woodland meal.

After dinner I tried the fly at the foot of the falls. I hooked a very lively fish, that gave great play in the broken water, and ran out more line than any trout of the day. Brought in at last by Jim's inevitable net; he proved to be an even two-pounder. Quickly I catch thirteen little fellows in the spray of the falls. Then the guides set me ashore and I

walk on along an old portage through the woods with a pistol cocked in my right hand ready for prowling bear or startled moose.

But no living thing appears. After walking half a mile, and passing over a little hill crest, I catch sight of bright water through the vista of the path, and soon am standing on a pretty bluff overlooking another woodland lake. To my left is the rapid forming Unknown River, the outlet of this second lake. I hear a shout, then the regular click of the setting poles as their iron ferrules strike against the rocky bottom; then the canoe appears round a projecting point, bravely forced up stream against the foaming torrent. George and Jim, bare headed, reeking with sweat, briskly ply their poles, and the canoe shoots up and on to the still beach at my feet. A hard time the boys have had of it. 'Twas well I lightened their task by walking the portage.

We pitch our tent on the bluff overlooking the lake, and as George gets ready for supper and cuts boughs for our bed I push out with Jim in the skiff. It is a great comfort to have two guides, for while one is at work you are not compelled to wait and loaf round and watch each slice of salt pork as it is put into the frying-pan and wonder if on the whole the cook is really neat and truly good, and when will that supper be ready anyway, but off you shoot with your second guide, and the time glides by as quickly as the swift flowing river till you hear the call for supper from the shore.

Where the lake drains into the river, and the low, quickening current glides smoothly like bent glass toward the foaming rapids, there lie the big trout behind great submerged boulders along the river bottom. Reeling off a long line I deftly cast my flies across the stream. Jump, jump, jump, leap the trout. A taut line, a quick turn of the wrist and I hook them all three. Wish! whirr! How they buckle and twist the little red snag on my line, and reel off fathoms at a plunge. The middle fish breaks away. Jim picks off the little trout on the dropper with his hands, and then we make short work with the two-pounder on the leader. So near the camp are we fishing that Jim flings our last capture over the bushes to George for our supper.

We take five more trout at the outlet, then pull ashore in the twilight. How brightly glows the camp fire! What great shadows the cook casts against the trees as he flits about the flames! How cozy looks the little tent illumined by the blaze—white canvas above and pliant green boughs beneath, and what a jolly supper we eat as darkness closes around us! Then taking out my note-book I reckon up my booty for the day. I reckoned up for my own satisfaction. I surely take no pleasure in deceiving myself, and though this is a fish story, it is also the exact truth.

The figures in my note book are as follows: June 18, 1878, took with fly 15 trout, one pound and over; weight of same 31 pounds 9 ounces; 36 trout less than a pound; weight of same, 19 pounds—51 trout. Total, 50 pounds 9 ounces

As I lie back on the boughs of the open tent, slippers off and feet toasting at the log fire, the full moon rises round and red over the wooded hills and looked us full in the face. I fall asleep content. MARSTRAND.

PARLOR AQUARIA.—These household ornaments are not as common as they should be in order to interest the children in the habits of aquatic life, either marine or fluviatile. We recently dropped into Greenwood's Aquaria depot, 41 College Place, New York, to purchase some nest-breeding stickle-backs for our little tank, but the cold weather had prevented their capture. Here we saw tanks of all sizes down to tiny globes, plants and all the appliances of the aquarian lover. Upon inquiry for some short practical rules for regulating the plant and animal life, we received the following: "A small dip net should be at hand for the purpose of extracting or putting subjects in the tank. The hand should never be used for this purpose. Always keep the aquarium where it will have plenty of light, otherwise it will be impossible to succeed with it. Water-plants require as much light as garden or green-house plants; also keep in as cool a position as possible, and above all things, do not overstock it; two small fish to one gallon of water would be sufficient in warm weather, but in cold weather the number may be increased a little. Avoid all kinds of sea-shells and corals, as they contain lime and are injurious both to animal and vegetable life."

THE BANDED PICKEREL.—It will be remembered that some two or three years ago Judge Potter planted in various parts of the lake the fry of the land locked salmon (*Salmo sebago*). Much interest has been felt among amateur and professional fishermen as to the result of this experiment, and the water has been carefully watched to see whether the young strangers have succeeded in escaping the numerous dangers that environ them. The fishermen in Maumee Bay have several times recently reported the capture of what they supposed to be young salmon, but as they had never seen the genuine nothing positive was known on the subject. The latest specimen, taken a day or two ago, was brought to Mr. C. O. Brigham by his request, and by him referred to Judge Potter. The Judge decides that the fish is the banded or trout pickerel, or in scientific nomenclature the *Esox americanus*, or otherwise the *Esox niger*, or black pickerel. The judge states that this fish is extremely rare, and that the specimen in question is the second he has ever seen. The banded pickerel seldom exceeds a foot in length, but is very graceful and symmetrical in shape, with the head of the larger members of the pike family. It usually lies close to the bottom of the water, for which reason it is sometimes called the mud pickerel, and when it takes the hook circles about, affording little sport as a game fish.

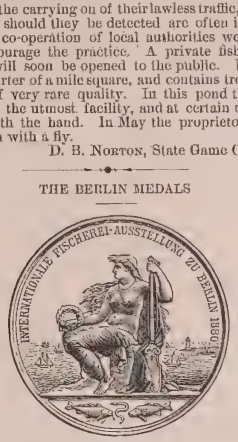
Although in this case the supposed salmon proved bogus, it is interesting to learn that the fishermen at Pleasants Bay near Monroe have taken several of the true salmon in their nets. These were about eighteen inches in length and seemed to be thriving and successfully making their way in the watery world.—*Toledo (Ohio) Telegram.*

This little nuisance is fortunately rare in Ohio waters, but is painfully frequent in the trout streams of Long Island.

POACHING THE FISH—Ithaca, N. Y.—For some time past the local authorities of Springport, situated near the foot of Cayuga Lake, have been in a furor over the lawless raids made by unknown parties upon their fisheries. All attempts to check it seemed useless so well did the fish pirates cover up their tracks, and conceal all evidence of their methods. The matter being brought to my notice I went there, and after the most diligent reconnoitering—for the ice was then five to six inches thick—I succeeded in raising several nets which were set with the stakes chopped off below the ice in such a manner that only those who knew their exact location could discover them. The offenders have not been captured yet, but I have obtained evidence sufficient to warrant several arrests, which I am about to make in a few days. The fisheries there are well supplied with trout, and no doubt the pirates would have had a rich harvest but for the timely interruption of their plans. On Owasco Lake similar attempts have been made, but receiving timely notice, I have to a great extent, if not entirely, prevented them. The offenders are desperate and cunning, and have recourse to the most subtle and daring schemes for the carrying on of their lawless traffic, and threats of vengeance should they be detected are often indulged in; but with the co-operation of local authorities we hope to be able to discourage the practice. A private fish pond near Springport will soon be opened to the public. It covers an area of a quarter of a mile square, and contains trout in abundance and of very rare quality. In this pond they may be caught with the utmost facility, and at certain outlets even picked up with the hand. In May the proprietor will allow people to fish with a fly.

D. B. NORTON, State Game Constable.

THE BERLIN MEDALS



The medals awarded at the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin have not yet arrived, but may be expected soon. We present our readers with a picture of the medal, which will be the same whether of gold, silver or bronze. We can furnish electrotypes of these cuts if desired.

THE COD FISHERIES.—The use of the gill net for cod, which, though long practiced by the fishermen of Norway, has lately been tried here, at the request of Prof. Baird, who scans the implements in use by the fishermen of all countries to find the best methods, is fast coming into favor. The recent letter from Capt. J. W. Collins, the expert fishermen of the U. S. F. C., in our columns has familiarized our readers with its value. The Cape Ann *Advertiser*, in speaking of the introduction of new methods and the prejudice against them, says: "Now cod-nets have come upon the scene, and the trawlers are claiming that the nets drift down upon their tackle and cause them inconvenience and loss. But nets are fast winning their way into public favor and the indications are that the many-hooked trawl will take a back seat, and bait-bills be unknown."

In another article the *Advertiser* alleges that Prof. Baird is said to be "of the opinion that the only retributive remedy we can apply to Canada for cheating us in the fish question is to refuse to admit Canadian fish to our markets free of duty after the expiration of the treaty in 1885. He suggests that we impose a heavy tax on fish imported from the Dominion as soon as we can do so without violating the treaty. A retaliation by the Canadians in the form of the exclusion of our fishermen from waters within the three-mile limit will not, he thinks, be a serious matter. Our fishing craft seldom go within the three-mile limit, except to get bait, and the use of the gill net will make bait unnecessary."

In speaking of the cod fisheries, the Boston *Herald* says: "If Prof. Baird's colony of cods and other good fish out on the edge of the Gulf stream pans out all right then Gloucester can tell Canada to keep her foggy old banks to herself and be blessed therewith. Fishing on the edge of the Gulf stream would be a good deal more comfortable than on the chilly banks of Newfoundland."

SIZE OF TROUT—New York, Feb. 28.—In reply to Mr. Van Siclen's query in yours of 24th, I would say that the limitation in the weight of trout allowed to be taken by the proposed game law to a quarter pound was fixed by the joint committee who had the matter in charge. My proposition was a limit of eight inches—in a weight of probably one-eighth of a pound. For many years I have persisted in returning to the water all trout under eight inches long—result (frequently), return home with a very poor score. But, if some concert and law are not adopted the result will soon be no score at all.—MANHATTAN.

"BODINES."—Now that the tramping, trouting and camping season is coming on, books on the subject are in order. "Bodines, or Camping on the Lycoming," is a volume which every angler ought to read. It is a good camp companion. Next to a trouting jaunt with its author is the reading of his description of how he and his friends found pleasure and profit along the Pennsylvania trout streams. The book may be ordered through us at the regular publisher's price, $1 50 per copy.

HABITS OF THE GAR-PIKE AND DOGFISH—Chicago, Feb. 5.—Do the gar-pike (*Lepidosteus*) and dogfish (*Amia*) hibernate? In summer they cannot long remain without air. In winter our inland lakes are entirely closed by ice, so that no air is accessible to them. How, then, do they exist through the long winters, unless upon the theory of hibernation? I do not see the above question answered in any work on zoology within my reach. A. M. WRIGHT.

FLY FISHING IN JAPAN.—At the International Fishery Exhibition in Berlin there were artificial flies shown in the Japanese department. They were principally palmers with a gilded head, and we were informed by the Japanese Commissioner, Mr. Matsubara, that they were used to a limited extent by the gentlemen anglers of that country. Very good rods of bamboo and both silk and hair lines were exhibited, showing that the gentle art has its votaries in Japan.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.—S. W. Goodridge, rod maker, Grafton, Vt., offers a rod as follows: "I am glad you are going to make something more than a mere side show out of the fly-casting this year. Put me down for a bass rod, one of Dr. Henshall's pattern, for throwing the minnow, just such a one as the doctor approves."

Fish Culture.

FISH CULTURE AND FISH LAWS.

[Report of the Committee on Fish Laws, presented at the Convention of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association.]

AS chairman of the committee on "fish laws, including propagation as well as protection," I beg to report that the committee have done nothing as to practical results; but at a meeting of the committee recently held at Detroit, at which meeting Mr. Portman and myself were present (Mr. Fitzhugh being unable to attend), it was arranged that Mr. Portman should prepare a paper to be read at the Association, giving his views in reference to the needed legislation for the protection and propagation of the food fishes of the inland waters of the State; while I would direct my attention more especially to the legislation needed for the protection and increase of the supply of the valuable food fishes of the great lakes.

My remarks then will be understood as having reference only to the great lakes

I shall beg your indulgence but for a few moments, as my views as to the necessary steps to be taken to secure an almost unlimited supply of fish food can be briefly stated. That an inexhaustible supply of the valuable food fishes is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," none will deny.

But the question, as the means to be employed to accomplish the desired end, is as perplexing as it is important.

Five years since it might have been said that "something must be done not only to secure an increase, but to prevent a decrease of this food supply, which the statistics of the past decade will abundantly prove." The same assertion will, to a certain extent hold true to-day, and although active measures have, since that time been taken to avert the evil, additional measures should, I think, be inaugurated.

But it occurs to me that, at present, the most important step to be taken in the solution of the problem, after the conclusion is reached that laws are essential, is to ascertain whether the supreme control of the fishing interests of the common waters of the United States rests with the States bordering on such waters or with the general government.

However, as before stated, this step should be prefaced by evidence of the necessity for laws and the discussion of this evidence will necessarily involve discussions of some of the remedies suggested by those in favor of laws. Let us first determine that laws are desirable in the premises.

Must legislative aid be invoked to assist in perpetuating this food supply?

As the matter now stands, no laws, either State or national, that I am aware of, are in effective operation, regulating the fishing industry of the great lakes. True, the States and general government are doing a munificent work in the way of propagation, and should this beneficial support be unlimited, and continued indefinitely, the problem would be solved; but these donations are an "unknown quantity," and may be "plus or minus."

The laws framed for purpose of inaugurating relief and infusing new vitality into the languishing fishing interests contain no provisions of a compulsory nature as regards propagation, and therefore State and national aid in this respect is gratuitous, uncertain and liable at any time to be withheld. The life, growth, or future of this important industry should not hinge upon the uncertainty of legislative or congressional appropriations, but should, as far as practical, be independent and self-sustaining. Nor should we exact or expect to much aid from this direction.

No amount of sophistry can conceal the fact that the class of people most benefited by the results of propagation are those engaged in the occupation of fishing; and therefore they should, in simple justice, contribute to the maintenance of the source of their occupation and income.

But this can be regulated only by law, and we want a law that contains within itself ample provisions for its enforcement. Again, the magnitude of the interests involved is, of itself, a complete argument that a system of laws should be enacted, regulating these interests. I ask any gentleman present to name an industry of equal proportions that is so much neglected in this respect. It is, indeed, strange that in this great land of ours, with its numerous laws for the protection of property and the redress of grievances, that the fishing interests of the great lakes, representing as it does, a capital reaching into the millions, it seems strange, I say, that this vast interest should be practically without any legislature control of regulation. Such, however, is the case.

And it must be patent to the most casual observer that this important commercial industry is, at present, but a suggestion of the gigantic proportions it may attain, if fostered and encouraged by judicious, efficient and enforced laws combining protection and propagation.

In view of these grand possibilities need the question be asked, are fish laws necessary?

There is a law, the law of custom, which in some sections is observed, and which, so far as it is observed, regulates the rights of certain individuals to certain fishing grounds.

The States, too, have passed some laws affecting the interests in question, but from the want of enforcement are practically of no value; and until it is decided that they have supreme jurisdiction in the premises it is useless for them to attempt to adjust this complicated question. Perhaps it is not within the domain of the States to legislate or control the fishing interests of the common waters of the United States, and therefore it is folly for the lawmakers of this or any other State to enact measures which may not be within their jurisdiction to enforce. This is, at present, the most important question to be determined.

It is folly to offer resolutions, to sign and present petitions and memorials to our Legislature for the enactment of laws which, when passed, may be rendered powerless by a single Supreme Court decision. All our labor would then be in vain and our efforts neutralized. These things are, under the circumstances, of secondary moment.

But the question of jurisdiction stands out conspicuously as the one that should pre-eminently command our attention.

The discussions of the measures to be incorporated in fish laws can be left for the future. It is enough for the present to take the necessary steps to find wherein the control of the interests in question rests, and this is of primary importance.

We want fish laws, but we want them enacted by that power, be it State or national, whose authority shall be supreme and whose decisions shall be final. In this connection I desire to read a letter from Professor Baird in relation to this subject. I had previously written him for an expression of his views as to the question of jurisdiction:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 17, 1881.

DEAR MR. CLARKE: The question as to whether legislation for the protection of fisheries of the great lakes and of the ocean should be enacted by the general government or the States is a

constitutional one, which I am not competent to decide. The only power to determine this is the Supreme Court of the United States; and it will demand a case to be made up and brought before the court in order to have it decided. So far as the international fisheries are concerned the United States has the power, but I doubt very much whether, even should the Constitution warrant it, Congress would take the responsibility of legislating in regard to home interests. I do not see why State legislation cannot be made efficient. I think that the provisions of the law that I suggest in my first report for the regulation of traps and pounds, more particularly in New England, could be made serviceable under other circumstances. The State should first declare its jurisdiction over the localities where the pounds or gill-nets are located and grant a license to the occupant for the time to prosecute the fisheries, conditional upon obeying the laws on the subject. Let one of the penalties of the law be the forfeiture of the right, and the giving of it to the person who furnishes information of the violation. This, with a fine and confiscation of the property, will be sufficiently severe for the purpose and one that would induce all kinds of people to be on the lookout for a chance to report to the authorities. Should any one be aggrieved by such action and carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, we shall then have the desired opportunity of settling the question. Yours truly,

S. F. BAIRD."

I desire further to read from the report of the United States Fish Commissioner for the years 1871 and 1872, as follows:

"In view of all these considerations, I have drafted a bill, which has been presented to the consideration of the commissioners of several States, and to several eminent lawyers, well versed in the local laws of their respective States and corrected to their satisfaction. A copy of this bill, as finally modified, is given on page 132. I sincerely trust that this, or a somewhat similar bill, may become a law in the States of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York, as I am satisfied it would be for their benefit. Although there is no serious question as to the right of the general government to make enactments as to the common waters of the United States, it is possible that any attempt on its part, at the present time, to pass this law would meet with considerable opposition; and it would be extremely difficult for the United States to enforce any special requirement or penalty connected with a close season.

"The plan of licensing the pounds, so as to give the State more efficient control, is considered one of great importance and will, I believe, be acceptable to the owners of these establishments, as it would give them a security against interference from other parties that they do not at present possess.

"The penalty attached to fishing without a license, and the ability of a State the more readily to punish an offender by depriving him of his permission to fish, will render parties careful how they offend; and by giving to the informer, in consequence of whose complaint the license is withdrawn, the first choice of taking the station forfeited, an intense vigilance will be induced on the part of those who may desire to secure a favorite location and thus supersede the necessity of an expensive surveillance on the part of the State.

"In the event, however, of the refusal of the States mentioned to establish the very limited close time suggested, I would recommend the passage by the United States of a law," etc., etc.

And again from the same authority, report of 1877, as follows:

"A very large part of the correspondence of the commission is connected with inquiries relating to the jurisdiction of the United States and of the States over the fishing grounds, and the methods by which all parties can secure their rights. * * * *

"The question as to who possesses jurisdiction over the fisheries proper along the coast of the United States and in the navigable waters is yet unsettled. At present, the United States does not exercise any, but leaves to the States the enactment of laws on that subject. Some fishermen, aggrieved by the burden of State legislation, threaten to appeal to the Supreme Court for the decision of the question; and it is much to be hoped that before long a test case may be established, so that persons interested may know whether to appeal for protection and relief to the States, or to the general government. * * * * *

"Of course, so far as the setting of traps or pounds obstructs navigation, it is clear that the authorities of the United States have power to remove these or to require them to be removed under severe penalties; but so far as special question has been made as to fishing where the interests of navigation are not concerned.

"Legislation in the United States is being continually invoked for the removal of fish pounds and weirs, and in certain areas at the head of Buzzard's Bay and about Long Island protection has been granted by the State Legislatures

"During the summer of 1877 an earnest appeal for the protection of the United States was received by the United States Commissions, from Block Island, signed by all its fishermen, and I reproduce this appeal in the appendix to show the feeling on this subject and the general character of the objections to the trawling. Of course, having no jurisdiction in such matters, I can do no more than to publish it in the present case I propose, in a general treatise on the plans and character of the American sea fisheries, to discuss this whole matter at length."

And the following, from the second report of the Iowa Fish Commission, will be of interest in this connection:

"At a meeting of some of the Western Fish Commissioners in 1878 the question of protective fish laws for our great Western rivers and lakes was under discussion, and I requested Professor J. W. Milner, deputy United States Commissioner (who was present) to make some examination of the subject, and report to me his views of the constitutionality and expediency of the general government taking and exercising control of such waters as were common to several States. After considering the matter at some length, he summarizes as follows:

"The point to be decided is in which must a law controlling the Mississippi fall. If it is to be decided by precedent and the whole previous history of fishing legislation it will find its place with internal police laws; but, as Mr. Fairbank suggested in our conference the other day, the work of artificial propagation is a new interest, developing new exigencies, and requiring new legislation. So far as the interior ponds and waters are concerned, containing local species, the States must, without doubt, have entire control; but in a great stream of water like the Mississippi, and in the great lakes flowing through a dozen States, and containing migratory fishes, passing the entire length of the shore of all of them, State laws are necessarily inadequate, as experience proves that little of equity or reciprocity will be considered in legislating with regard to the fishing interest. The upper States may appropriate and expend money for the propagation of fishes which the over States have it in their power to prevent almost entirely from ascending beyond their boundaries.

"The desire for general government legislation has been so generally expressed that it would be well if the State Legislatures would call the attention of Congress to the matter. The whole question is in an undecided, little understood condition, and demands investigation and inquiry on the part of all interested.

"Yours truly, J. W. MILNER."

Professor Baird says in his communication: "The State should first declare its jurisdiction over the localities where the pounds or gill-nets are located," etc., and farther on he says: "Should any one be aggrieved by such action and carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States we shall then have the desired opportunity of settling the question."

This State has declared its jurisdiction by passing laws affecting the fishing interests of Lake St. Clair, the Detroit River, and Lake Erie; but as these laws are seldom, if ever, enforced, no one is aggrieved, and under these circumstances there is no probability of a case ever reaching the Supreme Court of the United States.

Nevertheless, as before stated, such laws exist, and I think a test case should be made up and carried to the highest tribunal in the land, for the sole purpose of settling the question forever.

Possibly, if some of the existing laws were enforced to the letter, a case might soon arise that would decide the question.

If the Supreme Court of the United States declares that the existing laws are valid, then we may press upon the Legislature, if desirable, such measures as may be necessary to secure the enforcement of these laws; and we may also secure the enactment of such additional laws as the exigencies of the case may demand.

But if the Supreme Court of the United States decides that the States have no jurisdiction in the premises, then we can appeal to Congress with some degree of confidence that our efforts will not be in vain Armed with a decision from the Supreme Court that this jurisdiction was vested in the general government we can approach Congress with a statement of the existing evils, feeling confident that they would enact, and not only enact but provide for the enactment of such laws as would tend to mitigate or neutralize those evils. Or, by special act of Congress, the undisputed jurisdiction over the common waters, with regard to the fish interests, might be conferred upon the States.

I will now notice some of the methods that have been suggested for restoring devastated fishing grounds to their former fertility, as well as increasing the general supply of fish food.

Some favor prohibition of fishing at certain seasons of the year, notably the spawning season. Others again favor unlimited propagation. Still others favor a combination or co-operation of protection and propagation, while a fourth class are of the opinion that the whole matter can be adjusted by regulating the size of the mesh so as to catch nothing but mature fish.

Other remedies have been offered, but these include the more important ones.

I will read a communication from a pound-net fisherman whose views coincide to some extent with those entertained by myself.

The following letter was read at the meeting of the American Fish Cultural Association, at New York, 1880:

MR ROOSEVELT, President, and members of the Fish-cultural Association—Gentlemen: As business compels me to stay here, and I therefore, am not able to be present at the meeting of the Association, I take the liberty to propose the following in regard to pound-net fishing

1. Pound-net fishing ought to be regulated by Congress as it is in Canada.

2. The meshes of pound-nets should be enlarged to protect the young and ungrown fish by giving them a chance to slip through the meshes.

3. Every pound-net should pay a revenue of between five and ten dollars, and receive license and a certain ground to fish on, which will prevent crowding each other.

4. One person shall not get license for more than six (6) pound-nets.

5. It shall not be allowed to fish more than six (6) pound-nets on one string.

6. Inspectors should be appointed for each of the large lakes to enforce the above, license the nets, and make out the grounds for same.

7. The inspector should be paid out of the above-mentioned revenue.

8. For the balance of the revenue, hatcheries for all kinds of fish should be opened all along the four large lakes.

Now, gentlemen, these propositions I make on a very careful study of the pound-net question, and I therefore respectfully ask you to consider the matter and take the necessary steps in regard to it, and I am convinced it will, if well managed, turn out profitable for everybody. Very respectfully yours,

THEO. REINECKE, Pound-net fisher.

I take the ground that the responsibility of maintaining and increasing the supply of the food-fishes should rest primarily with that one which derives the greatest benefit therefrom, namely, the fishermen. They alone are responsible for the decrease; their occupation of necessity is the cause of the depletion of the waters.

Self-interest in this matter would, it would seem, regulate the evil if each individual could get the benefit of his own exertions. But A does not care to plant fry or fertilize spawn at his own expense, which when mature, may be caught in B's meshes; but if B would reciprocate by planting fry to be caught in A's meshes, then, as a matter of course, self-interest would prompt both A and B to engage in propagation, which would be mutually beneficial. But with a thousand A's and a thousand B's this common agreement cannot be made; and here is where a law compelling each one to contribute his part to the common whole, would be as beneficial as it is just And I will state right here that I have taken pains to ascertain the views of fishermen, including both pound and gill-netters in this respect, and find a great majority are perfectly willing to aid in propagation, provided each man is compelled, by law, to contribute his pro rata. But I have yet to find a single member of the fishing fraternity who does not strenuously object to the close season plan.

The States bordering on the great lakes are, by their geographical position, enabled to derive greater benefit from the fishing interests therein than those more remotely situated, and should, therefore, render such assistance in the way of propagation as the importance of the case will warrant; and as the question of an abundant supply of fish food is one of national importance the general government should also aid in the commendable work.

But as before stated, this State and national support cannot be made obligatory, neither should it be. They have done their whole duty in the matter. They have taken the initial steps; they alone have come to the rescue of the declining industry; and though they can not rely upon their aid indefinitely, yet in all probability their support will not be withdrawn until the waters are restored to their former fruitfulness, and the industry is able to carry its own burden. I think no fears need be entertained that they will not continue to do their whole duty in this respect.

Now, let those more directly interested "put their shoulder to the wheel," and give the whole movement such an impetus that it will never again experience a decline. Nor should these efforts be relaxed until the waters of the great lakes are taxed to their utmost capacity, and the supply of fish food rendered almost inexhaustible.

It remains for us then to urge upon the proper authorities the importance of enacting such laws as will render the whole movement perpetually self-sustaining.

But I will be more specific as to some of the points to be embodied in a law which would, in my opinion, tend to bring about the desired results.

I would have the fishing grounds of each fisherman clearly defined, and protect each man, within his own territory, from the infringements of others.

I would allow each man to catch the fish within his prescribed limits, at any or all seasons of the year, and by whatever process he might elect, to secure for himself the greatest possible revenue

But in consideration of this protection of the one from interfering with the other, and of this non-interference at their most profitable season, namely, the spawning season, I would levy an annual tax or license-fee on each pound, and on each fathom of gill or seine nets in use.

I would use the net proceeds of this annual tax exclusively for the propagation of the most valuable food fishes.

I would have the fishermen render all possible assistance, that would not interfere with the prosecution of their work, to the properly authorized persons in the collection of spawn.

The amount of the tax, and an equitable arrangement as to priority of claim to certain localities, could be easily adjusted so as to give satisfaction to all parties interested.

The license given to each man should prescribe the limits of his territory, and state the penalty for the violation of its provisions.

The penalty suggested in Prof. Baird's communication would be, I think, sufficiently severe to secure the observance of any or all of the measures I have suggested.

I will quote entire as follows:

"Let one of the penalties of the law be the forfeiture of the right and the giving of it to the person who furnishes the information of the violation. This, with a fine and confiscation of the property, will be sufficiently severe for the purpose and one that would induce all kinds of people to be on the lookout for a chance to report to the authorities."

In conclusion, I will say that I have weighed this matter carefully, and although my views may be open to criticism, I think the measures suggested will, on the whole, accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number.

The fishermen will willingly submit to compulsory propagation for their own benefit, and thus the reconciliation of this class is accomplished—which would not be the case if the close-season plan is adopted; while the tax-fund, augmented by the contributions of the State and nation, will be abundantly ample to increase the supply of this valuable food to almost unlimited proportions.

Thus it will be seen that my views as to what should be incorporated in "Fish-laws, including propagation as well as protection," may be summarized in one brief clause, viz., Protection for the fishermen and propagation for the fish.

FRANK N. CLARK.

FECUNDITY OF ALEWIVES.

THE alewife, *Pomolobus pseudoharengus*, common to Maine, might have been well termed the farmers' fish a half century ago. Then all of our rivers were annually thronged with countless multitudes of these fish, and to this assemblage of the multitudes came the farmers from the interior to join those residing on the banks of the streams in harvesting the bounteous yield that nature afforded. Although many fish were cured and preserved for food yet great numbers were taken and thrown upon the fields as fertilizers, so greatly did the supply exceed the home demand.

Foreign markets were not sought nor considered accessible, and tons of a certain supply of food that had grown without aid from man were thrown upon the land simply to aid in producing after an expenditure of time and labor an uncertain crop.

But little care was given to the cultivation or protection of nature's supplies in times of such abundance, and "fish farming," or raising fish for markets in other communities, an industry now well established on Long Island, New York and elsewhere in the United States would have been regarded as a visionary scheme.

During the spring of 1880 while in performance of duties as a Commissioner of Fisheries in planting one of the great fish farms of Maine, Sebago Lake, with alewives, the writer was asked many questions about these fish then for the first time introduced to the above-named lake and its connecting waters.

I had no accurate data relating to the fecundity of the alewife, except such as was obtained by comparison with the shad and herring fishes closely allied to them, and failing to find anything satisfactory in books of reference accessible to me I applied to the fish itself for the desired information.

The following brief summary of the result of my interviews may be of possible interest to others:

The fish examined were some of the various lots taken in Fore River, Portland, at the outlet of the old canal "Basin," May 28 and June 2, 1880. Selecting some of the largest, the smallest and medium sizes, I weighed the fish and their ova while fresh. Then I boiled the ova slightly and dried them as uniformly as possible. These ova I weighed again upon a fine balance scale (Henry Troemner, Philadelphia, maker) graduated to weigh one-tenth of a milligramme. Selecting the eggs that were the most evenly dried I separated them, and divided into portions of thirty milligrammes each. Carefully counting, by aid of a magnifying glass, the eggs in each portion, I learned the total number of eggs in each fish. A comparison of the ovaries showed that in all the right ovary was larger than the left. This variation is very marked in most cases and readily noticeable to the eye before comparison by weights.

The following memorandum is copied from my notes and corresponds to the notes taken of other fish. None of these fish were of very large size:

"Fish No. 1—Large: fresh weight 11 oz. averdupois: right ovary, fresh weight, 1 oz.; left ovary, fresh weight, .75 oz. Weight of an ova (1/24 oz.) 16 per cent. of total weight of fish. Fish No. 1, dried ova, 15.3 grammes; average number in one gramme, 11,783.3 total ova in Fish No. 1, 180,284. No. 1, an 11-oz. fish, contained about 16,389 eggs per oz. of total weight. No. 4, a 6¼ oz. fish, contained about 18,736 eggs per oz. of total weight."

My investigations have not been carried out upon so extensive a scale as I would like, but were very carefully made; and upon them I estimated that the average number of eggs carried by the alewives examined was 150,000 to each fish.

I made six trips with alewives from Portland to Sebago Lake and placed 621 fish alive therein. The alewives require a great deal of air and constant attendance during transportation, and I tried to ascertain whether salt or fresh water would serve best. On June 2 five barrels of salt water and five same number containing fresh water, 21 gallons in each barrel, were taken, with a supply of ice for use *en route*. We started with 143 fish and lost but two of the number, so that no preference could be had for either salt or fresh water by this comparison. Estimating one-half of those 621 alewives to be females, the total number of eggs carried would be about 46,500,000. If but ten per cent. of this number were hatched the returns will be bounteous enough.

What a field for fish culture the alewife affords! This fish, although anadromous, will live if confined in fresh water throughout the year, and I have no doubt will breed in such confinement. There is quite a general theory that the young alewives first return to the place of their nativity three years after being hatched. My own observations lead to the belief that the *alewives return when two years old*. Last year in Maine, as there have been no alewives put into Sebago Lake previous to those above referred to, here is an opportunity to demonstrate the facts concerning this subject.

Besides the intrinsic value of this fish, which is less oily, of greater size and superior as food for man to its cousin, the herring, the alewife fills a very important place in the economy of nature. It attracts to our bays and rivers the larger fish of the sea, and its numerous progeny afford a supply of food for the fishes of our streams and lakes. And by affording the alewives access to the lakes the salmon, trout, bass and other fishes there resident may be increased in numbers proportionate to the increased amount of food supplied them, and the fishing in the bays along the coast improved by attracting inshore the sea fishes such as the striped bass, cod, etc.

EVERETT SMITH.

Portland, Maine.

REPORT OF THE WISCONSIN COMMISSION.

THE seventh annual report of the commission, for the year 1880, opens with the statement that "the hatch and distribution of brook trout was far in excess of all that has heretofore been done; while the propagation of whitefish and lake trout was fully up to the standard of past years." It notes the fact that the work of fish culture in the United States has received great stimulus from the labors of Prof Baird, and also that the States bordering upon the great lakes have not relaxed their efforts, but, by liberal appropriations, have been able to extend their operations. Protective laws are asked for to prevent the slaughter of fish during spawning season and at the foot of dams. The subject of fishways also attracts the attention of the commission and a cut of "Rogers' Fishway" is given as the best idea of a correct form.

Nearly six millions of whitefish eggs were hatched at the Milwaukee hatchery and distributed to waters, afterward embodied in the report of Supt. Welsher. Three and a half millions of lake trout also were hatched and distributed; while this season one million of brook trout eggs had been secured at the time of writing, with the prospect of half a million more to be taken. Of adult brook trout there are in the Madison ponds 5,000 four-year old fish, 10,000 three-year old, 9,000 two-year old, 5,000 one-year old, and about 60,000 of last winter's hatching; making a total of 89,000 trout of all ages. Arrangements have been made to secure eggs of wall-eyed pike (*Stizostethium*) and hatch them. Of carp, there are now in the Madison ponds seventy-five which will spawn in the summer of 1881, as well as a hundred and fifty of this year's growth—all obtained from the U. S. Fish Commission; the demand for this fish

in Wisconsin being greater than the commissioners have been able to supply. Of quinnat salmon, about 1,500 were developed from eggs obtained from the U. S. F. C., and many of the larger ones were placed in inland lakes last summer. Rainbow trout are represented at the Madison hatchery by 2,000 specimens hatched from eggs received from the U. S. F. C., and applications have been made to Prof. Baird for more.

Operations at Milwaukee have been suspended on account of the enlargement of the city water works, necessitating the use of the room heretofore kindly loaned the commission for a hatchery. An offer of accommodation in the hatchery of Mr. N. K. Fairbank, at Geneva Lake, was made and accepted, and here Supt. Welsher has taken the eggs of the lake trout obtained during the past fall. The Milwaukee Industrial Association has kindly offered the commission the free use of a room for hatching and aquaria in their building which is now in process of construction; and with these increased facilities it is hoped to carry on the propagation of lake trout and whitefish on an increased scale without an increase of expenditure.

The report of Supt. H. W. Welsher embodies the facts above given and many letters showing the progress of fishculture in the State. On the whole, it is a good report of work done, and is only marred by an alleged list of the scientific names of a few "varieties" of fish which is ludicrously incorrect, and should either be arranged by some competent person or withdrawn from future reports.

REPORT OF THE WEST VIRGINIA COMMISSION.

THE report of this commission for the years 1879-80 calls attention to the fact of an increased and awakening interest in fish culture throughout the State. The black bass have succeeded in the New and Greenbriar rivers beyond expectation, from about 1,500 fish, 300 of which were mature, deposited in 1878. These rivers contained no fish of value except "blue-cats" for miles on either side of the points at which the plants were made, and are now "swarming with black bass weighing from one to four pounds." On this subject Dr. C. Sydney, of Hinton, writes as follows: "I have never seen better fishing with line and rod than is now to be had at New River Falls. I caught over forty-five large bass in one day's fishing, and could have caught more if I had bait." Mr. N. B. Wiggins, of Summer's County, reports great numbers of black bass at his place on the Greenbriar River, and also the taking of several land-locked salmon.

Shad which were planted by Prof. Baird some years ago have been taken at Huntington, on the Ohio River, and the Commissioners have heard of others being taken, and they believe that shad have been up the Kanawha as high as the falls for the purpose of spawning, but as no seining was done during the spawning season, no specimens were secured. Quinnat salmon which were deposited in the tributaries of the Potomac have been seen and caught at various points along the South Branch and the Potomac.

Some carp averaging two to three inches in length were obtained from the U. S. F. C. in November, 1879, and as there were but few they were divided to prevent entire loss. These fish are now of four pounds weight, and ready for spawning. Commissioner Lowry has introduced into New River, at and above the falls, a number of silver perch, white perch and wall-eyed pike, and has placed black bass in the Gauley River. In addition to this 165,000 young shad, furnished by Prof. Baird, have been placed in the New and Greenbriar rivers. Thanks are returned to Prof. S. F. Baird and T. B. Ferguson, of the U. S. F. C.; to Vice-Prest. Wickham, of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and to Vice-Prest. Keyser, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for favors received.

THE SAIBLING—Manchester, Feb. 21.—I am very glad to see Prof. Goode's article on the "Saibling" in FOREST AND STREAM, of the 17th inst. An error is made, however, in locating Winnepesaukee Lake in Maine. This is not important, however, as this lake will not be the testing place of these fish, as after consultation with Professor Baird we have decided to place these fish in Newfound Lake, a beautiful sheet of water in the towns of Bristol, Bridgewater and Hebron, about nine miles long and from one-half a mile to two miles wide. There are no black bass and but few pickerel in this lake to destroy the young fry, while there are plenty of minnows, shiners, etc., for fish food.

The lake trout (*Salmo namaycush*) are indigenous to its waters, which are very deep, and some seven or eight degrees Fahrenheit colder than the waters of Winnepesaukee.

Newfound Lake is only seven miles from the State hatching-houses at Plymouth and if the saibling thrive there we can easily procure eggs from them for stocking our other waters. Our young salmon and trout are hatching finely and we shall have busy work distributing them as soon as the rivers and brooks are open.

We are hoping this summer to introduce the German carp to our State, Professor Baird having kindly promised us some, and have copied from FOREST AND STREAM for our annual report, now in preparation, Mr. Walther's article on the growth of these fish, read before the Central Fishcultural Society.

I have no doubt of the correctness of Prof. Goode's surmise that the *Salmo oquassa* is also a char, and am inclined to think that the trout of Diamond ponds, in Stewartstown, N. H., are of the same variety and shall endeavor to procure some in May or June and send to the Smithsonian Institution for identification.

They have the forked instead of square tail, which has always seemed to me one of the distinguishing characteristics of *Salvelinus fontinalis*. SAM'L WEBBER, *Com. of Fisheries.*

PROPOSED DAMS IN THE DELAWARE—Philadelphia.—I send you with this communication a form of petition which is to be sent to our Senate and House of Representatives to prevent the erection of dams, even with a so-called fishway attached, on the Delaware River. I have found these papers at the different gun stores, and especially the two at Mr. John Krider's, well filled with signatures. The petition reads:

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

We, the undersigned tax-payers, residing near the Delaware River, in the city of Philadelphia, or its vicinity, desiring to express our opposition to a bill presented, or to be presented, to your honorable bodies, to authorize the erection of one or more dams in the River Delaware, between Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and the opposite shore of New Jersey, respectfully set forth that the erection of any such dams, even with so-called "fishways" attached, would obstruct the free passage of shad to their spawning grounds in the upper waters of the Delaware River and lead to the ultimate destruction of the fishing interests of said river—an industry now worth over $3,000,000 annually, in which more than fifteen thousand people are directly employed, three-fourths of whom are residents of Pennsylvania. Over one million people depend upon the Delaware River for their supply of shad during three months of the year and, owing to increased protection given this fish by laws passed by your honorable bodies, it has become sufficiently abundant and cheap to be enjoyed by all classes of the community. Your petitioners therefore pray that you will not allow this great industry and source of food supply to be destroyed by the erection of dams in the Delaware River.

CARP IN TEXAS—Willis, Texas.—Of the carp sent by the U. S. Fish Commission to Texas, Capt. R. G. Ashe, of our town, and myself secured eleven a day or two before Christmas—quite a cold and raw day. Capt Ashe has an excellent pond, an excavation used as a reservoir for water supply to steam gin and mill. The pond is some sixty feet in extent each way and seven feet deep, but he is now beginning to enlarge it to twice the present size. This pond is full of "bull-head" cats and sun-perch and, desiring to remove these before we introduced the carp, and the weather being too cold to work at it, on arrival of the little strangers (the carp) we took a linwood barrel and bored small holes all around it and put some four inches of dirt (soil) in the bottom, sank the barrel in the pond in two feet of water, where they have remained ever since. One of them died on the day of arrival from rough handling before we got them. That one I have kept in alcohol to show. The rest, ten in all, are still in the barrel and doing finely.

Mr. Ashe feeds them on cornmeal bread, or dough made of part flour and part cornmeal. They are doing well so far. We will turn them loose in the pond as soon as we can get the other fish out, which we intend doing with a seine. We would be glad to have more light on the management and feeding of these fish and hope that some one better posted will give us, through the FOREST AND STREAM, some dots. These fry are too young to eat cabbage or lettuce or any gross food, but they have to be fed, of course, upon such as their throats can accommodate. I will say in this connection that the water in this barrel froze some two or three inches thick. Capt. Ashe built a fire around the barrel, o-tside, to thaw the ice and could not do it, and then broke the ice with an axe, inside the barrel, thinking the fish would need air. The barrel is sitting in two feet of water only and all this rough treatment does not hurt them. They are as lively as crickets now. I would write you more about these little "wards," but will wait further development. Perhaps it would be of interest to Prof. Baird to know how well his little "delicates" stand the rough and tumble of Western life. C. L. J.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.—A box containing 54,000 of Sebago Lake salmon ova, or land-locked salmon, was received last week by Mr. W. H. Barbar, guardian of the hatchery at Rapid des Fermues, Grand Falls, New Brunswick, from Mister for the Hon. Levite Thériault, M. P. P. The fishes are to be liberated when hatched in Tobidi River and Squadook Lakes. Mr. Theriault has a fishing and hunting lease of the Tuladi River. Its waters are well known by sports-men to contain trout and tobidi, and when salmon are introduced Mr. T. will have as fine fishing grounds as there are in the Dominion. These salmon will eventually descend the Madwaska River to the St. John, and from thence to all its tributaries al ove Grand Falls.

HOW DO BLACK BASS SPAWN?—Indianapolis, Ind.—My black bass are doing well. I put them in a small pond two years ago in hopes of being able to make some close observations while they were spawning, but failed on account of an accumulation of vegetable matter, which thickened the water so that the fish could not be seen. I have reason to believe that when the female is ripe she lies on her side over the prepared bed and the male fish presses the roe from her, during the operation looking very much as if he was biting her along the belly. From time to time, as the roe is deposited, he ejects the milt over the bed, impregnating them. As I have no use for these fish except to make observations, I am willing to give them to any one who wants them for stocking purposes. The largest fish in the pond is a small-mouthed bass that will, or would, weigh four pounds, and I think there are about forty in all. —GRINGO.

EARLY FISHWAY LAW.—The records of the town of Plymouth, Mass., contain the following resolutions, adopted at a town meeting, April 22, 1673: "It was ordered by the Towne that the fish Called the alewives bee not hindered by the mills or otherwise in there goeing up and they be afforded water sufficient to Repair to the salt water when the flood Gates are shut Downe and that none shall take any such fish in theire Going up except for eating, and that the wast gate be Drawn up every night in the season the fish are going up and that butt one ware be made for them in theere coming down. And serjeant harlow and Jabez howland are appointed by the Towne to see these orders Respecting the fish be Duly executed and p formed." In this, as in many other things, the good old New England worthies set an example which their descendents may profitably follow.

The Kennel.

April 1, at Columbia, Tenn.—Close of entries, National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Joseph H. Dew, Secretary.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building, Third avenue and Sixty-third street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, superintendent, No. 138 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,709, New York City.

FASHION AND DOGS.

FASHION extends even to the kennel. According to the old proverb "Every dog has his day," and the various breeds are each in turn by fashion made popular. Some years ago collies in London were very fashionable, and it was the correct thing to have a black and tan collie at one's heels on all suitable occasions. I believe the Queen first brought this breed into notice. I remember seeing in London a photograph of Her Majesty taken holding a sheep dog by the collar on a chair to have his portrait taken. The picture was a good one, and to my mind one of the most pleasing I have ever seen of royalty. The dog looked a real workman, such as you may see behind any drove of sheep in England; but he would have looked out of place among his brethren of the Park or Piccadilly—the black and tan, silky coated, silver collared followers of the "upper ten."

Bull terriers had their day, and they deserved to be fashionable, but the line here was drawn very fine—no black patched, fighting style of gentlemen had any chance, pure white was the color, and the old-fashioned half and half dog was nowhere. The call of fashion in this case was the cause of great improvement in the breed, as the style of dog generally seen now show very little of the bull dog, although they retain his courage. Small bull terriers make handsome pets, and besides are always ready for anything in the shape of mischief or fun.

Dachshunde for a time were all the rage, but, as I expected, they are gradually going out of fashion, for they have really very little to recommend them. A good terrier is much handsomer, and will do anything a dachshund is capable of if we except the music on a trail, and a beagle is better, and in English eyes more suitable for such work.

Fox terriers are still very fashionable, and they are likely to retain first place for some time, being fit for either the field or the drawing-room; fine, bright, active, intelligent, brave little fellows, and their small size and impudence make them great favorites with the ladies.

Pugs are always in demand, but the scarcity of really good specimens prevents them being common.

Setters and pointers of course are always in general use by sportsmen, and are not much affected by fashion, but even here the different breeds and strains have each their day. The wild Irishman or the Gordon, the Laverack or the English, first one then another.

St. Bernards and mastiffs have had their innings, but their size will prevent them from ever becoming really a fashionable breed; a young St. Bernard educated is like a tame donkey around a house and can do a deal more mischief.

The poor Spitz dogs had their day, as it became the notion to imagine that every canine of this breed must necessarily go mad, and they were doomed accordingly. I have known lots of these dogs as harmless as pet lambs (and of about as much use).

Cockers are having a run just now, and they no doubt will remain favorites, being useful, clean, handsome, good tempered, intelligent, and last but not least, not too big for the parlor. I am glad to see that a cocker club has at least been initiated, and I wish it every success. I expect as a result to see a great improvement in the breed, at present it is extremely difficult to get any two men to agree as to what a cocker really ought to be like.

But I must not take up your valuable space with any more about the past fashions, but in a few lines I will try to give my ideas as to the coming breeds in public favor.

I am a great lover of dogs, and very little in the kennel departments of FOREST AND STREAM and similar publications escapes my notice, and by watching the advertisements and other notices one can form an idea as to the turn the fashions are taking.

I think the bull dog will shortly come into notice. Already several good dogs have been imported, and the style is improving in the classes at the dog shows. Vero Shaw, who, I suppose, is one of the first authorities on bull dogs, in his "Book of the Dog," p. 401, says: "The bull dog, pure and simple, is, as a rule, a harmless, good-natured beast, long suffering and very slow to anger." A well educated bull dog makes a good house dog, as they are quiet, clean, patient with children and always on hand in defense of their master or friends.

The English retriever is coming to the front also, and when better known will be greatly liked by Americans. Their handsome, intelligent appearance and useful size must recommend them to all wanting a pleasant companion.

The beagle, too, will be inquired for in thickly settled districts, where game is scarce, lots of fun can be had with beagles, either single or in packs, and I think the merry, musical little fellows will soon be plentiful among us.

When fashion creates a demand for any particular breed the want is soon supplied, and great improvement to the breed results from the high prices obtained for good specimens, as it encourages breeders to import good animals. In conclusion I would say to breeders of fine stock, be in time and anticipate the coming demand for bulldogs, retrievers and beagles—advertise in FOREST AND STREAM, and you may thank me for this "tip."

St. Leonard, P. Q. HEMLOCK.

HAVE DOGS AN EXTRA SENSE?

MR. SIMONDS in your last issue asks this question and seems to think it should be answered in the affirmative, drawing his conclusion from the fact that a faint odor is apparently neutralized by a rank one to the human sense, and from what he states to be a fact that a dog's ability to find a bird by his nose is not destroyed by the effluvium from carrion in which he has rolled. If the latter were a fact it would still not prove his point, the true deduction being that a dog's nose is so much better than a man's, that he is capable of distinguishing two odors at the same time and that a man is not. I have for years indulged in hare shooting, using hounds, and have long noticed that the dogs were put at fault by my presence near the place where the hare had just passed, more particularly when the place has been a road dividing the covert, which a hare always crosses with great jumps. If no one is near the place where the hare crossed the dogs will go straight on without stopping, but will hardly ever do so if any one is standing near, only doing so when the scent lies particularly well. I have always thought the cause of this to be the overpowering scent given off by the man. There is no doubt but that a dog's sense of smelling is something that "no fellow can understand," and satisfied the dog knows every odor, distinguishing the one from the other just as easily as human beings distinguish by the eye one object from another; but it always has been a subject of wonder to me how a hound so quickly knows the direction his quarry has gone. I have often put the dogs on the trail and started them the wrong direction, but always in a few feet, or yards at the most, the error is discovered. They must be able to detect whether the scent gets stronger or weaker each step.

I think not only in each kind of odor known, but each animal of the same genus must have an odor peculiar to himself, for the hound steadily pursues for instance, the hare he first starts, notwithstanding the covert is full of others moving about and crosings the track already made by the one pursued, the dog's instinct or reason teaching him that unless he pursues one alone he can never succeed in killing. I say *reason*, because young dogs often take a fresh trail but old ones never. Then, although a dog undoubtedly recognizes you by the eye, some dogs much more readily than others, but he never seems to be certain or satisfied until he uses his nose. To test this, call your dog in the open air, and when he gets near you, take no further notice of him, and you will find he places his nose against you.

The impression made in the dog's mind through the eye is not lasting and he carries the recollection of his absent master in his nose, not very poetical, is it?—but true. Years ago I left home and was absent about six months, leaving behind me a young pointer about a year old. On my return I went to his kennel, and he was chained, so that when him, but he directed all his attention to a friend who went with me and who was known to the dog. I thought the puppy had forgotten me and felt the slight only as a dog lover could, and I advanced and put my hand on his head. In a moment he dashed his nose against my wrist, and with a howl of delight jumped upon me, testifying in every way a dog could his delight. His eye had forgotten me, but not his nose.

My dogs recognize by their nose the horses they are in the habit or following, and will show at once when one has passed along the street shortly before, but would take no notice, aided by the eye alone. And every one will have noticed how easily a dog follows his master's footsteps along the path where dozens of others have just passed. I think any one should be satisfied that the dog's sense of smelling is so acute as to render it unnecessary to add an extra sense to account for the dog's conduct. GUNNER.

Walkerton, Ont., March 2, 1881.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CONTROVERSY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to say a few words in behalf of myself and friends who ventured with a few native dogs to the late Eastern Field Trials in order to compare them with the crack dogs of the country, in regard to the articles that have lately been published under various *nom de plume*, as "Creek," "Verdict" and C. B. Whitford, the latter of whom I take to be one and the same as far as writing goes with the editor of the sheet publishing it.

"Creek" wants the owners of Smut and Nat to come out and witness the "Southern manner of shooting over dogs—the only way 'fore Heaven' in which gentlemen should ever shoot, on horseback over a brace of dogs, a servant behind to carry luncheon and another to carry the game."

He goes on to say that "shooting in the East ceases to be pastime and becomes a labor." This would seem to be his idea of what the unfortunate inhabitants of the Eastern country are pleased to go through to obtain a little shooting. I am most willing to admit that the Western and Southern gentlemen live in a region more favored by nature for the production and pursuit of game than we unfortunate Eastern sportsmen. Alas! we have to depend on our legs to carry us from morning till night, to hunt our own dogs, to carry our own lunch and what little game we may be fortunate enough to bag. As varying as are our modes of hunting so are the qualities of the dogs we need. And if "Creek" has not got enough brains to understand this, why Heaven help him.

The owner of Nat is, no doubt, competent to choose his own acquaintances and associates, and if it is his pleasure to give the preference to a "dog handler" who is an honest man, instead of to a set of dog sharps and their parasites—such as the editor of the paper referred to—he should be allowed the privilege.

As for "Verdict," his statements clash with the truth (we used to call it lying) when he says that the FOREST AND STREAM gave the preference to Gladstone in his heat with Nat. As he was not on the ground and gets his information probably from Mr. Bryson, he is not worth wasting ink on; so we will let him drop. He had better learn to read, and then, perhaps, he may be better posted.

As for Mr. Bryson, the owner of Gladstone, he refused to accept Mr. Bloodgood's challenge; his dog was beaten by Rose, Jr., as all honest men know; he tried to seek shelter under the wing of the owners of Sensation, who knew better than to come to the front, and the least said about him the better for himself and his dog.

C. B. Whitford. In his letter of February 19 referred to is shown the animus of this man. This letter was probably written by the editor who published it. At all events, it sounds like him; and to quote anything from that letter would be to defile the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM. The two columns and a half in that issue are a tissue of lies from beginning to end, and no decent paper would have published any such statements.

Col. Gordon is no doubt a type of the high-toned Southern gentlemen, of whom we have heard so much. High toned Southern gentlemen don't count any more as judges in a field trial than high-toned Northern gentlemen. It would appear from the reports of the trial that all the reporters of the prominent papers present gave the colonel dead away, as far as his judgments went. The "old

field editor" did the best *he* could in saying, "the judges did the best *they* could." What Col. Gordon don't know about judging dogs would make a very valuable treatise on the subject. His statement that Gladstone took a point away from Nat is false; for Nat was standing staunchly and Gladstone was stopped by his tricky handler, Whitford, and no more scented the bird than the Colonel did. Supposing the said Colonel to be honest—and his decision of the Saint-Sensation heat leaves grave room for doubt on that point—he is too innocent ageutleman for occupy the position he held. His allusions to the bitch Smut being taken off the field on the first day for inefficiency are about on a par with his other statements. I defy Col. Gordon to show where Smut committed an error in the heat with the bitch Bell for which she should have been taken off the field. Had the judges acted fairly they would have given Smut the heat, for Bell made a flush and two chases at the start, for which Col. Gordon would have the public to believe Smut was to blame. He docked her for not backing a bitch that was not staunch, and broke shot, and chased whenever a bird flew. He allowed her to be brought on again, he says, only at the solicitation of some members of the club. What sort of a judge is he who allows himself to be so influenced?

Let us in a Christian spirit hope that the Colonel's errors were from the head and not from the heart, and that his years may be lengthened in the land that he may live to correct his ways.

It is not for me to give advice to the members of the Eastern Field Trials Club and their committee of management, but I would respectfully submit we *don't* hunt on horseback, with a mounted servant to carry the lunch, and another to carry the game. We do not go in for speed and style, for we have not space when we hunt to let a dog go over a hundred miles of ground a day, but we do claim that for our style of hunting, and the game we hunt—ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock—that our dogs are better for our purpose than the type of dog represented by Gladstone and as we should fail, with fair judgment, in hunting our dogs against him in the West and South, so does he fail when brought into fair competition with us in our Eastern country.

Field trials to be fair must be local, there is no help for it, and the sooner this is recognized the better. T. M. ALDRICH.

HINTS TO THE AMATEUR BREAKER.

COMMON sense shows that a dog should not be corrected for disobedience unless it is certain he knows his fault. Punishment is absolutely necessary at times, and that of the most severe description with certain dispositions; but always be satisfied that the act for which the whip is raised was committed with a full knowledge that it was wrong. Show me a cringing and supplicating dog on being called and his master will be found an unreasonable being with an uncontrollable temper, utterly unfit to train or manage a puppy. Such a dog has been unmercifully flogged before he has been taught and made to understand his line of duty, and fearful of a repetition of the lash—for what he knows not—obeys the summons, cringing and creeping. Such exhibitions are detestable. The servant is to be pitied—the master condemned.

Dogs are wonderfully apt to notice cause and effect. It amounts almost to reason; and it is astonishing how readily a puppy will repeat an act or performance that has once earned a caress or brought a reward. In breaking a dog we must not only be firm, but his self-will. Begin at once in a mild yet firm manner and have him understand that you do not intend to allow any deviation from the path of obedience. By this line of action you gain his confidence, and, above all, his affection. Flog as little as possible, and be ever ready to reward good behavior. Adopt the check cord method of training, for it is never-failing; and the dog punishes himself, attributing it more to his own actions than to that of his master. Should your pupil be a quitter show no weakness in noticing game or if he appears to have little desire for the chase (I have known and owned good dogs of fine breeding that were thus bebindhaud in noticing game afterward proving excellent), take him into the field with an old stager until he shows a liking for it, then work him alone, for fear he may grow up with a lack of self-dependence and be satisfied only to back another dog's point; in other words, a willingness to "play second fiddle." Make your setter or pointer your companion continually, that he may learn your voice, your look and your manner. Be patient and without anger in your lessons and you will surely succeed in his training.

HOMO.

THE COCKER STANDARD.

BY the FOREST AND STREAM I see that I have been elected one of the committee to frame a standard for the "Cocker Club," under which their spaniels shall be entered and judged at future bench shows. As it may be impossible for me to be present and take an active part in the proposed meeting, I take the liberty, through the columns of your paper, to state what I think the standard should be, also my reasons for same.

I believe the standard should be based on the best authorities of the present day. Stonehenge I consider such. On this subject he says: "The springer is a larger dog than the cocker, has a longer nose, a smaller eye, with great strength and hardihood. He gives tongue sooner on scent, is more impetuous by nature, requiring strong coercion. The cocker, on the contrary, has a much more delicate nose and a keen perception of the shades of scent, giving a slight whimper when first touching upon it and changing to a merry note only when quite hot upon his game. Cockers are exceedingly pretty workers, and if they had equal powers of endurance with the springer they would be ten times more valuable, their fault ever so liable to be torn and bruised that a few hours knocks them up." In a later work he says: "The cocker cannot be minutely described, inasmuch as there are so many varieties in different parts of Great Britian; he may, however, in general terms, be said to be a light, active spaniel of about fourteen pounds weight on the average, sometimes reaching twenty pounds, with very elegant shape and a lively, spirited carriage. The head should be round and forehead raised; the eye is of medium size, slightly inclined to water, but not to weep like the toy dog's; body medium length and shape, generally resembling a small setter; coat thick, flat or wavy, but not curly, that showing a cross with the water spaniel. With regard to the Welsh or Devon cockers of former times they are scarcely to be met with in their purity and of the regulation size—twenty to twenty-five pounds; most of them have been crossed with the springer or by improved management increased in weight to at least thirty pounds, which militates against their use in some covers. The modern field spaniel is more like the springer than the cocker." "Idstone" says: "The cocker is, as compared with the springer, what the beagle is as compared with the fox hound," virtually saying the cocker should be a small dog. In view of this evidence it strikes me that but one satisfactory and correct standard can be made, which takes Stonehenge's standard as to formation, making two classes, one under twenty-five pounds and one over twenty-five and under thirty-five pounds. This, if pure specimens are exhibited, will show the cocker of former days as the modern or improved cocker of field or field spaniel. A discriminating public will soon settle the question which is their favorite. As a member of the committee I would advocate a standard be formed in accordance with above, adding such minor details as may seem necessary. This will be no hardship on those breeders who have endeavored to keep up the pure breed, neither on those who have, by judicious management, endeavored to improve the breed the better to adapt them to stand the field work required of them in this country. Regarding color, it is a matter of fancy; while some prefer solid colors, as black or liver, others are far better pleased with those having a large portion of white. Consequently, no one color should be given prominence over another.

J. H. WHITMAN.

DORR.—We call attention to the notice of Mr. Fred. A. Taft in another column, stating that he has placed his Gordon setter dog Dorr in the stud. Dorr is a large, bold, powerful dog of great endurance, and was winner of one of the prizes at the Nebraska field trials last autumn.

THE COUNT NOBLE OFFER.—Dowling, Mich., Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since you allowed "Fritz," of Pittsburgh, to freely use your columns to abuse me, I suppose you will as freely grant me space to contradict what he infers somebody told him. So far as the individuality of "Fritz" is concerned, it's a conundrum, or, perhaps more properly, a mathematical problem, which may be solved on strictly mathematical principles. We have six unknown quantities given to find "Fritz," of Pittsburgh. Four of these quantities are in Pittsburgh, one in Arkansas, and one in New York. Which is "Fritz?" The four from Pittsburgh deny being my part of "Fritz," so we have left one in Arkansas and one in New York. The one in Arkansas is out of the question, as FOREST AND STREAM would not receive letters from Arkansas and date them Pittsburgh. If the problem has been properly stated and worked so far the answer is easy. If, however, there has been a mistake in the calculation, the answer is a conundrum. If "Fritz" knows anything for certain, and he will be man enough to state it over his own name, I would take pleasure in trying to convince him he was laboring under a delusion, but as the matter stands now it is an aggravation and a reflection on my dignity to notice him. For the sake of the honorable gentlemen who acted as judges I feel in duty bound to point out to the public some of his many errors. Speaking of Gladstone and Count Noble, he says: "Pools old high on them." I was not aware that any pools were sold on my dog. He was sold in the pools once, and that was after he had run. This pool was bought by a Pittsburgh man. Each pool sold on Gladstone was bought by Whitford. All this was a private affair and no business of "Fritz" or anybody else. If any one wished to speculate as to the chances of these dogs it could have no effect upon the race whatever. "Fritz" objects seriously to my having been offered one thousand dollars for Noble, and offers a gross insult to all parties concerned by holding the matter up to ridicule as not having been a *bona fide* offer. Now, I have no desire to make capital for my dog, but the exact facts I wish to state are these: Mr. McDonald saw Noble run and wanted him bad enough to offer one thousand dollars for him. After he had made up his mind to give this he was attacked with a chill and was obliged to leave the grounds. Before doing so he authorized another party to make the offer, which he did quietly, and I quietly refused it. I paid for Count Noble, and I believe I have a perfect right to refuse to sell him. Whether Mr. McDonald meant in any way that he offered it or not I neither know nor care. I am perfectly satisfied, however, that he was not only willing but anxious to get the dog in exchange for his one thousand dollars. I think things have come to a pretty pass when a man can't refuse to sell his dog without being accused of trickery. In reference to the heat between Noble and May, nearly every one considered it the fairest kind of a race. May outspeeded Noble, but Noble made three points and one flush, while May made one point and three flushes. The heat was short, to be sure, but after May had refused to back she had no chance of winning. I would not detract a particle of merit from Mr. Snellenberg's grand little bitch, but in justice to the gentlemen who acted as judges, I must say had the dogs run an hour longer it could not have made enough difference in May's favor for her to have won "Fritz" says Noble should have been cut for staunchness. To show how little he knows of what he writes I must inform him that Noble was cut for staunchness, so says Mr. Morford, and I suppose he knows whereof he writes. D. C. BANNON.

[Our correspondent is decidedly natray in his "mathematical" remarks. There was no need of going to Arkansas, nor of coming to New York for "Fritz." The letters dated at Pittsburgh, Pa., signed "Fritz" and published in the FOREST AND STREAM, were written by a resident of Pittsburgh, Pa., and mailed at Pittsburgh, Pa. If the "mathematical principles" involved give any other solution respecting "Fritz's" identity and residence they are widely at variance with the facts in the case.]

ADVICE TO BREEDERS AND BREAKERS.—If the breeder desire to be sure that he will not be charged with dishonesty or misrepresentation in the sale of either setter or pointer, especially that of broken dogs, learn the character of the party to whom the sale is to be made; ascertain if he is capable of judging, and by all means take him into the field with the dog and show the performance of the animal. We hear lately of so many charges made against perfectly reliable breeders, and knowing the purchasers of some of the dogs, we are confident a number of these complaints spring from an utter ignorance of what a setter or pointer should be in the field. Few dogs will at once work properly for a new master—in fact there are scarcely two sportsmen who hunt alike. There may be peculiar motions of the hand and tones of the voice of command used by one which the setter or pointer invariably looks for, while by another none are noticed, while very different signals or gestures are resorted to. Fancy the ownership of a dog passing from one to the other of two such persons, without the purchaser ever having seen the animal in the field; or suppose the gentleman who has carefully broken his dog sells him to a person who has but little experience in the field? In the first instance dissatisfaction will very likely be expressed, and in the latter the former owner will be charged with misrepresentation and dishonesty. We are satisfied with what a person relates of his exploits with dog and gun; see for yourself if he is capable of appreciating the working of the animal you wish to dispose of—using a vulgar expression, make him show his hand. There are but few persons who have ever sold field dogs but who have been at some time charged by purchasers with misrepresentation. Such will continue to be the case until breeders are more careful to whom they sell. After all, one sportsman should always be able to recognize another, few moments' conversation, whether his companion is a mere novice or a man of experience in such matters.—HONEB.

PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIALS.—At a meeting of the Pennsylvania State Field Trials Association, which will be held at Pittsburgh (Feb. 28 to March 10), the following amendments will be considered and action upon them taken:

Amendment to by-laws, offered by William A. McIntosh, Feb. 24, 1881: Strike out sections 1 and 2 of Article X., and insert as follows, viz:

SEC. 1.—A dog to be eligible to run in the field trials of the Association must be owned by a member of the Association at the time of making the entry and at the time of running the trials. In all cases dogs must be handled by their owners. Nothing in this shall be construed so as to prevent a member from purchasing a dog previously entered and handling him in the trials.

SEC. 2.—The stakes to be run shall be a Derby, and an All-Aged stake, both to be open to pointers and setters only. The Derby stake shall be open to dogs whelped on or after the first day of January of the previous year. Entries for the Derby stake of the year 1881 shall close on the first day of September, 1881, and entries for the Derby stake of any subsequent year shall close on the first day of April of the year the stake is to be run for. The All-Aged stake shall be open to dogs of any age.

SEC. 3.—There shall be no cash prizes offered in either stake, but all prizes shall be of the nature of trophies. There shall be a first, second and third prize offered in each stake. The entry fee, forfeit, value and nature of prizes, time of closing entries for All-Aged stake, time and place of holding trials, as well as details pertaining thereto, shall be determined by the Executive Committee.

By Edward Gregg, of Oxford.—Amendment to Act VII. Sec. 4.—No persons not residents of the State of Pennsylvania shall be eligible to active membership.

By Edward Gregg.—Resolved that this association shall have three stakes in future trials, viz., Derby, All-Aged and Association Stakes, and that the Derby and All-Aged shall be open to the world.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—As already noticed in these columns, the office of the show has been opened at No. 138 Fulton street, this city. Superintendent Lincoln says that he has received up to the present time a number of applications from intending exhibitors greatly in excess to that for the corresponding period in any former year, and that he will leave no stone unturned to secure the largest number of entries ever made in this country or in England. Among the entries, Mr. F. Sherwood, of Garrisons, N. Y., has entered three straight-legged beagle puppies, recently imported from the Rock Ferry Pack, Cheshire, England. Letters have been received from the Old Colony R. R., Providence and Stonington Line, Pennsylvania R. R., Erie Railway, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western R. R., New Jersey Midland, R. R., Long Island R. R., New Jersey R. R. and New York and Great Western of Canada R. R. companies agreeing to carry dogs intended for exhibition free both ways when accompanied by owners or representatives. All the other transportation lines are expected to offer the same liberal accommodations, and arrangements are being made with the express companies to carry dogs to the show on prepayment of their usual rates and return the animals free. As yet, nothing is known officially who the judges will be; but the announcement will be made, we are told, at an early date. Two extra classes have been added to the premium list—one for beagle puppies and one for collie puppies—thus making 95 classes in all.

A CANINE GOLGOTHA.—A correspondent of the *Live Stock Journal* writes from Paris:—"I paid a visit the other day to a very curious establishment, know as the 'Fourriere.' It is a large barn-like building, not far from the river Seine, and close to the large wine market—and it is here that are brought, and, in nine cases out of ten, destroyed, all the stray dogs picked up by the police in Paris. In the body of the building are numbers of vehicles which have been abandoned in the streets, and upon one side is a stable for the horses which have been harnessed to them. Most of these vehicles have been abandoned by their drivers while under the influence of drink, or have been taken possession of by the police to prevent accidents. They, however, do not remain long without being claimed, and the same may be said of the many other animals which are from time to time brought to the Fourriere. Cattle, sheep, poultry, etc., are often found straying, and if they are not claimed within a week they are sold, and the proceeds handed over to the State. Even monkeys and parrots have occasionally been brought there, and I may add that the charge for keep is fixed by the Prefect of Police for all animals claimed by their owners.

"My main object, however, in visiting the Fourreire was to inspect the kennels and ascertain what was done with the lost dogs picked up in the streets. The statistics are not very pleasant reading for those who love dogs, as I find that last year 4,563 were brought to the Fourreire, and that only 43 were claimed by their owners. All the others were killed, for the Administration has given up selling the unclaimed dogs, several disputes having arisen when they were recognized by their former owners. The kennels are ranged along the wall, each one having a wire frame in front, so that people who come to look for a dog may have no difficulty in passing an inspection, but they need be very quick about it, for only twenty-four hours are allowed to elapse between the arrival of the dog and his dispatch, unless of course there is something on his collar by which he can be identified. This is too short a time, in my opinion, in a city like Paris, and there is no reason why the dogs should not be kept a week, as used to be the case. It is only within the last few weeks, moreover, that the mode of dispatch has been changed, for up to the other day it was the practice to hang the dogs up with a piece of cord, and literally beat their brains out! They are now spared this horrible death, and are placed in a large wooden box, fitted with a gas apparatus, which ends their sorrows in a very short time. They do not seem to suffer very much judging by their attitude when the bodies are taken out; and this box will hold as many as twenty-five dogs at a time. They seem to have a presentiment of their fate, for those which I saw put to death trembled very much, though the fact of their being brought to a strange place, and kept without food—for they are not even allowed to have a last meal—is enough to account for that. Their bodies are sold for threepence each, the buyer keeping the skin for the tanner, and boiling down the body for the grease, which is sold to the railway companies. To such ignoble uses does many a Paris pet dog come."

NATIONAL AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL DERBY.—The following entrees have been made up to February 28 for the second annual Derby:

Captain Patrick Henry enters Buckel, lemon and white setter puppy, out of Cammie (Gladstone-Buck, Jun.) by Pride of the South. Captain Patrick Henry enters Adair, black and white setter bitch puppy, out of Cammie, by Pride of the South. Mr. P. H. Bryson enters London, blue Belton setter dog puppy, out of Clip (Leicester-Dart), by Gladstone. Mr. P. H. Bryson enters Memphis, blue Belton setter dog puppy, out of Juno (Rake-Fanny), by Gladstone. Mr. D. Bryson enters Bessie T., black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, out of Floy (Rob Roy-Blanche), by Gladstone. Montview Kennel enters Gilda, blue Belton setter bitch puppy, out of Floy (Rob Roy-Blanche), by Gladstone. JOSEPH H. DEW,
Columbia, Tenn. Secretary N. A. K. C.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB'S STUD BOOK.—The entry-fee for single registry to the stud book is twenty-five cents and the annual dues, now payable, of members to the N. A. K. Club is five dollars. We learn from Mr. Jos. H. Dew, the Secretary of the Club, whose address is Columbia, Tenn., that he is overwhelmed with letters of inquiry. We therefore would suggest to the sporting world that as the secretaryship of the organization is an onerous one, from which the Secretary receives no emolument, it would be no more than courteous to assist him in the compilation of the stud book by sending in their entries in a proper form, which is substantially as follows: 1, name of breed; 2, name of dog; 3, name of owner; 4, residence of owner; 5, breeder's name; 6, when whelped; 7, color of dog; 8, pedigree.

THE COCKER CLUB—Chicago.—Till you have the kindness to inform me when the meeting of the Cocker Club was held at which A. H. Moore was elected President? As one of the Committee, I have never been advised of the meeting, and object to the judgments either in officers or a standard. J. H. WHITMAN.

We have had no information of a meeting of the Cocker Club, but we were told that the members of the Committee had conferred by letter and that as a result of this correspondence the officers named in our last issue had been elected. We simply gave this report, which had come to us, for what it was worth; and have since received a letter from Mr. J. Otis Fellows, from which it appears that the gentleman named last week as the elected President received four of six votes for that office, and the Secretary named five of six votes for that office. We deprecate, as much as does our correspondent, any "snap judgment;" but if the Cocker Club Committee, which was announced three weeks ago, have not yet organized, it strikes us that they are wasting valuable time.

INTERNAL CANKER OF THE EAR.—Luzerne, Feb. 26—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing a great many readers of your valuable paper inquire about canker in a dog's ear, and seeing different remedies given, I would like to have you publish the following simple remedy which I accidentally discovered several years ago: Seeing a young hound of mine holding his head on one side and keep scratching his ear, I examined it, and soon found it all inflamed of canker. Having nothing handier, I took a small oil can with common black lubricating oil and moistened the inside of the ear thoroughly; it relieved the dog instantly and in twenty-four hours he was entirely cured. I have since used it many times and always with the same result.—FRED ROIDER.

[The inflammation may have been caused by the dog's scratching to remove a flea or some foreign substance. Nine-tenths of the cases reported to us have assumed a chronic character and require a much more severe treatment.]

NOTES FROM ABROAD.—There has been rectification of date for the Hanover Dog Show. A letter to the *London Field* is as follows: "The Great International Dog Show to be held at Hanover, will take place in 1882, (not this year, as announced,) on account of an Agricultural Exhibition, which taking place this summer would clash with the Dog Show." Mr. Emil Meyer, the Secretary, states confidently that the Hanover 1882 Dog Show will surpass all former exhibitions on the Continent. He adds that the preparations for the said show have already been commenced, and that room will be provided for 2,000 dogs.

The "British Lion" is dead! Not all men tremble! He was only a dog—a mastiff, yet supposed to be the biggest of his breed ever known. He weighed just fourteen stones of fourteen pounds each, (196 pounds). The chief honors this dog won were—first prize at Nottingham; third, Crystal Palace, etc.—SIRIUS, *in the Stock Keeper.*

A CAT GOURMAND.—Whitehall, N. Y.—While writing I would like to ask you if you ever heard of a dog that would kill and eat a cat? There is one here that is half pointer and half spaniel that has killed and eaten three, at least. The above can be verified by at least six persons. C. McV. T.

See answer to M. O. S., in Kennel Management. Feb. 24. The cat destroyer and gourmand, of which you write, which we understand is a pure cross between a pointer and spaniel is a most valuable production. Would that there were more of this breed spread broadcast throughout the land. Had we such a treasurer in our backyard o' nights we would consider him a bootjack economist of the first water. Moreover, he would unquestionably pay for himself in china, hair brushes and toilet soap the first month of his engagement.

AMERICAN EXHIBITORS ABROAD.—Whether the New York Show of this year will have many entries from across the water at this time it is impossible to state, from a private letter we learn that Mr. Dalziel is willing to make all arrangements with foreign exhibitors and aid them with his experience. Here arises the question. Will American dog owners at an early date try for some of the glory and prizes on the other side? We believe that there are many dogs now in this country that would hold their own in any company on the bench; and we would not be surprised to see several of our best kennels represented, and successful, too, before many years have gone over our heads. American bred horses have won far beyond the expectation of their owners during the past twelve months, and there is no reason why our dogs should not win in an international field trial. Why not have an international field trials?

"THE MERRIE LITTLE BEAGLE."—Evansville, Ind., Feb. 28.—I am glad to know that you are working for the beagle. I think by offering special prizes you will engender a permanent interest. The articles of Elmore and also of Pownall were splendid. Will they not write more on the subject? I have killed deer, turkeys, quail and prairie chickens, in fact, most of the different varieties of game found in Illinois and Indiana, but the sport *par excellence* is the fox-chase, not with guns, as many people describe in your excellent journal, but with hounds. Now, unfortunately, my professional cares do not permit of a fox-chase, as in my younger days, hence I will keep a small pack of beagles and run hares, as the best substitute for that royal pastime, the fox-chase.—G. F. CENTER, M. D.

OLD-TIME POINTERS—Columbus, O., Feb. 19—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for a long time and have never yet troubled you, although strongly tempted to indorse the views of a gentleman from the South who in a few numbers back condemned the race of setters, root and branch, in no doubtful terms, and longed for the old-time, wiry-haired, heavy-set pointer. His experience has been mine. Like him I have owned the blues of three litters with pedigrees as long as a man's arm, yet, with all their pride of ancestry, I have been doomed to disappointment and still look for the old-time pointer.—COLUMBUS.

ENTRY BLANKS FOR THE STUD BOOK and the Second Annual Field Trial Derby will be mailed as soon as they are printed. Mr. Charles De Rouge, the late Secretary of the National American Kennel Club, has the matter in charge and expects to forward the blanks to Mr. Dew within a short time. Mr. Dew desires us to notify the public of the reason why the blanks have not been distributed and state that no legitimate entry will be barred for this reason.

MR. SNELLENBURG'S LAVERACKS.—In another column we notice the purchase by Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, of Mr. Snellenburg's Thunder and Lady Laverack, and that of Daisy Laverack by Mr. J. H. Goodsell, of this city. Mr. Snellenburg writes us: "Since I put my advertisement in your paper I could have sold one hundred Laverack dogs, if the letters I have received are any indication." To this we would say, that careful and intelligent breeders like Mr. Snellenburg will never find it difficult to procure their price when they can offer such remarkably fine stock as the above named dogs.

MORTALITY OF STOCK.—Letters from almost all sections of the country advise us of the almost unprecedented mortality of stock during the past winter. Not only have the young dogs suffered, but many of the old and tried companions in the field have galloped off to other "happy hunting grounds." Mr. Kelly, who has charge of the Baltimore Kennel Club, writes that from what he can learn nine-tenths of the young dogs shown at the Pittsburgh show have since died of distemper.

A FINE BULL TERRIER.—Mr. John Wills, of this city, has received from our friend, Mr. Hugh Dalziel, the present of a very promising bull terrier puppy, seven months old, pure white in color Young Victor, as the youngster is called, was bred by Mr. R. J. Hartley, Bowdon, of Cheshire, England, who owns the best kennel of bull terriers in the world. Young Victor is out of Champion Violet (E. K. C. S. B., 7636) by Young Turk (E. K. C. S. B., 6599). We congratulate Mr. Wills on his good luck.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

89 CANANDAIGUA.—I had a cocker spaniel about six months old. He seemed to have taken cold; at first he acted stiff and dumpish; eyes looked somewhat red, but still bright; did not seem inclined to eat much for a few days. Then he commenced having fits of shivering, no matter in how warm a place. These shivering fits gradually became more frequent until after ten days or two weeks I first noticed anything wrong with him; then he began to run a little at the eyes—very little—and could be seen to drink anything but water. I have been treating him for distemper; but he gradually became worse, shivering all the time, although I kept him in a warm room night and day. His head seemed very hot and throbbed very violently on top—you could see and hear it throb. His nose did not run exactly, although the nostrils seemed to fill up and impede the breathing, which was very much labored. All this time for about eight or nine days he would eat nothing, although he did not seem to waste very fast. Still he grew weak and seemed to have great difficulty in breathing. He would have spells of getting up and trotting around the room from one side to the other until the last day, when he could not get up. He did not cry, but still seemed to be in great pain, and finally died. I treated him for the distemper, and supposed he had distemper fits. The last day when I went to him in the morning he raised up his head and snapped at me and struggled a few seconds but could not get up. The night before he died, while moving around the room, he turned around and snapped his jaws once. I was expecting that other until the last day, when he could not get up. He did not cry, but still seemed to be in great pain, and finally died. I treated him for the distemper, and supposed he had distemper fits. The last day when I went to him in the morning he raised up his head and snapped at me and struggled a few seconds but could not get up. The night before he died, while moving around the room, he turned around and snapped his jaws once. I was expecting that other dog would die next

Each team shot on paper targets, and exchanged the same by express to verify count, etc. Our club have maintained their previous record by winning the match, having never yet been defeated, though they do not feel that this state of affairs can always exist. This is their ninth victory within a year. A challenge has been received from the Rod and Gun Club to shoot again on March 12 and will probably be accepted. Below are the individual scores:

Wheeling Rifle Club Match.

Otto Jaeger	8	11	10	9	11	12	11	12	11	10—104
C. E. Dwight	10	11	11	9	9	9	12	12	10	10—103
R. S. Stewart	11	11	11	10	10	10	10	8	8	8—99
J. F. Shirk	9	7	12	11	8	10	9	10	9	12—97
R. H. Babcock	9	10	7	11	11	8	8	9	11	8—92
Wm. Cox	8	8	10	11	9	9	9	7	10	10—91-831

Springfield Rod and Gun Club Team.

Bumstead	10	12	10	10	12	12	10	12	11	11—116
Cooley	12	9	12	12	12	0	8	11	10	8—102
Young	12	11	9	11	7	9	11	10	8	10—98
Ames	11	12	10	8	9	11	8	8	9	9—94
Barrett	7	7	11	11	11	9	11	9	10	8—94
Mayott	11	11	9	9	8	9	10	5	8	6—86-831

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—Boston, March 4.—The following are the prize winners for the month of February in Everybody's Rifle Match:

E F Richardson.....38 38 39 39 38—193 J H Williams.....37 37 37 37 37—185
J Merrill.....38 38 38 39 38—192 J Ames.....36 36 37 37 37—183
N W Arnold.....37 38 38 39 39—191 J Warren.....36 36 36 36 36—180

Silverware Match.

G Warren.....37 37 38 38 39—189 E L Armstrong..36 36 36 37 37—182
E Brown.....37 37 37 37 38—186

Pistol Match.

Elihu Wilder.....38 38 38—114 J Ames.....36 36 37—109
F J Habbeth.....37 37 37—111

In the pistol match for the month of March the Massachusetts Target will be used. Conditions—Rounds 5, possible 90; three scores to win or a possible 288. There have already been some fine scores made by the several participants. The following are some of the best:

J H Williams.....61 62 63—186 G Warren.....54 59 60—173
Elihu Wilder.....67 59 61—187 Allen P Kelley.....57 59 63—179

In the amateur badge match, for an elegant silver badge and three cash prizes, there has been a number from the bullseye then Mr. Wickham. There was but the eighth of an inch difference between the measurement of the two respective shots. To decide a championship by such a small difference illustrates the extreme closeness of the contest. Owing to absence from the city, this is Mr. Wickham's first appearance in the arena. He is considered one of the best shots of the city. The competitions for the week ending March 12 will be for the championship of swinging bullets, ¾ inches, at 7 yards.

At the New York Rifle Gallery during March $50 will be given in prizes. In the February Match the winners were as follows:

W M Farrow.....48 48 47 49—192 P G Fenning.....48 48 47 48—191
W Hayes.....48 48 48 48—192 G Joiner.....47 47 48 48 190

In the match for March, conditions, open to all comers, weapon any 22 cal. rifle, 3 lbs. pull, 5 rounds, on 25-ring target, distance 25 yds., entrance 25 cts., one score to count, possible 125, marksmen at liberty to use their own rifles and ammunition, ties to be shot off. The leading scored to date are as follows:

W Hayes.....114 H Obet.....106
Col Riggs.....112 E Burg.....103
F S Hutchinson.....111 M Dorrier.....102
P G Fenning.....108

ALBANY, N. Y., March 3.—A very enjoyable match closed to-day on the Kensselaerwyck range. The match in question was started at the close of the regular shooting season last fall, when an enthusiastic lover of rifle shooting, wishing that the practice should be continued during the winter months, offered a gold medal to be shot for at 300 yards, and open to all comers. The match proved to be popular with the small-bore men, and some of the military men were frequently found among the competitors. This afternoon the riflemen repaired to Rensselaerwyck to shoot the ninth competition. The weather was fair, though the light was not of the best. The keen eyesight and steady nerve of the men were noticeable in the opening rounds, and the scores made were of the best kind. The match was won by Capt. Fitch, with a score of 41 out of a possible 50. There have been nine competitions, three of which have been won by Mr. L. Geiger, of Hudson, one by Lieut. B. R. Speiman and five by Capt. Fitch, and none of the winners have made less than 41 points. The following are the leading scores in detail to-day:

Fitch, Bal. S..5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5—46 Geiger, R. S..4 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 5 4—44
Dexter, S. S..5 4 4 4 5 5 4 5 5 5—45 Sanders, Hep. S.5 5 5 3 4 5 4 5 4 5—43
Charles, Bal.S.5 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 5 5—41 Miles, S. M....3 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 4—39

Next Thursday afternoon there will be a subscription match at 200 yards, seven shots, military rifles allowed two points; and should the weather prove favorable, there will probably be a match at 200 yards.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 28.—The third and concluding day's shooting at Frogmoor to-day proved quite interesting. The day was a favorable one, and, save for the wind which prevailed, was just what suited the shooters. In several instances, however, the dying birds were carried out of bounds by the breeze. Pools were sold on the grounds, but the betting was rather of a subdued order, and no large amounts were realized. The summary of the day's shooting is as follows:

First match—Ten single rises, 21 yards:

Franklin	7	Hewes	6
Stumpf	7	Young	5
Chaudet	7	Da Ponta	5
Tunstall	6	Schaeffer	5
Cousin	6	Bush	5
Le Breton	6	Sessuns	5
Jones	6	Johnston	5
Stude	6	Williams	5
Scales	6	Mason	4
Muck	6	Carre	4
Sheets	6	Nance	3
Shaw	6	Hunt	3

In shooting off the ties, 26 yards, Mr. Stumpf won the first prize, killing 8; Mr. Johnston the second, 6; Mr. Da Ponta the third, 3.

Second match—Seven single rises, 21 yards:

Shaw	7	Young	5
Cousin	7	Mason	5
Sessuns	7	Stumpf, Jr	5
Tunstall	6	Le Breton	6
Nance	6	Franklin	4
Bush	6	Franklin	4
Hewes	6	James	4
Schaeffer	6	Scales	3
Chaudet	6	Sheets	3
Hunt	5		

The ties were then shot off, and Mr. Cousin won the first prize, scoring 5; Mr. Chaudet the second, 6; Mr. Jones the third, 8.

Third match—Double rises, 31 yards; both barrels, misses and out. The contest finally narrowed itself down to Messrs. Hughes, Tunstall, Le Breton and Bush, who were tied for the first prize, and who divided the money.

Fourth match—Bats; three double rises, 18 yards:

Hughes	6	Cousin	3
Chaudet	6	Tunstall	3
Miles	5	Recks	3
Young	5	Bush	3
Le breton	5	Mason	3
Sessuns	4	Sheets	2
Scales	4	Jones	2
Fort	3	Nance	2
Johnson	3		

The prize was divided between Chaudet and Hughes, who were tied for the first place.

First match—Glass balls, 18 yards rise; after the first fire miss and out. Miles and Hughes made a clean score of 10 for the first prize The tie resulted: Hughes, 3; Miles, 2. Le Breton won the second prize by a score of 9, and Cousin third, scoring 8.

On the opposite side of the bayou were ranged a number of the residents of the vicinity, who, armed with guns of every conceivable description, made short shrift of every luckless bird that escaped the pellets of the marksmen within the grounds.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—We are much interested here in looking over the reports in your paper or rifle shooting, as we are doing some gallery work here which is not so very poor for learners. The other evening, at the regular shooting off ties at 43 ft., some pretty good work was done, which I promised to send you an account of for publication. The creedmoor target, proper reduced from 200 yards; rounds 4, possible 20. The best scores were: F. K. Bowler, 20; E. J. Ralph, 20; H. S. Starr, 19; E. J. Blakesley, 19. At the close of the shooting Mr. Bowler said he would make one more full score, and he did make one. B.

FRELINGHUYSEN RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—Newark, March 1.—In the monthly shoot for the association badge, which took place on Tuesday evening at the range of the Frelinghuysen's, 18 Market street, we give the best scores of members:

Geo D Weigman.....46 A C Neumann.....44
Chas T Drake.....46 H Westermann.....45
Adam Rose.....44 W F Lauer.....41

In shooting off the ties Mr Weigman won the badge. The association now numbers forty men and is rapidly increasing. The shooting during the past six months is considered fine. During the coming season we intend taking up pistol practice on a range 40 feet, and we see no reason why we cannot become proficient in the same.

AN UNEXPLAINED ACCIDENT—Saco, Me., Feb. 28—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Six weeks ago I was reloading shells for Springfield musket, cal. .45, using reloading tools made for the U. S. Cartridge Co. of Lowell, Mass., when a cartridge exploded in the reloading tools, blowing the flesh from second finger of left hand to the bone. The manufacturers of these tools claim that no power on earth can explode a cartridge in their tools unless something strikes against the primer. I inclose letter from them. I had sixteen shells to load. First I primed every shell, then put the capping-punch in the box on the table; after that commenced to load. Had loaded ten and was driving ball home by striking on the ball-cutter when the eleventh exploded. I was loading with the safety-block resting on a small piece of hard wood laid across my knees, and I am positively sure that neither the capping-punch nor any foreign substance could have been the means of exploding the cartridge. Now, will you oblige me by answering in your correspondents' columns if you ever heard of a case of this kind? If it is possible to explode a cartridge by concussion caused by blows upon the ball centre? If not exploded by concussion, what did cause the explosion? W. F. CUMMINGS.

[The accident is certainly an exceptional one, and can only be satisfactorily explained on the fact of a foreign substance getting under the cap, or else the leaving in place of the capping-punch. Certain it is that the arrangements have been used thousands of times at all posts of the U. S. Army, and a similar accident has not come to our ears.—ED. F. & S.]

THE TRAP.

COMMUNICATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish you would grant me a little space for a statement of facts which may interest some of your sporting readers. On the 25th and 26th of last August, Mr Ira A. Paine, the noted wing shot, held a two-days' pigeon and glass ball shoot at this place. As pigeon shooting is a direct violation of the statute in this State, I called public attention to that fact through the local press. In this way I hoped Mr. Paine might be induced to change the programme and have simply a glass ball tournament. A controversy sprang up between Mr. Paine and myself, which ran through the daily press something like a week, in which I presented the humane considerations against the practice, and he used the arguments generally brought forward in behalf of the sport. In the course of the discussion Mr. Paine laid great emphasis on the benefit to the cause of his class of shooting, and what great things they were always doing in the way of practical charity, etc., and represented the anti-cruelty people as being generally close-fisted and lacking in sympathy for human kind. Seeing he was anxious to have it understood that his generosity was unbounded, I remarked, in my last communication I suggested that the Home for the Friendless was a worthy institution and very much in need of funds.

The shoot came off, and, though the attendance was small, I understand that Mr. P. made some money. Then he had arranged for a tournament in Saginaw City, only two miles away, and was here altogether ten days or more. The attitude of benevolence which he had struck had to be maintained in some way till he had "done" the Saginaw people, and then his generosity was somewhat remarkable. He sent an order on the manufacturers for 1,000 of his feather-filled glass balls, the actual price of which was $18, and gave to me for the Home for the Friendless. I got it indorsed by the president of that institution, and started over to the Saginaw Kindler, our leading dealer in sporting apparatus, and, by the way, a gentlemen. Mr K. sent it direct to the Bohemian Glass Works, Pearl street, N. Y. After waiting two or more weeks without hearing from the order, I wrote to the Bohemian Works, and received a postal saying that they had been delayed by the manufacturers, but would forward the balls as soon as possible. After waiting about a month longer I wrote again, and received a polite note regretting the delay, and saying that the balls would be sent *immediately*, emphasizing Kindler, our leading dealer in Saginaw, who had ordered the balls for me. I have. The

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.

WE have only a few words to offer at present concerning the decision of the club at the meeting last Monday to build a house as headquarters. It is proposed to lease Manning's Basin below the first or Quarantine landing on Staten Island and to erect a handsome structure on the breakwater. A corporation inside the club is to be formed and will build a two-story house and lease the same to the club, a plan which has been successfully adopted by others. The location selected is simply the best in New York harbor, and the action of the club a most commendable one, certain to concentrate the sailing and to contribute solidarity of the metropolis as they have never been before. Rapid transit to and on Staten Island is only a question of time and the value of the club property is certain to become greatly enhanced in coming years, and to those who have been instrumental in instituting the plan the members and yachtsmen generally will owe a debt of gratitude certain to be appreciated in the near future. As the scheme was unanimously adopted after full discussion the success of the step is assured. At the same meeting Mr. John F. Lovejoy was elected a member.

CUTTERS IN BOSTON.

WHEN FOREST AND STREAM started the crusade against sailing machines and brought the "reality" into prominence perhaps before the public only two short years ago, we had but few followers and the violent opponents and doubting Thomases included 999 out of every 1,000 yachtsmen in America. But in two short years how things have changed! The honest little cruising craft and keel cutters have gained for themselves a name and reputation which insures for their type a permanent life in our fleet. Who will still maintain in face of the evidence that this journal has not through it own tireless efforts in behalf of the cutter and the sailor yachtsman fairly earned the long lead it has taken as the organ of the sport in America? says the Boston *Herald*:

"Lawley & Sons have laid the keels for two more English cutters. They appear to be gaining favor with gentlemen yachtsmen and these two will make four cutters, when they are completed, that this firm has turned out. They all measure 30 ft. on the water line and 35 ft. over all. The keels and frames are of prime white oak and they are made to withstand all kinds of weather. Fastened to each keel are 5,000 lbs. of iron to ballast them ready and to enable a large spread of canvas to be carried with ease."

And we add this is but the beginning of the reform.

A FUNNY RULE OF MEASUREMENT.

SOONER or later length measurement leads into the ridiculous. Mr. Robert W. Bibber, yacht builder at City Point, Boston, deserves the credit for seeing his way clear to the end of the rule, and this is the consequence: A new cat-boat, 26 ft. on keel, 20 ft. beam, and 4 ft. draft with an iron keel of 100 lbs. and 2,100 lbs. inside, mast 36 ft. and a boom of 34 ft. Sail to contain 160 yards, equal to about 600 square ft. Well, did you ever! And how will that rest of the cat-boat fleet of the same length like such a customer? And how long before even the dullest reasoning powers will comprehend the fallacy and the tendency of such a simpleton's measurement as length? Perhaps, without knowing it, Bibber will create a bigger reform with his new wash bowl than pages of ink spilt in FOREST AND STREAM. And then for another "revolution" we have been fighting for in the way of a rule for measurement with a little brains in it in. Paddy, at our elbow, wants to know when yachts become broader than they are long, will the breadth become their length, and will such yachts be sailing sideways when they are sailing ahead?

YACHTING NEWS.

STEPHENS' CANOES.—Mr. Stephens, of Rahway, N. J., has just issued his new catalogue for this year. The little pamphlet is a very useful guide to canoeists, inasmuch as it gives full directions for selecting the type of canoe according to varying wants, and also specific descriptions of the canoes of his make, including his well-known Jersey Blue for paddling and sailing, his racing Kill Von Kull and cruising Sandy Hook. The catalogue contains valuable information on all matters concerning the sport, the feature being a lithographic plate showing the lines and sail plans of a great variety of canoes, including a remarkable little cat boat of 10 ft. length, designed by H. W. Eaton. Mr. Stephens also proposes to make a specialty of building small cruising craft similar to those recently published in these columns, and is prepared to furnish estimates.

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.—An advertiser writes that a recent mail brought him twenty-five letters in a bunch, and that a late edition of 10,000 catalogues will not last him a great while. As an advertising medium to boat and yacht builders FOREST AND STREAM has a very long lead.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your two-toner is likely to create quite a revolution among small boats on the lakes, as several of my friends will build from your lines. If I could sell my light draft for half the cost would follow suit. Yachts here are being stripped of their winter housing and operations for the spring are under way.—PENNANT.

YACHTS' STOVES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed some queries and answers relative to stoves. Now, I have had pretty good results with a Florence coal-oil stove. The company manufactures a galvanized one especially for boats that won't rust, and it will cook first rate. It won't stink if you use good oil, and it will heat a cabin the size you have designed so as to be very comfortable on a cold day. I have tried the Florence in a large yacht on Chesapeake Bay in the winter and found it warm enough. The oil will not slop over if you have a sort of funnel attached. Let it fit tight, about half the height of the cooking drum, or else fill the reservoir well with cotton. But a better stove is certainly needed.—PORT LYTE.

YACHTS FOR SALE.—Attention is called to yachts wanted and offered for sale through the columns of this journal. Besides the yachting public throughout the country, it is the best medium for buying and selling by advertisement.

DEEP DRAFT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You are quite right about our Eastern sloops drawing more water than English cutters, which shows the objections to the draft of the latter to be a bug-a-boo, pure and simple. In fact, they are merging the cutter and sloop under very fast in all respects, save perhaps in the matter of outline, which is governed by fancy and fashion, and changes with the times. The modern Boston sloop is nothing else than a beamy cutter in principle. The keen drag of the keel is all that carries an immense sail plan. I cite the Gem for extreme lateral resistance. She is an average runner, but a dark horse to windward. She can eat the best centre-board sloop of her size out of the wind to-day, and what she lacks in speed she will make up in getting to windward. Her metal ballast is only 2½ ft. Yacht building here has gradually been undergoing a change, almost unknown to ourselves. From the flat bottom centre-board sloop we have evolved the depth, the rocker keel, the outside ballast and the double-head rig, all distinguishing features of the cutter. Even in minor matters—the lead of gear, the introduction of iron floors, and, of late, even hush decks in yachts under 40 ft.—we have been steadily approximating the "honest boat" represented by the cutter of fair beam, with rig slightly simplified, and your journal must be credited with a powerful influence in bringing about the healthy change.—S.

LIGHTS AND RED TAPE.—Authority from Washington having decreed that all boats propelled by oars are to carry lights after sundown without exception, the Treasury Department has forwarded us a printed circular to that effect. As the rule is absurd, impracticable, the yachting public throughout the country, it is the best medium for buying and selling by advertisement.

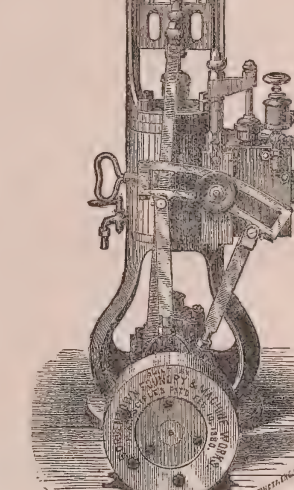
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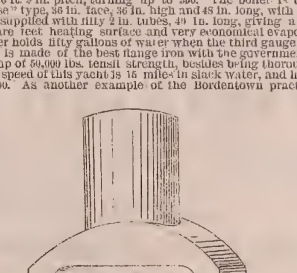
DEEP DRAFT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You are quite right about our Eastern sloops drawing more water than English cutters, which shows the objections to the draft of the latter to be a bug-a-boo, pure and simple. In fact, they are merging the cutter and sloop under very fast in all respects, save perhaps in the matter of outline, which is governed by fancy and fashion, and changes with the times. The modern Boston sloop is nothing else than a beamy cutter in principle. The keen drag of the keel is all that carries an immense sail plan. I cite the Gem for extreme lateral resistance. She is an average runner, but a dark horse to windward. She can eat the best centre-board sloop of her size out of the wind to-day, and what she lacks in speed she will make up in getting to windward. Her metal ballast is only 2½ ft. Yacht building here has gradually been undergoing a change, almost unknown to ourselves. From the flat bottom centre-board sloop we have evolved the depth, the rocker keel, the outside ballast and the double-head rig, all distinguishing features of the cutter. Even in minor matters—the lead of gear, the introduction of iron floors, and, of late, even hush decks in yachts under 40 ft.—we have been steadily approximating the "honest boat" represented by the cutter of fair beam, with rig slightly simplified, and your journal must be credited with a powerful influence in bringing about the healthy change.—S.

THE SCIPLE YACHT ENGINE.

NOT many years ago Bordentown, N. J., was in a fair way to achieve for itself a name in the nautical world as the home of high speed steam yachts. An enterprising firm had located on the river front, bought a fine lot of tools, and at one time seemed on the highroad to success. They had in their yard three vessels on the stocks, all of iron, the Continental, Miranda and St. George, which gave a good account of themselves when put over the measured mile. But the "hard times" came along; people no longer wanted high speeds, and the firm dissolved and for a time Bordentown ceased to concern itself about the pleasure navy. Since those days, however, the old town has emerged from her temporary eclipse, and once more are the blows of the hammer resound along the banks of the Delaware, as the riveter heads up the red-hot rivets in the shell of a boiler, and the caiker drives the cotton home in the well-fashioned hull of new steam yachts. The Bordentown Foundry, one of the oldest establishments of the kind in the country, long and favorably known to the iron world, has been devoting much attention of late to building yachts for speed and sporting purposes, and, judging from the favorable indorsements sent us, their work leaves nothing to be desired in



the way of soundness or of finish. They furnish their yachts with an engine specially adapted for the purpose, and different in design from all others, as the accompanying illustration serves to explain. The engine is built under Sciple's patent, and, in the arrangement of the guides and connecting rods, bears resemblance to the steeple engine, securing the necessary length of stroke with a low cylinder, light weight of frame and long connecting rod. The reversing and valve gear is of the simplest and strongest kind, and all the working parts can readily be got at without danger while running. The workmanship throughout is of the highest class, and the engines run smoothly from the first opening of the throttle. The thrust bearing has steel and brass rings to take the friction, and stuffing box and steam bearing have brass bushings. Concerning the boilers turned out by the same concern, little really need be said in the way of recommendation, as the firm has been too long in the business to require indorsement as to quality of work at our hands. We give an illustration of the type adopted by them for yachts. They raise steam rapidly, owing to large area of heating surface and excellent draft; and, what is of great importance in high speeds, they also make steam rapidly and supply nearly a steady pressure, owing to the large steam dome attached. The weak point of nine boilers out of ten is that they cannot make steam as fast as the engine will take it for any length of time, and the gauge runs down on the run. Hence it is easy to make a high record for a single short spurt, but which cannot be maintained with the throttle wide open, unless you have the steam to back you. Of all the shell boilers, those built by the Bordentown Foundry give most satisfaction in this respect, as they are the result of considerable study and long experience. In a yacht lately built for the Zip Yachting Club of Philadelphia, the hull was built of red cedar, 30 ft. keel, 7 ft. beam and 4 ft. deep, decked with ⅝ in. stuff, and joinerwork of handsome design and finish. Engine, 6x6 in., shaft, 1⅞ in. steel, 14 ft. long; propeller, 33 in. diameter and 6 ft. 9 in. pitch, turning up to 300. The boiler is of the "dog-house" type, 36 in. face, 36 in. high and 48 in. long, with a dome 20x20 and supplied with fifty 2 in. tubes, 40 in. long, giving a total of 130 square feet heating surface and very economical evaporation. The boiler holds fifty gallons of water when the third gauge cock is sotted, and is made of the best flange iron with the true government regulation stamp of 50,000 lbs. tensil strength, besides being thoroughly braced. The speed of this yacht is 16 miles in slack water, and her cost about $1,600. As another example of the Bordentown practice, we will



mention another launch delivered to Diston's Sons of Philadelphia. She is a handsome model, and, in spite of large beam, shows very good speed on trial. Length on keel, 36 ft.; beam, 8 ft.; hold, 3½ ft. The boiler is 36 in. high, 30 in. face, 48 in. long, of the return tubular style, estimated at 12 horse power. When working it holds 48 gallons of water, and the top is barely even with the gunwale of the boat. Other owners speak in high terms of the Sciple engine, and believe it to be one of the very best in the market for reliability and wear. Capt. Joel Griffin, of New Brunswick, N. J., has one running as well as Capt. J. G. Smith, of Baltimore, and both will give ready indorsement to all we have said. The Foundry is now busy with orders for their specialties, but are prepared to furnish estimates for yachts and all their fittings, and turn them out in time for the season.

YACHT BUILDING AT BRISTOL.—Unusual activity is displayed at the Herreshoff works and much yacht work is in hand. The schooner Sadie is about finished and will go into commission in March. She has been entirely rebuilt and the old sloop cannot be recognized except in name. The steamer Camilla, built for Dr. J. G. Holland, will be ready for deliver, in a very short time and a second one, 60 ft. long by 9 ft. beam, very much the same in model and arrangement, will soon be turned over to her owner, Mr. B. J. Clarke, of this city. Still a third one is to be built for Mr. A. N. Morris, also of this city. When this batch of triplets steam in circles around the clumsy productions nearer home the public will begin to think with us that the Herreshoff barries of the paper are the fastest. The Lemoin Leila, well known as the fastest thing of her inches, has been sold to parties in Toledo, Ohio, and will no doubt become a popular craft on Western waters, where her beauty and extraordinary speed are certain to be appreciated. She is to receive what little overhanging she needs, and will cause it to her new destination. The handsome steam launch for a tender to the S. S. Rhoda, Mr. F. Lorillard, is a little gem in beauty and finish, and is to be delivered in a week. She is 30 ft. long. The British admiralty has not been slow to appreciate the Bristol specialties, and is now having built a couple of yiddete boats guaranteed to steam 16 miles. They are only 45 ft. long with 9 ft. beam, and and will have compound engines of 120 H. P. Now the average launch owner imagines he has a boat which can steam 14 to 16 miles, but upon closer investigation 9 to 10 will be about all she really can do, and under very favorable circumstances perhaps 10. When the picket launches of 48 ft. are guaranteed to run 16 miles, or over 18 knots, off the reel it means something, for they are just humming, and very few people can boast of having handled such speed in such small boats. The business of the establishment is growing at such a rate that enlarged facilities are required, and a new machine shop, 60x16 ft., is to be erected at once. The company is building a compound condensing engine for a large 85 ft. steam yacht belonging to Mr. Mark Hopkins, of Detroit, boiler and appurtenances to go with it, and they have in hand a large amount of general work. We notice a continued increase in the size and power of coil boilers furnished, and hope that they will be found equally as serviceable on a large scale as they have proved to be when of moderate power.

WAVE LINES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue I gather from the text that the figures you give for obtaining the radius of the generating circle should have been R divided by R, your compositor having made them appear as 1xR. By dividing the length of the load water line by the figures given the quotient will be the radius required. Thus, in your two tonner, the afterbody is 92 inches long, and placing the type half way between shallow and light, the divisor by the table is 12.48, and this into 92 gives 7.5 for the radius, as shown in your table of details of the previous week.—CYCLON.

PORTLAND YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the result of our recent election of officers: Commodore, Wm. Senter, Jr.; Vice-Commodore, W. W. Goold; Fleet Captain, J. C. Owen; Secretary, Geo. D. Rand; Treasurer, H. R. Virgin; Measurer, J. H. Dyer. Regatta Committee—Wm. Senter, Jr., T. E. Jones, G. W. Rich, I. T. Wyer, F. L. Mosely. The club is prosperous indeed. We have 27 yachts and 155 members, a club house and library, with FOREST AND STREAM among our papers. During the past season 109 foreign yachts put into our harbor, just double the number which visited us the previous year, so you see the attractions of Portland and neighboring waters are being appreciated more and more every year.—R.

HAVERHILL YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting was held Wednesday evening, March 2. The club is prospering finely and in point of membership, with prospect or certainty of new boats this season. The annual supper was partaken of after the election of the new board of officers, which were: Commander, E. F. Brown, Josephine; Vice-Commodore, G. W. Simonds, Grace; Fleet Captain, Alfred Warren, Josie J.; Secretary, C. H. Sleep; Treasurer, Geo. D. Ayer; Measurer, H. J. Boane. Regatta Committee—Geo. D. Ayer, A. M. Dusser and E. F. Brown.

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting the following officers were chosen for the year: Commodore, John A. Hawes; Vice-Commodore, Francis S. Hathaway; Fleet Captain, Edward S. Brown; Secretary, George P. Shockley; Treasurer, David L. Parker; Measurer, Edgar B. Hammond. The list of members foots up 298, which places the N. B. Y. C. among the leaders in America. Receipts for the year $4,834 for dues and fees. Payments for land and club-house were $3,349, and for other purposes $1,750. There is still a debt on the club-house and furniture of $2,200, which it is intended to pay off as fast as possible. The fleet includes thirteen schooners, thirty-four sloops, two steamers and nine cats—a total of eight in all. During the last year 250 yachts put into the harbor, which is becoming more popular every year. The club sailed seven matches last season.—H.

JERSEY CITY YACHT CLUB.—The annual election held at the club rooms, 43 Montgomery st., Jersey City, resulted as follows: Commodore, Geo. L. Winn; Vice-Com., John G. Norburn; Secretary, S. H. Vreeland; Treasurer, G. Edwards; Measurer, C. H. Smith. The finances of the club are on a sound basis, and a fairly active season is anticipated.

FLORIDA YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the regular meeting of the Florida Yacht Club, of Jacksonville, the following officers were elected for the year: Commodore, Alexander C. Haskell; Vice-Com., M. W. Drew; Captain, A. D. Barnett; Secretary, H. D. Bonnelhan. Board of Trustees; E. M. Randall, J. E. Burhan, H. T. Baya, J. L. Marvin, B. P. Hazeltine. Governing Committee: J. G. Christopher, A. C. Amsber, W. J. Dancie, J. L. Marvin, D. Greenleaf.

HELM.—Several inquires will find a keel yacht so much steadier on the wind than a centre-board that they will have no trouble about letting the yacht take care of herself while they dive below for a while. A couple of tiller lines, spliced to an eyebolt each side of the cockpit floor or staving, is all that is required. A slight strain on the weather one with a turnbuckle over the tiller and will keep the boat on her course, and the shingle-hander can go about his business clearing up down below, securing his anchor, washing down decks or coiling away the gear at leisure. This is one of the many satisfactory features of a keel yacht. The customary lead of gear is to bring the throat down on the port side, the peak on the starboard, jib and topsail halliards on opposite sides, with the sheet or outhaul belayed to a kleet on the boom near the goose-neck. If a binnacle is in the way in the cockpit, a couple of rings in the deck up under the dash, and on this the compass, a glass bullseye in the cabin bulkhead enabling the steersman to conn his ship, aided at night time by a lamp hung inside over the compass, the flame hidden from the eye by the bulkhead. Charts should be well studied beforehand, the islands and dangers prominently marked by blue lines and fields, and cut up into sections to fit a glass covered frame. In this shape they can be kept in the cockpit before the skipper in all weathers, and the tread of the shore, its prominent marks, channels and buoys will impress themselves upon his mind, and he will soon be quite at home. There is no more interesting to the amateur than to pick his way by the aid of chart, compass, lead and glass, and on long runs by the log in addition, something which is still almost entirely neglected by most, but luck and accidental handicaps being ruled upon instead.

CANOEING AT GLENS FALLS.—A correspondent writes that a new canoe club has been formed at Glens Falls, Mass., called the Lake George C. C., and that their fleet will turn out in force for the grand mid-summer meet on Lake George, N. Y. The credit of arousing the canoeing spirit among its members is given to Mr. N. H. Bishop, who has already done so much for the promotion of the sport.

LOOSE ON THE FOOT.—Mainsails loose on the foot will be supplied to some new yachts building in Boston, partly as an experiment and partly because some trials have given great satisfaction. the boats not being "tied up" so much when close hauled.

COOPER'S POINT YACHT CLUB.—This club and the South Camden Y. C. will form a union, with Capt. J. R. Wilkins as Commodore.

NE SCHOONER.—D. D. Kelly, of East Boston, is said to have contracted with New York parties for a 95 ft. schooner.

CEDAR AND CANVAS CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A canvas canoe consists of a wooden frame (much resembling the skeleton of a wooden boat) with canvas stretched tightly over it. As the canvas skin gives no appreciable support to the frame a boat constructed on a similar frame but with cedar sidings would be the stronger boat in proportion as the wood was stronger, and stiffer than canvas. To make the canvas almost as strong as a cedar canoe it is necessary to strengthen the frame to such an extent that the weight of the two canoes will be almost the same. If willing to sacrifice strength to portability the cedar canoe would fill all the requirements now that Rushton builds his featherweight canoes from 15 to 25 lbs. In comparing the two canoes I will assume that they are of equal weight and consequently of equal portability. A "canoelo" of wicker-work and canvas, 6 ft. x3 ft. x12 in., weighs only 12 lbs., but could not be compared with a canoe on account of its clumsy model. In general the only injuries to which a canoe on a cruise is liable are blows, strains and jottings when shipped by rail or in a wagon, collision with rocks and stranding by waves when in the water. It is claimed by advocates of the canvas canoe that its elasticity enables it to receive, without injury, blows that would break a cedar canoe, the principle being the same as that by which the basket will outlast the box. An elastic canvas canoe would stand the wear and hard usage a ride on the rail or in a wagon entails better than a cedar, but I

think its superiority in this respect is so slight that unless most of the cruise is to be made in a railroad car or wagon, it need not be considered, the more so as it is of far more importance how a canoe will behave in the water. In streams where the current is swift and which are filled with boulders, against which the canoe is often driven by the current, a canvas canoe would be better than a wooden one, but these places are few and far between, and I have found that the majority of scrapes and bumps are from snags and sharp stones, the force being insufficient to injure the cedar boat, but just strong enough to make a rip in a canvas skin.

In my opinion the elasticity of a canvas boat is not only of no advantage in resisting the blows and strains given by waves, but a great disadvantage. It is the water and not the boat that should yield. Taking, then, all things into consideration, I think the cedar canoe superior to the one of canvas. Still the canvas boat is anything but a bad boat, and it can be built by amateurs more easily and cheaper than any other kind, and enables numbers of men who could not afford a cedar boat to appreciate the delights of canoeing, of whom a large percentage eventually graduate into devoted followers of that sport of all sports—yachting. F. M. E.

The Solid South, to a woman, are for Hop Bitters, using them as their only family medicine.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

B., Baltimore.—For working plans see our advertising columns.

M. O., Groton, Vt.—We know nothing of the English gunmaker mentioned.

G., Toronto.—May publish design of yacht such as you speak of in a few weeks.

G. B. A., New York.—When does the trout season open on Long Island? Ans. April 1.

K., Chester.—Designs can be furnished as per advertisement. A fair price for similar yacht of 30 ft. is $900.

F. S. E., Boston.—The use of a single large pill or your gun depends upon whether the gun is choked or cylinder bore.

E. P., City.—No electrical machinery yet applied to launches or boats. Cost of producing the current is against success.

F., Kittery.—Have not published any book. Write to Brentano's, Union Square, for "Nelson's Boat Building," price $1.

W. E., Yonkers, N. Y.—Percussion caps are primed with fulminate at the manufactory. You cannot reprime them yourself.

H. N. P., Amherst, N. H.—The price of Greener's new book will be announced in our advertising columns as soon as it is determined.

SWAN.—1. The usual pull for a 9 lb. 10 gauge gun is 4½ to 5 lbs. 2. We have found the party referred to reliable in his dealings with us.

G., Cleveland.—The boats you mention are well spoken of by those who have tried them. Think you will find the work of any good builder give you satisfaction.

Don, Southbridge, Mass.—There is no American book on dog training. The series of papers published in the FOREST AND STREAM March 18, April 8, April 15, April 29 and May 13, sent on receipt of ten cents each.

H., Constantine.—Paper boats, if built in layers, receive a coat of varnish or marine glue between each. Pay outside with marine glue, rub down smooth and shellac varnish over all. Keep a good coating at all times.

J. B. T., Eaton.—1. The guns are both first-class and either one as good an arm as you want. 2. The $30 guns mentioned we should not advise you to purchase. 3. Select a ten or 12 gauge. 4. In a 10 gauge for glass ball shooting use 3½ drs. powder.

W., Golden.—See this week's issue. Bowditch is the standard and in use in the navy. French sextants are considered the best, but are expensive. Write to Merrill Bros., 179 Water street, for prices. Fifty foot yawl built here for $5,000 or more, according to finish.

R. E., Belair, La.—You should be able to purchase a first-class pointer puppy, from five to six months old, for from $25 to $50. Of course the expense of shipment to your place depends upon the distance from your home to the locality where you make the purchase.

C. E. C., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. You should consult an oculist. 2. The gun is a reliable one. 3. You ought to find something better than fowl to shoot. 4. You will find all the goods you mention advertised in this paper. 5 Dixon's and Elery's goods are for sale by the dealers.

J. R. A., Princeton, N. J.—The cost of a guide in the West varies greatly. Probably you cannot get one for less than $3, and from that up. North Park is a good place for antelope, black-tail deer, elk, bear and sage grouse. Besides that there are mountain sheep, dusky grouse and ptarmigan in the mountains.

R. E. P., Milford.—Will you give me the habits of the carp, their weight, and the kind of water most adapted for them? Also if they are a game fish and will rise to the fly? Ans. We are preparing an article on the carp which will soon appear. We doubt their rising to the fly. They grow to forty pounds.

IRVINGTON, N. Y.—1. You can have the proper load for your gun determined by a gun dealer if you have not opportunity to do it yourself. 2. Your can have your gun converted into a modified choke; cost $3 to $5. 3. The thread-edge cartridges are approved by those who have used them. 4. A larger load than 28 grain powder and 200 grains lead cannot well be used in the old model (1866) Winchester .44 cal. 5. The limit of accurate range is about 500 yards.

MUSKEGO, Milwaukee, Wis.—1. The "bulging" of a choke-bore is not uncommon. It cannot be remedied. Does not hurt the gun and will not affect the safety of the barrel. 2. Other brands of the powder, of a higher grade, are cleaner and more expensive. 3. For light weight, 12 gauge, 30 inch barrels, about 8 lbs. 4. The "scroll fence" is the rim around the nipple which was formerly put there to prevent the flying of the fragments of the cap. It is retained in some guns with plungers simply as a survival.

D., Spencerport.—You have given rather too much depth, unless well cut away. Otherwise dimensions 22x8x3 will do. Keel of 16 in. amidships is enough. Rig is too small. Give 18 ft. hoist to mainsail, 15 ft. to jib, 12 ft. hoist and foot to mizzen. Use single jib, stepmast well forward and sail as a cat boat when desired. Materials $250, iron about 2½ tons for $100 cast to fit. Cost complete here about $700. Weight of hull, etc., 2 tons; displacement, 4½ tons, leaving ½ ton leeway. Put 1,500 or 2,000 pounds iron on keel. No more expensive than smaller piece.

S. W. G., Grafton, Vt.—1. What is the "Cuttyhunk style" of bass fishing? 2. What is the name of the fish common in Western lakes and ponds which is known in Michigan as the "bing gill?" It is in many respects like the sunfish, pumpkin seed or river. Ans. 1. It is throwing a heavy bait from the tip of the rod; it will soon be described in the rules for casting at the tournament. 2. It is probably the *Lepomis auratus* according to Jordan. The older ones were called *Pomatis appendix* by De Kay. If it is the fish called "blue gill" in Western New York, as we think, it has long appendages to the opercular flap which are dark blue, also called "long-eared sunfish." There are a great number of species in the sunfishes and some are hard to determine.

SUBSCRIBER, New York.—1. A makes a match with B that he can kill 10 out of 13 birds, loser to pay for birds; match shot under no other rules or specifications whatever, and A makes a separate bet that he will kill the first and last bird in the match. He kills the first and then misses four in succession, when B refuses to allow him to shoot at any more, claiming that the match was finished when it became impossible for A to win, and that he had won the bet and also that A was obliged to pay for 13 birds. A claims that he has a right to shoot at the 13 birds and if he killed the 13th would win the bet. Who is right? 2. Also to whom did the remaining 3 birds belong, after B had refused to allow A to shoot any more and A had paid for the whole 13 birds? Ans. 1. A could justly claim the right to shoot out his 13 birds. The "separate bet" was undecided. 2. He having paid for them they belong to A.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—[Adv.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind. See advertisement of Thacher's Island, to let.

Malarial Fever, Ague and Biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as Hop Bitters arrive.

—A Hamilton, Ont., man paid $15 for three partridges had in possession out of season the other day.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, THE RIFLE, ANGLING AND OTHER FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, AND THE INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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Advertisements.

Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line; outside page, 40 cents. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Reading notices on editorial pages, 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch.

Advertisements should be sent in by the Saturday of each week previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted. We cannot receive new advertisements, nor alter standing advertisements later than Tuesday morning.

Correspondence.

Communications intended for publication must be accompanied with the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith. Anonymous letters will receive no attention.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are invited to favor us with reports of their movements and transactions, and sportsmen and naturalists are urged to contribute to our columns their experiences and observations.

Address.

All communications, of whatever nature, relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper must be directed simply

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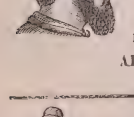
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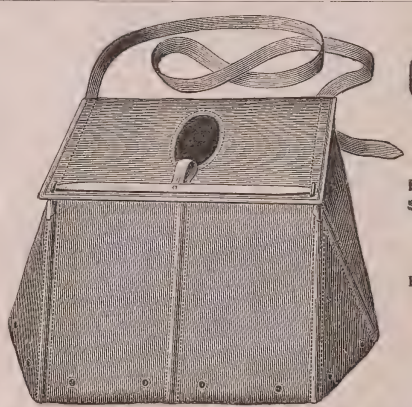
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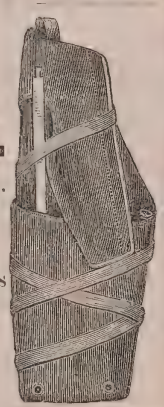
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Wanted.

WANTED—Live Brant (*Anser bernicla*) decoys. Any person having one or more of these geese will receive a good price on application to W. HAPGOOD, 17 Court st., Boston, Mass. Feb17,4t

WANTED Keel Sloop, about 35 ft. long; must be sound, safe and of fair speed, suitable for cruising and hunting. Moderate in price. Send full particulars to K., this office. Mar3,2t

WANTED—The Galveston (Texas) Gun Club want to engage 6,000 pigeons for the State tournament, to take place May 3d to 7th. Please to state how many you can furnish, and at what price delivered in Galveston. Address W. J. HUGHES, Sec., Galveston, Tex. Mar3,4t

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On the Lehigh River; about 15 acres under cultivation; the balance is wooded with a beautiful pine grove, through which a stream of clear spring water runs; abundantly stocked with speckled trout; the finest place in the State for a trout pond; a dam can be put in at a slight cost and it will stock itself with trout. A fine young orchard of about 30 trees on place, which is in grass and will cut about 10 tons of hay per year. All kinds of game and fish in the vicinity. Will sell for $250, one quarter its value, and will take a first-class B. L. gun in part payment. Clear title and possession given at once. A. R. SPICER, Morris, Tioga Co., Pa. Mar3,4t

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FOR SALE—GUS, by Tom (Sensation-Colburn's Belle) out or Blanco, color white, with black ears and points and body spots. Age, 18 months; weight, 55 lbs.; large and stylish; fine speed, endurance and nose; intelligent and staunch before and behind; capable of learning anything and affectionate. Tom and Blanco are both fine field dogs. One thousand birds each over Tom in season of 1879-80. Blanco is of a pure strain of Virginia pointers owned and bred by A. B. Cooke, Esq., of Norfolk, for over 30 years. Gus is sold for a friend, to whom I gave him when he was a pup because he wants the money and for no fault. He is a rare, fine dog, with lots of work in him, and will sell him cheaper to a sportsman than to one who is not. For price, etc., address JNO. S. WISE, Richmond, Va. Mar10,4t

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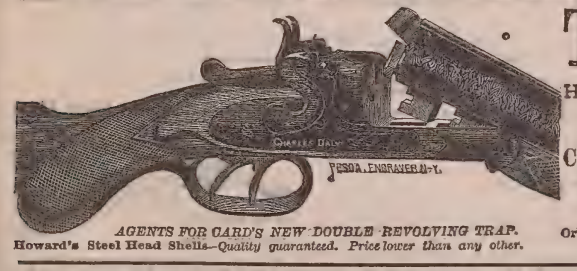
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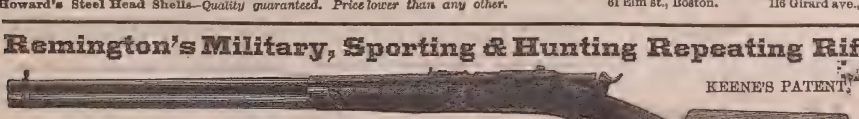


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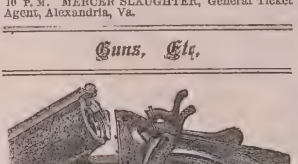
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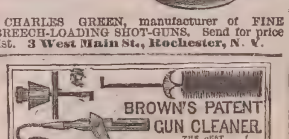
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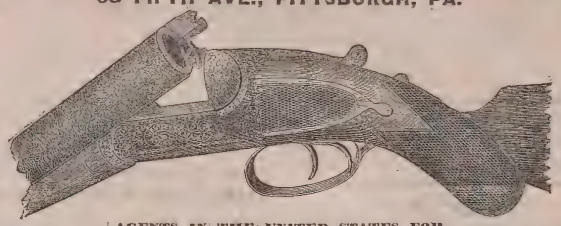
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J. Register	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	01111	11111	11111	11111	11011—48
J. Palmer O'Neil	11111	11111	11111	11111	11110	11111	11111	11110	11011	11111—47
W. S. Bell	11111	11111	11111	11111	11110	11111	11101	11111	11111	11011—47

And in shooting off the tie for second Mr. Bell killed 16 straight at 31 yards rise.

On April 10, 1880, the following score was made at 50 glass balls thrown from Mole's patent rotating trap, 18 yards rise:

J. Register	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11110	10101	11111	11111	11111—47
W. S. Bell	01011	11011	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111—47

On May 26, 1880, same trap and rules:

W. S. Bell	10111	11111	11110	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111—48

On June 2, 1880, same trap and rules, the following remarkable score was made at 50 glass balls:

W. S. Bell	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111—50

At Toledo, Ohio, on June 29, 1880, match, 7 wild pigeons at 21 yards rise, Ohio rules, Mr. Bell killed 1111111—7. Tie, 26 yards rise, 3 birds: 111—3. Tie, 31 yards rise: 111 111 111 111 111—15, winning.

One peculiarity of the Westley Richards new system of boring is the small charges required. In the match of May 5, above referred to, Mr. O'Neil used a 12-gauge, 7-lb. Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, loaded with 3 drs. powder and 1⅛ ozs. of shot. Mr. Bell, in all his shooting, used a 10-gauge, 9-lb. Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, loaded with 4¼ drs. powder, 1⅛ ozs. shot. Mr. Register used a 10-gauge, 9¼ lb. Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, loaded with 4¼ drs. powder and 1⅛ ozs. shot.

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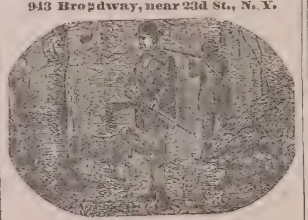
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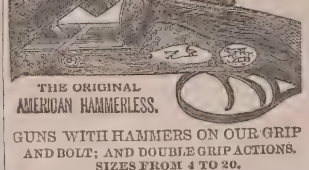
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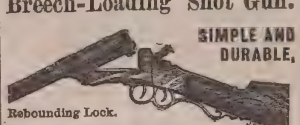
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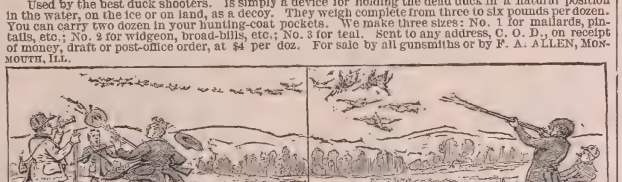
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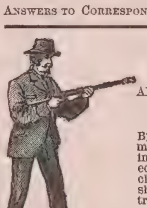
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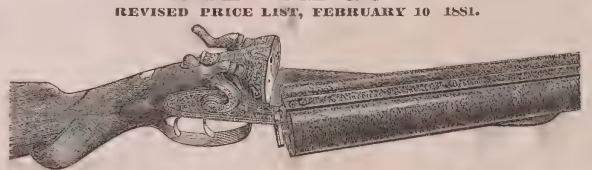
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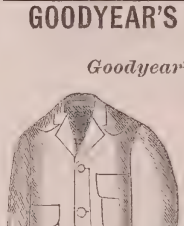
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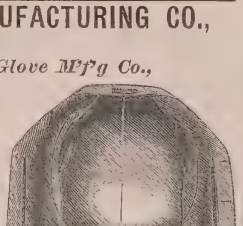
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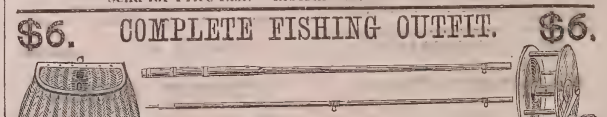
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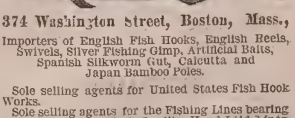
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, March 17.

WHERE SOME GAME GOES TO.

NO one whose attention has not been specially called to the subject is likely to appreciate the rapidity with which the game of North America is being destroyed. The practical extermination of the buffalo has already taken place, though, as will be seen below, there are still enough left in the Northern herd to make the destruction of these animals for their hides a profitable pursuit.

We have time and again called attention to the sickening slaughter of the buffalo, which has for years been taking place in the West, and have urged the protection of the largest of our American mammals by national legislation. Ten years ago adequate laws might have preserved the buffalo. Now no legislation can have that effect. Ten years ago buffalo were plenty in Kansas, Colorado, the Indian Territory, parts of Nebraska, and in many other portions of the West. To-day, except for a few scattering animals, they are extinct in the United States everywhere except in Texas and Montana. How long they will continue to exist in Montana each reader can judge for himself by reading the extract from the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* which we print below:

Your special correspondent, on the train to-day from this place to Fargo, met a gentleman just from Miles City, Montana, where he had been for the past four months buying furs. He left Miles City the 14th instant, and came overland on a buckboard to Bismarck, as all trains on the Northern Pacific west of the Missouri River have been abandoned on account of snow. The firm he represents has bought 18,000 buffalo hides during the fall and winter, and he says 83,000 have been purchased by the buyers at Miles City during the past fall and winter, and the number cannot possibly ever be bought again in one season, as they have been slaughtered by the wholesale. The gentleman referred to is one of the largest fur dealers in Michigan, and for the past five years has been pushing to the front in the fur trade, and says the buffalo are becoming extinct at a rapid rate, and gives it as his opinion that of the 80,000 killed near Miles City this season all but 20,000 were slaughtered for their hides alone. Although the law of Montana prohibits the killing of buffalo for their hides only, this wholesale slaughter continues, and to those on the extreme front it is quite a source of revenue, as the hides have brought this season from $2 25 to $2 75 each.

There are still a few of the so-called mountain buffalo in North Park and in the Yellowstone National Park, and it is really on these that our hopes for keeping alive this magnificent race in North America depend. The Yellowstone Park is a Government reservation, and we believe that it is contrary to law to hunt on it. By the appointment of half a dozen game wardens to patrol the park the game now there could be preserved forever.

Not less disheartening than the destruction of our large game is that of the birds. Quail, prairie chickens, ducks and turkeys are shipped each year from this country to Europe in quantities that seem almost beyond belief. A letter from our correspondent, Mr. D. G. Elliott, the ornithologist, calls attention to this subject, and the clipping from a newspaper given below emphasizes what he says. Little comment is needed on the state of things represented to exist. Each sportsman can read and draw his own conclusions. Here it is:

Every year this country augments its exports to the Old World. One of the recent shipments to Europe is wild game from the West, the trade having assumed considerable proportions. The principal points of shipment are naturally Chicago and St. Louis. It is roughly estimated that the business for the present year in the former city will be about $1,250,000 to $1,500,000, and in the latter much in excess of $1,000,000. A single firm in St Louis has already filled an order for the London market for 1,600 dozens of quail, 1,700 dozens of prairie chickens and 700 dozens of wild turkeys. The birds were closely packed in barrels and put in charge of the stewards of the transatlantic steamers. Ordinarily the bulk of shipments is delivered fresh and sound. The present winter is reported to be very favorable to the procurement of game at the West owing to the unusual fall of snow. Venison has been remarkably plenty there. It is also shipped across the sea in small quantities, and dealers are expecting orders for antelope and bear. These are already shipped East, and the demand is growing. A great many English families will have their Christmas and holiday dinners from American game. Various Chicago and St. Louis dealers say that the wild game trade is yet in its infancy, and predict that before a great while it will reach at least $10,000,000 a year.

Now, if one firm does this amount of business, how much is done by all the game trade of the United States, and how long will the country be able to bear this sort of thing, and still have enough left for the sportsmen? Such a state of things would be remedied by a law prohibiting the exportation of wild game from our ports, and this might be backed by laws in each State forbidding the exportation of game beyond their borders. Such laws would probably be very strongly opposed by a certain portion of the community, but is it not necessary that something should be done for the protection of our game? As long as the exportation of game is going on on such a stupendous scale the time and money expended by the friends of protection can avail but little to increase the supply of our birds. We credit the workers in the cause of game protection with a great deal of charity, but we do not believe that they are willing to labor as they have been doing simply to swell the pockets of the dealers in game. What are the sportsmen going to do about it?

DEATH OF MR. L. H. ABBEY.—We record with sorrow the death of Lorenzo Harris Abbey, of the well known firm of Abbey & Imbrie, manufactures and dealers in fishing tackle at 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

Mr. Abbey was for a long time a well-known angler. He was in his fifty-ninth year, and for the past three years his health has been so bad that he has devoted himself almost entirely to angling, and in the hope that the climate of Florida would benefit him he went there on February 26, but without avail. He died at Jacksonville on the 15th of the month, of hydro-thorax. Mr. Abbey was for ten years a clerk of the old firm of Andrew Clerk & Co., and was afterward admitted as a partner in the concern, where he remained for four years until it was succeeded by the present firm, January 1, 1875.

BRITISH vs. AMERICAN TROOP.

GEN. HANCOCK, the new President of the National Rifle Association, has an opportunity for a grand movement in rifle matters if he can and will only improve it. If he can manage to bring together teams of American and British soldiers in such a match as that for the Hilton Trophy he will revive interest in rifle matters and gain credit for himself and the association of which he is the head—a fair test between our Springfield system and the Martini-Henry weapons of the British army. Five years ago, to propose such a match on behalf of the regulars of the United States would have been to place them in a position for sure and positive defeat. The weapon was as good then as now, but the men were not able to use it; and this deficiency Gen. Hancock was the first among army officers of prominence to discover. It was due to his encouragement that the regulars made their appearance at Creedmoor; and the Division of the Atlantic has made some creditable showings at Creedmoor several seasons before the other military divisions of the country were represented by teams. It would, therefore, be entirely fit and proper that the Major-General who taught the whole army how to shoot should appear now as the champion of that force against the similar bodies of other countries. It would be exceedingly difficult to found any reliable estimate of the outcome of such a match. The Hilton Trophy provides for shooting at 200, 500 and 600 yards only. To such low ranges the English shooters would very properly object. The Martini-Henry is a hard-hitting weapon, with charge enough to carry with accuracy up to 1,000 yards. On the Wimbledon Common the second stage of the Queen's Competition is fought with it, and in case of any international team match, the troop armed with that weapon would insist very properly on having it tested to the utmost. The Springfield of the ordinary issue while an excellent mid-range arm would not do good work at the long ranges, nor have the men in the army at the several forts where practice is carried on attempted any records at ranges of from 800 to 1,000 yards. With the improved Springfield, however, it would be entirely possible to make a creditable showing at any range which could be covered by the Martini-Henry.

Of course, there may be trouble in getting two such teams together. Considerable time would be consumed in unraveling the red tape which would surround the proposition; but that the match would be popular and that it would provoke discussion where it is most needed there can be no doubt. Long-range, small-bore shooting is of interest, in a strictly shooting sense, to a comparatively few. What has been done in this way has been of great interest to shooters everywhere; and the lessons of that practice have been taken up by the makers of military arms, so that the matches which we have been having for the past few years have a real bearing on the proposed military match.

The British rifleman and soldier should be, it strikes us, heartily in favor of such a match. Just now the marksman of Great Britain is under somewhat of a cloud. In small bore work he has tried in various ways to gain a victory over the American shooters, and all he has to his credit is the defeat of a company of American gun drummers, even if there be any credit in the routing of the commercial travelers' brigade. There is apparently little disposition on the part of the Britishers to make any further struggle for the long-range championship and the Palma. But Great Britain has an expensive military establishment. For years past rifle instruction has been an important part of the training given her soldiers. To be sure the Boer outbreak seems to be a very recent demonstration that much of the rifle training of the British soldier is of a nominal sort. But the fact remains that, in everything that should make him a superior marksman, he has had superior advantages to his American fellow in arms.

If we cannot have a match among the regulars we can at least have one with the militia of this side matched against the volunteers of England. In arms, experience and familiarity with shooting matters this would make a very even contest. Both forces are built up of civilians, and in neither case would the men be considered other than amateurs in the art of war. There would be less breaking of precedent in such a match, and possibly a great deal less of formality to be circumvented before the men were brought

to face the butts. It would be popular, and could only be productive of good to all concerned, and failing the regular team match, the match of Wimbledon vs. Creedmoor would be an interesting and important one.

THE AMERICA CUP.

As announced in these columns a full fortnight ahead of all its contemporaries, the new sloop building by Cuthbert, of Trenton, Ont., will probably turn up in our waters this summer with her fighting flag at the peak, and a picked racing crew to try her chances for the coveted America Cup. It will be a case of Greek meeting Greek, for Cuthbert's sloop is of the centre board tribe, and in general dimensions and type will not materially differ from our own Gracies, Mischiefs and Arrows. While the match will be none the less international in its political aspect, it will be devoid of the one feature which has made us look forward to the advent of foreign racers in our waters with all absorbing interest. The question of superiority of type, of differences in performance, as well as in appearance, rig and fittings, will not enter into contest, and the match will virtually be reduced to a trial between two individual sloops, both of which may fairly be taken as representatives of American "evolution," though built a thousand miles apart, and on different sides of the line. We learn that an official challenge is to be issued for the new craft in the name of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, of Belleville, Ont., one of the most spirited and flourishing of the clubs of the great fresh water lakes. With heavy odds in our favor in the way of greater experience, a course in well-known home waters and weather, and the prestige of previous battles won, the enterprise displayed by our Canadian cousins is certain to meet with hearty commendation. In the schooner matches for the cup a few years ago, the Canadians received fair enough terms, and from what we know of the intentions of the trustees of the cup, equally sportsmanlike conditions will be extended to all comers in the future. The day has fortunately passed when we would insist upon naming a different vessel for every heat according to the weather, after having got the gauge of the stranger, nor is it at all likely that we will again attempt to weight the scales in our favor by sailing a whole fleet of big and little against a single foreigner in the expectation of crowding him out by b'anketing or fouling while some of our vessels have a clear course to themselves and out of the whole fleet some one is sure to find it "just her weather," while the challenger may be all out of sorts in the same wind and sea. The plea that the America won in 1851 from a fleet of British ships is a weak one and will not hold. The lot of old pumpkin-seeds she met belonged, with one or two exceptions, to a by-gone age, were not half the tonnage of Steers' schooner, and were out of the hunt when they hove about for the second or third hitch through the waters of the Solent. Besides, what the America did or did not do has really no bearing on the case. Granted that the deed of trust is open to two interpretations, as claimed by some, it is clearly our business to extend to challenging yachts terms which shall be fair to-day and show no favor to either side. To win from a foreigner as we did from Cambria, pitted against a fleet of racing machines over a tidal course by blanketing and putting the stranger about against the rules of the road, ought to seem barren and inglorious enough to prevent the repetition of such tactics. Fortunately there will be no fresh opportunity for concocting a special rule of measurement to handicap the Canadian should she make her number in the harbor; for in the coming match "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and we are unwilling to believe that public sentiment would permit any such doctoring as we have heard whispered might be the case if a narrow, long-legged cutter had made the voyage across the Atlantic in search of glory and "the cup." We do not believe that the New York Y. C. would lend countenance to any such underhand scheme, now that its members at large are far better posted and appreciate their trust with much more understanding than they did some years ago. Let the Canadian come with credentials which cannot be questioned, and she is sure to find us ready and anxious to show fight in a manner becoming to a sport essentially under the control of gentlemen. If Cuthbert's sloop carries away the international silverware, homeward bound, from such a smart and perfect production as Mischief, for example, we will know how to take defeat like men, and we are prepared to cheer the stranger as a craft about as near perfection as will ever be laid down on similar principles. We have not yet seen the new ship's lines or sail draft, but, reasoning by analogy, venture to believe the cup will remain south of the St. Lawrence for some time to come, as long as we are to meet only yachts of our own national type.

It is a Source of Sincere Congratulation to all friends of game protection that the proposed new game law, indorsed by the Long Island Association, has been modified. We reported last week the changes recommended by the members of the Committee of the New York Association, which were substantially as follows:

That the penalties should not be the same for unequal crimes. That the word "willful" should be stricken out of the entire bill excepting in the clause relating to trespassing. That the law on ducks be changed so that the open season commences the first of September. That the law in regard to small fish should not apply to the fisherman who catches them with rod and reel; and that all contraband game should be surrendered to the officer appointed for that purpose in twenty-four hours after it had been received, or the party having the same would be liable to prosecution. The law on summer woodcock shooting is to apply to Long Island only, also the words "voluntary surrender or," have been stricken out of the bill.

These changes, having been laid before the special subcommittee of the Long Island Association, were accepted.

The law is now in such a shape that it commends itself to the favor of sportsmen.

We still believe that bill is not perfect, that the season for selling various kinds of game is too long; but we think also that, as it now stands modified, it is an improvement on the present law.

The Business Community of this City has abundant reason to rejoice over the nomination of Mr. H. G. Pearson as Postmaster. This appointment was demanded by the public sentiment of New York, and President Garfield, in acknowledging the force of this universally expressed desire, has deserved the thanks of all residents of this city. Mr. Pearson has had a long experience in the Post Office, and has enjoyed the benefit of Mr. James' experience and example. He is, of course, familiar with that gentleman's methods, and has ably seconded him in the many reforms which he has inaugurated in the New York Post Office.

Mr. Pearson is known as a faithful and intelligent public servant, and while he is Postmaster New York may expect a service which, for promptness and general efficiency, shall be second to none in the world. It is not too much to hope that our present Postmaster will be as useful and as popular as our last—the best that New York has ever known—who will now in Washington extend to the country at large the advantages that we in this city have enjoyed for years. We are happy to believe that there is no doubt that Mr. Pearson's nomination will be confirmed by the Senate.

A Trip Through the Provinces, whether it costs one or two hundred dollars, is certainly worth taking. The traveler, if he have the powers of observation which all successful sportsmen must possess, cannot fail to see much both in the country and the people that will be new to him as well as interesting.

In the contributions bearing on this subject which we have recently published, many facts have been elicited which will be of use to those of our readers who intend to penetrate the district referred to.

We are always glad to allow the fullest discussion of any subject in our columns, and so have given full swing to Mr. Fay, Mic-Mac and Manhattan; nor would we now check the consideration of the subject could further argument serve any useful purpose. As it is we feel that it must now give place to other matter, and, therefore, after Mr. Fay's reply to Mic-Mac's article in this week's issue, the discussion will cease.

We All of us Desire to be Considered "true sportsmen," but do we consider how dreadfully the term is abused nowadays? Truly, except that unhappy substantive "gentleman," we scarcely know of a word that is more misused and misapplied.

The voice of a true sportsman speaks to-day in our Natural History column, and we commend its utterances to every one of our readers.

We are all far too apt, in the hurry and eagerness of pursuit, to let our excitement get the better of us, to kill too much, to do things of which in our cooler moments we should be ashamed. When, therefore, such an admonition comes to us, when a sportsman, who is at the same time a thoughtful, tender-hearted man—a true gentle man—reminds us of our duty, let us lay the admonition to heart and try to carry the lesson with us when we next shoulder our gun or set up our rod.

"Paddle and Portage" is the attractive title which Mr. Steele has adopted for his new book which is now in preparation. The route over which the party traveled last year was from Moosehead Lake to the Aroostook River, Maine, a country which for book making purposes has all the charms of novelty and beauty of scenery. Mr. Steele obtained a great number of photographic views, which we understand have been hailed with delight by the well-known New York artists, Messrs. Benj. Day and Chas. Graham, who are to illustrate the book. The success of Mr. Steele's "Canoe and Camera" warrants the expectation that its supplementary volume will meet a warm reception.

The Brighton Aquarium.—We regret to learn that Mr. Francis Francis, the well-known Fishery Editor of the *Field*, has resigned his post of Naturalist Director of the Brighton Aquarium. Mr. Francis has brought the Aquarium to a pitch of perfection which was the admiration of scientific men, even so as to win the approval of as conservative a man as Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, and now, just as he has done this, he has resigned. It is evidently the duty of the Board of Directors to refuse to accept his resignation. Properly managed aquaria are one of the sources of learning, and but few men in the world can manage one. We hope that the next time we visit Brighton we will find Mr. Francis at his old post.

A New Steamer for the Fish Commission.—Congress has appropriated $103,000 to build a new steamer for the Fish Commission to be adapted to purposes of sea dredging and investigation. The Fish Hawk is essentially a river steamer intended for hatching. The new steamer will take the place of the tug Speedwell which has heretofore been detailed from the navy for this purpose, and being built for research will have all the modern appliances and be built with this end in view, and, therefore, more effective.

Good Wine Needs no Bush, and the works of Frank Forester, ever deservedly popular with sportsmen, need no special commendation. A new edition of the sporting scenes and sketches by this graceful writer has just been issued by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, having been edited by Will Wildwood, who is well known as an enthusiast on the subject of Herbert and his writings.

This edition contains a life of Herbert, a new introductory chapter and other new matter.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE 'LISHA'S SPRING GUN.

Uncle 'Lisha Peggs was the owner of a small farm lying so near the Green Mountains that his woodlot was on a westering slope of one of their spurs, and the "black growth" of balsam and spruce crept down to the upper edge of the sugar bush. His acres were too few to keep him steadily employed in their tillage, and so, in slack times, as well as in evenings and rainy days, he mended the boots and shoes of his neighbors, and was sometimes persuaded, as a special favor, to exercise the craft to the extent of building a pair of leathern conveniences. These productions could not be praised for their beauty, for the builder did not hold greatly to snug fits. If the sole of the wearer's foot set fairly on the inner sole of the boot and there were two or three points of contact with the uppers, his ideal of a perfect fit was realized.

He "'callated his stogies 'ould turn water like a cabbage-leaf if you gin 'em a dost o' taller or mushrat'ile onct a week, an' wear julluk iron, an' when a feller onct got 'em broke they sot dreffle easy"—all of which was true, and especially the dreadfulness of the easiness.

One Sunday, late in summer time, when the sun shone hot from a brassy sky through a smoky haze that blurred the shadows' edges and the grass was slippery with drouth, and the locust gave voice to the parching heat, Uncle 'Lisha had performed the duty of church attendance, smoothing his way through it with a comfortable nap, and had eaten his Sunday dinner. He was now taking another nap in his "Windsor chair," atilt on the stoop, his head and face smotheringly protected from the flies by the broad "bendinah hankerdher," used only on Sundays, at weddings, funerals and county fairs. At last an exploring fly found his way under the edge of this expanse of dotted red silk, and got so far on his tour of discovery as the entrance of one of the caverns in the mountain of 'Lisha's nose, into which he was suddenly drawn by a sort of whirlwind, whereupon ensued a commotion which must have seemed to him, at least an earthquake or a tornado. He was cast forth by a tremendous blast, the silken canopy was blown away, the chair came down on its four legs with a bang that awakened Aunt Jerusha on her decorous patchwork couch in the darkened bedroom, the cat from her siesta and set the fowls to cackling.

Of course Uncle 'Lisha was broad awake, and looking in to tell Aunt Jerusha that "the darn'd flies wouldn't let a feller sleep, an' he guessed he'd go up an' see how the corn looked," rammed the bandana into the chamber of his bell-crowned beaver as if loading a cannon, and then putting his head in for a ball, held across lots in his shirtsleeves, his Sunday boots creaking soberly among the fading daisies of the pasture, clattering against them a jerky tattoo. He forded, dry-footed, Stony Brook, now more stony than watery, and went through the corner of the sugar bush, where the giant trees were healing their spring wounds in the summer sunshine, and past the silent shanty hovering sap tubs and the upturned potash kettle, with squirrels and mice for housekeepers.

Beside this lay the two acres of corn, the long leaves rolled by the heat into slender spikes, making the rows indeed "spiky ranks of maize," between which the pumpkins trailed their dark vines overhung by their own drooping leaves, pigeon grass and rag weed, with here and there a yellowing globe shining through the rank growth, but not yet so bright as the golden chalices out of which the bees were drinking honey. The pollen of the tassels powdered the leaves, and the fray of silk at the end of the ears was turning from pale green to brown, showing that the kernels were set and well on in the milk and would soon begin to glaze in the furnace of August. In spite of the dry weather, the promise of a crop was very comforting to Uncle 'Lisha, till as he wandered through the rustling rows he came to the upper edge of the field nearest the dark woods, so near that their balsamic odors spiced the cloying sweetness of the corn.

Here had been havoc. Stalks were torn and trampled down, ears stripped and munched and trodden into the earth as if a herd of swine had been at large among them.

"Coons!" cried Uncle 'Lisha, as at first he stood aghast. "Darn'd if I don't get them Lovel boys to come up here with their hounds to-night! no, to-morrow night."

Then as his eye caught in the mellow soil the imprint of a clawed foot as big as his hand, he started with something like alarm. "Good airth and seas! it's a cussed bear! Yes," he said, as he plucked a tuft of long dark fur from the thorns of a blackberry by the fence, "it's a cussed bear!" Then, as he remembered the day, he apologized to his Sunday clothes—"Wall, he is a cussed bear! Why couldn't he a' eat blackberries, 'stead a spilin' ten bushels o' corn. Dutten corn, too, none o' your nasty Tucket! Gol darn 'im, I'll set a spring gun for him to-night—no, to-morrer night!" And he set his face homeward, full of wrath and news, bearing in his hands a tuft of bear's fur and a munched ear of corn, in proof of the righteousness of the one and the truth of the other.

Monday forenoon was spent by him in warning his neighbors that he was about to set a spring-gun, so that coon hunters and cross-lot travelers might not run into danger in his cornfield, and the afternoon in rigging the deadly contrivance.

First he loaded his ancient piece, which when set upright was taller than himself, with the old military charge, a ball

and three buckshot on top of half his palmful of powder; then bearing the gun and his axe to the edge of the cornfield, he cut two stout stakes three feet long, which he drove into the ground about four feet apart, and then split the tops downward far enough to allow the gripe of the gun to be forced into the cleft of the first and the barrel into that of the second, so that the line of fire should be according to established rule—"at the hayth of the outside bone of a feller's knee." Close to and opposite the lock he drove another stake, on top of which he fixed a short lever with one end resting against the front of the trigger. To the other end, when the work was completed, was attached a line of elm bark, rubbed with earth to dull its too conspicuous whiteness and stretching out sixty or seventy feet beyond the gun muzzle, running at intervals through cleft stakes, wedged to keep them from pinch ng it.

When Uncle 'Lisha's task was done, and he straightened his long-bent back with his palms and gave a last critical look at his infernal machine, he could see no reason why it should not do its deadly work if the bear would do his part. So toward sundown he primed the gun and, setting it at full cock, left it to guard the cornfield. Hoping to get a booming dispatch that should tell the death of the operator of his telegraph, he hardly got into his accustomed heavy sleep till midnight, but was not awakened from it by any sound till cockcrow.

Then, when the rayless sun was rising like a red moon above the ridge of the mountain, he went to the cornfield and found everything undisturbed, no more corn destroyed, and the old gun asleep with beads of dew on its rusty barrel. He made it harmless for the day by brushing the priming out of the pan and setting it at half-cock.

"Las' night warnt his night," he said, "but he'll come tonight, see 'f he don't!" and went home.

Toward nightfall he put the spring gun on guard again. As in the gloaming he leaned over "do' yard" fence, smoking a meditative pipe, with his eastern ear unconsciously cocked toward the cornfield, he became aware of an intermittent glow a furlong down the lonely road that outshone the flashing of the fireflies. It was somebody's pipe, and as it drew nearer its dim light revealed the features of Antoine Bassette, a self-exiled Canadian "patriot," who had fought and fled with Papineau and had taken shelter here, safe from the lion's paw even in the edge of the eagle's nest, where he was hatching out into an American citizen, chipping the shell with brave pecks at the speech and customs of Yankee land. Thus far in his life's pilgrimage he had shuffled along in moccasins, but as he drew near to naturalization he aspired to boots, which, having been bespoken and duly measured for, were the cause of his visit to Uncle 'Lisha.

"Bushoo, musheer," said 'Lisha, airing his French in the twilight.

"Bon soir, monsieur," politely responded Bassette, and then, with more faith in his own English, poor as it was, than in 'Lisha's French, good as its owner thought it:

"Prob'ly you got dem boot done, Oncle 'Lisha, don't it? Wal, prob'ly it ain't. Wal, ah don' care, you gat heem done fore soon, prob'ly. One man tole me bear heat mos' all up you corn, Oncle 'Lisha, an' you goin' catch heem wid gawn. Dat so, Oncle 'Lisha, hein? You tink it bear, Oncle 'Lisha? Wal, ah guess it Beers' hole saow, me. Sacre cochon! heat all ma patack. Daam hole pig like dat! You gat good gawn, Oncle 'Lisha? Ah spose so, prob'ly, good gawn keel bear? Da a no bear you co'nfeel. Beers' hole saow. Ah hope you gawn keich heem, me. You gat dat boots did, Oncle 'Lisha?"

And not till now did 'Lisha find a chance to answer that they were not done and that he was sure it was not neighbor Beers' hog that had done the mischief in the cornfield, for he had seen plainly the tracks of a bear and had found fur such as never grew on swine.

The boots were so near completion that a half hour's work would make them ready for the torture of the poor Canuck.

"Come in, Ann Twine, come in, an' I'll finish 'em up to rights." So saying, Uncle 'Lisha led the way into his little shop and lighted the candle which, stuck in the end of a jointed wooden sconce, illumined his nightly labors. Then he deliberately donned his leather apron, lowered himself into the polished leathern seat of his shoe bench, set his iron-rimmed, owl-eyed spectacles astride his nose, fished out the boots from a clutter of clumsy lasts, broad slabs of sole leather, rolls of cowhide and sheepskin, gave his long shoe knife a rasping on the peculiar coarse, gritty stone used only by shoemakers, and was ready for work, or would have been if the sharp knife had not reminded him of a story which he began to tell, the edge of the knife and the boot, held between his knees, sharing, by turns, his admiring glances.

"Ann Twine, when my father lived in Connecticut he knowed a man that had a shoe-knife julluck that 'at was the cutest thing to cut bread with anybody ever see, so't they use to send for the shoemaker to go to taverns when the' was trainin's and to housen when the' was gret weddin's, an' such crummuxes, jest a puppus to cut the bread. Onct the' was a great shearin' to Colonel Leavenworth's 'at kep a thousand sheep an' had twenty shearers an' big doin's genally, an' they sent for him to"—

But he did not finish his story that night, for just then the heavy air was torn by a loud report, so startling in the midst of the outer stillness that had been broken only by the steady creak of the crickets, that it might remind one of the signal gun of some savagely-beleagured block-house of the olden time, and 'Tater Hill hurled back an echo like an answering gun from another fort and Hog's Back another, and mingling with the swelling and dying reverberations was an angry yell as of attacking Indians.

"Good airth an' seas!" cried Uncle 'Lisha, scattering his exclamations, his spectacles and the boot from the shoe bench to the do'yard gate, as he rushed out, brandishing his knife.

"Come on, Ann Twine, come on, I've got him!"

He was half way across the pasture before Antoine decided to follow him, and the Canadian barely kept the valorous old Yankee in sight in the hazy moonlight as he stumbled across the stony field and splashed through the brook and quite lost him among the shadows of the maples, but found him again in the cornfield just in time to see him charge upon a writhing black object, the bear, sorely hit with the ounce ball and buckshot. The fray was short, the bear sank out of it in a limp heap and his conqueror crept out of it, groaning.

"Oh! Ann Twine, be you here?" he gasped. "The dummed eternal critter's tore all my insides out, but I've gathered up the best on 'em an' I'm goin' to try to git home with 'em."

As he became more clearly revealed to the terrified Frenchman in the hazy light of the harvest moon, he was seen to be stooping painfully along, bearing some burden in his gathered apron.

"Oh, sacre! sacre! sacre! Da's too bad, Uncle 'Lisha, too bad, too bad! Oh, sacre! By gosh, sacre!" He had seen nothing so terrible in the Papineau war. "Oh! what ah do, Uncle 'Lisha, what ah do?"

"You can't help me here none, Ann Twine, but you cut fu' the house an' git onter the hoss an' put fur the doctor. Mabby he c'n stuff 'em back so they'll answer for a spell."

Antoine sped across fields with a face whiter than the moon that shone above him at a pace which had distinguished the close of his military career. He shot himself into the kitchen of the little farmhouse and gave placid Aunt Jerusha a dreadful shock with the dire tidings that "Oncle 'Lisha keel bear an' bear keel heem! Hole man dead an' bringen' hissif home in hees aprum! Ah go for doctor rat off!"

The next minute he was in the barn, saddling the old horse, and five minutes later went clattering down the road at a lumbering gallop toward the doctor's, five miles away.

Poor Aunt Jerusha went hurrying across the pasture to give her wounded lord such succor as she could, with an unwonted sickness at her stout heart. It was a sufficient sign of her trepidation and alarm that she had forgotten to put on her sun-bonnet. Halfway across the field, 'Lisha became discernable against the dull whiteness of the mouse-ear and everlasting of the sterile hillside. As they approached each other, he seemed indeed to be bringing himself home in his apron, as the Frenchman had said, stooping over a burden in that garment which was gathered in both his hands.

"O, father, be you dead?" sobbed Aunt Jerusha, in a voice strangely mixed of shrill and deep tones.

"No, mother, I ain't dead; but I guess I'm goin' to be. The 'tarnal critter has tore me all to pieces! My heart an' lights an' stummeck is inside yet, but I guess he's scooped out all the rest on 'em."

"O, what kin I do for ye, father; what kin I do?" cried the wife. "Antoine's gone lickaty split arter the doctor, an' 't can't be long 'fore he'll come. I do' know as I could git 'em back right if I tried, but I'll try 'f ye say so, father."

"No, mother," 'Lisha answered, weakly; "you can't do nothin', only keep along with me, jist as ye allers have, Jerusha," he added, with a tremulous tenderness in his voice that reminded her of its tones when she was young and fair Jerusha Chase, of Sunday nights, left forty years behind in their plodding journey.

So they went slowly homeward, she, when they came to the fences, making a way for him to pass through. When at last they got home, the good old wife put him and his burden tenderly to bed in clothes and apron, tipped him a stiff dose of cherry rum into oneness, and then with the housewifely instinct strong upon her even in the midst of trouble, put things "to rights" for the doctor's visit, and as quietly as possible awaited that event.

Some neighbors to whom Antoine had scattered out crumbs of the burden of news as he journeyed toward the doctor's, came dropping in to offer their help with the ready kindness of our primitive communities. But there was nothing for them to do. Two or three of the oldest women sat in the little bed-room where Aunt Jerusha watched beside her husband, whom she dared not doubt was soon to leave her alone in this end of the world, for their only son had settled in "the 'Hio," then almost at the other end of the world. The other women sat primly against the walls of the "square room," some telescoping their sun-bonnets together and magnifying in whispers the latest neighborhood gossip.

The men lounged in the doorways or against the side of the house and dooryard fence, and told in low voices their experience with bears and discussed this most recent and tragic one.

"Uncle 'Lisha hedn't fit bears much," said one gaunt farmer who loved hunting more than farming; "'f he hed he wouldn't a tackled one with a shoeknife."

"It don't somehow seem noways fair t' set spring guns and traps and such for varmints, 'thout it's skunks an' mink an' mush-rats. I'd rather shute one bear n' t' trap ten. They ha' no more instinc' about a trap 'n a skunk hes!"

"Wall," drawled an untimely jester, "skunks hes outstink!"

"But then," apologized another, less a sportsman than the first two speakers, "he was a eatin' all Uncle 'Lisha's corn, 'n the'd got to be suthin' did. Gol darned ef I wouldn't kill a bear any way I could if I hed to pizen him."

"That would spile the skin," objected one, with an eye to the main chance, "'n I d' know but 'twould the ile; sartainly 'twould the meat."

"Dot rot bear's meat," cried the despiser of bears, "I'd jes' 's soon eat snake's meat!"

"Wall," remarked the joker, "I've hearn o' folks 'at liked snake's meat. I'd a leetle druther hev bear. It all depends on how a feller was brung up, 'n we never hed no snakes cooked 't our house."

"Wonder 'f Uncle 'Lisha's bear's fat?" queried the thrifty man. "'f he is 't 'ill be quite a help to the widder. Bear's ile is wuth suthin' consid'able."

"Wall, there!" exclaimed the gaunt hunter, unlooping himself from the fence, "why haint we thought to go an' fetch him hum 'stead a-loafin' round here doin' nothin? Come on, men, git a axe to cut a pole an' a rope to tie his legs together, no, the line of the gun 'll do for that."

And so, the axe found, a half dozen of them started across the field and faded out of sight long before their voices were drawn beyond hearing.

The doctor had been aroused from his s'umbers by Antoine's loud summons to "Come up to Oncle 'Lisha. Bear tore his eenside all off, an' he don' gat ma boot done, mos'."

The first of the small hours found the rough but kindly old mediciner at 'Lisha's door before the bearers had returned with the dear-bought spoil.

"Now, come in here with me, you two chaps," he said, selecting a couple of stout hearts, "and bring each on ye a candle. Well, 'Lisha," looking at his patient intently and examining his pulse, "you don't 'pear so very bad off. Guess we can fix you up for another bear fight yet! Now, men, hold the lights," and he put on his spectacles, rolled back his cuffs and turned down the folds of the leather apron. He carefully touched and closely inspected for a moment what was disclosed, then his face flushed angrily and the candle bearers were horrified to see him gather up the trailing mass in both hands and hurl it across the room, roaring:

"You confounded old fool! these all belong to the bear!"

Though 'Lisha had received some ugly scratches, he had suffered no serious injury and was able next day to finish Antoine's boots. And in consideration of his services in the old man's hour of sore trial he was made happy, until he had worn them a day, by having them given him outright.

AWAHSOOSE.

Keep the kidneys healthy and unobstructed with Hop Bitters and you need not fear sickness.

"A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES."

BOSTON, March 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I hurriedly snatched off the letter which you were kind enough to print in your issue of the 24th ult. I had no idea of entering into a controversy. I simply wanted to correct some statements made as to the chances of getting good shooting in the provinces during a short trip and at a slight expense, which statements I knew from my own personal experience to be such as would give an erroneous idea of the capabilities of that country in that respect.

I endeavored to do so in as gentlemanly a manner as was consistent with having to contradict certain statements made. I was especially induced to do so as I remembered an article on the subject of salmon fishing by the same author which was exactly of the same nature. To the latter, however, I merely referred, as having been (it seemed to me) very thoroughly and properly refuted by "Manhattan." I should be perfectly willing to let the matter rest there, and leave it to the intelligence of your readers to decide whether I had or not shown that misstatements had been made, were it not that in his answer to me, the author of "A Trip Though the Provinces" demands from me an answer to several questions, and takes it upon himself to state that he does not believe that I ever took a salmon, and that personally I know little of certain rivers in New Brunswick. As far as my article goes it would not be of any importance if such were the case, as I merely spoke of his advice with regard to shooting. However, as he has made the statement, I will say that in 1878 a friend and myself were in camp fourteen days on the Nepisiquit River, part of the time on the rough waters, where we paid the government license of $1 a rod per diem, and part of the time at the Pabineau Falls and at Lanegan's camp at the Chain of Rocks, where we were enabled to go by the invitation of one of the gentlemen who leased the river from the Canadian Government, to whom we had letters of introduction, and who was kind enough to extend this hospitality to us. During this time we fished every pool in the river from the Chain of Rocks down, that is every pool except those at the camp at the Great Falls. These we did not fish as there was another party there, but we did go up in our canoes to see the Great Falls. During this trip we (two rods) killed thirty-two fish, salmon and grilse.

The following year we went into camp again on the rough waters, and in two days killed one grilse apiece. As the prospect was not very encouraging we broke camp, put ourselves in light marching order, went up to the Great Falls, portaged over them, poled up the Nepisiquit as far as Portage Brook, between seventy and eighty miles from our starting point, Bathurst; portaged over into Upsalquita Lake and down the Upsalquita River into the Restigouche, and down the Restigouche to Cambelltown, from where we took the railroad back to Bathurst, the round trip in canoes being not less than 200 miles. As we had no permit to fish for salmon, we did not take our salmon tackle with us on this trip, nor did we endeavor to do what could very easily have been done at the Great Falls of the Nepisiquit, try to get hold of salmon on our trout rods. Both there and paddling down the Upsalquita and Restigouche rivers we could undoubtedly have taken a few salmon, and certainly no questions would have been asked, but that is not our idea of the way of doing things. Last season we were fortunate enough to be able to under-lease one of the rivers that empty into Gaspe Basin, and we spent ten days in camp there. We killed eight salmon that averaged nearly nineteen pounds (18¾).

By-the-bye, during our first trip, *i. e.*, in 1878, after we broke camp on the Nepisiquit, my friend wanted to profit of the last days before the season closed, and as I had enough fishing for that season I went down to Pokemouche for a few days plover shooting, and he taking one of our men with him went up the little southwest branch of the Mirimachi, having to hire two canoes and three Indians to make up his crew. He killed six or seven fish and joined me on the 2d of September.

I am aware that all this is not a matter of interest to anybody; but it does show that I have taken a salmon and that I do know something of the Nepisiquit, Upsalquita Restigouche, and, through my companion, of the Mirimachi, in spite of Mr. Fay's belief to the contrary. These scores are not very large ones, but still they show that he did have a certain amount of salmon fishing. But how did we get it? The first year through the fact of having friends who were kind enough to give us letters to gentlemen who invited us to fish on their river; the second year we got no fishing to speak of; the third we were lucky enough to be able to sublease a river from a friend. In addition to this personal experience we had with us as canoemen and guides men who know and have been about every salmon river in the Dominion—certainly all that empty into the Bay of Chaleur—and all the important ones on the St. Lawrence, going down to the north shore—almost to the Straits of Belle Isle. These men are very anxious to have us get fishing and have given us all the information on the subject that experts could give, and are on the watch for any possible chance; and yet we have about come to the conclusion that the only way to get salmon fishing is to hire a river which, unfortunately, is beyond the limits of our purses. I have never said or implied or thought that there was no salmon fishing in the Provinces; but I do say and know that it is not to be got by anybody who happens to get two or three weeks spare time and has a hundred dollars in his pocket; and anybody who starts off with any such idea will come back sold. The only open fishing in New Brunswick at present is on parts of the Mirimochi and on the rough waters of the Nepisiquit; to fish the latter of which one dollar a day per rod must be paid. Anybody who fishes elsewhere in that Province for salmon without either hiring or being invited by somebody who does hire, simply poaches. I have no doubt that often pity has been taken on parties who have dropped down there without any definite plans or ideas on the subject, and that the right to fish for a day or two has been granted them; but I do not suppose that any gentlemen would want to start off deliberately with the idea of sponging on somebody. I am accused of lacking careful observation and being more stupid than a schoolboy because I said that from Mr. Fay's account of the expenses one was rather in doubt as to whether he meant one hundred dollars apiece or for the three. I showed, however, that the latter was impossible; but my reason for expressing the possibility of a doubt was that in his list of expenses among the items, "Fares from Boston to Bangor, Bangor to so-and-so, etc., which from the amount must be individual fares, he enters $12.00 for team from Windsor to Chester, which is the amount he states *they* paid for their conveyance. Now, they either paid $36.00 for that team or the amount entered ought to have been $4.00 instead of $12.00,

That is what I call an "inaccuracy." He asks me so many questions that I cannot impose upon your good nature by taking up space enough to answer all of them; but some I will reply to as briefly as possible. My object in going to New Brunswick was the hope of being able to combine fishing and shooting. I returned there because I liked the country and the men that we hired as guides and had sport that satisfied me, although it has been by no means phenomenal. With regard to the expense, I do not care to say anything more than that it has been by no means a cheap trip, judged by Mr. Fay's standard. I have not and do not propose to publish an account of our trips, because, although they have resulted in a great deal of recreation and recuperation, they have been very uneventful and would not interest anybody; and I do not, on the strength of a few weeks' annually spent in the woods, feel competent to give advice to anybody on any subject,—always excepting the right of warning the public against evident misstatements and exaggerations.

Having said this much it will be no more than right for me, however, to make the following statements as to what my knowledge of the country has taught me with regard to its advantages as a resort for parties seeking sport. A party going at the right season, to the proper places, and having proper guides, will be pretty sure to get very good trout fishing, much more so than in the Adirondacks or in the State of Maine. Guides and canoes are cheaper, and the cost of board at the taverns and inns is less, although the accommodations, outside of the large towns, are very poor. At the proper season very fine snipe shooting can be had, also plover, curlew, dough birds, yellow legs, etc. Ducks and geese are abundant, but not easy to get at. Partridges near the settlements are not very plenty; six is the largest bag I ever made. As to taking down dogs I must persist in laying more stress on my own experience, than on the fact that somebody told Mr. Fay that he better bring a "bird" dog with him. I ruined a very promising young setter, who was nicely broken and only needed experience, by taking her up to the Umbagog region some years ago, where the habits of the ruffed grouse are, or were, exactly the same as in the Provinces.

Two years ago I took up to New Brunswick a Gordon setter that I thought a great deal of, and found him absolutely useless for partridges. He was very useful simply as a retriever, but few setters or pointers could stand the exposure of being used to retrieve ducks and geese during the later part of September, to say nothing of the chance of spoiling the delicacy of their mouths in tackling so powerful a bird as a broken-winged black duck or wild gander. Therefore I repeat what I said before, that the best dog to take is a good retriever, *i.e.*, water spaniel, Chesapeake Bay dog, or the regular English curley coated retriever, if such a one can be got. If Mr. Fay has not shot enough over dogs to be able to understand that because a setter or pointer is of use in western quail and grouse shooting by finding the game, pointing it and standing staunchly on point until the sportsman comes up, and that it does not follow necessarily that the same dog will be of use in partridge shooting, where the birds are so tame that they will simply walk away from the dog, and will not get up unless the dog rushes in on them, we simply cannot argue on the subject.

The chances of getting a caribou or moose would, I think, be infinitesimal except after the snow fall in the autumn. Bears are very numerous, but I never knew of a sportsman shooting one. Lastly, the fact that a license of $20.00 in New Brunswick and $50.00 in Nova Scotia, is exacted from non-residents should not be forgotten.

With regard to the information asked about Gaspe Point, as I suppose he refers to the salmon rivers that empty into the Gaspe basin, *i. e.*, the Dartmouth Fork and St. Johns, I can tell him that if he wets a line in either of them he will have to do one of three things, either get an invitation to fish there from one of the lessees, or hire the right to fish there from the lessee, or poach; and in case he does the latter, I can guarantee him that in spite of his previous experiences, questions will be asked.

As I do not, however, imagine that he purposes to fish without the proper credentials, I suppose that he is lucky enough to have one of the other resources to fall back upon, and I congratulate him most sincerely on his good fortune, and wish him all possible success. As far as his advice not to go for a person goes I should be willing to leave it to any unbiased reader as to which of us two has been gone for most savagely. I accept, however, my castigation in good part and should be most happy to shake hands, only if I ever should have that pleasure, I should re-iterate the only point that I have been trying to prove, and that is, that neither good salmon fishing nor good shooting are to be got in a few days and at a small expense in New Brunswick, nor for that matter in any other place, that is known to MIC MAC.

OCTOBER REVERIES.

Ye peaceful hills!
Ye clinging pastures 'neath the rocky slopes,
Where dreaming kine, 'mid haunt of fox and grouse,
Feel reft of man's unwonted hand and room
The rugged face of Nature, envying not
Their fellows in the greener glades below!
Ye fragrant, weird, unfathomable woods!
Within thy mystic labyrinths I trod
A youthful huntsman, eager for the chase;
There, by some fallen giant of thy race,
Whose grizzled garment, rent with storm and death,
Revealed the piteous wounds by tempest given,
I paused with such tense strain of ear and eye
That every sound came fraught with mystery.
The pattering nut, the gently swinging leaf,
Which, winnowing slowly in its downward flight,
Kissed loving partings to its browny mates;
The springing branch, the distant groaning tree,
Which, moved by winds undreamed of at its base,
Too roughly bore the knotted arms together—
All seemed to people the aisles with sound
That when from out the dreamy fictions wrought,
Some hapless partridge stalked the sunlit glade,
I scarce awoke until the fateful gun,
By instinct aimed, startled with keen report
The Nimrod of my soul to life again!
Thenceforth Apollo ruled,
And throbbing pulses beat in unison
To far-off music of the baying hounds.
The stern intent, the half-barbaric mood,
So lately wedded to its sylvan spouse,
In cosmic meditation, swept the bright
And beauteous cobwebs to forgetfulness.
And yet not all forgot! Still oft my thoughts
In pleasant reveries do conjure back
The days by fell and stream. Gray branches lace
Their network 'round the dark secluded pool
Where wood-ducks hide; far overhead the hawk
In easy circles floats on silent wing,
And ringing notes of quail, from stubbles brown,
Fill up the magic measure of the hour.
Flung over all I catch thy russet glow,
Thy mellow golden tint, O, Nature fair,
And view thee at thy loveliest, richly clad
In the bright garb of thy October days!

WENTWORTH WADSWORTH.

Natural History.

SNAKES—FACTS AND FABLE.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS was the first to explain the snake's mode of progression. Placing his hand under a moving coluber he felt the ribs come forward like the feet of the caterpillar The ribs are so many pairs of levers, by means of which the serpent moves. The vertebræ forming the spinal column are joined together by ball and socket articulation, thus securing the greatest possible freedom of motion.

To each of these vertebra are attached a pair of ribs; the small ends of these ribs are not united to a sternum, but to a single scale on the abdomen by means of a slender cartilage and a set of muscles. The ribs are the snake's legs and act in progressive order like the legs of the centipede, each pair bringing forward the scale to which it is attached. Therefore, the snake is helpless if placed on glass or polished metal.

The snake is without an eyelid, but his optics are perfectly protected by a hard, transparent membrane over each. In spring when just ready to shed his skin he is almost blind, as then he has two scales over his eye. If we examine the head we will see that the bones of which it is composed instead of being firmly locked together as in mammalia are separate, and retained in their places only by the skin and ligaments. The lower jaw is formed of two bones united in front by a lax membrane.

It is this peculiar formation of cranium and jaw that gives to the mouth of the serpent such marvelous power of expansion. All snakes when shedding their skins crawl out of the front part first quitting the tail last.

Venomous serpents have two effective fangs which are replaced, so that if the perfect ones are removed or broken others are soon ready to supply their place. In all arboreal snakes the tail is very long and highly prehensile. All species of venomous snakes common to the U. S. have short tails and are none of them climbers.

Audubon pictures the rattlesnake chasing a squirrel up a tree, and Waterton says that he climbs trees by muscular contraction; which *no* snake can do. All arboreal snakes ascend the trunks of trees in a straight line, and not by winding around them. The rattlesnake cannot climb a tree at all, yet he gets all the squirrels he requires by the power of his evil eye.

A friend of mine some years ago captured a very large rattler and put him in a box; when he went to look at him next morning he found him dead, with a gray squirrel fast against his fangs. Wilson describes in glowing language a wonderful battle that he witnessed between a mocking-bird and black snake, in which the bird was an easy victor, leaving her enemy mangled and dead at the roots of the magnolia tree in which were her "babes in the nest." Now you can whip a rattlesnake into ribbons with a twig, but the black snake (*Bascadion constrictor*) dies hard. Frank Buckland says that the proper way to kill a snake is to leave his head alone and strike him on the tail. I found last summer in a meadow, some weeks after the harvest, a large black snake that had lost almost half its length by the scythe of the mowing machine. He was alive and active. His tail had been struck, but death was not instantaneous, as Mr. Buckland promised it would be. A mocking bird would be utterly incapable of injuring a black snake in any way I have heard from many a rustic marvelous stories of the deadly hoop snake. He has, they say, near the extremity of his tail, and at right angles with it, a long, sharp spur like that of a cock, but hollow and filled with deadly venom Taking his tail in his mouth, like the great Midgard serpent, he rolls with wonderful rapidity down the slopes of hills, and if any animal is in his path he strikes it with his poisoned weapon and death is instantaneous. If by chance he strikes a tree the leaves wither and it is dead within an hour! I have conversed with different people who claimed to have seen and killed many of these snakes, and yet such animated hoops have never rolled over any part of the good green earth. While hunting in the Alleghanies last autumn, a gentleman told me the following snake story: "Yes," he replied in answer to a query from me, "there are plenty of rattlers here. I once found a den of them on the river bank among the rocks at the foot of the cliff yonder. I could not get to them, you see; so I waited until the first September frost, and then threw over to them a quantity of straw. I knew that as the nights grew chilly they would creep into this to keep warm. So after a while I went out to the cliff and threw over into the straw a blazing pine torch, and soon the whole was wrapped in flames. Such rattling and hissing I never heard before. Hundreds of them were in there, and most all were burned up, and the oil ran down the rocks and floated off upon the water. Some emerged half roasted from the flames, with head and tail erect, wild with pain, and fought each other till they died."

All snakes are excellent swimmers, and can cross wide and rapid streams. Many serpents will hybernate together, frequently of different species, rolled up in balls and hid away in caves and cliffs. Mr. Buckland says that there is a singular snake in South Africa whose principal food is the eggs of birds. His teeth are in his stomach, otherwise, he states, the contents of the eggs would be wasted, as the shells would be broken against his teeth were they placed in his mouth as in other snakes. I once saw a wood-cutter sever a large black snake with his axe, and out there tumbled a half dozen or more of the eggs of the ruffed grouse, not one of which was broken. They appeared to be fresh, and had evidently just been swallowed. It is believed by many that this black rascal kills the rattlesnake, crushing him in his voluminous folds, bites his head off, and swallows him! No snake can bite off another's head. They can neither masticate nor separate their food; they must bolt it entire or not at all. Sportsmen should remember that our game birds have no deadlier foe than the black snake, and should show him as little mercy as he has for the young of the quail or the ruffed grouse.

The Roman historians relate that the army of Regulus, while invading Africa, was assaulted by a monstrous serpent which they finally succeeded in killing with their military engines. The skin, measuring 120 feet in length, was sent to Rome and preserved as a trophy in a temple until the Numantine war.

Diodorus Siculus mentions a serpent which was captured, not without loss of human life, in Egypt, and exhibited in Alexandria. He gives the length as 45 feet. Suetonius speaks of one exhibited in front of the Comitium at Rome measuring 75 feet in length. No serpent has ever been seen in modern times that would measure 40 feet. The skin of a snake may be stretched about one-fourth longer than was the living animal.

The loss of human life by the fangs of venomous serpents is frightful. There were killed in British India alone, by snakes during the three years ending 1869, no less than 25,664 persons! The most deadly of all serpents are the cobra-di-capello, of the Orient, and the bush-master, of South America. The fangs of the latter are said to be quite *three inches* long, and the wounds inflicted by them terrible. Fortunately for us serpents have many enemies, chief of which is man. Swine feed upon them, and they are cut to pieces by the feet of deer. Birds, also, destroy immense numbers; the hawk, eagle, and notably the adjutant are famous snake killers. Then they are cannibals, too, and destroy each other. The keeper of the reptile house at the London Zoo saw his two pythons safe at night, and in the morning there was but one. There was only a foot's difference in their length, and yet the larger had swallowed his mate.

The serpent figures in the folk-lore of every nation. The old sea rovers of the North believed that there was a beautiful blue snake that wore on its head a crown of the finest gold, bedecked with the fairest gems. He was king of the snakes, and the followers of Odin searched for him far and near in many lands, for whoever wore his glittering crown could not be hurt by stroke of sword or thrust of spear.

Bridgeport, W. Va. XIL YORRIS.

The snake with teeth in its stomach to which our correspondent refers is a very interesting reptile, and deserves, perhaps, a description a little fuller than he gives it In this genus, *Deirodon*, the teeth are extremely minute, and are very early lost, and the animal goes through life without any teeth in the true acceptation of the term. It is, however, provided with an apparatus which fulfils one office of teeth, although not situated in the jaws. The hypapophyses or ventral spines of the posterior, seven or eight cervical vertebræ, enter the œsophagus or gullet through the upper walls of that organ, and being sharp pointed and tipped with cement, they must necessarily cut anything that passes by and rubs against them. The serpent swallows the egg without breaking it, and in its passage down the throat it is sawed in two lengthwise by these spines and the contents thus liberated.

It is probable, however, that the gastric juices of most serpents are sufficiently powerful to dissolve the shell of an ordinary egg unaided by any mechanical means.

WHISTLING TO THE SQUIRRELS AND BIRDS.

ONE afternoon last summer when out looking for game I sat down on a pile of rails to rest. Pretty soon I discovered in an oak tree, some twenty yards away, a red squirrel stretched at full length on a limb taking a sun bath.

Instead of raising my rifle and sending a ball through the little fellow (it's a mighty mean "sportsman" that endeavors to kill all he sees) I decided to give him a little pleasure if I could, so I commenced to whistle the air of that once popular ditty, "I love thee, sweet Norah O'Neil."

In a twinkling the squirrel was up on his hind legs, his tail over his back, his head cocked to one side, listening to me; a moment of irresolution and then he scampered down the trunk of the tree to the ground and started toward me; he came a few yards, stopped, set up on end and listened again. I was careful not to move, and kept on whistling; after waiting a moment the little beauty came on, jumped up on the pile of rails, ran along within four feet of me, halted, went up on end again, made an umbrella of his tail, tipped his head to one side, looked at me with all the gravity of a justice of the peace at his first trial, and yet if ever a creature's eyes beamed with pleasure his did.

I did not move, but after a little I abruptly changed the tune to the "Sweet Bye and Bye." Chut! Why, with the first note of the different tune away went the squirrel. I did not move, only as I shook with suppressed laughter, and as well as I could I kept on whistling. In a minute or two back came the squirrel, going through all the cunning manœuvres of his first approach, and once more took a seat beside me on the rails. I watched him, and actually thought he was trying to pucker up his mouth and whistle.

Once again I changed the tune, this time to "Yankee Doodle," and as before, with the first note of change, away scampered the squirrel. Unable to control my risibilities longer, I laughed aloud, and after that I couldn't call my little friend to me.

I wonder how many of the so-called "true sportsmen" ever seek or think of any pleasure in connection with such beautiful little creatures save the savage and unmanly pleasure of taking away their lives!

I wonder how many ever go to the dear old woods for the purpose of making a friendly call upon the song birds! What joyous hours I have spent with them! What pleasant memories come to me as I write. I remember especially one afternoon last summer which I passed in the woods. I found a leafy thicket and slowly and cautiously crawled into it; after a little I commenced to hum a low, soothing tune, then I whistled a little—and I am an exceedingly poor singer and whistler. Soon there were robins, sparrows, thrushes and other birds sitting in or flitting about in the branches over my head. When I had finished a tune what a glorious concert they would give me. Some of them would come close to me, and I could see the thrill and quiver of their little throats as the melody within them seemed to struggle for utterance. O, but I enjoyed myself quite as well as I should using my gun upon legitimate game, and no man loves to use a gun better than I, and few use it more.

Had a sportsman (?) come along and shot one of these birds, either he or I would have had occasion to purchase a piece of beefsteak to put over a black eye.

At the end of an hour I left that thicket feeling wonderfully recuperated in body, and loving the dear Father above and all the works of Nature better than when I entered it.

I tell you, brothers, if when out on our vacations we thought a little less about making a large bag of game and sought a little more earnestly to come close to the great pure heart of Nature we should be gainers by it.

"In conclusion"—as I often say on a different occasion—I have read several articles of late which sought to tell what traits were necessary to constitute a "true sportsman." I simply wish to say what in my opinion a true sportsman will never do. He will never inflict unnecessary pain; he will never shoot game unless he is reasonably sure that it will not be wasted; he will never kill a song bird, or wantonly destroy a harmless insect; and he will kill every fish the moment he takes it from the water. J. FRANKE LOCKE.

Burnhamville, Minn., Feb. 28.

A WINTER RESIDENT IN PENNSYLVANIA—Williamsport, Pa., March 1.—There are numerous notes from correspondents in FOREST AND STREAM referring to various kinds of birds being seen at unseasonable times, but I have observed one migratory bird which has surprised me more than any of them—namely, a song sparrow (*M. melodia*)—which has kept around our place all winter. Only this morning, after a snow storm lasting twenty-four hours and with twenty inches of snow on the ground, the little fellow (it is a male) perched on a vine before my door and chirped his little song; but, alas! in melancholy contrast with his cheery notes in the spring time. My nephew has been feeding the birds all winter and little *M. melodia* has come regularly for his rations with the European sparrows and snowbirds. The bird has a rather dilapidated appearance, but I presume a new spring suit and a couple of weeks of warm sunshine will remedy that.—LYCOMING.

SPRING IN MINNESOTA—Burnhamville, Minn., March 1—"Spring, beautiful Spring" has come, but it isn't the time of the singing of birds, neither is the voice of the turtle heard in the land. The snow is fully three and a half feet deep on a level, and this morning the thermometer indicated 27 degrees below zero. It is reported that a coon was seen a few miles from here this morning walking about on snowshoes, and it is feared that all hibernating animals of this latitude will adopt the same means of locomotion and go South.—J. F. L.

BREEDING OF THE HORNED OWL.—A couple of friends of mine collected a set of four great horned owl's eggs near Boston Mass., yesterday (March 10).—E. M.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 12.—One brown capuchin, *Cebus fatuellus*, presented by Mr. A. E. Smith; one horned owl, *Bubo virginianus*, presented by Dr. E. Edson, Whiteplains, N. Y.; one pure white opossum, *Dedelphys virginia*, presented by Mr. E. E. Stewart; one mona monkey, *Cercopithecus mona*; one spider monkey, *Ateles geoffrogi*; one Salle's amazon, *Chrysotis salleï*, purchased; two giraffes, *Camelopardalis giroffa*, placed on exhibition.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN EAST TENNESSEE.

EARLY in the month, one bright October morning, and before the unpleasantness that once existed between the North and South, the writer of this with three friends, all mounted on mettlesome steeds, might have been seen at a brisk trot on what was called the Bottom Road that ran along the right bank of the upper Tennessee River. Our objective point was B——. The road was very crooked, had probably been "blazed" by a pioneer full of new corn whiskey, or, more probably, an original cow path. At times it led us near enough to the stream to afford the eye a momentary feast upon the glinting, silvery water through a many-colored curtain of autumn leaves, then, turning abruptly again, would plunge us into a lofty growth of oaks and hickory with beech gums and alder, the dense foliage of which tempered the bright sunshine of the morning almost to the gray of an evening twilight.

Meeting an ancient specimen of the colored race and inquiring the distance to B—— he imparted the definite opinion that he having "lef' dar afo' sunup, it must be free or fo' mile." It was now nearly nine o'clock and we had been in our saddles since five o'clock. On we went, however, and in half an hour or so, coming suddenly upon a low, tumble-down fence that marked the extreme boundary of a field of tall corn, and the sight of a group of stick-and-lath chimneys and low, shingle roofs in the distance, announced to us that B—— lay just ahead.

As we galloped through the village little towheaded urchins peeped at us from behind house corners and coy maidens in calico dresses, sallow faces and flax-colored hair timidly appeared at windows to catch a glimpse of the disturbers of their usual quiet life. B—— had been "finished" many years before our advent into it. It consisted of twenty-five or thirty hewn log houses, innocent of paint or whitewash—each flanked by tall weeds and an occasional sunflower—strung carelessly along the road, the lofty Cumberland Mountains in the rear and in front the crystal waters of the Upper Tennessee and hoary headed hills.

Fronting the river and standing sideways upon a road that led back toward the mountains stood the grocery—the most pretentious building in B——, and reining up in front of it at the cheerful command of the proprietor (a tall, thin personage, in all the glory of a brand-new broad-brimmed hat and shirtsleeves, leaning carelessly against the door-jam), "Git deown, gentlemen," we dismounted to rest the seats of our trousers and await the arrival of the team that was following us.

The "grocery" combined within its dingy portals a careless selection of cheap dry goods, groceries of the coarser sort, numerous jars filled with highly colored stick candy, the post office, and, arranged in a row like a file of soldiers at a "dress parade," stood eight barrels with wooden faucets near the lower heads, emitting an odor not exactly from "Arahy, the Blest," but more suggestive of a still-house. Obeying the mandate that in rude letters on a broad board securely nailed over the door, admonishing the wayfaring to

STOP. AND. TREET,

we sampled the contents of a barrel, which, the landlord assured us, was the best peach brandy made in that county. Mixed with wild honey it formed a very deceptive and headachey compound.

Sitting astride of a molasses barrel, resting his shoulders against the counter and cracking the joints of his fingers, his old slouch hat slightly pulled down so that the brim shaded his left eye, sat a rotund individual dressed in linsey-woolsey pants, tow-cloth vest and check shirt. His feet were shoeless and bare. Great bags under his eyes and a general puffed and translucent appearance would indicate him to be a thorough lover of "peach and honey" or some other villainous compound of alcoholic tendencies. This man the landlord introduced to us thus:

"Gentlemen, this is my naber and friend, Captain Blum. He is crippled bad; he fit in the war and got winged in the leg by one of Saintanny's bullits."

"Captain Blum, we are glad to see you, and we honor all old soldiers."

"Captain, will you join us?" inquired the Colonel, with a slight inclination of his head in the direction of the rank of eight barrels, and the gallant Captain joined!

"Ven ve vos fitin' dem vellers in Mexigo, eef Sheneral Schott bin geef beech and honigk like dees war, den ve vere cabdure dat ceety sooner as any Yangee speeks Shack Roberson." This compliment to the landlord's peach and honey the Captain leisurely paid while he placed himself outside of a bumper of the compound large enough to make the head of the Hudson River ache for a month!

As the last drop disappeared down his capacious throat his bleary eyes rolled in their sockets, and his great fat lower lip also rolled from the left to the right corner of his mouth something as soil leaves the mold-board of a plow! A good careful look at Captain Blum was a temperance lecture excelling any of Gough's in practical impressiveness.

East Tennessee was, at the time of which we write—and probably now is—a paradise for the hunter. The valleys lying between the numerous spurs of the Cumberland Mountains were sparsely inhabited and very fertile, and mast producing trees grew most luxuriantly, affording a never failing supply in a season for mast eating game of all kinds; while frequent saline springs and grassy glades furnished attractive haunts for deer.

It was to one of these valleys that we were bound when we left Colonel Brettle's hospitable home in North Alabama for a week or ten days' hunt after game as was game.

Our party consisted of Colonel Brettle, our host, a genial Southern gentleman and true sportsman. Mr. Adams, then a member of the Bar, but now before the Highest Court. (May he rest in peace.) Mr. Samuel Evans, an Englishman, a crack shot, good singer, and chock full of hearty John Bull growl; but

"He was a jolly good fellow
As nobody will deny."

Rube, the Colonel's "boy," capital cook and good fiddler, and full of fun as any darkey in the State of Alabama. Tom, another of the Colonel's "boys," general teamster and man of all work; and the humble writer of this truthful story.

A pleasant chat of an hour with the doughty Captain Blum and the proprietor of the grocery was interrupted by the distant rumble of an approaching wagon, the white cover of which was seen undulating above the tall woods that garnished the roadside, and we were soon joined by Rube and Tom. Giving the mules a rest we prepared for the tedious portion of our journey, to wit, crossing the mountains.

Bidding our new acquaintances good bye we mounted, and taking the cross-road leading back toward the hill, the sleepy little village of B—— was soon lost to view.

Gradually ascending a broken, rough, seldom traveled stony road, apparently winding around the base of the mountain, we entered the gorge. The way was dangerous besides being tedious. On either hand the mountains arose for probably a mile in height, covered sparsely with scrub oaks and dwarf pines, with numerous immense rocks jutting out their bold bare heads, as if threatening to tumble down upon any intruder upon their desolation.

The five weary miles through the gorge were covered, unchecred by the sight of any living thing except the skipping of an occasional squirrel as he, frightened, fled from our presence through the tree tops.

At length a point was reached where the mountains appeared to recede and suddenly widen, opening to our view a cup-shaped valley many feet below us, penned in, as it were, by lofty hills This valley was probably four miles in diameter, and a careful examination revealing no smoke ascending above the tree tops, we confidently expected, therefore, to go upon ground rarely visited by Nimrods.

The pleasant prospect before us infused new life into our already jaded animals, and the declining road soon brought us to the base of the mountain, along which prattled a lively little stream of water, cold as ice and clear as crystal; man and horse were soon refreshed. Now leaving the almost trackless road, and crossing the stream we turned to the left through a glade covered with soft hickories and oaks. Here we halted on a gentle knoll shaded by an immense white oak tree convenient to the stream.

Tired as we all were we were ready to shout Eureka! with hearty good will.

Our wagon had been packed with considerable care and contained besides many minor matters which "come in" just right when they are wanted, such as matches, condiments, axes, extra ropes or strong twine, etc., a goodly supply of clean straw for beds, blankets, flour, smoked bacon, potatoes and apples, besides which a good sized box containing dried unmanufactured tobacco and a number of Virginia clay-head pipes were placed with the other things with the possible hope that some one in the party would feel like taking a comfortable smoke, and the boxes containing our rifles, ammunition and gunning clothes.

The broad wagon body was to be used as a bed-room and the "boys" were to sleep under the wagon.

Selecting the spot for our camp Rube and Jim were not long in getting a substantial lunch ready for the tired party. A suitable corral for the animals was constructed, and at a very early hour all turned in and were soon in the embrace of "tired nature's sweet restorer." Long before the morning sun appeared above the hill-tops to the east of us we were awakened by the sharp, ringing crack of a rifle.

Our first thought upon hearing this sound was that we were encamped near other hunters, but that fear vanished with the immediate appearance of Rube holding by the legs a full-grown, young wild turkey that had paid tribute to the accurate aim of the "boy."

"Oh my! Mass John, you should a seen dat gang (flock)—more 'n fifty ob em—one ole chap wid a goat longer dan dat off mule's tail," said Rube, exultingly lifting his prize and smiling all over the country.

"Where did you find them, Rube?" inquired the Colonel.

"Fo de day break I hearn a tweet-tweet along up de branch (little stream), an' I says to myself, 'Rube, dem's turkeys;' so I takes yer rifle, Mass John, and fotch dis fella back wid me. I foun' dem under dem buches rite ober dar," pointing his finger in a direction northward from us.

"How will you hab im cookt, Mass John?" inquired Rube.

"Suit yourself," said the Colonel, well knowing Rube's skill in the culinary art.

Unpacking our rifles, abluting in the rivulet and donning hunting clothes consumed time, and welcomely Rube, in pleasant tones, announced, "Gemmen, de breakfas' am waiting."

Our breakfast, as prepared by Rube, consisted of bread and butter, potatoes baked under hot ashes, the young wild turkey nicely cut up, the pieces broiled over live hickory wood coals, and tin cups of fine aromatic coffee. This breakfast, for appetites whetted by the shaking of a thirty-mile horse-back ride of the day before, was not hard to take.

He who has never eaten of broiled wild young turkey in the crisp air of east Tennessee has in store for himself a toothsome relish that the gods might envy and before which all the fine "fancies" conceived by the brains of *parlezvous* cooks pale in utter insignificance.

Even now, retrospecting a time longer than I care to mention, as memory brings up the superb satisfaction of that mountain meal, the salivary glands exude copiously, and all subsequent repasts compared with it are as the sound of the twanging of a guitar to the trumpet tones of a great organ!

Oh! ye of poor digestion and nerveless muscles, whose very brains ache at the thought of food, whose lung cells are clogged with the impalpable dust of your offices, hie ye thitherward, and on the mountain top or in the deep valley inhale for a month the health-giving ozone of that lovely country, eat game and kill the game you eat, and my word for it you will come back with a new lease upon life and stomachs that an average saw-mill would be ashamed of! Try it, I make no charge for the prescription. The result of our first day's shoot was one deer and a small brown bear. The deer was cleverly knocked off its legs by Mr. Evans, and Bruin gave up to a combined fusillade from all hands on horseback, he having tried the experiment of climbing partly up a gum tree to escape.

The second day our hunt was more systematic and with better results, the first day being spent more for the purpose of ascertaining certain facts as to haunts, etc., etc.

A careful examination of the valley we were in showed it to be about five miles in diameter. We found evidences of abundance of large game, and ourselves the only gunners there.

Learning this definitely we were free to lay such plans as suited ourselves and to take matters coolly as possible, under no restraint or danger of clashing with others' interests. The valley was practically ours and all that was in it, if we wanted all that was there.

The next day was devoted to a still-hunt for deer. Stands were taken by each one of us before daylight, and the fruit of the work was six deer—a buck and a doe falling to each of the rifles of Colonel Brettle and Mr. Adams, and a doe each to myself and Mr. Evans.

The deer were skinned and the saddles and antlers hung up near camp. Rube's "gang" of wild turkeys were also trailed, and, by careful manipulation, "turkey broiled over hickory coals" was with us a common article of food; for "dat gang" lost numerous members—the "ole feller" among them. That fell to the keen aim of Mr. Adams and the Colonel. The grand climax of our hunt was a day devoted to bear hunting, and resulted in the destruction of three animals. Stealthily crawling to within rifle-shot upon one that appeared to be entirely absorbed in crunching delicious beech nuts, and forgetting for the time that there was a state other than the living, Mr. Bruin stood with his short tail exactly toward me and his nose in a direct line away. A deadly aim, with my rifle resting upon the root of an upturned tree, the report of the piece was answered by a short grunt of pain and bruin fell in his tracks. Examination showed that the bullet, entering the body an inch below the vent, passed through, riddling the intestines, through the heart and emerged at the junction of the neck to the shoulders—not a bone was touched. That bear was killed instantly—was nearly turned inside out! Mr. Evans also got his "work in" on a half-grown cub, as also did Mr. Adams with a larger one. Days were spent one after the other, each one yielding tribute to our rifles. Two days of storm and mist kept us under shelter of the wagon cover. Rube, while not engaged in his specialty of getting up something good for us to eat (and he kept us stall fed), was also on the alert for game. Mornings, long before we were awake, Rube would steal away for a quiet little hunt on his own private account.

One day at dinner he said: "Massa John, dars a *lick* ober yander, 'bout two mile, an' dis mornin' I seed an ole buck leavin' dar wid a head on him 'bout five feet. You jess bet he's a honey!" (Rube's "head" referred to the antlers.)

The Colonel, led by Rube, went to the lick that afternoon, and coming back, reported that he thought we could bag that buck if his instructions were carefully executed.

From Rube's description it was evident that the buck was an old one and as cunning as they usually get when they are old. We must "lay for him" on the windward side or he would never come within rifle range, and his visits to the lick were either in the night or just at daybreak. We were favored by the wind the next evening, and, stationing ourselves at selected points, awaited in breathless silence the approach of the deer. Just as daylight streaked the crests of the eastern hills the sharp ring of a rifle, a little distance down the valley, announced that one of our party had seen game, but it was yet too dark for accurate aim and the shot would at best be uncertain.

"I say, Colonel! There he goes, hup that way," shouted Mr. Evans, as he rushed toward us. "'Ees 'it, though, I'll wager a sovereign."

We decided to wait until it was light enough to see clearly before we gave chase.

Rube went back to camp, and long before he returned, bringing the horses with him, the sun was shining brightly and the trail of the deer could easily be followed over the dewy grass. Going at a lively canter across the valley on the trail to the foot of the opposite hills our chase was brought to a sudden stop by a precipitous bluff, and there he stood at bay—a splendid buck of large proportions, and by his demeanor determined to sell his life at the highest possible figure. We approached as near as was prudent, when two simultaneous reports were instantly followed by the dropping of the head of the deer, the body falling heavily to the ground immediately.

To kill a deer his brain must first be killed; so long as his brain is intact he will run or crawl or show fight. A bullet through his heart is death, but not always instantaneous. Of course, he will bleed to death; but it is well established that a deer with a bullet hole through the heart has run a long distance before he dropped. Severing the spinal cord, whereby the hind quarters lose their nerve force, only paralyzes a portion of the animal, and he will do his best to drag himself away by his forelegs. And won't he "light out" on three legs! Try him, and see. To polish off a deer the shot must be a deadly one. None of your footy flesh cuts will do more than to put new vigor into his already overcharged nervous system and render your chase a stern one. A quick shot while stalking stands about the best chance to bring a deer to bag; for a deer running before dogs has his mind intent on the danger that is following, and will, if not too far away, throw his head high as he baits at the sudden yell of the hunter, thus exposing his most vital parts to aim. But the great secret about killing deer is to be cool as a cucumber, and if you miss your shot don't cuss and cavort around like one wild with nonsense of the put-on-mad sort, but "pick the flint and try it again." You will bag him after awhile, and then you may carry your rifle as you please—muzzle front if you like.

Taking our deer across one of the horses we went to camp. On the way Mr. Adams had a return of bleeding from his

NOTES FROM VIRGINIA—New Kent Co., Va., March 7.—From what I see and hear there is enough of the partridges surviving in this portion of the State to insure a crop the ensuing season. The coveys I have seen were large—in one case exceeding thirty. This is said to be a bad sign, as arguing all of one sex. I don't know that there is any truth in this supposition. Nearer the mountains I fear the destruction has been greater, and in the valley I hear that birds are being bought in South Carolina for re-stocking. The Carolina birds are much smaller than ours, but it is to be hoped they will acquire larger proportions by the transplanting.

You are right in supposing that we cannot surrender the name of partridge for quail or colin or any other however scientific or outlandish. The same as to pheasant. We know nothing of your ruffed grouse.

The terrible tenacity of winter has prevented any angling operations, and we are waiting impatiently for a few days of warm sun and soft breezes.

"HAEC FABULA DOCET"—Boston, Feb. 28.—I was greatly amused by an article in your last issue which described the final ejection of a swab from a rifle barrel by "heating the barrel some four hours till it was red hot in the fire and burning the imprisoned swab to a cinder." It reminded me of one of La Fontaine's fables of "The Bear, the Man and the Fly," in which the playful, tame and loving Bear smashes in his master's skull with a huge stone to kill a fly upon his nose, which he, the bear, fears may trouble his master's slumbers. In the recital referred to above, it is stated that the operators tried to eject the swab by using an "iron rod" but were unsuccessful. Now, it seems to me, if they had repeatedly heated this rod red hot and inserted it into the rifle barrel they would have obtained the same results without doing any injury to the rifle. The *savoir faire* of some of our hunters is wonderful.—FUSIL.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.—The semi-annual election of officers of the Audubon Gun Club took place last evening at their club room, 1226 Broadway, Brooklyn. Robt. T. Sabine was elected President; C. W. Field, Vice-President; James Heming, Secretary, and C. W. Twing, Treasurer. The club elected as members of the Executive Committee: L. B. Field, P. Post and J. F. Scharfenberg. They will hold their next contest for the club badge on Thursday, the 10th inst. This association has only been in existence since last September and now has a membership of twenty and bids fair before the next election to double its present number. Its finances are on the credit side of the account, and the club is in a very happy state of affairs generally.

Brooklyn, E. D., March 8, 1881.

AIR GUNS are a *sine qua non* in a cat infested city. Unfortunately the use of the air gun is for the most part confined to the shooting gallery when it should be used in the back yard to bring Grimalkin down from his discordant perch on the garden fence. If there were half a dozen of Mr. H. M. Quackenbush's air guns to every block in New York the cat problem would be settled without Mr. Bergh's proposed home for vagrant, aged and orphan tommies. If Mr. Quackenbush's notice elsewhere shall be the means of decreasing the feline population of the world that gentleman should be rewarded as a public benefactor.

POACHERS PUNISHED—Williamsport, Pa., March 5.—I send you by this mail one of our local papers with a marked article referring to the arrest by the Lycoming Sportsmen's Club of three individuals for killing a deer out of season. One of the parties arrested and fined is a notorious poacher, who has, perhaps, done more to exterminate the game (especially feathered) in this vicinity than any other ten men combined; let us hope the lesson given him by our club will have the desired effect, for if he is again caught tripping he will fare worse than on this occasion.—LYCOMING.

DEER IN MICHIGAN—Escanaba.—I frequently receive letters from sportsmen asking about the deer supply. Parties outside, it seems, think we are killing so many deer here that it must affect the shooting. We have very fine deer hunting. There is a large range north and east of us that is not hunted. I think (average seasons) there is as many deer fawned as killed. Deer are not as plentiful in some localities as they were a few years ago, and some people think they are decreasing rapidly; but the fact is, they are wintering further north and east as the timber is cut away. This will be a hard winter for deer—deep snow and more wolves than we have had for years. People understand there is no bounty on wolves, consequently do not hunt them.—R.

DUCKING ON THE NIAGARA RIVER.—Lord George G. Campbell, brother of his Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and Lady Campbell, accompanied by Mr. D. Isaacs, of the Prospect House, Niagara Falls, left on Monday evening *via* Canada Southern Railway for Niagara to enjoy a couple of days' duck shooting. Lady Campbell always, as far as possible, accompanies her husband on his shooting expeditions, as she is fond of the sport. Just now the duck are very plentiful on the Niagara River, and yesterday the gentlemen bagged ninety-three.

FLORIDA QUAIL—Tallahassee, Fla., Feb. 24.—Although we have experienced the most severe winter known here for twenty years not a quail has been frozen, so far as I can learn, and the prospects for next fall's shooting is excellent. An average shot with a good dog can bag forty to fifty birds in a day's shooting. The shooting at this time of the year is especially good as the fields are being plowed and the birds are taking to the hedges, and with a good dog one can have fine sport. The only trouble here we have is that the negroes trap the quail in such large numbers.—DIXIE.

TENNESSEE NOTES—Koshoell, March, 7.—Snipe have already made their appearance in the marshes about the city; quite a number have been bagged, but from some cause or other they are very thin. The cold winter has been disastrous to quail in many parts of the State, hundreds of them being reported frozen. Venison in large quantities has been in our market, though ducks and wild turkeys have been very scarce.—J. D. H.

WILD PIGEONS IN TEXAS.—Last week two hunters, Arch. Murphy and W. C. Scott, went to a pigeon roost in Wood County, N. E. Texas, and in less than eight hours' hunting they killed and brought into camp one thousand and fifteen pigeons. They are also reported roosting by the million in the vicinity of Lime Stone Gap across Red River in the Indian Territory.—H. W. M.

QUAIL FOR NEW JERSEY—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The West Jersey Game Association is making efforts to secure one thousand quail from North Carolina to liberate in the five lower counties of the State. It is doubtful now that so many birds can be obtained; two hundred and fifty pair, however, I believe, have been assured the society. This association is ever foremost in active work for the protection and preservation of game, and many of its most prominent members are residents of Philadelphia, in fact, it seems that our city furnishes the backbone of the society.—HOMO.

A GAME DEPLETED COUNTRY—Tidioute, Pa.—Warren County is one of the "played out" resorts. Formerly we had grand deer hunting ground, but now sawmills are being introduced all through the big woods, and those mills are manned (for the most part) with lawless and soulless marauders, who kill everything in season and out of season, until now the best hunters will not average one deer per week with constant hunting; whereas, ten years ago seven to ten would fall before one gun in the same time.—E. A. B.

MISSOURI, Parkville, Platte Co., March 10.—A friend and self have just returned from a hunting tour among the lakes in this vicinity. Ducks and geese are plentiful but hard to get at. Squirrels are scarce; a few can be found on the bluffs Rabbits are quite numerous and afford good sport. Ruffed grouse and quail are rarely seen here; they are not protected, and hence are almost exterminated.—PRINTER.

ACCOMAC CO., VA.—March 12.—There are plenty of geese in the marsh ponds and the black ducks are beginning to return. The quail have fared badly, not being used to such cold and snows. Found a dead night partridge (woodcock) several days ago.

WORTHINGTON, IND.—March 8.—The quail have been almost destroyed. It will be many years before birds are plenty again; where two years ago there were hundreds, one cannot be found. The prairies are wet, but we expect snipe shooting later on.

LOGAN, HOCKING CO., O.—March 12.—Last winter was a "corker" on the quail. Many bevies have been found in the bottoms frozen to death.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The sportsmen of Springfield, Mass., and vicinity have captured over one hundred foxes this season, and the end is not yet.

PENNSYLVANIA—Philadelphia, March 12.—Two or three snipe were killed on the meadows bordering Darby Creek, near Philadelphia, last week. In some places, however, the marshes have not entirely thawed out. To-day many redheads reached Philadelphia per rail from Havre de Grace and shooting there is reported very good. Our river ducks being shipped by gunners to the city are in very poor condition yet, the ice on the flats this winter having carried off and destroyed the usual vegetable matter which supplies them with food.

NEWPORT—R. I., March 5.—John H. Chase, a fine rifle shot of Portsmouth, was out shooting last week. As he fired at a muskrat in the water another stuck his head out of water in range and he killed them both. He says he never heard of the like being done before with a rifle ball.—SHOOTER.

NEW JERSEY—Hightstown, March 12.—Woodcock were heard here on the first of the month.—P.

N. Y. S. ASSOCIATION.

THE committee on literature are getting up an elaborate programme of between one and two hundred pages to be bound in boards and printed on a delicate, cream-laid, tinted paper. For the outer cover a design is being prepared by one of the finest artists in the country under the supervision of Mr. S. S. Conant, of Harper & Bros. In this book a complete history of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be printed. It is also desired to obtain the accurate scores of prize winners at the trap, and any one who can give any information, either in regard to scores or to the history of the Association prior to 1865, is respectfully asked to correspond with Mr. Abel Crook, Bennett Building, New York. As there is no authentic record, the Committee would like to obtain one as complete as possible so as to make the programme a book of reference, and the earlier any information is furnished the better, as it will involve considerable labor in the compilation of it. The committee propose to take a limited number of advertisements at the rate of one hundred dollars a page to help defray the expense of getting up the programme. Donors of prizes will be allowed an advertisement free, provided they will furnish a suitable cut for the same.

Prizes are being received very rapidly; orders for about forty having been received and placed on file, the aggregate value of which is four thousand dollars. Among others which we are authorized to announce are the following:

The Brooklyn Furniture Company are manufacturing a parlor suit of ten pieces of furniture covered with satin damask and elegantly carved, and valued at one thousand dollars, the damask alone costing two hundred and seventy-five dollars. It is intended that this prize shall be offered for individual competion, and is the largest prize ever offered at a state tournament.

The Le Roy Shot and Lead Manufacturing Company have donated a bronze, representing an American hunter on horseback shooting a bison. The design is by Bonheur, brother of Rosa Bonheur, and possesses that characteristic treatment of animals for which that artist is so famed. It was prepared by Tiffany in whose windows it is on exhibition. It is valued at three hundred dollars. Messrs. Parker & Bros. are manufacturing a gun expressly for the occasion, which they assert will surpass anything their factory ever turned out. It is to be specially built for trap purposes, and of the finest Damascus steel, thirty-inch barrels, ten gauge, between eight and nine pounds in weight, and is to be gold mounted with a rib engraved as follows: "Prize N. Y. S. A. for Protection of Game and Fish, 1881."

The other prizes include articles both useful and ornamental, descriptions of which we will give hereafter from time to time.

No cheap prizes have been accepted, the Committee arguing that it would be unfair to donors of valuable prizes to permit the character of donations to be weakened by such a course. The system which has been adopted, and is working admirably, is as follows: No donations is entered on the books until all correspondence is ended by the receipt and filing of an accredited order for the prize. If any conditions are attached to a donation the Committee reserve the right to return the same to the donor if it should be found impracticable to comply with the conditions. No donation will be accepted unless it is in some way appropriate, and such as shall be acceptable to a winner. Also, the Committee propose to place an honest cash valuation on each prize so that a winner will know just what he has won. Between the middle of April and the first of May all prizes are to be delivered to the Committee, and will be exhibited by the Brooklyn Furniture Company at their warerooms on Fulton Street, opposite Hanover Place, Brooklyn. This company has prepared the most attractive show window that could be found either in New York or Brooklyn. It is entirely of plate glass, with a frontage of thirty feet and a depth of sixteen feet. It is to be carpeted in Wilton and arranged in parlor form, lighted by a chandelier of many lights. Pier glasses will be placed at each end and artificial windows with Madras hangings, loaned especially for this occasion, valued at eight hundred dollars a pair. Within this crystal palace the suit of furniture donated by them will be placed, and all the other prizes displayed in such order and upon such arrangement as will please the eye and prove most advantageous In May a formal opening will be had, to which the donors and members of the press are invited, and a suitable collation will be furnished. Those who are contemplating entering prizes should decide without delay, as it is estimated that the preparation of the book that is to contain the programme will require at least a month, and the Committee feel that in justice to the donors the book should be distributed as early as possible. We are informed that about one thousand dollars in cash has been presented to the prize Committee to use as they see fit. The bird problem appears in a fair way of solution several responsible parties having solicited the contract. The number of birds required is estimated at twenty-five thousand, and any bids for the contract should be forwarded at once to Mr. Crook, who will place them before the Committee on Birds.

LONG ISLAND GUN CLUBS.

Wednesday evening, March 9, the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held its meeting at the club rooms, No. 451 Flatbush avenue, President W. L. B. Stears in the chair and Secretary Geo. L. Ayers recording. There was a large attendance of members. Mr. C. W. Wingert, who had been appointed to procure a championship club badge, produced an elegantly designed gold badge and reported that it was ready for presentation to the member who had been successful at the last meeting. The conditions under which the badge is to be won are that the member who wins it most times at the twelve monthly competitions is to have it as his personal property at the conclusion of the year.

The chairman, in an able and pleasant address, presented the badge to Mr. Theodore Alston, who, at the first competition which took place last month, killed seven birds straight.

Mr. Alston responded, and was congratulated by his fellow members on his success.

A case of stuffed birds was presented by Mr. J. Batty to be shot for on the 16th inst.

Mr. C. W. Wingert presented a handsome gold pin to be shot for in April.

Mr. Robert Furey presented a ten dollar gold piece to be shot for in May. The thanks of the club were tendered the doners.

The following new members were elected: Daniel W. Northrup, Wallace W. Samuels, C. J. Glover, Harry Deginee, T. Sidebotham, Harry Brown, James O'Connor, Harry Hass, J. B. Stearns, G. C. Marsters, Benjamin Baker, B. G. Thier, William Booth and George Kinnel. The names of thirteen applicants for membership were received. The Secretary reported the number of members to be 143, which, considering that the club only started November 11 last, is a good showing.

After the formal adjournment a fine collation and entertainment, consisting of singing, etc., concluded the evening's proceedings.

The Long Island Shooting Club has filed its annual report in the County Clerk's office. The membership of the club is seventy-eight, of whom sixty-one are in good standing. The receipts of the year were $678.46 and the expenditures $527 14, leaving a balance of $151.29. The total amount of club asserts are $1,180.33.

INFORMATION WANTED.

HISTORICAL QUERY.—W. M. H., 712 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa., would be glad to get a letter from some one who can tell him accurately in what organization of the Confederate Army the lance was used. (This weapon is about nine feet long, the Confederate States flag being attached to the staff near the steel spear-point. The pike for infantry of various shapes was usually heavier and longer, as to its point, than the lance. Were many of the pikes used?) This correspondent was a soldier—then as now a lover of historic things. He has two great boxes of these lances. The boxes were addressed to "Capt. Getty, Lynchburgh, Va." He would like to learn who this officer was and exactly where these curious weapons were abandoned or captured. A letter or postal addressed as above would reach the historical student aforesaid.

MINNESOTA SHOOTING.—C. E. W., Troy, N. Y., asks (1) where he can find best deer hunting within 150 miles of St. Paul, Minn.; wants board, preferably with some one who understands sport. (2) Resort for deer, ducks and geese in Otter Tail County, Minn., with board. (3) Sporting centre, with board, on line of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad.

BEAUFORT.—"Subscriber" asks: (1) What is the range of the thermometer at Beaufort, N. C., in winter and summer? (2) Is the climate healthy, or subject to malaria and fever and ague? (3) Is wild fowl and general shooting good in its vicinity?

A READER of Pittsburgh desires to know the nearest point to Pittsburgh, Pa., where live quail for breeding purposes can be purchased.

THE WICKERSHEIMER FLUID.

BOSEMAN, Montana.

WILL the "Fish Editor" of FOREST AND STREAM please advise me as to best manner of preserving bear skins. Conceding they have been "pegged out" and cleaned of most of the flesh and fatty matter, what is the best preparation to apply? I have usually used common salt, but am told that will always attract moisture. Have also used alum and salt. I have an objection to using arsenical soap or any of the salts of arsenic. I have supposed on reading your article on the "Wickersheimer Fluid" that it was a good preparation, but that would be a very bulky article to take into the mountains in a pack outfit. At any rate I should like to get your advice as to the best method, preferring, of course, it in a solid form that could be easily "packed" and mixed up in the field. I killed six large grizzlies in these mountains last season well furred, and fear the fur will slip for want of proper treatment, and don't wish to be unprepared the next trip. P.

[The "Wickersheimer Fluid," the formula of which was given in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 4, 1880, has been misunderstood by many correspondents. We do not consider it of the slightest value for preserving birds, as objects preserved by it remain flexible. It is of great value in making skeletons which are held together by natural ligaments; for preserving insects, spiders, crustaceans and perhaps fishes for museums. It may be of use to the taxidermist in case of skins, but we know nothing of its use in this manner. The skin would remain flexible, and the moths would probably avoid it, but whether it would retain the hair or not we cannot say. There has been a great demand for copies of the paper which contained the recipe, but we have no reports from those who have used it in this country. In a week or two we will give our readers another formula for a preserving fluid, which, like the other, comes from Germany.

A mixture of one-third (by measure) alum to two-thirds salt is used and recommended by taxidermists for preserving the skins of mammals.]

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MARCH.

FRESH WATER.

Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum*, etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
Pollock, *Poliachius carbonarius.*

A SUMMER FISHING TRIP.

ARE you an angler, reader? If you are not I assure you there are some of the real pleasures of life which you have failed to discover. I fancy I see those of my friends who practice the craft seated before warm fires in some cozy library, during these cold evenings, with their materials, pleasant reminiscences of past sport, scattered around in confusion.

And while they assort and reassort their gaudy flies, hooks and tackle, they are busily thinking over the past season, and planning for the future, meanwhile I will endeavor as a brother angler to interest you for a time with an account of a trip which I had the fortune to make.

The heat in the city had become intolerable, and the feelings which my friend Jack and myself experienced when we found ourselves spinning away were far from unpleasant. Where we were to go was unsettled, plan we had not, and so after drifting around fashionable watering places, idling away our time in dancing and making imaginary love on one day, and on the next, interviewing ancient maidens and petrified sandwiches at the railway stations, tired and weary at last, one quiet Sunday morning we tumbled into that quaint, old-fashioned town of Quebec. The fact was, we were dying of *ennui*, and having been in this interesting old spot many times before, of course Montmorency Falls, French cathedrals and drives had lost all charms. In this frame of mind we sauntered along the promenade of Dufferin Terrace.

Jack threw himself into a seat, and while he puffed out huge volumes of smoke, commenced to dream of the pretty girl who had played on the guitar during the voyage down from Montreal, and forming daring plans for her romantic rescue and marriage. I lounged over the railings—hundreds of feet below was the street, with the busy people hurrying to and fro, then the shouting stevedores on the wharves, and beyond lay the swift running river, glittering in the morning sunlight, with its ships riding at anchor, and innumerable little boats darting hither and thither. A pleasant picture, yet withal so soft that I gradually lapsed into some pleasant day dream, leading huge vessels high into the air by a slender spider's thread. A hand was laid on my shoulder, turning quickly, before me stood an old friend and as true a disciple of the Waltonian school "as ever threw a fly." He had heard that we were in town, he said, and proposed to send us away on a fishing trip immediately. "Capital!" we shouted, and of course soon were in possession of all necessary knowledge. In the gray light of the following morning two muffled figures might have been seen hastily descending the steep street which led to the wharf of the Saguenay steamers. We are in time and hasten aboard. The morning is still young, and the old city has not yet thrown off its garb of sleep. One faint star twinkled in the hazy sky, the rumble of some early moving wagon and the roar of escaping steam alone break the stillness of the hour. A few discordant sentences of Canadian jargon, a shrill whistle, a splash and rumble, and we are off. The wheels turn slowly round, dense masses of black smoke pour from out the funnel, and the steamer swings out into the rapidly running river.

Soon feeling the current she lazily begins to float down that grand river, the St. Lawrence. Swiftly we pass the many yards of rafts which line the banks, fainter and fainter appears the city, one by one the lights still burning fade out, and soon the outlines of the tallest spires sink in the sombre mist which is hanging over all. The isle of Orleans is reached, and as we pass the lower end the sun bursts on the picture. We had gazed upon the beauties of the river to our heart's content, watched an energetic man waste time and ammunition in scaring porpoises miles away, and finally settled down to our novels, the usual solace of such trips. It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached one of those towns built in early times, and of which so few remain untouched by modern hands.

The beauty of the scene was striking. Before us appeared an ideal representation of one of those antique and lovely Acadian towns so admirably described by Longfellow:

> "There in the midst of its farms reposed the Acadian village;
> Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
> Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.

A long, clean pier of white stone led to the houses. There nestling among the green trees, with here and there a sprinkling of red and gold, with the misty blue hills for a background, lay the town that quiet summer day. From among the houses with the blue smoke here and there curling slowly upward, came occasionally the shrill bark of a dog, the crowing of a cock or the gentle cooing of a dove, while the busy dame of the house, appearing with her pail of milk, proclaimed the near approach of evening. A shrill whistle jars upon our pleased fancy and brings our thoughts reluctantly back to the scene around us.

The planks are drawn in, and once more off we are hastening on our journey.

The Saguenay River is soon reached and we begin to ascend. How sombre and magnificent it all appeared when late at night we reached the place at which we were to fish and prepared to leave the steamer.

We hastily jump into our canoe, the steamer slows and stops. "Cast off," some one shouts, and as the rope comes whistling toward us we cannot help thinking that the last tie which holds us to the civilized world has been broken loose.

Instantly we fall astern and away goes the steamer sending out showers of fiery sparks and casting a red glow on the adjacent mountains. The dull patter, patter of the paddle wheels, and the roar of the trembling furnaces at last bid us farewell as the red light of the steamer disappears around a projecting bluff. The only sound which breaks the stillness of the hour is the musical ripple of the waves upon the rocky shores. The moon comes out from behind a dark cloud and lends a glittering sheen to the rippling surface of the inky water; the barren mountains tower above in majestic grandeur, while at their massive bases long, dark, mysterious shadows flit with ever varying outline. Gradually other sounds are to be heard—the "hoot! hoot!" of some solitary owl, and the blowing of a porpoise far away. Stretching out before us was the land kissing with its green and velvet carpet the inky river, and losing itself in the misty blue background.

A faint light glitters among the trees and toward it our canoe rapidly shoots. * * *

The sun is shining brightly in the morning as we step into canoes which are gently grating on the sandy shores awaiting our departure. Dip, dip, dip, and away we go up the dancing waters, up past rows of pine and cedar, past falls and rapids, past pools, where gaily playing trout show their glittering sides, until we reach our fishing grounds. Seldom does one meet with such beauty and grandeur as are possessed by this stream.

Mountains, some of solid rock devoid of all living things, others in beautiful hues, stretch far, far away, while the babbling brook, seeming to sing Tennyson's song—

> "I come from haunts of coot and hern;
> I make a sudden sally,
> And sparkle out among the fern
> To bicker down a valley"—

winds sparkling and dancing through the misty hills.

As we advanced up the river how soft the scene! The canoe advancing silently or cutting the rapid water with a merry gurgling noise, the trout and salmon jumping and showing their glistening sides and the plaintive note of some sweet songster manifest that peaceful and quiet happiness which is Nature's greatest charm.

And now we determine to commence work in good earnest. And so with that intent I assort my flies, joint my rod and adjust my line for the encounter. For this pool I will use my favorite cast—No. 1, a fairy; 2, claret; 3, ginger hackle. You all know the favorite spot at a glance, and in it recognize the home of the wily trout. The river, rushing round a mossy point, broadens into deep and placid water, on whose cool bosom the lowest branches of the drooping trees ever so lightly dip, and then the banks, approaching near to one another at its lower end, cause the water to dash precipitately away.

You have caught the sly trout, my readers, and you know well the method. Cautiously approaching and pushing the alders aside, with ever so gentle a noise, the flies light on the water. For a moment, silence; then, as you draw them toward the bank, a rush comes, a splash; with rapid darting he turns and runs, and the waters boil, but at last he is yours "Ah! not such a large one as I thought," I hear you exclaim. But there are many more no larger than he with whom you deal,

> "Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank, and to the shelving shore
> slow dragging some."
>
> "But should you lure
> From his dark haunts, beneath the tangled roots
> Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
> Behooves you then to ply your finest art.
> Long time he, cautious following, scans the fly,
> And off attempts to seize it, but as oft
> The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
> At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
> Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
> With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
> Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
> Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
> Then the cavernèd bank, his old secure abode.
> With yielding hand
> That feels him still, yet to his furious course
> Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
> Across the stream exhaust his idle rage:
> Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
> And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
> You gaily drag your unresisting prize."

But much as one enjoys the pleasure of angling, how indispensable is the following meal! Who does not remember that enjoyable day when he caught and ate his first trout? The soft winds from the waters playing round; the odors of the flowers, and the general surrounding of the place, all go to make the effect lasting in your mind.

It afforded me a great deal of amusement to suddenly come on Jack one morning as he was fishing, and I soon discovered the secret of his catch of large fish Having caught out all the smaller trout he still lingered, maintaining that there was always one or two large ones which he must have, and so I watched as he labored to secure them. First he tried the hackles, going through them all; then an ibis, and a claret and a fairy, a coachman, an alder, a gray drake, and finally with a huge white miller, and he has him.

We had fishing on the river for five miles, making some large hauls, and we pined for a change.

One afternoon a half-breed made his appearance, and from him we learned that he had discovered a new lake from which he maintained that he had taken a barrel of trout in two hours. Although we sincerely doubted his veracity we nevertheless sallied forth with our canoes and men to investigate Dark Lake, the one in question, was in the wilderness surrounded by muddy ground. After embarking we found the water to be only a foot and a half deep all over and with a muddy bottom.

Assiduous Jack explored every conceivable nook, whipping diligently the while, but with no success. I was also unfortunate. About to give up in despair I made a chance cast toward an old log when—goodness gracious—the water fairly seethed with trout. Jack soon steamed up, and together we made that nasty muddy little hole yield sixty-four pounds of fine trout in almost an incredible time. Where they ever came from, as the natives say, "Je ne sais pas." But our tackle got short in the matter of trout flies, and so we must needs stop. Let me here advise all my friends who may read this article either to take a good fair supply, or else master the art and take materials for making their flies. I mention this latter since I am myself a maker of flies, but on this occasion foolishly left materials behind. There yet remained only a few days, and this we devoted to salmon fishing. One can never forget the first salmon he caught.

The pool was near at hand and cautiously we approach. "Cast there," says our canoe-man, and forthwith our line, with a "king of the water" fly, gracefully alights. "Um good," he says. Well, I should say so; for suddenly splash goes the water, and out he comes, then swish, and with a whiz the line is gone, and the rod is merrily dancing to music from the buzzing reel. Now he darts savagely away, but check him gently—care is the word. How he rushes and tears, now up, now down, with many a jerk and plunge. But the line is strong, and we are in no hurry. Soon we think he is ours. No, not yet; his death struggle is at hand and he grows weak.

Noble fellow! he has striven hard to be free. Slowly reel him in, and in an instant the cruel gaff is in his side. He lies on the bank half dead, a fifteen-pounder, and my first!

Dear reader, there are many pleasures awaiting you if you will but stretch forth your hand. If you have never been one of the angling brotherhood I would that I could allure you away from hot and crowded watering places, from indigestion and insomnia to pur recreation, that you too could breathe the air perfumed with the sweet smelling woods and flowers, feel the cool breezes loaded with odors of pine and balsam, taste the icy waters of the spring stealing from its cover of mosses, partake of refreshing sleep and food, and live, aye live, as only those do who live under the tent of nature. But such pleasures cannot always last, and we must sadly pack up and return. We presented our men with many pounds of fish for their winter use, right glad to get in exchange for them health and vigor in our bodies. We embark and resolutely turn our backs upon the spot. As each stroke of the paddle brought us nearer the noise and bustle of civilization and left behind us the sweet flowers and the bright birds we could not help feeling much of the same spirit which prompted old Izaak Walton to write so aptly,

> "I in these flowery meads would be,
> These crystal streams should solace me;
> To whose harmonious bubbling noise
> I, with my angle, would rejoice."

There are many attractions offered to weary business men for summer enjoyment, but if you really want sport please remember how "I went a fishing," and do likewise.

C. Trout.

BOBBING FOR EELS

BY COSMOPOLITAN

BRETHREN of the rod, turn not up your nasal protuberances in contempt for this homely sport, for when tired of fishing in the legitimate manner, much amusement may be had in the long summer evenings by bobbing for the slimy though nutritious eel. One pleasant summer—ah, what pleasant memories hover round the words—the two colonels and myself had fished for striped bass an I weakfish and caught so many that the caterer of the mess swore that no more fishes should be brought to the house; and, looking for fresh fields and pastures new, old Bris suggested, "Why not bob for eels; the work of the day will be over; we can take the Black Maria, with Hunter to pull; have a good supply of creature comforts in the shape of cigars and lemonade; lie back in the boat, take it easy and get lots of fun?" "Agreed," said Van, and Pills, nothing loth, also assented. Fortunately, in our bag of sand in which we preserved our salt water worms (*Nereis*), a goodly number still remained of the vermicular beauties and we set to work to make the bobs—for it should be mentioned that without bobs, bobbing would be a failure. Thread may be used, but silk or worsted is better, and this is the process: A piece of ligature silk, four feet long, doubled, is threaded through a large, long needle; the worm is transfixed—end for end, as the sailors say—and is pushed to the end of the silk, another and another, until the entire length appears like a gigantic worm; both ends are fastened with knots, the string doubled and doubled in itself and tied in the middle, leaving on each side a bunch of wormy flesh the size of a child's hand. These are the bobs, and very enticing they look; and if made of the salt water worms are much better than the ordinary angle worm kind. Hunter was directed to have the boat in readiness at 8 P. M., and at that hour we started, Van and I in the stern, Bris in the bow and Hunter in the middle. The boat was anchored about twenty feet from the sea-wall of the fort (Wood) in five feet of water; we light our cigars, arrange our bundles of worms, tie a sinker to them, fasten them to the two upper joints of our rods and cast overboard. Hunter, an old "shell back,"—a soldier in name because of his enlistment, but a sailor all over—disdaining such trifling, looks as contemptuously as he dares at the eager satisfaction depicted on his commanding officer's face as he feels the first nibble.

Hoop-la! Out came Bris' line and on the bob a little eel not much bigger than one of the worms he had tried to devour. A silent snigger from Van who, laid out in the stern sheets, seemed to pay more attention to the stars than to his line. A splash and over went his rod, a rousing big fellow having seized the bait and dragged the pole from his lazy hands. Fortunately the line fouled with the anchor rope and it was recovered, and, when hauled in, had an eel still attached to it which probably weighed not less than two pounds. Whisk! and Pills pulled out a big one; and in his haste to secure it striking the coxswain across the face, who at once spit to leeward, shifted his quid and anathematized his eyeballs (or ours) most heartily. Next take for the infantry colonel, who this time secured an eel so large that he was obliged to haul him in by the line for fear of breaking his rod, when it was found that the animal's teeth were so fixed in the fibres of the silk that he could not be shaken off, and it was necessary to decapitate him before the bob could be used again. This operation was performed by the cheerful and long-suffering Hunter, who, after a severe tussle of some minutes, succeeded in hacking off the head and getting himself covered with slime from head to foot. More anathemas and a relapse into a sullen silence only broken by the constantly repeated hauling in of snaky-looking victims. It is an actual fact that no sooner did he bobs touch the bottom than the eels would go at them with a rush, sometimes two, even three, being captured at one time. After an hour or so of this kind of work we rested awhile before putting on fresh bobs, and Bris sung us his favorite song, the chorus of which ran as follows:

> "Oh, the death of my poor children,
> Oh, the death that they did die;
> Some got drunk and some got drowned,
> Some got choked with chicken pie."

Those of my readers who have traveled West will doubtless recoguize these familiar words. We resumed work again, and for another hour hauled in eels until the bottom of the boat was covered to such an extent that we were obliged to keep our feet on the gunwale to prevent the "riptyles," as Hunter called them, from climbing up our legs. At length my patience gave out, and I mildly suggested to our amiable commanding officer that we should give up our sport for the night and pull to the wharf.

"No, sir," he replied. "I don't go in until I have filled this boat with eels."

Over poor Hunter's face a smile was seen to gleam when I made my proposition; at the colonel's response he became gloomy as midnight again.

"Well, I'm going ashore," said I, "If I have to wade for it."

"No, sir; I command this boat. You must see the fun out. Obey orders, even if you are to be devoured with eels. Did you ever hear how our old friend the general, who by this time is peacefully asleep in his cot in yonder fort, obeyed

orders? No? Well, I will tell you; and let the story of this old veteran be a lesson to you. It was during the battle of Molina del Rey, and General Taylor, seeing a certain part of his line exposed to attack from a quarter not expected, sent an aide for a young captain of artillery, who, quickly approaching his chief, received the following order: 'Captain Burke, take your battery to the field over the hill to the right. Keep the enemy in check and remain there until I rescue you.' The artillery man touched his cap, cantered off, had his battery limbered up and off at a gallop. The day was won and sunset saw the complete discomfiture of the Mexican host. Captain Burke did not put in an appearance and many surmises were made as to his fate. The next day passed and nothing was heard of him, and General Taylor was heard to say that he could not understand what had become of him. An officer near by remarked that perhaps no order had been sent him to abandon his position. 'By Jove, sure enough! One of you fellows ride out and see if he is still there and, if so, order him in.' Sure enough, there he was; and would have been to this day if he had not received a command to retire. Talk about Casabianca! bah—Lord! what an eel!" and in came another one.

We fished until nothing was left of the bobs, and at 1 P. M. returned to the fort, our boat certainly one-third full of eels—a loathsome, squirming, slimy mass, enough to sicken one; but the colonel was delighted, for said he, "We will save a whole day's rations and feed the men on them; they won't be lost." We stopped at the sutler's to refresh the inner man and while sitting over our beer and cigars the colonel told the following story, which, although it may have been in print before, is well worth repeating. It is apropos of the eel:

"A wagon drove up to the cottage door and a quiet, gentlemanly visitor descended who knocked and was admitted by the good woman of the house. 'Widow Jones?' said he. 'No widow,' said she—'Mrs. Jones.' 'Widow Jones,' said he, 'the eels are outside—two barl's of them.' 'Where did they come from?' said she. 'Outer the old man—fell in the creek—drowndead.' 'Good Lord!' said she, 'bring the critters into the kitchen.' 'All right,' said he; 'what shall I do with the defunk?' 'Wall, I kinder guess the best thing to do would be to take him back and set him agin,' and she wiped a big tear from her glassy optic."

After this to bed and dream all night of eel bobbing and tussles with enormous monsters.

For the benefit of our friends living in the vicinity of New York it may be remarked that the locality where we fished is off the sea-wall at Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island, New York harbor.

TRIP TO MADAWASKA LAKE AND ITS SOURCES.

LEAVING the comfortable and thriving village of Fraserville, Me., at 2:15 P. M. on a bright day in August in the mail conveyance, under the care of my esteemed friend, John Turner, a veritable sport, we soon found the aroma of birch in the air after the recent shower of rain, and the roads being in splendid condition, we got along finely at the rate of eight miles an hour; and after changing horses at St. Louis, du Ha Ha, and satisfying the cravings of the inner man, we continued our journey through mountain gorges and thick forests, glorious to behold, we arrived at Lake Madawaska at 12:45 P. M., having made our journey of eighty-one miles in eleven hours, including stoppages.

The Lake was now at our feet, basking in the moonlight, and to me it seemed like a little sea, the shores opposite being almost too distant to see, as it was forty-one miles long.

However, to bed we got, and enjoyed a good night's rest from our hospitable host, Clem. Barebec, and a trout breakfast in the morning, and 6 A. M. saw me, as my friend Turner took a different route after bear, with two guides engaged, and canoe, tent blankets and all the necessary camp fixings, including a splendid rifle and twenty rounds of ammunition I got the use of from my friend, Col. Theriault, who lives on the river Madawaska and owns a farm of three miles along the edge of the lake, and one and a half miles deep, and is a thorough Nimrod. All being in readiness we started at 7 A. M., and by 12 o'clock dined just five miles up the river which is, up to this point, a succession of rapids and falls, and the water being low we had to do some immense dragging with our loaded canoe, and to be careful not to stave a hole in her. Well, we relished our dinner of trout which I caught while the guides were preparing for dinner, and soon after continued our journey. Having got over the worst part of the river the task was now a pleasant one, using the paddles all the time. The river here widens into a lake of about five miles long and half a mile broad at the widest part, with plenty of ducks all around, but too wild to get at. Saw immense flocks of young ones unable to fly, but which got through the water at a terrific gait; also lots of what the guides told me were fish eagles. I shot one which passed close by the canoe, and he measured from tip to tip of wing five feet four inches, of a darkish brown color and a beautiful crested head, and immense talons. I preserved the wings alone. After passing through three miles of river, whose waters were without a ruffle, and whose shores are forested with cedar, maple and birch, we entered the second lake, seven miles long and about one mile broad, slightly timbered with cedar; and leaving it we again had the river before us for five miles more, and 7 P. M. saw us in camp at La Fourche, the head of the main branch of Madawaska River and twenty-five miles from Lake Madawaska. We had quite a time during the early part of the night, shying pieces of wood at the hares which came around the camp, attracted by the fire. The guides managed to bag two of them, and they made a very palatable breakfast.

Here at La Fourche the river has three different branches, one of about four miles and another three miles long, both being fed by smaller streams; the third branch fourteen miles long, fed by "Eagle Lake," a great beaver district. We took the "Eagle" branch, and after going up for about four miles found the river jammed by logs piled some forty feet high and about a mile long. This jam has been accumulating for over thirty years, the guides tell me. Here we had to portage everything to the head of the jam.

During all our passage up the trout fishing was very poor, the best being but one pound in weight. We were now recompensed for coming so far. At the head of the jam the water was only about four feet deep and clear as crystal, and in the bottom we could see the trout in swarms, some "long as a fishing pole," one guide said.

I got my rod ready and tried them with a Jock Scott, but no use. Tried nearly every colored fly imaginable, but no success; the guides in the meantime having fixed camp and rigged their rods, which were cut out of the surrounding bush, of about four feet long, with a good strong hook and a piece of pork for bait, and if they were not landing some of the finest trout I ever saw it was a caution. I then got them to cut me a rod, as here you must fish in the holes among the logs, and a long, light trout rod is useless. So, being rigged, I commenced, and it would take us all of ten minutes to land them. We caught sixteen dozen, averaging 2½ lbs. each, and then stayed the slaughter as I was afraid we would not manage to keep them from spoiling, having insufficient salt with us; but the guides fixed them, part sun dried and part salted. Next morning the sky had changed, wind westerly and continual clouds. Tried the fly with success, but as the canoe could not be used on account of its shadow in the water I had to wade, and that in some places to the arm-pits, but had the pleasure of landing in three hours four dozen, some of them five pounds weight.

Having exhausted my vacation I thought it time to take the home route again, although it was my intention to go as far as Eagle Lake, but home I must go, and having the fish well packed in cedar branches we commenced our journey back.

While going down the river ahead of the guides, about one-half a mile wading and fishing, and not taking particular notice of my surrounding I nearly fell over a full-grown bear. I was walking across a strip of sand where the river took a short bend, and having leather moccasins on I made no noise whatever, and Mr. Bruin was lying down in the sand by the river's edge within twenty yards of me. I don't know well which made the best time for home, the bear or I, but mine was "Dexter-ously" fast, and when I told the guides they immediately got the rifle (I carried no revolver) and started in pursuit, but Bruin had a good start and was not to be bagged that time. On examining the shore along could be seen footprints of both a large and a small one. One track I followed for fully one-half mile along the river in the sand, of evidently a she bear and her cubs by the large and small foot-prints. We never had any close aquaintance with them after that, but the same night a hunter shot one about a mile from our camp, and the skin measured ten feet.

Nothing of note happening on our journey except the bagging of an occasional hare, and we arrived at the colonel's who gave us a hearty welcome and a good send-off.

Arrived at Fraserville the boys turned out to see the "catch," and they were surprised to learn that I had upward of a flour barrel full, and after sending around a few dozen among them I had a jolly fine supper from mine host, Alex. Gilles, who invited all the boys, and they toasted me to my heart's content.

Home again and sorry for it, but if the readers of FOREST AND STREAM wish good fishing I can recommend Madawaska River. SIMON FRASER.

Quebec, Sept. 15.

SUCKERS.

THE question of a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 24 in reference to sucker fishing and replied to in your answers to correspondents, reminds me of much sport I have had catching suckers with a three-pointed hook. On most any railroad or wagon bridge where suckers most do congregate, especially in the West, one can look down when the water is clear and see the sucker or redhorse nosing along among the rocks, slowly working up stream. If the conditions are favorable one can see a fish stop at a stone or against a rock of a pier, for instance, and take in the moss and vegetable substance adhering and then throw it out in puffs or little clouds when he has extracted the nutriment he was after.

I have had my sport with an ordinary bass line and reel with a grab-hook attached, and a bullet or bullets to keep it steady and guide it to the fish's nose. If not alarmed or on the *qui vive* against danger the sucker is rather stupid, you know, and not much account anyhow. It requires care and patience to direct the hook at the end of twenty or thirty feet of line, but it can be done, and there is lots of fun in it—when you have nothing else to do. Throw the hook in a few feet up stream, guide it skillfully down to the unsuspecting redhorse, and just as it reaches the bottom under *Moxostoma's* nose, jerk! To use an expressive phrase, if the hook takes hold he'll do some of the liveliest thrashing about you ever saw in your life, and it will tax you somewhat to get your game to land. I have several times furnished the greatest amusement to my children by taking them with me and spending an hour or so catching suckers. We had a colored attendant who was always glad to take our fish, knowing that we cared nothing for them. He had a way of dressing them and getting rid of a half million or so of bones that was novel. He would partially sever a sucker's head, make incisions each side the backbone, and then, by a "twist of the wrist," yank the head backward and pull the backbone out with a large proportion of all the numerous small bones adhering!

J. A. B.

WHERE AND WHEN DO BLUEFISH SPAWN?—Red Bank, N. J.—Under the above heading I wish to add my local experience for the last fifteen years. The bluefish arrive in our river about June 1 but I have taken them as early as May 25. No earlier. They do not remain down the river but a very short, time but take the flood and go up to Lawrence's Cove, nearly opposite Red Bank, this being about as far as they and the weakfish go up this river, the North Shrewsbury. I am under the impression that at this cove (Lawrence's) they do their spawning, as they remain here about two weeks when they leave for the lower part of the river in the vicinity of Locust Point. About the 15th of July small schools of young bluefish are seen in Red Bank Bay and up by the railroad bridges. They are about one inch in length and are taken in the small seines in company with menhaden fry, but are smaller at this date.

About August 15 or 20 the same "young snappers," as we call them, become a nuisance to the bait fisherman. They remain with us all the season and are about the last to leave. The large fish, when they first enter the river weigh about one and a half pounds, with an occasional one about three-quarters of a pound. I have visited the beachfrom May 25, to October 15 during the runs of the large fish and I have never seen on the beach a smaller bluefish than four inches in length. So I presume from this they cannot claim the sea as their birth-place.

The young of this species of fish are of a very rapid growth. I have frequently taken them, while trolling for striped bass, four inches in length and this on a four-inch squid. Happy to hear the striped bass we sent to California were a success, and when they get plentiful I will go and help Commissioner Throckmorton to "catch 'em." Should this meet the eyes of that enthusiastic commissioner allow me to send him J. A. Throckmorton's and T. A. Throckmorton's best wishes.—G. H. WILD.

ON THE KISSIMMEE—Key West, Fla., Feb. 26.—We have just completed a successful trip from the head waters of the Kissimmee River to the Gulf Coast via Lake Okeechobee and Caloosahatchie River. We used a twenty-foot boat, and made the entire trip without a portage. Our time from Okeechobee to open water in the Caloosahatchie was about two days, with little or no wind and a moderate stage of water. So far as we can learn we are the first sporting party to make the trip without a portage.—GEO. O. ALLEN.

SMELTS IN FRESH WATER—Under the heading of "Cultivated Smelts" the Boston *Herald* has the following: "One of the curious articles in our fish market last week were some cultivated smelts from a fresh-water pond in Maine. They were much large than any smelts ever before seen in our market, most of them weighing three-quarters of a pound each; 18 of them weighing 10 pounds. They were very handsome fish and very suggestive to the fish commissioners, showing what may be done in fresh water with a salt-water fish, being quite equal to what is done in Europe, and proposed to be done here with the carp. The smelts were found to be in spawn, and, in one of them at least, was found a small smelt entire."

Our correspondent, Mr. G. H. Peters, of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, writes us on the subject of these same fish as follows: "The smelts were caught through the ice while fishing for pickerel, and sent me by a friend to dispose of. I personally caught several last winter of equal size from same locality. 'Landlocked' would appear to be more descriptive than *cultivated*, as I am not aware that any care has ever been taken of the fish in question."

THE WA WA YANDA FISHING CLUB.—At a meeting of this club, held at Gabe Case's, Jerome avenue, on Monday last, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: Shepherd F. Knapp, President; James A. Flack and Charles Banks, Vice-Presidents; William C. Conner, Treasurer, and Robert A Van Wack, Secretary. After the election there was a dinner followed by speeches, songs and chat. The headquarters of the club is at Fire Island, where there is a handsome club house. The club has over 700 members.

Fish Culture.

DEEP SEA FISHING.

IN the opinion of Prof. A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, the recent deep sea dredging expedition off the coast of Rhode Island, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission, proved the most successful ever sent out by this or any other country. In three days more specimens were obtained than by any other expedition in as many months. Indeed, the English expedition on the Challenger, which was at work deep-sea dredging for five years continuously, did not accomplish more or get a larger collection.

The dredging was done from 75 to 115 miles south of Newport, in the region known on the charts as Block Island soundings, the depth of the water being from one-quarter to three-quarters of a mile. The specially constructed steamer Fish Hawk, fitted up with the most approved scientific appliances, was used, and the expedition was under the direct charge of Prof. Baird, of Washington. The ground was especially favorable. A peculiar beam trawl was used for scraping the bottom of the ocean. It was a net forty or fifty feet long. The mouth of it was spread open by an oak beam fifteen feet long and six inches in diameter. The beam rested upon heavy iron runners, to keep the network bag about two feet off of the bottom. The lower side of the mouth of the net was formed of a receding rope, weighted with lead. This rope dragged along the bottom and scraped the shell fish, shells and what not into the net. Fish swimming at that depth were also scooped in, and once inside they were entangled in pockets that prevented their escaping. This trawl would be thrown out and drawn along behind the steamer, making a swath half a mile long and twelve or fifteen feet wide. Then a powerful hoisting engine would be set to work and the trawl and its contents hoisted aboard the steamer. As many as 4,000 pounds weight of stuff would be taken from the bottom of the ocean each time the trawl was hoisted. Two barrels of alcohol a day was used in preserving rare specimens. To put them in shape will be the work of weeks. To thoroughly arrange and classify the thousands of specimens obtained will occupy the Commission all winter. Most of this work will be done by Prof. Verrill and his assistants.

Eighteen species of fish were caught heretofore unknown and undescribed, besides others known to Greenland and Northern Europe, but not to our coast; also a wonderful variety of crabs, shrimp and lobster-like creatures, some of them very handsome, and forty species of them entirely new. One hundred and fifty-five different kinds of shells, 115 of them not before known on this part of the coast, fifty-five not known as inhabitants of American waters, and thirty wholly unknown to scientists heretofore, were obtained. In addition, two new kinds of devil fish, one about a foot long; 200 specimens of a new and pretty squid, and twenty new kinds of starfish were taken. Of these starfish, thousands of specimens were netted, some of exceeding beauty. Quite a number of new species of corals were caught, some of them being brought up by the bushel. Of fan coral some beautiful specimens were obtained. Hundreds of sea anemones, brilliantly colored, some of them measuring a foot across, delighted the eyes of men of science. One strange discovery was a worm inhabiting a quill like a goose-quill. The quills were about a foot long, and soon after being taken out of the water grew so hard that they could be and were used for pens. They stood up in the mud at the bottom of the sea. The worms inside were opal-colored, and when taken out of their strange tenements glistened and presented a rather pretty appearance, so far as color was concerned. They were raked up by thousands, and none of the scientific men ever heard of them before.

The discovery was made that the tilefish is plentier than the cod. A Gloucester fisherman last winter hauled in the first tilefish. Since then few have been caught. Prof. Verrill, however, caught three with a perpendicular line. On opening their stomachs he found therein some of the rare crustacea that abounded thereabout, and he knew it was their feeding ground. He is satisfied that they are plentier there in season than codfish off Block Island. One of the three fish caught weighed fifty pounds. The tilefish, as described by Prof. Verrill, is a magnificent fish of a light yellow-brown color, shaped like a sea bass, and spotted all over with yellow. It is fine eating, and he is convinced that it is destined to become a favorite market fish, now that it is known where it can be readily caught.

All of the fish caught by the dredges have gone to the headquarters of the Commission in Washington. The other specimens came here in many boxes a few days ago, and the work of arranging them is now being pushed forward. As many as 100 series of the various specimens will be made up and distributed among the museums of the country, the first choice going to the National museum at Washington, the second to the Peabody museum here, the third to the museum at Cambridge, and so on. A complete and detailed report will also be made by the commission.

The records of the temperature at different depths were always made with great care. At a depth of from 100 to 142½ fathoms the temperature was usually from 51 deg. to 53 deg. Fahrenheit. From 142½ to 325 fathoms it was from 42 deg. to 43 deg., and at 500 fathoms it was 40 deg. The pressure at 500 fathoms or over was very great—sufficient to crush and press together the wood

that encased the thermometer until it was a shapeless mass, and to so press the rope used to lower the instrument that it came up hardened and squeezed together until it resembled a bar of metal.

In the nine years the Fish Commission has been established, it has dredged in 2,000 localities (both shallow an l deep waters), between Long Island Sound and Halifax, and out as far as 200 miles; but never before did they have such good luck as last month on the Fish Hawk.—*New York Sun.*

DO "QUINNAT" SALMON DIE AFTER SPAWNING?

CHARLESTOWN, Feb., 26, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I took much pleasure in reading in FOREST AND STREAM of February 3, Mr. Dunn's communication in regard to the question whether the California salmon (*Salmo quinnat*, or *Oncorhynchus chouicha*) as I believe we must call it now,) dies after spawning, and I was glad to see the letter because it opens up a subject concerning which I have been desirous for some time of presenting some testimony, which I took considerable pains to collect. It relates to the California salmon that go up the McCloud River in the summer to spawn. In publishing this testimony, I wish to remind your readers that it is given by Indians who, with their ancestors, have watched the salmon of the river in question from time immemorial, and by the white men who have lived the longest on the river, and also to call your readers' attention to the fact that their testimony is given in a decided, unhesitating and unequivocal manner.

I submit to your readers whether the witnesses are not the ones who know most about this subject, and also the only ones who know about it positively and at first hand. What can San Francisco gentlemen, like my respected friend Mr. Dunn, be expected to know personally about the habits of fish in a river that they never saw or never visited more than once or twice in their lives? and what is the weight of their testimony compared with that of those who have lived on the spot all, or a large portion of, their lives?

With these preliminary remarks I will bring forward my witnesses, merely adding that their testimony was given without any leading question on my part or anything to indicate to them in advance what was wanted of their information. The question I put to them was simply this: "What do you suppose becomes of the salmon that go up the McCloud River in the summer to spawn?"

"Their answers were as follows:

Testimony of Myron Green: Mr. Green has been the head fisherman at the United States Fishery for eight years, and has lived nearly the whole of that time on or near the river. He has been very observant of the habits and movements of the salmon, and understands them thoroughly. He has a genius for catching fish and for learning their ways.

Mr. Green answered: "*I am certain* that all the salmon die that go up the river in the summer to spawn. There is no doubt about it. They cannot possibly get back to the sea in the condition they are in after they have spawned. So far from getting back to the ocean, I do not believe they could live a single day in the intervening warm water of the Main Sacramento."

Testimony of James A. Richardson: Mr. Richardson is a New England man who has held responsible positions at the United States Fishery on the McCloud for the past four years, and has also been in the employ of the State Fish Commission for several years.

Mr. Richardson answered: "There is no doubt that the summer spawning salmon all die. None are seen going back alive, while immense numbers of dead and dying salmon are seen in the river and on the banks.

Testimony of Mr. Augustus Lezchnisky: Mr. Lezchnisky has spent seasons on the McCloud fishing for salmon with a seine and working at the United States Fishery.

Mr. Augustus Lezchnisky answered that "he had no doubt that nine'y-nine per cent, of the spawning salmon died. He admitted that one in a hundred might get away alive."

Mr. Jacob Lezchnisky, his son, who has always accompanied his father while salmon fishing on the McCloud, confirmed his father's opinion.

Testimony of Mr. Henry Hirz: Mr. Hirz lives on the bank of the McCloud and has worked at the United States Fishery for several years.

Mr. Hirz answered: "My opinion is that all the salmon die after spawning."

Testimony of J. B. Campbell: Mr. Campbell is an intelligent and very observing man and the oldest permanent resident of the McCloud River.

Mr. Campbell answered:

"I have been on the Little Sacramento and the McCloud Rivers for twenty-three years, and have done a great deal of hunting and fishing, and watched the salmon on their spawning grounds. I think that all the salmon die that come to the McCloud River to spawn. They come so far from salt water, and the water where they spawn is so cold, that when they get through spawning and start to go down through the warm water of the main river they are so much exhausted and covered with fungus, and have so many parasites in their gills, that they must die, though I think that there are thousands of them that get back from the main Sacramento, as they spawn in warmer water, and the distance they have to go is not so far.

"I have been here since 1856, and have done a great deal of spearing, and have made fish a study, and also have been working at the U. S. Fishery for five years, and am engaged in the business of taking trout spawn, so that gives me a good chance to notice all the movements of the salmon. The reason that I think they don't return is that the distance is three hundred miles to the ocean, or more, and that is too much for them when they are so nearly exhausted and covered with fungus and their gills are full of parasites."

Testimony of Jeff Davis (Indian): Jeff Davis is one of the most intelligent of the McCloud River Indians, and has lived on and about the river all his life. Age, about thirty years. Jeff answered: "I think that all the salmon die and sink to the bottom of the river or float against the shore where the bears comes down to eat them."

Testimony of Keucherra: Keucherra is the most intelligent Indian woman on the river, and has spent her whole life on its banks. Age about thirty.

Kencherra answered: "I think that Jeff is right, and that all the salmon die. *I know they all die.*"

Testimony of the McCloud River Indians generally: Col-choo-loo-loo, an old chief and a very sagacious man, Nundalmy, Billie, Teff, Short Jim, Charley Nichols and many other intelligent Indians were asked the same question, viz.: "What becomes of the salmon that go up the McCloud in the summer to spawn?" and they all gave the same answer that Jeff Davis and Kencherra gave. *They were unanimous in saying that all the salmon died.* There was not one dissenting opinion.

Col-choo-loo-loo added jokingly "that he thought some of them went back to the sea, but they went overland."

The answers given above are the testimony of six white men, who know more about the McCloud salmon than any one else living. Indeed, more than all other living white men combined. Their testimony is unanimous and positive and unequivocal. It is supported by the unanimous and similar testimony of all the Indians who live on the McCloud River. Could anything be more conclusive? LIVINGSTON STONE.

THE PISCIVOROUS MINK.—A tragedy in one act.

Scene—The trout ponds and hatchery of Thomas Clapham, Roslyn, Long Island.

Time, one evening last week.

Dramatis Personæ—20,000 young salmon with the sac absorbed, and one mink.

Scene 1—Chorus of infantile salmon: "In numbers there is strength; behold, we are a mighty host!"

Enter mink—Air: "See, the Conquering Hero Comes."

Alarums and excursions within and exit mink singing, "*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

Scene 2—Time, morning—Enter Clapham—Song: "Who's been here since I've been gone?" "Ah, villain! What! All my pretty chickens at one fell swoop?" Echo.—"No, not all, only half; behold, ten thousand yet remain."

Clapham—"What, ho! without, there! Steel traps, I say!" Chorus—"Fee, fie, fo, fum."

Scene 3—Time, next morning—Enter Clapham—Chorus of salmon: "We are saved!" Clapham—"Behold, he came like a thief, but he goeth out as the ingredients of a muff. Oh, my salmon! If my foresight had equalled my hindsight this great grief would not have fallen upon us."—Curtain.

DAMAGE TO THE SALMON BREEDING RANCH.—A correspondent from the Sacramento *Bee* writing from Redding, Cal., Feb. 11, says: "The United States salmon fishery was established on the McCloud River about six years ago by Livingston Stone, Deputy United States Fish Commissioner of the Pacific coast, and upon his recommendation the buildings necessary for the prosecution of preparing the eggs for the streams of our own and other countries were put three feet higher than the highest mark indicated for high water by the Indians who lived on the McCloud long before the face of a white man was ever seen. For a few days before the 2d instant it snowed very heavily on the mountains that contribute their surplus water to the McCloud; on the 2d it rained heavily, and on the 3d at 3 o'clock A. M., the water had risen twenty-five feet above low water mark, and eleven feet higher than was ever known by the oldest Indian belonging to the McCloud River tribe of Indians. Two men were left to protect the property of the Government, who did all they could by fastening the buildings with long ropes to high banks, but the swift current, in its rapid transit to the sea, left nothing standing in its way. The breakwaters built to provide against ordinary floods afforded no protection, and the only building left standing was the one formerly used as a post office, situated much higher than the other buildings, which was only saved on account of being outside of the current and surrounded by trees. On the McCloud, a river whose banks are mostly of a nature and soil which will admit of its giving away, there were many land slides, which, in the opinion of many, contributed much to the sudden rise, but of this the writer knows nothing. Everything belonging to the United States fishery, except the wheel that furnished the water necessary for the hatchery and the boats that supported the wheel, was swept down the river. The loss to the Government is estimated at from $20,000 to $25,000. As this is one of the industries that indicates food, not only to all the States of the Union but to the civilized nations of the world, we have no doubt Congress will make the necessary appropriations to rebuild it. The trout fishery, also the property of the Government, of which Myron Green has charge, sustained slight damage, but is intact.

SMELTS FOR FRESH WATER.—Mr. N. K. Fairbank has ordered one million smelt fry from Hackensack, N. J., for Geneva Lake, Wis. The hatching will soon begin and as soon as the little fellows are able to stand the journey one of Mr. Fairbank's men will come East for them.

The Kennel.

April 1, at Columbia, Tenn.—Close of entries, National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Joseph H. Dew, Secretary.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building. Third avenue and Sixty-third street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, superintendent, No. 128 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,900, New York City.

THE BEAGLE.

[A description of what the beagle was like in the early part of this century is thus expressed in the *Sportsman's Cabinet*:]

THE beagle, however it may have undergone different distinctions in proportion to the size it has been bred or the crosses it may have been thought judicious to adopt, is now confined to the smallest kind of hunting dog passing under the general denomination of hound, and of which class are those who inherently possess the property of finding and pursuing their game by inhaling certain atmospheric particles inexplicably impregnated, which is sportingly termed scent: and this, acting upon the olfactory irritability of the dog so hunting, occasions such an exquisite sensation of pleasure that it imperatively extracts a joyful vociferation from every individual, which in the aggregate constitutes what has been from time immemorial exultingly called the exhilarating cry of the jovial pack.

Previous to the present improved state of hunting and polish of field sporting packs of beagles were frequently seen in the possession of gentlemen whose age or infirmities prevented their enjoyment of sport of a different description; but in proportion to the gradational improvements made in the different kinds of hounds, according to the different classes they were intended to pursue, the former attachment to beagles has been observed to decline. They are the smallest of the hound race used in this country, are exquisite in their scent of the hare, and indefatigably vigilant in their pursuit of her.

Though wonderfully inferior in point of speed, yet equally onegetic in persevering pursuit, they follow her through all her windings, unravel all her mazes, explore her labyrinths, and by the scent alone trace and retrace her footsteps to a degree of admiration that must be seen to be properly understood, during all which the soft and melodious tone of their emulous vociferation seems to be the most predominant inducement to the well-known ecstatic pleasures of the chase.

This slow kind of hunting was admirably adapted to the aged and the feminine gender. It could be enjoyed by ladies of the greatest timidity as well as gentlemen laboring under infirmity, to both of whom it was a consolation that if they were occasionally a little way behind there was barely a possibility of their being thrown out. A pack of this description was perfectly accommodating to the neighboring rustics; the major part of those not being possessed of horses found it a matter of no great difficulty to be well up with them on foot. The spirit of emulation seemed formerly to be who should produce the greatest degree of merit in the smallest compass, and packs were to be seen in different parts of the most diminutive description.

Among professed amateurs every effort was made to attain perfection, and these indefatigable endeavors were generally attended with success. Beagles were almost uniformly so well matched that they did not exceed ten or eleven inches in height, and so carefully selected in respect to speed that whenever they were running they might be covered with a sheet; and this alone is the predominant trait of celebrity in a pack of hounds or beagles whether great or small. These, though slow, are incredibly destructive, for if the scent lies well a hare has very little chance of escape, and this to the object of pursuit must prove a lingering as well as a certain death; for although in the early parts of the chase they can never get near enough the hare to press her, yet they are in general finally fatal, if even three or four hours in killing. In proportion to the increasing spirit of sporting and polish of the times slow hunting declined, and beagles became of less repute, it being now exceedingly uncommon to see any collection of beagles beyond two or three couple used in some counties for the greater certainty of finding with greyhounds in districts where hares from a variety of circumstances are known to be scarce or with difficulty to be found.

The numerous and diversified crosses in the different breeds of both beagles and hound according to the views, wishes and inclinations of those who keep them, have so complicated and variegated that particular part of the species that a volume might be produced in describing the various sorts and sizes, as thought best adapted to the soil and surface for which they are bred and intended to hunt, from the old, heavy, deep-tongued, dew-lapped, southern hound of Lancashire (where the huntsman, with his long pole, follows on foot) to the leggest-bred northern harriers of the present day, who kill their game in a burst of half an hour or forty minutes with a degree of rapidity but little inferior to coursing.

The breed of hounds now passing under the denomination of harriers have been brought to their present state of perfection by a repetition of crosses between the beagle and foxhound for the increase in size and promotion of speed, but beagles, in the sporting acceptation of the term, are not to be considered synonymous with harriers, to whom, although they possess precisely the same properties, they are much inferior in size. That some adequate idea may be formed of the original beagle, the following ludicrous transaction is introduced from the most indisputable authority:

The late Col. Hardy had once a collection of this diminutive tribe, amounting to ten or twelve couple, which were always carried to and from the field of glory in a large pair of panniers slung across a horse. Small as they were and insignificant as they would now seem, they could luviariably keep a hare at all her shifts to escape them, and finally worry, or rather teaze, her to death. The catastrophe attending which curious pack was of a very singular description, for a small barn, having been some time appropriated to the purpose of a kennel, was one night broken open and every hound, as well as the panniers, stolen, nor could the most diligent search ever discover the least trace of the robbers or their sporting appendage.

THE BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLE.

The following letter has been sent us for publication:

WESTWOOD KENNELS,
No. 28 WEST MONUMENT STREET.
BALTIMORE, Md., March 7.

R. C. CORNELL, Esq., Sec. W. K. C.:

Dear Sir—I have just learned, with much astonishment, that in your coming bench show you ignore, by failing to provide a class for, the bench-legged beagles, a distinct and numerous family in this State, well worthy a recognition in any first-class show and just as well established as a separate and distinct breed of dogs as the Gordon setter or the Chesapeake Bay dogs, etc. By this action you exclude quite a numerous entry and slight as pretty and useful a family of dogs as any one could be proud of. They have been bred with great care in this State for quite a quarter of a century by several gentlemen who are as careful of their crossing as any one could be with their setters. The type has been recognized at Pittsburgh and judged by Dr. Twaddell, of Philadelphia, who is possibly the best authority on the beagle in the country.

My bench-legged beagles have been selected and bred from the best of kennels, commencing with Katie, imported by Charles W. Banks, Esq., Anne Arundel Co., Md. Katie was bred to Mr. S. Lark's imported Smart by Mr. Banks, and I purchased of him Dyke and Dell, of that litter, and they are now the finest field beagles I ever followed. Dyke was second at Pittsburgh to Major, a dog I had bought and sold.

There are half a dozen or more packs of bench-legged beagles within a radius of ten miles of this city, notwithstanding the cards of interested newspaper scribblers that they never heard of such a dog, and, judging from their ignorance in the matter, I should doubt if they ever owned a pure-bred dog of any kind. I have also the English, or straight-leg beagle. Among them, two imported bitches, Lulie P. and Lula, just returned from Detroit, Mich, on a visit to Rattler.

Lulie P. was first at Pittsburgh in the best class of bitches I ever saw, but my bench-legged are very superior to any straight-legged I ever followed; therefore you should give this numerous, pure and useful little dog a class—for the following reasons:

1st. That the bench-leg beagle has been known as a pure breed for many years in Maryland and Delaware.

2d. That he was originally imported as a pure breed and that recent importations have been made of the same type, viz.: Katie and Smart, the sire and dam of Dyke.

3d. That if there were any mongrel blood such as a dachshund cross would indicate, it was in England that it was alloyed, and as dachshunds have only been introduced in England within a few years past the bench-leg, as a breed, *ante*-dates it there.

4th. That the bench-leg, as a hunting dog, is superior to the straight leg, as demonstrated by Gen. F. A. Bond, who, in a letter, some months since, stated that on one hunt his pack caught thirteen rabbits out of that number started.

I am prepared to make good what I have asserted.

The delay in writing you this, and now done in this imperfect and hasty manner, is because of the rules of my profession.

Hoping to hear from you that a class will be made for the bench-legged beagle, I am, respectfully, T. CLAY MARTIN, M. D.

NEW MARKET, Md., March 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 3 a communication signed "Hare," in which the writer doubts the existence of the bench-legged beagle, and makes an attempt to stigmatize the crooked legs of the dog as a deformity. The writer claims to know all the breed throughout the State of Maryland. I claim if this gentleman has seen all the principal beagles of Maryland he has seen this type, and as he makes the assertion that there is no such type, he has not seen all the beagles of Maryland. If he will correspond with sportsmen outside of Baltimore he would find plenty of this type, especially in Montgomery and Frederick counties.

This dog is undoubtedly a pure beagle, and is entirely distinct from the Dachshund; is not the same color or shape, has not the same legs, head, ears, body, or tail, and is not a deformity by any means. Fifty years ago this dog was bred in the counties I name by Elisha Gaither, Benus Dorsey, and others, and from these gentlemen I got my dogs more than thirty years ago, and since their day they are to be found among their relations. They were also bred by Harry W. Dorsey, Dr. N. O. Shipley, H. W. D. Waters, and others of this county, and since their day the stock has been bred in its purity by their sons and relations. Having bred these dogs so long I think I am a competent judge, and ought to know a little about them. I again claim them to be absolutely pure beagles, without a taint of any other blood. I will further state that for fox-hunting purposes they are the equal of the modern beagle, and in no way his inferior except as to speed, being slower, and for this reason are preferred by some of us, as they do not kill their game as quick. I own to-day both types, and exhibited both at Pittsburg, knowing at the time that the bench-legged dog could not win, as they were to be judged by the Stonehenge standard, which was made for the straight leg, or modern beagle. I sent them by way of comparison only.

This effort to stigmatize them as a mongrel and deformity looks like a sharp dodge to prevent a class being made for them at New York, in the interest of a clique who breed straight leg dogs for market, and by doing this to drive them off the bench and out of the market, and thus prevent competition. As field dogs they are not inferior to any in the world. I shall exhibit several at the New York show in April—class or no class—by way of comparison, and there they can be examined to the satisfaction of our dog critics. I do not ask any one to take any stock in them. I do claim for them that by having less speed they make less outs than the modern type, and will also find and carry off an out quicker. Owning both types of the beagle, I know this to be the case.

Gentlemen, you must not call our dogs mongrels and deformities until you see them and are competent to criticize. The attempt you now make is highly amusing indeed. Wait a while until you are better educated in short legs and then you may be competent authority. As you now stand you are off the track. Next time come out and sign your name in full: don't play hide and seek under a *nom de plume*. POTTINGER DORSEY.

CURE FOR GUN-SHYNESS.—It is a fact that few breeders will deny that all blue blooded dogs, the Laverack setter in particular, are as a rule excessively nervous; and, unless great care is observed in training, are apt to be gun-shy or bolters. It is sorely discouraging to the sportsman after bringing a well-bred dog

through the many ills he is heir to to find such is the case, and that he has nothing but a show dog for his pains. A good plan to follow in raising a puppy is to begin firing a pistol at feeding time, commencing with very small charges and increasing the loads as the animal becomes accustomed to the noise, and immediately after the report placing the food before him—the sooner afterward the better that the noise may be associated with the pleasure derived from eating the meal. Such a plan, if persisted in, will render it impossible for the dog to ever fear a gun. I once said I should not fear to attempt to correct gun-shyness in an old dog in the same manner, and I still think it might be accomplished if the dog was kept with a keen appetite for his meals. HOMO.

AN IRISH SETTER FAMILY.—We are indebted to Mr. M. S. Baker, Bucksport, Me., for a photograph of his Irish setter bitch, Nell, and her eight puppies. The young 'uns are nicely grouped, and the picture in its way is a novelty.

JOCKEYING AT FIELD TRIALS.

FIELD TRIAL X ROADS, PA., March 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since "Fritz" is denied the privilege of dating his communications at Pittsburgh, with your permission my address will be as above, Field Trial X Roads. What matters it if I do move around in the smoke and soot of Pittsburgh?

When Messrs. Henrichs, O'Neil and "A Pittsburgh Sportsman" rushed into print to "rebuke" "Fritz" I felt all used up, completely obliterated, and I thought of giving out and inquiring if there was anything left of "Fritz." Then I said to myself, well, "let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

Now, let me give attention Mr. Henrichs. Does he not virtually admit all I claim in regard to the heat between King Dash and Seiler's Dash at Lancaster? My object in citing the case was to prove that the judges were guilty of a "misapplication or a wanton disregard of the rules," and I gave facts to prove it. Mr. H. certainly was writing under some strange influence, which might have been his anxiety to prove he was not "Fritz," or it might have been an indulgence to too great an extent in that which he accuses "Fritz" of, be this as it may, he is considerably mixed, as he puts words in my mouth I did not use. He says "he quotes the heat between Seiler's Dash and King Dash as an example of the crudity of the rules, and charges the judges in the same breath with a misapplication or wanton disregard of the rules" Now, did I, Mr. H.?

Did I not say rather, that "the bad feeling" at Lancaster (which you know all about) grew out of not the crudity of the rules, but misapplication or wanton disregard of the rules." But let us see what Mr. H. says on this very subject: "I think any error was not a wanton disregard of the rules, but simply an error of judgment." He admits an error without saying definitely how it occurred. I state definitely how in my judgment it occurred. Take the facts as given in this heat, and let any man say I was not justified in using the words "misapplication" and "wanton disregard." I sincerely hope Mr. H will not be annoyed in the future by any one charging that he is "Fritz." Now we know to a certain extent who "Fritz" is not at least, and as for using "King Dash in any of my vaporings in the future," I will take care of that. I do not propose to slander "King Dash," but would remind Mr. Henrichs that King Dash in field trials becomes to a certain extent public property, and I shall exercise the right to criticise him at any time, and would advise that thin skinned people keep out of field trials with their dogs. Mr. O'Neil, the great gun-stove man, seems only exercised as to "Fritz's" whereabouts; he "has no desire to enter into the merits or demerits of the subject." What matters it where "Fritz" is so he speaks the truth? Oh! I see, he don't want it understood he is "Fritz," and he would prefer that "Fritz" would not speak the truth from Pittsburgh, but would go somewhere else.

And that "Pittsburgh Sportsman" is amusing, he don't sign his name, but he says, now, "Fritz" you are a coward, don't shoot from behind a blind, "Pittsburgh sportsmen never shoot from behind a blind." "What, never? Hardly ever."

Now, gentlemen, one and all, you misunderstand my motives. I am not vindictive, but contending for a principal of right, and if you were less cowardly you would denounce such irregularities, dog jockeying and trickery as I have named, and which has been as well known to you as to me.

I am glad to see the FOREST AND STREAM is going for the dog jockey Whitford and rebuking him for his trickery at field trials. So notorious is the man becoming that a fair-minded handler does not care to be put down with him, and we have heard a number of gentlemen say so, expressing their opinion. All say, "Watch Whitford's tricks," and advise "If you get down with him to use his own weapons," or, in other words, "fight the devil with fire."

In this connection I cannot help referring to the manner in which John Davidson was jockeyed out of his heat by Whitford at the Vincennes trials.

Near the close of the heat Davidson's dog secured a magnificent point, and Whitford was ordered up with his dog to back. He delayed a long while and created such a racket that the bird ran and flushed, very likely unseen by the judges, but distinctly seen by a number of spectators as it flew over their heads. However, Whitford got his bitch up, and went forward and caught her by the stern pressing her down, and in an undertone steadied the dog in his peculiar manner, and this was called a back and Davidson was scored a false point, and was literally jockeyed out of the heat.

Here, too, Whitford displayed his trick of circling ahead of Davidson and stealing his point, which was called "nice generalship." John knows it all.

Probably I should close here, but must refer to one other matter so well known it is becoming a matter of general remark, viz., that field trials are degenerating through the influence of certain kennel men and tricky handlers, who seek by such influences as I have named to push their dogs to the front, and then announce them in the stud at $50 or more.

Is this not the case with Gladstone? That challenge was declined because of his service, you know, and Count Noble had no sooner been awarded first than the fee was fixed at $50, and business commenced right there and then.

Now, Mr. Editor, it is this kind of work that is disgusting gentlemen sportsmen, and will be destructive of field trials if not checked, and the sportsmen of the country are coming to know it. Speak out, gentlemen; speak. FRITZ.

THE COUNT NOBLE-MAY HEAT—Coatesville, Pa., March 4.—I have been patiently waiting (entertaining a vain hope) that some one might feel interested enough in the National Field Trials Association to reply to a communication published in a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM by "Fritz," correcting untrue statements therein set forth regarding the actions and record of a certain dog; thereby relieving me of the unpleasant task, which I believe to be the duty of every true sportsman and lover of fine dogs to do, thus hoping to encourage and to improve if possible the breeding of all sporting dogs. I, therefore, briefly express my opinion as to the field qualities of the promising young dog Count Noble, which fairly won the first prize awarded him in the Derby at the late trials at Vincennes. It will be observed that two persons can witness a contest, and greatly differ in their judgment as to the merits of a dog. I was present at said trials, and was particular to note every movement made by each dog in this particular heat, and must say in justice to the judges as well as to the dog, that their decision was correct, and they could not honorably have decided otherwise. It was a great disappointment to Count Noble's many admirers that he did not get an opportunity to compete with some of the champion dogs of the day in the free-for-all class in which also he was entered with fair chances to make a brilliant record.

My opinions herein expressed are nothing more than the sentiments of almost every one present at the time. In fact I did not hear a single objection while there to the decision of the judges in this case. Therefore I do not think "Fritz" could have been there.

I venture to assert that a large majority of those present will agree with me in saying Count Noble did not make a single mistake, but made game and pointed staunchly in every instance when an opportunity was offered. His first act of winding and roading the covey such a distance, fairly locating the birds and establishing his point down wind in the manner in which it was done, would be considered a remarkable feat for any dog having the advantage of years of experience. I do not wish to be understood as faulting in any way the grand little bitch who was so unfortunate as to be drawn to run against this dog. On the contrary, I think her a good one, and, perhaps, but one of her sex in this State her superior.

Our friend seems to doubt the validity of the offer of $1,000 for this young dog, the truth of which I have never doubted. I will, however, assume the responsibility of producing a purchaser for Count Noble when required, for that sum.

By thus expressing my views, which I believe to be correct, I hope to remove a possibly made false impression on the minds of my brother sportsmen who did not have the opportunity of witnessing the race alluded to.

In conclusion, in order to convince every undecided or doubting one of the truth of my assertions, I shall only ask them to be willing to wait until after the next meeting of the National American Field Trials Association when I trust there will be none left to doubt. I hope to have the pleasure of there meeting my friend, who will by that time be ready to either acknowledge his error or produce the dog that will go front. I. YEARSLEY, JR.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The Westminster Kennel Club has selected the following-named gentlemen, who have consented to act as judges among others at the show under the single-handed system: the Hon. John S. Wise, of Richmond, Va.; Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky.; Mr. S. T. Hammond, of Springfield, Mass; and Dr. J. S. Niven, of London, Ontario. No assignment has yet been made of the different classes except in the case of Dr. Niven, who will have the judging of the fox terriers, bulldogs, bull terriers, Skye terriers, dandie dinmont terriers, Irish terriers, Yorkshire terriers, pugs, Italian greyhounds and toy spaniels. A meeting of the club is to be held on Monday next when all matters of detail will be arranged. The club has determined to offer the following special prizes for dogs that have run and been placed in any field trials in America: To the best pointer dog, to the best pointer bitch; to the best English setter bitch; to the best Irish setter dog, to the best Irish setter bitch. Gordon setters have not been included for the reason that but one of that breed complies with the conditions and there could, consequently, be no competition. The prizes will be either cups or gold medals.

A donator, whose name has not yet been made public, has offered the following special prizes: For the best English setter, native or imported, among the "very highly commended" of the show, $25; for the best pure Laverack setter dog, $25; for the best English setter dog for stud purposes, to be competed for only by winners of not less than three first prizes, records of previous get to be taken into consideration, $25; and a similar prize, under similar conditions, for Irish setters. The Cocker Club will also probably offer several special prizes in the classes they represent.

In all probability the field trial winners will be benched together on a platform in the centre of the building; and the large dogs, such as mastiffs, St. Bernards, etc., will not be penned as heretofore, but chained behind a strong railing. This will enable the public to view them all at a glance. Thirty-six spaces have been provided for the dealers in sporting goods and a grand display is anticipated. All the express companies have agreed, on prepayment of the regular rates to the show, to return exhibitor's dogs free, and the railway companies have consented to carry dogs both ways free when accompanied by their owners or care-takers.

The following is a copy of a letter which has been sent to all the editors of foreign sporting journals:

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

New York, March 14, 1881.

SIR: By this mail I send you premium list of the New York Dog Show which will be held on the 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th of April. The entries close on the 11th of April Any exhibitors who wish to send their dogs here, and do not receive prize lists in time can enter them by stating the breed of dogs they wish to enter, and give name of dog, color, age, sex, weight and pedigree. Entries to be addressed to me, 138 Fulton street, New York, U. S. A. I am requested to ask if you will oblige the Westminster Kennel Club by giving this notice in your paper. The entry fee is two dollars. Dr. J. S. Niven, of London, Canada, will judge fox terriers, bull dogs, bull terriers, Skyes, dandies, Irish, Yorkshire, pugs, Italian greyhounds and toy spaniels. Intending exhibitors should procure, before shipping, a certificate from the Consul at Liverpool that the dogs are sent only for exhibition and breaking purposes. Yours respectfully, CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB MEETING.

A MEETING of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held in the *Tribune* building, Thursday afternoon, March 10. The following gentlemen were present: Messrs. J. Otto Donner, Dr. H. F. Atwater, Livingston Ruyvesant, R. F. N. Hall, Max Wenzel, R. C. Cornell, H. A. Hamilton, George C. Leech, E. A. Herzberg, J. Von Lengerke, W. A. Coster, H. N. Munn, J. Pentz, Dr. J. W. Green, P. H. Morris, W. H. Holmes and Dr. J. C. Monroe. The meeting was called to order at four o'clock with President Donner in the chair.

The committee appointed to investigate the charges against a member of the club reported that they had looked over the by-laws and could find nothing which related to a case where charges had been preferred by a non-member; and, therefore, were unable to act in the matter and requested to be discharged. Their report was accepted and the committee discharged

The Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, composed of Messrs R. C. Cornell, chairman, George C. Leech and F. N. Hall, reported progress. The committee appointed to revise the running rules of the club were, Messrs. Chas. H. Raymond, chairman, J. E. Granger and J. Von Lengerke; they also reported progress. Messrs. James H. Goodsell and J. L. Logan were unanimously elected members of the club. A well-known gentleman was blackballed, presumably on account of personal feeling against some of the most influential members of the club, and, thereupon, Mr. Cornell withdrew the names of several gentlemen whom he had proposed as it was apparent that the same tactics would be resorted to with regard to them. Mr. H. N. Munn resigned the position of Treasurer and Mr. F. N. Hall was nominated as candidate for the position of Acting Pro tem. Treasurer *pro tem.*, until the next meeting when one will be elected

The Committee on Charter reported that they had handed their report to the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws. The President, Mr. Donner, tendered to the club money to pay the club's indebtedness, he to be repaid out of the club's first money received by the Treasurer, Mr. Donner was tendered the thanks of the club. The chair, which was left over from the field trials, was presented by the club to Col. Bruce. The meeting soon after this adjourned. A meeting of the Executive Committee was then called and adjourned, subject to the call of the Chair.

GARFIELD'S YELLOW DOG.—The story of the eagle which settled down on General Garfield's house in Washington, the day of his nomination at Chicago, has been supplemented by the Washington *Star* with the following story of a mysterious yellow dog which appeared in the inaugural procession the other day:

That little yellow dog that was seen following the carriage containing General Garfield in the procession has a history that is worth printing, even on this day when our columns are so pressed for space. About a year ago the same dog followed General Garfield from where he got off a street car, at the corner of Thirteenth and F streets, to his house, corner of Thirteenth and I streets. The General, noticing the dog, threw him a piece of meat, and forgot the occurrence until he met the same dog on the same corner the next day. Following him home again, he was rewarded by another piece of meat. Finally, the dog made General Garfield's house a kind of temporary headquarters. When General Garfield went to Chicago as a delegate to the Convention that nominated him, the dog followed him to the depot. Before the news reached here of the nomination of General Garfield, the dog set up a joyful barking that was almost unbearable. "Something has happened," said one of the ladies in the house, "and here is a telegraph messenger." The message contained the information of the nomination. When General Garfield came here some weeks after his nomination, the story was told him, and he said he would take the dog to Ohio with him, but when the time for starting arrived the dog could not be found, the animal being of a roving nature. General Garfield never saw the dog since until yesterday, when, riding out with a friend, he saw him. Calling him by his name, "Bab," the dog recognized the voice and appeared to be happy. As the General arrived at the Riggs House the dog again disappeared. He saw nothing of him until to-day as the procession was moving from the White House. The dog followed the carriage all the way to the Capitol, but must have got mixed up or lost in some way, for he did not come back with it.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.—Personally, I don't much believe in coursing. To begin with, hares differ so much, that an unlucky, though superior dog may have the misfortune to have several severe courses, which will exhaust him, and cause him to go down before an inferior greyhound who has been lucky in his hares. Then again, I cannot see how the judge is to calculate the points made by the greyhounds so as to give satisfaction to all concerned. It is one thing to draw up a scale of points on paper, and attach a numerical value to each, but it is quite another to apportion them correctly during a course.—SENEX, *in Live Stock Journal.*

The Margate Dog Show, governed by the English Kennel Club, was held on February 23, and 24. It is now looked upon as an annual affair, and was well supported by all classes, including the talent from the north. The class of exhibits compared favorably with shows of older standing. Mr. Lort, Dr. Stables, Mr. Berrio and Mr. Hill were the judges. Leache's Bang, II. won first in pointers; Bulled's Frantic, first in English setters; Hayward's Driver, first in black and tan setters.

The Fox Terrier Club's second show was held at Oxford, on February 22. It was very successful, and Mr. Doyle's awards gave general satisfaction.

The great Scottish Metropolitan Dog Show, attracted considerable attention at Edinburgh on February 19 and 20. Over 400 hundred dogs were brought before the judges, and they embraced nearly every breed. Pointers above fifty-five pounds—First, J. Royle's Marshall Prim; under fifty-five pounds—First, C. H. Mason's Chancellor. Setters, English, first and second, J. Shorthouse's Royal, IV. and Novel. Black and tans and red Irish; first and second, M. Macdonald's Young Jack and Dash, III.

I am told that Mr. W. A. Pape, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, possesses a wonderful breed of black pointers, and is anxious to introduce to his kennel fresh blood by black dogs to prevent the strain deteriorating. I have not seen Mr. Pape's dogs, but a mutual friend gives me glowing accounts of them; and as I think the proposed plan of introducing foreign blood, if judiciously done, one of the secrets of success in breeding, I gladly draw attention to Mr. Pape's requirements. For my own part, I think the color rather objectionable, as is a whole liver color to shoot over; but when the color is decided, as in this instance, a cross with dog or bitch of dark liver, and come of a dark colored strain, would most likely throw a good proportion of blacks. If my memory serves me well, some six years ago Mr. Corbett, an Irish gentleman, exhibited several black pointers at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin.

An American person writes that he knows a collie that is *said to be twenty-eight years old.* I don't doubt it—the *said to be*, not the age, I mean. On that point I shall be very glad to hear of a dog that can be proved to have reached the age of twenty years. That story of Ulysses and his dog Argus is all *jam*—at least, so thinks SIRIUS. *in the Stock Keeper.*

THE BEAGLE PRIZES—Baltimore, Md., March 11.—If not too late to annex a condition to the special prize for bench-legged beagles you offer for the coming New York Bench Show of the W. K. C., I would like you to consider the following suggestions, viz.:

That the eligibility of competing entries be limited by purity of strain in breeding and to that end let it be made obligatory upon contestants to make affidavit to pedigree if challenged by any one interested.

I appreciate your liberality in this matter and heartily approve and indorse every word you say in favor of the "merry little beagle." I know, too, that you want to place your prizes "where they will do the most good." Don't you think, then, that to bar out mongrel or doubtful dogs is in the interest both of the beagle pure—whose champion you would be—and the sportsman true, whose friend you certainly are? MEDICUS.

We agree with much of what our correspondent says and, in theory at least, we believe with him that "mongrel or doubtful dogs" should be barred out in a competition of this kind. At the same time we are unable to see how it can practically be done—how, if a dog represents the most perfect type of his breed, a judge can go behind the evidence of his senses and complain that the animal's pedigree is not what it should be. Bench shows have to do with the outward form alone, and they are held, we take it, to determine what, so far as looks go, is the most perfect dog of each of the various breeds. The animal which takes first prize may not be worth a rap in the field, but so long as he most nearly approaches in appearance the standard of perfection in his particular strain he must take the prize, always supposing the judges to be honest and competent. In any event we should not care now, having announced the conditions for the FOREST AND STREAM trophies, to alter or add to them.

FORTHCOMING INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS AT COLOGNE.—These trials will take place in the first or second week of April next, on the estates of Count Furstenberg, under the German Kennel Club Rules; but a special stake has been provided for all-aged setters and pointers belonging to, and bred by, gentlemen of all nations, provided these dogs are entered in the Germany or English Kennel Club Stud Books, and the stake shall be judged by Mr. Shirley, who will be empowered to act according to the English Kennel Club Rules and systems. As the entries close on the 25th inst., no time should be lost by those sportsmen who intend running their dogs. Mr. Lowe, 29a, Pall Mall, will receive entries. The headquarters during the trials will be at the Hotel du Nord, Cologne, and the best route for those sportsmen who will take their dogs with them would be *viâ* Harwich and Rotterdam, every attention being paid to the dogs on board the G. E. R. steamers, as we, personally, can testify. The exact dates of the trials will be duly advertised in our columns.—*Field.*

ENGLISH EXHIBITORS FOR NEW YORK SHOW.—Mr. Henry Lacy, of Hebden Bridge, and Mr. C. H. Mason, of Bradford, Yorkshire—the former, a few years ago, the most successful exhibitor of Manchester (black and tan) and other terriers in England—and the latter gentleman one of the largest and most successful exhibitors of both sporting and non-sporting dogs in England, sail from Liverpool for this country on March 19. These two gentlemen have both been manufacturers of textile fabrics on an extensive scale and their object in visiting America is the purchase of land. They both propose being present at the New York Bench Show, and it is Mr. Mason's intention to bring with him about twenty of his crack dogs of various breeds with a view of exhibiting them.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.—The meeting of this organization, which was noticed in our last issue to take place at Pittsburgh on March 10, was held on that date. The various amendments to the by-laws, already published in FOREST AND STREAM, were adopted, with the exception of the

one offered by Mr. Gregg, "That this Association shall have three stakes in future trials, viz., Derby, all-aged and Association stakes, and that the Derby and All-Aged shall be open to the world."

MEADOW BROOK HUNT.—The Meadow Brook Hounds will meet at the following places in March, 1881. Thursday, 17, Queens, 3:30 P. M.; Saturday, 19, New Cassel, 3:15 P. M.; Monday, 21, Westbury, 7 A. M.; Thursday, 24, Jamaica, 3:30 P. M.; Saturday, 26, Garden City 3 P. M.; Monday, 28, Kenneis, 7 A. M.; Thursday, 31, Island Trees, 3:30 P. M.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—The amusing letter printed below has been sent us by one of our advertisers. It was received by him a year or two since in reply to an advertisement inserted in our columns offering a collie for sale. The letter speaks for itself and reads as follows:

B——, N. H., May 1, 1879.

MR. F. A. T.—*Dear Sir:* I notice in FOREST AND STREAM your advertisement under the head of "Collie for sale, Bounce, two years old," etc. Now I want a dog, and a good one. Will you please answer some few inquiries?

1. What breed is he?
2. Has he been gunned over?
3. Will he stand?
4. If he has been hunted, on what game?
5. Is he fast or slow?
6. Has he been kennel broken?
7. How much does he weigh?
8. What is the price?
9. When and where can I see him?

I am not acquainted with different kennels and, therefore, am in ignorance of the breed of the dog—whether he is setter or pointer. I have had some considerable experience in gunning with dogs, and don't want any unless I can have a good one.

Yours, resp't, G—— P——.

LEONBERG DOGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a late issue of your paper I notice a letter from a gentleman referring to Leonberg dogs. I think American sportsmen ought to be made conversant with this breed (?), of which several specimens have been shown to us at our exhibitions. I state:

First.—The man who raises these dogs is neither a count nor a baron, but even to the "manor born," but a professional dog-raiser, and a poor one at that. If he, "Esig"—in English "Vinegar"—has palmed himself off as a titled nobleman he is simply lying.

Secondly.—There is no such breed in existence as Leonbergers. They are nothing but large mongrels—crosses of anything that is large. They are raised in Germany for watch dogs and as those may be good. But we, here—the same as our German sportsmen—do not want mongrels, or dogs of cross breeds, and Leonbergers are nothing but that.

A. E. GODEFFROY.

REX.—Mr. Fisher Howe, Jr.'s champion pointer Rex has recovered from his accident and is now in fine order, barring a crooked leg.

A FINE POINTER.—Any one in want of a really fine pointer dog, out of Colburn's Belle by Sensation, should address at once Mr. John S. Wise, Richmond, Va.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Lady Winsome—Mr. Isaac Yearsley, Jr., Coatesville, Pa., claims the name of Lady Winsome for setter bitch puppy out of owner's Countess (Leicester-Pocahontas) by Mr Sanborn's Count Noble (Count Wind'em-Nora.

Spring.—Mr. Wm. H. Bennett, Milford, Mass., claims the name of Spring for his dark liver pointer puppy, nine weeks old, bought of Mr. John L. Martin. (Both sire's and dam's names omitted.)

Pete—Mr. M. B. L. Bradford, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Pete for native setter puppy out of Mr. Bloodgood's Smut by Mr. Pratt's Trim.

Bennie, Jr.—Mr. S. R. Paist, Petroleum Centre, Pa., claims the name of Bennie, Jr., for black and tan terrier puppy out of Betsy by Bennie.

Ralph—Dr. Chas. Packard, Bath, Maine, claims the name of Ralph for Llewellin setter dog puppy out of Dryad (Druid–Nellson) by Royal Blue (Gladstone-Mersey), purchased of Mr. J. W. Kittridge, Ayer, Mass.

Donna—Dr. Chas. A. Packard, Bath, Maine, claims the name of Donna for Llewellin setter bitch puppy out of Dryad by Royal Blue, purchased of Mr. J. W. Kittridge, Ayer, Mass.

Monarch—Mr. Isaac T. Norris, Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Monarch for Gordon black and tan dog puppy, whelped Jan. 3, 1881, out of Dream III. by Malcolm.

Molly Druid—Mr. J. M. Hunter, Pittsburgh, Pa., claims the name of Molly Druid for white, black and ticked setter bitch puppy out of Jolly May by Druid.

Ned—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Neil for his lemon and white setter bitch out of Fawcett's Nell by Flagler's Dugbe.

Fan III.—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Fan III. for setter bitch out of owner's Neil by Fawcett's Dubie.

Nell III.—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Nell III. for setter bitch out of owner's Neil by Fawcett's Dubie.

Hector—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Hector for his lemon and white setter dog out of owner's Nell by Fawcett's Dubie.

Rover—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Rover for his black, white and tan foxhound.

Beecher—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Beecher for his black and tan foxhound.

Queen Bess—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Queen Bess for his black, white and tan foxhound.

Prince—Mr. Walter L. Bennett, Milford, Mass., claims the name of Prince for liver and white pointer dog puppy out of Countess by Ram, purchased from Mr. John F. Martin of same place.

Floribel—Mr. D. F. Slade, New York, claims the name of Floribel for liver and white cocker bitch puppy, whelped January 5, 1881, out of the Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's champion Feather by imported Snip (formerly owned by Mr. S. J. Bestor, Hartford, Conn).

Nell—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Nell for lemon and white pointer bitch out of Fawcett's imported Nell by Flagner's Joe.

Little Fan—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Little Fan for his lemon and white pointer puppy out of owner's Nell by Fawcett's Duke.

Lilly—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Lilly for his lemon and white pointer puppy out of owner's Nell by Fawcett's Duke.

Busy—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Busy for his lemon and white pointer puppy out of owner's Nell by Fawcett's Duke.

Rushlight—Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa., claims the name of Rushlight for his lemon and white pointer puppy out of owner's Nell by Fawcett's Duke.

Black Bess—Mr. James Sullivan, Pittsburgh, Pa., claims the name of Black Bess for black setter bitch puppy, whelped October, 1880, out of Mr. Tyrrell's Moll by Mr. Edward Gray's black setter dog Don.

Fshion—Mr. G. W. Bassford, White Plains, N. Y., claims the name of Fashion for red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 9, 1880, out of Lincoln & Hellyar's imported Flora by Arlington.

Glengary—Mr. G. W. Bassford, White Plains, N. Y., claims the name of Glengary for red Irish puppy, whelped December 8, 1880, out of owner's Gipsey by Elcho III.

Donegal—Mr. G. W. Bassford, White Plains, N. Y., claims the name of Donegal for red Irish puppy, whelped December 3, 1880, out of owner's Gipsey by Elcho III.

Red Duke—Mr. G. W. Bassford, White Plains, N. Y., claims the name of Red Duke for red Irish puppy, whelped December 8, 1880, out of owner's Gipsey by Elcho III.

Blue Dick—Mr. G. W. Bassford, White Plains, N. Y., claims the name of Blue Dick for setter dog, whelped March 25, 1880, out of Desdemona by Chris.

Wellington—Mr. G. W. Bassford, White Plains, N. Y., claims the name of Wellington for setter dog puppy, whelped December 10, 1880, out of Desdemona by Iron Duke.

Racket—Dr. Luke Corcoran, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Racket for dark liver and white pointer dog pup, whelped December 9, 1880, by Goodman's Rattler (Ranger–Bess) out of Goodman's Zip (Snapshot–Fanny II.)

Princess Louise—Mr. Will T. Carleton, St. John's, N. B., claims the name of Princess Louise for his cocker spaniel bitch puppy out of Junie by Flusher, purchased from Mr. M. P. McKoon, Franklin, N. Y.

Zulu—Mr. J. C. Allen, St. Johns, N. B., claims the name of Zulu for his imported field spaniel.

Jessie—Dr. David C. Frank, New York City, claims the name of Jessie for black field spaniel bitch, whelped March 12, 1880. Bred by Mr. R. M. Lindsay, Scranton Pa.

Loreno—Mr. E. J. Stark, Detroit, Mich., claims the name of Loreno for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy out of Jolly May by Druid, purchased from Mr. H. G. McMillan, Washington, Iowa.

Fleta—Mr. R. Blackwood, Montreal, Canada, claims the name of Fleta for black and tan Gordon setter bitch puppy, whelped March 16, out of owner's Young Flora by Mr. W. W. Hartwell's (Plattsburg, N. Y.) Boots.

Florita—Mr. R. Blackwood, Montreal Canada, claims the name of Florita for black and tan Gordon setter bitch puppy, whelped March 10, out of owner's Young Flora by Mr. W. W. Hartwell's (Plattsburg, N. Y.) Boots.

Daisy Dell—Mr. Richard Harvey, Phila., claims the name of Daisy Dell for his black, white and tan setter bitch puppy out of owner's Belle of the Forest by Bunnell's Rock.

Frandie—Mr. R. Blackwood, Montreal, Canada, claims the name of Frandie for black and tan Gordon setter bitch puppy, whelped March 10, out of owner's Young Flora by Mr. W. W. Hartwell's (Plattsburg, N. Y.) Boots.

Florence—Mr. R. Blackwood, Montreal, Canada, claims the name of Florence for black and tan Gordon setter bitch puppy, whelped March 10, out of owner's Young Flora by Mr. W. W. Hartwell's (Plattsburg, N. Y.) Boots.

BRED.

Eldora–Dashing Monarch—Mr. F. O. De Luze's setter bitch Eldora (Rob Roy–Blanch) to Mr. John C. Higgins' Dashing Monarch.

Kitty–Trouble—Mr. Weimer's pug bitch Kitty to Martin A. Andrews' (Boston, Mass.) imported pug dog Trouble, February 28.

Louise–Lorne—Mr. J. W. Jackson's (Opelousas, La.) liver and white pointer bitch Louise by St. Louis Kennel Club's Bow out of their Jaunty) to his pointer dog Lorne, liver and white (by St. Louis Kennel Club's Faust out of their June).

Nigger–Mark—Mr. J. W. Jackson's (Opelousas, La.) native black setter bitch Nigger out of the late Judge Lucius J. Dupre's native black setter bitch Vida by Mr. Octave Trudeau's native black setter dog Dash) to his red Irish setter dog Mark (out of Duck by Thorstein).

Zulette Charlie—Mr. H. W. Hill's cocker bitch Zulette (Romer–Juliette) to the Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's stud dog imported Champion Charlie, March 3–5, 1881.

Fan–Rex—Mr. Whitehead's champion pointer Fan (Pete-Bell) to Champion Rex, March 2.

Vesper–Dick—Mr. H. J. Ferry's (Palmer, Mass.) setter bitch Vesper (Luther Adams' Drake–Diana) to Mr. Lathrop's Dick, February 28.

Blix–Rush—Mr. Bode's (Baltimore, Md.) black and white pointer bitch Blix to Mr. Orgill's Champion Rush, March 9.

Curlew–Brag—The Hornell Cocker Kennel's liver cocker bitch Curlew (Jack-Pattiecup) to Hornell Cocker Kennel's cocker dog Brag (Wildair–Buttercup).

Jennie–Tony—Mr. C. W. Church's (Colorado Springs, Col.) imported bull terrier Jennie to owner's lately imported bull terrier Tony.

Gretchen–Don—Mr. Alfred W. Bennett, Fairmount Kennel, Hyde Park, Mass., St. Bernard bitch Gretchen to same owner's Don.

WHELPS.

Lillie—Col. Chas. L. Hunt's liver and white pointer bitch Lillie (Bow–Queen) whelped on February 25 nine puppies, five dogs and four bitches, to St. Louis Kennel Club's Faust.

Nellie Horton—Mr. George E. Browne's Gordon setter bitch Nellie Horton (litter sister to Malcom to Dream II.) whelped March 4, eight puppies, five dogs and three bitches, by Mr. C. T. Bailey's Doane's Tom. Three dogs and one bitch have since died.

Young Flora—Mr. R. Blackwood's (Montreal, Canada) black and tan Gordon setter bitch Young Flora whelped March 10, 1881, four bitches out of Mr. W. W. Hartwell's (Plattsburg, N. Y.) Boots.

Nell—Mr. M. S. Buker's (Bucksport, Me.) Irish setter bitch Nell whelped November, 1880, eight puppies, six dogs and two bitches, by Mr. Everett Smith's Irish setter Dale.

Gypsy—Mr. Wm. F. Duerr's (Orange, N. J.) black and white pointer bitch Gypsy whelped February 23 five puppies, one dog and four bitches, by Sensation.

Jane—Mr. J. Neil's (Buffalo, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Juno whelped March 6 twelve puppies (ten living), seven dogs and three bitches, by imported Grouse, late the property of Mr. Thos. Clash, of Chicago, Ill.

SALES.

Zita—Mr. J. M. Hunter, Pittsburgh, Pa., has sold his white and orange setter bitch Zita, now in whelp to King Dash, to Mr. Charles Klocke, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Floribel—Mr. D. F. Slade, New York, has purchased from the Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel, Claremont, N. H., the cocker bitch puppy Floribel (Snip–Feather).

Grouse—Mr. S. A. Peck, Northumberland, Pa., has bought of Mr. John A. Smethers, Berwick, Pa., his red and white setter dog Grouse, whelped May 4, 1880, out of Dr. M. S. Moore's Floss by S. O'Moore.

Jim—Mr. C. W. Chapin, Springfield, Mass., has sold his pointer dog Jim (Trimmer–Nell) to Mr. J. Coleman Harrison, of this city.

Flusher–Junie Whelps—Mr. Will T. Carleton, St. John, N. B., has purchased of Mr. M. P. McKoon a cocker spaniel bitch puppy out of Junie by Flusher.

Frank—Mr. J. Neill, of Buffalo, N. Y., has sold to Messrs. Craigie & Radley the pure bred Laverack setter dog Frank, eighteen months old, imported by the Hon. H. B. Wright, Montreal, Canada.

Count Noser—Mr. James H. Goodsell, New York City, has sold to Dr. G. A. Stark, Milwaukee, Wis., his setter dog Count Noser out of Princess Nellie by Carlowitz.

Trim–Smut Whelps—Mr. M. B. L. Bradford, Springfield, Mass., has purchased of Mr. T. M. Aldrich a Trim–Smut whelp.

PRESENTATIONS.

Cuba—Dr. J. Marill, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has presented to Mr. P. E. Ackert, of same place, his liver and white pointer puppy Cuba, whelped November 27, 1880, out of Lulu by Sensation II.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

92 S. L. A., Boston, Mass.—Please tell me what to give my setter bitch. She is active and bright, but very costive all the time. Ans.—Give more vegetable and less meat food and also give a little sulphur each morning for a week. Kennel her in a dry place and exercise when the weather is pleasant.

93 SUBSCRIBER, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—1. I have a bitch just coming in heat and do not wish to breed her this time; should anything be done except carefully watching her? 2. How long will she remain in heat, or, rather, what is the usual period for a bitch to remain in heat? 3. Is the matter of reducing the time a bitch is in heat generally practised, and, if so, how? Ans.—1. The animal should not be exposed to damp and cold and should be carefully secluded. 2. The duration of heat is usually about three weeks. 3. No.

94 MANHATTAN.—My Gordon setter, one year old, carries his tail (which is finely feathered and uncut) curled over his rump like a Newfoundland dog. Can you suggest a way to straighten it? Ans.—It is likely to improve as the dog grows older. Operations are not generally successful.

95 F. L. C., Sherburne, N. Y.—What shall I do for my cocker spaniel dog, eighteen months old? He has been sick for a week; I gave him a dose of sulphur about ten days ago and I think he took cold from the effects of it. His eyes are inflamed, nose hot and dry; he coughs and vomits a white froth. Ans.—The dog probably has worms. Give two or three grains of calomel with from eight to ten grains of bismuth for two days, one dose a day. Follow with castor oil. Avoid giving food for twenty hours, and give areca nut twenty-six grains and several hours later repeat dose of oil. Quinine will then be of service; feed with strengthening food.

96 D. T. J., Sharon Hill, Pa.—For fleas use a strong infusion of quassia, made by suspending a couple of ounces of quassia wood chips tied in a piece of muslin in a bucket of water for two or three hours, occasionally stirring it. He free from danger, and, being almost colorless, is an advantage in washing white dogs. The infusion must be used instead of plain water with soft soap, a good lather being made to penetrate the dog's coat to the skin. Some plain water should be poured over the dog to finish the washing and remove the quassia from the coat. Care should be exercised to prevent the dog from taking cold. We would suggest, however, that you make a more careful examination of your setter as, from your description, mange may be the cause of his scratching. Should you discover such is the case, turn to issue of Feb. 24, and note treatment recommended to J. T. W.

97 C. S. L., Merrimac, Mass.—I have a cocker spaniel, twenty-five pounds in weight, that is now ailing. Symptoms are: eyes bloodshot and they run a kind of matter; loss of appetite; looseness of bowels; nose cold and moist and at times hot and dry; is alternately dull and playful, and in his sleep has a twitching. Ans.—The dog has distemper. Give two grains of quinine three times a day; good meat broths, and feed no solid food. Let the kennel be dry and warm, but give plenty of fresh air.

98 L. L. P., Highgate Springs.—See answer to W. B. G., in issue of March 10. Rub the parts afflicted. Write result after fair trial.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

DENVER, Colorado, March 4.—The challenge issued by Captain John P. Lower, in behalf of the Tabor Sharpshooters, to the five military companies of this city to participate in a prize rifle match, was formally accepted by the Denver Fire Zouaves and Mitchell Guards, and the match took place this morning at the Olympic Garden. The conditions of the match were that the military companies were to shoot at targets placed at one-half the distance shot at by the Sharpshooters. Each team was composed of six men, and the military rifles, with open sights and not less than a six-pound pull, were used throughout. The attendance was quite fair and the interest large, and when it was known that the Denver Fire Zouaves were the winners there was considerable applause and much congratulating. The Zouaves boys are entitled to much credit for their victory, for their time of preparation was short. The scores are as follows:

TABOR SHARPSHOOTERS.

J P Lower	5	3	3	4	3	5	5	5	—41	W M Anderson	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	—41
J M Anderson	3	4	3	4	3	5	5	4	4—38	R C Moore	4	4	3	4	3	5	4	4	4—39
J G Anderson	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—40	G W Lower	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	—44
Total																			213

DENVER FIRE ZOUAVES.

H Ensminger	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	—41	Prosser	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	—45
Wilder	4	3	4	4	4	4	5	4	—45	Smith	4	3	4	4	4	5	4	5	—41
Banks	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	—42	Powers	4	3	5	3	5	5	5	4	—43
Total																			252

MITCHELL GUARDS.

P Smith	4	3	5	4	4	4	4	5	—41	F J Clifford	4	5	4	3	4	3	4	4	—38
G Keane	4	4	3	4	4	3	3	4	4—36	J Gaggins	4	3	3	3	3	4	4	3	—34
J Dean	4	4	5	3	4	5	4	4	—41	W Hynes	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	3	4—40
Total																			230

When the match was finished Capt. Lower, in a neat speech, presented the prize rifle to Capt. C. A. Hawley, of the victorious command. It will become the property of Drummer Prosser, who made the highest score. Geo. C. Smith was the referee.

BOSTON, Mass., March 12.—There was an excellent attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day. Those who were present found but little trouble in controlling the elements, both wind and light being particularly favorable. The best scores are appended (200 yards):

RECORD MATCH (CREEDMOOR TARGET).

E Richardson	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—49	J S Bennett	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5—47
L L Hubbard	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	—48	E Whittier	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	4—47
J N Frye	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	—48	R Davis	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	—44
J H Williams	5	5	4	3	4	5	5	5	—46	E L Davids	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	—44
A B Archer	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	—47										

RECORD MATCH (MASSACHUSETTS TARGET).

A C Gould	12	12	11	10	11	10	10	—76	J B Fellows	10	12	9	11	12	9	11	—74
E F Brooks	11	8	11	12	12	10	12	—76	E Bennett	9	11	10	10	9	11	11	—72
A C Adams	9	10	10	12	9	11	15	—75	H Grey	10	10	11	10	12	7	8	—68
L L Hubbard	11	11	12	11	12	8	10	—75									

BADGE MATCH, NO. 3.

E Bennett	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	—47	G E Field	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	5	—44
H S Harris	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	—47	E Whittier	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	—44
J S Bennett	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	—46	A B Archer	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	—44

AMATEUR MATCH.

F J Rabbeth	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	—47	H Gray	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	5—46

NEWPORT, R. I., March 5.—The Neport Rifle Association met on their range to-day to shoot for the Ballard rifle given by W. Milton Farrow. The following scores were made:

J Witherell	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	4	—39	Wm Greer	5	4	4	4	3	3	4	4	—36
C Plummer	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	—45	W Sallpogh	3	4	4	0	4	5	5	3	—33
Wm Knight	4	4	5	4	5	5	3	4	—43	J Bruesch	3	0	4	3	5	4	4	4	—35
Wm Bryer	4	4	3	4	4	4	5	4	—40	S McLeod	3	3	4	5	3	4	4	3	—33

Chas. Plummer won the rifle for the second time.

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY—Boston.—In the Forest and Stream match there has been considerable work done the past week by the several participants. None of them have made scores which they care to have recorded, with the exception of W. H. Harrison, who has added two 38s to his previous scores. The scores stand:

Sherburne	37	38	38	38	38—189	Harrison	37	37	38	38	39—189
Arnold	37	38				Ross					
Foggs	37					Hewlett					
Ribson	36					Goodspeed					

In the Amateur Badge match there are twenty-seven entries so far this month. The following are some of the best scores:

Pratt	34	35	35	35	—174	Wolff	27	28	29	19	29—132
Maynard	33	34	34	34	35 170	Dawson	29	29	31	33	34—156
Kelley	33	33	33	34	35—168	Bacon	27	27	29	29	33 145
Shannon	33	33	34	34	34—168	Fitz					31 34
Weymouth	33	33	33	34	34—166	Welch					31 33
Nourse	32	32	32	32	33—161	Johnson					29 33
Williams	26	33	33	33	35—160	Foster					32
Sinclair	29	31	33	33	34' 160						

The crack of the pistol this week has been almost incessant and there have been some fine scores made. Massachusetts target; 8 rounds; three scores to win, or a possible 288:

J H Williams	71	70	78	227	A P Kelley	57	39	64	—189
E Wilder	61	64	67—192	G Warren	51	55	57	—163

Expert's rifle match:

N W Arnold	36	37	38	39

ALBANY, *N. Y., March* 10.—Wind and weather seem to have no appreciable effect upon the marksmen who visit Rensselaerwyck. This afternoon was not a good one for shooting. The light was poor, the rain was falling and the targets presented a dirty appearance. The match which was on the programme at 300 yards had to be postponed as the water at the lower butt was so high that a marker could not get into it. Not to have an afternoon's shooting spoiled, the marksmen, in their dilemma, agreed to shoot a subscription match at 600 yards off hand. This was an experiment, and scarcely any of them expected to make a creditable score. However, they carefully adjusted their sights and held for all it was worth, and with one exception the scores were as good as usually made at 200 yards. When the match was completed the competitors congratulated themselves upon their success, and the result of it will probably be more matches of the same character. The following were the scores in detail:

D. Geiger, R. S.	4	5	4	5	—22	H. R. Sanders, Rep. S.	5	5	4	3	—20
Wm. E. Fitch, R. S.	4	5	3	5	—22	A. Carpenter, S. M.	3	6	3	4	—19
Theo. Mosher, Bal. S.	3	4	5	4	—20	G. H. Charles, Bal. S.	4	4	3	5	—19
James L. Miles, R. S.	3	5	4	4	—20						

One competitor failed to make an average of inners. Next Thursday, should the weather permit, the postponed subscription match and a match at 200 yards for a Wilkinson loading machine.

CONLIN'S SHOOTING GALLERY, 1222 Broadway.—The eighth week of the pistol tournament ended on the 12th inst. The competition was for the championship of shooting at three-quarter-inch bullets swinging eighteen inches, distance, seven paces. According to the conditions the competitor hitting the greatest number of bullets in twenty shots would be declared the champion. Dr. E. T. T. Marsh proved the victor, scoring sixteen bullets; H. W. Wickham scored fourteen bullets and D. D. Davis won the expert's badge

with a score of eight bullets. During the week ending on the 19th inst the shooting will be at the "ace" target. It has just been introduced by Mr. Conlin as a substitute for the playing cards which the shooters have been using as marks. The target answers all its requirements admirably and making the supply of aces equal to the demand. The tournament will be brought to a close on the 26th inst.

WHEELING, W. Va., March 5.—The Wheeling Rifle Club held their fourth and last Gold Badge match to-day at their short-range grounds. Mr. R. S. Stewart had previously won the badge on the two first competitions and Mr. B. H. Babcock on the third. The conditions were: 200 yards, off-hand; any rifle; trigger, three pounds; Mass. target; to be won three times by one competitor before becoming his property. This was the most highly-contested match the club have ever had, and shows well for their uniformly high scores. Below are the scores in full:

R S Stewart	10 12 12 10 12 12 10 10 11 11—110	Otto Jaeger	10 10 12 11 12 11 10 11 10 11—108
Wm Cox	9 12 10 12 8 12 11 12 10 10—106	B H Babcock	12 11 11 10 11 10 12 10 10 8—105
John Moore	11 11 10 12 10 11 8 10 12 10—105		

DEXTER PARK, JAMAICA, L. I., March 10.—Monthly shoot of the Nassau Gun Club for the club trophy, shot for at 7 birds each—3 at 21 yards rise, 2 at 26 yards and 2 at 31 yards; ties shot off at 3 birds each, 31 yards rise:

Schleman	1 1 1 1 1 0—1 1 1 0—9	Selover	1 0 1 1 1 1 1—7 1 0—5
Doyle	1 1 0 1 1 0 1—5	Miller	1 1 1 0 0 1 1—5
Van Wicklen	1 1 1 1 0 0—5	Silva	1 0 1 1 1 1 0—5
Midway	0 1 1 0 1 1 0—4		

Same day.—Sweepstakes, 3 birds each.

Van Wicklen	1 1 1—1 1—6	Schleman	1 1 1—1 0 1—5
Selover	1 1 1—0 1—5	Midway	1 1 0—2
Miller	1 0 1—2		

Same day.—Sweepstakes, 3 birds each.

Silva	1 1 1—3	Selover	1 1 1—3
Van Wicklen	1 0 1—2	Midway	1 0 1—2

* Divided the stakes.

MEDFORD, Mass., March 9.—The mild weather of to-day, although somewhat rainy, drew some twenty rifle-shooters together at Bellevue Range, and, as will be seen, the northeast wind blowing at the time did not keep the scores so low as was expected. Below are the best shots made:

W Jacobs	4 5 4 5 4 5 5 5—46	J Winslow	4 4 4 6 5 5 5 4—45
A Whitney	4 5 4 5 5 5 4 4—45	G A Chase	5 4 4 5 5 5 4 4—44
A B Archer	5 5 5 4 5 5 4 4—46	A Babbitt	4 4 4 4 4 5 5 5—44
E Whittier	4 3 5 5 5 5 4 5—46	W Everett	5 4 4 4 4 4 5 5—44
J H Peel	5 5 4 4 5 4 5 4 5—46	A Bigelow	4 5 4 4 5 4 4 5 5—44
E H James	5 4 4 5 4 4 5 5—45	J Richardson	5 4 4 4 5 5 4 5—44

SMALL BORE EXPRESS RIFLE—PHILADELPHIA, *March* 12.—In reference to "Quirt's" article as to the desirability of a small bore Express repeating rifle I would say that I entirely agree with him. I have for some time had in use, shooting a Winchester of 1876 model, but with a .38 or .40 bore barrel, chambered for the bottle neck 75 grain shell. This would, of course, necessitate patching the Express .38 or .40 bore bullet into the neck of the larger shell, which by loading as "Quirt" does—by tube—would hold eighty-eight grains of powder behind say 180 grains of Express bullet, or about one of powder to two of lead, and giving the Express shock desired by Col. John Hills, of the Indian Army, in his article to the London *Field*, July 28, 1879, a subject of which I am ambitious. I used a D. B. muzzle-loader of eight pounds weight and .40 bore; powder, 100 grains; Express bullet, 230 grains; it has great velocity, low trajectory and little recoil. No lead is ever found in animal; it is knocked into powder by shock. A wild boar's head was reduced to a perfect pulp; has killed over fifty tigers with it, none requiring more than a second (safety) shot. He has tried other Express rifles with the result that as you increase the bore you decrease the shock, with any endurable charge of powder. With a .45 bore, 100 powder to 280 lead the effect was good, but not equal to the other; bullet dashed into twenty pieces and shock less; with .50 bore still less, bullet in six pieces, Express shock gone; a .57 bore still worse. Henry's B. L. Express of .40 bore and eighty grains powder, the best breech-loader he has seen; weight, seven and a half pounds.—NEMO.

CARVER VS. SCOTT.—There is now in progress at the Westminster Aquarium, in London, a match between Dr. Carver and Mr. Scott. The purse is said to be £600 and the men are to shoot at 1,000 balls each night, for ten evenings. From the shooting recorded for the first half of the match it is either a very close contest or a clever piece of hippodroming. At the close of the shooting on the 9th inst, the score stood, Carver, 940; Scott, 935. At the close of the next evening's shooting the score stood as the at 1,909. At the end of the third day's shooting the score was, Scott, 2,883, Carver, 2,882. With the conclusion of the fourth day's work the figures were Carver, 3,865, Scott, 3,857; and at the close of the fifth day's, or half the match, the evenly-balanced scoring showed Dr. Carver 4,834, Mr. Scott, 4,833

BEACHMONT, *Mass., March* 9.—The weekly meet of the Schutzen corps at Beachmont to-day was a success in point of numbers, but the scores made show a falling off from the usual work of the club. The score: Massachusetts target (off-hand)—J. H. Max, 100; J. H. Miller, 100; H. Schaneck, 96; C. M. Gueth (mil), 94; J. F. Davis, 89; G. Bacon, 82. Massachusetts target rest—J. H. Max, 112; C. M. Gueth, 106; H. Schaneck, 101.

DOUBLE BARREL RIFLES.—Some one made inquiries through your columns a few weeks since for a double barrel breech-loading rifle and you stated they were not made, if I remember aright. I saw in Frank Wesson's Worcester office some time since a very fine rifle—double breech loading—but extra heavy—and I think Wesson makes them or would make on order. I am not interested at all, except to accommodate inquirer with information.—C. A.

THE TRAP.

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB.—The regular monthly shoot of the Washington Gun Club took place at their new grounds at Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, Wednesday afternoon, March 9. On account of the inclemency of the weather the club shoot was postponed, and the gentlemen present shot a number of sweepstakes, miss and go out. Following are the scores:

Evans	1 1 1 0—3	Knubel	0 —0
Dierking	1 1 1 0—3	Watts	1 1 1 1 1—5
Evans	1	Van Sise	0
Dierking	0	Watts	1

Evans and Watts divided.

Evans	1 0 1 0—2	Watts	0 —0
Dierking	1 0 1 0—2	O'Brien	0 —0
Van Sise	1 0 1 1—3		
Evans	1	Watts	0
Dierking	0	O'Brien	0
Van Sise	0		

The club grounds are easy of access, and have been fitted up with a fine club house with every convenience for the benefit of the shooters.

BROOKLYN, March 10.—The sixth monthly shooting contest of the Audubon Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took place at the club grounds, Ridgewood, L. I. The weather being very disagreeable, the shooting was not as good as it should have been. The club shot at ten balls each, sprung from a Card's rotary trap, 18 yards rise, club rules to govern; ties shot off at three balls each, 21 yards rise:

Blackwell	1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0—6	Eger	0 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1—4
Field	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—7	Allen	0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0—4
Twing	0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1—5	Post	0 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0—4
Heming	0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—7		
Field	0 0 1—1	Heming	1 1 1—3

This makes the second time that Mr. James Heming and Mr. Robt. T. Sabin have won the first medal, and we expect to have a very exciting time at our next monthly shoot.—F.

THE TRAP IN MICHIGAN.—Detroit, March 12.—The first shoot of the Michigan State Medal Association, under the new-old-anti-handicapping rules, occurred on Wednesday of this week at the usual place, Hamtramck Park Grounds; plunge traps, 26 yards rise, and 11 birds cover the case in respect to method. The holder of the medal since the last preceding shoot was C. A. Mack, agent in Detroit of the Empire Line, and an amateur sportsman whose enthusiasm at the trap and in the field is proverbial hereabout; but for some unaccountable reason he failed to put in an appearance to defend his possession of the medal. There were a good many spectators present. The day was warm and spring-like, and the "boys" seemed to feel the revivifying influence of the genial sun, the soft pellucid sky and the peppy twittering of birds. (This is a fact as well as a sentiment.) The arrangements were perfect, and when the count of noses was made the entries were found to be J. V. D. Eldredge, R. H. Gilman, Golf Stanton, Frank Mack, Aubin, Sykes, F. Metzger, Wm. H. Chudleigh and E. S. Barbour. The shooting as a rule was very weak, the only up-and-up work got in being that of old reliable Gilman who killed to (missing the sixth by a hair), and pocketed the medal for about the seventeenth time, more or less, since the contest for it began. The following is the score:

Gilman	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Metzger	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 w
Eldredge	0 1 0 1 1 1 0 w	Chudleigh	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 w
Stenton	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 w	Barbour	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 w
St. Aubin	1 1 0 0 0 0 w		

Was worse shooting ever heard of, by men of skill and large experience, as shown in these scores? I will back the above score against all comers as the champion worst. Following the regular shoot was a sweep for a small purse in two parts; 3 birds, 26 yards rise. The score is as follows:

Gilman	1 1 0—2	Stenton	1 1 0—2
Philip Neff	1 0 1—2	Barbour	0 1 0—1
St. Aubin	0 0—1	Slocum	0 1 1—2
Eldredge	0 1 1—2		

The ties were shot off, miss and go out, when Stenton killed all of his three, taking first money; Gilman killed 2, Neff 2, St. Aubin none; Eldredge 2 and Slocum none. Barbour and St. Aubin divided second money without another trial.

I forgot to mention last week that the association had adopted an anti-profanity resolution. John Demass kept score last Wednesday on that particular racket, and he now boots up Ed. Gilman's fines for one day's objurgations at $100, which were collected and will go into the contingent fund of the association. PASSE PARTOUT.

BERGEN POINT, N. J.—The weekly meeting of the New York Gun Club was held at their grounds at Bergen Point, Saturday, March 12. The day was particularly disagreeable, yet the shooters engaged in the sport did not let them with great vim and all shot well, with the rain and sleet driving in their faces as they stood at the score. The birds were excellent, both in strength and flight, and many of them managed to get to the fence, out of bounds, before they dropped dead, much to the chagrin of the shooter, who was consequently credited with a dead bird. The shooting was under the amended Hurlingham rules, 5 birds each, 29 yards rise, 80 yards boundary; ties, miss and out. Following is the score:

F C Arnold	1 1 0 1—1 1 1—7	W M Edmunds	1 0 1 1 1—1 1 0—6

Same Day—Match at 5 birds, conditions as above:

W. M. Edmunds	1 1 1 1 0—1—5	F C Arnold	0 1 1 1 1—0—4

Same day—Optional sweepstakes at 5 birds each, handicap rise; ties miss and out:

Fredericks	26 yds. 1 1 1 1 1—1 1—7	Morris	29 yds. 1 1 1 1 0—4
Weiland	1 1 1 1—1 0—6	Howard	27 1 0 1 1 0—3
Sanders	28 1 1 1 1 0—5	Arthur	25 1 0 1 0 1—3
Rebiln	28 1 1 1 1 1—0—5	Arnold	29 0 1 1 1 w
Edmunds	28 1 1 0 1 1— 4	Dunlevay	27 0 w
Benjamin	24 1 1 1 1 0— 4		

Same Day—Contest for trophy presented by Dr. Barron, to be awarded to the competitor winning it three times; shot for at 10 birds each, from 5 ground traps, handicap rise, 80 yards boundary; ties shot off at 5 birds each:

E H Benjamin	24 yards 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10		
J Dunlevay	21 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—9		
Col Budine	30 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0—8		
Wm Edmunds	30 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9		
H Rebiln	28 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9		
Col Armstrong	30 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—8		
A Dunlevay	27 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—6		
J C Arnold	28 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0—8		
G Jenkins	26 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1—7		
J Conway	25 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 w 7		
E W Hall	30 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 0—5		
G Morris	26 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 w 6		
G C Howard	27 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 1—5		
E M Hammond	25 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 w 5		
S Ashburn	26 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0—4		
J Fredericks	26 1 1 1 1 0 0 w 4		
General Woods	24 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1—4		
L Hunter	26 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 w 3		
G Robinson	21 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 w 3		
H P Sandrs	29 0 0 1 0 w 1		

Referee, Mr. T. J. Dolan.

BROOKLYN DRIVING PARK, Parkville, L. I., March 10.—Monthly contest of the Fountain Gun Club for the champion diamond badge and special prize, shot for at 7 birds each, handicapped rise, 80 yards boundary:

Hazard	23 yds. 1 1 1 1 0 1—6	Cherry	27 yds. 1 0 1 0 0 1—4
Wallace	1 0 1 1 0 1—5	Simons	23 1 0 0 0 1 0 1—3
Ravenhall	23 1 0 1 1 1 1 0—6	Hunter	23 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

Same Day—Sweepstakes, 5 birds each, 25 yards rise:

J Batty	1 1 1 1 —5	P Ravenhall	1 0 1 0 1—3
W Cherry	1 0 1 1 1—4	W Williams	1 1 1 0 0—3
W R Hunter	1 1 0 1 1—4	S B Hazard	1 0 0 0 1—2
J Simons	1 0 0 1 1—3	B Walters	0 1 1 0 0—2

Referee, Mr. Buckley.

The slim attendance was accounted for by the bad weather.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., March 9.—Regular monthly trophy shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. The conditions of the contest were: Handicapped rise, 100 yards boundary, shooting from H and T plunge traps. The following is the score:

A Eddy	21 yards 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14		
R Barker	21 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—13		
Mr. Gilliland	21 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0—11		
G Creed	21 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—10		
W Wilson	21 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—9		
Mr Cornell	18 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9		
Mr Dilks	18 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0—9		
Mr. Atkins	21 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—8		
R Robinson	21 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0—8		
G Post	18 1 0 0 w		

Referee, Captain Anthony.

March 12.—Monthly contest of the Long Island Shooting Club to decide the final possession of a gun presented by the club; shot for at 7 birds each from 5 ground traps; handicapped rise, 80 yards boundary; ties shot off at 3 birds each:

Dr Wynn	27 yards 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1—12		
A Eddy	28 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 1—11		
Dr Talbot	27 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 —7		
E H Madison	25 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 —6		
W Lemken	24 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 —4		
J Joeger, Jr	23 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 —4		
Capt Boulat	21 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 —4		
R Robinson	25 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 —4		
W Mills	29 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 —3		
J V Turner	23 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 —3		
G W Tait	21 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 —3		
G Lamphear	25 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 —3		
J Lamcake	26 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 —2		
B West	25 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 —2		
F Bjorberg	21 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 —2		
Dr Morton	25 0 0 0 0 —0		

Final tie.

Dr Wynn	30 yards 1 0 1—2	W Mills	29 yards 0 1 0—1

Referee, C. Gillette.

A strong northwest wind blew in gusts diagonally across the shooting ground, causing the birds to be very irregular, though always very fast in their flight, and not a few got away entirely. The wind carried some dead birds out of bounds. Nearly all scored killed were dropped dead with the first barrel without the power of flying a yard farther, excepting one or two that, not having gauged the wind, sought to fly against it and dropped before they had gone ten yards.

WELLINGTON, Mass., *March* 11.—The Raymond Sportsman's Club held their regular meet to-day on their grounds in Wellington. The day was not auspicious for the sport, the wind being strong with occasional snow and rain, which affected good sighting and made it very hard to hold on to the little blue sphericals which darted swiftly from the traps at eighteen yards' rise. The attendance was large for the day. Messrs. Sawyer and Witherell broke twenty straight, and Gore, Smith and Kirkwood nineteen each. At the conclusion of the match two teams were improvised of four men each, under Captains Sawyer and Witherell. The Witherell team was victorious by three points, as the summary indicates:

J. S. Sawyer, 20; W. Witherell, 20; E. C. Gore, 19; J. M. Smith, 19; D. Kirkwood, 18; A. W. Gore, 18; C. Ellsworth, 18; D. H. Moore, 17; J. H. Paine, 13; J. C. Smith, 10.	

TEAM MATCH.

Sargeant team—Sawyer, 10; Smith, 8; Gore, 7; Gore, 7.	Total, 32.
Witherell team—Witherell, 9; Moore, 9; Paine, 8; Kirkwood, 9.	Total, 35.

Witherell team winning by three points.

CONEY ISLAND CLUB.—At the last regular monthly meeting of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club Mr. C. W. Wingate, who was appointed to procure a championship club badge, produced an elegantly-designed gold badge and reported that it was ready for presentation to the member who had been so successful at the last meeting. The conditions under which the badge is to be won are that the member who wins it most times at the twelve months competition is to have it as his personal property at the conclusion of the year. The chairman presented the badge to Mr. Theodore Alston, who, at the first competition, tallied seven birds straight. Mr. J. Batty presented the club with a case of stuffed birds, to be shot for on the 16th inst. A handsome gold pin was presented to the club by Mr. C. W. Wingate, to be shot for in April. Mr. Robert Fury presented a ten-dollar gold piece, to be shot for in May. The following new members were elected: Daniel W. Northrup, Wallace W. Saunders, C. J. Silver, Harry Deginese, T. Sidebotham, Harry Brown, James O'Connor, Harry Hass, J. B. Stearns, G. C. Marsters, Benjamin Baker, B. G. Thier, William Hall and George Hiskey. The Secretary reported the number of members to be 148.

VINCENTOWN, N. J., March 2.—The Coaxen Glass Ball Club, of this place, held their monthly contest for badge here to-day. Owing to a very cold day, with very high wind and a trap throwing balls from 35 to 45 yards from trap, the score was poor. Card's trap, 18 yards, 10 balls each:

F S Hilliard	7	J W Haines	4
H E Haines	6	W J Irick	3
R H Irick	3	W S Hilliard	1
T C Shreve	4	Jos Haines	3
Capt W D Haines	3		

Tie shot off at 3 balls:

W S Hilliard	0 0 0—0	F S Hilliard	1 0 0—1

SHELDRAKE.

ST. THOMAS GUN CLUB.—March 1.—Pigeon match for $25 a side, between John Robinson, of the St. Thomas Gun Club, and W. F. Dwyer, of the Clipper Club, 30 birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary. Score:

J Robinson	24	W F Dwyer	21

The match was shot in a snowstorm—very good shooting—Robinson killing 29 out of 30, with 5 out of bounds. This makes the second match between these two gentlemen, Robinson winning each time.

DEXTER VS. POTTER—Thomasville, Ga., March 3.—Match shot at 21 yards rise, pigeons, 10 birds, single rises, round traps, between Frank Dexter, of Boston, Mass., and Dr. T. C. Potter, of Philadelphia, Pa. Score:

Potter	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—7	Dexter	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—7

Ties, 3 birds each: Potter—1 1 1—3 Dexter—0 1 0—1.

Wind blowing very hard. H.

To produce real genuine sleep and childlike repose at night, take a little Hop Bitters on retiring.

Yachting and Canoeing.

YACHTING NEWS.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You know that over our old course we have been bothered with "calm streaks" off the Oakland shore and we have often desired a change to obviate this trouble, which interferes seriously with anything like a fair race. After a good deal of discussion our club has concluded to try the following for a change: The start to be made from Meiggs' Wharf; thence around a stakeboat stationed at a point at the intersection of a line from Hunter's Point, westerly from Goat Island, and from Fort Point northerly from Alcatraz; thence to Fort Point; thence around a similar stakeboat to Fort Point; thence in line from Meiggs' Wharf, to Alcatraz. The small boats to go only once around the course. It was also resolved that a time allowance of one minute to the foot be made, and that during the race any yacht wishing to do so may display another small ensign flag in the main rigging, the signal to be answered by whistles from the steamer. The opening day was fixed for the 9th of April. The programme for the day will be a dance at the club-house, to be followed by a moonlight sail to Mare Island. On the 14th of May the club will have a moonlight excursion and on the 27th of May the yachts will sail to Vallejo, staying there over night. On Saturday, the 28th, they will sail to Napa and on the 30th they will sail back to the city. On the 11th of June the yachts will go on a moonlight trip to Martinez and on the 1st of July the club will start to Monterey, touching at Santa Cruz on the way, the former port on the 3d. The yachts will be left at Monterey until the following Saturday, when they will sail back to this city. On the 6th of August the annual regatta will take place over the course above laid out, the race to commence at half-past 2. On the 20th of September the club will sail to Drake's Bay, returning to the city on the 4th. On the 17th of September a Corinthian regatta, at which none but members of the club will be allowed to sail the yachts, will be held. No light sails will be allowed. On the 1st of October the club will give a moonlight trip, the place of destination to be fixed hereafter. The closing day of the season will be the 5th day of November, the exercises of which will be similar to those of the opening day.—H. N. B.

THE SWEEP OF REFORM.—New York is bracing around as well. Mr. Astor's schooner Ambassadress is in David Carr's hands, at City Island, to have her centreboard ripped out and a keel spiked on, and Mr. M. B. Whitlock is making an honest little ship out of centreboard sloop Idler. She is in Driscoll's yard, at Greenpoint, receiving a keel and a new stern. Idler is a noteworthy little craft, and with a proper double headsail never come back to the sloop. They find it just as fast, perhaps a little faster, and infinitely handier and more thoroughbred in appearance. And further, while hundreds are changing from boat to boat, not any one heard of lives going back to the sloop. Facts of the day are beginning to justify the course this journal has steered exclusively and in opposition to all its esteemed contemporaries. In due time they will be singing our tunes, for which they begin to get a decided leaning already. They want to come in out of the rain and be "in at the death" of the fossil notions of the smooth-water tars, and we will not complain at their taking their cue from these columns. The more the champions of reform the merrier will things be.

YACHT-BUILDING AT CHESTER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a good deal of activity in our yachting fleet in anticipation of the coming season. Mr. Kirk has a great many small craft under contract for renting and repairs. The beautiful yacht which he is building for the Yale College crew is now awaiting her engine and boilers, preparatory to launching. Mr. Kirk expects to receive a contract for a similar craft from Washington next month, and he is overhauling Com. Paul Klotz's cabin yacht White Wing. Other vessels of the Chester fleet are undergoing repairs and alterations. The Hamlet has been repainted; the Bella D. King has also been repainted and calked. The Emma C. has been altered in such a manner that it is thought she will give the Pyle and Vixen a hard pull during the struggle for the championship this summer.—K.

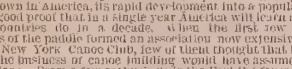
MARBLEHEAD REGATTA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Neptune Association, of Marblehead, Mass., proposes to hold a regatta off Marblehead, June 17, 1881, in which all yachts and yacht clubs are invited to participate. With the exception of 1880, June 17 has been celebrated for seven or eight years last past off Marblehead with rousing regattas, generally considered by participants as the best of any held on the coast, and it is the intention of those who promoted these regattas to have one this year that will eclipse any held on former times. It is hoped that no other regatta will occur on that day near the same place and that all will join in having a good race and a good time off the old town. The Committee of Arrangements elected Luther G. Pitman as Chairman; George C. Abbott, Secretary, and Charles A. Choate, Treasurer.—X.

LYMAN'S ROWING GEAR.—When racing is not an object Lyman's bow-facing rowing gear will commend itself for family and sporting use. The gear is handsomely gotten up, strong and simple. A sample can be seen at our office. As it has not, with large sales it may be taken for granted that the rowing and sporting public appreciate it and find it consistent with their purposes.

PACIFIC YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fixtures of our club for the year are as follows: Opening day at the club-house, Saturday, April 16; excursion to Vallejo City, Saturday, May 14; moonlight excursion and reception at the club-house, Saturday, June 11; annual regatta over the club course, Saturday, July 19; annual cruise to Santa Cruz and Monterey, Saturday, August 6.—AGGIE.

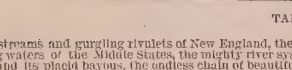
RUSHTON CANOES.

CONSIDERING the very short time the sport of canoeing has been known in America, its rapid development into a popular pastime is very good proof that in a single year American will learn as much as other countries do in a decade. When the first few straggling devotees of the paddle formed an association now extensively known as the New York Canoe Club, few of them thought that in the near future the business of canoe building would have assumed such large proportions. From a few enthusiasts in the East the fever has spread far and near, and now every town by river, lake or sea, which is wide awake, boasts of some sort of an organization instituted for the furtherance of the sport, and the ranks grow larger as more people know the delights, adventures and self-imposed hardships the little doubleenders afford. That canoeing was destined to become a most popular sport with us, the topographical features of the country must amply assure. We have thousands of miles of concealable water to every hundred to be found within the limits of other nations. The



TANDEM SAILING CANOE.

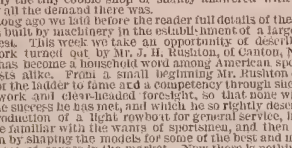
pretty streams and gurgling rivulets of New England, the creeks and rushing waters of the Middle States, the mighty river system of the South and its placid bayous, the endless chain of beautiful lakes and landlocked seas of the great Northwest, all seemed for years to sing: "O, come, canoe me!" And we have come just as fast as we have learned that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Even those most pressed by the tireless grind at life's selfish mill of gain have been taught to spare a few weeks at least each year to a wholesome recruiting of their physical systems, and have found in the use of the paddle a cheap and ready means of reaching nature in her primitive state, with whom all love to commune in the solitudes of virgin forests and rocky fastnesses, free from the sordid influences, mental cares and feverish excitement of man's hideous deliberate of brick and mortar, misery and squalor. Thus from a weakling has the pastime grown into the lusty strength of youth, conscious of its coming manhood and a field of conquest almost limitless in expansion. A glance at our pages for a few years past is the best index one can point out to show the steady strides of onward march the



AMERICAN TRAVELING CANOE.

sport has taken in popularity, until now many large firms have found it a profitable business to devote their entire attention to the wholesale manufacture of boats of all kinds propelled by paddle, where formerly the tiny cobble shop or shanty answered with its meagre supply all the demand there was.

Not long ago we laid before the reader full details of the new veneer canoes built by machinery in the establishment of a large concern in the West. This week we take an opportunity of describing in full the work turned out by Mr. J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., whose name has become a household word among American sportsmen and canoeists alike. From a small beginning Mr. Rushton climbed the steps of the ladder to fame and a competency through sheer industry, hard work and clear-headed foresight, so that none will begrudge him the success he has met, and which he so rightly deserves. From the production of a light rowboat for general service, he gradually became familiar with the wants of sportsmen, and then fulfilled his mission by shaping the models for some of the best and most serviceable types of canoes in the market. Now there is nothing known in



SNEAK BOAT.

the way of small boats he is not prepared to turn out in any number at a moment's notice. His work speaks for itself and is his recommendation wherever seen, and his boats are to be found in Maine, in Jersey, in the West, in California, in Texas, Mexico, the West Indies, South America, and even in Europe, and from all these parts we receive nothing but the highest praise of their conscientious build and stylish finish. "I would not turn out slop-work even if it paid," says Mr. Rushton, and this is one of the keynotes of his success, and of the confidence we feel in commending his craft through our columns to all the world over. Who will not recognize one of our cuts as a boat of popular approval among the sporting fraternity, as one of which hundreds have been scattered to all corners of the country to do hard duty on many a rough hunting expedition, and yet to come out of the trying ordeal without the least of a "careworn" look about her, and to be refurbished "as good as new" with nothing more than a brush full of varnish? These boats are generally 12 ft. long and weigh only 40 lbs., though larger ones of 14 and 16 ft. are built for family purposes and use in open water. As Mr. Rushton "has been



SPORTSMAN'S BOAT.

there himself," "soul carting" through the wilderness of the Adirondacks, he knows that every pound additional counts like the first five or ten, and has brought the weight of his sporting boats down to a minimum consistent with strength and toughness. The progress made stands out in strong relief when we recollect for a moment the heavy, leaky and soggy dug-outs, or the rickety makeshifts in the way of extemporized bark canoes older sportsmen will recollect as the common means of water conveyance in the hills. In the sporting boats Mr. Rushton uses oak for keel and stem, red elm for ribs, spruce or ash for gunwales, pine or ash for decking, basswood or ash for seats, and white cedar for siding. Cedar gains but little by soaking; will shrink or swell less than other woods, and although dry, light boat at all times. By a strict selection of his materials, and the use of much clinch fastening, as well as a plan of building thoroughly original, Mr. Rushton turns out a boat which has few equals in America—certainly none in Europe—and which all will readily concede is excellently adapted to the purposes in view. They are models of beauty, trim perfectly, and will go through hardship without damage, when other boats not so conscientiously put together would twist, leak and break up. The keel is 1x1¼ inches, rabbeted for the siding and the stems, which are bent to shape and protected by copper. The siding is one-quarter of an inch, six to ten streaks to the side, the edges beveled at the laps to fit. The ribs are half oval in shape, made so by being turned round and split by machinery, and are one-half to three-quarter inch wide, and one-quarter to three-eighths thick, spaced only 1¾ in. apart. Of these boats Rushton has turned out no less than fifty for stock, ranging all the way from 20 ft. long, with 40-in. beam and 13 in. depth, down to 11 ft. long with 30 in. beam and 9 in. deep, the latter models weighing 18 lbs. and the smallest size only 30. They are of varying finish to meet the wants and tastes of all. The first quality has black walnut trimmings, are copper fastened throughout, and furnished with nickel-plated fittings. The second set are also copper fastened and have brass fittings, while the third set, which 100 boats are built, is fastened for copper. The length of oars on all boats less than 16 ft. beam are 7 ft.; over that, 7½ ft. If over 40 they are 8 ft., and for 42 or more 8½ ft.

So much for the boats for general service. When it comes to describing in detail the specialties and the novelties in model which Mr. Rushton supplies, we are met with a perfect wilderness of craft, each built to meet the well-defined needs of different territory and varying service. There is the "Nessmuk," the "Shadow Sailing," the "Sneak Box," the flat-bottom "duck boat," cruising canoes, single and double, the American traveling canoe (a very handsome and speedy-looking boat), open canoes, and a host of intermediate models from which to select. Of the "Nessmuk," its idea, the champion of featherweights, her owner has written in our columns as follows:

"You ask what of the little canoe? and say you think she is too small. I don't know; she was large enough to carry me (110) and forty pounds of duffle on all the Fulton lakes, on the Moose, on Nine Mountain Lake, on Raquette, Eagle—anywhere I wanted to go. Too small for handling a very large salmon, or an open contest with a deer on the lakes perhaps. And not as comfortable as a larger, broader boat. But for a cedar boat of 18 pounds or less, she was and is a marvel of steadiness; and she is light and stanch yet, after being paddled over 550 miles on lakes, rivers, outlets, inlets, creeks, etc., and jumping her over rocks in the rapids that might have wrecked a heavier craft.

She is 10 ft. long, 27 in. wide on top, 26 on the bottom, 18 in deep at ends, 8¼ amidships, and cost only $30. That is certainly bringing both boat and price down to the very finest, and is not likely to be surpassed. Of the sneak boxes, well known to the duck hunters of the Jersey coast, Mr. Rushton has this to say:

"Mr. N. H. Bishop's Centennial Republic, from which I was kindly permitted to take the model, weighed about 200 pounds, yet owing to its sponson-shelf below the lumber is able to drag it over marsh or beach, and to use it among ice where a light canoe would soon be ruined. By thatching the deck with grass or bushes it is used for a blind (and for that reason sometimes called a sneak box), and as such can be used on the shore, among the reeds and rushes, or anchored on the water equally well. At the end of the day's hunt the sportsman can gather in his game and decoys, hoist his sail and idle away across bay or lake to hotel or home; or if it be too rough for sailing draw hatch and apron close around him and paddle a spruce breeze of his own. In which case it is said she can live in any sea as long as oars can be pulled.

While keeping the model and material intact, I have made such little changes in the make up as experience in making light boats suggested would be best. The most important of which is lighter timbers and twice as many of them, enabling me to use a trifle lighter planking and decks. The former I have thought best to 'ship lap' instead of jointing and calking."

It was in this case that Mr. N. H. Bishop, Lake George, N. Y., Secretary of the American Canoe Association, made his memorable voyage of 2,000 miles down the Ohio, the Mississippi, and among the coral reefs and oyster beds of the Gulf coasts, and whose exploits have been recorded in his book entitled "Four Months in a Sneak Box."

These little "Devil's Coffins" possess qualities of a commendable sort, and are a kind of cross between the genuine canoe and a small decked sailing boat. They are in high favor with many who have experimented with them of late, and given prominence to their best points. They are 12 ft. long, 4 ft. wide a little forward of the beam, 34 inches at the stern, which is square after the yacht fashion, the depth amidships being 16 in. Timber of white cedar, sawed ⅝x1½ and spaced 6½ inches apart; skag at stern of oak and two side keels on bottom for chafe, ⅞x⅞ in., 6 in. between. Plank is of cedar, ⅜ in. thick, nine streaks to the side, put on with a regular clinker or ship lap, and calked with ⅛ cotton. The deck is 18 in. and is 28x72 in., with a combing of red elm, and can be covered with a hatch in three lengths. Copper fastened and weight complete, 175 pounds.

The flat-bottom duck boats are 14 ft. long, 28 in. wide on bottom, with 11 in. depth amidships and 15 at ends. Sharp ends; stems and knees of natural crook oak; oak and spruce, siding ⅝ cedar, 8 streaks a side. Bottom plank ⅝ in. cedar of matched stuff. They are well liked, but we believe built only to order.

The lack of the definition of what constitutes a canoe is already beginning to be appreciated, and builders are cutting their molds accordingly. The Canoe Association adopted the following last August at the Lake George meet: "A canoe, in order to be placed on the association list and to be entered for races, must be a boat sharp at both ends and not more than 36 inches wide on deck. She may be propelled by sails or paddle, or both, but she must be capable of being efficiently propelled by a double-bladed paddle." In accord with this, Mr. Rushton and others have begun to classify their boats, and something like order has been brought out of chaos. Of cruising canoes he has worked up a fine lot during winter, varying from 14 ft. long, 28 in. beam and 12 in. deep up to 16 ft. with 30 in. beam and 12 in. deep, the sheer varying from a dead straight to 5 inches, and the crown of the deck from 3½ to 4 in., the larger ones being for a tandem or pair. Some details of these specialties will be of interest We quote from the N. Y. *Times* of last August concerning the performance of the American Traveling Canoe:



SINGLE AND DOUBLE PADDLES.

"The peculiar pattern of 'Rob Roy' canoe built by J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., and christened by him the 'American Traveling Canoe,' was universally recognized as being the most beautiful and serviceable boat of the kind to be found either in this country or in England. As a paddling canoe, to be used chiefly in shallow and narrow rivers, it is without an equal. Moreover, unlike the English 'Rob Roy,' it is an excellent sea boat, and will live in any sea where a Shoalwater can live, if it is paddled by strong and skilful arms. The builder has certainly succeeded in building the strongest, lightest, most graceful and most useful paddling canoe that has yet been devised."

Mr. Lucien Wulsin, of the Cincinnati C. C., put in a good word for the same boat while discussing the question of time allowance at the meeting of the association:

"We ask no time allowance for the American Traveling Canoes. By continued experimenting we have brought them to the point where they will sail with anything afloat."

This is saying a good deal certainly, for a fast paddler with little sheer, but as Mr. Wulsin has the experience on his side we do not question his statement. One thing no one will doubt after a glance at our cut that the A. T. C. is one of the handsomest ever put afloat. She is well suited for general inland navigation, and is a long improvement on the "real original Rob Roy," inasmuch as she has more crown, fuller bilge and a sheer of 3½ inches, which must in part account for her very fair behavior in lumpy water. Her keel and stems are of oak, and the keel projects ⅜ inch below the rabbet, making her a steady boat under paddle, and not adding materially to draft but decreasing leeway. The ribs are of red elm, the siding of ⅛ in. cedar, six streaks to the side; deck beams sawed ⅝x¾, and spaced 10 inches apart. For decking Mr. Rushton uses a made original mat with himself and superior to common practice. After decking with 3-cloth in cedar, priming over and puttying, he lays down in a single piece The heaviest Utica Mills bleached cotton, drawn tight and tacked down over the edge, which is then protected by a spruce gunwale strip. A regular carriage finish is then applied to the top, and the boat's deck rendered impervious to sun or weather for all time. The canoe is made a life boat by water-tight compartments, and when empty or half filled will support one hand. She is well ribbed in, corners rounded, the combing of ⅛ inch red elm and 1½ in. high, and light wooden hatches for covering in after the Shadow fashion. The fittings include hatchboard, cushions, paddle steering locks, masts and sails, made of oil clear pine, 1¼ in. at butt, and about 1½ in. diameter at deck. They are supplied jointed for better stowage if desired. Mizzens of spruce 9 ft. and under, and about 1¼ in. diameter. Sails are made of heavy unbleached cotton, the edges hemmed and corded. With brass grummets for lacings and earrings. Paddles and oars are hand made, and of the light ash stock, as a sample in our office will show. Double-bladed paddles vary from 7 to 8 ft. for ordinary service, but for large beam are made as long as 9 ft. They are fitted with nickel-plated sleeve and joint in the centre, and can be turned into a couple of singles or one blade feathered to the other. Yokes for carrying consist of a light frame reaching from gunwale to gunwale, upon the ends of which the boats rest with bottom up. Straps run across the frame and fit the shoulders of the man portaging. Boats built at Canton can be shipped anywhere at nominal expense, $2 to $3 to near by States, $5 to Chicago, $6 to St. Paul and $10 to Florida.

SHARPIES AND KEELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your interesting and valuable paper reaches me every Saturday, and although we cannot be called a religious paper, it is a part of my religeon, after attending church on Sunday, to always read the FOREST AND STREAM. I am particularly interested in your boating articles, being a boating man, and read with much amusement the letter from your correspondent "R. B. H." on "Sharpies and Keels." As he requested some information as to Sharpies I emulated to give him and your many readers "my experience." I have admired the pluck and tenacity that one other correspondent, Mr. Thomas Clapham, has always shown in advocating the seagoing qualities of the Sharpie and of his "Nonpariel" model, and handling a model singlehanded and alone for a year or more in the controversy as to whether cutters and yawls were the only or safe craft for a man to trust his life at sea in. I am not much of a theorist, but have had much practical experience with Sharpies and Keels, and if I had to take my choice of *open* boats for rough water, or dangerous cruising at sea, should take the Sharpie every time and leave the deep and sharp keel at my wharf for pleasant-weather sailing. My business takes me to Beaufort harbor a portion of the year, where I am obliged to employ many boats. Beaufort is situated immediately fronting the ocean from Old Topsail Inlet and the harbor and adjacent sounds are full of shoals. When I first went there, seven years ago, I found the fishermen all using canoes or "dug outs," which are strong and serviceable boats admirably suited for their purposes, but the boats used for business and pleasure sailing were deep, sharp, clinker-built; fast sailers, but totally unfitted for shoal water navigation. I at once decided to introduce the sharpie and gave my order to Graves, of Fair Haven, Conn., for one of his best 34 ft. sharpies. The boat was completed for me the summer of '75 and sailed two races in the sound off Branford the week after she was launched, beating all the cat boats easily, also the famous Law sharpie. The wind was fresh from S. W. and heavy sea. I then brought her to N. C. and the remarks of the natives on the flat bottom craft were amusing. One said he "reckoned" she would go "right smart" off the wind, but would slide off sideways when hauled on the wind; another, that she would do for smooth water, but not in a mill pond. She would not do to go outside. After some weeks I got up a race against the fastest keel boat in the State, a boat that had won many races and had never been beaten. She was deep, sharp and 28 ft. long over all. The conditions of the race were these: I was to sail my competitor to the wind I would beat him on the wind (his best point of sailing) in a heavy weather race of wind and sea, he to select his day and course. The course selected was from Harker's Island Point to the mouth of the inlet, with a strong gale against a heavy S. W. wind blowing directly up the channel from the ocean, making a terrible sea for me with my sharpie. The result was that we beat the keel more than half a mile in a three and a half mile race, but there was not a dry thread on a man in either boat. The result of this race settled the question in this vicinity. My sharpie was determined to should, whether she was seaworthy or not, and since that day at least 500 sharpies and flat bottom skiffs have been built for the waters of Eastern N. C.

During the fearful storm of April, '77 I crossed the sound from Beaufort to Morehead City in one of my sharpies, the wind blowing about sixty miles an hour, carrying my mail and several important messages. At least five hundred persons were on the wharfs witnessing the trip. No other boat crossed for two days. The blustering at Beaufort is not confined on the wind coast, for we have had the most fish in the breakers and rough water of the inlet, and I have yet to see the deep, sharp boat that can follow me in my sharpie when trolling for these fish. Mr. Graves's sharpie for the past two winters has been used as a pilot boat, crossing the bar when very rough and boarding vessels many miles at sea.

My experience has been that sharpies are *not* adapted for sailing in shallow water; that while they will float in a good dew, to sail well they require plenty of water under them, as they "suck bottom" more than sharp boats. Another thing, the sharpie is not the boat for a "landlubber" to fool around in when full rigged. They are very quick in their working and require judgment and experience in handling, but take her with one sail and she is safe for children, or the most inexperienced boy to handle. For heavy weather cruising and fast work the sharpie, rightly managed, I consider the best and safest boat in the world. G. N. I.

THE RECORD FOR CANADA.—From the Toronto *Mail* we take the following summary of the past season: "March 2—National Yachting Association formed at New York. July 1—Race for the Governor-General's cup by yachts belonging to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club; won by the Atlanta. Second-class race at Belleville; won by the Katie Gray, the Gracie being second and the Sylvia third. Second-class race at Kingston won by the Emma, the Una being second and the Laura third. July 23—The Oriole leaves for Chicago on August 4th on the trip. She arrives at Chicago only to find that the race in the regatta there for which she was entered had been declared off, the litter refusing to start. Sept. 1—Royal Canadian Yacht Club regatta. The Prince of Wales' Cup won by Commodore Boswell's Madcap, leading the Atlanta, Alarm and Kathleen. Sept. 2—Fifth annual regatta of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club. Second-class race won by the Katie Gray, with the Kathleen second and the Emma third. Sept. 23—Regatta at Hamilton. First-class race won by the Coquette, with the Madcap second. Second-class race won by the Gipsey, with the Mystery second. Third class won by the Petrel of Toronto, the Ella of Toronto being second. Race at Belleville between the Katie Gray of Belleville and the Emma of Kingston; won by the Katie Gray. Sept. 28—Mr. J. Bell, Jr., of Belleville, becomes the owner of the Bloodhound.

KIRK'S HIGH SPEEDS.—In our article on the Seiple Yacht Engine, credit for designing and building the hull of the fast steam yacht Zip should be given to Mr. Kirk, the well-known builder of fast steam yachts, whose yard is located at Chester, Pa., and of whose work we have already had occasion to speak.

JEFFRIES YACHT CLUB.—The following are the officers for the year: Commodore, G. A. Palmer; Vice-Commodore, E. T. Pigeon; Fleet Captain, F. E. Johnson; Measurer, Jacob Rood.

CLIO.—Mr. Platt has sold this handsome schooner to Mr. Hathaway of New Bedford.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

See adv. of share in Blooming Grove Park Association for sale.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Young and feeble mothers with frail children will both become strong by the use of Hop Bitters.

TURK.—We call attention to the notice of Mr. Fred. A. Taft, in another column, stating that he has placed his famous setter dog Dorr in the stud. Dorr is a large, bold, powerful dog, of great endurance and was winner of one of the prizes at the Nebraska Field Trials last summer.

W. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston, will shortly publish for the Massachusetts Society for the promotion of Agriculture three colored frames of Des Carrs on pruning forest and ornamental trees, translated from the seventh French edition, with an introduction by Charles S. Sargent, Professor of Arboriculture in Harvard College. It will appear profusely illustrated, each picture being identical with those in the original edition, the engaving of them having been done in Paris. The Society hopes for the work a considerable circulation owing to the low price at which it will be sold, the desire of the members being simply to make widely known the De Corval method of pruning, which is simple, inexpensive and sure.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

F. H. B., Boston.—We cannot say positively as yet. Probably not.

E. L. S., Stamford, N. Y.—We cannot refer you to any other place for quail.

G., Fishkill-on-the-Hudson.—The gun is reliable and of good performance.

W., Elmira.—"Practical Boat Sailing," by Douglas Frazar. Price $1. Can send it.

E. M., Marlboro st., Boston.—Probably not. You would have a better chance by going later.

G., Boston.—See advertising columns. Can send you model for inspection if you conclude to build.

A READER, Pittsburg.—Live quail should not be put down until the weather is pretty warm, say May 1.

E. O., Cleveland, O. You can procure a thoroughbred Irish water spaniel by addressing Mr. J. H. Whitman.

S. B. P., Little Falls, N. Y.—"Wallace's Guide to the Adirondacks" is what you want. We can supply it at $1.50.

O. C. O., Brenham, Texas.—Where and at what price can I buy a "Geo. Burg" gun? Ans. Don't know of such a gun.

J. P., West Tisbury, Mass.—What is the cause of metallic shells expanding? Ans. The chamber of the gun is too large.

C., City.—Canoes come within the scope of the rule for carrying lights. The circular says "boats propelled by hand power."

B., San Francisco.—You will find Corinthian rules of Seawanhaka Y. C. in our issues of May 15 and June 19, 1879, or see club book.

J. H., New York.—If you will repeat your question, giving weight of gun and signing your name, it will be answered with pleasure.

C. F. B., Rutland, Vt.—You may write to the Winchester Company, whose address will be found in our advertising pages. They can supply the rifle cover.

P. H., Rock Island.—Have Bogardus and Carver ever shot any pigeon or glass ball matches against each other? Ans. Do not recall any such meeting.

F. W., Sullivan, Me.—What is the species of trout called "togue" in Maine? Ans. It is only a local name for the common lake trout, *Salmo namaycush*.

P., Providence.—Oil and paint, or shellac varnish, is certain to make your canoe waterproof. The sugar of lead receipt also gives satisfaction for close canvas. Use 8 oz. duck.

D., Salmon Falls.—See advertising columns for canvas boats. Have received the indorsement of those who have tried them. Write to Mr. A. M. Wardell, Waverly, Tenn., for fox hounds.

H. J. M., Quebec.—We have not seen the article named; it is not yet on the market. It may be good, but the proof of the pudding is not, as some authorities say, in chewing the bag-string.

E., Phila.—Balance jig has yard and boom running forward of the mast one-quarter to one-third their length. See Kemp's Yacht and Boat Sailing. Something like the sail of a Chinese junk.

E. S. Y., Baltimore.—Have brook trout scales? Ans. Yes. They are small, but if you wipe off the slime you can raise them with the point of a knife. If a piece of the skin is dried they show nicely.

H., Minneapolis.—Automatic reel is advertised in this paper. Well spoken of by those who have tried it. Registration in National Kennel Club Book, 25c. Write to Joseph H. Drew, Columbia, Tenn.

W. D. G., Cambridge.—What would be the best time to go shooting coot and other sea ducks on the N. E. coast near Boston during the spring flight? Ans. All through the month of April the birds are flying.

A READER.—For wild rice address Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont., or Richard Valentine, Janesville, Wis. For full particulars concerning the sowing and growth of rice see FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XV., pages 168, 251, 269, 331.

H. J. L., Chicago, Ill.—The gun is first class. It will stand any reasonable charge of powder, and there is no fault to be found with the action. Several of the guns have been burst with the "Dittmar Sporting Powder," but that is nothing to their discredit.

H., Eastport.—It is common for builders to ask fabulous sums for cutters. The mere name frightens many. Excluding ballast, they are cheaper to build than the usual run of sloops. Allow same figures and you will be giving very fair price.

F., Buffalo.—Allowing so many hands to yachts in Corinthian matches is a remnant of the sport's babyhood. One for 9 or 10 feet, fractions thereof not to count, is enough. Shifting live ballast should be discountenanced just as much as shifting bags.

B., City.—Cutter for four hands from 26 to 36 ft. water line, one-third same for beam on load line and 45 to 50 per cent. of beam for depth and draft. Can be built for same money as ordinary sloop. Price for cutter, 30 ft. load line, about $1,000 with iron ballast.

D., Columbus.—Racing rigs for open boats have no limit. Depends on how much ballast you shift and how much disregard you have for capsizing. Large rig will be: Hoist of mainsail, 21 ft.; foot, 26 ft.; head, 15 ft.; foot of jib, 19 ft. Your fixed ballast: Hoist, 17 ft.; foot, 24; head, 14; jib on foot 15. Much depends upon style of boat.

M. A., Yonkers.—What is the cause of the scarcity of sea gulls on the river this winter? Perhaps the extreme cold has driven them further South. Last winter there were hundreds of them; this winter you can scarcely count ten any time. Ans. We cannot answer your question without knowing more about the facts. Perhaps from some unknown cause food is scarce.

J. ANNIN, JR., Caledonia, N. Y.—What is the inclosed fellow? The man in Colorado who sent it to me calls it a shrimp. It is not like our shrimp (*Gammarus*), but is it a different animal? Ans. It is the larva of some insect. An insect has six legs. Your "shrimp" is a decapod (ten feet). When you find any crawling animal in the water with six legs you may be sure that it is the larva or pupa of an insect.

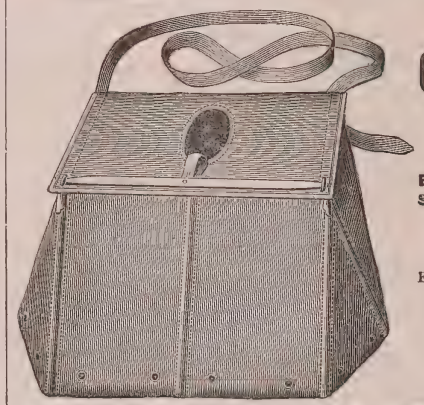
A. A. A., Port Perry, O.—1. Do Mascalonge, *Esox nobilior*, shed their teeth annually? 2. Is Red Rock, on the Nepigon River, still a Hudson Bay Company's post, and can supplies for camping be obtained there as formerly? Ans. 1. There seems to be no regularity in the shedding of the teeth, they lose one and it is replaced. 2. It is still a post and necessaries can be obtained there, but no luxuries. Better not depend too much on it.

T. L. McK., Brooksburg, Ind.—Shooting geese last fall I loaded 12 gauge U. M. C. Co. paper shells with 4 drams of powder and 1¼ oz. of shot (weight of gun 8½ lbs.). I found that many of the shell heads burst so as to let the gas escape which caused the gun to foul at the breech. My partner, using a 9 lb. gun with same loads, experienced same trouble. Did we overload, or were the shells bad? Ans. The shells were bad, or did not fit.

W. W. B., St. Davids, Canada.—As the close law for all game is on, shooting matters are at a standstill, with the exception of coweens. The latter are affording excellent shooting, which can be pursued more pleasantly a little later on when the thermometer gets higher. By the way, I see you call them "old squaws." Now, what are known here as "squaws" are entirely different. They are large, black ducks, having a white speculum on wing, and are stupid and sluggish. Which is correct, and "who shall agree when doctors differ?" Ans. The old squaw proper is what you call coween. The large black duck is *Œdemia perspicillata*, the white-winged surf duck or coot.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—*Adv.*

KING HUMBERT'S HUNTING-GROUND.—This royal domain of Licola, near Naples, is one of the most strictly preserved of all the king's hunting-grounds, and is kept at very little expense. It consists of a vast expanse of swamp, intersected with water-dikes, hidden between a mass of reeds and full of water-fowl, of open lake and of oak copses, where the larger game—stags, deer, wild boars and a kind of wild goat—find sufficient nourishment in the shrubs, tender leaves, acorns, herbage and roots. Only in exceptionally severe seasons must some additional food be provided. The preserve has not been shot over now for three years, and contains more than a thousand head of large game. It was a favorite haunt of the late king, and his son, who is perhaps a still more passionate sportsman, takes a great interest in it, and will probably come to Naples this winter to enjoy sporting over this, one of his best preserves The hunting lodge is a substantial house, consisting of a ground floor and one story, stuccoed and stained a pinkish yellow. It stands on a kind of grass-grown common, with groups of magnificent evergreen oaks on either hand, while opposite is a tiny chapel, with two or three acacia trees.



PATENT FOLDING

CANVAS FISH BASKET.



EACH: $1 75, $2 00, $2 50.
SIZE: A, B, C.

PRICE INCLUDING STRAP.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE.

Discount to the Trade ONLY.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,
NEW YORK.

Miscellaneous

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c.

SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.

KEEP MANUFACTURING CO.,
631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

Eaton's Rust Preventer.

FOR GUNS, CUTLERY, AND SURGICAL Instruments. Safe to handle, WILL NOT GUM, and will keep in any climate. Sportsmen everywhere in the United States pronounce it the best gun oil in the market. Judge Holmes, of Bay City, Mich., writes: "It is the best preparation I have found in thirty-five years of active and frequent use of guns."

The trade supplied by sole manufacturer, GEO. B. EATON, 540 Pavonia Avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Sold by principal New York dealers, and by Wm. Read & Sons, Boston, Mass.; B. Kittredge & Co., Cincinnati, O.; E. E. Eaton, Chicago, Ill.; Brown & Hilder, St. Louis, Mo.; Thos. W. Parr, Cleveland, O.; Trimble & Kleibacker, Baltimore, Md.; Cropley & Sons, Georgetown, D. C.; Jos. C. Grubb & Co., Philadelphia.

CANNOT BE SENT BY MAIL.

KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND,

POULTRY AND GAME

Nos. 289 & 290 Washington Market, N. Y.



HOLASIRD
Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to

UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,

VALPARAISO, IND.

WILD TURKEYS.

NOTICE, SPORTSMEN.—I manufacture turkey callers that make a perfect imitation of either an old or young turkey. They are nothing like the bone or pipe-stem caller, which require weeks' practice to use correctly. Ten to thirty minutes' practice on my caller will enable you to fool the old hunter as well as the turkeys. Each one is warranted as represented. Sample by mail, prepaid, 75 cts. Discount to trade. P. O. stamps taken. Address H. C. NEWTON, Box 763, Mt. Vernon, O.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.
VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail, $1. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

GRAND EXHIBITION
— OF —
BROOK TROUT.

Important to Fisheculturists!

All parties that have Brook Trout that they desire to market this season will find it to their advantage to

CONSIGN THEIR FISH TO ME.

I shall make my usual display (on April 1 and 2) of Trout, both alive and dead, from all the leading Fisheculturists in the United States and Canadas. Specimens are also expected from France and England.

Do not ship any Trout to arrive before the morning of April 1, as THEY WILL NOT BE RECEIVED.

All Trout that are intended for the exhibition should be packed carefully and marked,

"FOR EXHIBITION."

EUGENE C. BLACKFORD,
80 Fulton Market, New York.

FARRAR'S POCKET MAP of Moosehead Lake and the North Maine Wilderness, a valuable companion for the sportsman, hunter and lumberman. Lately corrected and revised, and now acknowledged to be the only correct map of this vast region. Neatly bound in cloth covers. Price, postpaid, by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

TO LET—Thacher's Island, Blue Mountain Lake, Hamilton County, N. Y. Commodious cottage, guide-house, boat-house, including boats, etc. Address Post Office Drawer No. 21, Albany, N. Y. Mar10,1t

LIVE QUAIL.—Forwarded very cheap.
W. W. TITUS, Monticello, Fla.

Wanted.

WANTED—The Galveston (Texas) Gun Club want to engage 6,000 pigeons for the State tournament, to take place May 3d to 7th. Please to state how many you can furnish, and at what price delivered in Galveston. Address W. J. HUGHES, Sec., Galveston, Tex. Mar3,4t

EASTWARD HO! or, Adventures at Rangeley Lakes. A capital story of sport and adventure in the wilds of Maine, interesting alike to old and young. Has received the highest commendations from the metropolitan press. Handsomely bound in cloth, and contains 376 pages, 6 illustrations. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.50. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

For Sale

RED FOX, Skunk, Raccoon and other furs bought for cash—highest prices. Send for circular with full particulars. E. C. BOUGHTON, 5 Howard St., N. Y. Mar10,2t

SINGLE DUCK GUN, 8 bore, 40 inch bbl., 10¾ lbs., bar lock, rebounder, pistol grip, double grip action and very fine. This gun was imported to order by W. W. Greener, and is in splendid condition and a magnificent shooter. Can be seen at HENRY C. SQUIRES', 1 Cortlandt. Mar17,3t

BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOCIATION.—Share for transfer, the owner being unable to use it. This famous shooting and fishing preserve, the best in America, offers unequalled advantages to families of members. The association is about erecting a magnificent club house. Address A. C. M., this office. Mar17,2t

SECOND HAND.—1 Stephen Grant No. 1, 12 bore, 30 inches, 6¾ lbs., highest quality; cost $480; in good condition; price $225. W. W. Greener, terble wedge fast, 10 bore, 30 inch, 8¾ lbs. weight, in excellent condition; cost new $250; price $140. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt st. Mar17,3t

VALUABLE OLD RELICS FOR SALE.—Two old-fashioned, tall clocks, wood movements, in first-rate running order, and good for 100 years more. Cases over seven feet high, and in excellent condition. Address M. W. STICKNEY, Mar17,1t Jacksonville, Vt.

MR. WILSON, proprietor of the Forest City Bird Store, has just published a very interesting book on Birds and Small Pets, their description, proper care and management. Price 40 cents, by mail, post-paid. The first book of the kind ever published in Cleveland. Copies may be had only at his Bird Store, 147 Superior street, Weddell House, Cleveland, O. mar17,1t

FOR SALE AT BARGAIN.—Parker gun, fine Damascus, 10¼ lbs., 32 inch, 10 calibre. Address or call. J. E. LAWRENCE, 37 Broad street, Room 2. Mar17,1t

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "camp life," indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 224 pages, 6 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

PIGEON TRAP
(PATENTED),

With attachment for starting without plunging or touching the bird, can be seen at E. S. Harris' gun store, No. 377 Broadway, where orders should be sent.

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG.

Price $3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

For Sale.

Water Cress & Brook Trout.

AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cress in one-half peck baskets, cut fresh every morning, and delivered in New York city between 9:30 and 12 o'clock at any point below Twenty-third street, at 50 cents per basket. We have constantly on hand, in our ponds, Brook Trout, from the egg to three years old, all sizes, for stocking private ponds or streams. Can supply private parties, hotels or restaurants in New York to a limited extent with fresh brook trout in their season every morning, leaving our ponds at 6 A. M. and arriving at New York at 9:30 same morning. For further information apply to

THOMPSON BROTHERS,
Aquetong Trout Farm,
New Hope, Bucks County, Penna.

FOR SALE.

A Farm of 22 Acres at Gouldsboro, Lack'n Co., Penn.

On the Lehigh River; about 15 acres under cultivation; the balance is wooded with a beautiful pine grove, through which a stream of clear spring water runs; abundantly stocked with speckled trout; the finest place in the State for a trout pond; a dam can be put in at a slight cost and it will stock itself with trout. A fine young orchard of about 80 trees on place, which is in grass and will cut about 10 tons of hay per year. All kinds of game and fish in the vicinity. Will sell for $250, one quarter its value, and will take a first-class B. L. gun in part payment. Clear title and possession given at once. A. R. SPICER, Morris, Tioga Co., Pa. Mar3,4t

FOR SALE.

Trout Hatchery and Preserve in Connecticut, four hours' ride from Grand Central Depot; 17 years' lease of about one mile of a spring stream; high natural falls at one boundary and solid masonry dam at the other; also a timber dam for smaller lake. New Hatchery House connected with a fine spring; nursery pond and, in fact, all necessary appliances. Stream and lakes now thoroughly stocked with trout from fry to five years old. Land rent but $52 per annum. Will sell lease and improvements low to a prompt buyer. JOHN B. MORGAN, 85 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. Mar3,4t

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE.—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, henery, etc.; two acres lawn; fruit and shade trees. Price $6,500; cost $11,000; $1,500 cash. For sale or to let, house 173 Griffith St., Jersey City Heights. For sale six acres near two railroads, Closter, N. J. For sale 9 acres on western slope of the Palisades, Tenafly, N. J. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBUR, 40 Fulton Street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Mar10,1f

FOR SALE—Fox gun, Damascus barrels, 12 bore, 2⅝ in. length B.; 7¼ lbs; rebound lug locks; R. B. cylinder bore; L. B. modified choke; good gun box; 30 brass shells; 500 caps; 200 paper shells; bench-closing machine; rammer and brace; shell extractor; flint red. Gun in first-class order and strong shooter. Gun cost $85; will sell all for $50 cash. Address L. M. HINE, Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. Mar10,2t

FOR SALE—My breech-loading, double Parker gun; best Damascus steel barrels, 36-inch, 10 gauge, 9½ lbs., 15½-inch stock, specially fitted to a tall man; strong, close shooting and as hard-en carefully used; rifle barrel adjustable in left barrel .40 cal; tools and shells complete for both; cost $170 new. Write for particulars. B. W. MAYO, Turner's Falls, Mass. Mar10,2t

FOR SALE—Sloop centreboard yacht, 28 ft. long, 11½ beam, 3½ ft. deep, draws 30 inches; cabin 10 ft. long; has 1 5 ft. head room; fully equipped; fast, able, handsome; new June, 1879. Address CAPT. RICHARD DICKINSON, Saybrook Point, Conn. Mar10,3t

MOOSEHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wilderness Illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. John's and Aroostook rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds connected with them. 256 pages, 30 illustrations and large map. Tinted paper, illuminated covers. Price, by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

50 All Gold, Chromo & Lily Cards, (No 2 alike), Name on, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE.—THE BLUE STAR COCKER SPANIEL BREEDING KENNEL.—I will sell reasonably, owing to poor health and lack of private business cares, which will call for all the spare time I care to give in the future, and also enable me to complete my unfinished work on breeding, breaking and management of Spaniels for American Sportsmen. Therefore I offer as above my Kennel stock, all accessories, together with Kennel name and good-will, to any one having the taste and competent to carry on the good work well. The demand for this breed is immense. Over five hundred pups would have been sold last year (1880) from this Kennel had we had them. My price, $4000, is extremely low, considering its well established reputation and lucrative facilities. I will give all time and advice required, gratis, to the successor. One having breeding experience is preferred, and would like to hand over before June next. Only parties meaning business need apply. M. P. McKOON, Proprietor, The Blue Star Kennel, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. Mar10,1f

FOR SALE—Red Irish Setter Dog, Imp. Grinsa, by Moore's Rufus ex Twigg's Kate, 2nd prize, Dublin, 1877; Rufus, by Palmerston ex The Queen; Kate, by Paisley (a Palmerston) ex Moore's Flora, dam of Mina and several other champion and prize bitches. Grinsa won 2nd open class and Y. H. C. champion class, Baltimore, 1878, when but 12 mos. old. Only time ever shown.

Red Irish Setter Bitch Rosina by Imp. Grinsa ex Imp. Bella; Bella, by Dr. Boyd's Paisley ex C. Moore's Bell; Bell, by C. Moore's Old Shot (father of Palmerston) ex Old Kate. Both the above dogs were thoroughly broken by Mr. Gladson, now with Mr. Orgill. Also the Chesapeake Bay dog Greek, by Mr. Jno. Stewart's Turk ex Mr. Martinet's bitch. Address GEORGE BROWN, No 4 Exchange Place, Baltimore, Md. mar17,1t

FOR SALE.—A large, healthy dog pup, 11 months old, by Pontiac (Pride of the Border-Petrel) out of Fay's Judith (Rob Roy-Gause's Belle); color white, dark ears, blue and tan ticks, a blue blood, handsomely marked, $50. Address ROB ROY, P. O. Box 2231, N. Y. city. Mar17,2t

RED IRISH BITCH LUCY, 4½ years old, out of Moya-Plunket, bred by David G. Hartt, Northport, N. Y.; thoroughly trained in all respects and prize winner. Offered for sale because owner has no use for her; price, $80—not half her value. Address BOX 293, Norfolk, Va.

A BARGAIN.—A beautiful Gordon setter pup; color, black and tan; from the most noted stock in the country. Her sire is the best dog on game in Lancaster County; price, $30. Also a lemon and white Llewellin pup, 6 months old; will make a good one. Dam, Lady Elgin by Carlowitz; sire, Zanzibar by Champion Gladstone and Mersey; only $30. H. B. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. Mar17,1t

I WILL SELL OR EXCHANGE my Irish setter dog, one year and a half old, for a breech-loading gun. J. H. SHIRK, 337 N. Queen st., Lancaster, Pa. mar17,1t

FOR $30 I will sell a setter of Dan't Webster stock that has been hunted two seasons on woodcock; would exchange for a 12 B. L. shot-gun and pay boot. A. S. GUILD, Lowell, Mass. Mar17,1t

FOR SALE One extra fine, high-bred pointer dog, 10 months old; price, $30. Also three bitch pups, highly bred and handsome, 3 months old; $10 each. JOHN L. MARTIN, Milford, Mass. Mar17,3t.

FOR SALE.—Irish setter bitch Quail III., 3 years old, broken; 1st puppy class 1878; 2d, 1879. Address E. L. 171 East 87th street. Mar17,1t

EXCHANGE.—$25 pointer dog for breech-loading rifle. Address D. W. ROY, Monday, Hocking county, O. Mar17,2t

FOR SALE.—My Gordon setter bitch Rose, 14 months old; color, a beautiful black and tan, partly broken and very fast; price $20. Address W. N. WHITE, Box 68, Portsmouth, Va. Mar17,1t

RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangeley Lake Region, Kennebago, Cupsuptic, Parmachenee and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illuminated covers, tinted paper, 320 pages, 60 illustrations and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

50 *Lithographed* **Chromo Cards**, no 2 alike, **10c.** Name in fancy type. CONN CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

The Kennel.

NEW YORK

DOG SHOW.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL SHOW

WILL BE HELD AT THE

American Institute Fair Building,

APRIL 26, 27, 28 and 29, 1881.

Prize Lists can be had on application to

CHAS LINCOLN, SUPERINTENDENT,

Office, 138 Fulton Street, New York.

P. O. BOX 1,700.

ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 11.

BENEDICT.

Imported black field spaniel, at the Stud. FOREST AND STREAM, March 3: "A remarkably fine dog of his breed." His brother, Kaffir, is illustrated in Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog." The winning blood in England to-day. Limited to ten bitches; fee, $25. A few well broken setters and spaniels and pups of each breed. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I.

Hare Beagle Kennel.

For sale, the produce of animals that have been hunted during the whole of last season, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Penn. Mar3,1f

CHAMPION TRIMBUSH.—This celebrated imported Clumber Spaniel, orange and white, has been placed for the season in the stud. Fee, $20. Apply to FRANCIS O. DE LUZE, 18 South William Street, New York. Dec23,1f

FOR SALE.—Fifteen Foxhounds, first-prize stock, the finest and best. Address, with stamp, L. M. WOODEN, Rochester, N. Y. Sept.23,tf

FOR SALE.—Very handsome jet black cocker spaniel bitch, 8 years old. Also young pointer bitch, Sensation stock. LOCK BOX 287, Murif,1t Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

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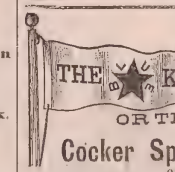
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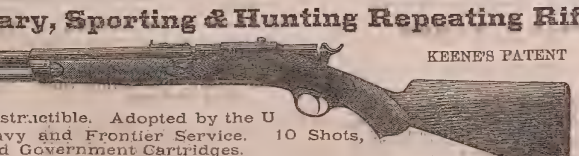
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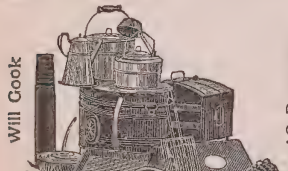
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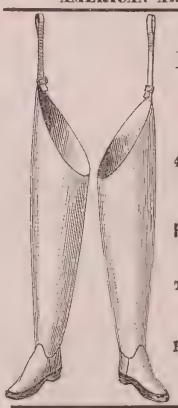
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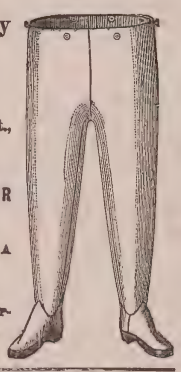
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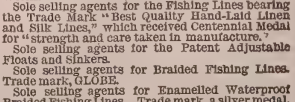
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FOREST AND STREAM & ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, March 24.

THE COMING TROUT SHOW.

WE have received an elegant chromo made expressly for Mr. Blackford's invitation "to inspect all procurable varieties of trout" and other cultivated fish, at Fulton Market, on the 1st and 2d of April. The card is really a gem, and worthy of a frame. It represents a trout in the foreground inspecting a gaudy insect, while in the back an angler is wading a rapid stream, which tumbles over the rocks in such a natural manner as to make us wish to be there. On the next page is the invitation, flanked by rod and landing net, while a charming rural scene with tumbling water stands above.

We hope our fish culturists will send Mr. Blackford specimens of their apparatus and implements, for which he asks in our advertising columns, as this may be the means of inaugurating a yearly exhibition of fish culture which may extend in future years to a great fishery exhibition. Mr. Blackford's "trout openings" have grown from the ordinary display of a dealer into what they now are, interesting studies for the angler, the ichthyologist, and the epicure, and are already as large as the limits of the dingy old market will allow. Great credit is due Mr. Blackford for these displays, for he is the only fishmonger who sinks all considerations of profit and brings specimens from all parts of our own country, even from the far Pacific coast and from Europe, at a cost of one hundred times their market value, to treat the public to a comparative view of the different species and varieties, filling his slabs with them to the detriment of his other business. For all of which the trout, at least, owe him much gratitude.

A LARGE NUMBER OF REPLIES to our queries in regard to the comparative effect on the game of still hunting and hounding deer are now on our table awaiting publication. Just at present the pressure upon our space is so great that this matter must be laid over for a week or two. Correspondents who have furnished us with their views on this important topic will understand that their articles will all appear at the same time.

NEW FACTS ON GAME PROTECTION.

A SATISFACTORY and sufficient plan for game protection is one of the most pressing necessities of the times. Year by year the sportsman sees the game in localities easily accessible to him becoming more scarce; year by year he has to travel further and work harder in order to secure the objects of his pursuit, and year by year his reward, in proportion to the energy expended, is less than it was in former times. That a satisfactory and efficient code of game laws will ultimately be enacted and enforced we cannot doubt, but before such a consummation can be reached it is highly probable that, in many of the more densely populated sections of the country, wild game will have entirely disappeared. We can call to mind too many localities, where twenty years ago quail and ruffed grouse were quite abundant, which are now so destitute of these birds that one of them in a state of nature would be regarded by the inhabitants with unqualified admiration and curiosity. The longer such complete extermination for any locality can be postponed the better, and the men who shoot and fish, appreciating the position of affairs and foreseeing that unless something is done the outlook is most discouraging, are now displaying more energy in restocking our covers and waters than ever before. Probably there have never been so many quail in confinement as there are at present. The almost unparalleled severity of the past winter has undoubtedly destroyed a very large number of the birds in the north, and realizing this, many persons are importing quail from the Southern States, where the suffering has been less, and are putting them down on the land where they do their own shooting. If the birds do well and can be preserved till the beginning of the season, it is obviously cheaper to do this than to travel some hundreds of miles for a few days' shooting when the season opens.

There are still many places within easy reach of New York where fair bags, say from eight to fifteen birds to a gun, can be made; but in too many localities where a few years ago birds were fairly abundant they are now unknown. Such localities are numerous in New York and Connecticut, and no doubt in other States. Where this is the case the birds have simply yielded to their enemies in the struggle for existence, and can by restocking and proper protection be made as abundant as ever. Reasonable game laws, strictly enforced, a short period for selling after the close of the season, a bounty on hawks, owls and foxes, and proper attention to restocking will in the future give us fair shooting.

Perhaps the most serious difficulty with which we have to contend in preserving the quail is the weather. It must be remarked that as any part of the country becomes more and more thickly settled, the swamps and underbrush are cut off, the land cleared, the hedgerows carefully trimmed, and little cover is left for the birds. Unless a general and organized effort to find and shelter the birds is made by farmers and sportsmen residing in the country, a single severe winter may undo the work of years of careful protection. The past season has been a hard one, and large numbers of quail have undoubtedly perished from cold and hunger, yet it has not been one of those in which the quail of a whole section are swept out of existence in a single night. The birds that have died this winter would seem, for the most part, to have perished one by one of cold and hunger. The snows have been so deep that all the food has been covered up, and lay upon the ground so long that the birds, weakened by starvation, readily yielded to the bitter cold. Moreover, the snow line this year extended so much farther south than usual that it has reached birds wholly unaccustomed to any great degree of cold, and thus wholly unfitted to withstand the severities of the season. We have, however, had none of the heavy snow-storms, changing during the night to cold rain, and thus forming a crust which effectually prevents the escape of the poor little prisoners beneath.

In order that we may have an adequate conception of what is required for the more perfect preservation of our game, it is essential that we should obtain all the facts possible with regard to it, and keep ourselves constantly informed as to its condition. With this in view, it has appeared to us particularly desirable to learn as nearly as possible just how the quail have fared this winter in our middle districts. Various opinions have been expressed on the subject, and men of experience have been found to differ widely about the matter. It has seemed to us, therefore, that the most certain and satisfactory way of arriving at a definite conclusion would be to make a thorough canvass of some one section, obtaining if possible reports from at least two different individuals in each town. Reports from the West seemed to indicate that the birds had suffered less than in the East, and it was, therefore, after mature consideration, determined to limit the proposed inquiry to the State of New Jersey.

The geographical position of this State makes it particularly favorable for such an inquiry. Its northern extremity is in about the same latitude with New Haven, Conn., while its southern is on the same parallel with Washington. Reaching as it does so far to the north and south, it may fairly be supposed to represent the condition of things which exists in Southern New York and Connecticut, in Pennsylvania, and a portion of Maryland and Delaware. It thus really covers more ground than any other single State that could have been selected.

We have been fortunate in securing from our hundreds of correspondents scattered through New Jersey very full reports of the present condition of the game there. Many of these reports are models of conciseness, and in most instances we have printed them almost without alteration, or, if it was necessary to condense them, have preserved the style of the writer and have given his facts as he stated them.

We have preferred to print the reports in full rather than to content ourselves with summarizing them, in order that each of our readers may see for himself precisely what the sportsmen of New Jersey think of game prospects in that State for this fall.

Never before has such an inquiry as the present one been set on foot in this country, and we think it not too much to say that the movement is a long step in the direction of intelligent game protection. One important result of our investigations will be to furnish to the New Jersey Legislature some definite information on which to base certain proposed changes in the game laws, information the like of which no legislative body has ever before had access to.

We think that sportsmen generally will appreciate the value of the statistics which we print to-day, and it is unnecessary to dilate on the subject. No one, however, can appreciate the amount of labor and expense entailed in the compilation of such a complete report, and one covering so thoroughly such an extent of territory. These are expenditures which we shall not grudge if the cause of game protection has been served by our efforts.

We have once or twice heard it suggested by envious people that the FOREST AND STREAM was "aristocratic," that it favored measures which would make the enjoyment of legitimate sport by the poor man more difficult. When the course of this journal is examined, so childish and untrue a statement scarcely needs denial. We urge the passage and enforcement of stringent laws in order that the game at our doors may be preserved. The rich man can travel to distant fields where game is plenty, and can have his shooting whether the laws are enforced or not. With the poor man it is not so; he has to take his day or his half day in the field when he can get it, and has neither the time nor the money to travel far in search of game. It is, therefore, the man of modest means who is or should be interested in game preservation even more than he whose fortune is ample. But no question of class or fortune should enter into a question of this kind. All men, and especially all sportsmen, ought to be of one mind on this matter, and all should unite with the heartiest good will in furthering to the utmost of their ability any plan that will bring about the end we all so much desire.

TO ADVERTISERS.—We have recently made arrangements by which during the next six months we shall circulate, in addition to our regular large weekly edition, six thousand copies of the FOREST AND STREAM in the United States and Europe. This large extra edition will be mailed from the office of publication in single wrappers and singly addressed to the best names in the more important towns of the Union. As our advertising space is limited and is now almost full, those who desire to make especial efforts to secure the spring trade, would do well to secure what space they need in good time.

ASSEMBLY BILL NUMBER 242 contains a provision which, notwithstanding some crudities, bespeaks the cordial support of all sportsmen. The bill referred to is entitled "An Act to amend chapter five hundred and thirty-four of the laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine," entitled "An Act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish, and other game," as amended by chapter five hundred and thirty-one of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty. Section 9 of this bill reads as follows:

Section thirty-one of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

§ 31. A State bounty of thirty dollars for a grown wolf, fifteen dollars for a pup wolf, [and] twenty dollars for a panther, *one dollar for a fox, one dollar for any hawk except a night-hawk, and one dollar for any owl except a screech-owl*, shall be paid to any person or persons who shall kill any of said animals *or birds* within the boundaries of this State. The person or persons obtaining said bounty shall prove the death of the animal *or bird*, so killed by him or them, by producing satisfactory affidavits and the skull and skin of said animal, *or the head and claws of said bird*, before the supervisor and one of the justices of the peace of the town within the boundaries of which the said animal *or bird* was killed. Whereupon said supervisor and justice of the peace, in the presence of each other, shall burn and destroy the said skull and brand the said skin of *said animal*, so that it may be thereafter identified, *and shall burn and destroy the said head and claws of said bird*, and issue to the person or persons claiming and entitled to the same an order on the treasurer of the county to which said town belongs, stating the kind of animal *or bird* killed, the date of killing the same, and the amount of the bounty to be paid in virtue of the within section of this act, and the county treasurers of this State are hereby authorized and directed to pay all orders issued as aforesaid; and all orders issued in the manner aforesaid and paid by the treasurer of any county in this State shall be a charge of said county against the State, the amount of which charge, on delivery of proper vouchers, the comptroller is hereby authorized and directed to allow in the settlement of taxes due from said county to the State.

There is little doubt that the setting a prize on the heads of vermin would have a very marked effect in increasing the game in any section of the country, and while the bounties offered in this bill are in some cases high, they would cause a diminution in the number of our foxes, owls and hawks that would send joy to the heart of every game bird in the land. Some such provision should certainly be added to any bill amending the game law which may be passed by the Legislature this season.

There are a number of other excellent points about Bill No. 242, which unfortunately we have not the space to notice at present.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE VOYAGEURS OF THE UPPER LAKES.

SINCE the opening of Lake Superior to general navigation by the completion of the Sault Ste Marie Canal, and the common use of steam in the commerce of the upper lakes, the old-time occupation of the "voyageurs" upon those great waters has ceased. Most of the trade with the great Northwest in the world which was conducted by the enterprising Northwest Company found a depot at Fort William, and the carrying was done principally by the voyageurs in canoes. Their main course was up the Canadian rivers, chiefly the Ottawa, through the Georgian Bay and up the St. Mary's River to Sault Ste Marie, and thence around the northern shore of Lake Superior to the Fort. From that point these hardy men found their way into the great wild country far up into high latitudes wherever there were furs to be bought. In those days the passing of "brigades" along the "North Shore" was of common occurrence. Some small sail vessels were occasionally used, but the great bulk of the transportation between Sault Ste Marie and Thunder Bay was by canoes. The Hudson's Bay Company took its supplies from the Hudson's Bay ports up the rivers into the interior, and over the great fur land the competition between the two great organizations, always sharp and severe; frequently became a matter involving lawless strife and bloodshed. Since the union of these great trading companies the Hudson's Bay Company has had a clear field, to the best interests both of the company and, it is believed, the Indians.

The present upper lake voyageur is of a later generation, and knows of the great rivalry mainly by tradition. The skirting of the great lake, the stirring adventures by flood and field, the trapping in the great woodland region, the fierce contests between the retainers of the two great companies, he recalls only as memories of a half-forgotten tale. A few of the old men may remember the Northwest Company as an actual existence, and occasionally the traveler meets with one who has scars to show for his share in the bloody strife which for many years was waged over the profitable fur trade. The greatest pride of such a one is his connection with the Northwest Company in his youthful days, and his later service with the Hudson's Bay Company.

The original voyageurs were for the most part descendants of the French or French Canadian traders and of the Indians inhabiting those parts of the country where the fur trade, or the commerce growing out of it, was carried on. Occasionally, however, though not often, one finds in the present-day voyageur a well-marked descent from Scotch ancestry, and I remember traveling with one most unmistakably Irish. But the amount of white blood coursing through their veins would puzzle a life insurance actuary to determine, even if he had the whole family tree before him. In many of the modern voyageurs it is hard for the ordinary observer to discern traces of the aboriginal blood from any physical characteristics; but personal acquaintance develops mental and moral traits which one naturally attributes to Indian descent. These may result from youthful associations and class habits, but it would seem that they are most easily accounted for by ancestral blood.

I do not know elsewhere of any such combination of personal qualities as I find in the modern Northern Lake voyageurs. The American backwoodsman has the bravery, the coolness in trial, the caution and the hardihood, but hardly the versatility, the sprightliness or the good humor of the voyageur. The pioneer of the "States" is more bluff and hearty than the voyageur, is like in superstitious feeling, but lacks his religious character, his respect for forms and priests and churches. The early Jesuit missionaries molded the Indian mind into a strong reliance upon the Church and spiritual teaching, and the early devotion of these pious men has been well repaid in the attachment for centuries of the Indians to the Roman Church.

The voyageur combines the improvidence of his red with the foresight of his white progenitors. He is generous and hospitable, careless and indifferent. He will feast a stranger in his own camp to-day and go on short commons alone to-morrow, equally ready to divide his own or the stranger's last crust. He is lavish and wasteful as to food, but careful and economical as to ammunition and tackle; and as to the hundred things which accident or disaster in flood or wood may make indispensable, he is thoughtful and provident. He is fruitful of resources, stoical in hardship, content with anything which comes to him and thankful for a little. Physically superior to the average Indian as also to the average white, he shrinks from no labor or hardship which must be met, but wanting somewhat of the spirit of his white ancestry, waits to meet it, instead of meeting it half way. Face to face with danger or privation he is a hero; in anticipation he is a coward.

His life is much upon the water. He is a good sailor when out of reach of the shore. But a stiff breeze, a wet sheet and a flowing sea he never encounters when it can be foreseen or avoided. This trait may come as much from the French as the Indian side of his ancestry. He never braves the elements at the start like a "born" sailor, but, being in, he meets bravely whatever may come. I never saw but one frightened at wind or sea and he was not so much demoralized as to sail unsafely. But on the other hand, I never knew one to venture of his own accord, unless the signs seemed propitious. He is a shore-seeker, like Kinglake's Greek sailors in Eothen. "Indeed, they have a most unsailor-like love for the land, and I really believe that in a gale of wind they would rather have a rock-bound coast upon their lee than no coast at all." But in a storm he manages his small craft admirably. Once coasting the "North Shore," south of Pic River, in a "big wind" upon one quarter, and seas so high and black that each of us instinctively selected his oar upon which to try to reach the shore when the waves should overwhelm us, when the knowledge of the guide and a study of the chart failed to show even a boat harbor for miles, and the case looked desperate, our voyageur's spirit rose to the occasion. His skill in avoiding the seas which threatened to swamp us was wonderful; and when, after making thirty miles in two and three-quarter hours, we rounded into a little harbor at the lower end of Otto Island, we felt a grateful appreciation of the masterly skill which had brought us through, and which we shall never forget.

But with all his skill and courage he is too timid to undertake a new course. He will follow the old shore canoe-line, where, with a straight course a half-day's pulling or sailing would be saved. It was not till I had been many times on the old route from Maimanse Point to Gros Cap, on Lake Superior, that I could prevail on a voyageur to take a straight course inside of Sandy Islands. The most intelligent voyageur I ever sailed with could not be prevailed on to go outside of Maple Island, whether sailing or rowing, in wind or calm. Maple Island is not more than a fourth of a mile in diameter; but the loss of a canoe in making the outside passage forty or fifty years ago and the drowning of four men is not forgotten yet.

Upon one occasion we left Montreal Island for Point of Mines, which bore, as nearly as I can remember, S. by E. a distance of twelve miles. The island is about W. or W. by S. from Montreal River, at the mouth of which is the nearest land from the south end of the island, and six miles distant. I handed the compass to the bow oarsman to steer by, the fog being heavy, with the understanding that he would head for our destination. My surprise may be imagined when in an hour and a half I heard the dash of the swell upon the shore, and the bold and rounded rock which marks the entrance of the river came dimly into view through the fog. We had then to creep slowly along the coast from point to point, adding a full hour's hard pulling to the severe day's work before we came to camp in the little bay.

A "traverse" is the thing to be guarded in a voyageur's life. He spends a good portion of a trip in depicting the dangers of the next "big crossing." It is true the lakes are treacherous, but his fears make the staunch Mackinac boat but little better in a traverse than a frail bark canoe. It is rather trying to one even well versed in the voyageur's peculiarities to see seven or eight miles take the place of four or five, because by the additional distance up the bay the "crossing" will be somewhat shortened. Every traveler with voyageurs or Indians will recall enough instances of this kind. Even an island in mid passage seems to give no confidence. I have tried time and again to get some explanation of this peculiarity, but could only learn that their fathers did likewise. But this trait is the voyageur's by Indian descent alone. I have observed it in the canoe Indians wherever I have come in contact with them.

The voyageur is not weatherwise, because he is not observant of cause and effect in meteorology. He recognizes to some extent the law of periodicity in weather, and relies more upon it than upon any other one element. But he fails in observation of the various conditions which so frequently modify its actions. His predictions are as often mere guesses as those of the average white man. This is true of the Indian, as well.

He is observant and knowing of the habits of fish, which he takes by spear or net, so far as to know the best times and places of capture. And the same remark would apply to the habits of game and fur-bearing animals, but as to the facts lying beyond this range he is as ignorant as other men. He hates snakes like an orthodox descendant of Adam, without regard to their habits or poison. His sight is keen and accurate. He never mistakes a log for a canoe, nor a stump or rock for a wigwam. Nor can you make pass with him the blue haze in the mountains for the smoke of a distant fire. As a marksman he is not successful. He casts a fly with skill and accuracy, but he loses more trout once hooked than an ordinary fisherman. He knows their likely places, and enjoys helping you land them.

Away from towns and civilization he is sober and vigilant; but the trip over, he can get drunk in as quick time as any other human being. In his cups he is not quarrelsome to outsiders; but I have reason to believe the family sometimes suffers. Some never drink to excess; and I have met one or two who professed never to drink at all, which was to be doubted.

Since the finding of some profitable mines on the North Shore he has faith in discovering one which will lift him into riches at once; and a vein of quartz seen along shore will be sufficient to create an excuse for a camp, or, at all events, an unnecessary landing. But he sees in economy and labor no road to competence, yet on an expedition he is industrious and untiring. His honesty is unquestionable; except, possibly, in regard to tobacco, which he is inclined to treat as one of God's good gifts common to all men.

On the trail or coasting, tea is his only stimulant. He insists, whatever happens, on three meals a day; and the fisherman or tourist who tries to avoid one of them will not be treated like a gentleman. But the stores must be watched—not against theft, but waste. Salt, sugar and flour will be left in the rain or on the wet moss of the camp, and pork and potatoes will be thrown away.

In the *cuisine* the *voyageur* is about the average of fishing and hunting guides. Some make good bread; but hard bread should always be carried if practicable. He is proficient in cooking fish and potatoes. I have eaten Lyonnaise potatoes of his cooking as good as in Delmonico's or Parker's; although, no doubt, appetite had a great deal to do with this conclusion. I have seen loaves of bread turned out of a tin oven baked before an open, log fire which would be a credit to any well-managed kitchen. But, as I have intimated, such cases are exceptional.

The true *voyageur* speaks three languages—English, slightly broken, a French *patois* and Chippewa, and many read fairly the first and last of these.

One of the marked peculiarities of the voyageur is his attachment to and care for his boat. He does not have the same feeling in regard to his canoe, probably because the latter is so shortlived. But his boat is always in mind. It is never left in a possibility of danger. How the skies are, or the wind, or the sea, matters little. The bay where you find a camping-place may be perfectly secure from wind and sea—land locked—but the boat must be hauled up on poles and logs clear of the water, and tied with the strongest rope to the furthest tree to be reached. A canoe, however, fares differently. It is lifted from the water, turned carelessly over on the shore, where a boat could never be left.

In the management of boats and heavy canoes the voyageur is superior to the Indian, while in the single light canoe he is inferior. In ascending or descending a rapid his skill is wonderful, and I have seen Indians stare in admiration at his performance. The voyageur is more vigorous, has more active "pluck," or "grit," than the ordinary Indian, and is of better physique, which does not come from the French side alone, but rather from the combination of the two races, or, it might be said, from the combination of the French with the finer specimens of the Indian womanhood, which the French trader was sure to choose. The voyageur is proud of his white progenitors, but hardly looks at his aboriginal ancestry with the same feeling. Indeed, his epithet, expressive of the utmost contempt for another of his own class, is—"Indian."

In the changed conditions of life, I believe the admixture of white with Indian blood has strengthened the mixed race beyond the Indian average. My observation has not been so extensive as to make me confident, but it is my impression that the Indian woman lives to a greater age than the man; at all events, I have seen more aged women than men among the Indians. In the mixed race, however, I believe the men attain the greater average age.

How long the race of voyageurs will last is a problem time alone can solve. The increase of commercial and manufacturing pursuits tends to lead to indoor life more than in earlier years; and when the voyageur becomes a laborer upon railroads, or a workman in mills, he will rapidly lose his distinctive characteristics. Then the sportsman or tourist coasting the shores of Lake Superior, or ascending its rivers, may be reduced for guides to that whiter-blooded mixture of vanity, impudence and laziness, which is so common in the more fashionable outdoor resorts of New York and New England.

H.

A TRIP TO CURRITUCK, N. C.

SOMEWHAT less than a thousand years ago I made up my mind, with that diabolical desperation born of long continued ill-luck, to have a good time with the ducks, if I had to go to Greenland to purchase the enjoyment. I had suffered so many disappointments in the pursuit of the above fickle creatures at and about my Eastern home, that "patience" (never a remarkable feature of my nature) became exhausted, and I was ripe for anything in the way of a change.

An old friend came to my rescue one stormy night, just in the "nick" of time, as I was busy packing up my traps, preparatory to leaving for Wisconsin. He had just returned from Norfolk, Va., and his description of the shooting at "Currituck"—I was going to say, "at—most" took away my breath! I did not waste time in securing my berth on the first outgoing steamer, and was soon on my way—I will not say "rejoicing," for no mortal man ever suffered as I did, I verily believe. The journey was a rough and stormy one, and when I at last arrived at the hotel in the quaint and decidedly romantic city of Norfolk, I praised the "gods" for my safe deliverance. It was a fearful trip, continued through a blinding storm of sleet and snow, and the wind blowing strong enough to almost lift the ship from the water. Glass, crockery, trunks, in fact everything on board, "went to smash" in grand good style, including several of "mine own" wordly goods, which were recovered only by the "greatest sacrifice" on my part, I can assure you. Taking all things into consideration I was thankful to get ashore, although I would have gone through twice the amount of trouble and danger to have had my fondly wished for "Day with the Birds." I left the city long before daylight the next morning on the little steamer Cygnet, and managed to kill time, somehow, principally by smoking, until the broad waters of Currituck Sound glimmered in the distance before us. Quite a throng of men graced the decks of our little craft, and I amused myself listening to the big stories (of course all duck, goose and swan) which some of them told, evidently with the intention of creating a sensation among us "green uns." Thirty-two teal with both barrels (not counting cripples); ten geese with a "twelve" gun, and so on, until I fairly winced under the galling fire. One long-bearded individual in particular, dressed from head to heels in regulation dead-grass color, etc., and fondly cherishing an immense meerschaum, loudly expatiated upon the beauties of a sixteen-gauge on single birds, ye knaw! This heavy gun business was all bosh, ye knaw! He used but one ounce of shot, and would take his chances with the best of them! (particularly on thirty-two teal with both barrels, I thought). So they talked and smoked until we made the landing at Knot's Island—my place of departure. The dock is a queer one, if dock you can call it, simply a shed built on the poles that

start up from the water in the most wonderful fashion and at every angle possible, save the right one. However, I managed to get into the sail-boat with my traps, and off we started. A nice sailing breeze ruffled the water, and the old scow soon had a bone in her teeth worth picking. Thousands of ducks were flying over the vast marshes, and my heart bounded with joy at the sight. Long strings of geese were also flying along the horizon, and I could plainly hear the "hawnk-e-hawnk" of the old ganders. A great many ducks, principally broad bills and butter balls, were continually getting up ah ad of us, and the temptation at last became too strong for me, and I had my old "howitzer" out in short order. I presume I demonstrated pretty clearly to the observant eyes of our skipper that a "pair" was not such very hard work, to say nothing of several sky scrapers and twisting drivers, and before we reached the beach I had really quite a respectable bag. Arriving at the queer old house, with its ship cabin doors and windows, I almost fell into the arms of an old college chum, the last person in the wide world I ever expected to find in that wilderness. Intense joy overcame us, and it was only after the most frequent "smiles" that we arrived at any sort of rationality. My friend had also several cronies in tow, and we were a merry lot of fellows over our roast duck that evening, I can tell you.

After our meal (I did it full justice, believe me) pipes were enjoyed and preparations for the morning's work completed. I retired early, as the long journey from home had fairly begun to show its effects, and I was, to use the familiar expression, "played out." Just at the first peep o' day I was rudely awakened by some one twisting my nose, that noble organ, I'll vow, assuming a dozen shapes, and I found myself vainly striving to reach my gun, which stood in the corner, with the avowed intention of killing the offender if my neck paid the forfeit, while I gave vent to my feelings (as B. said afterward) in the choicest French (?) he had ever heard. Roars of laughter greeted my ears, as sitting up in bed I strove to soothe my poor proboscis and to gain my senses.

Several white-robed figures skipping about and chattering like monkeys with the cold, and casting all manner of remarks at me brought "light out of darkness," and I was soon as busy as the rest. Breakfast over, guns, etc., taken care of, we emerged into the open air, cool and keen, with just a faint breeze, harbinger of what was to follow, bending the tops of the long wild rice.

I had secured for my own especial benefit, as guide, the son of our worthy proprietor, young Beauregard, a lad whom I venture to say is not unknown to many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and during my stay, which proved quite a long one, we became the best of friends, in fact inseparable companions. I never saw a better shot for his age in my life, or one who more thoroughly understood his business. It gave me great pleasure to loan him one of my guns, and I well remember the little fellow's joy at possessing the weapon, even for so short a time.

The dawn was fast breaking, and we hurried down to the boats, my friends going to a famous point at a well known club for canvas backs, while "Beau" and I paddled away in the opposite direction, through the wavy forests of rice stalks, starting scores of ducks from their resting places, with many a quack and whistle. I tried my best to cover several as they rose, it seemed almost within reach of the oars, but the darkness prevented. After quite a pull and struggle we reached the point of land—or, tangled weeds rather, that was to form our camp for the day, and Beau was soon at work pitching the decoys, while I arranged things comfortably in the blind.

The breeze became stronger, and I felt a little snow upon my face, but Beau laughed merrily at my somewhat forcible remarks upon the weather. Never mind it, sir! It won't last long; and neither it did. The morning broke gloriously for the duck shooter! Cloudy and cold, a stout breeze, and the birds "all on the move." I could see great bunches of them flying in every direction over the vast fields that stretched away into the dim distance, and obeying the instincts taught me on Long Island's sea-girt shore, I kept myself well concealed. A single bird suddenly came shooting by. With a graceful sheer he turned toward the stool, and a moment more lay dead upon the shore. My first spoon bill, a truly handsome bird.

Single and double shots became frequent, with an occasional flock to rake; and my cup of happiness (to say nothing of the "blind") was almost full. I had a little experience with an eagle during the afternoon which will bear recording. A black duck—hard hit—fell on the ice about eighty yards from us and I walked toward it for the purpose of gathering when, with a mighty swoop and piercing scream, a large bird darted down upon it. The duck, badly wounded, fluttered out of his grasp along the ice, during which time I was running my best to get within gunshot. I gave the tyrant both barrels, but he secured my duck after all and sailed away as totally indifferent to my three ounces of chilled 4's as though he fed upon them. They are a great nuisance at Currituck and destroy any quantity of birds—so Beau informed me.

My glorious day at last was over; and the bag—but, stop! I know full well the danger of enumerating least I also be numbered among the great—"ahem." Suffice it to say there was more than ever I expected to kill, which is saying a great deal, gentle reader; and as to the variety, it was simply sublime. I could boast of but few canvas backs, however, and those few speedily found their way to my friends at home.

I remained at White's for several weeks and enjoyed good shooting most of the time, but the first day was the *creme de la creme* of my experience. BLUE BILL.

BICYCLING.—The annual meeting of the Bicycle Club was held on Monday evening last, and the following officers were elected: W. J. Knight, President; E. H. Snyder, Vice-President; E. H. Bellman, Secretary and Treasurer; L. H. Johnson, Capt.; A. C. Bedell, Senior Sub. Capt.; H. W. Knight, Junior Sub. Capt. and Counsel; Chas. A. Knight, Bugler; E. H. Bellman, Guide. Club Committee: L. H. Johnson, Chairman; H. W. Knight, W. Smith, H. C. Douglass, J. Taylor. After the business of the evening was completed the club sat down to a fine collation at the invitation of the President, and after a very pleasant series of toasts, speeches and songs, the club adjourned at a late hour.

The reports show the club to be in a very flourishing condition, and having a membership of forty-two with more to come, the prospects for a brilliant season seem assured. They hold the championship honors of America and Canada, and propose to hold them another year. J. LAFON.

Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing with Hop Bitters in each draught.

Natural History.

ABOUT DEER.

RESPECTING weights of black-tailed deer asked for by you in a late paper in connection with the alleged weight of one of 500 lbs., it will perhaps be best to ask, What is a black-tailed deer? The true one, *Cervus columbianus*, which is often confounded with the mule deer (*Cervus macrotis*) is not by any means a large animal, and if any individual of this species has been killed weighing 500, 400 or even 300 lbs., he must have been a veritable "Daniel Lambert" of his kind. I very much doubt if any black-tailed deer has ever weighed so much, estimating his weight with the entrails out, but with head, skin and legs intact, which is the ordinary and accepted method of weighing deer. I would prefer believing that the deer spoken of as weighing 500 lbs. had been confounded with some other species.

Now, estimated, judged, reckoned or supposed weights are of no use as a matter of record. Not one man in a hundred is capable of judging anything near the correct weight of a deer, and he is often far from the mark. The only weights worthy of being considered are those established by actual weighing, and if this mode were practiced to a greater extent it would be soon apparent to the hunting fraternity and the world at large that the big bucks, so often spoken of as weighing over 200 lbs. would be, like "angels' visits, few and far between." Does, as far as I am aware, never attain this weight, and I feel safe in saying that not more than one per cent. of the bucks do so. Two thousand deer carcasses would not be an outside estimate for those seen by me since living in this country, and when seeing large deer I have made it a practice, when possible, to obtain their weight, and the greatest weight I have any record of is 220 lbs., although I am assured one was killed in this vicinity, and not in good condition either, that tipped the beam at 240 lbs., and this is the only one I ever heard of as attaining such a weight.

Now, in reference to deer burying their horns, nothing that I have seen, nor nothing that I have read so far, induces me to believe that such a practice exists, and, when viewed in the proper light, the fact that so few horns being found does not at all warrant such a conclusion. If we remember that deer inhabit dense woods and thickets it is to me more surprising that so many rather than that so few are found. The shed horns being often the same color as their surroundings of dead leaves, branches and underbrush do not catch the eye quickly, and in consequence are not often discovered. But the chief reason is that they are more often shed in dense growth than in the open. My experience is that they are more frequently detached from the head by coming in contact with limbs of trees, etc., than in any other manner, and this has been manifest to me on many occasions when deer driving late in the winter. I have often seen deer shot with both horns recently torn from the head, the burr still bleeding, showing that contact with trees had caused their detachment, many days, probably, before they would otherwise have been shed. In some cases I have found one horn off and the other on, and not infrequently seen a buck started with a full head, but without horns when killed afterward within a period of an hour or so. All of which goes to prove that the bucks lose their horns under varied circumstances, more especially in unsettled countries where the deer are constantly harassed by wolves. But the greatest reason for my believing as I do is this: By far the largest proportion of horns are cast at so late a time in the season as to preclude the possibility of their being buried, owing to the frozen condition of the ground, which would in most cases necessitate the use of a pick and crow bar. Few deer shed their horns till late in December, and many not till January. This season in northern climates is generally associated with frost and snow, and were the deer ever so anxious to render homage to their departed horns by giving them a burial, how impossible it would be in the majority of cases to carry out their desires in this respect.

I killed a buck on the 22d of January last with a splendid head of horns at a time when the ground was frozen as hard as a rock, and with about two feet of snow on the level, and I fancy he would have had a hard time to bury them had he lived till he shed them, were it at a time when the ground was in the same condition. One thing more about the few horns found: Even a large single horn does not often cover a greater space than a foot square, and as there are 27,878,400 square feet in a square mile does it look at all reasonable to suppose that it would be an easy task to find the horns annually shed within such an area were the deer ever so plenty and special search was made for them. Horns are more perishable than bones, and owing to the gnawing of rodents and the effects of weather do not last long. Elk and moose horns, owing to their superior size and more lasting nature, are more frequently found than deer horns. Our close season in British Columbia is from February 1 to August 1 in each year.

New Westminster, B. C., Feb. 21. MOWITCH.

HABITS OF THE FOX—Kittanning, Pa., Mar. 1.—I see in your issue of Feb. 24 an article in regard to foxes relieving one another when hard pressed by the hounds. My experience has been the same as your correspondent from Bridgeport, W. Va. One week ago myself and two friends went out to have a chase. The dogs started a gray, and put him to earth in a few minutes. Then we started a red about eleven o'clock, and ran him until about three, when he ran into some spruce where we struck two tracks together. The one we had been running was a small one as he made quite a small track, and the one he ran into made a large track. The cunning little fellow dropped out somewhere, and the hounds went straight on after the fresh one. There was snow on the ground, and we soon discovered that we were on the track of a large fox instead of a small one. We ran the large one until dark, but never got within shooting distance of him. We had five good hounds in the chase. In regard to a pregnant fox not throwing out any scent, if your correspondent had been with myself and party on the hill about three miles north of town one day last March he would not believe any such saying. We had an old she going about five hours. She made three or four circles on a point where myself and two other parties were stationed, when we got a shot at her and killed her. The air was so full of scent that it smelled almost as strong as a skunk's, and we found in her six pups about half as large as little kittens. She had been very hard pressed and was very warm, which would account for her giving out so much scent, but that a pregnant fox will throw out scent is a fact beyond doubt.—LUTHER.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., March 10.—Ducks are beginning to come in.—E. M. Q.

INTRODUCTION OF ENGLISH RABBITS.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of March 10 the importation of some English rabbits is recorded, and some suggestions in relation to these animals may be of interest to those not familiar with them and their habits. Should their introduction to America prove a success, we are likely to be afflicted with an irreparable nuisance that may not have been anticipated by those whose enthusiasm may serve to effect much harm instead of the desired benefits. The rabbits may benefit poor people who are expert in the use of snares, and are not farmers. But they will prove more of a curse than a blessing to those who raise vegetables or practice horticulture.

The rabbits increase so rapidly in favorable localities as to fairly swarm in the fields, and I have known of the destruction of plants to the value of many pounds sterling in a single night. All the vegetable or flower gardens were inclosed by a tight fence of wire netting, high enough to prevent overleaping, and set below the surface of the ground to prevent digging under. Yet the latter mishap would sometimes occur and disaster result. As for the sport to be afforded by these rabbits, it may be better than nothing, yet a surfeit of anything soon takes away one's desire for more of the same sort. A single brief occasion devoted to rabbit shooting was enough to surfeit me. Equipped with a breech-loading gun and accompanied by two dogs and the game-keeper, who carried a big bag strapped to his shoulders, I sallied forth one afternoon. Our dogs for this occasion were a Scotch terrier and an English retriever.

The terrier started the rabbits and kept them at their best speed, while the only part taken in the sport by the retriever was to fetch the dead rabbits to the game bag. In a walk along a lane, through some birches, between two fields, I kept my gun barrels hot with quick shooting as the rabbits were driven across in front of me. For a while I enjoyed this, and kept on until so surfeited as never afterward to desire a repetition. When I congratulated my host upon his abundance of material for "carried rabbit," which was often served, he replied, "It is no cause for congratulation, I assure you. I would gladly give a guinea apiece for rabbits could I have none but dead ones here."

The so-called "rabbits" of the United States are hares, and do not burrow. But the true rabbits, such as abound in Great Britain, burrow in the ground, and I have known a clover field so spoiled by their burrows and beaten paths as to cause the attempt at cultivation to be abandoned. The wild lands are comparatively uninhabited, as the higher the cultivation the more food to attract the rabbits. Although a bird dog may be trained to give no attention to rabbits, yet if very abundant in fields or covers, their presence is a nuisance to the sportsman, while to farmers their abundance often proves a serious injury.

The sport to be had coursing hares cannot be had with rabbits, because they immediately seek their burrows. Our native hares would afford winter sport with harriers or beagles, and in Maine the northern hares are sometimes hunted with fox hounds. "Molly Cotton" is also a fair object for running harriers, and if any surplus of game be killed, "a ole ha-a" is always welcomed at the nearest darkey's cabin.

I am impelled to make this mention of rabbits as a timely hint to sportsmen who, with the best of motives and generous public spirit, in their eagerness sometimes misdirect their efforts and look forward only to possible benefits, without giving due consideration to results of a different nature, either possible or probable, and which once brought about cannot be abolished. EVERETT SMITH.

Portland, Me.

PINE GROSBEAKS—DOMESTICATION OF QUAIL—Bowmansville, Ont.—My attention has been drawn to several little items in your issue of Jan. 27, and perhaps you will allow me a trifle of space to put in a few words. The pine grosbeak seems to be a bird of a very extensive range of country. I have heard of them being seen in Manitoba, Minnesota, near Duluth, Pennsylvania, Vermont and Maine. I have myself seen them on two occasions during my bush ramblings around Quebec. They are by no means plentiful, but an occasional flock comes along. I doubt not they have also been seen by my esteemed friend Jno. Neilson, of Cap Rouge, who is one of the most ardent lovers of ornithology I know. He keeps a standing record of all birds seen, their first and last appearance in the season and any other items of interest concerning them. His record, if published, would make a valuable work of reference of the birds inhabiting or visiting northern Canada. Another item I saw was on the domestication of quail. Some years ago I knew a man in Ontario who captured a bevy of quail in a trap. These he took home and put into a small room well lighted, with the windows protected by screens of muslin to prevent the birds injuring themselves against the glass. The floor was well sanded and boxes filled with earth and young spruce trees planted in them were placed in different parts of the room as a cover for the birds. Here they lived and did well. At first they were very wild, but they soon got accustomed to persons going in and out, and at last took no notice of them, but would dust in the sand like chickens without seeming to be in any way disturbed at the presence of man. They were fed on grain of different kinds, but principally small wheat, and they had fresh water every day; at night they roosted on the floor in the most approved quail fashion—heads out, tails in. He had them for over a year when some mortality seemed to come over them and they all died in two or three days. They never bred or showed the least desire to; but the males, early in the morning, would whistle their Bob White during the spring months in as lively a manner as if they were out in the fields. They were a most interesting lot of pets and made themselves thoroughly at home.—AU SABLE.

CO-OPERATION AMONG THE BIRDS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The speculation on the migration of cranes and grebes induces me to send you this note. When Sir Samuel Baker was in Abyssinia looking after the sources of the Nile in that country, with an occasional hunt for grub in the interim, he one day stirred up a rival hunting party. A platoon—more correctly, a squadron—of long-legged cranes were stalking solemnly through the grass, every one of them saddled by a small fly-catcher. As the long-billed beaters tramped stolidly on, at every stop a huge grasshopper would spring up, to be instantly speared by a wicked javelin. If the crane by accident missed, down came the fly-catcher with a swoop like a falcon and gathered the stranger in, returning each to his own particular steed, between whom and its rider existed the most amicable terms. Leastwise, so "Sam" said.—JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

TAME RUFFED GROUSE, No. 2.—Springfield, O., March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over your excellent paper of the 10th inst. I noticed an article written by "Mig," and dated at Cortlandt, N Y., March 3, in which he mentions the fact of having a ruffed grouse in his possession, and that it was doing well. I also have a specimen of the same family in my possession. The way I came by it is as follows: I left my office for dinner one day last fall, and upon my return opened the door to enter, when, lo! Mrs. Grouse had taken possession, and was on her wing, darting hither and thither in search of an opening to make good her escape. At first I thought, as I am something of a Nimrod, some one had captured her, and in order to get off a joke had turned her loose in my office. I at once set about securing her. I followed in hot haste as she made numerous gyrations from one side of the room to the other, and at last I caught her. But how had she made her advent into my room? On the south side was a door, the upper part of which is filled with four large panes of glass, and strange to say through one of these this bird came with a crash, inside of my office. She is now apparently happy and as tame as a chicken. She always appears delighted when fed, as is evinced by her kluck-kluck and her inimitable walk as a game bird. That the ruffed grouse can be domesticated I shall no longer doubt. Will our friend "Mig" tell us whether his bird is a male or female, and if so can we not bring them together, and thus show our brother sportsmen how this glorious bird can be domesticated and vastly increased?—NIMROD.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 11.—Your article from Cortlandt, N. Y., about the tame grouse answers well for the description of one I have. It was caught in the same way last fall. I have it in my store in a large cage; it feeds well on grain and hemp-seed. It will come to the front of the cage when I call it and kluck. It will also come when you show it a leaf of lettuce; also will allow you to handle it.—Yours, L. CARPENTER.

WHERE ARE THE WINTER BIRDS OF CANADA?—The following letter to the Quebec *Morning Chronicle* is from the pen of Mr. John Neilson, who has for many years been observing the habits of Canadian birds and whose experience is of great value. The question is an interesting one, and we should be glad to know whether observers in various parts of the country have noticed a similar scarcity of birds. The writer says:

Over thirty years a close observer of the coming, going and doings generally of our sedentary and migratory *fauna*, my notebooks and memoranda fail to show anything like the almost complete absence of birds during the present winter Not about the environs of the ancient capital only has this scarcity of birds been remarked but my own observations in the Eastern Townships, Cap Sante, Valcartier and other places, strengthened by corroborating evidence written from La Croche and Vermillion (St. Maurice River), from Lake Megantic and Etchemin (Beauce District), proves that this rather extraordinary exodus is general over a large portion of Eastern Quebec.

Add to the above unusual phenomena the tardiness of the crows—now eight to ten days behind their ordinary time of arrival—and we have matter sufficient to conjure up quite a pleasing variety of theories as to the why have they gone? For my part, I leave theory-making to such as possess aptitude for abstract speculations. I only quest after the positive—namely, Where have our birds gone to? Will distant observers vouchsafe information? J. N.

Dornald, Cap Rouge Road, March 9th, 1881.

P. S.—From among our deserters must be excluded the pine grosbeak (*Pinicola candensis*). This species was fairly abundant from October till January 15. They apparently commenced their northern migration February 6, the last noted being March 3.

Owls were also sufficiently common during autumn; several of the larger species (*Urand Duc*) snowy and barred, were obtained in the vicinity of Quebec. The birds principally alluded to above are pine finches, red polls, crossbeaks, chicadees, nuthatch, woodpeckers and Canada jays—all exceeding rare during the present season.

SPRING NOTES—White Plains, N. Y., March 8.—In crossing some brush this morning on a warm hill side I started a woodcock. I think we will have snipe in a week or two if this weather holds.—G. W. B.

Orange, N. J., March 11.—First flock of blackbirds seen at 8 o'clock this morning.—A. P. W.

SING SING., March 11, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The weather has been very mild and the birds are beginning to arrive.

March 1—Saw first song sparrow; and March 2—They arrived in small flocks and are now singing merrily.

March 5—Saw flock of five robins feeding on sumach berries and seemingly having a good time.

March 6—The crows are flying over in large flocks of fifty or a hundred. One flock passed very low and I noticed what seemed to be a gull flying with them, but as they flew over me I saw it was a crow nearly all white. Are these albinos common? It is the first one I ever saw.—P. D.

White crows are certainly uncommon, but they do occur. We have never seen but one, however.

BIRDS COLLECTED AT GOOD GROUND (Shinnecock Bay), Suffolk Co., Long Island, from November 1, 1880, to March 15, 1881—

My friend, George A. Lane, shot and sent me during the past winter the following birds, viz.:

November 6.—Horned lark (*Eremophila alpestris*), blue bird (*Sialia sialis*), meadow lark (*Sturnella magna*).

December 25.—Meadow lark (*Sturnella magna*), great northern shrike (*Colluric borealis*), tree sparrow (*Spizella monticola*), snow bird (*Junco hyemalis*).

January 15.—Red bellied nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*), yellow bird (*Chrysomitris tristis*), snow bunting (*Plectrophanes nivalis*); 28, horned lark (*Eremophila alpestris*).

February 22.—Blue jay (*Cyanura cristata*), chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*).

March 1.—Brown creeper (*Certhia familiaris*), red bellied nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*).

March 15.—Yellow rumped warbler (*Dendroeca Coronata*).

He writes me that the horned larks, tree sparrows, snow birds, snow buntings and yellow birds were comparatively plenty, even during the most severe weather. WM. DUTCHER.

New York City.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE WINTER AND THE BIRDS.

STATISTICAL REPORT SHOWING THE EFFECT OF LAST WINTER'S WEATHER ON THE GAME IN THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

WE give below the most complete statistical report of the effect of the last winter's cold and snows on the game in the State of New Jersey ever compiled or published by any paper. In fact, no other State or section of this country has ever before been more carefully or thoroughly canvassed. Covering as it does the twenty-one counties of New Jersey, we have arranged them in order, beginning at the north and running down to the south. Under each county the names of the 398 places have been placed in alphabetical order, and the items sent us by our correspondents are remarkably explicit, and worthy of the attention of all those who are interested in the problem of game protection.

It would be great injustice to those who have enabled us to make this compilation if we did not extend to them our hearty thanks, and in the future, if we can be of any service to those who have courteously forwarded these items of valuable information, we trust they will not fail to call upon us.

In this issue we refrain from summarizing the canvass, as we prefer that it should speak for itself, but in our issue of March 31 the story of each section and county will be carefully presented.

SUSSEX COUNTY.

Andover.—Our swamps were dry and afforded good shelter. The quail, however, suffered more than usual. None have been found dead; but bevies that were known to exist have not been seen. Probable loss, thirty per cent. They were fed, but not systematically.

Augusta.—I can state that the severity of the winter has been very hard on the game. Snow drifts covered the quail and many flocks have been found dead. This has been the hardest winter on birds for a number of years. Seventy per cent. have perished. The farmers do not feed them.

Beaver Run.—I cannot learn that the game has been destroyed to a greater extent than in other years. A few quail have lived about the grain stacks.

Branchville.—The impression prevails here that a good many quail and partridge (ruffed grouse) have perished this winter in the snow drifts. I know of none that have been fed.

Deckertown.—The quail and partridges (ruffed grouse) have about half perished. Farmers fed and protected them all they could.

Flatbrookville.—The severe winter has been powerful on the game. Quail suffered the most. Whole flocks have been found dead. The farmers did not feed. The foxes, owls and hawks destroy more game than the sportsmen kill.

Flatbrookville.—Quail are scarcer now than they have been for many years. The farmers fed, but the winter has killed the birds.

Fredon.—There are few birds left. On the place I am living, a farm of 240 acres, I don't know of a single quail, and we generally have fifteen or twenty every winter. In a circle of six miles I have not been able to hear of but six birds alive. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) have been rare for some years.

Glenwood.—The destruction of quail by cold and snow storms this winter in northern New Jersey has been greater than ever before in my experience. Fully seventy-five per cent. of the quail left at the close of the season have perished. I have heard of two flocks—one of three and one of nine—that have wintered in barnyards. I do not think many partridges have died.

Hainesville.—I don't think there has been any material difference in the wintering of birds in this section from other winters. There has been none fed.

Hamburgh.—As nearly as I can ascertain the percentage of quail destroyed by this hard winter is at least fifty. Partridges have suffered nearly as much. I think few birds have been fed by the farmers.

Hamburgh.—So far as I can learn the destruction by the winter and other causes was at least seventy-five per cent. of our quail, and possibly fifty per cent of the ruffed grouse.

Huntsville.—The winter has been a bad one for quail and game of all kinds. It has been far more destructive than usual. About sixty per cent. of the game has perished. No farmers feed them.

Lafayette.—Very few farmers feed. There are only a few birds left The winter was very hard on them.

Lincoln.—The past winter has been very hard on birds and game generally. It is noticeably more so than usual. I think one-half of the quail and partridges have been destroyed by the snow and severe cold. The farmers and others did all they could to feed the birds that came about their buildings. Two women in this vicinity were noticable for their devotion to the birds—Mrs. C. Bennet and Miss M. Stimson.

McAfee Valley.—Many farmers fed the birds during the winter.

Middleville.—I am pained to inform you that the severity of the winter just passed has almost wiped out the quail Large flocks were left January 1, but I am fully convinced that in most cases two-thirds of them—and in most instances whole flocks—are gone. Partridges are very scarce. Rabbits as a rule got through safely.

Monroe.—There are but few quail left this spring. Farmers as a general thing do not feed the birds.

Monroe.—I have noticed particularly the scarcity of game this spring. I have found where whole flocks of quail have perished. I think two-thirds of the birds have died. Some that were fed have come through all right.

Newton.—The winter has been very hard on game, especially quail, in this county and Northern New Jersey. It has been the most severe on game that we have had since 1836-7. Ninety to ninety-five per cent. of our quail have perished. The deep snow has deprived them of all food. The farmers fed them, and up to the very severe snow storm of Feb. 1 those fed were doing well, but even these failed to return to the barn-yards after that storm, which was heavy and drifting, and beyond doubt all, or nearly all, perished. Have heard of but one surviving bevy in Sussex The few ruffed grouse left from the ravages of the fly have fared better, and I hear of some of them surviving.

Stillwater.—Birds were very scarce at the commencement of the winter. Hunters nearly cleaned them out. Cannot hear of a bird left within a radius of one mile from this place. Farmers do not seem to have found any dead ones. Cannot hear of any being fed during the winter.

Stillwater.—A large number of quail were frozen last winter The snow is off the ground, and the farmers report finding quite a number of dead birds. Partridges (ruffed grouse) were scarcer last fall than ever before, the cause being the numerous fires in the woods.

Stockholm.—One-half of the quail perished, the others would had they not been fed; not by farmers, but by hunters. The grouse have come through safe, only what has been killed by the foxes.

Tranquillity.—The snows and cold weather have caused a number of quail to perish. Some of the farmers have fed the birds. The foxes and hawks have destroyed many.

Vernon.—The quail are about two-thirds destroyed, as near as I can get at it. Certainly the most of them are dead.

Wawayanda.—The past winter has injured the game some, but I think to no serious extent. Large flocks of quail have wintered in the farmers' barn-yards, near the rye stacks.

Wykertown.—Birds have wintered in this vicinity as well as they commonly do. They are very scarce.

PASSAIC COUNTY.

Hewitt.—After the natives and the fancy shooters from the cities were through there were two or three small coveys left to be snowed under.

Lake View.—I know of but one flock of quail, they are all right—I fed them myself.

Passaic.—Some of the game has frozen to death. The decrease this year over last year is about fifty per cent. The farmers up here are so mean that they would not let the poor little things feed in their barn yards.

Ringwood.—Game of all kinds was scarce last fall, especially the partridges. The winter has been very severe No one has fed the game.

Richfield.—Very few birds in this section.

Ringwood.—Game in this section is very scarce. The winter has been so cold and the snow so deep that the little quail could not find a stalk of herbs nor a kernel of grain, so they have passed away like the morning dew. I carried grain day after day all winter long to feed a bevy of thirteen quail, and the middle of February they disappeared and I have not seen them since; I think the frost and snow have killed them. As far as I can learn, the farmers did not feed the quail.

West Milford.—No doubt the winter has been very hard on quail; probably more so than for many years past owing to the severe weather. In very few instances have quail been fed; I think it safe to say that seventy-five per cent. of these birds perished. The partridges (ruffed grouse) do much better; their loss is small.

BERGEN COUNTY.

Allendale.—The destruction of game last year was not greater than in former years. We have had no snowdrifts The foxes and hawks kill many birds. In the cover the birds feed on cedar berries. Several persons fed the game.

Cresskill.—Do not think there has been any greater destruction of birds than usual. The sportsmen have fed them. During extreme cold weather birds also followed the roads and picked from horse droppings. As snows were hard, so they could navigate, think very few perished.

Edgewater.—We are rather near to New York, and game has been pretty thoroughly exterminated The farmers do not feed them, but the farmers' cats seem to have no objection to eat them *a la* cannibal.

Englewood.—I hear of no quail left alive save a few seen early in the winter along the railroad track, where they have been fed by the employes. I think seven-tenths of the native birds must have perished.

Etna.—The effect of the cold and snow on the game this winter has been that it has left the surviving birds in a very poor condition. The destruction has not been greater than in other years, except by hawks. Birds have been fed by some farmers.

Kingsland.—Very few birds here to perish. The farmers did not feed.

Little Ferry.—All birds are very scarce here.

Maywood.—Very few birds and no effect on the game in this section.

Montvale.—We surmise that a great many quail have perished, still the fact has not come to my notice. Even should any have died under the snow or frost, unless you happened to be just there shortly after, all traces would disappear, hawks and foxes being the scavengers. No birds were fed to my knowledge

Norwood.—The winter has been very severe on all game Neither farmers nor residents feed the birds. The percentage of birds that have perished cannot be estimated.

Norwood.—I don't think the farmers or residents feed the quail. The destruction of game was much greater this winter than usual.

River Edge.—The farmers do not as a rule feed the birds. I am not aware of any destruction of game in this section.

Saddle River.—Some farmers fed the birds and the game did not suffer last winter more than usual

Schraalenburgh.—Game is scarce in this vicinity. A few quail were shot here last season. Do not think that there are fewer birds than usual.

Spring Valley.—The quail are all right, and also the rabbits.

Washington.—Quail, which were quite abundant in the early part of the winter, have been almost killed off by the deep snows. Partridges have fared much better, and as late as the last week in February I flushed several in the swamps. My opportunities for observation have been unusually good, for I have been able to get into the swamps on snow-shoes, when it would have been impossible to have stirred without them Feeding was attempted by some neighbors, but the oft recurring snow storms discouraged them, and the birds were left to their fate. Some gentlemen talk of restocking with quail this spring.

Westwood.—The cold and snows have killed a great many birds—more than in a number of winters past. I should judge one-third of the birds perished. Flocks have been found dead. A number of residents have fed.

WARREN COUNTY.

Allamuchy.—This winter has been very hard on the game. I think it is safe to say fifty per cent have perished. Some farmers have fed the quail around the stacks of grain.

Anderson.—The birds that have been saved went to the farm yards and grain stacks.

Anderson.—Fifty per cent. of the quail have perished. There was no feed except near the barracks.

Belvidere.—I saw my friend Mr. B., who has the best game farm in Warren county. He feeds the quail every winter; said he had very few left, I know of none elsewhere. A sad condition of things up here.

Belvidere.—Over fifty per cent. of the quail in this region have perished. The farmers always feed the birds, and this winter they looked after them carefully.

Bridgeville.—All the farmers say that the quail and small birds are nearly all frozen. The wood-choppers say that they find many partridges (ruffed grouse) that have been either frozen or starved to death. None, I believe, were fed.

Bridgeville.—The winter has been very severe on game—this winter more so than last. I have heard of large numbers of quail being frozen—fourteen in one lot. The same is true of the partridges. Should think that two-thirds of the birds have perished. Farmers do feed them. I have fed one flock of eight all winter. Rabbits are numerous.

Buttsville.—I do not think that the cold weather has affected the quail more this winter than is usual. I have noticed quite a large number feeding near grain stacks.

Carpentersville.—As I am somewhat of a hunter I can say the winter has been very severe on the quail. I don't think there is scarcely a quail left. The farmers have not fed the birds. There were a number of quail here last fall, but all have perished. Rabbits are plenty.

Danville.—By careful inquiry I learn that about fifty per cent. of quail have been destroyed, and other game in proportion. The winter has been very hard on the quail in this section.

Hackettstown.—The winter has been very severe. The quail has suffered very much. About seventy-five per cent. have been killed. In some cases the bevies are all gone. The farmers have not fed them any.

Hackettstown.—The snows, drifts and cold weather have been very destructive to the birds. I knew of several coveys of from twelve to twenty birds at the end of the season, and now there are only three or four birds to a bevy to be seen. Many have been found frozen since the snow went off. The loss has been greater than for many years. I think seventy-five per cent. of the birds have perished. Some farmers tried to feed and save them. There is scarcely a pheasant to be found. Rabbits have been found dead.

Hunnesburgh.—The snows and cold have had very serious effect on the birds in our section, especially quail. Whole flocks have been found smothered and frozen. From what I can gather the destruction has been much greater than in other years. Probably at least seventy-five per cent. perished about here. A very few have fed them. One small bevy has been caught and kept to turn out in spring.

Hazen.—The cold and snows have had a bad effect on game in our section. The destruction has been greater this winter than last. Some twenty to thirty per cent. have perished. But few farmers here feed them.

Hazen.—The injury to game has been serious, and the destruction greater than in other winters. About twenty-five per cent are dead. Farmers do not feed to any extent, as a general thing.

Hope.—Of quails I think half have perished, a greater proportion this year than usual. Other birds about the same as usual. I have been in the habit of feeding them.

Johnsonburgh. I can candidly say that about one-half of all kinds of game has perished. The quail have not been fed by the farmers or residents.

Johnsonburgh.—Game is very scarce here now. About one-third perished this winter. A few flocks of quail were fed by farmers.

Marksborough.—There was quite a number of birds left over from last season, but the winter has been very hard on the quail. I had a very nice flock by my wheat stack, but they have not been seen recently.

Port Murray.—We consider that fifty per cent. of the quail and other game have frozen to death. As far as we can learn several farmers have fed them.

Rocksburgh.—The snows had no effect on the game. The farmers and residents fed the birds.

Stewartsville.—Cold and snows have had no effect on the game in this section. A few coveys of birds are fed by the farmers. There were more birds last season than usual.

Stewartsville.—As far as I know the birds have wintered well here. Rabbits are plenty. I know of two coveys of quail of twelve and eighteen and a few other bunches.

Vienna. All the birds along the Pequest Valley are exterminated by the cold. The farmers were too mean to feed them.

MORRIS COUNTY.

Afton.—No destruction of birds in this section that I have learned about. Several farmers have fed a few flocks of quail.

Bartleyville.—Unable to say what percentage perished during the severe winter. It has been greater than usual. Farmers here don't take care of birds.

Berkshire Valley.—A great many quail have died through this section. I have found as high as twelve in the snow huddled together frozen. I also found a few woodcock. I am paying twenty cents apiece for live quail to let out.

Boonton.—There has not been any game, to my knowledge, killed by the weather. The quail have become tame and came close to the farmers' houses to feed. There may have been some killed by the last heavy snows.

Brookside.—The cold weather has killed most all of the birds. No one, as I know of, has fed any birds this winter.

Brookside.—The unusually cold winter has been very destructive to the game in this section. More game has perished the past winter than in many years. At least seventy-five per cent. of the birds have perished. The farmers fed early in the winter, but the extreme cold and snow finally destroyed them.

Chester.—We have lost twenty-five per cent. of our birds. The farmers tried to protect the quail.

Denville.—We have had a hard winter for our quail, but have not lost a single flock from cold or snow. One person fed a bevy of thirteen, another man fed thirteen birds, and another fed three flocks, using two bushels of buckwheat.

Dover.—The deep snows have had a most disastrous effect on the game in this vicinity. About seventy-five per cent. of the quail have perished. Partridges (ruffed grouse) have fared better. Farmers have fed.

Drakesville.—Many quail have been preserved by farmers. Some gentlemen have paid twenty-five cents apiece for quail. Do not believe the weather, though the most severe in years, killed many birds.

Gillette.—The effect of the snow has been destructive in much greater proportion than in other years. Nearly one-half the birds are dead. Some farmers did feed, but it was not generally done.

Green Village.—I have not heard of any game that has perished.

Hanover.—The cold and snows have killed a great deal of the game about here. The birds were fed by farmers.

Hopatcong.—The cold weather had more effect on the hunters than on the birds. What game there is here seems to have wintered well.

Littleton.—The farmers fed some, but the cold killed half of the quail.

McCainsville.—The quail have been fed. I do not think the destruction of birds has been greater than in other years.

Madison.—There seemed to be plenty of quail left January 1. I know of at least fifteen coveys of from three to ten each. I think it safe to say that at least two-thirds of these birds perished from the cold and snow, and the remainder are left in a very weak condition. Many will be killed by our cold spring rains, by hawks, etc. I have a fine lot of good strong birds that I shall turn out by pairs when the weather will admit. Birds were fed and protected by sportsmen, who are in many cases farmers.

Mendham. I should say fifty per cent. of the quail have perished. Partridges (ruffed grouse) have fared better. A great many farmers fed birds, and I know of several parties (myself included) who have a pair of birds to liberate soon.

Mendham.—The most severe winter on game that we have had in ten years. It has destroyed nearly all the quail, but not many partridges. The percentage of birds destroyed has been at least seventy-five per cent. Very few farmers have fed the game.

Middle Valley.—The farmers don't feed the birds, but they are down on sportsmen. A number of birds have not perished. I know of several coveys; saw a flock this morning (March 15).

Millington.—There are but few game birds in this section. They have been fed grain and have wintered well as usual.

Millington.—The stock of game near me has been reduced fifty per cent. One flock of a dozen quail saved by wood-chopper finding them.

Millington.—The winter has been very severe on quail and other game. Whole bevies of quail have been found dead. Game of late years has been scarce. Fully forty per cent. of game was killed.

Montville.—I do not think the destruction of game has been greater than in other years. I have had one flock of twenty quail under my notice all winter. They were alive two weeks ago (March 17).

Morris Plains.—So far as I have been able to learn, the game has not suffered, aside from their being weakened by the cold and lack of food. The farmers, as a rule, do not feed.

Morristown.—Birds have wintered better than many expected. I have heard of but two being frozen. A number of birds were fed. Undoubtedly some have perished, but in my belief one-tenth only suffered. The grouse are still all right.

Morristown.—A large number of birds have perished. The loss has been much greater than usual The farmers as a general thing fed the birds.

Mount Olive.—There have been no more dead birds than in other years. I have recently seen one flock which wintered under a grain stack.

Mount Olive.—There are a few quail and plenty of rabbits left.

Naughrightville.—More birds have perished on account of the severity of the winter than ever before to my knowledge. I think that seventy-five per cent. of the birds have perished.

Naughrightville.—This has been a very severe winter with game of all kinds. Quail are all dead. Have never known a winter in which the destruction has been so great.

Newfoundland.—Farmers tell me that where in the fall they saw quail, now they cannot see a track; yet there are some quail left. Farmers have tried to feed them, but the deep snow covers them. I would say about seventy-five per cent. have been lost.

Newfoundland.—Perhaps fifty per cent. of the birds have perished. A number of farmers have kept small flocks of quail on their land this winter.

Parsippany.—I have no definite information as to how the quail got through the winter, but some must have perished. Some of us have taken the precaution to feed and protect several large bevies of quail, and have thus brought them safely through the winter.

Parsippany.—In this section there has been little, if any, destruction of quail. In half a dozen places the birds have been fed at different times.

Pequanac.—The winter had the effect of destroying the game, more having been killed than in previous winters Forty per cent. of the birds died. A very few farmers fed them.

Pine Brook.—Almost half the game has been killed. Greater destruction to game than for many years.

Pine Brook.—The game in general has suffered a great deal, especially quail and rabbits. A few quail would feed around the farm yards.

Pine Brook.—The quail in my vicinity have not been injured a particle by the severity of the winter. The four or five bevies in my neighborhood have a goodly number left over for seed, and in my humble opinion it is the infernal traps and not the winters with us that cause the diminution of quail and grouse. There has been no crust this winter, and a crust, though acceptable to a hungry man, to a hungry quail is certain death.

Pleasant Grove.—The winter has been unusually severe on the birds, and the destruction greater than in other years. Nearly all have perished; at least two-thirds. Many small flocks have been fed. Feed, in some instances, was carried out to the roosting places.

Pompton Plains.—The destruction of birds this winter has been greater in this locality than in many years previous. I have fed four flocks or parts of flocks, and twenty-two birds are now living as a reward for my labor. I saw them last week all well and strong. I have found a great many birds dead in the snow. There are only about one-eighth of the birds left now that there were at the end of the season.

Rockaway.—The quail have suffered very much from cold and snows; very few survivors. Some of our farmers and residents have fed them, and have succeeded in wintering a few, in some cases only to have them killed by the pot-hunters in this section. They kill all kinds of game at all seasons. The partridges have been almost exterminated.

Rockaway.—Brush houses were made for the quail to feed and hide in. When the snow was deep we went and fed the birds. They would run out at our approach, and as soon as the grain was thrown in they would return and feed.

Rustic.—I consider the quail crop a total loss. Have tried all winter to trap some, and had others at it, but failed. I offered fifty cents apiece and could not get one. Have heard of dead ones being found about here. A booby-owl dropped dead here from cold and starvation, and two Acadian owls were killed and found to be on the verge of starvation—all rare birds here. No winter has approached this in severity in my time—forty years.

Schooley's Mountain.—Destruction of birds considerable; estimated from one-half to three-quarters. Some quail were fed.

Suckasunny.—The birds are doing pretty well under the circumstances. Rabbits are plenty.

Suckasunny.—Quail are doing well under the circumstances. Many farmers have kept a bevy about their buildings feeding them. If the hatching season prove favorable there will be a fair amount of birds next season. Many of my acquaintances have been feeding them on the hillsides and in the swamps.

Suckasunny.—Quail have undoubtedly suffered this winter. I know of a few flocks that have wintered through, but can find no trace of several others. The birds were fed by a few parties. Hawks are unusually plenty.

Whippany.—The winter was very severe on the birds. I think thirty per cent. perished from cold and hawks. The birds were fed.

Whippany.—The farmers fed the quail. I do not think any perished.

ESSEX COUNTY.

Belleville.—There were quite a number of quail left in this section at the close of the last season, but I fear the severe weather of the past winter has completely destroyed them, as the writer and a friend after diligent search has been unable to find any trace of their existence.

Bloomfield.—We have no game of any kind left in this vicinity.

Brookdale.—The winter was very severe on game in this section. Birds are protected by cedars here. One farmer was feeding twenty quail and sixteen out of the lot perished. Some few birds and a good many rabbits were caught and kept over.

Caldwell.—One-third of the quail was winter-killed. Several broods were fed and kept over. Partridges (ruffed grouse) are quite plenty for this section.

Livingston.—Game has suffered severely; quail especially have all died.

Montclair.—As far as I can learn the quail and grouse of this section have been nearly all destroyed. Quail suffered from the intense cold and heavy snows, a number having been found frozen. Can only learn of two parties feeding quail this winter. Grouse are scarce, having been driven away by the fires of the fall of 1879 and spring of 1880; prior to that they were pretty plenty.

Montclair.—Several farmers have fed quail. One party fed a covey of nine, and another party fed fifteen birds. I have seen several partridges (ruffed grouse) that were frozen to death.

Roseland.—I have noticed some of our residents feeding the birds. Not noticed the loss more than usual.

South Orange.—I have not been able to find out much about the effects of this severe winter on the quail. Several have been found frozen and starved to death. In one case five quail and two ruffed grouse were found dead side by side. Some of our sportsmen owning large places have purchased quail and will let them out in the spring. I have heard of no one feeding wild quail.

Verona.—Quail are not abundant here. Only six bevys of birds within a radius of two miles. The snows did not drift, and the birds could run on the crust. Not many hunters stop here, as they go further in the interior. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) can be found alive.

HUDSON COUNTY.

Van Buskirk.—Meadow larks are the only birds about here; they have disappeared.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

Annandale.—One farmer reports he saw a flock of quail of eighteen within a week; another saw six since the last big snow. With us the birds suffer from owls, hawks and little gray foxes. One farmer says he had three flocks killed by foxes last Autumn. No one feeds.

Anthony.—About ninety per cent. of the quail has perished. All the birds that could be found were fed.

Anthony.—Seventy-five per cent. of the birds have been frozen to death.

Bethlehem.—The severe cold weather and the snows have caused the quail to perish. Nine-tenths of the birds have disappeared since January 1. The farmers and sportsmen have not fed to my knowledge.

Bloomsburg.—The quail have been cared for by the farmers, and I can safely say that not five per cent. have perished.

Bloomsburg.—The only game left here were rabbits after the shooting season closed. Cold weather does not injure them. Quail and partridges are exterminated; shot guns are too cheap.

Bloomsburg.—The game in this section has suffered a little. During the extreme cold weather and while the feeding-grounds were covered with snow myself and two or three other lovers of quail shooting selected each a bevy of quail, which we looked after and fed every two days.

Cherryville.—There are plenty of rabbits left and quite some quail and more grouse than in years. I think if each section would take more pains to feed and care for birds there would be more. It would be a good idea to get birds and stock the the county with quail.

Clinton.—Fully one-half the game has been destroyed. Farmers fed the birds whenever they could find them.

Copper Hill.—I know of no farmers that fed the game. I think some quail perished during the winter.

Flemington.—Quite a number of birds have passed through the winter safely. Some flocks were fed.

Flemington.—The winter has not seemed to kill many of the birds in this section as they have lived around stacks and barracks, and some have been fed by farmers.

Lambertville.—There were plenty of quail left for breeding at the end of the season, but now I do not believe there is but one left in this section. I have killed the last 17 years from 276 to 659 in a season, and a good many pheasants (ruffed grouse), but I think there will not be many killed next fall.

Lambertville.—Most of the game birds left last fall. Destruction no greater seemingly than other years. Hawks have been more destructive than the winter. Small percentage have perished. Very few farmers have fed birds, as there are a very few birds to feed. We know of five bunches around here, five to ten in a bunch.

Lebanon.—The weather has had no effect on any birds in this section, except that I hear of some quail being covered by the snow drifts.

Lebanon.—The game is not injured about here.

Little York.—I am sorry to state, from experience, that the

destruction of game has been very great in this section. At least eighty per cent. of the quail have perished in our first snowdrift. There have been bevies found frozen since the snow has gone off, sitting just as they went to roost. Only two quail have been found since the drift, and as they were trapped they are all right. Plenty of rabbits. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) very scarce. I hope there will be some action taken to stock us up again.

Kingwood.—I have no doubt but that the severe weather destroyed a great many game birds; but what percentage it would be hard to tell—perhaps one-half. I have not heard of any farmers feeding the birds.

Mount Pleasant.—The cold weather has caused many kinds of birds to perish, especially quail. I do not think the farmers have fed them in this vicinity. The destruction has been greater than in former years.

Mount Pleasant.—The farmers do not generally feed the birds in this section. The loss has been great r than usual. At least forty per cent. are dead.

New Germantown.—The cold winter has destroyed quite a number of rabbits. Some of the farmers fed some of the quail.

Norton.—About half the game perished last winter. The farmers did not feed.

Oakdale.—I am satisfied a great many quail have perished. I did not feed them for a while, but they have not been seen since the snows.

Oak Grove.—The winter has been very hard on game of all kinds. Some residents have fed them.

Pattenburgh.—The farmers of this section do their threshing at intervals during the winter from barracks and stacks of grain; this affords the birds food. I doubt if many were destroyed.

Perryville.—The destruction of birds by the winter has been very great; probably fifty per cent or more have perished. A very few farmers have fed.

Raven Rock.—The heavy snows and extreme cold weather has about exterminated the game in this locality. The farmers and others in this locality were willing to feed the quail, but it was almost impossible to find them. There may be a few left; if so, very few.

Readington.—The quail are all destroyed. I can only find one survivor out of two coveys of six each. These coveys were fed and cared for by farmers' sons through the snow and cold, but the weather proved too destructive

Readington.—I consider the game almost entirely destroyed. Have been watching the condition of two coveys of six each. One of these had the advantage of a wheat stack and were doing well up to about six weeks ago, since when I have been unable to find them. They have probably perished. The other covey had the shelter of an old hovel in a ragweed field. I employed a person to entice them to the hovel by trails of grain, and had the satisfaction a few days later of finding the whole six under the hovel. Soon after came a blustering snow storm, and since then I have found but one survivor. He can be found about the hovel almost any day. The farmers' sons have fed the birds very generally; but I fear that but few are left.

Readington.—It has been a remarkably hard winter on quail. There were seven birds by my place; I fed them, but they are all dead but one. No one else cared for them in this section to my knowledge.

Reaville.—We know of no further destruction of birds from cold weather last winter than from previous ones. We have seen birds since the snows. No farmers feed.

Tumble.—Eighty per cent. of the quail have perished.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

Basking Ridge.—It has been a very hard winter on game. It is nearly all dead. A few birds have been fed.

Bernardsville.—The hard winter has not killed all the quails. Some have been fed by farmers and sportsmen. Grouse are plenty. More game has been killed by hawks than by severe weather.

Blawenburgh.—More quail have been killed this winter than there have been in ten years. A few small coveys have been saved that lived by the stack yards.

Hillsborough.—Game is very scarce about here, but do not see that the destruction has been greater than in other years.

Martinsville.—I think most of the birds in this section have perished. They were not fed by the farmers.

Montgomery.—The snow has been very deep here, and killed a great many quail. Whole flocks have been found under the snow. There have been more killed this winter than in many years past. We took care of a few, but the snow was too deep.

Neshanic.—I do not think that any birds have been winter-killed or starved to death, as they have fed on the seeds of the high weeds; but foxes, hawks, owls and weasels have killed nearly half of the birds and two-thirds of the rabbits. Nearly all the pheasants have been killed by foxes. Farmers have not fed the birds. I have given three bushels and a half of buckwheat to one flock which originally numbered twenty-two, and of which eighteen are now left.

Peapack.—Two-thirds of the quail and other game has been destroyed. No one, to my knowledge, has tried to feed the birds.

Plainville.—The cold and snow this winter have destroyed considerable of the game. Of quail, at least one-half; of pheasants, one-third. Rabbits seem to be very scarce here, but were plenty last fall. More birds have been winter-killed than for several years. I know, because I hunt a great deal.

Raritan.—No birds of any account have perished in consequence of the cold weather. Farmers feed the birds.

Rocky Hill.—Birds have not frozen in this section in very large quantities. Several of the farmers, who are sportsmen, fed and cared for them in many ways. One gentleman, who takes great interest in sport, has carried over a whole bevy, and thinks they will breed in his woodland this spring. One overseer has caught and wintered birds to stock the grounds.

Somerville.—From the best information I can gain the cold and snows have destroyed a large part of the game in this section; what percentage I cannot state, but certainly a much larger one than usual. In a few cases the birds have been fed by farmers and others, and in that way kept from starving. They have also been driven to farmyards and exposed places, and have in that way suffered severely from hawks.

South Branch.—The cold and snow have had a very bad effect on the birds. Very much afraid they are all dead. The destruction has been greater than in five years. What were not shot have frozen to death. The farmers very seldom feed them.

UNION COUNTY.

Cranford.—The destruction of game has been far greater this winter than usual. Should think seventy-five per cent. of the quail have been destroyed by cold, snows and hawks. I know of one flock of quail having been fed with abundance of food, and they were in good shelter, and but three remain out of nine; and I think, therefore, that all must have perished if not well fed and were not in good cover.

Cranford.—What little game was left in our section has been pretty well frozen out during the past winter. The heavy storms of sleet and hail have so effectually covered up everything that the quail have been literally starved to death. At least seventy-five per cent. have perished. Think the farmers, in some cases, fed the birds, but not generally.

Plainfield.—Have heard of no quail or grouse having frozen to death in this section. They are very scarce here. As a rule, where there has been a covey of quail the farmers have looked after them. I have heard of several cases of this kind.

Scotch Plains.—I do think the cold weather has affected the game a great deal. There have been some quail seen since the snow disappeared. There were quite a number when the season closed.

Union.—We have very few quail to winter, and at this date, March 18, I do not know of a bird that has survived.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

Cranbury.—There are several small bevies of quail in our neighborhood that have been fed by the farmers. Those that were not fed perished. There has been a great many found dead since the snow went off. Woodcock have been around about one week (March 15).

Cranbury.—This winter did for the quail. Quite a number have been frozen to death. A number have been fed by farmers. The destruction has been much greater than usual.

Dean's.—The quail suffered very much around here. I don't know of but one in this neighborhood, and I fed him all winter. I think the rabbits and partridges (ruffed grouse) have wintered all right.

Dunellen.—There has been a number of flocks of quail frozen and starved. I do not know of but a few birds being fed. Nearly one-half have perished.

Iselin.—The coldest winter for many years. The birds died for want of something to eat. Farmers are too mean to feed their stock, let alone quail.

Metuchin.—A few quail have been frozen to death. Many farmers feed quail in this section.

Monmouth Junction.—It is the general opinion around here that not much game has survived this winter. Numbers of quail and rabbits have been found dead. Few people feed the game.

Metuchin.—Several flocks have been fed here. Birds are scarce, the winter was hard on the game.

Old Bridge.—The quail have nearly all perished; they were not fed.

Sayreville.—The severe winter has had some effect on the birds in this place. I know of no one that fed them.

South Amboy.—Although the past winter has been an unusually severe one for the game, especially the quail, they have not been entirely exterminated, at least half having survived. Ruffed grouse have been quite numerous all winter, and have not apparently suffered much. The farmers did not, as far as I know, feed the quail.

South Amboy.—No care was taken of the quail by residents. The winter was very destructive, one-third of the birds must have perished.

Woodbridge.—The cold weather has almost destroyed the birds in this township. I have made extended inquiry of persons living on the farms, but only two small bevies have been seen since the snows. The destruction has been greater since the years 1856 and '57 when most of the game was killed. The two bevies I speak of were fed by farmers.

MERCER COUNTY.

Dutch Neck.—It is hard to tell the percentage of game destroyed. Rabbits got along as well as usual, but quail and other birds have frozen and perished. There are quite a good many birds left.

Edinburgh.—I think the birds are hurt by the winter; one-half have been killed.

Edinburgh.—Some quail have been seen since the snow. Farmers fed them. Not over fifty per cent. perished.

Ewingville.—Fully fifty per cent. of the birds have perished, if not more; in some localities they have all perished. The birds have not been properly fed during the winter. Many quail have been killed by the snows.

Hamilton Square.—Winter was very severe. Very few birds fed and a great loss of game in this vicinity, certainly more than one-half.

Hightstown.—I have not seen a quail since the heavy fall of snow. I have heard of whole flocks that have been found since the snow melted that were frozen to death. Three-fourths of the quail perished last winter.

Hightstown.—We had but few quail in this vicinity last Fall and we hear of none since the snow. Dead birds have been found under the drifts. Without doubt fifty per cent. of the birds and rabbits perished by the snow.

Lawrence Station.—One-half of the birds have been frozen or starved. The farmers were very negligent in regard to feeding them, many of them considering game of no consequence.

Lawrenceville.—In reference to game matters in this locality, I would say that almost all our quail are destroyed. Some of the farmers have fed the birds. I think we will import birds next spring. Rabbits are quite numerous. Hawks do great damage to our quail.

Pennington.—The winter has been severe on the quail. The destruction has been greater than in other years. Do not know of any farmer that fed the birds. The quail that the snow did not kill went to the stacks and the hawks destroyed them. One farmer did not let any one kill birds last fall. He says that he has not seen one since the snows.

Princeton.—The quail of this county have been preserved in two ways—the one by being cared for by the farmers, the other by being left unmolested by the hawks. The hawks left us very early in the season, presumably because they could find nothing to eat on account of the depth of the snow. The birds have kept near the farm-houses and been cared for. Few birds were killed after the cold weather commenced.

Princeton.—Have seen no game this winter. The quail perished with the snow and cold weather. Heard of one flock of seventeen quail, near Princeton Junction, which were kept over by the man feeding them from his wheat stack.

Princeton Junction.—Since the snow has disappeared it has been discovered that hundreds of quail and other birds have perished. Whole flocks have been found huddled together dead.

Robbinsville.—There has been about fifty per cent. of the game killed off. Some of the farmers fed the game.

Yardville.—I fear the weather has proved destructive to most of the quail. I should think fifty per cent. have perished. Farmers do not feed as a general thing.

Titusville.—The quail mostly perished during the first snow storm. I think we have about one out of twelve left for breeders. Farmers do not feed them.

Windsor.—Most of the birds have frozen to death. Birds were fed when we could find them.

MONMOUTH COUNTY.

Allair.—My opinion of the snow and cold in this vicinity is that I think it is within bounds to say eight out of every ten quail have perished with cold and hunger. We, the sportsmen, fed all we could find, but the snow was so deep we could not find the birds for several days after it fell. We have not experienced as hard a winter for thirty years, and then the snow was not so deep as this. I have one bevy of twenty-three that is fed every day.

Clarksburgh.—The last winter has been so severe on game the percentage of loss must be fully fifty per cent. Farmers have paid no attention to feeding game.

Clarksburgh.—The game around here has suffered some, but I think there will be enough left to have fair shooting next fall. Grouse and rabbits are all right. I shall turn out 100 quail in the spring which, with what are left over, will make fair shooting in this township next fall if nothing happens.

Cream Ridge.—More birds have died this winter from extreme cold than for many years. I think four-fifths of the quail left last fall have perished. Some sportsmen-farmers have fed a few.

Deal.—The cold and snows last winter have killed about two-thirds of the quail and rabbits. The winter has done more damage to game than our gunners know of for many years. Four or five farmers fed the quail.

Deal Beach.—As far as I can learn the winter has been very severe on game, especially quail, and I have heard of no one feeding them to preserve them. One old gunner informs me he has not seen a quail or a meadow lark this season.

Ellisdale.—The snows and severe winter have killed pretty generally all the birds, what few that have survived have been fed. I do not think that we have one bird where we had five or six.

Fair Haven.—I found four remnants of bevies to-day in a walk of two miles. The flocks averaged seven birds each. This is as good as usual.

Freehold.—Fully ninety per cent. of the game in this section has been destroyed by the severe winter. Far more perished than for many years. In a few cases attempts have been made to feed the quail. The supply of food in the woods and fields has been almost nothing. Many birds have been found starved to death.

Freehold.—I have heard from various sources of the great destruction of game by the severity of the weather. A taxidermist here has had an unusual amount of work to do lately, because, as he has said, "So many birds have been starved out." A number of rare (for this locality) birds have been shot near farm houses where they came for food. Over six feet of snow fell here during the winter, and good sleighing lasted from Christmas to February 9. This will show the condition of food supply.

Hamilton.—I believe that fifty per cent. or one-half of all the game birds have perished. Of quail I believe that ninety per cent. have been destroyed.

Hazlet.—In this section the quail are not entirely destroyed, but at least seventy-five per cent. are. I think the first heavy fall of snow did the damage, for I had located seven coveys before the snows, ranging from four to twenty-one, of which I could find but one covey of fifteen after the snows. Of these I succeeded in saving twelve by constant feeding and attention. I know of but three other instances of their being fed by farmers.

Highlands.—Only in one instance have I heard of quail being bred here. They say the birds have died from cold.

Holmdel.—Have heard of no perished birds. Have heard of a number of quail flocks harboring about barns or out buildings. Have heard of but few birds being fed by farmers.

Imlaystown.—Two of our sportsmen gave the quail here a good dose of breech-loader's pills in the fall, and fed the balance all winter.

Keyport.—There is very little game in this section. Have not heard of any destruction among birds or other game. The country back of this town is very thinly settled, and I should think that the few game birds would find all they wanted to eat from the numerous barn yards with which the country abounds.

Keyport.—From what I can learn the game has not suffered as much as I expected it would. Hawks have done much harm. I know of one bevy of twenty-three from which they have taken ten, and another of nine from which several have been taken. Superintendent Walling, of your city, has sent down 108 Virginia birds to be turned out in the spring. They are in good order and will help us. If all lovers of the sport would do the same we would have plenty of game.

Keyport.—There are plenty of quail left about Clarksburg and Monmouth Junction. They are not all dead in Raritan, Holmdel, Middletown and Matteawan townships. Over 300 birds have been put down this spring. We were obliged to turn them down at once as they had begun to die owing to vermin.

Leonardville.—As far as my knowledge goes there is not one bird left to tell the tale. I have seen nothing but dead ones since the snows fell.

Leonardville.—The winter has destroyed nearly all the game, there may be five or six quail left. Birds are scarce here, as they are killed off very close every season by the hunters. The farmers could not feed, as the birds were snowed under. Several have been found dead after the melting of the snow.

Little Silver.—The game seems to have suffered to some extent. Some quail have been found dead.

Little Silver.—Game in this section is not very plenty, mostly rabbits and quail. They seem to be alive, none having been found dead.

Long Branch.—The effect of the weather has been disastrous to the game, and the destruction has been noticeably greater than in other years. Not less than seventy-five per cent. of the birds have perished. Birds have not been fed to any extent.

Manalapan.—Great many birds have perished this winter from the effects of cold and snow. Some farmers have fed birds, but not many of them. Cannot tell what percentage have perished.

Matawan.—We had more quail left when the season was up this year than we had for years before. The heavy snows and severe winter have nearly exterminated them. I should think that ninety per cent. have been destroyed. I know of a number of cases where farmers and gunners have fed and tried to care for them, but in every instance they have either frozen or been killed by hawks.

Morganville.—There were a large number of birds left over at the expiration of the gunning season. I think when it comes time for them to mate and separate from the flocks there will be some. Several lots were fed.

New Bedford.—Seventy-five per cent. of our quail are dead. The only birds living are those fed by the farmers. I know of a great many rabbits that have been found dead.

Ocean Beach.—The cold weather and snow have killed most all of the game.

Oceanic.—Quail all frozen. From all accounts there will be very few birds this spring. The farmers fed and took care of all they could find. Meadow larks all frozen and starved out.

Perrineville.—At the least ninety per cent. of the quail have perished. In consequence of the extremely cold weather the birds have been exterminated in our immediate neighborhood.

Port Monmouth.—From accounts and my own knowledge the quail have suffered severely. There were two large flocks about my place early in January, and a month later there were but two birds to be seen. Now, none to be seen, nor any tracks on the snow. I think nearly 100 per cent. perished. Small birds died in great numbers. We had fifty-one days of sleighing.

Port Monmouth.—The quail and ruffed grouse have suffered in our section. I think fifty per cent. of the quail have perished, also meadow larks. I think the other game is all right. Several flocks have been fed.

Red Bank.—Some birds left for seed. Farmers have fed them.

Shrewsbury.—From what I am able to learn quail have fared badly. Only the few have survived that have ventured to take shelter near the farm buildings and fed with the poultry.

Southard.—The cold weather and heavy snows have killed almost all the quail; only nine birds left, and they were fed by the farmers. We have not had so many birds killed in years. The doves are dead and the rabbits have suffered considerably.

Spring Lake.—The cold has done greater damage than for five years. An estimate of fifty per cent. of the birds have perished.

Spring Lake.—About fifty per cent. of the quail have perished. They have had but little care from any one.

Waton Falls.—Quail have suffered to a great extent; about one-half have perished. Partridge about one-fourth. We cannot notice any decrease in rabbits. Small birds have also suffered very much.

Turkey.—The effect of the snow and cold weather has been very severe on the game. Most all the quail have been killed. Hardly any escaped. There have been a few kept over by being fed. At least seventy-five per cent. are dead.

Waterford.—I am sorry to state that the winter has worked great destruction among the quail. There seemed to be more than usual at the close of the season, but on account of the depth of the snow it was impossible to hunt them to feed. I have heard of but few bevies being fed. Fully four-fifths have been killed.

BURLINGTON COUNTY.

Ateon.—One half of the quail have perished. We have fed them as well as we could. The severe winter has had a very disastrous effect upon the quail.

Beverly.—The cold and snow last winter have had a very damaging effect on the game in this section. The destruction of game has been greater than in any one winter for the past ten years. Whole bevies have been snowed under. Seventy-five per cent. would hardly cover the loss. As the birds were caught in the early snowdrifts, the farmers had but few opportunities to feed.

Beverly.—There is but little game in our vicinity to be destroyed. Sorry I cannot give you any information.

Bordentown.—The past winter has been very severe on what game we have around here, and what was left at the commencement of the winter, I am afraid, has been utterly destroyed. At least the farmers say that since the snow has disappeared they have not seen a quail. We have no grouse, at least not in this neighborhood. The prevailing opinion is that very few if any quail are left alive, as numbers of dead ones have been found starved to death.

Bridgeborough.—Last winter was severe on the game. The destruction of quail has been noticeably greater than in past years. The farmers have fed in a very few instances.

Burlington.—There are very few quail left over in this neighborhood. Have heard of one farmer feeding eleven birds all winter. I believe at least 75 per cent. of the birds perished. The winter was noticeably severe on rabbits; a great many have been found frozen and starved to death.

Burlington.—I find that the quail have been almost exterminated this winter in this neighborhood. But toward the Pines they have fared better, owing to the quantity of unhusked corn, and the cover afforded by the Pines protected them from the hawks. The farmers are beginning to feed the birds, as many of them own breech-loaders and are good shots.

Crosswicks.—From what I can learn the quail have suffered a great deal in some localities. Many were raised around here last summer, but most of them left here early in the autumn for the Jersey Pines and the seacoast. Farmers here (with few exceptions) are grangers and care nothing for the birds.

Crosswicks.—I have known of but one covey of quail being saved. Dozens of flocks perished. One farmer had five coveys; they were all frozen. Other game is all right.

Delanco.—There were a few of the birds fed. All the birds that were left to seek their own food and shelter froze. A portion of the quail that was fed perished.

Delanco.—There is scarcely any birds in this section. A recruit will be needed. There has been great destruction among game.

Fellowship.—The snow and cold have caused many quail to perish; I have not seen or heard of any this spring. The farmers did not feed the birds. The way the young fruit trees look leads me to think the rabbits must have fed themselves.

Fellowship.—It is the common belief that the quail were generally killed by the snow. I know of none that were fed.

Fieldsborough.—This has been a very hard winter on game. Hundreds of quail and grouse have starved to death. It will be fully five years before we have any birds here. The farmers did all in their power to save the birds from death There seem to be plenty of rabbits.

Florence.—We occasionally hear of flocks or parts of flocks of quail being frozen. One farmer fed a flock all winter.

Hainesport.—Fully two-thirds of the quail perished last winter. There were a few flocks fed. I think most of the rabbits have survived. Other winters seldom had any effect on the game.

Hainesport.—There are fewer birds left in our section than ever before. Fifty per cent. must have perished. A few flocks of quail have been fed by the farmers.

Hartford.—I think that at least 75 per cent. of the quail perished. I am only acquainted with a few instances where birds were fed.

Indian Mills.—Game in this section has perished very much. Quail, 75 per cent.; pheasants, 50 per cent.; rabbits, 25 per cent. About one out of every four farmers have fed.

Jobstown.—What with heavy snows and hawks the birds have had a hard time this winter. I hear of many being found frozen, particularly the birds hatched late in the season. On one farm of 1,500 acres we employ a gamekeeper and assistant to kill hawks, of which we have already destroyed a large number, and to feed daily the quail on our farms and our neighbors'. Many of the flocks left last fall have thus been preserved.

Juliustown.—The extreme cold weather has been very severe on the quail. Many have been frozen to death. Some few were fed.

Lower Bank.—Quail have been found dead by the flocks. The effect of the cold has been very severe. Residents have tried to feed the game.

Lumberton.—It is said by the public of this neighborhood that 60 per cent. of the game has perished on account of the cold weather.

Marlton.—One-half of the game has died in consequence of the cold. The partridge (quail?) have suffered the most.

Marlton.—The destruction of game has been greater than for years.

Medford.—The winter was unusually severe on the game. Some of the farmers fed the birds.

Moorestown.—Many birds have been fed regularly by farmers. I think the destruction has been greater than the average. Not so many are destroyed by cold as by want of of food and exposure to hawks. Should judge one-fourth have perished.

Moorestown.—I am sorry to say that the heavy snows have almost exterminated the quail. I know of but one covey of eight or nine left in this section. A few farmers take an interest in preserving game, generally those who are sportsmen.

New Lisbon.—Many of the quail and pheasants (ruffed grouse) have been destroyed, so said, by the severe winter. Our principal gunner says there is plenty of seed left, for he has seen birds.

Pemberton.—We find our quail stock diminished at least 80 per cent. more than in the last twenty years, many, very many coveys being found frozen on their roosts, under the snow, others dead on the crust. Quite a number of birds were fed by the farmers, some few going through. Hawks and mink killed some. We don't feel encouraged to train our pups. We had more quail last December than usual.

Pointville.—I have fed twenty-seven quail all winter, and others have done their best to save the birds.

Riverton.—The farmers fed the game birds in this locality; no birds, to the best of my knowledge, have perished.

Shamong.—Eight out of ten quail have frozen to death. One person fed two flocks, but the last storm killed them all. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) are most all destroyed.

Tykesville.—One-third of the birds have died. Several persons fed the quail all winter.

Tuckerton.—Though we have had a very hard winter game has not suffered, greatly owing to the pains the farmers have taken in feeding and caring for them. We shall have good gunning the coming season. The percentage that perished was small.

Tuckerton.—Long Beach is on an island; we have no game birds here.

Wading River.—I should say eight out of ten quail are dead about here, and in the Pines nine. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) have fared better.

OCEAN COUNTY.

Bamber.—This is quite a small place in the Pines; but previous to the snow we had several fine flocks of quail; since then can hear of only six birds being seen. About thirty per cent. of the rabbits have been killed. The grouse have not been destroyed, as they feed on the cedar buds.

Cassville.—Very few birds have been left alive. Rabbits and squirrels very scarce. Very few quail were fed. The ruffed grouse have done much better than other game.

Collier's Mill.—The cold winter has killed all the quail and a large amount of rabbits, and much of all other game.

Collier's Mill.—There are no quail left, although we had plenty until the deep snows. Rabbits froze in their beds in great numbers. Worst winter for years.

Forked River.—The heavy snow storm on December 28 covered the ground for two months. Fifty per cent. of the birds perished during that time. Few persons fed.

Hornerstown.—The cold and snow of the past winter have almost totally destroyed the birds in this section of the country. The destruction has been decidedly greater than in former years. I should think ninety per cent. of the birds have perished. Not much interest was displayed by the sportsmen and farmers. I went out twice—once when the first heavy snow fell—and found traces of birds; but after the next snow I could find no more birds. One bevy had ten birds in it and at the close of the season, only two were left.

Island Heights.—The game in this section is about the same as usual.

Manahawkin.—The cold and snow have had more effect on game this winter than before. The percentage of birds destroyed must be large. Fully fifty per cent. of quail, larks and doves have perished. A few persons have fed the birds.

Staffordville.—The quail have suffered more than any other birds. Over one half have died from the cold and snows. Some of the farmers did feed them with grain. Pheasants have fared about the same. Rabbits suffered some. Nine-tenths of the meadow larks are dead.

Toms River.—Quail are very scarce about here this spring. On the place where I live, and where they were quite plenty last spring, I have not seen one since the snow storms. Plenty of rye has been sown for their benefit if they were there to eat it. On a large farm of mine, three miles from here, there are twenty-five or thirty quail that have wintered all right, but great care has been taken to feed them. This is as the case stands on my own grounds. I hear of quite a number of farmers who fed the quail, but probably a majority of them thought they had enough to do to feed themselves. There will be a few birds left for seed.

Toms River.—Considering the severity of the weather quail have wintered remarkably well in this section. Have heard a few instances of their being found frozen, but the majority have lived through. A few sportsmen have scattered grain for the birds which were not snowed under. The snow drifted so much that it left plenty of bare ground. Hawks are very numerous.

Van Hiseville.—I think fully fifty per cent. of the birds have perished. Some few have been fed.

West Creek.—The destruction of game has been greater than for years before. In a few instances the farmers have fed the quail. About sixty per cent. of them have been killed by the snows.

Wheatland.—I think a very large proportion of quail and pheasants (ruffed grouse) are killed, and nearly one-half of the rabbits.

Whiting.—Probably two-thirds of the quail—which were unusually plentiful last fall—have perished. A few flocks were fed.

CAMDEN COUNTY.

Atco.—The winter was very severe on the game. The quail suffered from cold, deep snows, want of food, gravel and water. Some farmers fed. The loss has been greater than in many years.

Atco.—Have not seen any quail since the snow. I had a lot of corn in the shuck that the show caught out, and the birds helped themselves to it.

Berlin.—The winter has been extremely hard upon the game. It has killed most of the quail. The farmers tried to feed them as much as they could, but still they have perished. Many rabbits have died from starvation.

Blackwoodtown.—There was a number of quail and rabbits left last fall, but the winter killed one-half of the quail and one-fifth of the rabbits. Some bunches of quail were fed. The destruction was the greatest in many years.

Camden.—The injury to game in our section, resulting from last winter's snows, has been slight. The snows do not seriously affect game in South Jersey, and feed is plenty.

Cramer's Hill.—Too close to the city of Camden for birds.

Gloucester City.—Quail were very plenty up to the second big snow. After that they began to get scarce, and the farmers would find coveys of from five to fifteen dead—frozen in the snow. That is the talk at the stores—"So-and-So found so many in his swamp, dead." Farmers had to feed out their corn stalks, and that stopped a good deal of picking for the birds.

Haddonfield.—Fully fifty per cent. of the game has perished by cold and starvation, and about ten per cent. of the small birds. The game was fed when found.

Sicklerville.—Most of the birds, if not all, perished in the snow, a very uncommon thing with us. I have yet to hear of the first bird survivor. The farmers were prevented from feeding by the snow. There have only been six caged birds wintered about this section.

Spring Mills.—From what I know and can learn very few birds and rabits have been left over. Whole flocks have been found frozen to death. I have never known the destruction to be anything like as bad. Seventy-five per cent. have perished. Only one farmer has fed birds, and that a small covey.

Waterford Works.—I think a much larger percentage of the quail have perished than usual. Cannot estimate percentage. Birds have been fed when practicable. Other game has not suffered as much.

Waterford Works.—There was a large number of quail here before the snow. I have seen but one since the snow, and that came by itself. I fed it daily until the snow was gone. It will be years before there are as many again.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY.

Almonesson.—The destruction of birds has been greater this winter than I ever knew in this section. About half have died. The farmers saved some. Rabbits are as thick as ever. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) have not been killed to any extent.

Clarksborough.—The weather has been very severe on the quail and rabbits. A few bevies have been found frozen to death and also dead rabbits have been found. There are a few quail left, also a few rabbits. I have seen two small bevies in our vicinity.

Clarksborough.—In regard to game in this vicinity, I would say that there has been a great number of quail frozen to death, although I tried to prevent it myself. With the help of a few farmers we have taken bundles of wheat in the straw and placed in the localities where the birds were apt to come and feed. I have the pleasure to know that we have a few left for seed.

Five Points.—I would say two-thirds of the birds have perished this last winter. Some of the farmers did feed, but it did not save the quail.

Five Points.—Two-thirds of the quail have been destroyed, although many tried to care for them.

Glassborough.—The most severe winter we have ever had. A few ruffed grouse and a very few quail are left. Nine-tenths of the quail perished. We had more quail left last season than I ever knew; the shooting was very good, but it looks as if it would be years before we have such sport again.

Glassborough.—Birds are gone. I wintered a few and fourteen lived over in a barn. Farmers tried to feed the quail. There are a few rabbits and pheasants (ruffed grouse) left.

Harrisonville.—The winter has been an exceptionally severe one. Loss in game unusually heavy; should think one-half have perished. Farmers have generally fed them. Have heard no talk of the West Jersey Game Pro. Society.

Hurffville.—In some parts of this section the farmers have cared for the birds, but notwithstanding, the destruction has been at least at the rate of fifty per cent.

Janvier.—At least eighty per cent. of the quail have lost their lives from the severe winter. I believe the farmers tried to feed the birds.

Jefferson.—The extreme cold weather and snows have destroyed 90 per cent. of the birds. The few that now live were saved by the farmers and residents.

Malaga.—I am sorry to say that little interest was taken in this section by sportsmen and farmers. The quail suffered very much in this section.

Malaga.—This has been the most destructive winter on quail in this section for twenty-five years. The quail were very wild, and did not come to the buildings, as in old times. Feed did little good, as it snowed almost every day. I saved about one dozen. We have probably about fifty left in and about here. Rabbits are plenty. Larks are all gone.

Swedesborough.—Farmers fed the birds to the best of their ability, and with all of their efforts to save them they perished—fifty per cent.

Turnerville.—The cold and snow has been harder on game than was ever before known. About seventy-five per cent. perished. The farmers tried to feed the quail.

Unionville.—The birds in this section have all perished except ten, which I have kept throughout the winter. I know of no living birds. I have four cocks and six hens. Have been all over the fields and woods and cannot find a live bird, but have found dead ones.

Wenonah.—From the best information which I can gain, most of the game mentioned, in this region, has perished. There may be say ten per cent. of last fall's stock alive. A few farmers tried to feed them. I had a covey of eighteen

on my place and tried to get them under cover and feed them, but think they all perished. I have seen none since the first heavy storm. Grouse are rare here at all times. Game cannot stand such winters.

Westville.—The snow was hard on the quail in this section and killed quite a good many. The farmers did feed some. I know of two flocks of eight or ten.

Woodbury.—There has not been so destructive a winter on game for twenty years. Fully ninety per cent. of the quail have perished. Feeding quail amounts to little else than bating hawks.

Woodbury.—This is not, strictly speaking, a game section, but one sometimes finds a good day's work in the autumn. The winter has been very severe on all birds and many have been found dead, mere bunches of bones and feathers. Fully forty per cent. of our quail have died from the cold. In some places the hawks made a clean sweep.

ATLANTIC COUNTY.

Atlantic City.—In the count a large percentage of the birds have perished, except along the salt meadows, where some of them have survived. Rabbits have not been killed much by the cold and snow.

Atlantic City.—I hunted a good deal this winter through the woods of our county, and since the deep snows have run foxes, and can say that I have not seen a bird that has perished from the winter. I think they only perished in the newspapers of these parts.

Bargaintown.—The heavy snow drifts and hail storms of this past winter have nearly used up all the quail. I should think at least from 60 to 75 per cent. have perished. The quail are generally fed.

Cedar Lake.—The cold and snows have destroyed a great portion of the small game—a much larger percentage than in former years; fully ninety per cent. have perished. I have seen but one covey since the January snows. It lived on my place and fed regularly in my yard with the fowls. There were thirteen birds in all.

Cedar Lake.—The game has all been destroyed at this place.

Decosta.—The deep snow and continued cold weather have had a bad effect on birds and rabbits. About fifty per cent. perished. The farmers fed the birds freely.

Estelville.—I think most of the quail have perished. Some parties put out feed for them.

Decosta.—The past winter was very severe on quail, but I believe the majority saved themselves in the dense swamps. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) stood it first-rate. I have found very few dead birds, and I believe that but very few sound birds perished from exposure. Quail have fed to a large extent on acorns, and would neglect the feed I put out for them to hunt up the acorns. As soon as they had fed they would fly to the thickest swamps and stick close to them, as if they knew it was going to be a hard winter.

Hammonton.—We have had a fearful winter for the quail, but I am happy to state that we have a few birds left over.

Hammonton.—The past winter has been very severe and destructive to the game generally, much greater than usual, as our winters are ordinarily very mild. About one-half are dead. The farmers have, in a great many cases, fed the birds.

Hammonton.—The severe cold of the past winter has been very destructive to game birds in this section, only a small percentage of them remaining alive, which was only in a few instances.

Landisville.—As far as can be ascertained at this time, rabbits have suffered during the prevalence of the deep snows. Partridges are very scarce here at all times. Quail are generally plenty in the shooting season, but last fall they were hard to find and especially so just before the snows. Indeed so marked was this as to lead to the belief that instinct led them to migrate. None are to be seen or heard of now. A number of small birds have died to my knowledge,

Smith's Landing.—Birds are so scarce that you cannot find them. I have not seen any this winter. This is a poor place for birds.

Steelmanville.—They are all dead.

SALEM COUNTY.

Centreton—About one half the quail have perished. Farmers feed them when they come close to the buildings.

Centreton.—The cold has been very serious. Many birds have frozen to death and starved. The destruction has been greater than in other years. One-half the birds left at the termination of the gunning season have perished. The birds were fed when found. The hawks killed many.

Elmer.—This has been the most severe winter upon game known in many years. The snow has covered the ground a greater part of the winter, and the thermometer touched 22 deg. below zero. I believe there is not a single quail left around here. There are a few rabbits. Our sportsmen are talking of restocking this vicinity.

Hancock Bridge.—The severe winter weather has been very destructive to a portion of our birds, the quail particularly. Farmers have fed them only in rare cases. Our small winter birds have done better.

Marshalltown.—Whole flocks of quail have been found dead under the snow. At least two-thirds of the birds perished. The farmers tried to feed them but the snows prevented.

Palatine.—My observation leads me to the conclusion that the game in this section has very generally perished. In a few instances the farmers have fed.

Palatine.—This winter has been very hard on the game, especially birds. I think I can safely say that ninety-five out of every hundred quail perished with the first cold snow. I know of but two coveys that wintered outdoors. They have been fed. A few have been caught in traps and wintered over. I haven't heard a whistle of a bird this spring.

Pennsville.—The cold whether here has been very destructive to the game. At the beginning of the last season game was more plentiful than it had been for many years. Of course, such game as woodcock, snipe, rail, etc., migrated, and were not affected. More quail and rabbits were killed here during the gunning season than for many years. But after the season was over we still had plenty of game left. At least four-fifths of the game has been destroyed by the cold weather. I have not seen nor heard of a quail since the snows. The birds were not fed.

Salem.—Game in this section, so far as I can learn from the farmers and game men, has nearly all perished. Quail, especially, have suffered, except in a few cases, where the farmers have fed them through the winter. Those that have not been thus protected have nearly all starved or frozen to death. Rabbits have fared better, as they could live on the bark and twigs of trees. Still, I have heard of some of them perishing, but the percentage is small. Small birds have all suffered severely.

Salem.—Report says nearly all the birds killed. One man found three flocks frozen, containing respectively nine, fourteen and six, all under one bush. Very poor show for next year unless we import birds.

Shirley.—Two parties feed seven and ten birds here, and I know of no others. I know two hundred quail were frozen.

Shirley.—Bunches containing ten to twelve quail have been found all frozen to death. The percentage of loss has been greater than ever before.

Woodstown.—Quite a number of birds perished in our country. Quail suffered the most. At least twenty-five per cent are dead. The farmers fed until they could not get to the birds on account of the snows.

Yorktown.—It is hard to tell about our birds yet, but it is supposed that the most of the quails have been frozen or starved. Some of the farmers have fed them, but I have not heard of any one seeing any as yet this spring.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Bridgeton.—A good many quail have been destroyed during the past winter. Quail were never more abundant than during last year, which fact probably renders their destruction more noticeable. Enough have survived, however, to "seed" this region. Some farmers have fed and maintained coveys, the majority have not.

Deerfield Street.—As far as I know I think that the game has been destroyed by the snows. Many coveys of quail have been found dead in the snows.

Deerfield Street.—The cold weather has been very hard on the quail hereabouts, and as far as I can learn there are but few left.

Fairton.—I think one-quarter of the birds have frozen and starved to death. Quail were very plenty with us last Fall, but I am afraid we will not have much sport next Fall.

Fairton.—This winter has been hard on the quail, but some birds got through. I suppose about twenty-five per cent. perished by the snow and cold. The hawks have killed a good many. Our heavy cover has saved a number. Some few of us fed the birds.

Hallyville.—The cold and snows have been very severe on the game in this vicinity. I presume that the quail have nearly all perished, as they were not cared for.

Maine Avenue.—I have seen no quail or rabbits since the cold weather. I think they have perished to a great extent.

Maine Avenue.—I have not seen a quail since the first heavy snow. There were half a dozen bunches on and near our farm, but I could not find them to feed. There were plenty before the snow.

Manumuskin.—As far as I can learn the game in this section has not been materially lessened during the past winter by cold weather. A greater percentage has been killed by gunners, owing to the advantages offered by tracking the birds on the snow.

Millville.—The effect of the cold and heavy snows on the game in this section has been very severe. The destruction of game has been far in excess to that of former years. Whole bevies of quail have been found frozen to death under the snow drifts. Rabbits were frozen in their beds. Fully sixty per cent. of the birds perished. Farmers have tried to feed the birds.

Newport.—The cold has killed but a very small percentage of the birds. About one-tenth died from starvation. No one fed them. Rabbits have wintered well.

North Vineland.—The destruction of birds has been much greater than in past years. They were fed in many instances by the citizens.

Roadstown.—The destruction of game caused by the extreme cold has been twenty-five per cent. greater than ever before. Some farmers and residents fed the birds.

Roadstown.—At least seventy-five per cent. of all the game in this section has been killed by the cold. A few farmers feed the quail.

Rosenhayn.—The last winter has almost destroyed game in this section. Hundreds of quail were found frozen in the woods. Rabbits did not seem to suffer so much. I fed the birds, but cannot speak for others.

Rosenhayn.—I once in a while hear a quail whistling; a few left.

South Vineland.—The farmers very generally feed the quail, and thus the number that perished was greatly lessened.

Vineland.—The severe winter has been very destructive to the quail and other game. The percentage destroyed is very much larger than in fourteen years. Large flocks have been found frozen. The birds were fed to a moderate extent.

CAPE MAY COUNTY.

Cape May.—

N'ary a dead bird here,
No snow to lie this year;
When the sea-breeze blows
It melts and goes,
And the woodcock bobs up his tail and crows,
And into the soft ground sticks his nose.

The quail on a stump whistles in glee,
And says quite plainly, "Can't you see
What the wind has done, that blows from the sea?—
It's made the ground bare for *me, me, me.*"

The rabbit in the bushes simply winks his ear,
Thinks it pretty cold for the season of the year;
But never has a care, for he cocks up his eye,
And then he spies a turnip in the field close by.

[But whether the bunny secures his prize or not we are unable to say, for our Byronic correspondent comes to a sudden termination and says, "Card guv out."]

Cape May.—About twenty per cent. of the game has perished on account of the severity of the winter. Quail and woodcock have suffered most.

Dennisville.—I should think from forty to fifty per cent. of the birds have perished. Very few of the farmers fed the game.

Green's Creek.—The winter has been very trying to the quail; many have perished in this section. Many of the farmers fed the birds.

Seaville—Some birds have perished. The birds visit farm yards and have not suffered much for want of food The hawks have destroyed more than the cold weather.

South Dennis.—The destruction of birds has been very severe. No one fed them.

Townsend's Inlet.—The snow and cold weather have had a bad effect on game. The destruction of birds has been noticeably greater this winter than in many years past. Many of the residents fed the birds which frequented the houses and gardens.

Tuckahoe.—We have been feeding fourteen coveys of birds all winter. My son and I have killed fifty-four hawks this winter. They are the rascals that do most harm—they kill all the year round. Have not found any birds frozen.

DEATH OF THE FOX.—Springfield, Mass., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Beware the ides of March," for again has this fateful day wrought its historical tradition of woe. Again a royal head has rolled in the dust upon this dread anniversary. Long time has King Reynard with despotic sway lorded it over his trembling subjects. Long time has the beautiful amphitheatre containing the rifle range of the Rod and Gun Club been the scene of nightly murder most foul. Long time has this swift footed prince of darkness with preternatural cunning eluded the dogged persistency of deadly foes. But his last race is run, his last trick is played, and his ghastly corse now hangs upon the greenwood tree whilom the gibbet of countless hordes of his forefathers. Samson "did the deed." (We dubbed him "Samson" when he made that double shot and killed a fox right and left.) The dogs routed him at the south end, and after a few turns and doubles he eluded all seven of us and put straight for the upper end with the screaming dogs close at his heels With blood in our eyes and vengeance in our hearts we instinctively, as it were, formed a cordon across from street to river, and with unbroken front relentlessly, piteously pursued our foe. The balmy air was trembling and vibrating with the delicious sound of the "heavenly music" as we followed the exciting chase. Now we hear the bugle notes at the upper end, and, as the volume of sound gradually increases, we know the quarry has turned, and each trusty weapon is tightly grasped, each greedy ear drinks in the glorious melody, each eager eye restlessly scans the ground in front, each throbbing heart beats a quick response to every trumpet cry as we anxiously await the supreme moment that shall bring our stealthy foe within range of the death dealing tube. Now we hear the eager dog upon the brow of the bluff and know that the life of our fleet footed foe is not worth five minutes' purchase, for Samson guards that spot, and Samson's eye is true and Samson's nerves are steel Now his quick eye sights the swiftly coming form and he suddenly becomes statuesque as gamey pointer with the hot scent of bird before him. Now but forty yards intervene, and quick as a flash the ready gun leaps to his shoulder, and responsive to its voice those swift-winged feet are swifter flying, but with no foothold save empty air, and soon the gleaming fangs of the frantic dogs are burried in his quivering flesh, and as we add the white-tipped brush to our long list we loudly voice our triumph and exchange mutual congratulations that one more despoiler of our forest and stubble has received his just reward. SHADOW.

LAW BREAKERS ALARMED—Childwold, South Colton, N. Y.—The exemplary justice so swiftly dealt to the culprits who took trout from Lake Placid illegally which FOREST AND STREAM gave such wide publicity to recently has had a salutary effect in regions supposed to lie just beyond the ken of law. A stranger came here some time since and took 200 pounds of lake trout from Lake Massawiepie some of them weighing fourteen pound, salted and toted them away. But such an event could not come off here now. The active measures taken by various protective societies in offering generous rewards, etc., for the detection of transgressors has had not only a cautionary effect, but also that of constituting every man a detective.

An amusing illustration of this took place here last week. Two men went out, both of them doubtless with the intention of appeasing a cervinivorous longing by killing a deer illegally, but coming upon each other's trail they were both suddenly converted into apostles of the law and self-constituted detectives, and shadowed each other for the rest of the day. When they came face to face their mutual accusations led to a strife that came near ending in their having to pay *were-geld* instead of receiving the much coveted reward.

This region affords excellent sport, and should be better known to your readers. It has been heretofore resorted to less by sportsmen than hunters, but the new and improved roads consequent to the starting of a new farming settlement here two years ago has made it more accessible to and more frequented by sportsmen and tourists.

Some 200 deer, several bears and a pair of panthers were killed last autumn within a radius of five miles. This area would take in Grass River, a fine trout stream on the west, its affluent, Lake Massawiepie abounding in lake trout, and Arab Mountain half way to Tupper's Lake on the south, the Raquette River with Sol's Island and the Moosehead still-water on the east and north. The killing of the panthers was noticed in a late issue of your paper. The female measured nine feet between tips of nose and tail, and the male porportionately larger. The former was killed by a hunter, H. Hutchings, while stalking for deer last November at which time he followed the male two days without getting a shot at him. He abandoned the pursuit for two months when he resumed it, and after following him three days he succeeded in treeing and killing the brute. After having been frozen he was taken out of the woods standing erect with head and tail elevated.

He was taken through the villages in this natural pose much to the terror and delight of the villagers *en route.* These fierce denizens of the forest are nearly extinct in this part of the country and will soon be quite so. C.

POINT OF GREATEST ERROR.—Littleton, N. H., March 11, 1881.—Under the heading "How to Aim the Hunting Rifle," Mr. Merrill says: "I have omitted to state that 52-100 yards approximately shows the point in the range where the trajectory is the highest, and 55-100 the point of greatest error." Now, what does "the point of greatest error" imply? In other words, what does he mean?—J. I

Major replies as follows:

The error of the rifle at any point of the range is the distance the ball is from the line sight at this point. At 55-100 yards it is off and above the line of sight about two inches, and hence the rifle shoots too high here. But the "highest point of the trajectory" is its highest point above its base. The base is regarded as a straight line connecting the centre of the muzzle of the piece with the centre of the target, or point blank. The error, 55-100, is measured from the line of sight, but the height of the trajectory, 52-100, from the base of the same. These two distinct lines are not parallel, but converge and intersect at the centre of the target; hence the two points .52 and .55 arise.

FIRST ENGLISH SNIPE.—Neversink Lodge, Guymard, Orange Co., N. Y., March 22, 1881.—Philip Thurtle, my keeper, reports the first woodcock on Saturday, the 19th, and to-day, while out with Croxteth and some youngsters, he killed the first snipe, which I herewith send you. Has there been, in 1881, one killed before in the vicinity of New York?

Your truly, A. E. GODEFFROY.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MARCH.

FRESH WATER.

Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizotethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Amblopliles.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chænobrytlus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
Pollock, *Polachius carbonarius.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF TROUTING IN SWITZERLAND

UPON the grassy banks of British trout streams a spike that screws into the butt of the rod is most invaluable to, and is, indeed, generally used by the angler, enabling him to stick his rod into the ground in an upright position when it is necessary for him to disentangle his line from the boughs of trees, rocks, snags, or any other of the numerous enemies that assail the temper of the fisherman.

It was in the palmiest days of the Second Empire that, as a lad, I was about to step on board the train at one of the railway stations in Paris, my thoughts intent on Alpine trout streams, and entirely oblivious of the paternal nature of the government under whose protection I had temporarily placed myself.

In my hand I carried the weapon of our craft clad in its orthodox drab case—the most harmless-looking piece of personal property one would have supposed, and little calculated to rouse the suspicions of the most vigilant officialism.

Possibly the rod itself might have passed unnoticed, but, alas, I had neglected to unscrew the steel spike that was attached to the butt, and its formidable point protruded beyond the case in which the rod was wrapped at once transforming its bearer in the eyes of the suspicious Frenchmen from a harmless and youthful tourist to a ferocious and bloody conspirator.

Stern hands were laid upon my shoulders; a sea of mustached faces and gesticulating arms waved around me; my little ten-footer was solemnly arrested and made the subject of a most serious and prolonged investigation. It was a dagger! It was a spear! A veritable assegai! The emperor's life had been but recently attempted and the keen scrutiny and sharpened wits of these worthies were amazing to behold. The case was evidently too important to be disposed of in such an informal manner, and I was requested to remain with one of these green functionaries of Bonaparte while it was carried to a higher court.

What transpired within those closed doors I know not; but when the procession returned bearing the rod in front of them I was given to understand that if the spike (the cause of offence) was removed, I should no longer be considered a specially dangerous character.

Now, the spike had rusted into the butt of the rod and the screw refused to turn, which was probably the reason of its being there. Two officers were appointed to affect the important and onerous duty of removing it. One was told off to hold the butt of the rod tight, another to twist the screw—and at it they went.

By this time quite a crowd had collected and formed a circle within which these imperial satellites leaped and twisted, puffed and grunted, snorted, wheezed and sacre'd in their endeavors to draw the tooth of the offender.

I sat in the meantime upon a trunk, an amused spectator, and made an entry of this official war dance in my sketch book.

At last, however, the efforts of the Government were rewarded. Napoleon ceased to tremble upon his throne and I walked forth a free man.

Talking of continental officialism reminds me of a story a Virginian friend used to relate of his father, who, having got into some scrape with the railroad officials in Switzerland, turned, by a strange antic, their ruffled dignity into mirth and good humor.

The old gentleman was in his way an inimitable actor and mimic, but being distinguished as a financier rather than a linguist, was at a loss in this case for words to make the excited officials understand that he was describing a starting train. Without more ado, however, he deliberately took his hat off, and, going down upon his hands and knees, traveled along the platform through the crowd, blowing and snorting like an engine. The spectators shouted with delight. The officials embraced one another in the exuberance of their mirth, and the old gentleman more than gained his point, for he came out of his difficulty not only unscathed but with flying colors, and was offered a large sum by the manager of a traveling theatrical company who was present to come on his establishment as a comedian.

At the time of which I write the Engadine was beginning to be famous as a place of attraction to tourists, and the great bare hotels at Pontresina and St. Moritz, upon the chain of lakes that form the headquarters of the river Tun, were receiving hundreds into their cheerless halls. In both lakes and streams were and are still to be found in greater or less numbers, even at the highest elevation, where the latter first emerge from the icy caverns of the glaciers where their water is as yellow and foul from the moraines as if it had been draining some great manufacturing city, a few lean and pale specimens of the trout kind stem the roaring flood, and eke out an existence the miserable character of which is demonstrated by their insipid and flavorless bodies.

The lakes of the Engadine, however, are fresh in color, and so is the river Tun, which connects them, and winds from one to the other through meadows whose coloring and fertility are in strange contrast to the cold white peaks and sterile slopes that overhang them.

Few anglers in those days were to be met with either by lake or river—that is to say, foreign anglers. The natives, though, were in tremendous force, fishing for the hotels, and to judge from their tackle and their success it must have required at least two piscators to keep each guest in fish. I have seen rods in the Virginia mountains of considerable altitude; specimens, too, I have seen in the backwoods of Canada that might lay claim to distinction as regards length and stoutness, but they would have been cast into the shade by comparison with the gigantic instruments with which these Switzers hurled forth their clumsy lines. What flies they were, too! Black or red cock hackles, tied rudely on to the hook, not even twisted round them. The sight of one of these hardy patriots returning at even with his spoils was one of the most disproportioned sporting pictures that could well be imagined. First came the pole, enormous and unwieldy; apparently staggering beneath it came the man, and dangling from his hand would be two or three small trout, the product for the day of this great apparatus. Their gratitude for a well made fly or two was boundless. I remember making a present of half a dozen to an angling waiter, at the little hotel that stood then upon the "Sils Maria," and tears of thankfulness trickled down his furrowed cheeks. He fished in the lake, I heard, the whole of the two following nights.

A friend from college, on the trip in question, joined me at Chin, and from thence, with knapsack on back, we took the road.

D. was not by any means an angler—at that time, in fact, he looked with the greatest contempt upon the whole business, and considered my passion for it as a harmless phase of lunacy. He was a great muscular Christian, though; regarded Charles Kingsley as the greatest of men, weighed himself once a week and carried dumb-bells in his knapsack, which might fairly have been considered the last stage of the mania. He was as much bent, too, on scaling giddy heights as I was on snaring the wily trout, but, being a sociable being, he considered that there would be more difficulty in forcing an unwilling horse up the thousand feet than in keeping him company at the bottom; so he bought a native rod—under protest—not less than twenty-two feet long, in one piece, and carried it for fifty miles along the road through villages and roads like a standard, to the wonder of the inhabitants.

The Sils Maria, before mentioned, was, in spite of the ill-success of the natives, a capital lake for fishing in those days. It must have been, if memory serves me aright, some two or three miles long, bordered by meadow-lands and pine woods and overhung by lofty mountains. On windy days we would fish with flies from rocky headlands and catch great numbers of trout. In the river, too, that poured out of the lake and lost itself in the larger waters of the "Silva Plana," we had rare luck on more than one occasion. I say we, for D. soon became an enthusiastic fisherman and fairly forgot the snow-capped peaks that had once had such an attraction for him.

We used to get in terrible hot water with the riparian proprietors, as the hay crop was uncut, and the Swiss law of trespass is very stringent as regards rivers that are bounded by meadow lands. I say we used to get into hot water, but I could only judge so (neither of us being distinguished as German scholars) from the long and continuous orations that elderly gentlemen, with passion written on their faces, used to hurl at us from afar, but we were schoolboys or next door to it, and lads at that age are not as sensitive on such matters with pleasure in view as their elders perhaps, and we fished straight ahead, and afforded occasionally considerable amusement to the passers-by who happened to come in for these one-sided interviews.

There was a beautiful lake at a place called "Le Prese," lying, if I remember right, on the Italian side of the Stelvis pass that fairly teemed with the pink-fleshed lake trout, very much like those of the famous Loch Leven in Scotland, and averaging about one pound apiece. From the garden of the snug hotel that invited visitors to stop upon the shores you could see upon a summer's evening the whole surface of the water covered with rings as they were feeding on the top. The cross line, as used in parts of Scotland I was surprised to find here in vogue. Cross-line fishing on a lake with boats consists of a long gut line stretched between two boats, which row cautiously and quietly along, keeping at that exact distance from one another which will maintain the line "taut" without breaking it, a more difficult matter with such light tackle than might be supposed. From this cross line are hung at intervals of every two feet or so flies upon gut droppers, so arranged as to skim the top of the water. The trout rise and hook themselves, and when several are secured the haul is taken in. This a most deadly and unsportsmanlike mode of killing trout, of course, but in the latitudes we speak of sporting instincts as understood by Anglo-Saxon communities do not exist.

The ordinary brook trout of Switzerland when once you get out of the immediate influence of the glacier water is exactly similar to his namesake of North America. I have direful recollections though of an ugly trick the hotel keepers had of serving him—boiled and cold. Fancy a cold, boiled quarter pound brook trout, qualified as it was in those days in the Engadine hotels with alternate courses of tough kid and incivility! Things are doubtless changed now since all the world and his wife have taken to going there, and when, even in the dead of winter, the frozen lakes ring, I am told beneath the skakes of men and women, who, at a lower elevation, the dead hand of consumption would be claiming for its own and who would be adding to the number of those unfortunates who in wraps and respirators crawl along the seashore or the watering places of South. RINGWOOD.

THE SUCCULENT CATFISH—Savannah, Tenn., March 5.—I am glad to see that your paper is turning some attention to the catfish. This fish although it has for a long time furnished a large part of our population with an excellent and cheap article of food has been treated with contempt by the press. In fact, as I have had occasion to remark before, it is a fish more generally abused and more generally eaten than any other that swims in our waters. We have in the Tennessee River and its tributaries three species of catfish: the blue or channel cat, the yellow or mud cat, and a mottled variety with a long, broad and somewhat flattened head, known here as the tortoise-shell cat.

The first named of these is a game fish, and grows to a larger size than the other two speecies. This fish affords considerable sport to the angler, and while not so rapid in its movements and not coming to the surface and leaping from the water when hooked as the bass does, still makes long runs and fights long and stubbornly before he gives up. Herbert includes this fish in his book of fishes, but evidently knew little of it from actual experience. The largest fish of this kind that has been taken here for many years was caught some two years ago by the sheriff of this county, and weighed 156 pounds.

The catfish are taken in a great number of ways, in bailed nets, in traps, on trout lines, throw lines and by jugging or float fishing. It seems to be in fine condition at all seasons of the year, being always fat, and is in fine state for the table during the hot summer months when the bass are full of parasites, and the down and buffalo are not fit to eat.

It seems to be a fact peculiar to the catfish that the flesh of the very large ones is as fine grained and as tender as that of the fish of the smaller size. There is a preference given in market to medium sized fish of from 1 to 6 lbs weight. This is due to a prejudice against the diet of the big fish, which are generally regarded as a race of fresh water scavengers. The catfish is omnivorous and will bite at anything edible. The bait generally used on trot lines is small crayfish and perch, but beef, liver or fresh meat of any kind is equally good. The methods of cooking vary according to the size of the fish. The small ones are generally fried, while the larger sizes are baked or boiled, the very large ones are cut into steaks. When sliced across the grain and fried with salt pork the catfish is considered very fine.

For my own eating I prefer a medium sized yellow cat boiled in salt water and served with egg sauce and walnut catsup. When properly cooked such a fish is as good as any we can procure away from the salt water, and the baked fish are nearly as good as the red snapper. WILL.

THREE DAYS' SPORT ON THE RANGELEYS

A JOLLY trio it was that pushed their boats off the Middle Dam Camp Landing one fine morning early in the month of June last, for we well knew that sport was near at hand, as we could see trout breaking water only a few rods below.

Armed with the latest edition of split bamboo rods and a good selection of flies, we felt able to kill any fish that dare take one.

We were soon in position, with our boats some five rods apart, and just at the upper edge of the rapid water. Ten minutes found us all busy, as the fish rose well, and a merry time we had of it for two hours, taking about forty trout, which weighed from one-half to two pounds. By this time the small fish had been well cleaned out, and we began to wonder where all the larger ones were, when suddenly a yell of delight broke upon the air, and, "Jerusalem! what a trout!" came across the water. Turning my eyes toward that veteran angler, Chesebro, I beheld that worthy well braced in his boat, with both hands firmly clutching his rod, which was bent to a half circle, with the reel singing and boat swaying first to right and then to left, with such exclamations, "yanked" out in monosyllables, as, "Great—gra-cious—see—how—he—pulls! See! he has started for the upper dam, Ed, as true as I live, but I will stop him or smash this rod," came distinctly across the water, when a splash greeted my ears, the water was dashed into my face, and my line was hauled off the reel some fifty feet before I knew what I was about, and I had all the business I could attend to. After a good, square fight of twenty minutes I landed a three and one-half pounder, and we kept up the sport until the old bell at camp pealed out its welcome call for dinner. Sixty pounds of trout were landed that forenoon, and it is safe to say no other fishermen were ever better satisfied with a half day's sport than we were.

The next day the gates of Mid Ile Dam were shut down, which stopped the current on the rips above and spoiled the fishing; so Sargent, of Upton, a most excellent guide, whisper red the fact to me that the fishing would be good at Cedar Stump, five miles down the river. But how to get a boat down there was the next conundrum to crack. I suggested to Sargent to run the rapids in his boat to Pond-in-River, then haul down on buck-board. The old guide said no man had ever run the rapid river in a light boat and come out alive, that he knew of; but, getting his blood up, he finally said he would do it or smash the boat.

So early next morning the boat was shoved through the sluice-way, the old guide and trapper stepped in, and away she flew like an arrow from a cross-bow. Down through the seething current rushed the light boat, with the guide standing erect, well back of the bow, with the oar poised ahead to guide her clear from the rocks that cropped out of the river in many places; with his hair streaming in the wind and stern, set visage, he looked the hero that he really was. Plunging through some narrow gorge, the boat would lift itself half its length clear of the water, as it shot over some falls and balanced its quivering form on the whirling eddy below. On and on she plowed, leaping and struggling for very life through Rapid River for a mile, until at last she lay floating like a feather on Pond-in-the-River, while on the face of her master could be seen a look of perfect satisfaction.

At about 10 A. M. the boat was landed at Cedar Swamp. In the centre sat the guide to handle the boat and net the fish, in the bow myself, and in the stern a young "Nimrod," who takes to hunting and fishing as readily as a "duck takes to water," and as this was his trial trip he wished to test his skill a little.

I have spent many months in the Maine woods, but never did I have two hours better fishing than from ten to twelve that day. At the end of an hour a large fish rose, and was struck by "Nimrod."

If the one who reads this ever handled a four-pound trout in a swift current he can appreciate the situation for the next half hour. Up the river he would work his way, then down the stream with a rush that would make the line hiss, as it cut through the water; but no fish could stand that test long, and as the mottled line was creeping gradually up through the rings over the reel with its fearful tension, the noble fellow slowly yielded and finally gave up the fight, and as the landing-net was gently passed under his great golden side, and he was laid in the bottom of the boat, a "war whoop" that echoed and re-echoed for miles around came from the throat of Nimrod, who had handled his fish better than most old fishermen would have done. Our catch was not so numerous, but eleven trout weighing twenty-three pounds was the number and weight of them.

The next day we decided to go to "Trout Cove," as Fred Barker had sent word that the fish had struck on up at the Cove, and not a sportsman at Upper Dam Camp. So Nimrod and I took steamer for that place, and at 11 A. M. we were at it, and whipped Trout Cove for three hours. When we strung our fish we counted just sixty trout, weighing from one-half to one and a half pounds. When we ungirted our rods that day, we declared no two men had ever enjoyed three days' liner sport than we had. E. T. W.

Putnam, Conn., Dec. 25, 1880.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.—Those who contemplate giving prizes to this tournament will do well to read the article in our issue of the 17th inst., headed "N. Y. Association," which refers to the elaborate programme of nearly 200 pages in which the advertisements of all donors of valuable prizes are to be placed, subject to certain conditions. Those having charge of the matter promise that the fly-casting will exceed in interest and number of prizes anything before attempted, and an arrangement of prizes which will be acceptable to amateurs, who have heretofore been deterred from entering the lists on account of there being only one class, in which well-known champions were entered. This

year the champions will have a class as usual, and their contest will not lack for prizes and interest, but there will be other classes also; one which bars all who have ever won a 1st prize, and another, for amateurs especially, which bars all who have ever won any prize at a State tournament. Messrs. Conroy, Bissett & Malleson write to a member of the prize committee as follows:

MR. C. W. WINGERT:

Dear Sir—We will contribute one of our split bamboo fly-rods, one click reel, and one Holberton's full-length fly-book, with improved Hyde clips and Russia leather cover. We wish these to go for prizes in fly-casting, and would be obliged for a list of prizes, so that we can name conditions, etc.

CONROY, BISSETT & MALLESON.

Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie write to the director of the fly-casting tournament:

MR. FRED MATHER:

Dear Sir—You may put us down for a valuable prize. Exactly what it will be we have not yet determined, and possibly we will not decide to announce it until you are about ready to make up and close the list. Wishing the tournament every success, we remain very truly yours,

ABBEY & IMBRIE.

FISHING TACKLE IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.—The most complete display of fishing tackle in the world is to be seen at the National Museum in Washington. It comprises the bone hooks, seal-skin lines, seal-bladder floats, walrus-hide lines and spears and lances of bone used by the Indians of Alaska; the wooden hooks and all combinations of wood, bone and metal hooks and spears of the Esquimaux and the natives of our northeast coast; the enormous shark and halibut hooks, with a full set of all hooks, lines, floats, and floats used in the commercial fisheries of our East and West coasts down to the various rods, reels, lines, flies, floats, creels, etc., of the scientific angler. These latter have been purchased from our American dealers, the larger part just before the Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, and now Prof. G. Browne Goode, the curator of the museum, acknowledges the receipt of a donation of an elegant collection of English made angler's goods, consisting of hooks made for the American market, artificial baits, insects, flies, etc., from S. Allcock & Co., Redditch, England, whose advertisement will be found in our columns.

THE LUXURIES OF ANGLING.—The Richmond, Va., *Whig*, says: "One has only to examine the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM to be impressed with the vast amount of industry, skill, talent, enterprise and genius, and philanthrophy (emphatically) devoted to this task of supplying the needs and luxuries and augumenting the pleasures of the sporting community. We say philanthropy, with emphasis—for those who thus toil for the enjoyment and happiness of their fellow-beings cannot be enemies of their kind. But admit that self enters as an element of the motive—in an enlarged sense, it may be truly affirmed, that self, if not a virtue in itself, is next kin to it, and is the basis and prompter of all the virtues."

This is only a part of a column devoted to fishing tackle in which the enterprise of Abbey & Imbrie is spoken of in the highest terms, and mention of Conroy is made. The editor of the *Whig* is a veteran angler, and was formerly one of the Commissioners of Fisheries of his State. He still loves to take the savage bass and smoke his pipe of bamboo root after the victory. Long may he continue.

The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefit, is Hop Bitters.

Fish Culture.

ANGLING.

FROM a lecture upon Fisculture and Angling, delivered by Rev. H. H. Sneed before the Iron, Coal and Manufacturers' Association at Chattanooga, Tenn., of which we have already published the fishcultural portion, we extract the following:

There is another reason why we should cultivate fish, other than as an article of food, and that is for the recreation afforded in angling.

I know I am treading on ground which you may consider debatable, but I assure you I do not in the slightest degree.

I am convinced that as a people we do not recreate enough. Unfortunately, our people are too much bent upon money making. That has become the all absorbing thought, and the idea of spending a day fishing is considered by many a waste of time, while others regard it as a puerile and stupid sport.

It is neither absurd, stupid nor a waste of time to go a fishing, but is one of the most delightful, elevating and invigorating of any of the out-door sports. Fishing, so far from being a stupid pastime, in which one plants himself on the bank of a stream, and plants his rod in the bank and then dozes and dreams waiting for a bite, is, as any trouter or bass fisher will tell you, directly the reverse of it. And, if success is to crown his labors, all his powers of endurance, patience and skill are to be brought into play. I do not know any sport that requires better judgement than fishing. The selection and preparation of tackle, the supply of bait, the state of the weather, the condition of the water, and just that place in the pool where your trout or bass lurks to seize the prey, the striking of your fish, the management of him after he has gorged the bait, and your successful landing him requires consummate skill and the best management.

EMINENT MEN ANGLERS.

Dr. Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, England, lived to the ripe old age of ninety-five, and Walton says of him that years had not dimmed his eye nor weakened his memory, and that angling and temperance were the cause of it.

Sir Humphrey Davy says: "For my health I thank my ancestors after my God, and I have not squandered what was so bountifully given, and though I do not expect, like our arch patriarch Walton, to number ninety years and upward, yet I hope as long as I can enjoy a vernal day, the warmth and lights of the sunshine, still to haunt the streams, following the example of our late venerable friend, the President of the Royal Academy, Ben West, with whom I have thrown the fly, caught trout, and enjoyed a delightful day of angling and social amusement by the bright clear streams of Wamble.

The Rev. Dr. Paley said to a friend who was anxiously inquiring when one of his great philosophical works would be completed, "As soon as the fly fishing is over," evidently considering this diversion of equal importance with those mental efforts that have rendered his name immortal.

Gay Thompson, John Tobin, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Sir Walter Scott, all literary characters, were ardent disciples of Walton. Admiral Lord Nelson was so passionately fond of the sport that he fished with his left hand long after he had lost his right. Ben. West, the celebrated painter, engaged in many days sport with Sir Humphrey Davy, and Daniel Webster, America's great statesman, during his lifetime, found relief after a tedious session of Congress in angling for salmon in the Kennebec. And the first Bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee, the late Bishop Key, delighted in following the streams of his adopted State in angler's garb, and enjoying the pleasures afforded by the splendid bass fishing, for which they were famous in the early settlement of the State. And many other distinguished men who

> "Oft have tried with baited hook,
> To tempt the tenant of the brook,"

might be added to the list to show that angling is held in high esteem by all classes of people, but it is unnecessary.

But I am trespassing too largely upon your time in introducing quotations to show you in what estimation angling has been held, but I hope not unprofitably, and therefore I shall give you but one more from the "American Angler."

It is true that many have ridiculed this noble art and pitied its followers, but let those whose extreme and somewhat morbid sensibilities have rendered them blind to the beauties of nature, remember that He who went about doing good chose a number of his disciples from fishermen, and considered them worthy objects of His confidence and His love.

It seems in fine a work of supererogation to attempt to justify that agreeable pastime after the expressed opinion of so many learned and distinguished men of every age, for is there any recreation at once so harmless and with which so many happy associations are blended as angling?"

> "Adieu, ye sports of noise and toil,
> That crowds in senseless strife embroil;
> The jockey's mirth, the huntsman's train,
> Debauch of health and waste of gain,
> More mild delight my life employ,
> The angler's unexpensive joy:
> Here I can sweeten fortune's frowns,
> Nor envy kings the bliss of crowns."

My own experience as an angler heartily echoes all that has been said in its favor; but all men do not agree.

The great and learned Dr. Johnson describes angling to be "a stick and a string with a worm on one end and a fool on the other," but we have an ingenious Spaniard giving the following rebutting testimony: "Rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration."

Dr. Johnson never sat in a boat in the mouth of the Emory River, surrounded by the beautiful scenery which greets the angler there, and had a three-pound bass gorge his bait a hundred feet away, and felt that thrill which electrifies you when the saucy fellow leaps three feet clear of the water to shake the hook from his mouth, and the exquisite pleasure of playing him and then flopping him over on your boat; nor did he ever stand on the rim of some pool in the mountain gorge, and watch the deftly cast fly dance along the eddies, and then disappear like magic, and in an instant feel that delightful contest begin between himself and a two-pound trout; nor did he ever strike a fifteen-pound jack salmon, with his trolling line a hundred feet astern of his boat, as he glided over the blue waters of some beautiful lake or stream, or he would never have penned such a severe, though stupid satire.

CHARACTERS OF ANGLERS.

My knowledge of anglers has led me to make this observation, that anglers, as a class, are liberal, large-hearted, generous men, genial and full of good social qualities. Men who have acquired the habit of looking on the bright side of life and of extracting joy from every phase of it, and of trying to make the best of everything. Now and then you find a croaker, not often—a sort of evil phophet—who begins at the very inception of the excursion to predict that no fish will be caught, that the wrong time has been selected, that the water will be too high or too muddy, and really feels a sort of disappointment when the party has made a handsome catch; but even these with them all are, all, are good fellows, and only furnish a little variety.

Jordan and Gilbert have a "Description of a new Scorpenoid fish, *Sebastichthys proriger*, from Monterey Bay;" a "Description of a new Agonoid, *Agonus vulsus*, from the Coast of California" and a "Description of a new species of Paralepis, *Paralepis coruscans*, from the Straits of Juan de Fuca." Mr. S. I. Smith gives a "Preliminary notice of the crustacea dredged in 64 to 325 fathoms, off the South Coast of New England, by the United States Fish Commission in 1880.

I only wish I could persuade all who hear me to study and practice the art of angling. You have no idea how differently you would regard life. Generally, it works a happy change in the gloomy and morose, and gives the invalid a new lease on life.

THE RHODE ISLAND COMMISSION.

THE tenth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Rhode Island tells us that the catch of scup (porgie of New York), *Stenotomus argyrops*, in the traps this spring was not as large as usual, but that the prices were better, and the fishermen received a fair price for their labor. On the subject of trap fishing the commissioners hold the same views expressed in their last report, in which they recommend that the line established from Narragansett Pier to Seaconnet Point be abolished, and the whole coast line protected, and that heart-nets or pounds should be licensed. Fish have been plentiful, especially scup of large size, tautog or blackfish, young bluefish and squetague or weakfish, and this is attributed to the two causes, first, the close time, and second "an exceptionally abundant season for these sorts of fish, due to favorable circumstances at the spawning season, etc."

The scarcity of bass, for which Newport's shores are famous, is accounted for by the use of traps, which are the means of catching the fish by the thousands when they only weigh from one half to three and four pounds each. There are invested in this State by persons residing here $177,300 in works, steamers, boats, etc., giving employment to 334 men. In the menhaden fishery there are 246 men who depend upon fishing for their support during the whole year, of whom forty-three are interested in heart nets. Exactly why this small number of individuals should be allowed year after year to deplete and almost ruin the fisheries the Commissioners fail to see and, in their capacity as Commissioners, they earnestly beg that the General Assembly will enact such additions to the fishery laws as they suggest. The Commissioners find that there are a number of individuals, non-residents of the State, who carry on the manufacture of fish oil and guano and heart seining, to say nothing of lobster catchers

The Commissioners desire to call the attention of the General Assembly to the very important question of the lobster fishery in Rhode Island waters. Maine, Massachusetts and New York have seen it to protect themselves, and it is more than time that the State of Rhode Island followed their example. The lobster law of Massachusetts forbids the sale of lobsters less than ten and one-half inches in length. The capture of small lobsters has gone on in Rhode Island since the first lobster pot was put in Rhode Island waters. The larger ones are sent to market and the smaller are used for bait for blackfish. Very many men eke out a living with their lobster pots. For a number of years past the catch of lobsters has been steadily decreasing, not as to numbers, but as to size. They commenced the passage of a law forbidding the sale of lobsters less than twelve inches in length, and suggest that it would be advisable to forbid the sale of female lobsters loaded with spawn. So far as the limit of size is concerned, the Commissioners are assured that the law will be most popular. To show the value of the lobster fishing they state that one man in this city handled $20,000 worth during the past year.

The Commissioners have received a consignment of 200 carp from Prof. Baird, the United States Commissioner.

DAMAGE TO THE SALMON BREEDING RANCH.—In addition to our notice of the almost complete destruction of the Government buildings on the McCloud River, Cal., in our last, we print the following from the San Francisco *Bulletin*:

To persons who have visited the United States Fishery the height of the water will be appreciated when it is stated that it completely covered the Indian burial ground on the hillside in the rear of the buildings. The floating boats containing the water wheel which supplied the hatchery with water from the river were saved, they having been chained to trees. The cost of the buildings and works destroyed, it is represented, was from $20,000 to $25,000. At the time of their construction all the lumber had to be obtained from saw-mills near Mount Shasta. It is claimed that they can be replaced now for $12,000 or $15,000.

It was from these works that the salmon eggs have been obtained and hatched for stocking the Sacramento and other rivers. Through the facilities there offered by the United States Government the State has placed annually two million salmon in the Sacramento River, at an expense not exceeding $1,000 for each million.

The catch of salmon in the Sacramento River has in consequence doubled within the past five years, having risen from five million pounds to nearly eleven million pounds.

The following letter from the young man left in charge of the property to a friend in this city gives some of the details of the effects of the flood:

UNITED STATES FISHERY,
BAIRD, Shasta County,
February 4, 1881.

"DEAR SIR: To-day I send you a few lines to let you know how we stand up this way.

"As I told you in my last we were expecting another great storm. Well, it came January 30, and the river that night rose thirteen feet, but went down next day. The day after it commenced raining worse than ever, and that night about 9 o'clock had risen twelve feet six inches, when Dick Hubbard and I burst in the doors to Mr. Stone's private rooms, and took out all the boxes, etc. At 11 o'clock all the houses were two feet under water, and rocking fearfully. At 2 A. M. they were all swept down the stream. The dwelling-house, the kitchen, bunk rooms, store house, wood shed, in fact, all the houses went.

"The remainder of the night we spent in Green's house (post-office) down the road.

"In the morning this house stood three feet under water, but did not go down the stream. I saved all the postage stamps and stamped envelopes, but the two mail bags and letter stamps were lost. What shall I do about them?

"You remember the gray rocks opposite, and where the new trail was made last summer, well, the water rose above there. This will show you how high the river was—probably thirty feet.

"I lost all my clothes except a new coat, and a suit that I had on at the time.

"What shall I do now? Shall I remain and take care of the chickens, for they are all that is left, pretty much?"

Fish Commissioner B. B. Redding has telegraphed to United States Senator Booth to endeavor to secure the passage of an appropriation by Congress to defray the cost of rebuilding the hatchery. Mr Redding thinks if the Legislature were to pass a joint resolution asking Congress for such an appropriation it would help its passage.

ICHTHYOLOGICAL NOTES.

WE have received a part of the "Proceedings of the National Museum" in which are "Descriptions of two new species of Scopeloid fishes, *Scutis virgens* and *Myctophum crenulare*, from Santa Barbara Channel, California," by D. S. Jordan and C. H. Gilbert. The former differs from Gunther's *S. hyalina* chiefly in the dentition, canine teeth being present on the premaxillaries and palatines. The latter fish belongs to Gunther's genus, *Myctophum*, the *Scopelus* of Reinhardt. Jordan and Gilbert also describe two new flounders, *Paraphrys ischyrus* and *Hippoglossoides elassodon*, from Puget's Sound; seven new *Sebastoids*, which renders a revision of the family necessary in order to accommodate them, and which latter is proposed; a new *Embiotocoid* (*Abeona aurora*) from Monterey Bay; a new flounder, *Platysomatichthys stomias*, from California, and an *Embiotocoid*, (*Cymatogaster rosaceus*) also from California.

Mr. W. N. Lockington gives a "note on a new flatfish, *Lepidopsetta isolepis*, found in the markets of San Francisco." Prof. Jordan writes a "note on a forgotten paper of Dr. Ayres and its bearing on the nomenclature of the Cyprinoid fishes of the San Francisco markets;" a "note on 'Sema' and 'Dascentrus.'"

Jordan and Gilbert have a "Description of a new Scorpenoid fish, *Sebastichthys proriger*, from Monterey Bay;" a "Description of a new Agonoid, *Agonus vulsus*, from the Coast of California" and a "Description of a new species of Paralepis, *Paralepis coruscans*, from the Straits of Juan de Fuca." Mr. S. I. Smith gives a "Preliminary notice of the crustacea dredged in 64 to 325 fathoms, off the South Coast of New England, by the United States Fish Commission in 1880.

THE MCDONALD FISHWAY.—On the 9th of this month the Virginia Legislature passed an act obliging all persons owning dams in Rockfish River to interfere with the free passage of fish, to provide a suitable fish ladder, known as the McDonald Fishway, so that fish may have free passage up or down the streams during the months of March, April, May and June of each year; and it shall be required of such parties that the same shall be restored in case of destruction, and shall be kept in good repair; and in case they refuse to construct sluices, slopes or ladders as required, they shall forfeit five dollars for each day they so refuse. It is the duty of the supervisors of counties at least twice a year, in the months of April and October, to examine and see that the law is complied with.

STRIPED BASS IN CALIFORNIA.—About a year and a half ago Messrs. Throckmorton and B. B. Redding secured three hundred bass spawn from the waters of New Jersey and transplanted them in the Straits of Carquinez, near Martinez. Last year a bass was caught in those waters, weighing one pound. Yesterday, a bass weighing four pounds and measuring twenty inches in length and seven inches in width, attracted attention at the California Market, having been caught in the ocean, off Bolinas. Mr. Redding sent a message offering $5 for the fish, but it had already been secured by D. J. Staples, who intends to present it to the Academy of Sciences, where it will be officially examined and scheduled.

[The above is from the San Francisco *Alta*, of February 26. We happen to know that the bass referred to were striped bass, or rockfish, *Roccus lineatus*, although the heading of the article, "California Bass," did not convey the information. They were not "spawn" when taken, but "fry" three inches long. Properly speaking, "spawn" are eggs, although in some parts young fish or "fry" are termed spawn.]

GERMAN FISH CULTURE.—The *Fischerei Zeitung*, of Stettin, says: "We learn that M. R. Eckardt, of Lubbinchen, has this spring artificially multiplied the pike (*Esox*) in his earnest efforts for fisheulture. There is great need of the propagation of this fish in certain districts; it grows rapidly, as proven by the fact that some which M. Eckardt impregnated on the 13th of March and examined on the 15th of October, in the same year, weighed over one pound—a most wonderful growth, proving this fish a valuable acquisition. Mr. Eckardt will investigate the breeding of the Zander (pike perch, *Stizostedion*), which has hitherto been neglected. After this he will devote his attention to the seuding of the impregnated eggs of the different varieties of carp, as the scale, leather and mirror carp spawn and fry, and in the month of May will send a large package of them to America.

SALT IN TROUT PONDS.—Mr. J. Annin, Jr., of Caladonia, N. Y., says that last fall and winter he used three barrels of salt in one of his breeding ponds with the very best results. He found that he lost but very few fish from any disease, but more especially from fungus, which in many cases starts from the handling while spawning, and he thinks it helps the trout in many ways. They look cleaner, and after a little appear to like it, for after throwing it in the pond they would run in among it, also rub themselves in it. It also helps very much to clean the bottom and sides of the pond of any unclean matter. He recommends the dose of ten or fifteen pounds of salt every two or three days during the fall and spawning season. The fish would be the better if it was continued during the year. If the pond is larger, use more. The pond spoken of was about 10x14ft., 3½ft. deep.

AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the American Fishcultural Association will take place on Wednesday and Thursday, March 30th and 31st, 1881, at eleven o'clock, in the rooms of the Directors of the Fulton Market Fish Monger's Association, foot of Beekman street, New York.

B. PHILLIPS, Secretary. B. B. ROOSEVELT, President.

The Kennel.

CHAMPION RUSH.

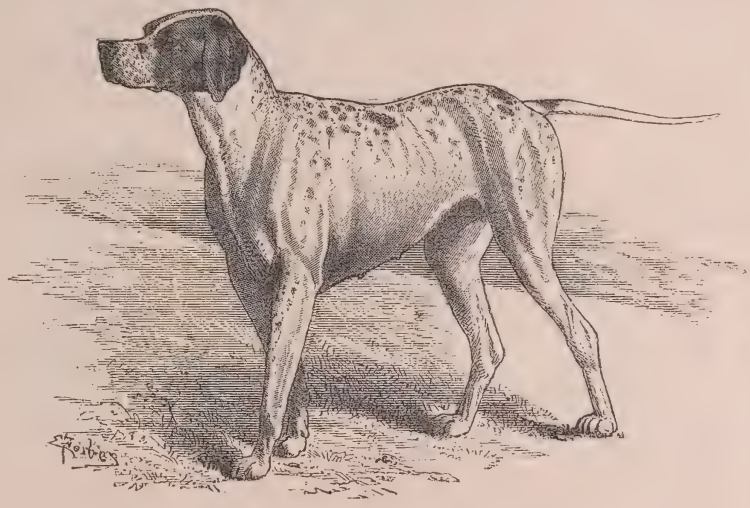
WE present to our readers in this issue a picture of Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion small sized lemon and white pointer Rush. This dog is so well known to the sportsmen of this country, having been so frequently and successfully exhibited, that further comment would appear unnecessary. He has achieved the reputation of being the typical small pointer dog in America. In breeding both for field and form his pedigree would be hard to beat; coming on the dam's side, Lilly, from a noted strain of field dogs in Tennessee that were considered second to none in that section, possessing extraordinary nose and great endurance. On the sire's side, Flake, he is equally good. Flake was bred by Dr. A. Russell Strachan, of this city, and was descended from the most noted kennels of England, being a grandson of George, who was bred in the Duke of Beanfort's kennels, and especially chosen for Sir Frederick Bruce, who was then Minister from England to the United States, and from whom Dr. Strachan obtained him. This gentleman has a fine life-size painting of George, executed by Bispham which he is always pleased to show to his sportsmen friends. George also figures in the group of three dogs pointing quail, painted by Bispham for Dr. Strachan and which has been so extensively chromoed all over the country. He was a very stylish, compact looking dog, weighing about sixty pounds, and was the sire of Dr. Strachan's Flash, who was the sire of Flake, who, probably, was the most handsome small pointer ever exhibited in America. Flake when a puppy was presented by Dr. Strachan to Mr. William F. Steel, of Piermont, N. Y., for whom the Dr. had a great admiration, believing him to be one of the very best dog handlers he had ever known, combining patience, firmness, gentleness and the judgment which culture brings in an eminent degree, and it was under Mr. Steel's care that Flake developed into the fine dog he was when first exhibited at the Westminster Kennel Club's first show, winning first in his class and running second to Snapshot for championship, although acknowledged by Mr. Macdonna (who brought out Snapshot) to be as handsome a small pointer as he had ever seen.

Dr. Strachan seeing Lilly for the first time at the Lincoln Show, strongly urged Mr. Orgill to breed her to Flake; he followed the advice and the result was one of the finest and most successful litters ever born—three of the progeny at least becoming champions, namely, Rush, Daisy and Rose. So much for good breeding. Flake and Lilly were indeed a beautiful brace, and from this union Mr. Orgill had the gratification of establishing that strain of pointers so familiar to small pointer admirers.

The subjoined list shows the prize winnings of Rush:

1877—Baltimore—Puppy class, second prize: his litter sister, Rose, taking first prize.
1877—New York—Open class, under 50 lbs., first prize.
1887—St. Louis—Open class, under 50 lbs., first prize.
1877—Louisville—Open class, under 50 lbs., first prize. Also special prize for best pointer in show; also special for best pointer under 50 lbs.; also special for best pointer under eighteen months of age.
1879—St. Louis—Champion class, under 55 lbs., first prize; also special for best pointer in show.
1879—Philadelphia—Champion class, under 55 lbs., first prize; also special for best pointer in show.
1880—New York—Champion class, under 55 lbs., first prize; also special for best pointer in show.
1881—Pittsburgh—Champion class, under 55 lbs., first prize; also special for best pointer in show.

In addition to the above Rush has won several prizes in brace and other kennel shows.



MR. ORGILL'S POINTER RUSH.

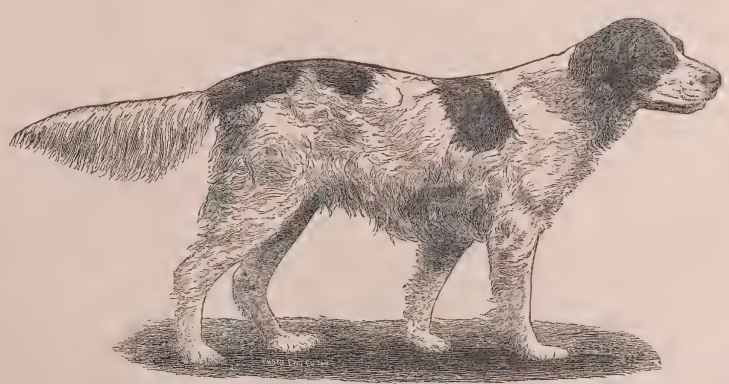
NORNA.

WE publish on this page the portrait of the imported field trial setter bitch Norna, owned by Mr. James H. Goodsell, of this city. Norna is a beautiful bitch, black, white and tan in color. She was bred by Mr. R. Lloyd Purcell Llewellin, by whom she was sold to Mr. Cunnington. This gentleman being obliged to give up shooting owing to ill health, sold Norna to Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, from whom she was purchased by Mr. Goodsell.

Norna is out of Mr. Llewellen's Nellie, by his Dan. She thus traces her blood back through some of the most celebrated of Mr. Laverack's prize and field trial winners to Ponto and Old Moll. Dash II, her grandsire, was the sire of more winners on the bench and in the field than any dog that ever lived. Among them were Llewellen's Countess, Prince and Nellie, Garth's Daisy, Bayley's Victor and Clara, Wardlaw Read's Sam, Pilkington's Dash, Laverack's Cora, Field's Bruce, and many others equally well known. Mr. Raymond's Pride of the Border and Fairy were also by Dash II. It is hard to say whether this great dog was most celebrated as a prize winner or as a sire of winners. Moll III, the granddam of Norna, is as famous as a mother as Dash II. is as a sire. She is the mother of Llewellin's Countess, Prince and Nellie, Bayley's Victor, Garth's Daisy, Read's Sam, Raymond's Fairy, Blinkhorn's Victress and Scott, Dickens' Belle, Laverack's Cora, Llewellin's Daisy, and many others.

Dan, the sire of Norna, is so well known to our readers as to need no long encomiums. In field trials he won first in the Bradford Stakes at Shrewsbury in 1871, and first in the Bruce Stakes with his brother Dick at the same time and place; he also won the champion at Shrewsbury in that year. He has never been beaten in a competition in the field. Old Duke and Rhoebe, the sire and dam of Dan, are especially well known as field trial winners, and Rhoebe is often spoken of as the founder of the field trial strain of setters. In the four years from 1870 1873, inclusive, the National Field Trial Champion Plate was won by Bruce and Rob Roy, her sons, and by Daisy, her granddaughter. She was the mother of many field trial winners.

It will thus be seen that on both sides Norna comes from a race of winners, and no doubt we shall hear of her or her progeny in coming field trials on this side of the water.



MR. GOODSELL'S SETTER BITCH NORNA.

WANTED, A WOODCHUCK DOG.

EDGEMONT, Delaware Co., Penn.

"DEAR SIR—The farm is overrun with ground-hogs (woodchucks). Last season it was bad enough—this year it will be worse, as none were destroyed. They swarm all over the county and are becoming a positive pest. Their holes are in every field, and it is no longer safe to run the mower without first going over the ground to stake or mark the holes to prevent injury to the team, for if a horse steps into a "hog hole" there is a good chance of breaking a leg.

"What are we going to do about it? We can't poison the little brutes, for they eat nothing but vegetable food and prefer growing clover to anything else. I suppose Paris green sowed over the clover when the dew is on would do the business, but it would scarcely be healthy for the cattle. So that won't do. Shooting I have tried; it is 'mighty long between shots.' They know all about it and won't show a nose above ground after the first shot. Our farm dog can't catch them outside, and he is too big to go down the hole and drive them out.

"Is there any breed of dog small enough to go down a hog hole and with pluck enough to stay there until he drives the 'varmint' out?

"If there is such a breed I want it, and so do my neighbors.

"B. W."

The foregoing letter from a farmer friend recites a real grievance, so I have taken the liberty of forwarding it to you to place before the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

And now, as to the kind of dog needed. Small size is the first requisite, else he cannot enter the burrow. Next comes gameness, for the groundhog is a sharp biter and makes a brave fight when in his stronghold. The next requirement is ability to punish the vermin and make his quarters so hot that he will bolt out.

Now, what breeds that are available in this country fill the bill? The Skye will not answer—he carries too much coat; of a hot summer day, underground work would almost stifle him and in wet weather he would be loaded with mud. Dandies would answer, I have no doubt, but no one breeds them here. Fox-terriers would seem to be the dogs indicated, as their coats are right for the work, their size suitable and they have the necessary gameness.

They are classed at our bench shows as a sporting dog—why, I never could exactly understand, as no legitimate field work is offered for them; but if they answer for this they will earn the name—and the blessing of every farmer in this region.

Will the breeders of fox-terriers take up this subject in your paper and let us know if the dog has been used in this line and if he has proved a workman?

If such are the facts, we will see the fox-terrier take the place of the farm cur, and the breeding of these dogs will receive a fresh impulse, as the demand for them in agricultural districts will be almost unlimited. LEPUS.

THE EARLY BRITISH DOG.—Dogs are frequently found represented on the Romano-Keltic pottery of England, especially on Durobrivan ware. These dogs commonly fall under one of two types—they are large and fierce, like our present bulldogs and mastiffs, or they resemble a fleet, slender hunting dog, such as our greyhound. By comparison of the forms still remaining at the different museums on pieces of pottery some particulars might be obtained respecting the various breeds of the early British dog, if we could be sure that the artist did not use conventional or imaginary types of dog life. At this point the well-known passages in the classics which refer to the excellence of the English dogs come in. The larger and fiercer kinds were much employed both by the Roman sojourners in Britain and their countrymen at home in chasing the wild boar. Shepherd dogs, too, may have been needed to tend the *magnus numerus pecorum*, of which Cæsar speaks, in our island. The luxury of the Roman capitol at York would be almost certain to demand the smaller breeds of pets.—*The Antiquary.*

THE PURE LAVERACK SETTERS IN ENGLAND.

BY "LEATHERHEAD."

IN consequence of the very unceremonious way in which the name of "Laverack" was made use of by advertisers and those who wanted to sell setters, I determined three years ago to collect a list for *Bell's Life* of all the setters that could be proved to be purely bred from the strain mentioned and described by Mr. Laverack in his "Book of the Setter." This list, I believe, had some effect in warning people that setters, because they were called Lavcracks, were not necessarily of that breed, and I know in some cases, when proof has been asked for, it has been wanting, and that the dogs advertised as such had no more pretentions to be called Laversacks than Hereford cows had to be called Short-horns. In my original list I know I was thought crotchety for not admitting some that were undoubtedly very closely related to Laverack, but the sequel has proved, I think, that I was right, as, in closely breeding to the strain, others might have an equal right to claim purity by the admission even of one cross; and if that was allowed the result would ultimately follow of having the pure Laverack blood, such as we can fairly consider it, stamped out. A cross, however remote, would not be allowed as thorough bred even in the "Stud" or "Herd Books," and as there are very good proofs that the Laveracks belong to an old and distinct family of setters, I think that on every principle of breeding it should be guarded in just the same degree as any other specified breed. I know I shall be met with the argument that other setters are a good, but that is beside the question, and must remain as a matter of opinion, it being only remarkable that just as ordinary horses are improved in their generation by being crossed with thorough-bred sires, and all cattle are improved by crosses to the short horn, so has every sort of English setter been improved by a judicious with the Laveracks. It might be well imagined that the Laverack could be improved, but I maintain that there has been a total want of proof in this direction; as granted that a cross bred animal may be as beautiful as a pure one, and be as perfect, in every particular, the proof that such merit is permanent must be tested by future breeding, such as breeding a cross bred animal to a cross bred; and as regards setters, has that been successful either in this country or America? I think not, though doubtless other strains have been improved by Laveracks, and those bred into the Laveracks again, have as a matter of course continued to improve. All setter breeders if they will really acknowledge their true convictions, will, I think, corroborate me in this opinion. At any rate, if the show lists and Field Trials for the last three years are examined, it will be found that Laveracks have had a good deal to do with success, as with the exception of old champion Ranger, nothing less than a half Laverack has won at a Field Trial or a large show. The victories of the pure ones have been limited, simply because they are very scarce, and as regards Field Trials, those who own them have not been as a rule the habitual patrons of those pastimes. In America it would appear that last season was very nearly the first year that our Transatlantic cousins had tried running the pure ones, and, by-the-by, of their own breeding. The success that followed the breed last autumn was almost remarkable, as Thunder, a pure bred one, and his daughter Daisy Laverack, also pure, were well in front for every contest they engaged in, the younger being second in the American Field Trial Derby. At New York, and also at Philadelphia, the pure Laveracks were very prominent in the prize list, and in England they have not been behind either, as out of seven prizes at Birmingham the pure ones took five, and at the Alexandra Palace, two out of ten. This is against long odds, it must be recollected also, as the half and three-parts bred ones outnumber the pure ones by at least thirty to one. They are not plentiful, for as my appended list will show, the number of owners having both dogs and bitches is extremely limited, and, as good representatives of the breed are expensive to purchase, there are many people who have a partiality for the family, but with purses not sufficiently long to get dogs and bitches bred far enough away to breed to, and then as a matter of necessity the progress in forming a kennel is very slow. The possession of a good bitch is almost better than owning a dog, as blood can be hired or borrowed, but those owners in my list are the most fortunate who own representatives of both sexes at a sufficient distance in their breeding to allow a continuation of the policy to breed pure.

Beginning with the dogs, I find I can give a longer list than I could three years ago, although there are several death vacancies, the notable ones being Blue Prince, Mr. Llewellin's Prince, Major Platt's Dash and Mr. Sim's Dash. Others are also getting old, although from recent inquiries I hear that they are fresh and well, and so precious is the blood of some of them that they should be bred to as long as there is a chance of getting produce. With these few preliminary remarks I give a list of all the pure Laverack dogs that are known to be in England above the age of nine months, and I have taken some time and trouble to make it as authentic as possible.

PURE LAVERACK SETTER DOGS.

Mr. W. Bayley's lemon Victor (K. C. S. B. 1,453,) by Old Dash out of Moll; whelped 1869.

Mr. T. B. Bowers's liv w Bandit (K. C. S. B. 4,258,) by Pride of the Border out of Nellie; whelped 1871.
Mr. T. B. Bowers's bl bel Jock II., by Jock out of Jess II.; whelped 1877.
Mr. Douglas Duncan's lem w Jock (K. C. S. B. 5,043,) by Old Dash out of Lill; whelped 1870.
Mr. Fletcher's bl bel Rock (K. C. S. B. 4,280,) by Old Dash out of Lill; whelped 1872.
Mr. Freme's bl bel Comet, by Bandit out of Jess II.; whelped 1878.
*Mr. A. Gibb's bk w Basto, by Blue Prince out of Silk; whelped 1876.
*Mr. A. Gibb's bl bel Shot, by Tory out of Rum; whelped 1879.
*Mr. A. Gibb's bl bel Prince, by Tory out of Rum; whelped 1879.
Mr. H. Grant's bl bel Dirk-Hatteraick, by Tam O'Shanter out of La Reine; whelped May, 1880.
Mr. Daintry Hollin's lem w Tory, by Ned out of Blue Belle; whelped 1872.
Mr. Daintry Hollin's bk w Rogue, by Rock out of Rum; whelped 1876.
Mr. Daintry's Hollin's bl bel Warwick, by Tam O'Shanter out of Pearl; whelped 1878.
*Mr. Daintry Hollin's bl bel Styche, by Basto out of Rum; whelped Jan, 1880.
*Mr. R. Purcell Llewellin's bl bel Prince Royal (K. C. S. B., 7,165,) by owner's Prince out of Lill II.; whelped 1875.
*Mr A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liv w Fred V. (K. C. S. B., 7,151,) by Blue Prince out of Dickens's Belle; whelped 1876.
*Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's bl bel Blue Boy, by Blue Prince out of Cora; whelped 1877.
Mr. G. Lowe's bl bel Tam O'Shanter (K. C. S. B., 6,118), by Rock out of Rum; whelped 1876.
Mr. T. Pilkington's bl bel Dash (K. C. S. B., 1,342,) by old Dash out of Lill; whelped 1870.
Mr. T. Pilkington's bl bel Scott (K. C. S. B., 1,440,) by old Dash out of Moll; whelped 1870.
Mr. J. Robinson's lem w Emperor Fred (K. C. S. B., 9,077,) by Tory or Blue Prince out of Daisy; whelped 1877.
Mr. J. Robinson's Rumford, by Emperor Fred out of Welcome; whelped May, 1880.
Mr. J. Robinson's Glen Tilt, by Rock out of Daisy; whelped April, 1880.
Mr. S. E. Shirley's lem w Lad of Ayr (K. C. S. B., 9,035,) by Tam O'Shanter out of Breeze; whelped 1879.
Mr. S. E. Shirley's bl bel Robbie Burns (K. C. S. C. B., 9,105,) by Tam O'Shanter out of La Reine; whelped 1879.
Mr. T. Statter's bl bel Galopin, by Tam O'Shanter out of La Reine; whelped May, 1880.

There are several noted vacancies in the list of pure bitches within the last three years, notably Mr Llewellin's Nellie, the dam of Bandit; Cora, the dam of La Reine and Daisy; Mr. 'Bayley's Clara, Mr. Daintry Hollin's Silk and Dickens's Belle. All the above bitches, with the exception of Silk, by Pride of the Border out of Dickens's Belle, were by Old Dash out of Moll, and therefore sisters to Victor, Mr. Llewellin's Prince and Mr. Pilkington's Scott, and the only Dash, and Moll bitch alive now is Mr. Daintry Hollin's Rum, the dam of Tam O'Shanter, Rogue, Shot, Prince and Styche, named in the above list. There has been an apparent reluctance on the part of breeders to dispose of pure Laverack bitches, as I have only heard of four such importations abroad in three years—a sister to Warwick, to Germany; two sisters to Robbie Burns, to America, and a bitch by Bandit out of Royal Romp, to New Zealand. Our American friends had Pride of the Border Carlowitz, Fairy and Petrel before that time, and by all accounts they have done pretty well on the other side of the Atlantic. Two or three dogs have been secured for the United States, and there is more than one commission about for bitches at this moment, though I do not know where they are to be found, as breeders, whether they cross at all or keep the strain pure, invariably like to keep the pure bitches as the most likely sort of foundation. To speculate for the future when distemper and unknown sorts of complaints spread such havoc in kennels is rather hazardous, but I can mention some likelihood of more of the breed appearing by stating that Mr. Grant's bl bel Rose has five puppies three weeks old by the above-named Tory, that Mr Douglass Duncan's Blue Belle had six puppies last Monday to Tam O'Shanter, and that Mr. Shirley's Breeze and Rummage are both heavy in whelp, the first to Robbie Burns, and the latter to Lad of Ayr. Mr. T. Pilkington has also three puppies over six months old, by Jock out of Blue Belle II., and Mr. Daintry Hollins has four, five months old, by Troy out of Rum.

The following is a list of pure bredLaverack bitches:

Mr. T. B. Bowers's lem w Royal Lill (late Norah) (K. C. S. B., 9,152,) by Scott out of Lill; whelped 1874
Mr. T. B. Bowers's bl bel Royal Romp, by Rock out of Rum; whelped 1876.
Mr. T. B. Bowers's liv w Maid of Honor (K. C. S. B., 9,145,) by Blue Prince out of Silk; whelped 1876.
Mr. T. B. Bowers's Royal Flirt, by Emperor Fred out of Royal Romp; whelped May, 1880.
Mr. Douglas Duncan's bl bel Blue Belle II., (K C S. B., 6,127,) by Bandit out of Blue Belle I, sister to Fletcher's Rock; whelped 1875.
Mr. Douglas Duncan's bl bel Royal Jess (late Jess II.,) K. C. S. B., 6,136,) by Mr. Pilkington's Dash out of Mr. Reid's Jess.
Mr. Freme's bl bel Belle, by Comet out of Royal Romp; whelped 1879.
Mr. H. Grant's liv w La Reine (K. C. S. B., 6,138,) by Blue Prince out of Cora; whelped 1876.
Mr. H. Grant's bl bel Meg Merriles, by Tam O'Shanter out of La Reine; whelped 1879.
Capt. C. J. N. Grey's bl bel Jess III., by Mr. Pilkington's Dash out of Mr. Reid's Jess.
Mr. Daintry Hollin's bl bel Rum (K. C. S. B., 1,555,) by Old Dash out of Moll; whelped 1871.
Mr. Daintry Hollin's bl bel Ada, by Rock out of Rum; whelped 1876.
Mr Daintry Hollin's liv w Silk II., by Blue Prince out of Silk; whelped 1876.
Mr. Daintry Hollin's liv w Pearl, by Blue Prince out of Silk; whelped 1876.
Mr. R. P. Llewellin's liv w Whitchurch Bess, by Blue Prince out of Cora; whelped 1876.
Mr. Llewellin's bl bel Phantom (K. C. S. B., 5,078,) by Prince out of Lill; whelped 1873.
Mr. Llewellin's bl bel Puzzle (K. C. S. B., 6,147,) by Prince out of Lill; whelped 1875.
Mr. Llewellin's lem w Princess (K. C. S. B., 5,081,) by Prince out of Lill; whelped 1873.
Mr. G. Lowe's bl bel Belle of the North, by Jock out of Dickens's Belle; whelped 1878.
Mr. T. Pilkington's br w Daisy (K. C. S. B., 8,201,) by Dash out of Lill; whelped 1875.
Mr. T. Robinson's bl bel Blue Cora (K. C. S. B., 9,120,) by Blue Prince out of Cora; whelped 1879.
Mr. J. Robinson's bl bel Daisy (K. C. S. B., 6,131,) by Blue Prince out of Dicken's Cora (Dash and Moll); whelped 1873.
Mr. J. Robinson's bl bel Welcome, by Emperor Fred out of Blue Cora; whelped 1878.
Mr. J. Robinson's bl bel Symbol, by Emperor Fred out of Blue Cora; whelped 1879.
Mr. J. Robinson's bl bel Lucid, by Sim's Dash out of Maid of Honor; whelped 1879.
Mr. S. E. Shirley's lem w Breeze, by Tory or Blue Prince out of Robinson's Daisy; whelped 1877.
Mr. S. E. Shirley's bl bel Rummage, by Rock out of Rum; whelped 1876.
M. T. Statter's lem w Gaylass, by Tam O'Shanter out of La Reine; whelped May, 1880.
Mr. Van Wart's Nellie (K. C. S. B., 9,151,) by Bandit out of Jess II.; whelped 1878.

*Are not at the pubhc stud.

—*Bell's Life.*

THE BENCH LEGGED BEAGLES.—In Mr. Pottinger Dorsey's very interesting article referring to the ancient breed of the bench-legged beagles, published in our last issue, our printer makes him say "*for fox* hunting purposes" the word *fox* should have been left out as Mr. Dorsey and his friends do not use the beagle for foxes.

THE FIELD TRIALS DERBY.—The following entry is in addition to those published in issue of March 10.

Mr. D. C. Sanborn enters Gertrude, white, black and tan bitch, whelped June 4, 1880, out of Nellie by Gladstone.

JOSEPH H. DEW, Secretary, N. A. K. C.

NOTICE TO COCKER OWNERS.—Mr. F. F. Pitcher, Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel, Claremont N. H., requests us to give notice that he purchased last autumn Mr. S. J. Hestor's kennel of cockers, and that all inquiries regarding this stock should be addressed to him as above.

THE COCKER CLUB.—The following communication has been handed us for publication: The committee will meet on Wednesday, March 30, at 3 o'clock P. M., at Buffalo, N. Y. On the part of the club I beg to thank the Forrester Gun Club, of Buffalo, for their kindness in allowing us the use of their club rooms for the meeting.—GEO. D. MACDOUGALL, Secretary.

LOST.—On Saturday, the 19th, about 3.30 P. M., some one walked off with my cocker spaniel bitch Flirt II. She was chained in the basement of No. 43 New street, and during my absence was stolen. Flirt is all liver colored, weight about 24 lbs, is very thin and in poor condition, having just recovered from a severe illness. Her left eye was badly inflamed—in fact, I brought her to the city to show her to a veterinary surgeon. She is rather timid in disposition, and had on when lost a brt colored undressed leather collar with a loose ring in it. Any fellow dog lover can give me information as to her whereabouts he will earn my lasting gratitude, which will take the substantial form of a puppy of her next litter by Benedict. GEO. D. MACDOUGALL.

Whitestone, L. I.

DEATH OF ROMP.—We learn with regret of the death of this well-known pointer bitch who was recently shot by a band of gypsies who said she was mad, near Memphis, Tennessee. Romp was owned by Mr. H. McComb, of Memphis, and was brought North about three years ago by Mr. Edmund Orgill to be bred to Rush. She whelped two litters to him, and was then sent South. Romp was lemon and white in color, and weighed about 60 lbs. She won first at Baltimore in the open class, and 3rd in the champion class in 1879 in this city. She was the mother of a number of good dogs among whom was Rocket

Romp was imported from England and her pedigree ran back to Hamlet.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The following is the assignment of judges to the different classes: Major J. M. Taylor, English setters, Irish setters and beagles; Hon. John S. Wise, black and tan setters, Scotch deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous; Mr. S. T. Hammond, pointers; Dr. Niven, collies, spaniels, fox terriers, dachshunds, bulldogs, bull terriers, Skye terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Irish terriers, Yorkshire terriers and pugs. No one has as yet been appointed to care for the bloodhs, St. Bernards and New Foundlands. A special class has been established for Berghunds at the request of intending exhibitors. The management has refused to open a special class for bench-legged beagles, although numerous requests from prominent breeders of that strain have been received. In addition to the prizes offered by the Westminster Kennel Club, for dogs that have never been placed in any field trials in America, a medal will be given in this connection for Black and Tan setters, by Mr. Fred A. Pulsifer, and doubtless by eater Dorr, a winner in Nebraska trials, 1880; and Dr. Aten, Glen

DON JUAN.—The steamship City of Berlin which arrived in this port on March 13 had on board the magnificent Laverack setter dog Don that the late purchase of Mr. James H. Goodsell, of this city. Don was consigned to the well-known forwarding agent, Mr. E. B. Goldsmith, who was on hand to receive and send him to Goodsell's residence at Orange, N. J. Although he arrived in fine condition he has much improved in appearance since he has had the run of his owner's grounds. Don was whelped August 8, 1879, and was recently purchased by Mr. Goodsell from his breeder, Mr H. F. Grant, Newport, Isle of Wight, England. The pedigree of this fine animal is unexceptionable, he being by Tam O'Shanter (K. C. S. B., 6,118) out of La Reine (E. K. C. S. B., 6,138). The sire, Tam O'Shanter by champion Rock out of Rum, she an old Blue Dash and Moll bitch. The dam La Reine by Blue Prince (Pride of the Border–Nellie) out of Cora, also a Dash and Moll bitch bred by the late Mr. Laverack. Don is a blue Belton, and in appearance, so writes his breeder, approaches his grandsire champion Rock more closely than any dog he has ever seen. Don's litter brother, Robbie Burns, a puppy when shown of only fifteen months old, was second at the last Birmingham show (the best show in England), beating a lot of crack prize winners. This was truly remarkable for so young a dog, it being his first showing. Leatherhead in writing of Don says that, "he is even a better and more blood-like animal than his brother Robbie Burns." We congratulate Mr. Goodsall on his acquisition of so fine an animal, one that is so full of quality in every way. Don will be entered at the coming New York show, and will then be placed in the hands of either Mr. Martin or Mr. Shook for breaking. From what we have seen of him we can say that his field action is superb, and, barring misfortunes, he will rank A1 with the best of pure Lavera cks in this country.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Princess Mix—Mr. H. J. Rice, Orchard Lake, Mich., claims the name of Princess Mix for black and white setter bitch, whelped December 13, 1880, out of Jolly May (Rob Roy–Dewdrop) by Druid.

Fern—Mr. W. H. Moller, Aiken, S. C., claims the name of Fern for his orange and white setter bitch puppy out of Mr. Campbell Moller's Belle by Mr. Frank Gozzens' Rumps.

Buckshot—Mr. Chas. W. Field, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Buckshot for his black and tan Gordon setter dog out of Mr. E. L. Miles' Topsy (Cherry-Skip) by Mr. Babcock's Sport, whelped January 12, 1881. Bred by Mr. E. L. Miles, Sag Harbor, N. Y.

Maud S.—Mr. Charles O. Brownell, Mount Pleasant Kennel, New Bedford, Mass., claims the name of Maud S. for Gordon setter bitch puppy, whelped November 20, 1880, out of his Chloe by his Dash.

J. E. B. Stuart—Mr. W. K. Kenan, Union Springs, Ala., claims the name of J. E. B. Stuart (Jeb for short) for puppy out of Breeze by Brewster, whelped May 10. John Rhodes, Ohio.

Bessie O'More—Mr. M. L. Norton, Greenbush, N. Y. claims the name of Bessie O'More for his red Irish setter bitch puppy, whelped May 31, 1880, out of Queen Bess (Goldsmith's Plunket–Nell) by Mr. W. N. Callender's Champion Rory O'More.

Covert—Mr. Everett Smith, Portland, Me., claims the name of Covert for all-red setter dog (dark eyes and nose), whelped November, 1880, out of Nell by Cale. With an inheritance of the fine field qualities of sire and dam, this dog should should prove a very superior "covert" dog for game.

Cossett Portland, Me., March 18.—I claimed this name for one of my setters in 1877, and now renew the claim for my orange and white setter bitch Cossett. This bitch has been bred in direct line from the setters once so well known in New England as the "Sargent setters." The original stock was selected on the moors for Gen. Sargent by an English gentleman for the best field qualities to be had. These dogs are characteristic of great staunchness, exceedingly fine nose, combined with beauty of form and coat, dark eyes and nose, orange and white color, that have been retained through many generations.

EVERETT SMITH.

Maud III.—Mr. B. W. Barlow, New York City, claims the name of Maud III. for his brindle greyhound bitch out of Maud II. by Spring.

Murad—Mr. J. A. Gargullo, New York City, claims the name of Murad for his white, liver and tan setter dog puppy, whelped November 27, 1880, out of Kate II. by Aldershot.

Adi—Mr. J. A. Gargullo, New York City, claims the name of Adi for his lemon and white setter dog puppy, whelped January 1, 1881, out of Patti by Aldershot.

Prince Mr. Walter L. Bennet, Milford, Mass., claims the name of Prince for his liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy, whelped December 30, 1880, out of Countess Nelly by Sam.

Spring—Mr. William H. Bennet, Milford, Mass., claims the name of Spring for dark liver colored pointer dog puppy, whelped December 30, 1880, out of Countess Nelly by Sam.

Sam's Prince—Mr. Charles White, Milford, Mass., claims the name of Sam's Prince for fawn colored pointer dog puppy, whelped December 30, 1880, out of Countess Nelly by Sam.

Shot—Mr. G. W. Myers, Pittsburgh, Pa., claims the name of Shot for dark liver colored pointer dog puppy, whelped December 30, 1880, out of Countess Nelly by Sam.

Tilley—Mr. J. W. Bay, Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Tilley for Gordon setter dog puppy out of Tilley's Dot by Tilley's Gordon, purchased through Mr. H. Malcolm, Baltimore, Md.

Count Rex Mr. Milton H. Lyons, Passaic, N. J., claims the name of Count Rex for his lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 3, 1879, out of Daisy by Sensation.

Nelly—Mr. G. W. Myers, Pittsburgh, Pa., claims the name of Nelly for dark liver colored pointer bitch puppy, whelped December 30, 1880, out of Countess Nelly by Sam.

Boyne—Mr. Robert Reid, Philadelphia, Pa., claims the name of Boyne for his red Irish setter dog, whelped December 16, 1880, by Rory O'More out of Magenta. Purchased from Mr. W. N. Callender, Albany, N. Y.

Rivet—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Rivet for fox terrier dog thirteen months old out of Fanny by Forger. Rivet is white with evenly marked black and tan head, and arrived, March 3, from Liverpool, England.

Little Dorrit Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Little Dorrit for white haired tox terrier bitch thirteen months old by Idol out of Dimple. Bred by Mr. C. Burgess, The Grange, Partney, Lincolnshire, England. Little Dorrit is white with black and tan mark on head and is a very game bitch.

Mayfair—Mr. A. M. Waddell, Louisville, Ky., claims the name of Mayfair for white and liver bitch puppy, whelped January, 1881, out of Blaze (Sam–Countess Bear) by Lincoln.

Jessie—Mr. David C. Frank, New York City, claims the name of Jessie for black and tan spaniel bitch, whelped March 12, 1880. Bred by Mr. R. M. Lindsay, Scranton, Pa. Sired by Bub out of Jenny they imported; by Brush out of Rea.

BRED.

Prim–Benedict—Mr. E. F. Beardsley's (Gouvernour, N. Y.) liver and white cocker bitch Prim to the Lachine Kennel Club's imported Benedict, March 18–19.

Daisy–Sensation—Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Daisy to Champion Sensation, March 14.

Polly–Sensation—Westminster Kennel Club's imported pointer bitch Polly to Sensation, March 16.

Grace–Jack Mr. E. F. Mercilliott's lemon and white Laverack setter bitch Grace to Mr. E. F. Young's imported Laverack setter Jack.

Blix II.–Rush—Mr. S. W. Bode's (Baltimore, Md.) black and white pointer bitch Blix II. (Dr. H. J. Thomas' Blix–Brown's John) on March 9 to Mr. E. Orgill's Rush.

Bess–Perry's Peter—H. J. Perry's (Palmer, Mass.) setter bitch Bess (Lathrop's Dick–Gate's Clio) to Perry's Pete (Copeland's Pete–Queen Bess) March 14, 1881.

Maud S.–Dash—Mr. Chas. T. Brownell's Gordon setter bitch Maud S. to owner's dash.

Flirt–Captain—Mr. A. E. Godeffroy's cocker spaniel Flirt (imported Lou–Shot) to Mr. M. P. MaKoon's Captain.

Vinnie–Crexieth—Dr. Corcoran's (Springfield, Mass.) pointer bitch Vinnie (Ranger–Bess) to Mr. A. E. Godeffroy's Crexieth, March 12.

Lady–Barney—Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennel Club's Lady to Champion Barney.

Queen of the River–Mike—Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennel Club's Queen of the River to Mike.

Diamond–Shafto—Mr. J. H. Whitman's pure Laverack bitch Diamond to Mr. J. W. Blythe's pure Laverack setter dog Shafto.

Gipsey Girl–Jack II.—Mr. A. W. Bennett's (Fairmount Kennel) Hyde Park, Mass., St. Bernard bitch Gipsey Girl to Mr. W. A. Pierce's Jack II.

Lillie May–Caper II.—Mr. John L. Marton's pointer bitch Lillie May to his Caper II. (Sam–Countess Kate) on March 18.

Be-te-Grouse—Mr. A. S. Guild's setter bitch Belle to Mr. D. F. Waters's Grouse, February 10.

Nellie May–Clexton—Mr. J. H. Whitman's setter bith Nellie May (Blue Dash–Jolly May) to his Llewellin setter dog Clexton (Druid–Milly).

Jessie–Bruce—Mr. J. H. Whitman's imported Scotch deerhound bitch Jessie to his dog Bruce.

Gleam–Bob Mr. S. T. Hammond's (Springfield, Mass.) pointer bitch Gleam (Snapshot–Gipsey) to Mr. E. S. Wanzer's Bob February 16.

Fannie–Jo, Jr.—Mr. G. W. Campbell's (Carter's Creek Station, Maury Co., Tenn.) setter bitch Fannie to Joe, Jr., March 16.

Floss–Otto—Mr. G. W. Campbell's (Carter's Creek Station, Maury Co., Tenn.) Floss to Otto, March 14.

WHELPS.

Virgie—Mr. J. H. Whitman's Prairie Ranger bitch Virgie whelped seven puppies, six bitches and one dog, by Mr. John Davidson's Prince of Orange.

Pet—Mr. E. F. Mercilliott's (New York City) white and orange setter bitch Pet whelped Jany ary 24 seven puppies, five dogs and two bitches, all white and lemon, black points, by Mr. P. H. Morris' Czar.

Pussy—Mr. John Aspinwall's (Massena Kennels, Barrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Pussy whelped March 12 five puppies, three dogs and two bitches, by owner's Bunnie.

SALES.

Sam–Countess Nelly Whelp—Mr. John L. Marton, Milford, Mass., has sold to Mr. Walter L. Bennet, same place, a liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy, whelped December 30, 1880, out of Countess Nelly by Sam.

Sam–Countess Nelly Whelp Mr. John L. Marton, Milford, Mass., has sold to Mr. William H. Bennet, same place, a dark liver colored pointer dog puppy, whelped December 30, 1880, out of Countess Nelly by Sam.

Sam–Countess Nelly Whelp—Mr. John L. Marton, Milford, Mass., has sold to Mr. Charles White, same place, a fawn colored pointer dog puppy, whelped December 30, 1880, out of Countess Nelly by Sam.

Sam–Countess Nelly Whelp—Mr. John L. Marton, Milford, Mass., has sold to Mr. G. W. Myers, Pittsburgh, Pa., a brace dog and bitch, dark liver color, whelped December 30, 1880, out of Countess Nelly by Sam.

Jimmy Crow—Mr. J. H. Whitman, Chicago, Ill, has bought of Mr. J. W. Crippen the 20th, black and tan cocker spaniel dog Jimmy Crow, out of Flora by Carlo.

Daisy—Mr. J. H. Whitman, Chicago, Ill., has bought of Mr. W. A. Bridges, of Crete, Neb., the setter bitch Daisy, sister to his Pride and Judy, out of Dr. Parson's Fipp by Charm.

Jack Mr. C. Z. Miley, Lancaster, Pa., has sold to Mr. L. B. Robinson, Omaha, Neb., the red Irish setter dog Jack, out of Floss by Von.

Pearl F.—Mr. C. Z. Miley, Lancaster, Pa., has sold to Mr. R. G. Hall, Rockland, Maine, the liver and white setter bitch Pearl V., out of Russa, by Champion France, in whelp to Royal Ben (Carlowitz–Lucy).

Robin Hood—Mr. C. Z. Miley, Lancaster, Pa., has sold to Captain A. E. Woodson, U. S. A., Fort Laramie, Wy., the blue Belton setter dog Robin Hood, out of True by Carlowitz.

Royal Ben—Mr. George Davidson, Montreal, Canada, has purchased of Mr. C. Z. Miley, Lancaster, Pa., the setter dog Royal Ben (Carlowitz–Lucy).

Gipsy Queen—Captain E. E. Woodson, U. S. A., Fort Laramie, Wy., has bought of Mr. C. Z. Mily the setter bitch Gipsey Queen (Gladstone–Clip) in whelp to Count Royal (Druid–Leda).

Ponto—Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., has sold to Mr. Opperman, Cleveland, Ohio, the liver colored spaniel dog Ponto, out of Fanny II. by Dash.

Quail—Mr. A. S. Guild, Lowell, Mass., has bought of Mr. Washington A. Coster the black and white setter bitch Quail, nine months old, by Gladstone out of Mr. Coster's Fly by Mr. J. B. Goodwin's Grouse Dale, winner of first prize at Robins' Island, 1879

Ed and Jack—Mr. E. F. Mercilliott, this city, has sold his brace of black setters Ed and Jack to Mr. Simon Johnson, Nevada City, Cal.

NAMES CHANGED.

Cartouche to Count Cartouche—Tilsonburg, Ont., March 5.—In FOREST AND STREAM of March 3 Mr. Frank B. Fay, of Boston, Mass., claims the name of Cartouche for setter puppy. I would ask Mr. Fay to change the name of his puppy, as I claimed this name some time ago for my lemon and white setter puppy out of Belle by Paris.

H. BAILY HARRISON.

Boston, Mass., March 14.—As Mr. Harrison has a prior claim to the name of Cartouche I will change the name of my setter puppy, out of Countess Gay by Colo, to Count Cartouche. FRANK B. FAY.

PRESENTATIONS.

Bunnie—Mr. Louis Livingston has presented to Mr. John Aspinwall, Massena Kennels, Barrytown, N. Y., the straight legged beagle dog Bunnie.

Pussy—Mr. Louis Livingston has presented to Mr. John Aspinwall, Massena Kennels, Barrytown, N. Y., the straight legged beagle bitch Pussy.

DEATHS.

Red Ranger—Mr. C. Spahr, Bridgeville, Pa., has lost by distemper his Irish setter dog puppy Red Ranger (b c at the Pittsburgh show, 1881) out of queen Bess by Rory O'More.

Snap—Mr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich, has sustained a severe loss in the death of his pointer Snap, March 18.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

99 W. S. P., Palo, Mich.—I have a beagle four years old. Five days ago he commenced to cough as though he had something in his throat and has coughing spells every day. He coughs hard and tries to raise something, but cannot. He is perfectly healthy and seems all right otherwise. Ans. If you cannot discover anything in the throat give him a dose or two of castor oil and feed very sparingly for a few days.

100 Q.—1. I have given the oil as directed and the cough has left him, but soon after he was taken with blood diarrhœa and passed almost clear blood, and would have passages every twenty or thirty minutes. He is better now, but does not seem well, nor has he fed well. 2. * * * 3. There also came on the inside of one of his hind legs a large swelling which extended from his privates to the inside of his leg. The swelling was very hard and looked very red. He shows no signs of the swelling now. 4. My foxhound moves around without much life and is losing flesh rapidly. He does not run at the eyes or nose What shall I do for him? Ans. 1. Injections of one half a teaspoonful of laudanum mixed with a tablespoonful of starch water would have checked the diarrhœa. 2. Oil should have been at once applied to the part affected and the member restored to its sheath. Allowing the dog to serve the bitch as often as you state was all wrong. 3. The swelling was produced by the straining of one of the nerve centres of the leg. The lifting of the leg like a horse with the string halt will probably right itself. 4. Feed on the best of strong meat broths, and give the hound two grains of quinine three times a day.

101 C. F. B., Rockland, Mass.—I have a Newfoundland dog two years old that has sore ears and the trouble resembles canker. The ears become filled with clotted blood, which seems to give him more pain than ordinary canker should do. I have tried several receipts for canker in the ear without success. If injured the place will fill with puss and blood showing that his system is in poor condition. He is kept in the house and petted as much as a child. I think the trouble is greatly the result of overfeeding and want of exercise. Ans. Your dog's trouble is a constitutional one. Reduce quantity of food and feed only once a day—in the afternoon. Corn meal mush mixed with well-cooked vegetables should become his diet. Give half a teaspoonful of sulphur once a day for five days, first having given a good dose of castor oil. Do not expose your dog to the wet during the sulphur treatment, but later give exercise at regular hours. Keep the ears clean with tepid water and write result at the end of two or three weeks

102 M. W., Ridgewood, N. J.—I have a pointer puppy that is ruptured; a round lump protrudes from the naval about as large as a walnut. The puppy is seven weeks old. Ans. Place the puppy on his back and apply to the protrusion a conical-shaped portion of cork, with a broad base, covered or not with leather, secure the cork with strips of pitch plaster. The treatment is simple and invariably successful.

103 G. H. T., Philadelphia.—Your young dog has, from your description, the distemper. Give him the best meat broths and two grains of quinine three times a day. Keep him kennelled in a warm and dry place, but allow plenty of fresh air. Almost every case of this disease is different, there is no specific cure; all that can be done by us who are unable to see the patient is to advise for cases like yours the tonic treatment given above.

104 G. H. T., Philadelphia.—My setter dog, twenty months old, will not eat anything but meat. He won't eat mush made of half cornmeal and half oatmeal, and he refuses Spratt's biscuit. What shall I feed him on? Shall I starve him into eating mush? Ans. Yes. We recommend starving him into eating the mush. It is good food. It might be mixed with vegetable matter, such as greens, potatoes, etc., very well boiled. Unless you do this you will have great trouble with him when shooting in sections of the country where it is impossible to procure meat. Besides, a purely meat diet is not good for him.

105 G. M., New York City.—I have a large Newfoundland dog which for some time past has had bad fits. He sleeps in the house, is in the house, in fact, nearly all the time, and is principally fed on raw beeves' hearts and scraps from the table. When out for a walk he frequently staggers. He is costive in the bowels. Ans. Your dog's trouble arises from overfeeding and lack of exercise. Avoid giving meat, feed but once a day, and then let the food consist of mush, etc., mixed with well-cooked vegetables. Give a large half teaspoonful of sulphur once a day for four or five days, and during this treatment see that the animal is not exposed to the wet. Regular exercise, a cool and dry kennel, and the above course should soon set your dog all right.

106 FORRESTER.—Will you inform me what I can do for a young setter afflicted with blood-shot, gummy eyes, the result of distemper a year ago? In other respects his health is excellent. Have been giving him quinine, ginger and extract of conium (hemlock). Ans. Keep the eyes clean by bathing them twice a day with warm water, after which use a small amount of a lotion containing one and a half grains of sulphate of zinc to one ounce of water. You may continue the quinine if appetite is not good, but leave off the ginger and conium.

107 G. H. B., Watertown, N.Y.—I would ask about canker in my dog's ears. I have been doctoring since last fall until about two weeks ago, when I stopped, thinking the dog cured. I have since noticed at times the same strong odor. The only symptom is the odor. What can I do for it? Ans. Take carbolate of zinc four grains, mix in one ounce of water. Hold the dog's head on one side and pour a little of the lotion in the ear, cover the ear over with the flap, and let the lotion be retained a few minutes. This will probably relieve the dog of the trouble.

108 A. T. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A friend of mine owns a fine imported pointer bitch, which he lent to Mr Furman, the owner of the large trout ponds at Maspeth, L. I., for the purpose of raising a litter of pups from her and an imported dog owned by Mr. Mills, of Smithtown, L. I. On Sunday, Jan. 16, she pupped seven bitches and two dogs. Everything went on very well until Sunday morning, Feb. 13, when Mr. Furman noticed that the bitch seemed to be sick and that she acted strangely. He gave her some sulphur, but it did not relieve her, and when he went into her kennel some two hours afterward what was his surprise to see that she had dropped another pup (which was black as coal), it being four weeks to the day since she had given birth to the other nine. The pup was dead when Mr. Furman found it, but he thinks it was killed by being trampled upon by the other pups. The next day, Feb. 14, two of the pups died; on Feb. 15 two more died; on the 16th one died; on the 17th Mr. Furman came to me for advice as to what ailed the pups. I told him to take the rest of the pups from the bitch, because she had blood poisoning, and as long as she suckled them they would all die. He did as I told him, and now there are two pups left, both of whom seem to be strong and healthy, yet they look thin, and it is impossible to get any flesh upon their bones. This may seem strange, and no doubt many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will say it is not true; but if they will take the trouble to see Mr. Furman he will show them the little pup, which he had set up by Mr Sargood, taxidermist, and many of Mr. Furman's friends will verify this statement. Ans. This is a very unusual, but not an impossible case. The "blood-poisoning" theory is probably the correct one, and the careful nursing of the puppies alone is all that remains to be done.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

"Therese Raquin," another of Zola's powerful and realistic novels, has been issued by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE ENGLISH CHALLENGE.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 15.—Much has been said about the challenge received from the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, and of the manner in which it has been treated. It may be remembered by some, albeit I presume most people have forgotten, that a team was sent, or I should say went over to Ireland in the year 1880 to shoot a match with the riflemen of that country, which by great effort and good discipline was won by the American Team with the highest score on record, although, most of the team would have gone forth willingly to promote so glorious an undertaking without the hope of fee or reward. Our National Rifle Association promised Col. Bodine and his team their expenses, but when the time arrived for their departure they found they must depend mainly on their own purses. It was known by the Association when this team would return, but on their arrival no delegation, not even a representative, was on hand to greet them, and now they have not so much as a ribbon to show that they ever shot the great match of 1880. One of our sporting papers allowed its columns to be used to slander and abuse certain members of the team because they did not see fit to shoot in the Hyde-Halford match. To sum the matter up, this is why the present Board of Directors find it inexpedient to accept the challenge. The difficulty of raising funds to defray the expense of sending a team would not be great, but they find it difficult to get our leading riflemen to agree to act themselves up as a target for neglect, envy and detraction. H. F. CLARK.

CONLIN'S SHOOTING GALLERY.—March 19.—The ninth week of the Pistol Tournament ended to-night. The "race" target proved very satisfactory, and is considered a valuable acquisition to the already large number of marks for pistol practice. The target consists of ten aces (diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs) regularly spaced so as to form an oval. The shooting was at seven pace. The competitor making the greatest number of hits in ten shots to be declared the winner of the championship. D. A. Davis made the remarkable score of nine hits. His target is on exhibition at the gallery, and is without doubt one of the best records ever made with a pistol. Dr. E. T. Marsh record seven hits, and J. B. Miller won the "Conlin" badge, having scored five hits. The tenth and last week of the tournament will end next Saturday. The competition will be for the championship of shooting at Creedmoor target (one inch bullseye) distance fifteen paces. It is the reduced 200 yard target generally used in galleries throughout the country.

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—The match at this gallery for March has attracted much interest. Some very fine holding has been developed, as the scores of some of the leading ones will show. The shooting is at ring targets, one target to count; no limit to entries; possible for full score, 125:

G J Seabury	116	G Joiner	114
P G Fenning	116	J W Todd	113
H Oehl	115	Col Riggs	112
W Hayes	114	F S Harrison	111
A H Anderson	114	Jas Roche	110

The team match to be shot at this gallery will commence March 23; entries close on the 26th; captains will meet on that evening to draw for places, at 8 o'clock P. M. Rifle clubs and military associations respectfully invited to participate Seven men to each team, $10 entrance, 10 shots to a man, on Creedmoor target; all moneys paid in to be given in prizes of 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

March 21.—In the match for March at this gallery a great interest has been taken by some of the best marksmen and very fine holding has been done, as the leading scores to date will show:

Wm Kilen	119	F S Harrison	114
Col Riggs	116	A H Anderson	114
G J Seabury	116	G Joiner	114
P G Fenning	116	J W Todd	113
H Oehl	115	J N Mergenthaler	113
W Hayes	114		

MASSACHUSETTS VS. VIRGINIA.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club of Springfield, Mass., not relishing their defeat on the 26th February, at once challenged the Wheeling Club for another match. The same was accepted and the match shot on March 12, with the result below. The Wheeling club have now demanded satisfaction and the final match will be shot in a few days:

Rod and Gun Rifle Club Team.

L H Mayott	12	11	11	9	11	11	9	11	11	12—108
S S Hunstead	10	11	10	11	12	9	11	11	10	12—107
A L Arms	10	10	11	10	10	8	11	11	9	9—100
Dr Young	9	11	6	9	11	11	10	10	10	10— 97
S H Barrett	10	11	9	7	7	11	10	10	10	11— 96
H K Cooley	11	9	9	5	12	6	9	9	9	8— 90
										599

Wheeling Rifle Club Team.

Chas E Dwight	9	12	11	9	12	11	8	8	11	12—103
R S Steward	10	10	10	10	11	9	10	11	8	9— 98
Wm Cox	12	11	10	10	10	9	9	6	9	12— 98
J F Shirk	8	10	8	8	10	11	11	9	10	11— 97
Otto Jaeger	9	7	8	12	8	11	8	11	10	9— 93
John Moore	11	10	10	10	10	11	7	10	6	5— 90
										580

MEDFORD, Mass., March 16.—To-day being somewhat more pleasant than for several weeks prior, Bellevue Range was thronged and forty-seven entries made. W. Charles led the list, making his eighteenth 49 shot out of a possible 50. Subjoined are the best scores made:

W Charles	5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—49	H Appleton	5 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 5—44
A B Archer	5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4—47	H Withington	5 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 5—44
A C Andrews	5 4 5 5 5 5 4 4—46	J Richardson	4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5—43
W Jacobs	5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 4—46	R Abbott	5 4 4 4 5 5 4 5 4—43
F E Going	5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4—46	A J Grout	4 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 4—43
A B Archer	4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4 5—43		

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY—Boston.—In the Forest and Stream match Mr. W. H. Harrison has been putting in some fine work the last week and has succeeded in increasing his score 4 points:

Harrison	38 38 39 39 39—193	Edson	36
Sherburne	37 38 38 39 38—189	Goodspeed	36
Ross	37	Hart	36
Fogg	37	Daily	35
Bartlett	36		

The following are the leading competitors, with their scores to date, in the Amateur Badge match:

Maynard	36 36 36 36 37—181	Aronson	160
Pratt	36 36 36 36 36—180	Norcross	139
Williams	35 35 35 35 35—175	Dawson	156
Kelley	168	Nourse	160
Shannon	168	Nichols	162
Weymouth	166	Wolff	133
Cobe	164	Arnold	154
Brown	161		

In the Expert's match, for six cash prizes, the shooting has commenced in good earnest, and there have been some fine scores made:

Merrill	37 38 38 38 38—189	Arnold	36 37 38 39—150
Williams	37 37 37 37 37—185	Bartlett	35 35 36 36 37—179

In the Pistol match, at a Massachusetts target, there have been some remarkably fine scores made and a lively interest has been taken:

Williams	75 78 78—231	Kelley	57 59 64—180
Wilder	66 65 70—205	Warren	52 54 59—165

MAGNOLIA GALLERY—Boston.—At this gallery a large number have been at work. In the All-Comers' match Mr. J. Merrill made two full scores, a 49 and two 48s. E. Harris followed dangerously close for 243. In the championship match Mr. A. C. Maynard, a Chicago shot, well known in this city, made the elegant score in ten strings of 490 and Mr. M. Drew made 485. In the Forest and Stream match Mr. E. C. Arthur stands at the head of all comers with 245, Mr. E. Harris is recorded second place for 244 and Farnham third for 241. In the pistol match (ring target) Mr. C. Dunn takes first position with the splendid showing of 316, J. H. Williams taking second place for 307. The detail follows:

All-Comers' Match.

J Merrill	50 48 48 49 50—245	J J Ross	45 48 47 47 45—233
E Harris	48 49 49 48 49—243	J B Fellows	49 46 47 46 45—233
O A Gross	49 50 47 48 46—240	A Law	47 47 45 46 45—230
C A Maynard	48 48 48 48 48—240	F P Twids	46 46 46 46 45—229
E L Dodge	47 47 49 46 49—228	W M Merrill	44 44 47 47 45 46—226
S Fogg	46 47 48 49 47—237	E Walters	43 42 49 48 45—226
C Jones	44 47 47 47 47—235	H Sinclair	48 43 45 44 46—224
M Drew	47 47 46 48 46—234		

Champion Match.

A C Maynard	48 49 49 50 49 48 49 49 49 50		5.—499
M Drew	48 48 48 45 49 48 48 49 48 49—485		

Forest and Stream Match.

E C Arthur	49 49 49 49 49—245	C Cummings	47 47 48 48 48—234
E Harris	48 49 49 49 49—244	G Gilman	47 47 46 46 47—233
W H Farnham	49 48 49 48 47—241		

Pistol Target (Ring Target).

C Dunn	101 107 108—316	R Mayo	97 99 98—294
J H Williams	102 102 103—307	Van Lee	94 91 97—279
J Ames	97 99 98—295	E Wilder	70 68 64—202

BOSTON, Mass., March 19.—The early attendance was not large to-day at Walnut Hill, although the mid-day trains brought out large numbers, which made the pavilion just full enough for comfortable shooting, keeping three targets open and the participants busy. The day was spring-like, the snow having all disappeared from the range, and the long-range men were out for the first time this season. They did good work at the long distance, considering the chilly atmosphere and the changing light and tricky wind from the east, which was not easily controlled. W. W. Gerrish made, at the 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, the fine score of 211. At the 200-yard range the wind came directly across the firing points and proved demoralizing in many cases. The Amateur and Badge match did not fill, consequently the riflemen devoted themselves to the Massachusetts targets. Mr. Lee took first place in the Record match (Creedmoor) for 48, and Gould, Warren and E. Bennett for 76, respectively, in the Record match, off-hand (Massachusetts target). Below are the best scores only:

Record Match (Massachusetts Target).

Gould	11	12	10	11	12	12—68	Gordon	12	12	11	10	10	7—72
Warren	12	11	10	10	11	10	12—76	Emmerson	9	10	8	11	11	11	11—71
Bennett	10	11	11	9	12	12	11—76	Burt	10	11	10	11	6	10	12—70
Adams	10	11	12	10	10	11	11—75	James	11	9	9	10	10	9	11—69
Appleton	12	11	10	10	12	10	7—72	Gough	9	12	10	12	8	8	10—69
Ridbetts	9	12	12	11	9	12	11—76	Fenton	9	8	7	8	11	12	7—65
Arthur	10	12	10	11	9	10	12—74	Quint	7	8	10	11	8	11	9—64
Frye	10	10	11	9	12	11	10—73	Felton	9	12	6	12	9	8	9—65

Record Match (Creedmoor)

Lee	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4—48	Gould	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	—45
Brooks	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	5—46	Warren	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	—46
Fellows	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	6	5—45	Borden	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	—44
Williams	5	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	4—45	Bradley	4	4	3	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	—43
Bennett	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	4	4—45												

HOPKINTON, Mass., March 18.—The Hopkinton Rifle Club held a meet at their grounds, Claflin Grove, to-day. The attendance was large and the weather conditions fairly favorable. Only the best scores in a large number of entries are given, as follows:

Dorchester	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	5	5—45	E R Rose	4	4	4	3	3	5	4	4	4	4	—39
Claflin	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	4—44	Stearns	4	5	3	3	4	4	5	4	4	5	—37
Jewell	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	4—44	Frost	5	5	5	4	5	4	3	4	4	3	—36
Smith	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40	C H Rose	4	4	4	2	3	3	4	4	4	3	—34
Phipps	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	3—39	Wood	0	3	4	4	3	4	5	4	3	4	—32

WORCESTER, Mass., March 19.—The Worcester Sportsmen's Club have arranged for a glass-ball tournament at their range, near Lake Quinsigamond, Thursday, April 7, Fast Day. The shooting is to begin at 11 o'clock. The first on the programme is a team match for purse of $100, teams to consist of three men each, 20 balls per man. The purse to be divided into four prizes. Second event is a purse of $50; individual sweepstakes, 10 balls per man. Third event, purse of $100, individual sweepstakes, 15 balls per man. Fourth event, individual sweepstakes, purse of $50, 10 balls per man. A prize of $10 is also offered to the person who, shooting in all the matches, makes the best average score. Stedman Clark is Secretary of the club. The Committee of Arrangements consists of Messrs. E. S Knowles, A. P. Pond, W. S. Perry, C. B. Holden and S. G. White.

SHREWSBURY, Mass.—The club here, who have an occasional shoot at the Pine Grove range, have had another practice. Their work is told by the following:

400 Yards, any Position, Cartoon; Possible 60.

C Jenkins	5 6 4 5 6 6 6 6 6 6—56		
	5 5 5 5 5 6 6 6 5 5—54		—112
Moses Carter	4 5 6 6 6 4 6 5 6 6—58		
	6 6 5 5 6 5 5 6 6 5—55		—108

400 Yards, Off-hand.

S Clark	4 3 3 5 6 4 4 4 4 4—41	J Norman	3 4 4 5 4 4 6 4 3 4—41

200 Yards, Off-hand.

C A Allen	4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 5—42	J Norman	4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4—42
M Carter	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4—42	S Clark	4 4 4 4 3 5 4 4 5 4—41

GARDNER, Mass., March 18.—The following are the late scores made at Hacmetack Range, in this town; distance, 200 yards, off-hand, with inch ring and creedmoor target combined:

	R. C.	R. C.	Totals.		R. C.	R. C.	Totals.
Ellsworth	89—43	94—47	183—92	Austin	84—46	78—43	162—89
Newton	85—45	85—46	170—91	Goodale	74—41	73—42	147—86
Matthews	83—46	77—45	165—91				

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.—Orders for prizes are being received in large numbers and the committee are confident of having the most valuable prizes ever offered at a State tournament. Mr. H. W. Abbott, of Boston, has painted a winter scenee, representing how the quail, during a great stress of cold weather, are compelled to seek the outhouses and sheds of the farmer for food. The canvas is in size ten by fourteen inches.

Messrs. Crouch & Fitzgerald, of New York, have donated a gun and traveling trunk combined. Messrs. Hartley & Graham have presented a W. & C. Scott & Son's gun, the grade not specified, but doubtless will be a Premier. The Hannis Distilling Company, of Philadelphia, have subscribed $200 cash. Want of space precludes the description of the rest of the prizes, but we will publish descriptions of them in succeeding issues of FOREST AND STREAM.

THE TRAP.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP—London, *March* 16.—The contest for the World's Challenge Cup closed to-day at Hendon in a victory for Dr. Carver. The match grew out of an offer of a cup by the *Sportsman*, and entries closed at that office on the 7th inst. The entries included in all thirteen names, including two American representatives. In several cases competitors have chosen to shoot under assumed names, this privilege being granted in the conditions already published. The list stood:

Dr. Carver (America), Mr. Ira Paine (New York), Mr. Turner-Turner, Mr Scott, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hadlow, Mr. Beavor, Mr. Radnor, Mr. Graham, Mr. George Brighton, Mr. W. Holledge, Mr. Cavendish, Mr. Carrington.

The conditions provided that "the contest commences at the Union Gun Club Grounds, Hendon, on March 14. The first prize will consist of the cup, the whole of the sweepstakes less £100, and a proportion of the gate money after deducting expenses. Any gentleman winning the cup who may object to receive money may have his share of the gate money in the shape of a gold or silver trophy or any *objet d'art* he may choose. The £100 deducted from the sweepstakes will be awarded as a second prize. The holder of the cup to defend his title to the trophy against all comers for the period of two years, a match to take place within two months from the date of any challenge if in England, or three months if abroad. In the event of the cup being taken abroad, the holder to find sureties for the value of the trophy or deposit the amount in money with the proprietors of *The Sportsman* before taking the cup from England. In the preliminary ties the competitors will shoot at fifty birds each, but the two gentlemen left in the final will shoot at one hundred pigeons each. Guns must not exceed eight pounds in weight; no concentrators will be allowed and the shot must not exceed one ounce and a quarter; size to be restricted to 5, 6, 7 or 8, inclusive; not more than four drachms of powder to be used. Each competitor will stand at thirty yards rise, and the use of both

barrels will be allowed. In the event of a gun or cartridge being challenged by any of the competitors, the challenger will have to deposit £2 in the hands of the referee, which shall be forfeited in the event of the objection not being sustained. The contest will commence on Monday, March 14, and as it will probably extend over several days shooting will begin each morning at twelve o'clock punctually. None but the best blue rocks obtainable will be used. The birds will be procured from the various venders of pigeons in the metropolis. It has been decided that the birds shall *not* be mixed. Each purveyor providing pigeons will be requested to attend with a certain number of rocks and a "trapper," and the pigeons will be used in succession—Mr. A's supply being trapped first, Mr. B's next and Mr. C's next. The order in which the supply shall be made will be decided by drawing lots. The birds may be marked if the vender chooses."

In the 1st stage Dr. Carver killed 28 in 50, and Ira Paine only 23, Graham scored 35, Radnor 42 and Turner-Turner 38.

In the second stage of the pigeon shooting match for the championship of the world, at Hendon on the 15th, Dr. Carver beat Turner, 38 birds to 33; Gordon beat Hodlow, 36 to 33; Scott beat Beavor, 35 to 34; Graham beat Radnor, 38 to 34, and Gordon beat Cavondish, 34 to 32. The third round of the contest was shot today with Graham against Carver and Gordon against Scott.

Dr. Carver beat Graham by a score of 40 to 36, and Scott beat Gordon 40 to 39. The deciding heat, at 100 birds each, was then shot in four stages. At the beginning Scott was rather the favorite in the betting. The scores were as follows:

Carver—21, 18, 21, 19. Total, 79.
Scott—15, 19, 24, 16. Total, 74.

Dr. Carver thus wins the title of champion, the cup and £650 stakes. Immediately after the match had been decided Mr. Scott challenged Dr. Carver to a match for the cup and £200 a side, the contest to be according to the conditions under which the cup was given and to be decided within two months. A gentleman present offered to bet £500 that Scott would win.

BALTIMORE, Maryland, March 13.—A very pleasant series of pigeon matches were shot here on the 8th inst. under the management of Mr. C. S. Wertsner. Mr. Edward L. Mills, of the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., and Mr. J. L. Wintersmith, clerk to the Committee on Commerce, House of Representatives, came over from Washington and participated in the shooting. Mr. Mills carried off a majority of the prizes, scoring 68 out of 74 birds shot at during the day. Capt. Hussle and Mr. Ritter, of this city, shot remarkably well, and were Mr. Mills' closest competitors. The matches were all shot under the following conditions: 21 yards rise, 5 traps, one barrel:

First match, $2 entrance, miss and out:

Mills	1 1 1 1—4	Wertsner	0
Ritter	1 1 1 0—4	Wroten	0
Wintersmith	1 0		

Purse, $10, won by Mr. Mills.

Second match, $1, freeze out:

Mills	1 1 1 1—5	Capt. H.	1 1 1 1—5
Wintersmith	1 1 0	Ritter	1 1 0
Wroten	0	Lucas	1 1 1 0—4
Wertsner	0	Bixer	0

Purse, $8, divided by Mills and Capt. H.

Third match, $1, freeze out:

Mills	1 1 1 1—5	Ritter	1 0
Capt. H	1 1 1 1 0—4	Lucas	0
Wintersmith	0	Wintersmith, re-entry	0
Wertsner	1 1 0	Stevens, "	1 0
Stevens	0	Wintersmith, "	1 1 1 1—5

Purse, $10, divided by Mills and Wintersmith.

Fourth match, $1 freeze out:

Mills	1 1 1 1—5	Stevens	1 1 0
Wintersmith	1 1 1 0	Ritter	1
Linthicum	0	Linthicum, re-entry	0
Capt. H	0	Wintersmith, re-entry	0

Purse, $8, won by Mr. Mills.

Fifth match, $1, freeze out:

Mills	1 1 1 1 0—4	Linthicum	1 0
Wintersmith	1 1 1 0	Kenley, re-entry	0
Ritter	1 1 1 1—5	Kenley, re-entry	1 1 1 0—4
Capt. H	1 1 1 1—5	Stevens	1 1 1 0
Kenley	0	Linthicum, re-entry	0

Purse, $10, divided by Ritter and Capt. H.

Sixth match, $5 entrance, 5 birds; two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent:

Wintersmith	0 1 1 1—3	Capt. H.	1 1 1 0—3
Mills	1 1 1 1—5	Kenley	1 1 1 0—4
Ritter	1 1 1 1—5	Engle	1 1 1 0 1—4
Kell	1 0 0 0 1—2		

Mills and Ritter divided first prize.

Ties on four at three birds.

Kenley	0 1 1 1 1- 1 0	Engle	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1

Second money won by Engle.

Seventh match, $5 entrance, 5 birds; money divided, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Mills	1 0 1 1 0—3	Engle	1 1 1 1 0—4
Ritter	0 1 1 1 0—3	Capt. H	1 0 1 0 1—3
Wintersmith	0 0 1 0 0—1		

Engle first money.

Ties on three, miss and out.

Mills	1 0—1	Ritter	1 1—2
Capt. H.	1 0—1		

Ritter second money.

Eighth match, $2 entrance, one money:

Mills	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—16		
Ritter	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—15		
Linthicum	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0		
Wintersmith	1 1 1 0		
Engle	1 1 0		
Kell	1 1 1 1 0		
Wroten	1 1 0		
Capt. H	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—15		
Stevens	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0		
Buckbee	1 1 1 1 1 0		

Mills won on sixteen straight.

Ninth match, $2 entrance, 3 birds:

Mills	1 0 0—2	Robinson	1 1 0—2
Wintersmith	0 1 1—2	Bancroft	1 1 1—3
Ritter	1 1 1—3	Linthicum	1 0 1—2
Kell	1 1 1—3	Aleck	1 1 1—3

Divided by Ritter and Kell.

Tenth match, same conditions:

Mills	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—18		
Wintersmith	0 1 1		
Linthicum	1 1 1 0		
Ritter	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—19		

Won by Ritter on 19 straight. B.

CARVER VS. SCOTT.—London, March 19.—The shooting match between Dr. Carver and Mr. Scott for a purse of £600, which began on the 9th inst. at the Aquarium, Westminster, was concluded to-night. It has been from the start a most remarkably close contest. Each evening during the ten days of the contest each of the men fired at 1,000 balls, making a total of 10,000. The score at the close of each stage stood:

	Carver.	Scott.		Carver.	Scott.
First night	940	933	Sixth night	8,811	8,834
Second "	1,909	1,909	Seventh "	6,812	6,805
Third "	2,882	2,883	Eighth "	7,801	7,793
Fourth "	3,865	3,857	Ninth "	8,789	8,789
Fifth "	4,884	4,833	Tenth "	9,737	9,735

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.—A chilly day met the shooters at Dexter Park on Friday last, but the monthly match was well contested, nevertheless, as indifferent birds, as the summary shows. First shoot for a gun presented by the club, the prize to go to the member winning it the greatest number of times during the monthly competitions, from five traps placed five yards apart, handicap rise, 80 yards boundary; winners to go back two yards in subsequent shoots, but never beyond 31 yards; club rules governing ties:

H. Lee	26 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 1—18	
Dr. Funson	23	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—0 1 1—12	
Dr. Munn	23	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1	—9
W. Wilson	29	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1	—8
G. H. Creed	25	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	—8
A. Eddy	25	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1	—8
C. W. Post	23	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1	—8
J. Bryer	25	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0	—8
T. B. Anderson	25	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1	—8
Robert Robinson	23	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1	—8
W. Westley	25	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1	—7
W. Lawrence	23	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1	—7
I. Leroy	25	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1	—6
R. Barker	25	0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1	—6
W. Hill	23	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0	—5
S. White	23	1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0	—3

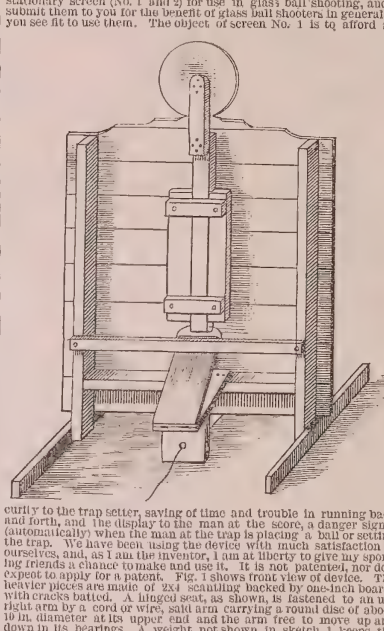
Referee, Mr. L. G. Reed.

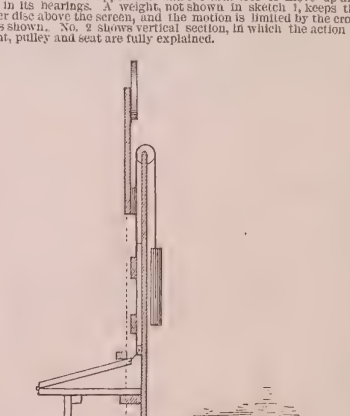
A USEFUL TRAP SHOOTING APPLIANCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

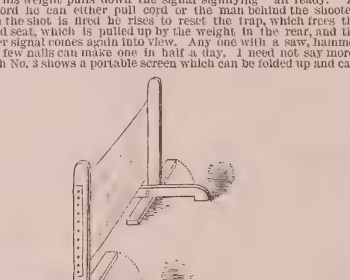
WHITE MILLS, Pa.

I herewith inclose rough pen sketches of a portable (No 8) and stationary screen (No. 1 and 2) for use in glass ball shooting, and I submit them to you for the benefit of glass ball shooters in general, if you see fit to use them. The object of screen No. 1 is to afford security to the trap setter, saving of time and trouble in running back and forth, and the display to the man at the score, a danger signal (audible) when the man at the trap is placing a ball or setting the trap. We have been using the device with much satisfaction to ourselves, and, as I am the inventor, I am at liberty to give my sporting friends a chance to make and use it. It is not patented, nor do I expect to apply for a patent. Fig. 1 shows front view of device. The heavier pieces are made of 2x4 scantling backed by one-inch boards with cracks batted. A hinged seat, as shown, is fastened to an upright arm by a cord or wire, said arm carrying a round disc of about 10 in. diameter at its upper end and the arm free to move up and down in its bearings. A weight, not shown in sketch 1, keeps the danger disc above the screen, and the motion is limited by the cross bar as shown. No. 2 shows vertical section, in which the action of weight, pulley and seat are fully explained.





The operation of the device is as follows: When no weight is placed upon the hinged seat the weight in the rear pulls up the seat until stopped by the cross bar, which, of course, brings the red danger disc into view (this is its normal position). When the man at the trap has placed his ball and set the trap he sits down upon the hinged seat; his weight pulls down the signal signifying "all ready." At the word he can either pull cord or the man behind the shooter. When the shot is fired he rises to reset the trap, which frees the hinged seat, which is pulled up by the weight in the rear, and the danger signal comes again into view. Any one with a saw, hammer and a few nails can make one in half a day. I need not say more. Sketch No. 3 shows a portable screen which can be folded up and carried in the hand. It will stand alone without any driving of pegs into frozen or stony ground and makes a good screen when no regular shooting ground is used. If the inclosed are of any use accept them as a friendly greeting to FOREST AND STREAM.



I should have mentioned in regard to this apparatus that the sliding standard and pulley should be made sufficiently free to allow for swelling by rain, etc., also that the trap should be placed just out of reach of the hand of the man at the screen, since he would find it easier to sit still and set the trap than to rise up, which would compel the signal to appear each time, and this is one of the good features of the device. F. G. FARNHAM.

The device here described is one which will at once recommend itself to trap shooters, and as our correspondent has so courteously placed his invention at the service of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM we shall expect to hear of its adoption by clubs.

LONG BRANCH GUN CLUB.—The annual competition for the Long Branch Subscription Cup will take place on the club grounds at Deal Beach, Central R. R. of N. J., Long Branch Division, on Tuesday, July 5, commencing at about 10 A. M., and will be open to all organized clubs under the following conditions: Long Branch Gun Club rules, 30 yards rise, $50 entrance, the total amount to be expended for the cup. One team of five members from each club, 15 birds per man. Each team shall be entitled to a judge, and the judges to choose a referee. Ties, if any, to be decided by three rounds to each and every team tying until finished. Should a conclusion not be reached on the above-named day by 6 P. M., then it shall be carried over to the following day. Entries close June 1, and all clubs intending to compete must so signify, and remit the entrance fee, $50, to N. W. T. Hatch, Treasurer, 14 Nassau street, New York, on or before that date. All clubs are cordially invited to participate, and it is hoped that a large number will enter, for the double purpose of establishing the supremacy and that the emblem thereof be the more valuable.

WORCESTER SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—Programme of glass ball tournament to be held at their range, near Lake Quinsigamond, April 7, 1881. First event, 11 A. M., team match for purse of $100; teams to consist of three men each; entrance, $5; 20 balls per man; the purse to be divided into four prizes of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Second event; purse of $50, individual sweepstake; entrance, $1; 10 balls per man. Third event; purse of $100, individual sweepstake; entrance, $2; 15 balls per man. Fourth event; purse of $50; individual sweepstake; entrance, $1; 10 balls per man. A prize of $10 will be offered by the club to the per on who, shooting in all the programme matches, makes the best average score.

Conditions.—1. All purses to fill or pro rate. 2. Purses excepting that of the team match will be divided into three prizes of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. 3. Class shooting will be the order of the day. 4. Balls will be sprung from a rotating trap at 18 yards rise. 5. Ties will be shot off at 21 yards, miss and out, except in team match, which will be at 21 yards and 5 balls per man until decided. 6. Tatham's selected blue balls will be used. 7. Entries to team match must be made before 10:45 A. M. of the day of the shoot. 8. Entries to individual sweepstakes may be made any time previous to the commencement of shooting in such sweepstake. 9. Individual sweepstakes will be shot before and after the programme. 10. To save time and facilitate the shooting, three strokes of the bell will announce purses open for entry. Two strokes, purses closed. One stroke, shooting commences. The management desire that those intending to participate should notify the secretary on or before Wednesday, April 6. No postponement on account of weather.

N. Y. GUN CLUB, March 13.—Despite the rain to-day several of the members of the New York Gun Club were at their grounds at Bergen Point, and five of them faced the traps to contend for the club final cup, valued at $100, entry $1, 10 birds each, to be awarded to that competitor who shall win it twice consecutively. Ties shot off at one bird. All ties are handicapped at 27 yards or 26 yards shall shoot at 25 yards. All who are handicapped beyond 27 yards shall shoot at 27 yards. The distance at which a competitor stands in the first competition shall be his distance in this match until finally decided:

E. M. Hammond	25 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	—9
W. M. Watson	28	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0	—8
T. C. Sanders	29	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1	—8
E. White	29	0 1 1 1 1 0 0	—5
A. Jackson	27	1 0 1 0 1 0 1	—4

Same Day—Sweepstakes, $2 each; 10 birds each; ties miss and out:

W. Wesley	26 yards	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—9
E. M. Hammond	25	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1	—9
W. M. Watson	28	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0	—8
T. C. Sanders	29	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1	—8
E. White	29	0 1 1 1 1 0 0	—5
A. Jackson	27	1 0 1 0 1 0 1	—4

Same Day—Sweepstakes, $2 each; 7 birds each; miss and go out:

Wesley	27 yds...1111111—7	Watson	28 yds...1101010—4
Sanders	29 ....1111111—7	Hammond	26 ....1110 —4

Same Day—Sweepstakes, $2 each; 7 birds each; ties miss and out:

Wesley	27 yds...1111111—7	Hammond	26 yds...0011110
Sanders	29 ....1110111—6	Watson	28 0010100

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB, March 17.—To-day a match was on the books between Mr. Hazzard, the present holder of both the Fountain and Rod and Gun Club badges, and Mr. H. W. Walter, the conditions being 50 birds each, 1 barrel, 1 ground trap, 25 yards, each to handle and trap for the other, Fountain Gun Club rules. Such was the inclemency of the weather that most of the old sportsmen supposed the match would be postponed. Such was not the case. Half a dozen coach-loads of friends of the contestants left Harry Miller's, headquarters Fountain Gun Club, 449 and 451 Flatbush avenue, at 1:30 P. M., for Hiram Howe's Driving Park, in the worst of the pelting rain. The traps furnished by Mr. Miller were all from the same baskets and proved a strong, hardy lot. The wind and the rain had their effect on the shooting, although Mr. Hazzard killed 26 and missed 15, his opponent killing 15 and missing 26 and retiring on his 41st bird. Mr. Hazzard killed 4, missed 1, killed 5, killed 9 straight, missed 1, killed 3, missed 2, missed 3, killed 4, missed 1, killed 2 and missed 3 and stopped. Mr. Walter after killing his first missed 4, killed 4, missed 4 again killed 1, missed 1, killed 2, missed 3, killed 1, missed 1, killed 1, missed 2, and alternately killed and missed to his 33d bird, when he missed 8 straight and surrendered. The match was nominally for the birds.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Wednesday, March 15.—The monthly contest for prizes by the members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club took place at the club grounds this afternoon, and proved to be an affair of more than usual interest. The club has not been long in existence, but although the youngest it is also one of the most thriving sporting organizations of Brooklyn and vicinity. The members and their friends congregated in goodly numbers at two o'clock. The day was perfect. The prizes to be shot for were a beautiful and expensive diamond badge, a case of stuffed birds, presented to the club by Mr. F. F. Briggs, and a heavy silver napkin ring. This was the first shoot for the badge. It must be won a majority of times at the monthly contests of the year to become the personal property of the winner. Fourteen gentlemen entered the lists yesterday. They gave their names as follows: Williams, Madison, George, Price, Dixon, McLoughlin, Captain Bill, Sicherung, Hazzard, Furey, Shevlin, Defrane and Slane. The new rules, which allow the gun to be held anywhere except at the shoulder, were in force. The boundary was eighty yards, and the traps used were a new thing in the line, and known as J. J. King's patent ground traps. Mr. Schwatka acted as referee and Mr. H. Goodwin kept the score. Harry Miller furnished the birds. The score stood:

Grace	1 1 1 0 0 0 1—4	Captain Bill	1 1 1 0 1 0 1—5
Williams	0 1 0 1 1 1—5	Sicherung	0 1 0 1 1 1 1—5
Madison	1 0 1 0 0 1 0—3	Hazzard	1 1 1 1 1 1 0—6
George	1 0 0 0 1 0 0—2	Furey	0 1 1 1 1 1 0—5
Price	1 0 0 0 1 0 1—3	Shevlin	0 1 0 1 1 1 1—5
Dixon	0 1 0 1 1 1 0—5	Defrane	0 1 1 1 1 0 0—4
McLoughlin	1 0 1 1 0 1 1—5	Slane	1 1 1 1 1 0 1—6

Messrs. Hazzard and Slane shot off their tie, three birds each, miss and go out. Mr. Hazzard won the badge, killing three birds straight.

The case of stuffed birds was won by Mr. Defrane, but the ties for the napkin ring were not shot off.

RIVERTON GUN CLUB.—The Riverton Rifle and Gun Club, of Philadelphia, announces that its spring pigeon-shooting meeting will take place on Friday and Saturday, March 25 and 26, at its grounds at Riverton, N. J., and that the competitions are open to all members in good standing of the following clubs: Narragansett, Maryland, New York, Philadelphia, Long Branch, Orange, Staten Island and the Westminster Kennel Club. The programme announced is as follows:

FRIDAY AT 11 A. M.

Opening mate, a handicap at $5 each, 7 birds, ties miss and go out; first prize, an old English three-handled Love cup of hammered silver and 40 per cent. of entrance fees; second prize, a large polished bronze inkstand and 30 per cent of entrance fees; third prize, a hammered silver cigar-lighter and 20 per cent. of entrance fees.

No. 2, at 2:30 P. M.—Match at single and double birds at $10 each: 6 single, handicap rise, and 3 pairs at 25 yards, from end traps; ties at 1 single and 1 pair; first prize, a piece of bronze, presented by E. Ward Grubb; second prize, a Grecian vase of silver, copper and bronze, and 25 per cent of entrance fees; third prize, a set piece of game birds and 10 per cent. of entrance fees.

SATURDAY AT 11 A. M.

Visitors' match (resident members of the Riverton Club barred): entrance, $10 each: 7 birds, handicap rise; ties miss and out; first prize, a bronze group, presented by the Directors of the Riverton Gun Club, and 40 per cent. of entrance fees; second prize, a Turkish cutlass paper knife, in silver and bronze, and 30 per cent. of entrance fees; third prize, a holsteric barometer and 20 per cent. of entrance fees.

No. 4, at 2:30 P. M.—Riverton Cup; entrance, $15 each; 20 birds, 30 yards rise; ties miss and out; first prize, the Riverton Cup and $50; second prize, a field gun; third prize, a silver hip-pocket flask and $25.

Visitors from New York can take the 7:30 A. M. train via the Pennsylvania Railroad, arriving at Riverton at 11:16 A. M., returning at 5:59 and arriving in New York at 6:50.

LONG BRANCH.—The Long Branch Gun Club proposes to make its coming summer season at Deal Beach an active one, and the Governing Committee announces that the shoot for the Long Branch Subscription Cup will take place on the club grounds at Deal Beach on Tuesday, July 5, beginning at 10 A. M. It is open to all organized clubs, under the following conditions:

Long Branch Gun Club rules, 50 yards rise, $50 entrance, the total amount to be expended for the cup; one team of five members from each club, 25 birds per man; each team will be entitled to two judges, and the judges to choose a referee; ties, if any, to be decided by three rounds to each and every team tying, until finished; should a conclusion not be reached by 6 P. M. it shall be carried over to the following day.

Entries, to close June 1, must be accompanied by the entrance fee, $50. Address N. W. T. Hatch, Treasurer, 14 Nassau street, New York City.

FALCON GUN CLUB—Dexter Park, Long Island, March 17.—State rules, plunge trap, 7 birds each, 21 yards:

Van Staden.....	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1—6
Gold club badge and B. L. gun won by Offerman, killing all 7, and, there being no possibility of any other member to tie and being short of birds, the other members withdrew to save the balance of birds for a sweepstake shoot. Wind strong and birds good.										

Yachting and Canoeing.

WINTER CRUISING IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

THE summer yachting season over we began to talk duck shooting. We talked two or three weeks about it. All we wanted now was favorable weather, a little rain, a little storm to bring in the ducks, and it came on a Friday, just the thing, and an expedition was assured. We came down town on Saturday, expecting to find our office besieged with applicants for passage on the Emerald (yawl), but it wasn't. During the course of the day the fact was developed that the change in the weather was too much for the constitution of Butler No. 1. No. 2 thought he was away from his business; Nos. 3, 4, etc., had made previous engagements, and so on. There were, however, several whose engagements would not occupy them longer than Saturday night, and it was therefore proposed that each go on a sort of reconnoitering expedition on Sunday. We would go and find the ducks and have some roasted for our dinner, and come back and tell those who were sick and didn't.

Orders were accordingly given that we would positively sail at 7 A. M. Saturday evening the sun went down with a gentle westerly wind, but the morning dawned overcast, and the wind from the stormy quarter, southeast. It appeared altogether light and a most propitious day for hunters. At five minutes before seven we reported to the skipper, the solitary individual on board up to date. The yacht was provisioned for about a two-hours' cruise, making an allowance for the ducks we would shoot, but it suggested itself that some tenderloin beerstreaks might not go amiss in case the ammunition should get wet, or in event of some other improbable possibility. While we were receiving instructions from the skipper of a neighboring trading vessel as to the location of the base of such supplies, Mr. Bumpkin, another of our party, emerged from a coffee saloon close by. Now, Bumpkin, Sr., and Bumpkin, Jr., were to have brought the shot-guns, and Messrs. Muffin and Fix a rifle, and with a battery like that we were not afraid of any ducks. But here was the first wing reported in his prayer-meeting clothes—and no gun. Furthermore, he had not seen Bumpkin, Jr. Shortly Fix reported; he had no gun. Then Muffin turned up; he had no gun.

This was a pretty party to go duck shooting. We held a consultation and decided that we were not in such a hurry as we had been and would therefore give time to Muffin and Fix to go up and get their rifle. Our intention had been to go down the bay southward, but our destination was changed to Sheep Island, lying due westerly north, where there were known to us to be some fat oysters of Eastern pirentage and, as these were not gifted with wings by a kind Providence, we deemed them more certain of capture. While M. and F. were gone we devoted the time to opening a few more supplies. We intercepted a flying bakery and a dairy in succession.

The milk and rifle being now aboard, the lines which held the yacht fast were cast off and in a few minutes we were out of the dock and underway. Our friends, Muffin and Fix, on their way up town unfortunately ran across an old skipper acquaintance to whom they divulged the destination of our party. In ominous words he cautioned them against the dangers of encountering a genuine Southeaster in these climes. His remarks weighed heavily on their minds, especially on the one who had to take Erie and Pittsburgh rifle and the beautiful, bright phosphorescence of the angry waves had no longer had charms for him. It was, therefore, proposed that we should return to our original design and steer for Mulford's Landing, at the mouth of San Leandro, same, emptying into the bay several miles beyond San Leandro. This would be on a weather shore and in case the wind did increase we could run the yacht into shelter in the creek and return by rail, or we could run home before the sea. We stood across to the Alameda shore and tacked along it, with the tide in our favor and a fresh breeze. It was dark and cloudy, but a glowing fire in the cabin below and a cup of hot coffee promptly thawed the blue blood from our plebeian veins and kept us comfortable.

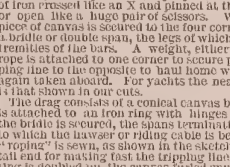
So we passed the month of San Leandro creek. The air and water were literally alive with ducks, and they seemed to be rather entertained than otherwise by our presence and flew around the muzzle of Muffin's rifle with provoking impunity. The wind had been growing lighter as we neared it, and it was necessary to set our lights sails in order that we might reach our objective point before the tide should turn against us. Between 10 and 11 A. M. the clouds on the Western shore began lowering in showers of rain, closing out from view Alcatraz, Telegraph Hill, Hunter's Point and all that shore in rapid succession. Around us the atmosphere below was clear enough above, but no rain. We kept on a little south of a point opposite our destination and were now heading directly toward the shore for the Wharf, the general trend here being a little south of East. As our nearer approach magnified the objects, which heretofore had been indistinct hills forming the background and the dark gray sky beyond. Looking astern we seemed out on the boundless sea, no land in sight, and the horizon seemingly only a half mile distant. And as we logged we fondly dwelt on the sweet satisfaction that we were for once cut off from that wicked world which is constantly conspiring to induce you to part with your hard-earned coin in exchange for "Exchequer" at fourteen dollars per share, or threatening to burn down your house unless you discharge your cheap labor and come down to leader bread for thirty dollars a month and board.

"Half one!" "seven feet!" "five feet!" "hard bottom!" in rapid succession from the industrious Fix who was jamming the boat hook into the water alongside suddenly terminated our reflections for the time being. We were yet about half a mile from the wharf and with not much more water than necessary to float us, as we drew four feet. The ebb and flow of the tide through the creek or slough has cut a channel about thirty feet wide, but only for about a hundred feet out into the bay; from that point for a mile out there is a uniform depth of about six feet at high water, and none whatever at low. For another mile there is about two or three feet more water. These are the Alameda flats. Sail was now quickly shortened in order that if we ran aground we would not do so with much force. A few minutes carried us into the channel, which is designated by piles, placed at intervals on the western edge and buoys along the eastern. When within fifty yards of the wharf, and having considerable headway, the sails were lowered; but the tide was running out like a mill-race and at once swept us off to the edge of the channel and hard aground. The water was now falling fast and no time was lost in taking a hawser to a pile, the end aboard passed around the windlass and all hands piped to "heave around." At first the yacht moved a little, but the line gradually tightened until at last it parted and we were left without any hope of returning to San Francisco in our craft that day. It was determined, therefore, to leave her in charge of the steward and proceed homeward by rail. However, we had several hours to spare, so we composed ourselves and proceeded to breakfast, which had been some time awaiting our leisure. The water under the yacht rapidly that before we had finished the vessel had careened over on her side so much that the dishes had to be propped up at one end to prevent their contents running out. The outer edge of the rain-cloud also just reached us in a fine drizzle, and the momentary increase of the size of the drops indicated the approach of the main body. It was now discovered that unless haste was made there would not be water enough around the yacht to float the yawl, in which case we would be left aground where we were on the next stage of the ebb tide, midnight. Already two were as many as she could carry, therefore no delay was made in setting the first ashore. By the time the third trip was made there was not sufficient water to float the yawl with one person back to the yacht. So the skiff of a schooner was borrowed; but she also by that time could not reach the yacht, aboard of which the writer, being the lightest, had been left to the last. Finally, the Emerald's ship-keeper rolled up his pants and carried the last of the company ashore on his back. Thus, rather ignominiously, did our cruise come to an end, but it was nevertheless enjoyed while it lasted, as well as for the experience gained. J. C. C.

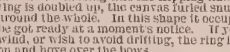
THE McMANUS SEA ANCHOR.

THE value of a sea anchor or drag is well known to sailors, and one of them should be found on every cruising yacht for use off soundings. History furnishes a number of illustrations where vessels in the last extremity, often after loss of spars, have ridden out a gale with comparative ease when riding to a floating anchor of some kind. This may be improvised in a number of ways, out of any material at hand, such as lashing together a number of spare spars, gratings, or even buckets. In our own experience we found even the light spars of a mackerel seiner of great service when caught by an off-shore gale and unable to make anything to windward. Driven slowly down the coast until the capes of a large bay were opened, where the wind had a sweep of thirty miles and had tumbled up a big sea, we made things as snug as possible by lashing down a tarpaulin over the boats loose to the life lines outside, and then getting out our improvised sea anchor. This was made by lashing fore and mainmast and a couple of yards together, then stretching a rope span from end to end, to the centre of which a line was bent on, a good length paid out and the end made fast to the bow-ring and thrown overboard. A bucket was also tailed on to the spars and served to hold the boat from drifting seaward, while the spars broke the seas and the boat rode it out comparatively dry and easy. In Uncle Sam's navy all vessels are provided with a spritsail rig for similar purposes. It consists of a couple of bars of iron crossed like an X and pinned at the centre. They will fold up or open like a huge pair of scissors. When expanded a square-cut piece of canvas is secured to the four corners and a hawser bent on to a bridle or double span, the legs of which are fastened to the four extremities of the bars. A weight, either on the edge of the canvas or in rope is attached to one corner to secure proper immersion and a tripping line to the opposite to haul home with when the anchor is to be again taken aboard. For yachts the neatest arrangement, however, I shall show in our cuts.

The drag consists of a conical canvas bag with a circular mouth. It is attached to an iron ring with hinges in the centre. To this ring the bridle is secured, the spans terminating in a large eye or thimble to which the hawser or riding cable is bent. To strengthen the ring a "toping" is sewn, as shown in the sketch, and an eye seized on at the tail end for making fast the tripping line. When not in use the iron ring is doubled up, the canvas furled snugly by passing the buoy line around the whole. In this shape it occupies but little space and can be stowed away in a moment's notice. If you are anxious to lie head to wind, or wish to avoid drifting, the ring is opened, cable and trip bent on and hove over the bows.



THE DRAG IN USE.



READY FOR STOWING.

The bag fills as soon as a strain is brought on the cable and is prevented from sinking under foot by the cork buoy with just line enough to let the drag settle into solid water. To haul in, check the cable, jerk on the trip and haul in fast first, when the rig will come home without trouble. These drags have been introduced among Boston yachtsmen and find great favor. They are made by John H. McManus & Son, the well-known sailmakers of Commercial Wharf, Boston, and will, we believe, be forwarded to parties fitting out for a cruise when ordered. They are furnishing them to all the yachts for which they are making sails, and that includes quite a big fleet. Mr. McManus thinks that there is something in mainsails loose on the foot, as a test for some boats, and the cutting of such sails so as to sit well, is a specialty to which he has devoted much attention, he is likely to give thorough satisfaction to cutterman and others about to try the experiment. Things are brisk in his loft and all the Boston cracks will receive their main with the McManus stamp at the foot. Being a practical yacht sailor, and therefore not governed by blind adherence to the heresay lore and trade customs of the loft, his ideas are found abreast of the times and his work gives gratifying evidence that the problem of cutting well-setting sails of good "draft" has been solved in a manner perfectly satisfactory to the Eastern yachtsmen. Among the long list of ships canvased by him we rec rd the cutters Enterprise, Violet, Scorpion, Active and the yawl Edith, and the new 30-ft cutters soon to be launched from Lawley & Sons', at City Point, are to receive their sailing duds from the same source. Then there is a long string of sloops, including the famous little Gale, now owned by Mr. C. B. Hopkins, of Staten Island, and also the two new sloops, 32 and 45 ft. long, of Lawley's build, the schooner Breeze, sloops Magic, Ingeria, Heart, Echo, and the new Nora, Maud, Jenet and Thisby, all of which are to have new McManus sails, while the fleet he has canvased include the great majority of the fast and well-known yachts in the East, such as the schooners Yaniba, Idler, Adrienne and Active, the sloops, Viking, Sunbeam, Nimbus, Lottie, Thistle, Gwendolin, Madcap and the cats Fancy, Psyche, Fanny and a host of others too numerous to mention.

THE AMERICA CUP MATCH.

SUPPLEMENTARY to some editorial remarks in our last issue concerning the contemplated challenge for the America Cup by a new boat now building by Cuthbert, of Belleville, Ont., we quote the following from the *Belleville Intelligencer*, which is perhaps the best posted on yachting affairs across the border:

"Captain Alexander Cuthbert, who designed and built the Countess of Dufferin at Cobourg, is still of opinion that his yacht could have been had he been given opportunity to properly fit her for the match; but at all events he is determined to have one more trial for the coveted trophy. With this object he is building in this city, where he now makes his home, a vessel in whose model is embodied all his practical experience, and on behalf of which he will challenge in the name of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, of which he is a member. It must be remembered that he turned out the Annie Cuthbert, with which he carried off a Queen's cup won in England by an American yacht, and which was consigned to the custody of the Detroit Yacht Club as typical of the cruising craft of the lakes. In this match the Annie Cuthbert defeated the Cora, which was built by McGlehan, of Pamrapo, New Jersey, one of the most famous of American builders, to defend the title. The Norah, which Cuthbert built at Trenton for the Bay of Quinte Club, of which he is a member. It must be remembered that he turned out the Annie Cuthbert, with which he carried off a Queen's cup won in England by an American yacht, and which was consigned to the custody of the Detroit Yacht Club as typical of the cruising craft of the lakes. In this match the Annie Cuthbert defeated the Cora, which was built by McGlehan, of Pamrapo, New Jersey, one of the most famous of American builders, to defend the title. The Norah, which Cuthbert built at Trenton for the Bay of Quinte Club, of which he is a member, is, of this city, is an improvement on the Cuthbert, and undoubtedly her superior in speed.

"The keel of the Atlanta—which is the name selected for the Canadian representative in the next contest for the 'America cup'—was laid a few days ago, and some of her frames were set up yesterday. Her principal dimensions will be as follows: Length of keel, 63 ft.; length on water line, 64 ft.; length over all, 76 ft.; extreme breadth of beam, 19 ft.; depth of hold, 6 ft. 10 in.; draft of water aft, 11 ft. 6 in.; draft forward, 3 ft. 6 in.; centreboard box, 15 ft. long; draft with board down, 16 ft. 6 in. Spars—mainmast, 70 ft. feet to head; topmast, 34 ft.; main boom, 70 ft.; gaff, 36 ft.; bowsprit outboard, 25 ft. Tonnage, 84 tons. She will be cutter-rigged, and the principal dimensions of her lower canvas will be as follows: Stay foresail, 22 ft. on foot; jib, 28 ft. on foot; Jigot or mainsail, 42 ft. Balloon jib, gaff topsail and other light canvas will of course be provided. The frame will be of white oak and more than usually heavy, and the same timber will be used almost entirely, if not wholly, in the construction of the hull. The model is the finest that we have seen, and the Atlanta cannot fail to develop a very high rate of speed. It is not, of course, certain that the New York Yacht Club will choose a sloop to represent them in the contest, but we have information from a gentleman in New York, who is perhaps the best authority on yachting in America, that such would probably be the case, and also that they would likely waive the six months' notice.

"In case the holders name a sloop, the force from which the choice would in all probability be made are the Gracie, the Mischief and the Arrow, which are the largest yachts of their rig in New York waters.

"The principal dimensions of these craft are as follows: Gracie—79 ft. 10 in. over all; 70 ft. 9 in. water line; 21 ft. 6 in. beam; 6 ft. 8 in. depth of hold; greatest draft, 6 ft. 6 in. without board; hoist of mainsail about 65 ft.; tonnage, 121 tons. Mischief—67 ft. 5 in. over all; 61 ft. water line; 19 ft. 10 in. beam; 7 ft. 9 in. depth of hold; 5 ft. 9 in. draft without board; hoist of mainsail, 48 ft.; tonnage, 80 tons. Arrow—65 ft. 7 in. over all; 61 ft. 6 in. water line; beam, 20 ft. 2 in.; depth of hold, 6 ft. 9½ in.; draft of water aft, 5 ft. 6 in.; hoist of mainsail, 50 ft.; tonnage, 59 tons.

"It may here be explained that the tonnage of each is computed under the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club's rule. That of the New York Yacht Club is materially different, but the advantage will rest with the Atlanta, which will, under it, be relatively smaller as compared with either of the vessels named.

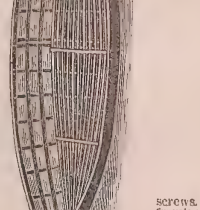
"The three craft particularized above are beyond doubt the best racers that exist among American sloops, the two latter having particularly distinguished themselves. It will be observed that they differ greatly from a sloop. Cuthbert's sailed, their beam being much greater in proportion to their length than in the case of the latter, and all are of greater tonnage than the Atlanta, although shorter, but the difference between her and the Mischief and Arrow is very slight. Let us hope that the best among them may be chosen to represent the famous club to which they belong, and that in yachting, as in sculling, Canada may bear away the palm of victory. The challenge will probably be formulated at the next meeting of the R. Q. Y. C., which will be held a few days hence."

A TURN TO WINDWARD WITH A SHARPIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We had "come to" under the lee of Cohansey Light for the night, when a sharpie rounded up close to us for the same purpose. We went on board of her, spending a pleasant evening with the skipper and his man discussing the merits of different shaped boats, etc., etc. Our yacht was 36 ft. over all, 13 ft. wide and 4 ft. draft, sharp as a wedge, with dead rise enough to let her down easy on the water. Her best point of sailing was at the wind with a tumble of a sea. The sharpie was 45 ft. long, 9 ft. beam, 4 ft. 6 in. draft, and half loaded. "As we are both bound down the bay I would like to have a brush with you in the morning, especially should the wind haul to the southward," said I. "All right" the skipper replied, as he lectured a conical, knowing looking centreboard. The day broke clear with a fresh breeze southeast, almost dead on end down the bay. The sharpie was already underway, with her foresail hauled over slightly to windward, evidently waiting for us. In a few minutes we were with him and the race fairly began. The first stretch we rounded the gentleman, and continued slowly but surely to open the gap. "Just what I expected," said I; "our long-legged friend may be good enough before the wind, but when he comes to stick his nose at he won't do." The wind freshened as the sun rose, and the water became considerably rumpled. Missing the sharpie I found he had gone off shore on his port tack, and was well off in the bay before he hove about. "Now, his goose is cooked. To be sure he has the channel tide in his favor, but he will never be able to climb the sea that's getting up out there," said I to myself, reflectively. I watched him closely, however, as we approached each other on different tacks, and a few minutes served to show me that he must after all pass to windward of us. I at once clapped a tackle on the luff tackle, and hove the mainsail down the mast as taut as a fiddle string, gave the peak halliards a pull, boarded our yawl, dropped the centreboard half an inch, and put away three drops of good old Jersey apple. The long-legged chap was now in to windward of us on the same tack, and found he could ease his sheets a little and run down across our forefoot whenever he wanted to, and with the square case trim that again and put us under his lee quarter. I saw with dismay we had no further business with him, and as the sea was increasing with the wind, and a reef if not two of them were already necessary, I proposed to run off around Egg Island and drop into the mouth of the river and fish. "Why not go down to the breakwater, Cap.? Better fishing there; besides we could show that New Londoner how fast we could beat his long, fat bateaux concern through a heaving head sea!" "Oh, blast that fellow! Our yacht is out of sorts this morning and so am I. I must shift her ballast as soon as we come to. I knew before we left Charlie had her trimmed too much by the stern." "Too thin, Cap! However, if you treat the party and promise us a good mess of trout for supper we will keep mum on the sharpie." "The ballast was not shifted, and I have a better opinion of sharpies than formerly. I believe any type of boat properly rigged, ballasted and handled will perform well. R. G. W.

CANVAS BOATS.—The Stranahan Canvas Folding Boat, manufactured by F. M. Hunt & Co., of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, will be found to meet the wants of sportsmen and tourists, and is very popular owing to its strength, lightness, strength and portability. The builders make use of a special waterproofing, intended not only to render the duck tight, but also to preserve its fibre in all climates. The canvas is of the best quality of 8 and 10 oz. duck. The ten foot boats have nine ribs, and the twelve and fifteen, six, the fifteen-foot boats have nineteen, bringing the ribs close enough together to prevent bagging of the sides, giving a fair boat for speed and a hand-some one to look at. Two side or bilge slats half way between rail and bottom serve to strengthen the whole structure and retain the ribs in their proper positions. Bow and stern pieces, gunwales, ribs and bilge slats are made of selected second-growth red elm, one of the lightest, toughest and most durable of woods. The bottom slats and stools are of bass-wood, tipped with copper to prevent splitting. The gunwales are 1¼ in. wide and ⅛ in. thick, the ribs and bilge slats being ¾ by ⅛ in., and bottom slats 1 by ⅛ in. The boat is folded by means of a joint in the centre, and is stowed compactly by turning one half over the other, as shown in the cut. For this purpose the frame is cut in the centre of the two pairs nearest together, as shown in the cut, the pieces cut alternating on each rib and fastening at each gunwale and at two points on the bottom with wrought-iron latches, fastened with 3-thumb-screws, making the joint as strong as any part of the frame. The canvas is secured by leather straps buttoned to the inside of the gunwales over round-headed screws. Before putting together the framing is all primed and painted. Oars and paddles are varnished and tipped with copper. For shipping the canvas is stripped and rolled up, the frames doubled up, and canvas secured inside the package, so that nothing can be misplaced, left behind or lost *in transitu*. The only seams in the skin are those at the ends, as the canvas is woven in one piece. The boats are said to stand a fair amount of sea, rising dry to everything on account of their lightness. They have two seats or stools, double set of rowlocks, and are handy for shooting or fishing, as they have a long floor. Under sail they do well with the wind abeam or quarter, one minute is the time required to unfold ready for use or to stow again, no tools of any sort being required. Three sizes are made and shipped to any part of the country. The smallest is 10 ft. long, is in. wide on bottom and 32 at top, with a depth of 11 in. at the centre and 15 in. at the ends, weighing 35 lbs. Carrying capacity, 400 lbs.; oars, 6 ft. long. The 12 ft. boat is intended for 600 lbs. capacity, and is 26 in. on bottom and 38 on top. Depth at centre, 13 in., and at ends 17 in., the whole with three stools and a pair of 6½ ft. oars, weighing 50 lbs. The largest size will carry 800 lbs. It is 15 ft. long, 28 in. wide on bottom and 46 in. on top, with a depth of 14 in. in centre and 18 at ends. Furnished with two pairs of 8½ ft. oars and four stools, the outfit weighs 65 lbs. All the carrying boats are well within the limits of the actual capacity, which is much greater when loaded down. A well-known sportsman writes concerning them:



"To those who desire a light boat for camp purposes we recommend the above. We had two of the 12 ft. size in use at our fishing camp last summer, one of which we sent to Florida this winter, and found them all the builder claims for them. They are literally as light as a feather, and ride the water like a duck, and are very staunch."

YACHTING NEWS.

SHADOW CANOE.—One of the best known Shadow canoes is offered for sale in another column by a gentleman giving up the sport.

GWENDOLEN.—This sloop, built by Woods Bros., East Boston, and owned last season in New York, has been sold to Boston parties, and will sail for her new hailing port soon.

NORAH.—Mr. J. R. Bell has had the name of his sloop, Bloodhound, changed to Norah. She is to be thoroughly fitted at Mill Point, near Belleville, Ont. It will be remembered that she was built last year, and turned out to be a smart flyer.

DEMAND FOR SMALL CRUISERS.—Mr. Stephens, of Rahway, expects to begin work soon on some two-tonners. Requests for estimates are coming in very fast. Small cruisers, hitherto unknown in New York waters, promise to make a class for themselves soon.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, L. A. Fish; Vice Commodore, W. R. Vermilye; Rear Commodore, T. A. Howell; Recording Secretary, W. W. Beebe; Treasurer, Richard G. Field; Measurer, George B. Moffat; Corresponding Secretary, J. C. Marcellus. The annual regatta is fixed for Saturday, June 11.

TIRED OF MACHINES.—A correspondent writes: "I live at Seabright, N. J., during the summer, and a year's "upland" sailing in the South Shrewsbury has more than satisfied me with a "jib and mainsail" and sand bags. I have come to the conclusion that more water and less sailing is more desirable than the reverse."

THE MARKET.—Generally an advertisement in our columns for a yacht brings a flood of answers. For a recent inquiry for a keel yacht, about 35 ft. long, only a few stray letters have reached us. This we take as proof that the market is exceedingly bare of such craft and that the real end for safe cruising craft of moderate tonnage is greater than the supply.

FRENCH YACHTSMEN.—We have had the pleasure of a call from M. Martial Caillebotte and yachting friends, of Paris, on a visit to this country in search of information about American yachts. They think that for some of the French rivers and shoal harbors, models more nearly like our centreboard boats would give more satisfaction for home cruising than the excessively deep English craft.

E RLY BIRDS.—Com. C. E. Chase had his canoe bubble overboard last week, and opened the season with a day's paddling to swell the scams of his double-ender, and Capt. Nolan, of the sloop Phœbe of Boston, has all to get his in preparation for a spring cruise. New York yachts are all ashore yet, and little activity has been shown so far. The season here promises to be unusually dull; few boats building. The racing season is likely to be very tame, unless relieved by the advent of the Canadian sloop, but much quiet cruising is in prospect, and that after all makes sailors and develops healthy craft.

MANNING'S CIRCULAR.—A late edition of Manning's yacht and shipping circular gives full particulars of 36 schooners, 37 cabin sloops of varying tonnages, 21 steam yachts, 9 launches, a lot of open boats, catamarans, etc., which are on the berth for sale. They report twenty yachts sold since the last edition of their circular, and a very fair demand for the season. Manning's agency has been established so many years, and is so favorably known, that it requires no endorsement from us. They have a virtual monopoly of the business, and sell nine out of every ten yachts disposed of through public offer.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.—Capt. R. G. Wilkins, an excellent authority on Delaware yachting, has written a very sensible letter to *A field and A float* on the necessity of abolishing length measurement. It we are to make any improvement in model and any headway in seamanship. That the single spar should be something more than a mere matter of athletics and a sort of tight-rope performance is beginning to be recognized on all sides. We quote from his letter, hoping that the very praiseworthy suggestion from the Trenton yachtsmen may soon be put into actual practice, and adding that the view of an "old sailing master" the Captain mentions coincides exactly with our own and hits the nail on the head:

"Our yachts are classified according to length, and, as no amount of sail is specified, the builder increases the beam so as to increase sail and speed. This leads to results, causing more friction, bringing a greater strain on the hull, spars and rigging, as well as upon the men. Why not tax sail area, or allow a certain amount proportionate to length? Or, as our yachting friends at Trenton suggest, allow one man for each foot of boat, discard sand bags and other shifting ballast, and so bring the yachts to sailing on their own merits.

"At the last regatta of the Cooper's Point Yacht Club, an old sailing master remarked to me: 'These boats are not built to win; they are built for the men to win.' Surely some equitable plan can be devised. Easy, graceful lines, and more style would soon follow; a boat would perform better when her reef cringles are hauled down and facing a head sea. A cloud of kites flying off the wind is a terror, and two thirds or the time wins.

"I hope other yachts will follow in the wake of the Pennsylvania Club. It would give great satisfaction all round. The builder would be the gainer, because increased resistance with its many advantages would in a very great measure compensate for loss of buoyancy and stiffness, and the owner would have a better behaved and less expensive boat, if not quite so fast.

"Finess some better form of classification is adopted, yachts of extreme beam, like the Minerva, must prevail. She is 30 ft. over all, 14 ft. beam, 4 ft. 2 in. deep, and is the "boss" of the Quaker City Yacht Club, if not of the world, for her length. The Minerva will visit New York this summer, when other types of yachts will have a chance of testing her speed and sea worthiness."

MINNEAPOLIS CANOE CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have organized a canoe club here with E. H. Moulton as Commodore; F. V. Raven, Vice Commodore; C. F. Wheeler, Treasurer, and A. B. Taylor, Secretary. Our headquarters will be at Lake Minnetonka, twelve miles west of the city on the St. P., M. & M. Ry. We expect to put up a house this spring with accommodations for from 40 to 60 canoes, with a hall above and wide veranda in front facing the lake. Several of the members have already ordered canoes from Kane & Co., Chicago, including their several models, "Shadow," "Cruising" and "St. Paul." We have a fine chance to test the merits of the various makes and models fully, and intend to do so.—H.

NOT SO BAD.—The Boston *Herald* says the dimensions we gave of Bibber's new catboat are wrong. This may be. We took our information from a source very near the *Herald's* office. However, the particular figures are immaterial. Yachts have been built almost circular in form, and as long as we race on length our reasoning will still apply. Had Bibber built on the figures we gave it would certainly not have been discreditable to him, but would, on the contrary, have shown a complete comprehension of the weaknesses of measuring by length. The figures we gave are not at all absurd on which a measurement rule, but quite possible, and boats of such dimensions will probably be built. But if we cannot believe the cold type of even our Boston contemporaries, the editorial scissors may as well be flung into the scrap-heap at once, and if that is to be done, what will there be left for many other contemporaries to print in the way of "Eastern Notes," stolen, body and soul, from our esteemed contemporary, the Boston *Herald*, without the least credit being given? For the present the *Herald's* information delays the agony, but does not remove the cause thereof.

Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the child and benefit themselves by taking Hop Bitters daily.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

F. H., Bristol, Conn.—Where can I obtain a map of the Adirondack region? Ans. We can furnish them, price $1.

A. G., Kingston, Pa.—Your dog is eligible for classes 33 or 35 according to Westminster Kennel Club rules 14 and 15.

BUNNIE.—You must send your entry to Mr. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent New York Bench Show, 128 Fulton street, this city. Have mailed you premium list and entry blank.

GROVESNER, N. Y.—Your communication is not signed; please send name. For stud services of an Italian greyhound, write Mr. A. B. Moore, 1,711 Spring Garden street, Phila.

J. M., Empire, Fond du Lac, Wis.—Could you inform me if there is any difference between what is called the American jack rabbit and the English hare? Ans. They are entirely different species.

C. D., Worcester.—Will you please inform me if Mr. Frederick A. Ober's (Fred. Beverly) tourograph proved a success; if it will perform all its inventor claims for it? Also, can you tell me its cost? Ans. He so states. Write to the Blair Tourograph Co., 433 Washington street, Boston.

E. Y., Boston.—Will you oblige me with information as to raising sheefs in fresh water ponds, or refer me to any publications on the subject? Ans. There is nothing published except the facts that certain waters have been stocked with them. All that is necessary is to get the fish and transplant them.

H. L., Stamford, N. Y.—Can you give me the address of any taxidermist or collector on the sea coast where aquatic birds, gulls, etc., can be procured in exchange? Ans. J. Wallace, No. 16 North William street, New York, can perhaps send you something. W. P. Neald Pinellas, Hillsborough Co., Florida, has southern skins.

A. L. B., Waterville, Oneida County, N. Y.—Have you any advance sheets or a prospectus for "Coues' Key to North American Birds?" I wish to know if the work is illustrated as all, or wanderer it has exact descriptions only. Ans. The work has some uncolored illustrations. Its chief value, however, depends on its exact descriptions, and its very full introductory matter.

H. M. H., Jackson, Mich.—1. I wish to purchase a 10½-lb. 10 bore, and I want to pay about $60 to $65 (list price). Which is the best gun for that money? 2. Which is the best for glass ballshooting, soft or chilled shot? Ans. 1. There are half a dozen makes of gun to be had at that price, all of which are good. 2 Chilled shot is a little the best for glass balls, though practically there is but little difference.

R. T., Washington, D. C.—1. What is a good pattern, 32-in. circle, 25 yards, No. 12 gun, 2¾ drams powder, one ounce No. 9. shot; weight of gun, six pounds? 2. Will not a good gun send shot through a piece of ordinary wrapping paper, pinned to thin pasteboard (loaded as above), distance 15 yards? 3. How many shot ought same gun put in playing card, distance 25 yards? Ans. 1. About one-half the charge of shot. 2. Very few guns that will do it. 3. Never tried it.

W. B. B., Orange, N. J.—Would you inform me (1) whether the proposed game law for this State has been passed, and (2) where copies of the law, either new or old, can be had? 3. When does the dry season begin in Florida, and how long does it last? 4. What kind of game is to be found near St. Nicholas? 5. Is there good fishing in the St. Johns? Ans. 1. Not yet. 2. Write to your representative for copies. 3. In October, and lasts about eight months. 4. Where is St. Nicholas? 5. Yes.

D., Quincy.—1 Is a ten bore that will put two-thirds of a charge in a thirty inch circle with even distribution and one-half an inch penetration in solid poplar wood as good as I can expect from any medium-priced gun? The charge used was three drams of powder and an ounce of shot, with two wads over the powder 2. Would you buy a 13 gauge? Ans. 1. The pattern is excellent. 2. Depends altogether on the kind of shooting you have.

A. D. E., Irvington, N. Y.—1. How many grains of powder are equivalent to a dram? 2. Have the ducks commenced to come North yet; is there any shooting on Long Island yet and when will be the best time this spring for me to go there for ducks and geese? Ans. 1. One dram avoirdupois is 1-16 of 437½ grs.—a little less than 27½ grs.; 1 dram apothecary or Troy is ⅛ of 480 grains, or 60 grains; 2¾ grains of powder is a dram of powder measure. 2. The birds have begun to come on The last of this month is a good time to go.

F. B. J., Plattsburgh.—1. I wish a gun for duck shooting, 12 gauge, 8¼ lbs. Which would you advise, 30, 31 or 32 in. barrels. 2. Will a 12 gauge, 30 inch barrel burn 4 drs. large grain ducking powder? 3. For such a gun, full choke, would 4 drs. powder, 1 oz. No. 6 chilled shot be a proper load for ducks? 4. Where can I get the Huntingham rules for pigeon shooting? Ans. 1. If you will have a 12 gauge, 30 inch barrels are long enough. 2. Probably not. 3. 3½ drs. and 1⅛ oz. would be better. 4. Write to H. C. Squires, 1 Cortlandt st., for "The Trap Shooter's Referee," price 50 cents.

W. A. N., Newton, N. J.—1. What is the cheapest route to Richmond, Va., and is there any extra charge for dogs? 2. What is the best time to go for quail and deer? 3. Could we get excursion tickets good for two weeks or not? 4. What do you think of the —— gun, $55 grade, and what charge will it stand safely? Ans. 1. Fare by Old Dominion Line $12, by Chesapeake and Ohio R.R. $12.85. No extra charge for dogs, except fee to baggage master. 2. Do not go for quail till after the frost has killed the weeds. 3. You would have to make special arrangements about excursion tickets, we think. 4. A fair gun for a cheap one and will probably stand any load that you want to shoot out of it.

J. M. B., Baltimore.—Can you inform me at what age a Chesapeake diamond-back terrapin is matured, or can you tell me of any work or treatise that is published on the life and habits of the above-named terrapin? Also, if you can give me the address of Mulford Dorlin, who has a terrapin farm on Mobile Bay, Ala? Ans. There is no work which gives the information you require and but little is really known of the age at which terrapin is mature. We have heard fishermen set it from three to seven, and even more, years. This is a good line of research for both the United States and the Maryland Fish Commissions and we will call their attention to it. We have a very interesting letter from Mr. Dorlin on terrapin culture, which will appear in our next.

T., Washington.—Little danger of sinking from filling, except it run down, when any yacht would sink. You would find it impossible to carry as much sail to the sailing length, and a full deck if so carried up to deck height, cockpit might fill without damage. Adopted sloop rig because the boat is small. Rig you mention would require a mainmast in cabin. Raking masts ease a vessel if they are stepped too far forward; otherwise objectionable Practice has shown no advantage in them. On the wind no sail can be a lifting sail. Off the wind the jib is. Sails certainly can be too flat, especially sailing close in light winds, hence mainsails loose on the foot are finding favor. Your spritsail rig good for large, flat drafts, but you could not crowd the necessary sail on a yacht, nor would it be as efficient as a gaffsail on a boat of large displacement. What suits a skiff or bateaux will not necessarily be the best on a larger scale.

E. L. F., Pagosa Springs, Colorado.—1. I wish to get a good book on the ilsies and the fishing of the U. S. 2. I do not wish a work relating mostly to that section known as New England. 3. I want a book mostly about the Southern and Southwestern States; that, is the States south of Mason and Dixon's line and as far west as the Indian Territory, including Texas. 3. Is Frank Forester" and "Halleck's Sportsman's Gazetteer" have. Which of the three following books is the best for my purpose: "Fishing in Am. Waters" (last edition), Genio C. Scott; "Am Angler's Book," Thad. Norris; "Am. Angler's Guide," Brown? Are all these books illustrated? A. No. There is no such book as you require. Mr. Mather was engaged on a work to cover all American waters, but his other labors have prevented its completion Norris' is the best and broadest angling book. We can furnish it. The books mentioned are all illustrated, after a fashion, but Norris' is by far the best.

W. J. L., Attleboro, Mass.—1. Where can I procure reliable maps of the St. Johns River and the east and west branches of the Penobscot? 2. Do you think it would be practical and safe for two young men to attempt without guides either of the trips spoken of by Mr. Steele in his "Canoe and Camera," viz., St. Johns River, east or west branches of the Penobscot? 2. Would you advise taking a canoe from home or buying a birch bark upon arrival at Moosehead Lake? Ans. The map in "Canoe and Camera" is the only map yet issued regarding the routes mentioned, that of the east branch of the Penobscot being drawn from Mr. Steele's personal exploration. 2. It is not safe to go any of those three routes without one guide at least, and two men with baggage is enough load for one canoe. If the second tourist cannot afford a guide, should advise him to "paddle his own canoe," rather than add extra weight to the other. 3. You can hire or buy canoes at Mt. Kineo House, Moosehead Lake, and almost every guide owns one, which is included in his price per day. Be sure and have a clear understanding with guide before starting, or the canoe trip will prove more expensive than anticipated.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—[*Adv.*

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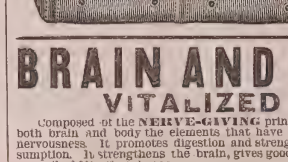
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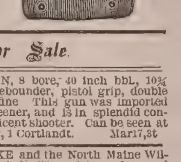
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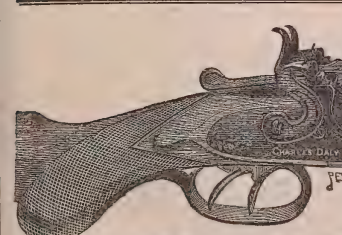
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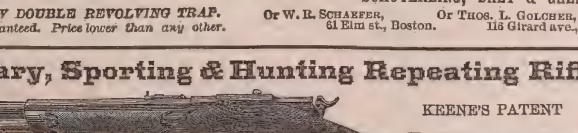
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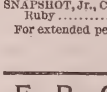
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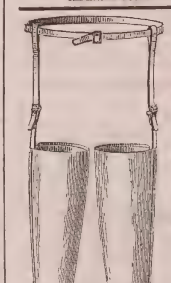
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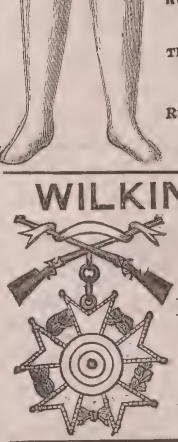
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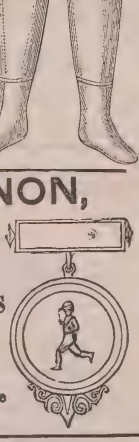
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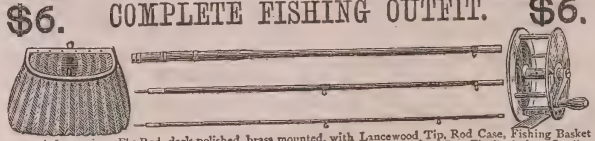
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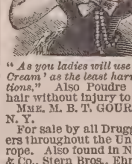


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FOREST AND STREAM & ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, March 31.

WHAT SUPPLIES SHALL WE TAKE WITH US, is a question that has probably vexed the spirit of many a man, and has caused anxious thought to every one who has ever started out to go into camp in the wilderness. There are some men who are contented to live on what they kill during the trip, and who carry with them nothing but bacon, bread and coffee, and there are others who scorn such meagre fare and demand the accessories of condensed milk, canned vegetables, potted meats and preserves. There is no way of transporting edible luxuries so convenient or so safe as in cans, and such goods have been deservedly popular in the past. Lately, however, we have begun to hear complaints, which lead us to imagine either that the goods put up by long established firms are deteriorating, or else that inferior articles are being placed on the market. We have recently received a cheerful letter from a New England correspondent who tells us that a canning establishment near where he resides, sent through the country last winter and bought up all the sheep that had died and all the old poor cattle for use in their establishment. Such a statement is not particularly pleasing to one who is accustomed to depend in part, while in camp or on his yacht on his meats put up in cans. But aside from anything of this kind, what can be more annoying when one is wholly out of reach of the market than to find one's vegetables spoiled and the meats tough or uneatable?

Our readers, whether on land or on board ship, use a great quantity of such stores as these, and they want them good. There must be some reliable houses which deal in provisions of this kind, and we should be glad to know who they are—whom we can feel safe in recommending.

Will some of our readers give us their experience in this matter for the benefit of the fraternity at large?

THE COMING OF THE SHAD.

THE advance-guard has arrived, and the main body, in solid phalanx, may be expected soon. About this time, as the almanac man would put the case, it is in order to scald out the frying pan to take the flavor of the autumnal sausage from its ferruginous pores; scour up the gridiron to remove all suspicion of chops, steaks or oleaginous mackerel; but if you plank your shad simply wipe the dust from the plank, for it is held that the longer a plank is used the more its pores become filled with the essence of previous shads, and the less can therefore be extracted or absorbed from present ones.

The extension of lines of travel have enabled New Yorkers to eat shad nearly all winter, beginning with those of Florida, and after consuming quantities of them they take from the more northerly rivers in turn until the run begins in the Delaware and the Hudson, or "North River," as they locally call it. This has tended to entirely destroy the romance of the coming of the shad, which was formerly hailed with delight by the old Dutch settlers as a relief from the spare-rib and "oelecoeks" of winter. In those days it meant an unlimited supply of a new food, and great was the rejoicing at the capture of the forerunner of the school of clupeoids which were as certain to come after as the dogwood and shadblows were to bloom. In ye olden time the advent of the shad was a thing to talk about, and Muynheer has been known to even let the fire in his pipe die away in his haste to convey the news over the old half-door to his neighbor on the other side of the way, how Pieter Weindirk and "Brommy" Van der Kuinck caught a shad in their fyke by the Battery this morning. Later than this, within our own short memory, the crack hotels paid prices from twenty-five to fifty dollars for the first Hudson shad, and it was announced in all the city papers that the enterprising proprietor of the Asterisk House had served up the first shad of the season to his guests at the price above named. Alas! he comes as unheralded and unnoticed now as the Member of Congress from Sawlogville, who wonders if the people will close their stores on his arrival; and so many Southern shad have preceded him that his identity is lost, and instead of a pioneer leading a mighty host he is simply a shad whose only credentials are the word of the marketman who certifies to the fact that he bought it of a fisherman who caught it at a certain place; but in appearance it is not to be distinguished from its fellows of the Chesapeake who have graced the slabs for weeks before, except perhaps by a slight fullness in the eye which denotes the freshly caught fish.

We feel sorry for the man who does not long for the season of succulent shad, and for the man who "likes 'em if 'twasn't for the bones." We grieve for the former because, perhaps, he never ate shad, except small ones; and your real shad lover abominates a small one, dried up, perhaps, in a pan, and wishes that he could sit down to a juicy six-pounder quickly broiled or planked. The latter—the bone man—has our sympathies, because he does not know that shad were made to linger over and enjoy and not to bolt as our African brothers do their ham and eggs; and besides, shad are not suitable for the railway lunch where "twenty minutes for refreshment" are shortened at both ends until there is actually only half that time available. Moreover, he knoweth not that a shad or other fish is not to be cut across like a slice of liver, but that the fork must separate the layers of muscle between which lie the small bones, which in cutting are inextricably intermingled with the flesh. He knoweth not that the shad is built upon a correct plan, and that it is his piscivorine knowledge which is at fault; but we will tell him at every opportunity, so that he may yet learn to enjoy one of the finest fishes which the palate of the man whose ichthyophagic education has been complete knoweth of.

The first shad is usually taken at New York on or about St. Patrick's Day, blessings on him for it; for perhaps if the Saint had not existed we would never have known to what a height a form of herring could attain. Think of it! As Ireland owes her freedom from snakes to St. Patrick, so America owes the shad to him. The admirers of St. Patrick vehemently insist that he was a gentleman. We believe it. Why they so strenuously insist upon his gentility we do not know. Perhaps it was an unusual quality in a saint; but, be this as it may, we hope that while his memory endures the snakes will not invade Ireland nor the shad desert the waters surrounding Manhattan.

WE CALLED ATTENTION LAST WEEK to an admirable provision in Assembly Bill 242, in which a bounty is offered for vermin. Some such excellent amendment we hope to see added this session to the existing law.

There are other sections of this bill, however, which by no means recommend themselves to the public. Section 2, for example will call forth the unqualified disapproval of all shore gunners. It provides that "No person shall kill, or expose for sale * * * * any * * * * rail, snipe, plover * * * between the first day of May and the first day of September, except in the waters of Long Island, *in which waters* none of said birds shall be killed between the first day of May and the first day of October. Any person violating," etc. This provision would certainly appear to have been drawn up by some one who was wholly unfamiliar with the shooting along the tide water flats and marshes of our sea coast. By the introduction of such an amendment to our law, the rail and the bay snipe shooting would be practically abolished in this State. By the first of October the rail shooting is about over, September being the month in which these birds are found in our marshes in the greatest abundance. We usually kill a few birds after October first, but no counts are made as late as that which will compare with those made about the middle of September.

The bay birds commence to fly in July, and often the height of the shooting at dowitch and jack is during that month or early in August. By the first of October none of these birds, except a few stragglers, are to be found on the Long Island shore.

We have assumed that the word "snipe" here used is a general term employed to designate bay snipe and shore bird, and as it is immediately followed by the word "plover" this inference seems a fair one. We think that all will agree that the section alluded to is an unfortunate one and should not be passed.

THE FACTS IN RELATION TO THE ANNUAL DESTRUCTION of deer in Michigan will certainly be read with interest by every one. There are at present but few localities within reach of large cities where a man can go with any reasonably fair prospect of having any deer hunting. Minnesota and Michigan are two States in which this game is still abundant, but in which, unless steps to check its slaughter are speedily taken, it will not long remain so.

There is much to be said in favor of the proposition to enact a prohibitory export law, and there is little doubt that such a measure would meet with general approval among a large class of sportsmen. On the other hand, it would have to encounter the most bitter opposition from those who shoot for the market and those who deal in game. Such a law, however, would certainly protect large game, for if it were illegal to carry game out of the State no one would kill more than he could use on the spot. The market hunter's occupation would be in a measure gone, for he would only kill what could be bought and consumed within the limits of the State. A provision taxing the green hide would probably do good work in supplementing the Prohibitory Export Act and would so raise the cost of the hides that it would be no longer profitable to kill the deer for these alone. This question of the protection of large game is one that demands the immediate attention of those interested in game preservation, and we are glad to see the Michigan sportsmen, through their able and energetic representative, Mr. Roney, taking hold of the subject in earnest. It is so much easier to preserve the game now, while there is some left, than it will be in the future to attempt to restock districts from which the idigenous *feræ naturæ* have been exterminated, that it is worth while to make great efforts to save what yet remains to us.

AMONG the "dogs" recommended or suggested as useful for killing woodchucks are the fox terrier, the dachshund, the spotted turtle and the steel trap. Surely with all these assistants our farmers ought to be able to clear the pests from their gardens and clover patches.

A Successful Newspaper.—It gave us great satisfaction a few weeks ago to compliment the *Commercial Advertiser*, on its general appearance and readable columns. Again we are obliged to note the great change made in its appearance since last Monday. The paper has been enlarged to 36 columns, the "make up" changed and altered for the better, and it is printed from the newest invention in presses. A type web rotary press, made by R. Hoe & Co., capable of printing 22,000 perfect sheets an hour, has been added to their press-room, and the paper may be said to be in perfect shape for any and all kinds of work. This is an evidence of prosperity and a good bank account on the part of our aged contemporary. The columns are as young as ever, and filled as usual with bright and clever hits. The advertising columns also appear fuller, and everywhere the impression is that the *Commercial* is the leading afternoon paper of this city. We congratulate the *Commercial*, and utter the wish that its prosperity in the future will be as solid as it is at present.

A Letter purporting to be written by D. C. Sanborn has recently been published, in which he complains that a communication addressed by him to the Forest and Stream was mutilated in publication. The letter in question contained a considerable amount of matter which had no bearing whatever on the point at issue, which was a difference of opinion between "Fritz" and Sanborn. On the receipt of the latter's communication he was written to, on the 28th of February, that we would publish that part of his letter which referred to him personally.

The letter was held over our issue of March 3 in order that his reply might be received, and, as nothing was heard from him, we assumed that he was satisfied with our offer and his letter was printed. Does it take eleven days to receive a reply from the town where Mr. Sanborn lives? We usually can receive replies from there in half that time.

It is evident that the Forest and Stream's strictures on the dishonorable practices of certain unprincipled dog handlers have cut them deeply, for the snappings and snarlings at our heels are loud and continuous. Mr. Sanborn we believe to be a very honest and worthy man, but we cannot congratulate him on the company he has got into. The bark of this crew is worse than their bite, however—if they have any bite.

The Charming Story of the two little gray foxes so delightfully told in another column by an English lady resident in Virginia, teaches a lesson that all may study with profit.

There is no animal that is by nature wilder than the fox, and yet by kind treatment and constant association with man even these wild creatures may be rendered docile, companionable and fond. Each experiment of this kind that is related confirms the belief that only patience and perseverance are needed to render the wildest animals contented under domestication. The instances of ruffed grouse being tamed, recently cited in these columns, bear directly on this point, and every year's experience leads us to hope that the day is not far distant when many species of our wild game may be bred in the domesticated state and may thus afford a constant supply from which our covers may be stocked.

There is in England a Children's Society for the protection of birds, and it is said that the membership now numbers over 23,000. Each child who becomes a member takes a pledge as follows:

"I promise to be kind to all birds as far as I can; to feed birds in winter with spare crumbs instead of wasting them; not to molest or disturb birds during their building season; not to rob the nests of their eggs or to tear out the nests; not to kill the young ones or otherwise injure them; to try and induce others to take an interest in these beautiful creatures, and promote the objects of the society."

On the Wing.—Early next spring Col. E. Z. C. Judson, "Ned Buntline," will leave the East on a visit to the Ranch of Buffalo Bill and Frank North, the Chief of the Pawnee Battalion in Western Nebraska, thence to Denver, Colorado, and still further to New Mexico, to see to interests he holds in the Lode and Placer Mining Co., now working a heavy force near Fort Craig. He will send a condensed report of all he sees that tends to sporting interest to us while gone.

If the Bench-Legged Beagles are really basset hounds, as General Bond in his letter printed in another column hints, by all means let them be called so. This strain of dogs is recognized at all the English dog shows and is classed as a distinct breed, quite as much as mastiffs, poodles or bloodhounds.

The very clear statements of fact in General Bond's letter seem to be a conclusive reply to the insinuations that the bench-legged dogs of Maryland indicate a dachshund cross with the straight-legged beagle.

The Rules of the Toronto Gun Club, revised for 1881, contain in a very small space a large amount of valuable information. In addition to the Constitution and By-Laws of the club and the rules for trap shooting, there are printed the game act and the laws affecting the fisheries of the Province of Ontario, the whole forming a compendium of great value. We understand that the Toronto Gun Club will be glad to exchange copies of their rules with any other gun clubs or sportsmen's associations.

The American Fisheultural Association.—The annual meeting of the Association is taking place as we go to press. Our next issue will contain a full account of the incidents, papers and discussions.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WILD TURKEY HUNTING.

Now and then we have an item in Forest and Stream on turkey shooting, and as the idea seems to prevail that large shot is a *sine qua non* for this kind of game and as my experience puts me in a position to say something on the subject, I propose to give some of my views and add a few incidents which may not be uninteresting to your readers.

Twenty-five years ago this was a locality fit to gladden the heart of any not over-exacting sportsman. Here were quail, woodcock, snipe and ducks in thousands, with wild turkeys in flocks numbering sometimes hundreds to be found in all directions; and here my father and I indulged our intense love of dog and gun, limited for years only by such laws as govern sportsmen who need no statutes. In season we turned our attention to all the varieties of game mentioned; and it was not uncommon when hunting quail in briery or grassy coverts to come suddenly upon wild turkeys which, taking wing, sometimes afforded the delicious opportunity of a successful "double," and many an old gobbler thus abruptly gave up his life to a charge of No. 8 shot, fired from a seven-pound, fifteen gauge, cylinder bore, muzzle-loading gun.

This need not seem incredible, as it is a fact easily explained. It may not be generally known that the head and neck of a turkey is exceeding vulnerable; but to such an extent is this so, that a single pellet of No. 8 in the head at forty or fifty yards will prove instantly fatal; so considering the closeness of a No. 8 pattern, even of a cylinder bore, a turkey with its head and long neck exposed at thirty or thirty-five yards has scarcely a chance of escape, and with a good choke-bore I should expect to kill almost certainly with each shot at forty yards.

On the other hand, it has frequently happened within my knowledge that turkeys shot through the body with several buckshot or a rifle bullet, if not afterward by the merest good fortune found and secured by another shot, escaped to die or recover from their wounds. For example, I will mention two or three of the many instances to which I might refer. A flock of about a hundred wild turkeys was scattered one evening at roosting time and a party of four of us went to the place next morning before daybreak with the intention of calling. One of the seven turkeys killed on this occasion was to all appearances active and sound as any of its companions; but picking revealed that a rifle bullet had entered about an inch to the left of the tail and passed out at the breast within an inch or two of the neck, thus traversing nearly the full length of the body. Yet this wound was almost healed.

While hunting deer in one of our northern counties a companion was taken sick and had to return home. He left his gun (a double-barreled rifle) with me, thinking I might sometimes prefer it to the shotgun which I was using. Not far from the house at which I stopped was a large stubble field bounded on two sides by a deep forest. Knowing that wild turkeys were in the habit of feeding in the field I concluded to take both rifle and shotgun and steal a march on them. Loading the shotgun with No. 6 shot I made a detour into the woods and stealthily approached the field. Looking cautiously over the fence I discovered in the centre of the field, at least a hundred yards away, a flock of turkeys unsuspiciously feeding.

Knowing the probability of getting either a single or double wing shot with the shot-gun should I fire the rifle before they observed me, and fearing to wait for a better chance lest I be seen and lose all, I leaned the shot-gun ready for use against the fence, selected my turkey and fired. I saw that the bullet had taken effect, but the turkey, with much difficulty, managed to rise, and with the rest of the flock come directly toward me. Quickly changing guns the prospect was now quite pleasing, but I determined to secure the wounded bird if I got no other. I, therefore, kept my eye on the laggard, and as he gave me his side I fired and killed him dead. Turning quickly to shoot the second barrel I found that the others had entered the tree-tops overhead and escaped. Thus I lost the opportunity to make a double shot, but secured a fine turkey, which, though shot through with a ball weighing fifty to the pound, I should have lost, but for that fatal No. 6.

Next day I went again with both guns to the same field, but this time I approached it on the other wooded side. Near the same spot which the turkeys occupied on the previous day was a single turkey and about the same distance away. At the crack of the rifle he fluttered around in every direction trying to rise, and finally succeeded in clearing the the stubble, going directly away from me, but after getting a start he circled around and came straight toward me. When close enough I let him have a charge of No. 6 which sent him almost perpendicularly more than a hundred feet high, where suddenly his life ended, and he fell with a tremendous thud almost at my feet. The rifle bullet had gone through about an inch back of the centre, just as the one of the day before had done.

While the latter two incidents serve to show what fine shot may do and how a bullet may fail I consider them also worthy of mention as something remarkable, that on two successive visits to the same field, and yet from entirely different positions, so nearly the same train of circumstances occurred.

It happened often enough that turkeys and sometimes old gobblers, presenting a side shot with the wing raised, were killed with No. 8 shot by hitting in the body only, but for body shooting no one who has tested the matter is better aware than myself that No. 8 is too light. For many years my father and I preferred No. 6, and very rarely used anything larger, but later I adopted the plan of loading one barrel with No. 8 the other with No. 3, and in doubtful cases firing both at once. This gave most gratifying results. But now that guns are changed my theory would be to load one barrel of a good choke bore with No. 8 the other with No. 1.

Our usual method of hunting turkeys was by the aid of a pointer trained to take the trail, and follow it as rapidly as possible, giving tongue only when one or more birds were forced to take wing, and then returning to take the trail of any that had not flown, forcing them to flight in the same manner, and repeating this so long as a trail could be found. Then if in heavy timber discretion was used as to the best location for a blind, and one hastily constructed of chunks, sticks, bark or anything suitable at hand. Entering this with the dog, and placing the gun in readiness for quick work, should it be necessary, a bone from the wing of a turkey was employed in imitating the call. This generally elicited an answer from some already lonely and anxious turkey, which possibly came rushing almost into the blind before the bone or caller could be carefully laid aside and the gun brought to bear. I once had a turkey come so quickly upon me that before I could catch up my gun and shoot he jumped on the log behind which I was hidden, within a foot of my face. The result was a beautiful opportunity for a flying shot, which terminated his career, but I have always been sorry that I did not grasp him by the legs.

Some flocks sometimes will come thus freely to the call, and there have been times when there was no reason to doubt that had I been so disposed I might have killed nearly if not quite all of the flock. I have, however, killed as many as five from a single blind within about an hour. Then, again, a flock may be scattered which calls more or less freely, but will not come where no turkey is to be seen. Others are not disposed to call at all, but now and then if calling is good, the blind close and no movement of the hunter has been detected one of them will cautiously and silently approach quite close before any discovery is made either on the part of the hunter or turkey. The surprise in this case is generally mutual. And some flocks cannot by any means be induced either to call or come. I once killed at intervals by one means or another, eleven out of a flock of twelve turkeys; but though they were often most thoroughly scattered I never could by any posibility get them to answer my call or come. Nor did I ever hear them call under any circumstances.

When turkeys are found where high grass, weeds or briers abound they are apt to hide like quail and will lie to the point of a dog, or until the hunter approaches within a few feet of them, when if there is considerable cover through which they can run easily, they will often try to make their escape on foot; but if the cover is too dense for that, or so scattering that they must clearly expose themselves, they take wing. A flock so scattered affords the grandest of sport. No calling then, only a search through the cover as for quail, flushing a turkey here and one there, until, perhaps, in sheer ecstacy one is tempted to kill too many. My father once scattered quite a number of turkeys in a little prairie thickly overgrown with boneset in which they hid. Hunting this, he flushed and killed six turkeys, once, at least, making a double shot. He then quit, without knowing how many more he might kill, the remainder of the flock being still in hiding there.

"F. P.," in a late number of Forest and Stream, tells of his astonishment at killing three turkeys at a single shot with No. 4. But I shall not be surprised if some day I kill three times three with a single charge of No 8, provided I can get their heads together in such a way as sometimes happens, and as I still hope will yet happen to me. My father once scattered a flock of turkeys, built a blind and commenced calling. Pretty soon three turkeys came up, and, waiting until their heads were in range, he fired, killing all three at one shot with a fifteen-bore gun weighing less than seven pounds, and loaded with two drams of powder and an ounce of No. 6 shot. This is better than "F. P.'s" performance, as there were but three turkeys and the shot was two sizes smaller.

Some years ago I was stopping at a friend's house in a vicinity where wild turkeys were plenty. There was a large wheat stubble not far away which they were in the habit of visiting. One day while my friend was plowing this field, some turkeys came in to feed over the freshly plowed ground. They kept a respectful distance between him and them, but evidently were not much afraid. Leaving his horses and plow he came to the house and told me that the turkeys were in the field, and then went back and resumed his work. I took my gun, a 13-bore muzzle-loader, charged with one and a quarter ounces of No. 6 shot, and slipped around to the far corner of the field. Peeping carefully through the hazel brush that grew in the fence corners, I saw five turkeys feeding slowly along and coming parallel with the fence toward me. I carefully changed my position for a more favorable one a little further up the fence along which they were coming. Here I lay down, placed the muzzle of my gun through the fence and awaited their arrival. As they were passing about thirty yards distant I managed to get three heads and necks in range, and fired. Without waiting to see the result of my shot, I sprung quickly to my feet, and as two turkeys were winging their way out of the field I fired at one of them and brought it down. On looking around I found that I had killed four out of five large turkeys, three with the first barrel and one with the second. My friend was so elated over it that he took his horses from the plow, tied the turkeys together, laid them over the back of one of the horses, and thus took them to the house, where he remained the rest of the afternoon.

Though I have already filled far more space than was intended, there is one incident so remarkable that it ought not to be omitted. Some years ago a friend of mine, with five or six others, went one night to shoot turkeys on the roost. After hunting them for a while and firing some unsuccessful shots, they were about to abandon the hunt, and had gathered under a tree where, for some time, they were laughing and talking. One of the party who had loaded his rifle in the dark was not satisfied as to the result, and proposed to fire it off. Pointing it toward the root of the tree, he was about to do so, when he remarked that he was afraid to shoot it, and hesitated. My friend said, "Here, give it to me. I'm not afraid." So, taking the gun, he also held it toward the root of the tree, and was about to press the trigger, when it occurred to him that there might be some danger in firing it in that position. He therefore laughingly remarked, "Wait and I'll kill a turkey." Accordingly he held the gun as far above his head as he could reach, and, pointing it up into the tree-top overhead, fired. Their consternation may be imagined when right into their midst dropped a turkey which no one had the least idea was in the vicinity. On examination it was found that the ball had struck centrally between the thighs and passed out at the back. The fact that this was done at night with a rifle, without aim, and without the knowledge that a turkey was there, is very wonderful, and certainly worthy of record.

While I regard the events herein referred to as worthy of note, there is no doubt in my mind that, with the exception of the last, they have been more than eclipsed by the performance of others. I have heard of many more than three turkeys being killed at one shot, and, with my knowledge of the subject, readily recognize the probability of its truth. Hoping, therefore, that on this topic we shall have many items of interest reported for record in Forest and Stream, I, for the nonce, refrain. Splasher,

Ohio, March 17, 1881.

"A TRIP THROUGH THE PROVINCES."

CONCLUDED.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

I TAKE up my pen for the last time I hope in the discussion of a much hackneyed subject, by way of a parting shot at my esteemed critic "Mic Mac," toward whom I did not intend to be "savage," but only earnest. The "opinion" expressed in my reply to his article that I did not believe he ever took a salmon or knew anything of the fishing qualities of the rivers named was based upon the tenor of his article, which reflected the idea that either he must have enjoyed good sport on the "debatable ground," and desired to keep others away, or he knew little of it. In my review I determined to bring this information to the surface if possible. I surmised if I assumed the former proposition to be the fact and so charged it I should provoke no denial of my charge, whereas if I assumed the latter to be true then he, true to the instinct of sportsmen in general, would d in his pride, would "give himself away" if the former were true, and it would seem my guess was not a bad one. I have, therefore, accomplished what I sought to prove by my adversary, viz., that salmon may be taken in goodly numbers on the rivers under discussion, and the question of "expenses" every reader can pass upon for himself from what follows. Having said this much I most cheerfully withdraw any seeming "savageness" toward my critic whom certainly I did not intend to offend, and I humbly crave pardon for having assumed for a moment that he lacked knowledge and information regarding salmon fishing, with which he seems to be *au fait* (O-Fay).

Now, a word as to whether "Mic Mac" is dealing fairly with our fraternity in advising them that my "statement of the possibility of getting good salmon and trout fishing * * * in the space of two or three weeks at very moderate cost" is an "exaggerated account of the chances of salmon fishing" (see his article Feb. 24, 1881).

Now, confessedly, you went there in the fall, which is not the season of salmon, but June and July is. Secondly, you "devoted each year the first part of our vacation—*i. e.*, from six days to a fortnight—to salmon fishing, and the rest to shooting" (F. & S., Feb. 24, '81).

"In 1878 a friend and myself were in camp fourteen days on the Nepissiquit River, part of the time on 'Rough Waters,' when we paid the Government license of $1 a rod per diem. * * * During this trip we killed thirty-two fish, salmon and grilse."

The next fall you fished but two days and took but two salmon, while last year in ten days you "killed eight salmon that averaged nearly 19 lbs."

This, however, was at Gaspe, where you under-leased a river from a friend, and you further say that your friend, at the close of your first trip, after you "had enough fishing for that season * * * went up the little southwest branch of the Mirimachi * * * and killed six or seven fish;" and yet you say later in your article that "I returned there because I liked the country * * * and had sport that satisfied me, although it has been by no means phenomenal."

Shades of Isaac Walton! "Mic Mac," your modesty is truly shocking!

In two weeks' time you and your friend killed "thirty-two fish, salmon and grilse," and that was nothing to emphasize, while you say later, "These scores are not very large ones, but still they show that we did have a certain amount of salmon fishing." Well, I should so remark! Yes! yes! So you did, "Mic Mac." My shaft hit hard, friend, and you s-did out.

Now, on neither of your trips did you devote over "six days to a fortnight to salmon-fishing." Now, will you explain the following, contained in your last article: "But I do say, and know, that it is not to be got (*i. e.*, salmon-fishing) by anybody who happens to get two or three weeks' spare time and has a hundred dollars in his pocket, and anybody who starts off with any such idea will come back sold?"

I ask now *de* the question of time. Let the reader answer.

Now, as to expenses, my statement was $150 for two weeks, in the first article, and in my second that I actually made a twenty-day trip for $100. Now, let us look at this question just a moment. You say yourself: "Guides and canoes are cheaper and the cost of board at the taverns and inns is less" than in the Adirondacks or Maine. Let us "figger" together, brother:

Fare, Boston to Restigouche and return, either via Quebec or back same way	$30.00
Eight days' fishing, two guides and canoe, board self and guides, $6.50 per day	52.00
Seven days' board for self	14.00
Total	$96.00

Now, where is the error, if one? There is not one single hotel in New Brunswick, to my knowledge, which charges in excess of $2 per day, and most of them are less by the single day. The estimate of $6.50 per day while salmon-fishing was based upon experience, and we boarded at Fraser's Hotel, guides included, while camping reduces expenses in this direction.

The fishing grounds of the Mirimachi are within easy approach from Newcastle, on the Intercolonial Railroad. The Northwest Branch—"Big Hole"—is twenty three miles from Newcastle and easily accessible by private team. John Hare will keep you, though the fare will be very plain and prices very modest. "Southwest" Branch, at Indiantown, seventeen miles from Newcastle, is the other place, reached by small steamer or teams; small inn kept by Frank Jardin.

The fishing grounds of the Nepissiquit are reached from Bathurst on the railroad. "Rough Waters" are about ten miles up river and Grand Falls about twenty miles further up, reached by canoes or team. What fishing is now to be had on the Restigouche is reached from Campbellton on the railroad. Trout-fishing near at hand, with possible chances of salmon below the New York Club pool. Since their advent, however, the main chance is gone here.

Now, it will be seen all of the fishing, whether good or bad, is of easy access and at moderate expense. From Campbellton to Gaspe a steamer runs every week; fare down and back last year, if my memory serves me right, $7 (we did not take the trip).

Now, a single word with regard to "poaching," "sponging" and that sort of thing. Every trout-fisherman is anxious to try for salmon. In going to New Brunswick he is sure of finding plenty of trout, for "Mic Mac" says so and I agree. He can make the trip here as cheaply as to New York woods or Maine and take his chance for salmon. If the season should prove favorable the chances are promising of his worthy ambition being gratified; for, first, there are several places where, upon the payment of the small fee of $1 license per day, he can try. Failing here, if he wishes to plunge into the wilderness, as "Mic Mac" did, there is "sea-room" there that is not leased, or at all events may be fished with impunity by anybody without being called "poachers."

A very large per cent. of the salmon rivers in Canada and New Brunswick are leased, and yet it is not an uncommon thing for a few days' fishing to be granted to strangers, nor is it called "sponging." I agree with "Mic Mac" if there were no fishing ground for trout or salmon but what was leased I should not care to go there relying upon chances, but with the honorable arrangements that can generally be made, if your own ground fails, which is not likely in a fair season, I should not hesitate to try and get a chance with some one who had a whole river to himself.

"Mic Mac" says "that to hire a river * * is beyond the limit of our purses." Well, this is also encouraging. I was fearful heretofore that he was one of those purse proud "fellers" of Boston; but as he is poor like the rest of us, and as he has done some pretty tall fishing without "leasing" or "sponging," and as I have been content also with my success there, under like treatment, why may not another try his chances there?

However, let us rest here awhile. I will reel up my line and unjoint. I will not refer to the defence on the inaccuracies of my "bill of costs." If I did not tax it correctly I would have amended if asked to do so. Neither will I discuss with my friend the "dog" question. I am not much of a shot anyhow, yet I think I can beat him on "misses" out of a possible hundred. I have no doubt his judgment is superior to mine on the hunting question in New Brunswick, and I cheerfully yield to his opinions and experience. I also cheerfully forgive his crushing remark, bristling all over with sarcasm, that he does not, "on the strength of a few weeks annually spent in the woods, feel competent to give advice to anybody on any subject."

Yet I am sorry he has made this announcement, for if we cannot hear from those who have ripened with information by such experience as "Mic Mac" has had from whom shall we expect it?

But let this suffice for a reply to "Mic Mac." Our words have been many, but I trust not venomous, and withal they have provoked a little information, which I trust will be relished by those who contemplate visiting the Provinces. And let us hope that neither you nor I have lost anything—not even our tempers—thereby. May you live to kill many salmon, and may your gun never miss fire, is the heartiest wish of your Reviewer.

I would be glad if my article might stop here, but I do not feel willing to suffer misrepresentation, nor am I willing that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM should be misled by any misinterpretation of previous articles from my pen, hence I am led to inquire why does "Manhattan" persist in misrepresenting the tenor of my articles?

In an article published in the FOREST AND STREAM under date of March 10, 1881, the last named gentleman retires from the field of discussion as to the question of there being "good salmon fishing" in New Brunswick, but differs with me on the question of expenses.

That, I confess, is legitimate warfare, if he deals with my previous articles as I wrote them, and does not by innuendoes lead the reader to believe I wrote something entirely different from what in fact I *did* write. I will not say that he does this purposely, but the effect is perfectly apparent. I quote:

"To fly fish for salmon properly also each angler requires a canoe managed by two canoemen. This costs money. I cannot comprehend any enjoyment or success in having two anglers in one canoe, as must be done if the trip is to cost within or near Mr. Fay's figures. Fancy two lines, each with a twenty-pound salmon on, from the same canoe! Or fancy a man traveling '1,757' miles and then taking turns with three friends in fishing from the same canoe!"

Now, really, "Manhattan," your insinuation is unworthy of you. You know if I ever saw a salmon taken I could never have "figgered" "two anglers in one canoe." My arithmetic may be bad, but I never could have blundered on the propriety—aye, necessity—of having two guides for each angler. Nor did I write so; nor did you understand me to have written so; nor have you any right to insinuate I did write so. And here is just what I did write in FOREST AND STREAM in the issue of March 10, 1880:

Expenses of Fishing at Restigouche per Day.

Board (self)	$2 00
Board of two guides (per day)	1.50
Permit to fish	1.00
Canoe	50
Two guides per day (wages)	1 50
Total expenses per day	$6.50

"As the water is very 'quick,' two guides are indispensable per man. Estimated expenses for two weeks' trip from Boston to Restigouche, $150."

Now the above is exactly what I did say, and I here repeat it with this addenda: that a two week's trip to that region can be made for $100, even money.

"Arithmetic" is my stronghold. You may chase the salmon back to the sea, or into the New York Club pool, but I'll surrender my "figgers" never—no, never!"

Recapitulation.

Ticket—Boston to Restigouche and return	$31.50
Six days after salmon @ $6.50 per day	39.00
Eight days remaining of two weeks' trip	16.00
Incidentals	13.50
Total	$100.00

In my estimate of $150 for the trip, as before remarked, I allowed a very wide latitude for all sorts of extravagances. The sum seems a low one, I confess, but the solution is this:

Aside from St. John City I now recall ten different hotels we stopped at, and at none of them was the charge in excess of two dollars per day, and from that down, and by the week, rates at $2; homes are about $10. Guides can be obtained readily from 75 to $1.50 per day, other things in proportion. There is no place in this country where expenses are lower than in N. S. and N. B. In the matter of guides, for instance, at the Adirondacks I find $3 per day; at the Rangeley's, $2.50; at Moosehead, $3 and $3 50.

Salmon and trout are as plentiful at New Brunswick as anywhere, and having said this I am quite prepared to agree with my critic, "Manhattan," that "salmon are proverbially fickle," and ditto trout I could add—and this I said before—go where you will, and you are liable to disappointment, and you may wish you had gone somewhere else. "A rolling stone gathers—no salmon," says "Manhattan." True. Neither does a selfish or jealous sportsmen gather any friends.

Since writing the article which has provoked these discussions I have received several letters of approval from brother sportsmen who "have been there," notably Charles Hallock, formerly of the FOREST AND STREAM. So it would seem that my views are not entirely unsupported.

In conclusion, let me say that I presume all anglers do not go for fish simply, but to see the country, to study its resources and products, and get an outside view of this microcosm of theirs. To those would I say, Go hence. The United States is not the whole world. You will find a new people and a new land, and feel kindlier from contact with the "Blue Noses."

Your curiosity will readily be awakened by the high tides—best seen at Moncton, N. B.; a pleasant country lying along the St. Lawrence Bay will greet the eye, and you will realize that you breathe a different atmosphere than at home. Suppose you catch no fish you will not be "swindled out of a good holiday." Kind reader, in conclusion I commend to your careful perusal the introductory in W. C. Prime's "I go a Fishing," he is a type I would imitate, for he breathes the true sentiment of every loyal sportsman.

"But be warned in time. The best of anglers does not always find fish, and the most skillful casting of a fly does not always bring up trout. * * * It, however, you have the true angler's spirit, and will go a fishing prepared to have a good day of it, even though the weather turn out vile and the sport wretched, then turn over the leaf and let us be starting."

My very, very, amiable brother sportsman, "Manhattan," I cordially give you my right hand in full faith and fellowship.

Meriden, Conn., March 14. GEORGE A. FAY.

WISCONSIN SHOOTING GROUNDS.

WISCONSIN abounds in small lakes, rivers and ponds, made attractive to water fowl by the generous supply of wild rice, and in some instances celery, which they produce. The happy hunting-ground toward which the sportsmen of that portion of the State included in Winnebago and Waushara counties journey includes portions of the Wolf and Fox rivers, and lakes Poygan and Butte des Mortes, with their great expanse of adjoining marsh, ponds, sloughs, etc. Lake Poygan is a body of water of some pretensions as to size, being ten or twelve miles in length and three or four wide. At its northwest corner is situated the little village of Tusten, comprising a hotel, two or three stores, a sawmill and a few dwellings. Nearly the entire western and southern shore of the lake is of a marshy character, a portion being used as hay marsh, but all overflowed in spring and fall and producing in abundance the food which delights the palates of the duck family. At Tusten is a hotel, the Le Fevre House, where good fare, clean beds and reasonable rates are attainable—the latter being a dollar day, which included, in our case, the use of a boat. Starting from Tusten one has but a short paddle of a mile or two before a favorable spot to locate may be found; in fact, a gunner may establish himself almost anywhere along the edge of the lake on a favorable day and not go amiss. Back on the marshes, accessible for light boats and wadeable for hipboots, are many holes in which mallards love to congregate for their night's rest. Located in a convenient cluster of willows with boat drawn well in and a good retriever, the sportsman is certainly exacting who cannot get his money's worth in the hour preceding darkness. I never have felt the need of nor the ability to pay for that expensive luxury called a "punter," which I take to be man to do the hard work of such a trip, but have no doubt a small sum per day could secure the services of any of the several qualified persons who have their home at Tusten.

Within a distance of three miles from Tusten along the western shore of the lake three streams empty their waters into Poygan. Pine River for some distance from its mouth runs through marshy ground, and on either side wild rice is abundant. There is a stiff current, rendering shooting up stream almost impossible for a single canoeist; but at certain seasons fine sport may be had by paddling up to the timber and then floating down stream, "jumping" ducks. Pumpkin Seed Creek is very similar at its mouth to Pine River. I have never followed it any distance up, but presume it affords equally good facilities for sport. Willow Creek, the larger of the three, threads its way for many miles through a regular paradise for ducks. The writer has followed it from Auroraville—some twenty miles above its mouth—to the lake, and for nearly the entire distance on both sides are marshes abounding in ponds, sloughs, etc., and producing rice in profusion in which game *galore* may be found. But in traversing this creek in hopes of "jumping" ducks one needs a gun which will "reach out" a goodly distance and hit hard, for there is little shelter to hide the approach, and the birds seem to be competent judges of distance and get up just a little out of range of an ordinary twelve gauge. At about six miles from the mouth of this creek, and almost the only available spot, is a bridge crossing the stream. On one side of the creek is the farm residence of John Dildine and on the other, built upon land leased from Dildine, the club house of the Onero Gun Club. The spot is famous hereabouts as one of the best points for shooting in this section; and at certain seasons this bridge affords fine shelter from which gunners may bang away at flock after flock of ducks leaving the creek above and flying across this point to the lake or returning from the lake for their morning meal. Both above and below the bridge the bends in the creek afford good stands from which to shoot. The sportsman can find moderate accommodations at Dildine's, though he says he "don't keep a hotel." A boat can generally be procured of him, but the surest and most satisfactory way is to provide your own outfit. All in all, that portion of Willow Creek between Dildine's and the lake may be considered the best ground for shooting—availability and everything considered.

To the north of Tusten a short distance, Norwegian Point offers attractions to the sportsman in the form of canvasbacks, which are said to congregate there late in the fall. I have never had the fortune to investigate its merits and can only speak by hearsay. It is a famous spot for summer camping parties.

The Wolf River enters Poygan about its centre on the north, and goes out at the southeast corner, when it enters the Fox River which soon swells out and becomes Lake Butte des Mortes, again assumes the proportions of a river, flows through Lake Winnebago and on to Green Bay. On the Wolf, between Lake Poygan and the Fox River, is the little village of Winneconne—a sleepy, country town, possessing, however, all the requisites for an enjoyable hunting trip—a hotel, boats, boundless marshes and plenty of game. At the mouth of the Wolf in reality, but seemingly at the mouth of the Fox—for the positions of the streams are such that the latter seems to enter into the former—and along the adjoining marshes ducks are abundant, and he who cannot get as

many as he wants is either greedy or a mighty poor shot. The good ground extends down the Fox to and including Lake Butte des Mortes.

The varieties of ducks found here include, in local parlance, mallards, redheads, blue and green wing teal, wood duck, bluebill, butter balls, Winnebago and canvas-backs. Mallards, teal and wood duck are protected by law in the spring, and it is probable the game laws will be so changed this winter as to prohibit spring shooting entirely. The law as it is receives little attention, as gunners are apt to take anything in the duck line that comes along without regard to its species.

To reach these places one may go by either the Chicago & Northwestern or Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Oshkosh, whence a steamer leaves every afternoon for Tusten, arriving about six o'clock. Daily steamers also leave Oshkosh each morning for up the Wolf, touching at Winneconne, but not at Tusten. One can also go direct to Winneconne *via* the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road. Should one desire to paddle down Willow Creek he can take the same line of railroad for Berlin, and, being provided with a boat, can charter a team to take him to Auroraville—seven miles—where he may discharge his team, launch his boat and be independent. Four or five hours will bring him to Dildine's, and three more to Tusten. Here, having had his fill of hunting, he can put his boat and himself on board the O. B. Reed and, leaving at 6 A. M., be in Oshkosh about nine o'clock; or, being yet of a wandering mind, he can "paddle his own canoe" through Poygan, down the Wolf past Winneconne, through Butte des Morts and bring up at Oshkosh. One should go well provided with ammunition or supply himself at Oshkosh or Berlin as none of the other points keep a supply for breech-loaders.

Though wild geese are seen in plenty in their spring and fall migrations, comparatively few are taken at any of these places. There are, however, in Waushara County to the west of Lake Poygan, a number of small lakes which are favorite resting-places for geese and brant, and some seasons fine sport may be had among the cornfields near the lakes.

Both the Wolf and Fox Rivers afford many attractions in scenery, game and fish to the canoeist of which we expect to see them take advantage in the near future. BADGER.

Waushara County, Wis.

FOUL FANCIES.

CLUMBERS VS. COCHINS.

I HAD a neighbor years ago,
A jovial fellow he;
His countenance shone out with mirth,
A pleasant sight to see.

We lived in friendship, side by side,
Nor thought of coming strife;
But soon, alas! a cloud arose
Which marred our peaceful life.

My neighbor fancied fancy fowls;
They flocked around his door;
Of Brahmas, Cochins, all the best,
He had full many a score.

And I possessed two pairs of dogs,
Of breed unblemished they;
I loved to go into the yard
And watch their graceful play.

Oh, idleness will mischief breed
In dogs as well as men!
The eldest dog one summer's day
Proposed to eat a hen.

And from that date until to-day,
With many fearful howls,
These wretched dogs on murder bent
Keep foully eating fowls.

My neighbor wrote me sundry notes,
Which grieved me to the core;
In gentle tones I answered him,
Then walked about and swore.

Two dogs are tied in iron chains
And two are far away,
In regions where no hens exist
Those banished felons stray.

But still a cloud is on my brain,
A sorrow in my mind;
I miss my neighbor's cheerful bow;
To me he's grown quite blind.

And in the night I toss about,
Wild dreams disturb my rest;
A Bramah's pecking at my eye,
A Cochin's on my chest.

And to the neighbors I would say,
Keep up your fences all;
Don't leave one single little gap
Through which a dog may crawl.

"Familiarity contempt will breed."
From this flows worse, and then
The dog bred up to capture birds
May perchance kill the hen.

And so this wicked game goes on,
With naught to check or clog,
For well the sporting world doth know
No hen will eat a dog.

To love your neighbor as yourself
Is precept good and true;
But with those hens and with those dogs
How hard it is to do.

Dear friends, this story's moral
Is scarcely clear to me;
I never had *foui fancies*,
And I love the dogs, you see.

But if this feud should prosper
May the Court defend the right,
And the jury find a verdict
That the plaintiff's "cock won't fight."

RIDEAU.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Probably every reader of FOREST AND STREAM has experienced serious inconvenience and pain from what is commonly called sun or snow blindness. Many times when hunting in the winter season my eyes have become so painful and my sight so badly blurred by the reflection of the sunshine from the snow that I could see game but a short distance away, and even when I did see it could do no satisfactory work with my rifle. A short time ago I discovered, sitting on its haunches, its back turned toward me, and utterly unconscious of my presence, a huge wildcat; but I was so badly "snow blinded" that though I could see the cat I could not see the sights upon my rifle, and consequently failed to kill the beast. Often, too, when shooting from a boat on the water, or shooting from the shore out over the water, I have experienced the same difficulty of vision if the sun was shining brightly.

Once last winter I spent several hours fishing through the ice; the sun shone brilliantly; the ice was a perfect "glare," and the result was that I came home with my eyes so badly inflamed that for several days I was in sore distress, and feared that the injury was permanent. I have tried several remedies for this evil, and find that the following is by far the most efficacious, and right willingly do I give it to my brethren of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Take a piece of burnt cork, or if that is not conveniently at hand take a "smut coal" and thoroughly black the skin around the eyes, and also the top and sides of the nose. Try this, and you will not only find it to be an excellent remedy for what you have often found to be a great annoyance, but feel inclined to thank me. J. FRANK LOOKE.

Burnhamville, Minn., March 4, 1881.

Natural History

PRESERVING FLUIDS FOR FISH AND FISH EGGS.

[Translated from the *Fischerei Zeitung.*]

MANY persons may wish to make a collection of fish-eggs and fish. For this purpose it is first necessary to take of each species, from time to time, some of the eggs laid by for breeding, and carefully preserve them. After the fish have come from the eggs some of them must at certain periods be again preserved, and this is to be continued until the collection represents the fish, or the different species, in as many degrees of development as possible, from the unimpregnated egg to the fish fit to be eaten.

No great skill is necessary in making such a collection; it is only necessary to have a proper liquid for preserving in order to obtain specimens really true to nature and at the same time remain beautiful preparations. This liquid must above all be antiseptic, that is, preventing corruption; it should not, however, deprive the eggs and fish of their form and color, but should let them appear in their most natural condition. Hence many experiments have been made. We will briefly revise them, and then enter especially on a later process, that of Mr. John Meyer, assistant at the Imperial Institution of fish culture at Huningen. In doing this we follow the deductions of Mr. J. Meyer himself, as he published them in his book, "The Sweet Water Fishes of Middle Europe." (Berlin 1879.)

The common article for preserving—namely, alcohol—is not very good for the said purpose, for, no matter in what relation it is applied, it always bleaches the fish, and also causes them to shrink more or less; besides, alcohol does not prevent corruption if very much diluted, or if it is not in the beginning several times renewed. At the same time it assumes in a short while a wine color, and must then, from time to time, be renewed. Fish-eggs preserved in alcohol lose at once their transparency, shrink, and hence are worthless, because the germ is no longer perceptible, only the more advanced degrees of development show the faint outlines of the embryo, and the black dots of the eyes are faintly discernable through the skinny shell.

Glycerine has also frequently been recommended, but used without success; for although the color remains to some extent, the fish and eggs, nevertheless, shrink so that they cannot be recognized. Glycerine, mixed in different proportions with alcohol and water, might sooner be recommended, but even the bleaching of the fish cannot be prevented, and the eggs would entirely lose their transparency. Besides those mentioned, other liquids have been recommended, but none of them could satisfy me. I have, therefore, for years endeavored to prepare a proper liquid myself; that is, one which will produce none of the said evils, but which will preserve the eggs transparent, not essentially change the color, and prevent the bleaching of the fish as much as possible. After innumerable trials I succeeded, and in the following I give the necessary directions:

First of all, the following mixtures or liquids must be at hand:

1. The English conserving liquor, which, used alone, preserves large fish splendidly, but bleaches them. This liquor consists of—

Common salt,	0 250	kilogramme
Alum,	0.120	"
Corrosive sublimate,	0.001	"
Water,	4.500	liter

The water is made to boil, the other ingredients put in, and the whole stirred until the salt has become dissolved. After it is cold the mixture is to be filtered.

2. A solution of ten parts, by weight, of salicylic acid and pure alcohol, thirty parts by weight.
3. Alcohol of 90 degrees.
4. Pure glycerine; and
5. Distilled water.

These five liquids in different mixture I use for preserving, and I proceed in the following manner: To preserve eggs I mix—

Of No. 2 take 3 parts in liquid measure.
Of No. 3 take 20 parts "
Of No. 4 take 15 parts "
Of No. 5 take 20 parts "

In this solution the eggs appear in a living state, remain transparent and keep their form. It is necessary, however, to renew the solution several times. Salicylic acid is known as a prominent antiseptic, and operates at the same time antizymic; that is, preventing fermentation. Hence eggs can be preserved for quite a time, even in a pretty watery solution, with the addition of only a few more drops of No. 2.

For preserving young fish in the period of the yelk sack and to the age of about six months the following mixture is recommended:

Of No. 1 take 20 parts, liquid measure.
Of No. 2 take 2 parts, "
Of No. 3 take 5 parts, "
Of No. 4 take 4 parts, "
Of No. 5 take 4 parts, "

For larger fish the following mixture is used with success:

Of No. 1 take 20 parts, liquid measure.
Of No. 2 take 3 parts, "
Of No. 3 take 10 parts, "
Of No. 4 take 10 parts, "

Larger fish preserve in this mixture excellently, and remain very beautiful if in a few days deep cuts are made into the belly of the fish.

All these mixtures mentioned are to be filtered before using. As already stated, the mixture is in all cases to be renewed frequently, and especially with fish; the renewal must be continued as long as the liquid becomes muddy. The old liquid can be made clear by filtering and then used again.

To take up the prepared eggs, little re-agent glasses may be used, which should be only a little wider than the eggs. Every glass should contain only a small number of the latter; in fact, no more than about five. Thereby it is possible to observe the development of the embryo distinctly, which cannot be done if many eggs are contained in a wide glass, because in that case not one of them would appear in a light fit for observation, as one darkens the other. It is sufficient for observation and instruction to collect eggs at intervals of five days, and the young fish, after their coming out, at intervals of eight days, until the disappearance of the yelk skin. This answers for salmon and trout; with fish of more rapid development the degrees are to be chosen correspondingly. Naturally these larger specimens are to be introduced into the collection. That the glasses should be labelled and provided with an inscription which tells the name, day of development, etc., need not be specially mentioned; if possible, in regard to the eggs, the temperature of the water should be marked at which the development has taken place.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

MY TWO GREY FOXES.

EGLINTON COTTAGE, Prince William, Va.

NOT long ago my husband went foxhunting and met with a den of wee little fox babies, at the most three days old. My husband must needs fetch those little waifs home cradled in his silk pocket handkerchief. This caused me utter consternation, for what could be done with such tiny little things! I happened to put them into the rocking-chair and called my Kitty, that had one little bairn of her own. Pussy looked at them in amazement, when the little things croodled against her. She behaved in such a kind manner and commenced nursing them at once, so that her own little kit divided its nourishment with its little brother and sister fox, to the astonishment of every one. So they grew and thrived in my rocking-chair, that I had no more command of as my own, at least for three months, for they all took possession—Kitty, kit and the foxes. They soon began to be very playful and cut up all kinds of little capers and began readily to answer to their names. They were so much alike that I could not distinguish one from the other except by the colored ribbons on their necks. Romeo wore scarlet, Juliet blue.

They became my little companions and friends. When I walked out they were most anxious to go along and would walk on each side of me, and never once offered to desert me. One day I went some distance to see a neighbor and the broom grass being very high crossing the field I felt very much afraid of losing them, but they stuck close to me and never attempted to desert me and run away. I met a gentleman on the road who said, "What are those animals that you have with you?" I said, "Why, do you not see that they are little gray foxes?" He would scarcely believe it, and said that he had never seen such a pretty sight before. On my return I was astonished to see as soon as I got to the corner of the fence Juliet make the near cut across the field to the house, Romeo keeping close to me all the way around the lane. At this time they were about six months old.

One morning Juliet came home with one of her hind legs broken. I took her up in my lap and splintered it and it knitted beautifully. She was perfectly quiet, and never offered to prevent me from binding up her leg, and was most grateful. At night they slept on the porch with five or six big hounds that were very fond of them—a curious sight to see pussy, the hounds and the foxes all cuddled up together at night. Then as soon as the house door was opened Romeo and Juliet would race upstairs to my room, jump on the bed and cut all kinds of flings; Romeo would purr in my face and creep down into the bed and lie at my feet, but Juliet was much more shy. She would jump on the bed, run around and jump off again; Romeo would remain in bed until breakfast time. Then they would take their station, with their forepaws on my lap, waiting for any little bits that I would give to them. They would eat anything, but had a preference for eggs. If we rose from table and left eggs they were as quick as lightning, and would take the eggs in their mouths and enjoyed them. They were exactly like two cats about the house, and not any more trouble. Strange to say, they were never known to rob the henhouse or take a chicken of any kind. My husband and I became very fond of them, but they did not like strangers. They were perfectly free—never were tied or confined in any way. I had but one objection to them, that was their fox odor. One of our oldest Virginia fox-hunting friends, Major Thornton, came once to spend the night. The Major admired the foxes amazingly, but the little animals did not behave at all well to the Major, for they snapped and snarled at him in such an unbecoming manner that he became quite afraid of them and said: "Pray, Madam, do take them away." I think they must have had an instinct that the Major had brought many of their species to grief. Shortly after this, to our great sorrow, Romeo and Juliet met their fate. They were then fourteen months old, and began to wander too far from home. They were mistaken for wild foxes and hunted down. It was not discovered that they were my tame foxes until the hunters saw the ribbons upon their necks. They were killed by a strange pack of hounds. Romeo and Juliet were both affectionate and grateful little animals. I could have retained them until now by keeping them in captivity. That I would never have done, however, for I think it most cruel to confine any animal, and very selfish, too, for one's mere gratification, to punish only poor little animals. I am sure all such pets fret more than any person is aware of. This brief sketch may be a matter of contemplation to some of my fox-hunting friends, and let them remember the fox hunted to death has both affection and gratitude, and can be domesticated, as this little history of Romeo and Juliet will manifest. I doubt really if many persons ever inquire into the real nature and character of the poor hunted fox. Those little ones were companionable and affectionate, but the male the more so of the two. Myself and husband still lament the fate of our little pet foxes. E.

TILE OR FILE FISH.—In a late number you republish from the New York *Sun* the report of Prof. A. E. Verrill upon the deep sea fishing enjoyed by himself and others in their cruise in the Fish Hawk, and "the discovery was made that the tilefish is plentier than the cod, etc.;" and that "the tilefish, one of which weighed fifty pounds, is a magnificent fish, of a light yellow brown color, shaped like a sea bass, fine eating and destined to become a favorite market fish." I have searched scientific works in vain to find a description of a tilefish. Dr. R. Hamilton, in his work, "British Fishes," describes *Balistes capriscus* (European filefish) as being in length one or two feet, and named filefish, in consequence of the first dorsal spine being covered on its anterior edge with rough,

granular projections, and the term *Balistes* has reference to the bones or rays of the first dorsal fin acting in concert in considerable force, etc.; and the flesh of this fish is held in no estimation and has even been regarded as positively deleterious. The query is: "Are these the same fish under a different name?"

During the past winter a great many ling (*Lota molca*), a new fish on our coast, have been caught near Atlantic City. Being strangers to the fishermen, they called them "Newcomers." They are said to be quite equal to the cod as food.
B.

The tilefish is a new fish and, therefore, not to be found in the old books. Our correspondent is referred to "Proceedings of the United States National Museum," 1879, Vol. ii, p. 205, published under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. For the benefit of our correspondent and others we will here give some of the facts in relation to this fish, as described in the above work under the following title: "Description of a new genus and species of fish (*Lopholatilus chamæleonticeps*) from the south coast of New England;" by G. Brown Goode and Tarleton H. Bean.

In 1879 Capt. Wm H Kirby, of Gloucester, Mass., took 500 lbs. of a remarkable new fish on a codfish trawl in lat 40 deg N, lon 70 deg. W., at a depth of 84 fathoms, 80 miles S. E of Noman's Land, the largest of which weighed 50 lbs. The species appears distinct from the described species of *Latilidæ*, of Gill. "It is related by its few rayed vertical fins and other characteristics to the genus *Latilus* as restricted by Gill, but is distinguished by the presence of a large adipose appendage upon the nape resembling the adipose fin of the *Salmonidæ*, and by a fleshy prolongation upon each side of the labial fold extending backward beyond the angle of the mouth. For this genus we propose the name of *Lopholatilus*."

In being necessary to give the fish some handy vulgar name which could be used by the fishermen, Prof. Goode took the last syllable of the generic name and christened it the "tilefish" which has been accepted. Should our correspondent wish the full description of the fish we refer him to the work above named.

The investigations of the U S Fish Commission have brought to light many new fishes, some of which are of great commercial value, and as the descriptions of these are not to be found in foreign publications we will be pleased at any time to light up such questions as may be necessary for our correspondents to understand these fishes. It was certainly very natural to think that "tilefish" might be a misprint for one of our old "filefishes" of the family *Balistidæ*.

MOOSE FIGHTING.—Bethel, Maine.—While living in the lake country in Oxford County in 1845, one of my neighbors related to me a graphic scene which occurred a few years before, when the country was new and he had to travel by a spotted line through the wilderness twenty miles to mill or store or post office.

While passing through the woods in what is now Andover, North Surplass, he came into an open space of alder ground where the alders were trampled down and broken off and rooted up for a space of nearly two acres. On examination he found it had been caused by the fighting of two large bull moose, and he soon came upon the skeletons of them with their horns so locked that it was almost impossible to separate them. Each pair had a great number of prongs, indicating their great age—as each prong is supposed to represent a year. They had become hooked together in the first of the fight and fairly tore up the forest in their struggle, and so ended their lives. This occurred in the fall of the year in the rutting season when the male moose is very savage. I have seen where a large, heavy moose chased a smaller one on to a sand beach and crushed the smaller one into the sand.—J. G. R.

WOODCHUCK OUT IN WINTER.—Barrytown, N. Y., February 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While out fox hunting on the 14th inst. my friend and myself came across a coon track, as we supposed, and were delighted to think we could follow the gentleman up and get him "sure." We found the hole under a ledge of rocks, and returned to the house to obtain a man and tools for digging him out. When we came to unearth him we found our coon was a woodchuck, and a right hard tussel did my hound have to kill him. We took the woodchuck home and skinned him, and to our astonishment found him to be very fat indeed. The fat alone would fill three good sized tumblers. How he lived through the winter and was yet so fat is a mystery to me. His paunch was entirely empty. Did you ever hear of a woodchuck being out in February with a foot of snow on the ground? I certainly never did.—J. A.

A very unusual occurrence, we think.

AN ALBINO QUAIL.—Hope, Arkansas, February 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you per mail the head and wing of a white quail, killed on the 17th inst., by Mr. C. M. Conway, of Washington, Hempstead Co., Ark. Mr. Conway states that there is another bird like this in the same covey from which this one was killed. I am extremely sorry that I could not procure the entire bird, but trust that the scant remains will serve to establish the fact that it was a white quail. Are such birds common, or is this but a *lusus naturæ?* Have any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM ever met with the like?—B. M. C.

The specimen reached us, and is an undoubted specimen of *Ortyx virginianus*—a beautiful silvery white quail. We have never seen so complete an albino of this species.

WANTED—A BLACK BRANT.—Will you kindly request Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, of California, through your columns, to bear in mind his promise of securing for me the skin of what he supposes to be the black brant (*Branta nigricans*), one of which minus the head was some time ago sent to a cotemporary of yours? I am exceedingly curious to see this bird, and am now inclined to believe it is the black brant. Can exchange with Mr. Van Dyke for the skin of the ordinary variety, plentiful on our coast at present. Ask him what he has learned further of the bird.—HOMO.

Paralytic, nervous, tremulous old ladies are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by using Hop Bitters daily.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE WINTER AND THE BIRDS.

THE statistics printed last week have naturally attracted close attention from sportsmen, and we have received many letters thanking us for the very full reports which we gave, and complimenting us on the enterprise manifested in so thoroughly canvassing one of our sister States. We print this week a rough summary of the reports from each county together with some further reports which reached us too late for last week's issue.

SUSSEX COUNTY is the northern county of the State. On the west it is bounded by the Delaware River and is drained by the flat kill, Paulinkill, Wallkill, Pequest and other streams. The area of the county is about 600 square miles. The Blue Mountains traverse the western and the Hamburg and Wawayanda Mountains the eastern part. The surface is hilly. It abounds in fertile valleys which are still dotted with the springy swamps once the theme of Herbert's stories. Undoubtedly they were the best woodcock covers in America. Until recently a famous county for ruffed grouse, it may always have been considered an uncertain locality for quail, the crop varying according to the severity of the winter weather. A few seasons ago quail began to be plenty again, but from our reports we estimate that fully 60 per cent. of the game had perished.

PASSAIC COUNTY covers an area of 220 square miles; it is watered by the Ringwood, Ramapo and Passaic Rivers and the surface is very much diversified. Both grouse and quail seem to have suffered greatly, and it is safe to say that 50 per cent. have been destroyed.

BERGEN COUNTY is intersected by the Ramapo, Hackensack and Saddle Rivers; it has an uneven and part mountainous surface, a productive soil and covers an area of 350 square miles. Game at all times is very scarce in this county owing to its close proximity to New York and other large cities. There are certain sections, however, well adapted for its preservation. The reports of our correspondents vary considerably, but it is fair to say that from various causes the percentage of loss has been very large.

WARREN COUNTY has the Delaware River for its Western boundary; it is intersected by the Paulinkill and Pequest streams. The surface is partly mountainous. Through it runs the Pequest Swamp, once the harbor of all kinds of game. The land is fertile and the table land and valleys well cultivated; area 550 square miles. The destruction of game in this county has been very great, from 50 to 75 per cent. having perished.

MORRIS COUNTY is partly bounded by Pequonnock and Passaic rivers, and is drained by the Rockaway and Whippany rivers; the area is 650 square miles. The county is traversed by ranges of hills, some of which, as Scooley's mountains, reach a considerable height. The southern part of the county is covered with vast tracts of low meadow lands and swamps which in years past were the paradise of snipe shooters. The reports from this county have been very full, no less than fifty correspondents having expressed their views. A careful recapitulation of the letters received shows that 75 per cent. of the quail has been destroyed.

ESSEX COUNTY has an area of 200 square miles. The surface is generally level; it is traversed by two elevated ridges called the First and Second mountains. Much of the soil is highly fertile. There were few sections of the State better adapted by nature for the increase and preservation of game than this county, but of late years the woodlands have been cleared away to make room for that mushroom growth called the suburban villa, and the haunts of the game have been broken up. Of what game was left at the beginning of the close season the loss has been very heavy.

HUDSON COUNTY lies along the Hudson River facing New York city. There is little or no game in the county at any time; its area is seventy-five square miles.

HUNTERDON COUNTY is drained by the branches of the Raritan River. Its surface is level in the centre, but mountainous at the north and south. The hills are well timbered, and the soil of the valleys fertile. The county has an area of 480 square miles. About one-half of the game has perished.

SOMERSET COUNTY has a surface which in some parts is very hilly. Its soil is fertile, especially along the streams which water the entire county. Its area is 375 square miles. 60 per cent. of the game has perished.

UNION COUNTY is partly bounded by Newark Bay, and has a surface of 101 square miles, which is nearly level, covered in places by vast tracts of salt and wild meadows. About 60 per cent. of its game has been destroyed.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY has a soil which is in places sandy. Its surface is undulating, and covers 399 square miles; 75 per cent. of the game has been killed.

MERCER COUNTY is bounded on the west by the Delaware River. Its surface is uneven, covering an area of 260 square miles. Years ago it was a famous section for game, but of late the shooting has been but fair. One-half of the game left at the end of the season was destroyed last winter.

MONMOUTH COUNTY is drained by the Neversink, Shrewsbury, Shark and Tom's rivers. It has an area of 800 square miles, and a surface generally level, with elevations toward the northeast. This county has the reputation of being one of the best sections for game in the State. There was excellent shooting last autumn in many localities, but the past winter has depleted the stock of game from 60 to 75 per cent.

BURLINGTON COUNTY extends from the sea coast to the Delaware River. The soil is fertile near the river, but sandy in the eastern part. The surface is level, and is covered by vast forests of pines. Its area is 600 square miles. Less than a hundred years ago there was excellent prairie chicken shooting in this county, but it is entirely a thing of the past. The loss of game during last winter was very heavy; probably over 70 per cent. perished.

OCEAN COUNTY has a level surface, much covered with pine forests. The soil is light and sandy. Area, 550 square miles. About 50 per cent. of the game of this county has been exterminated.

CAMDEN COUNTY is bounded on the west by the Delaware River. The surface is generally level; the soil is sandy. Area, 220 square miles. Over one-half of the game of this county has been destroyed.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY has an area of 280 square miles. Its surface is level, covered with forests. Along the Delaware River the land is well cultivated, but the soil inland is sandy and unimproved. Sixty per cent. of the game was killed last winter.

ATLANTIC COUNTY has a surface of 620 square miles, which is low and flat. Near the coast it is marshy, but further inland the soil is light and sandy. Seventy-five per cent. of the game has perished.

SALEM COUNTY is bounded on the west by the Delaware River. It is drained by the Salem, Alloways and other creeks. The area is 540 square miles. The surface is level and the soil a fertile sandy loam. The game in this county has been practically exterminated.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY has a surface which is generally level, overgrown with pine forests. Its area is 480 square miles. The loss has been heavy, but not as much as in other counties.

CAPE MAY COUNTY, the southern county of the State, has a level surface, with a soil entirely alluvial. Numerous inlets indent the shores, and great marshes extend along its coast boundaries. The game has not suffered as much as in other counties of the State.

SUSSEX COUNTY.

Beemerville.—The quail have perished from the snow and cold weather. Nine out of ten quail are dead. The farmers and sportsmen have not fed to my knowledge.

Quarryville.—Snow and cold weather have had a bad effect on quails and partridges. A great many have been frozen to death—about 75 per cent. Some farmers feed them, but not many were saved, I am sorry to say.

Stanhope.—The winter has been very severe on quail, but owing to the fact that many farmers and other individuals have fed flocks, and that it is a thickly settled farming county, the birds have been able to get food and shelter. Stacks of hay and grain standing in the field have afforded much protection. I do not think 10 per cent. have perished.

BERGEN COUNTY.

Saddle River.—I think the winter has had little effect on the birds here. The birds are not fed here. Permit me to state a fact here, namely: That if for a couple of years a bounty should be placed upon hawks there would be fifty per cent. more birds in all sections of the land. In former years there were forests or thick shrubbery to protect the birds from the hawks. If the sporting clubs, instead of spending their money or a limited portion of it for pigeon shooting, would spend some of it in a bounty for hawks they would be doing good for themselves and others.

WARREN COUNTY.

Blairstown.—At least from 60 to 75 per cent. of the quail have perished, the snow drifts and hail storms being the cause. Generally the birds are fed.

HUNTERDON COUNTY.

Perryville.—The destruction has been somewhat greater this winter than usual. About 50 per cent. of the quail have perished. Do not think the farmers fed the birds.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

Blackwell's Mills.—The destruction of birds in this locality has been greater this year than in other years, but not to the extent that many anticipated. A mile or two back from the river many more quail have perished than near the river. Farmers and residents did, as a general thing, feed the birds.

North Branch.—The winter has been very destructive to birds in this vicinity. Very few, if any, birds are left. I cannot give the percentage. Have not heard that any farmers have fed them.

UNION COUNTY.

Plainfield.—The destruction of game birds in Union County by the cold weather the past winter has not been noticeably greater than in former years. Farmers tell me of bevies that have wintered over and been fed by them. Members of our society have also watched over them.

Plainfield.—The cold and severity of the winter caused action to be taken by the residents and farmers as to feeding the birds. The game society of this place has awakened such sympathy and care for the game that the percentage of birds that perished last winter was less than for any winter for some time.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

Cranbury.—The farmers never feed birds here and game is scarce here from the fact that the law is disregarded and game destroyed in and out of season.

MERCER COUNTY.

Pennington.—I knew of a number of small bunches of quail, but the snows killed most of them, and what fed in the stack yards the hawks killed. One farmer kept ten quail all winter.

MONMOUTH COUNTY.

Long Branch.—I have traveled the county through and have not seen a quail and but very few pheasants. They are nearly all dead. The farmers fed them where they had a chance, but they perished with cold.

Ocean Grove.—The destruction of birds in consequence of the severe weather, scarcity of food, greater exposure to owls and hawks while in search of food is one hundred per cent. greater than during ordinary winters. Only a few farmers took the trouble to feed.

BURLINGTON COUNTY.

Birmingham.—The farmers and citizens have fed the birds this winter to some extent; yet the loss has been, I should judge, 20 per cent. of the whole—much greater than ever before.

Mount Holly.—In my opinion fully 90 per cent. of the quail have perished this winter. A few were fed, but the hawks have had it their own way. Rabbits have done better; they can subsist on bark. Quail were plenty last fall. We need better laws for the protection of game in Jersey. [Would it not be as well at first to have those you have enforced?]

Rancocas.—Birds are very scarce here. One farmer saved five and another seven birds. I think the birds went South.

Wrightstown.—The cold has been very severe on the birds in this section. The destruction has been fully one-half greater than any winter for a number of years. Flocks of quail all frozen are frequently found. The farmers fed.

OCEAN COUNTY.

Silverton.—The destruction of game in this section during the cold was about 50 per cent. Some of the farmers feed the quail.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY.

Clayton.—The snow and cold so unusual here have destroyed nearly all the small game. An attempt was made to feed the birds, but it was not done systematically. It was all we could do to protect the people, for no one was prepared for such a winter.

Franklinville.—The quail and partridges have all been killed, for I do not hear their favorite note any more. The winter has been the hardest on game here that I know of. I cleared away the snow till it got too deep to feed.

Harrisonville.—I think the winter has destroyed one-half of the game. Very few have fed the birds or cared for them.

Newfield.—The destruction of quail and other game has been greater than for many years past. Ninety per cent. perished. The resident farmers have fed.

Newfield.—In my opinion a great many birds were frozen last winter. I have had my dogs out once since the snow left us, but did not find one bird. There were a great many birds before the snow came, but I have been told by some parties that they have seen some left, but I have seen none.

Paulsborough.—In reply, the birds have suffered and died in great numbers. The farmers have fed in many instances.

ATLANTIC COUNTY.

English Creek.—I should think perhaps that one-half of the game perished.

English Creek.—I have heard of several coveys of quail perishing. One-half must be dead.

May's Landing.—I have made a good deal of inquiry about game in this county, as I am very much interested, and I think much game has perished. The hawks have destroyed large numbers, and the shooting next fall will be very poor. Quail and rabbits have been found frozen to death. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) I think have suffered less.

SALEM COUNTY.

Daretown.—The destruction of birds in sections has been severe. Seventy-five per cent. have been destroyed by snow and cold. Some flocks were fed, and thus saved.

Salem.—Since my last report I have seen two bevies of quail. So we know a few are left.

SPRING SNIPE NOTES FROM DELAWARE.

FROM time immemorial the State of Delaware has been the resort of New York and Pennsylvania sportsmen in the early spring for the English snipe or gray snipe shooting. We have, therefore, arranged to give our readers this year the very first reports on the shooting, and take this opportunity of thanking our numerous correspondents for their kind and prompt replies to our inquiries. The subjoined notes are arranged, beginning at the south and running to the northern parts of the State:

SUSSEX COUNTY.

Laurel, March 26.—We have no snipe here. Thirty miles down the river there are some.

Rehoboth Beach, March 26.—Geese and ducks are plenty, but snipe are not on much; but suppose they will be if we have one or two days southerly wind.

Georgetown, March 28.—Snipe are on now, and the shooting is getting good at Draw Bridge and Rehoboth.

Seaford, March 30.—There are no snipe in this section.

Cold Spring, March 26.—There are no snipe in this vicinity.

Williamsville, March 26.—A few snipe have been killed.

KENT COUNTY.

Willow Grove, March 30.—There have been no snipe killed yet. The ground is in good order.

Bowers, March 26.—On March 23 Mr. C. shot eight snipe—the first we have heard of this season

Viola, March 28.—The snipe are now in this vicinity.

Little Creek Landing, March 28.—The meadows are in good order for snipe. They are scarce.

NEWCASTLE COUNTY.

Townsend, March 26.—The best snipe shooting is on the entire marshes bordering upon Delaware Bay. The spring is very late with us and the snipe have not yet made their appearance.

Middletown, March 28.—A few snipe have arrived. A few warm days will make them plentiful.

McDonough, March 29.—There are some snipe. I killed a few to-day.

St. Georges, March 26.—The snipe are here though not yet in abundance, as our late cold snap has kept them back. The Peckard, Stewart, Huslock and Hundred Acres are the favorite meadows for finding them.

St. Georges, March 26.—From 5 to 10 in an hour has been the largest bags of snipe reported yet. They have been here a few days.

Christiana, March 29.—The spring snipe have come. I shot half a dozen, but it is too cold for them to come in numbers yet.

Christiana, March 28.—I shot the first snipe of the season in this section on March 17. They are still scarce; I have been gunning them for two weeks.

Newport, March 28.—There is a scattering of snipe from the South. The 1st of April is about the time for them to be on with us.

Newark, March 28.—Some snipe are here, but about April 15 they will be plenty.

Marshallton, March 26.—Snipe may be expected daily.

Kirkwood, March 28.—Have not seen any English snipe this spring.

Mount Pleasant, March 26.—It is too soon for snipe.

Mount Pleasant, March 26.—Snipe will be on in a week or two.

Yorklyn, March 26.—No snipe as yet that I can see.

Yorklyn, March 26.—Snipe have not come yet.

Green Spring, March 29.—Snipe began to appear on the meadows ten days ago.

Rockland, March 26.—The snipe have not made their appearance yet.

Glasgow, March 28.—There has been no snipe shooting this spring. Will be in ten days.

NEW YORK—Saranac Lakes, N. Y., March 26.—Snow still very deep and ice very thick over lakes and streams. Trouting prospects never more favorable, as the game laws have been almost strictly regarded, owing to the faithfulness of the Commissioner in making the arrest at Lake Placid. During the winter Martin's Hotel has changed hands, owing to financial embarrassment. After being repainted, partly refurnished and other improvements made, it will be opened by Milo Miller in due time for spring guests and sportsmen.

At Harriettstown thirty guests, chiefly from New York and Philadelphia, have passed the winter.

Owing to the public spirit of Dr. Trudo a handsome library building has been erected, and we trust are long to boast of a good library. S. S., N.

A Pine River, Wis., correspondent writes that a neighbor of his has a mallard drake living in a stream flowing near his house. The bird is one of a pair, and was wounded when its mate was killed. Though at first very wild when approached it has now become so tame that one can approach near enough to throw it corn without frightening it away. BADGER.

A DAY WITH THE SQUIRRELS.

NORWICH, N. Y.

A FRIEND of mine who lives next door to me is the most successful squirrel shooter I ever saw. Having hunted them from his boyhood he thoroughly understands their habits, knows just where to look for them during the different fall months, and the result is when he goes after them he generally returns with a full bag.

Two years ago last October we made an arrangement to spend a day in a large piece of woodland lying some eight miles from this village. We left in the morning before daylight, and we drove up to the door of a farm-house just as the sun was gilding the tree-tops of the woods whither we were bound.

There we separated for the day, agreeing to meet at the house where we had left our horse at sundown. I make my way along the edge of the woods through a grove of second-growth pines toward a corner where are some large chestnut trees, hoping to surprise some squirrels at their breakfast. In this I am disappointed. I see no signs of their working. I go over the fence, outside of which is an old pasture, and as I look across the fields all thoughts of squirrels are for the time forgotten. Less than half a mile away lies the farm once owned by my father. There stands the old red house where I was born. How familiar are those fields, even the old rocks seem like friends. Those patches of woodland, the old orchard, and down through the little valley runs, just as it used to, the little spring brook, where I caught my first speckled trout. Can it be that the old farm is now owned by strangers, and that father, mother, sister, brother are all gone, and that nearly forty years have passed away since that old red house was my house? Yes, and I am a gray-haired man, and shall soon follow those who have passed on before me, and if tears do fill my eyes as I gaze on this scene so dear to the years gone by, still as I turn from it I feel stronger to meet life's battles and trials.

But I came for squirrels, and the morning's passing. So I turn into the old wood road that leads to a ridge near the edge of the woods where there are plenty of chestnut trees. Making my way with all possible caution I reach the little grove and stop. Yes, they are here somewhere; I hear the rustle of branches in a large chestnut near by, the leaves are so thick I cannot see the squirrel, but I know in an instant it is a gray. I think I see where he is, and I give him the right-hand barrel. He does not fall, though hard hit, but the other barrel brings him tumbling to the ground.

The noise starts up another, and with a spring he scurries up a large tree within shot, and when about half way up stops and commences barking at me. Carefully slipping in a shell I lift my gun to my face, and at its sharp crack he tumbles to the ground. Picking them up I find they are large and fat, and I consign them to the spacious pockets of my hunting coat. I follow on in the old wood road, perhaps six or eight rods (keeping near the edge of the woods, for there the chestnuts are the ripest at this time of year, and there I know I shall find them if anywhere), when about fifteen rods away, in a small chestnut just at the edge of the woods, I see two more feeding. I dare not go toward them, they will hear my steps on the leaves, and I shall lose them. A noise on a ridge above me attracts my attention. There is another running around under the trees looking for his breakfast, but he is out of shot. What shall I do? I want all of them, and I set my wits to work to see if I cannot outwit them. If I can get into the pasture perhaps those two who are feeding in the little chestnut will not hear me, and I can get within shot. But how can I get over that fence without their taking alarm? I have it. About a rod back of me is an old pole bar way, and I cautiously make my way toward it. I reach the edge of the pasture and walk cautiously toward where they are feeding. They are busy; they mean to have a full breakfast. I go perhaps two rods when one of them leaves the tree, jumps on to the fence, and comes directly toward me. I let him come within range, and with the right-hand barrel tumble him off the fence. The crack of the gun starts the other, but he does not leave the tree. He stops feeding and commences barking; as I move a few steps toward him he jumps to leave the tree, but I am too quick for him, and with my remaining barrel I drop him. Picking them up, I retrace my steps to the old wood road which leads toward where I saw the other. Reaching the spot where I last saw him, I stop and wait fifteen or twenty minutes, for I think he is somewhere near me, and if I wait he will show himself. As I take out my watch to see the time I hear a rustling in the leaves, and sure enough there he is, not five rods away. But the movement to put up my watch will send him racing up one of these large trees. But I see no other way. The movement of my hand disturbs him, and he mounts a tree and is out of sight. Quickly glancing up the tree, away toward its top I see an open space of a few feet. Perhaps he may come into view there. I throw my gun to my face, and as he comes into view, although on a run, I pull on him. He is hard hit, but has life enough to spring into a large maple, and I fear I have lost him. I make my way to the upper side of the tree and anxiously peer up into its branches. Yes, there he is, stretched out at full length on a limb close to the body. He is badly wounded, but I give him the other barrel and he falls like a clod. Then I have got them all, and now I will sit down on that old mossy log and eat my lunch.

All the morning I have heard my friend banging away, and I know he is having fine sport. I rest for an hour or more, but I see no more squirrels. Following up the old wood road to a ridge I stand and wait some minutes, when, clear out of shot, in the top of a tall chestnut, I see one feeding. Close to it is a large pine, which I conclude is his home. I make my way toward him as still as I can, but he takes alarm and starts for the pine. If he reaches that he is safe. I start on the run toward him, and before I can get nearer than nine or ten rods he makes a jump and strikes the body of the pine. At just that moment I pull on him. I know my aim was all right, but with No. 8's he is too far, and I lose him.

The afternoon is wearing away, and I retrace my steps toward where I first found them in the morning. As I near the old fence by the side of the pasture I see a splendid old fellow quietly making his way toward a large chestnut. As he comes opposite I cut loose on him, and he is mine. This he comes opposite I cut loose on him, and he is mine. This he makes six, all large and fat. By the time I can reach the makes six, all large and fat. By the time I can reach the house it will be time for us to leave for home. As I near the house I see my friend coming up the road, and in answer to my inquiry, "How many?" he answers, "Twenty-one." He is tired, and his squirrels are a load. I am beaten badly, as usual when I go with him. But I have had a most enjoyable day, and I am content. A ride of ten hours brings us home, and we unanimously voted it a most agreeable day with the squirrels, H. C. L.

The gray squirrel is more numerous in some localities than in others and also more plentiful some seasons than others, owing to the scarcity of food and the severity of winters. This can also be accounted for by their roving habits. The best months for hunting them are September, October and November, at early morning and evening—from sunrise till eight or nine o'clock and after four in the afternoon. A rifle with a small bore is better than a shot-gun, because it tears the game very little and will kill at a long range, but an amateur would probably kill more with shot than with a rifle and for all kinds of game shot is of course the best.

Squirrels are found in the neighborhood of beech, oak, chestnut or hickory trees. They are also found on the borders of corn and wheat fields, near timbered lands, where they congregate in the fall and are often killed in large numbers. They are found on the highest branches. It is a good plan to start at sunrise, approach the hunting ground cautiously, examine every tree in which a "gray" might be feeding. You can often detect their presence by the dropping of cuttings and bark from the trees or by their peculiar hop and scratch among the leaves on the ground. Walk slowly, look in every direction, keep behind the brush as much as possible and make no unusual noise. Pilot your way in this manner until you reach a central, elevated position, commanding a good view of the surroundings. Of course if you have seen any you will kill them, but do it quietly. Much care should be exercised in selecting a favorable point from which to watch, which can easily be found by looking for cuttings, broken branches, nests and scratches on the trees and fences. If these indications are observed you may be sure there are squirrels in the neighborhood, although many inexperienced sportsmen might wander about the place for days and not see one.

Having selected a favorable point for observation, conceal yourself behind some brush or other objects, and keep a sharp lookout. If you have secured your position without frightening the game, they will soon begin to show themselves. Probably one will come into full view, but out of range. Do not move, but keep an eye on it, and perhaps it will shortly come within range; if not, note its general course, and look for it a little later. If followed, the chances are that it will hide, and much time will thus be lost, while the gray will be trembling with fright but safe in the trunk of some hollow tree. Probably you will see one emerge near at hand, but from what particular point is often difficult to determine. Don't move a muscle; he will soon be in a position which prevents him from seeing you; then bring your gun to your shoulder instantly, take a steady aim, and fire. Don't leave your position, but prepare for another shot. If the gray was among the branches, it will be a satisfaction to see him roll into a ball and drop. If you have missed he will start to run the tree-tops; but just before and after springing he generally stops long enough to allow another shot to be delivered. If missed entirely, don't go tearing after him; you will frighten every squirrel in the neighborhood. It would then be necessary for you to look for another favorable position, as the shooting would probably be over at that point. If the squirrel has been killed, let it lie, and watch for another. In this manner you may be able to bag several in an hour or two from the same position, especially if the mast is plenty and a good season. Then gather up your game and seek another favorable point. When the sun is high it will be well to look over the ground carefully and along the fences and outskirts of the timber. If you know of any nut-bearing trees in open ground, examine them, as these little animals know where to find the sweetest nuts as well as you.

Trained dogs are often employed to track and tree them, when they will hide and often exercise considerable cunning in evading their pursuers. This method is often more successful than still hunting, especially if the game is scarce.

D. TAIL.

NEW JERSEY, March 23.

I was much delighted with your *clerical* correspondent in his narration how he sang "Och Hone! the Widow Machree" or some similar "roundelay," to the listening rodents in the piney woods. From *Clericus'* fondness for a "piping i' the woods" he must be a pan-theist!

But to a youth of sixteen with double-barreled muzzle-loader in hand, the sight of the upturned tail of the nimble squirrel would, in the days of my youth, rather lead to immediate slaughter, not to consequent music.

Still it is pleasant to see the healthy love your correspondent shows for animal nature and his keen enjoyment for the "aisles of the dim woods."

The Mic Mac correspondence has given us a good idea of where to go for salmon, and there is to me no summer joy like that the tired man catches in breathing the invigorating air of the Marguerite or any of the little rivers of the upper Saguenay.

I meant when I began to gossip to tell of an experience, in Indiana, in seeking the festive gray squirrel in October. It shows that little animal's extreme tenacity of life.

In a tall beach tree, flat on a limb, I caught a glimpse of gray fur and blazed away—down came the squirrel. I loaded the empty barrel, went to pick up my game, but he quietly, at a single bound, reached a hollow tree and ensconced himself there. With smoke and a ramrod screw I finally got him out, and, *exnecessitaty rei*, I banged the squirrel's head over a log and sat down on that same log neglecting to bag him while drinking in the beauty of the russet splendor all around me.

As I started to go I reached for the *functus officio* squirrel, as I supposed—as nimbly as a young gallant could caper in a lady's chamber, Bunny took to his heels and hid in the long grass by a gurgling trout brook. I hunted for half an hour before I spied the runaway and pounced on him, putting Mr. Squirrel in my side coat-pocket.

After a delightful walk, gazing as I went at the glories of a Western sunset—"the looming bastions fringed with fire"—in the fantastic splendor of the clouds, I reached my hotel. As I sat down on the rude bench on the piazza I said, "Here, Boniface, breakfast off this squirrel," and I threw the gamy little rascal on the floor. Boniface "scooped" for him. The squirrel took wings and ran—landlord in full chase—and the squirrel in the lead, dodged under the barn! That squirrel, I never saw him more!—J. M. S.

A STATEN ISLAND SNIPE—Port Richmond, March 26.—While three members of the Holliday Gun Club were out "prospecting" to-day they started a woodcock, put up and brought to bag one English snipe, the first of the season.

PATSY.

The head of the snipe accompanied the above note.

TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF DEER IN MICHIGAN.

SECRETARY RONEY, of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, has recently been engaged in collecting statistics in regard to the killing of deer in that state. These statistics were presented to the State Legislature March 15, and are of startling interest. Their importance will be especially appreciated by the residents of Michigan. The following abstract gives the main points of the report:

A prominent railroad man says: After careful investigation I find there were 9,000 deer and saddles shipped over the Mackinaw division during the open season last fall. More than half of this amount was shipped out of the State to other markets. In addition to this number I saw four bales of hides, a great number of them in the red coat, that had been killed on the Au Sable River out of season by "shinning" and done by persons hunting for the hides who threw away the fore quarters, saving only the saddles by jerking. These bales contained about 400 skins. The deer that were killed at that season of the year left fawns to die of starvation.

It has got to be a common thing to have venison upon the hotel tables at Grayling and Forest during the summer months, furnished by persons who do nothing else except hunt and fish at all times of the year whenever they can find sale for their venison and grayling. A party told me that he had killed four deer one night by "shinning" on the Manistee River.

The estimate of 9,000 deer shipped on the Mackinaw division of the Michigan Central during the fall of 1880 is based upon the following statements of venison shipments from stations north of Bay City, and which, being copied from the shipping bills, are necessarily correct:

Stations.	*Pounds shipped.*
Gaylord	12,589
Otsego Lake	22,500
Forest	22,500
Grayling	15,000
Roscommon	250,000
Chency	47,000
St. Helens	12,500
Beaver Lake	127,500
Ogemaw	15,000
West Branch	187,500
Summit	150,000
Wells	25,000
Dunham and Sterling	50,000
Standish	90,000
Pinconning	12,000
Total, lbs	1,130,000

Averaging 112 pounds to a deer, which is not too small considering that a large portion were fawns and saddles, gives us in round numbers 10,000 deer shipped from the fifteen stations above with ten stations on the road yet to hear from.

As to the shipments on the Flint & Pere Marquette and the Grand River & Indiana Railroads it is perfectly safe to place the number at 5,000 from each road.

In reference to lumber camps and the shore, S. A Van Duzen, proprietor of the Fraser House, Bay City, writes me February 10, 1881: "As to the shore, Mr. ——, of Oscoda, told me to-day he consumed 125 deer at his lumber camp this winter, and that there was not less than 1,000 shipped from Oscoda by steamer."

There are in northern Michigan at least 1,000 lumber camps. Taking only 300 of these and averaging forty deer killed to supply each camp gives 12,000 killed for this purpose alone.

If 1,000 were shipped from Oscoda alone, 4,000 is certainly a moderate estimate for the entire east shore. According to the *Au Sable and Oscoda News*, there were killed in that section for "home consumption"—which means largely "for the hides,"—4,000 deer, and 2,000 shipped by rail and steamer is considered a fair estimate for the west shore.

To closely estimate the number of deer killed for their hides in the red coat is a more difficult matter; but knowing personally of 2,500 deer so killed, and in view of the secresy with which this kind of slaughter is conducted, I consider 7,000 deer a reasonable calculation for the number so killed.

The number for home consumption in the lower peninsula I have placed at 5,000, and by this term I include all deer killed by settlers for food purposes, which you will remember occurs every day in the year; also the large number taken on the trains by resident hunting parties as extra baggage but of which no record is had in most cases, the game being returned free.

The upper peninsula is allowed 7,000 as its quota, which includes all deer killed for any purpose—for the hides, home consumption, lumber camps and shipment by rail and steamer. You will please observe that no calculation has been made for the large number of suckling fawns which have of necessity starved to death during the spring and summer months when deprived of their mothers' milk by the bullet of the insatiate "hide hunter."

The grand summary of deer killed for all purposes in Michigan during the year 1880 is then as follows:

Locality.	*Number of deer killed.*
West Shore, shipped	2,000
East Shore, shipped	4,000
Oscoda County	4,000
Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad	4,000
Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad	5,000
Home Consumption	5,000
Upper Peninsula (in part)	7,000
Killed for hides alone	7,000
Mackinaw division of the Michigan Central Railroad	10,000
Killed for lumber camps	12,000
Grand total of deer	60,000

This is about 7,500,000 pounds of venison destroyed in the single year of 1880. At this rate how long will it take to exterminate the species in Michigan? And when the present supply is gone, where can the next come from? Certainly not from the North, East or West, for that is a geographical impossibility; while from the south it cannot be expected. Unlike other States which border upon vast wildernesses, out of which a new supply comes to replenish the disappearing race, the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, when it has once permitted this noble animal to be exterminated between Lakes Michigan and Huron, has forever lost a great source of wealth and valuable food supply, which, if now wisely preserved, will last for generations.

The immense increase from 21,000 deer killed in 1878 to 60,000 killed in 1880 is due in part to the cold weather which came early and continued steadily throughout the fall, but principally to the prohibitory export laws of surrounding States, which are driving into Michigan all the professional market hunters of the country. Can a Legislature which is cognizant of these facts delay longer that very protection which is the first law of nature, as it is of States and of nations?

Of the 60,000 deer killed in Michigan in 1880, 45,000 were shipped from the State or destroyed for the hides. How long can the State stand this drain before the last relic of the whole race disappears? Just about five years; they will become scarce in twelve months more.

The remedy is plain. Declare the killing of game for other purposes than consumption as food within the State as illegal, as recommended by our "Committee on Laws for the protection of game animals of fur and feather and insectivorous birds." Then all game shipped from the State will be *prima facie* killed in violation of the law. This will save 20,000 to 28,000 deer yearly. Then declare it a misdemeanor or crime to kill deer in the red or spotted coat, or have in possession such red or spotted coat hides, and the killing for hides will almost wholly cease, and illegal killing for lumber camps will be greatly restricted, saving 12,000 to 17,000 more deer yearly and reducing the annual destruction from 60,000 to about 12,000 to 15,000.

At the highest estimate there are not more than sixty resident hunting parties in this State who hunt with dogs for pleasure. Averaging twelve deer to each party of twelve men upon each trip of two weeks, and two such hunts a year gives 1,440 deer out of the 60,000 which were killed by the tax-paying citizens of this State during 1880. The writer knows of but one party (of three men) of resident hunters for market who hunt with dogs, but there may be others. These parties are always small in numbers. Granting that there may be ten such parties in the State, and that each takes fifty deer yearly, we have 500 deer as the aggregate of the carcases killed for the market with dogs. Then we will concede that there may be forty non-resident parties who come to Michigan and hunt with dogs for pleasure and take their venison home. Allowing them the same ratio of success as the resident parties, viz.: two hunts a year of two weeks each, and twelve deer for each hunt, gives 960 deer killed with the aid of dogs and shipped out of the State, to be consumed in the families of our friends from other States, and which will be prevented by the Prohibitory Export bill, makes an aggregate of 2,000. Adding another 100 for the sake of even numbers, and 1,000 more to that, from a desire to treat this question with indisputable fairness, and what is the result? Four thousand deer killed for all purposes with the aid of dogs in Michigan during 1880, and 56,000 killed by still-hunters for all purposes during the same year. Can any sane person now ask that deer hunting be restricted solely to still-hunters by passing a law to prohibit citizens of this State the pleasure of hunting with their dogs?

THE FLIGHT OF RIFLE BALLS.

CLEVELAND, O., March 14.

MR. T. S. VAN DYKE, in his interesting article published in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 10, proposes ("just for fun") to demonstrate that a rifle ball does not begin to fall the instant it leaves the muzzle, that as regards a falling motion although driven at great velocity forward it is in a state of inertia. He appears to claim (for fun, presumably, he is full of it) that during a certain space of time unknown of that state of inertia a rifle ball will be "driven on a level line." To show how far his ball would be projected on this "level line" he sighted his rifle of a calibre of .65 "to cut at ten yards the lower edge of an inch bullseye (so as to get the line of sight, and the centre of the line of fire parallel), and could detect no drop at fifty yards. At seventy-five yards the ball was in the lower edge of a two-inch bullseye; at 100 yards at the lower edge of a four-inch bullseye."

Now, it is believed that Mr. Van Dyke's position is not tenable on philosophical grounds nor on correct practical experiment. And to convince him that Maj. Merrill is right when he declares: "It is as mathmetically certain that the rifle does not carry straight for ten yards as that it does not for 1,000 yards. Gravity is always pulling the ball down, its efforts commence at the muzzle of the gun, and no velocity of the ball can cancel it," he has only to remember that an ounce ball or any ball fired from a rifle placed say ten feet above and exactly parallel to a horizontal plane, and the same size and weight of ball dropped from the same height at the same instant the ball fired left the muzzle of the gun, both balls will strike the plane below at the same instant of time, or if he blow a ball through the gun ten to fifty feet or drop another at the same time both will strike the ground together.

Taking this for an undisputed fact, there could be no time for the ball fired to be "driven on a level line" and strike the ground at the same time the dropped ball does. Both balls must begin to fall at once, and continue to fall all the time, and exactly alike, to reach the same distance at the same instant of time. The same force of gravitation acts exactly equally on each ball no matter how great the velocity of one may be; and if one ball lost any time in traveling on a "level line," and the other kept on dropping all the time, and both at the same rate, they could not both strike the plane at the same instant.

The atmospheric retardation of lead balls and shot is said to be as the square of their diameter. The diameter of an ounce ball is .66267 of an inch; its fall in one second of time by gravitation is 15.996 feet, and if unobstructed it will fall with an increasing speed (inversely as the square of the distance) until it acquires an ultimate velocity of 207.28 feet per second, and forever after continue at that speed. As the fall increases very rapidly until the ultimate velocity is reached, the initial velocity and time of flight per second becomes very essential in arriving at the true fall of any given diameter and weight of ball and shot. It is difficult to ascertain the exact highest initial velocity that can be given to any projectile by the expansion of gunpowder. It may range from 800 to 4,000 feet per second, but in rifle and shotgun shooting from 1,000 to 2,500 will not be far out of the way.

If you could give an ounce ball (diameter .6626) an initial velocity of 4,000 feet per second it would be projected up (a little more horizontally as then there would be no gravitation to pull it back) 3959.4 feet in 9.405 seconds, while at an initial velocity of 1,000 feet per second the total distance would be 2,109 feet in 8.460 seconds, and in one-eighth of a second it would be projected 124.9 feet, and at 4,000 feet muzzle velocity 439.92 feet in one-eighth of a second; at 2,000 feet muzzle velocity 237.85 in one-eighth second. And if you give No. 6 shot (diameter .10131 of an inch) an initial or muzzle velocity of 4,000 feet per second it would be projected 800 feet in 3.754 seconds; at 3,000 feet muzzle velocity 741.20 feet in 3 738 seconds; at 2,000 feet in, velocity .658.31 feet in 3.706 seconds, and at 1,000 feet in, velocity 51.4.54 feet in 3.548 seconds. Thus it will be seen that while an ounce ball at an initial velocity of 4,000 feet per second will travel 3959.4 feet in 9.405 seconds a No. 6 shot at the same initial velocity will only travel 800 feet in 3.754 seconds.

Hence it appears that although there be a constant parabolic fall from the instant a projectile leaves the muzzle to the end of its flight there is a great difference in the trajectory of an ounce ball at 4,000 feet initial velocity and one at 1,000 feet initial velocity and a still more marked difference between the ounce ball and No. 6 shot at the same initial velocities of 4,000 and 1,000 feet per second.

Mr. Van Dyke himself explains in the last paragraph of his ingenious article the real cause of his (real or assumed) mistake as to the actual fall of any projectile from the muzzle to the target, no matter what the distance may be, by showing a difference of six inches in the fall of his .65 inch round ball shot from his ten pound rifle, at 175 yards, charged with five drams of mixed powder (always the best), and six drams of the same powder. His rifle is unquestionably a good one. Its weight allows him to load heavily and not kill at both ends, and yet acquire an extraordinary initial velocity. The great velocity and great weight of his ball and his six drams of mixed powder undoubtedly give him a remarkably flat trajectory in the first 150 to 200 yards, and this may have led him to fall into the error (if he is not in fun) of suggesting that there might possibly be a space, and, therefore, a time when a ball could be "driven on a level line." It cannot be done.

D. W. CROSS.

FLORIDA—Monticello, March 24.—The English snipe have all gone north.—W. W. T.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

LIGHT begins to break in the sportsmen's east, and ducks are becoming plentiful hereabout. One day this week Dr. E. C. Franklin, of Michigan University (who is not only a learned and eminent and grave professor, but an enthusiastic sportsman all round), accompanied by Justice Walter Schweikert, of this city, went down to Turkey Island, in Detroit River, where they stayed two days and captured a rousing bag of ducks each. In looking around town to-day I find that redheads are selling at thirty cents and bluebills at twenty-five cents a pair. They stick close to the river, for the reason that the marshes and bays above and below Detroit River are yet unbroken ice fields. The Huron River is breaking up, however, and the note of preparation at Point Mouille is heard "like clink of armorers closing rivets up." Several enthusiasts, including M. P. Neff, of Cincinnati, are going down next week, big with hope of immortal achievements.

The bill now before the Michigan Legislature passed the Senate yesterday with the clause prohibiting night shooting stricken out. There is every reason to believe that it will have a safe and peaceful passage through the House and secure the Governor's signature.

There is a deal of indignation manifested by Detroit sportsmen at the reckless and criminal neglect of the game laws now in vogue in Michigan—at least in respect of killing deer in the northern counties. A gentleman who has been very active in the matter of game-legislation informed me yesterday that Indians and whites have gone to the extreme of killing animals with knives—like common assassins—merely to obtain the skins, leaving the slain carcasses lying on the snow. The worst instances that have been reported occurred along the extension of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad, north of Gaylord, and in the vicinity of Mullet Lake. As I get it, there were fifteen deer killed in one yard—not shot, but brutally butchered like hogs, and several of the does were heavy with young. The only arrest that has been made, so far as I know, was that of an Indian who was fined the ridiculously inadequate sum of $2. The only way to put a stop to this is for genuine sportsmen to organize a merciless crusade against these criminal butchers.

Detroit, March 26, 1881. VIDOCQ.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

HYDE PARK, Feb. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Capt. Barker delivered a sixth and last lecture on Friday P. M., and I had taken notes preparatory to sending the closing portion of his lecture, which was remarkably good, but as I found it reported in the Boston *Herald*, I clip it out and send it to you, as a specimen of a vivid and thrilling description of one phase of a hunter's life; and considering that it is in the language of a man who is a simple, honest hunter and who claims not to be a man of education, I think it remarkably good. He is to be with us next winter, and will then be proposed to give our boys another course of lectures, which will, in all probability, be superior to those given this winter, as he has now learned what is expected of a lecturer, and has lost that embarrassment which necessarily accompanied his first appearance before an educated audience.—E. DE. M.

The lecture, as reported, was as follows:

Imagine yourself trapping off in the woods in the month of December. There is a foot of light snow on the ground. You are just leaving camp in the morning; you have another camp twelve or fifteen miles away on the mountains; you have two lines of traps leading to this camp; one goes to the right over the hardwood mountains, where there is good ground for the sable and fishercat; the other goes to the left up a brook and around a small pond, where the otter, beaver and mink work; then up another brook valley to camp. You take your axe, rifle, bag of bait and lunch, and follow the mountain line, while your partner takes the valley line. You both expect to meet at the other camp before dark. It begins to snow by 10 o'clock, but your partner has no trouble in following the valley line. He gets to camp an hour before dark and cuts the wood for the night, gets it in, builds a fire and gets supper, expecting to hear you coming every minute, but things have gone differently with you. There is more snow on the mountain than in the valley; the traveling is hard; the traps want a good deal of setting over and fixing; a fisher has got into one of them and dragged it off a little ways, and it takes quite a while to find him. A light wind drives the fast-falling damp snow against the trunks of the trees. It sticks there, and by 2 o'clock you cannot see the "blazes" on the trees until you have brushed away the snow. You find one, and then look ahead and make up your mind to the next one is on. You brush off the snow—there is no blaze there. Then you go to a tree, a little way to the right, and brush again; no blaze there! then you go to the left and brush again; still no blaze! but you keep hunting, and, after a while, you find it. Then, perhaps, you have to go through the same manœuvre to find the next one. This all takes time, and before you are aware of it, it is growing dark. You have lost the line altogether, now; you do not know whether it is to the right or left of you; you know that you are still a long way from camp, and you don't know the course, so your compass is of little use to you. You think there is a good chance of your having to lie out, and you slip your hand into your pocket to make sure that your match-box is all right, but your match-box is not there. It has slipped out of your pocket in the berth the night before and you have never realized the importance of always being sure that you had your match-box before leaving camp in the morning. Your situation is not pleasant now; the damp snow through the day, together with the perspiration you have raised by your hard walking, has wet your clothes through and through. You stop and consider now. The wind has shifted around into the northwest and is blowing a gale. The snow comes piling down from the trees upon you. The fast-flying clouds look white and fleecy, and you occasionally see a cold looking star up through them. The mercury is liable to creep down to 25 or 20 below zero before morning. It is no use to think of lying out. It is—Get to camp or die. You are struggling on through the snow and darkness, fully conscious of your situation, when suddenly you hear the dim report of a rifle—and, boys, you have no idea how good the report of a rifle can sound, and what a change it can make in your feelings in an instant, until you hear it under some such circumstances. At first you find yourself rushing on in the direction from which the sound came trying to make yourself believe that it was not the report of a rifle that you—heard, but you hear it again. "There," you say to yourself, "that's my old partner's rifle sure, and I am all right once more." You then fire your rifle to let your partner know that he is heard, and then you pull out toward camp again, guided by the occasional report of the rifle, and when you get in sight of the camp how good the sparks look shooting out of the smoke hole! The White House at Washington never looked more pleasant to an ingoing President of the United States than the rough log camp has to the hunter after such an experience as this. The men who worked the hardest to elect a President were never thanked with more sincerity than the woodman's partner is for just going up into a knoll and firing his rifle. The finest dinner that was ever served at the Parker House, with all its roasts and wines, could not taste half as good to those that were honored with it as the hunter's supper of deer meat, spider cakes, or flapjacks and black tea, with neither milk nor sugar in it. The finest bed that was ever

made up was never appreciated more than the hunter's bough bed and smoky woolen blanket. That's the way with woods life—the harder the time the greater the pleasure after it is over with. Supposing you boys, when you are camping out in the summer, could go out any day and catch all the fish you wanted, how long would it be before you would not care a snap for fishing? If you could go out any night and shoot a deer, you would never have a touch of the buck fever. It is the uncertainty of wood life that makes men have a passion for it. It is the working for the game that makes it worth having. It is the hard times that make the genuine good ones, and the head-winds that make us appreciate the fair ones.

OUR ROCHESTER LETTER.

FOR a day or two past the sun has been shining with a little warmer beam on this part of Uncle Sam's dominion than has been the case since October, and the cheerful effect is visible not less among sportsmen than with other mortals. Sportsmen, as such, may be said to have gone into winter quarters with the first snow and remained in a state of hibernation until now. They are stirring themselves a little of late to the extent of discussing the prospects and making ready for next year.

The Monroe County Sportsmen's Club held its annual meeting on Friday and re-elected the officers of last year, viz., President, W. J. Babcock; Vice-President, Jas. H. Brown; Secretary and Treasurer, L. A. Pratt. The report of the secretary showed the club to be in a very satisfactory condition, financially and otherwise. It has eighty members in good standing, is out of debt and there is about $800 in the treasury. As the club is one of the oldest in the United States, it is also, as you see, among the most prosperous. A report was presented showing the disposition made of 188 migratory quail imported by the club last spring. Aaron Brownell stated that some of the birds that he placed on a farm in the country raised families and remained until late in the fall, becoming quite tame. I was able to say that at least one pair sent by me to the farm of a friend raised a brood of fourteen, while another pair were nesting when a mowing machine interfered with their family arrangements. I sent out only five pair.

A correspondent of one of your contemporaries reported to his paper last week that the native quail in this county had been all killed by the cold of the past winter. Now I am happy to know that he is much mistaken and that instead of the native Bob White having suffered severely this winter he fared much better than might have been expected. There are a large proportion of men in this county who shoot and the wonder is that a quail or grouse at all is left, but there are a few still and I do not find that any were winter-killed this season. There is a movement on foot to get a stock from the West or South, liberate them in the spring and shoot them in the fall, and then, if necessary, replace them with another supply from out of the State next season. At its last meeting the Monroe County Club paid $36 to a lawyer for defending Game Constable Schwartz (recently re-elected by a majority of 13,000). As the officer's services are almost wholly devoted to prosecuting violations of the fish law some of the men who fish very little and shoot very much are inclined to protest against expending money in the fishing interest exclusively and ask that the shooting members be not overlooked. The club will probably, if they ask it, put some money in to get Western quail. There is some inclination to laugh at the migratory quail experiment because it has not proved itself a complete success in one season. But, as "Rome was not built in a day," neither can we expect to see the quail as numerous in this country after liberating a few score as they were when the children of Israel had them on toast three times a day. In speaking of quail, a fact comes to mind that I have never seen in print and, taken in connection with your suggestion to import European partridges, is of interest. The European partridge, at least that breed of them found in Ireland, has a call very much resembling that of the American quail or Bob White. I never heard the partridge utter its call, but from the description of it given by my father I should think the birds would be mistaken for one another by the sound. He taught me how to make a partridge-call with which I have been able to closely imitate the Bob White, and as some of your readers may be curious to know how to construct it, here is the plan. Take a metal tube about an inch long and of the same diameter and on one end bind a piece of parchment. Run a horse-hair through the centre of the parchment or drawn head, knotting it inside the tube to prevent drawing out. Then rub the thumb and fore-finger in rosin and draw the horse-hair through them. If you draw at right intervals thus: — ——— — ———, you will produce a sound precisely like that of the Irish partridge. American boys may recognize in the Irish partridge-call the original of the American "Devil's Fiddle," an instrument of torture abhorred of all men.

By the way, if you were to invite some of your readers in Ireland to send an occasional letter from the Emerald Isle they would be read with interest by many in America and other parts of the world, for not only is there some of the best trout and salmon fishing there, but the shooting is, or was forty years ago, as good as any of us could wish. It is not as long ago as that since I was there and left before I could put any gun save a pop-gun to my shoulders. But my father tells me that gray plover and snipe fairly swarmed there in the winter, duck and brant were in clouds along the coast and on the lakes, while quail, grouse and partridges were abundant on the farm lands. I have heard similar facts from others who came from the land of the red setter and wolf dog. It is not so strange that the natives left such a land with regret. I was speaking lately to one of the lessees of a fishing preserve or privilege on the famous Caledonia or Spring Creek in this county, and on asking him what was the prospect for trout fishing this season he heaved a sigh and said the prospect was good for the tackle makers, but bad for the lovers of a full creel. They put a lot of California mountain trout in the stream and they flourish in it, but so gamy are they that the extremely fine tackle used for taking the native trout cannot hold the Californians which broke away easily last year and promise to part cables this season, as they have increased in size amazingly. ROKEBY.

NEW YORK—Chittenango, March 18.—Robins and bluebirds are thick with us now and have been for the past week. Partridges are quite plenty this spring; we thought they were killed by the cold weather, but they are all right.—S. E. S.

Cleanse and moisten the dry sticky mouth of patients, and refresh them with Hop Bitters diluted with cool water.

AN insurance company is about to be formed to insure the lives of persons sentenced to be hung. Such good care is taken of them that it will be an extra safe risk. (N. B.—No risk taken in the State of New Jersey.)

MY LAST MOOSE.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

I HAVE killed moose in New Brunswick, Canada and Maine. I cannot call to mind just now how many, but a fair lot of them. I got treed by a bull moose that I wounded at very close quarters up in Aroostook County once, and as I dropped my gun to get up the tree I had to stay in that tree a whole afternoon before the old cuss bled down to a weakness which enabled me to descend and finish the job for him.

My last moose was killed in the lower part of Lake Utowana at a place we called the "Narrows." I had been down to the Raquette on a little "tear," with some Boston boys who were camped on the island that Parson Murray afterward appropriated, and had spent a jolly day, and it was late when I made the short cut from Marion Prince into Utowana—a good deal nearer midnight than sunset.

I was alone, had my pet rifle (a double-barrelled muzzle-loader) with me—the Colt was the only breech-loader of that day, so far as I remember. Coming on the lake, it was so quiet and still, I thought I would light the jack which was always carried in a forward locker of the boat and try for a deer among the lily pads on the left shore.

So getting the jack ready, I laid in my oars, put my rifle in reach and paddled on up, sitting far enough forward to trim boat properly. It is a poor way to fire-hunt alone, but I have done it more than once—but not always successfully.

To take in a dripping paddle, lay it down without noise, take up a rifle and fire from a boat moving bow on to game close at hand is ticklish work. If you don't believe it, try it on!

I had got just abreast of a sharp point making in from the right hand side of the lake forming the "Narrows," when I heard a splash and the crunch of leaves in a cove to my left.

To turn the boat head on to the cove, give it two or three powerful lifts with the paddle, then let the latter float off in the water astern while the boat shot swiftly forward was the work of scarcely a second.

Then my hands, free from the paddle, were reached out for the rifle, for already the blaze of my reflecting jack lamp showed the lily pads before me.

An instant later I saw a huge moose and two bright eye-balls not an oar's length away, and cocking both barrels I let drive—a snap shot—quick as thought.

Jerusalem, what a plunge! The water and mud flew all over me as the boat moved on and the huge bulk made two or three staggering plunges and fell in the thick brush a rod or two in-shore.

Taking out my oars I backed out and picked up my paddle and then pulled in.

Taking my jack-lamp I went cautiously in, but there was no danger. The moose was stone dead. Both balls had gone nearly the whole length of him, as I found out when we dressed him in the morning. He was shot so fairly in the throat that no knife could have bled him better, though I did cut a gash crosswise, just to show that I understood my business.

I think Si Bennett was up at Eagle's Nest then, and if so, it was him I woke a little before day to go down with me after my game.

Moose were very rare then. I think Chauncey Hathorne killed two after that, and I saw tracks three or four times later, on the hills, when still-hunting. But I have never pulled trigger on a moose since that night. Elks, antelope and buffalo in the Far West have had many a call from me since then, but none of them are more lordly as game, or worse to tackle when half killed than an old bull moose. A few can yet be found in Maine, plenty in the northern forests of New Brunswick and Canada, but I doubt if there are twenty left in the entire State of New York, and thirty years ago they were so plenty in our North Woo ls that they were killed for their hides and tallow.

The first name given to the beautiful sheet of water which I named Eagle Lake, next below Blue Mountain Lake, was "Tallow Lake." The canoe of a drunken St. Regis Indian, which he capsized there, was full of moose tallow. The red-skin was drowned and some hunters found the tallow close in-shore and named the lake after the find.

I named the lower lake Utowana—the Indian name for bright waters—or the Lake of Sunshine. The first time I saw it, coming up from Raquette, the sun in a sheen of golden clouds threw a flood of lovely light upon it. Hence the name, now so well known.

SURROUNDING A SQUIRREL.

IT has been recently decided by a sporting authority in its "Answers to Correspondents" that a man attempting to shoot a squirrel which perpetually finds safety in dodging behind the trunk of a tree upon which it is perched does not go around the squirrel when he has gone completely around the tree.

This question being thus definitely settled it is well that all should know of the extraordinary difference between squirrels and other animals, for without a doubt a man going around a barn goes around all the horses and cattle in that barn. The same authority answers another correspondent who locates his squirrel upon the top of a stump four feet in diameter, in the centre of which he sits turning slowly so as to keep his head all the while toward the man—"No. By going around the stump he does not go around the squirrel." Probably this last questioner might have thought the tree had something to do with it, and that sawing it off might change the result. It is to be hoped that he is answered, and that now he knows that the matter turns wholly on the nature of squirrels, and not on any extraneous circumstances.

If, for instance, a man should walk entirely around a stock farm he would undoubtedly go around all the cattle on that farm, whether they were standing still or moving, had their heads toward him or their tails, and would even go entirely around the old bull, whether he was peacefully grazing or was pawing the earth and bellowing with rage. But if there were any squirrels upon the place he would only go around those who were unaware of his presence. Again, it is well to remember that a man may go entirely around that upon which a squirrel sits, and also around the squirrel's head, tail, heart, body, feet—in short, around his centre and circumference, every hair on his body and every atom of his composition, yet not go around the squirrel; that is, if the squirrel understands himself, and turns slowly in the direction of the course of the man. If, however, he should be asleep the man would get around him; and why does it not follow that if an insane or idiotic squirrel should by mistake turn around the wrong way the man would go around him twice by going around the tree once; and this being so, the faster he turned the more times would the man go around him.

This opens up a grand vista in the direction of perpetual motion, which is only the obtaining of the results beyond the legitimate effect of the power employed; and it is manifest that the man might stand altogether still and go around the tree to the right, if the squirrel would only turn once slowly to the left. Therefore a man engaging in a walking match, by simply having a trained squirrel in the centre of the race course, will be able to make a record only limited by the endurance of the squirrel. And why not machines upon the same principle in which one squirrel shall develop the practical results of many hundred horse power. Visions of aerial navigation arise as the subject is contemplated, but my only object in this article is to call the attention of all lovers of sportive science to the now established fact that the hardest thing in this world to "get around" is a wide-awake squirrel. GYROSCOPE.

NEWARK, N. J.

THE OHIO GAME LAWS—AKRON, O., March 21—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An item in one of your recent issues is proof that you know something of the afflictions which Ohio sportsmen suffer at the hands of our legislators. Yet we doubt if you know, or at least appreciate, the full breadth and depth of the idiocy which inspires them. You truly say that most of our laws on the subject were framed by men who were anxious to do something to convince their constituents that they were earning their salaries. You might have added that most of those who have tackled the game laws don't know enough to wrestle with any other subject, and concluded, as the old Dutchman did about his dog, that "he must be good for coons, 'cause there's nodings else he's good for, under de suns and moons."

It makes little difference to the Ohio sportsman who does not own the land over which he proposes to hunt whether there is any open season or any game. The trespass law, passed last winter, is all he needs to know, and if he observes that it will be very little hunting he will do. This law makes it a misdemeanor to enter upon the premises of another with gun in hand or followed by a dog, and a violation is punishable with fine or imprisonment, or both. The State already had a stringent trespass law, which fully protected every farmer's property, and meted out condign punishment to any stranger who purposely or carelessly injured it. In addition to this, if he objected to hunting on his premises all he had to do was to post a notice to that effect. These laws should have been, and in this section we know were, sufficient. The subsequent passage of the outrageous law now in force was brought about by a few men, both in and out of the Legislature, who thought to make themselves "solid" with the Grangers, or Patrons of Husbandry, which is a powerful organization in this State. They got up blank petitions for the law, and got them filled up with the names of tens of thousands of patrons by making them believe it was necessary for their protection. Many members of the Assembly eagerly embraced the opportunity to conciliate so powerful a class, and few had enough starch in their spinal columns to withstand the pressure: so the law was passed. To their credit be it said that but few farmers, even those belonging to the Grange, have shown any disposition to inforce the law against hunters who behave themselves in a becoming manner, and after time for deliberation many, possibly a majority, of those who petitioned for the law would gladly see it repealed. Yet so long as it remains every sportsman goes out with the not very comfortable feeling that he is a law-breaker.

The result is obvious. On their own premises farmers and their boys trap and shoot in or out of season. Many local sportsmen, who took the chances of being arrested as poachers, report finding numerous quail traps, and most of the birds sold in our market during the past season never came to their death by cold lead. This wholesale slaughter was not checked, for who would care to criminate himself for the sake of punishing some other offender? Sportsmen or shooting clubs have no incentive to protect game which they have no right to hunt. The same spirit is exhibited in regard to the fish in the small lakes which are more abundant in this county than else where in Ohio. Spearing, netting and fishing through the ice are indulged in by all who choose, without fear of prosecution.

If we had laws in Ohio which were reasonably effective for the preservation of game I should be, as FOREST AND STREAM expressed itself, in favor of letting them alone. Now, I feel very indifferent as to the amount of tinkering done, hoping that they may blunder into something that will be better than the present laws for the encouragement of game extermination. CORK.

SPORT IN NEW JERSEY—Englewood, March 15.—When I came here, some years ago, there were four or five quail about the country. These vulgar courtesans (see Web. Dic.) used to sit on the fences and shamelessly cry aloud for some dissolute person called "Bob White." I thought I would go in for sport. I bought a gun from dear old Tileston and a brace of dogs to match, and thus set up an establishment. I used to feed the quail all winter and all the bright summer afternoons I used to go out and watch my dogs flush the young coveys and turn tail to shot with the greatest satisfaction. I did expect great things when "the season" should open. Alas! for a week before that event I lived in an atmosphere of 4th of July. It was "pop, bang! bang, pop!" till my wife cried with nervousness and my poor setters nearly starved to death under the barn. 'Twas the pot-hunter abroad in the land. There were myriads of them. Special railway trains brought them from every direction. Whole companies of German Yaegers, with beautiful canvas garments and bright green gun-straps and dark red sausages swarmed at every station. I couldn't take a seat in a car without looking down the muzzle of a blunderbuss. On the morning of the 1st I got up early and put up three scattering quail, but I did not dare to shoot, for fear of peppering a sportsman. They were behind every tree and under every bush and lying on their stomachs in the tall grass and reposing on their knees in the swamps. Then, too, I found that the doctor was a sportsman, and the dentist was a sportsman, and the postmaster was a sportsman, so that the few poor quail that did escape the pot-hunter couldn't fly across a five-acre lot in season without being blown into tatters at once and multiplied by seven next day. Thank the Lord the winter and the hawks have killed them all off this year. I hear no reports of any coveys in this section save a few that have been fed by the railroad employes (they are all sportsmen, too), and they note the disappearance of many bunches seen along the line of the track early in the winter. I think seven-tenths of the native birds must have perished, and the occupation of the pot-hunting Othello is gone—hereabouts at least.—F. S. P.

A NOVEL PROPOSITION—March 22—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I presume that I may fairly be called a "gentleman sportsman." At all events, I have many elaborate theories concerning fire-arms and projectiles. I seldom kill any game and never sell any. Who, then, has a better right to the above flattering title? Moreover, I am morbidly conscientious about the game law and the recollection that I once shot an inadvertent prairie-chicken on the 5th of August is the bitterest memory of my life. But, Mr. Editor, these laws are rapidly putting it out of the power of members of my profession to do any hunting whatever. You would be surprised to learn how many school-teachers, college tutors and professors are in the habit of spending the month of August in the woods and amusing the deer, bear, etc., by "firing at surrounding objects." We are a harmless crowd, but now and then one of us kills something, and it would be pleasant to be able to do so legally. Soon, however, unless all signs fail, August will be everywhere a close month for deer and most other game, and then good-bye to our favorite amusement, for our vacations do not usually extend much beyond September 1.

The game laws seem intended to accomplish two principal objects—1st, to protect game during the breeding season and while the young need maternal care; 2d, to so limit the time for hunting that our forests and fields shall not be depopulated. As to the first of these objects, I have nothing to say. But it is well known that the open season for most varieties of game is not nearly as long as the time during which it may be hunted to a reasonable extent without injury to the young. Is it not possible, then, to considerably extend the general open season, but limit the time during which individuals may shoot? Make every man who wants to hunt get a license which shall cover the days or weeks which he wishes to devote to this recreation. Let these licenses be for short periods and do not issue more than one or two to one man. Such a plan is feasible and such a law could be enforced at least as easily as those at present in vogue. A small fee for the license would be in order, and it is not impossible that these fees would pay the salaries of competent detectives and prosecutors. Few laws bear equally upon all, but it seems to me that some such modification as I have suggested would preserve the game and enable many to indulge in much-needed recreation who cannot devote October to such charming pursuits. PEDAGOGUE.

SOUTH ABINGTON SPORTSMEN'S CLUB—South Abington, Mass., March 26.—The sportsmen of South Abington held a meeting this evening, the object being to unite the South Abington Sportsmen's Club and the East End Glass Ball Club under one organization, the new association to be known as the South Abington Sportsmen's Club. The meeting proved successful and the following officers were elected to serve one year: President, W. H. Cook; Vice-Presidents, Thos. Fish and Geo. Harlow; Secretary, F. W. Bryant; Treasurer, C. F. Cook; Directors, Wm D. Lincoln, Geo. Edson, Sam'l Norton, P. Smith and Warren Edson.

A Committee on Constitution and By-Laws was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Thos. Fish, Geo. Harlow and Seth P. Gurney.

A club badge has been ordered and will be contested for in the following manner during the season: The first shoot will take place on Fast Day, the second in July and the third in October. This badge becomes the property of the member who shall win it three times in succession. It is hoped that much good may result from the union of the clubs.

The game in this section needs looking after badly—not with dog and gun, but by energetic, fearless game constables. By merciless trapping the ruffed grouse is in this vicinity about exterminated. Go where you will, the woods are filled with snares—not of recent make—but made and set years ago, for it would not pay man or boy to waste his time setting snares now. I suppose the ticks had something to do with it also.

Quail were getting quite plenty last fall, but the severe winter has probably proved too much for them. Quite a number of foxes have been killed about here the past winter and fox-hunting is a popular sport. Among the successful hunters may be mentioned Wm. Wilder, Dave Howe and Seth Gurney. The latter gentleman, I think, killed two foxes in one day. I will conclude by saying that FOREST AND STREAM is appreciated by sportsmen here, and its articles are read with interest; but I think "Uncle 'Lisha's Spring Gun" rather lays over anything I ever heard before in the gunning line. WHITE WING.

BULGING OF CHOKE-BORE GUNS.—In your issue of March 10, among your answers to correspondents, I find the following: "The 'bulging' of a choke-bore is not uncommon. It cannot be remedied. Does not hurt the gun, and will not affect the safety of the barrels." Allow me, please, to say that you are mistaken. "Bulging" can be remedied "Bulging" does hurt the gun, as far as accuracy is concerned. Try a well "bulged" gun at the target and you will find how incorrect your statement is. I have been there, and know of what I write. "Bulging" can be remedied. Last August I discovered that both barrels of my 12-gauge gun were badly "bulged," caused by shooting No. 10 wads from No. 12 brass shells. I, to o, then supposed that my gun was ruined; showed the gun to John Brewer. He told me it could be fixed and the barrels never show where the bulge had been; that there was only one gun-maker in the United States that could make a perfect job of the gun for me, and that man was Frank Kuhn, at No. 476 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. I had my doubts about it, but Brewer satisfied me when he stated that two years before he owned a fine Greener treble-wedge fast gun, No. 10 gauge, which he had badly "bulged" in both barrels by using No. 8 wads in his No. 10 brass shells. He took the gun to Mr. Kuhn, who rebored it and removed all signs of the "bulge" from both barrels. This was very cheering information, for, like you, I had supposed there was no remedy for the "bulging." I sent my gun to Mr. Kuhn; he rebored it and removed all sign of the "bulging." The barrels now are as smooth and perfect as the day they were made, and I have given it pretty hard usage during the past six months. If any one can detect the least sign of a bulge on ei her barrel I will make the gun a present to him. How Mr. Kuhn does away with the "bulging" is a secret only known to himself. I hope the information may be of value to my brother sportsmen.

Hammonton, N. J., March 14. L. W. S.

GAME IN NOVA SCOTIA.—New Glasgow, N. S., March 17, 1881.—The heavy "silver thaw" in January has done great damage among the ruffed grouse, and they will be very scarce next season. The ice remained so long on the trees that the birds were literally starved to death. Moose and cariboo have been plenty, and good sport has been had.

At the last meeting of the F. & G. P. Club it was decided to reduce the license fee for non-residents of the Province from $50 to $20. It only now requires the sanction of the Gvernor to become a law, of which I will advise you in due mo This is a step in the right direction. The law which imposed $50 as a license fee for non-residents was a most absurd one. While no true sportsman objects to contribute his share to the fund for the protection of game, it is not always convenient, if he has a friend whom he invites for a few days' shooting, to be obliged to pay $50 for the privilege; and it has been pretty well proven that it is not the sportsman who goes out for a few weeks' hunting, once or twice a year, that destroys the game. If the moose and cariboo were only subject to inroads from such as these they would soon "increase and multiply," a- the amount of legitimate hunting which would be done would not to any extent reduce their numbers.

The prospect for wild fowl shooting is very good this spring. Already the geese and brant are beginning to come, and we look forward to grand sport about the end of this month and the first part of April. GLOBE SIGHT.

PENNSYLVANIA—Rush, Pa., March 15.—The Legislature of this State has passed a bill on second reading offering a bounty of fifty cents on hawks, and a dollar on foxes and wild cats. I don't know that it has passed on third reading, but it may be confidently expected. Such a bill ought to be hailed by the farming and sporting community. There were more quail in this section last year than for the fifteen preceding years. Many were killed by hunters, and the remainder have been killed by the severe winter just past. For weeks the ground was deeply covered with snow, and the thermometer ranging from freezing point to 30 deg. below zero. Trout, too, must have suffered in the small streams on account of the low water at the opening of the winter and the great thickness of the ice.—J. W. G.

A RIFLE FOR VERMIN—Hackensack, N. J.—In killing foxes, hawks, etc., I have often wondered that sportsmen, particularly anglers, do not use a light rifle more. They would find that they could have considerable sport if on their excursions they would carry along one of Remington's .22 calibre rifles. The report is very light, and the execution up to 100 yards is most excellent. There is hardly a trip I take but I have a shot at either a hawk, cat, coon, or some such animal, and while having the fun, it also benefits the birds by killing their enemies. Around home these little rifles are more effective than a shot gun, and do not disturb our birds with a heavy report. I have fed a number of quail this winter, and hear of others having done the same. Still quite a number were found frozen.—W. HOLBERTON.

A GAME PROTECTOR'S WORK.—Herkimer Co., March 22. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another depredator was brought up with a short turn by State Game Agent Dodge last week in this county for killing deer. He arrested two, Geo. Wendover and Rudolph Wheeler. The jury before which they were tried found a verdict against Wendover, but let Wheeler off. However, the trial will have a good effect, for it demonstrates that the game laws are going to be enforced. And all true sportsmen will feel encouraged by the quiet and effective work of State Agent Dodge, and it is to be hoped that in the year to come he may receive more help from parties interested in the protection of fish and game.—ZACH.

THE DUCK SHOOTING.—Myriads of canvas-backs are now at Havre de Grace, but the northwest winds being so high few boxes could be put out the last two or three shooting days. Brant have arrived in earnest on the New Jersey bays. A new method of netting ducks is now being practiced at Sinnepuxent and Patomac grounds. A gill-net is set under water over the feeding grounds and the ducks, mostly blackheads, are caught by the head in the meshes in their efforts to dive through.

EXTERMINATION OF VERMIN IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, N. Y.—The annual report announces that i is noted that chipmunks made their appearance in the cemetery during the last year for the first time. The injury done by them has been deemed a sufficient cause for their extermination, and 2,853 of them were killed. Ground mice to the number of 375, 148 cats, 40 dogs, 133 snakes, 24 moles, and 54 rats have also been killed.

GAME NOTES.—Chagrin Falls, O.—Dr. Garlick, of Bedford, O., who writes occasionally for the fish department in FOREST AND STREAM, is very feeble, and does not think he will live very long.

During the past week there has been quite a number of white swan on the river, between here and Lake Erie. Mr. Robert Graham succeeded in shooting one of them and winging another. There have also been a few geese and ducks on the river.—H.

KANSAS—Lawrence, March 4.—We are having excellent duck shooting just now. The birds are here in great variety and almost countless numbers, among them many canvas-backs. Quail seem to be quite plenty, and I think they have passed the hard winter in good shape.

THE BURY GUN.—Several correspondents write us that the gun marked "Geo. Bury" is a cheap make, W. & C. Scott's. They are for sale in Boston by Messrs. Wm. Read & Son, and are said to be serviceable arms.

MICHIGAN.—Bellevue, March 21.—Snow, snow! Slush, slush! describes the weather here. Boys have fun with coons. Saw two ducks this week. There are quite a fine lot of partridges left over, and some quail.—C. M.

NEW JERSEY—Tuckerton.—A fine buck deer was caught not very far from this place during the past winter by a "collier" back in the woods. He is now on exhibition at the house of Mr. H. E. Mulholland, and is becoming very tame.

NEW JERSEY—Pine Brook, March 26.—The snipe ground is all covered with water. There are quite a number of ducks flying.—W. J. P.

INDIANA—Worthington, March 27.—A few snipe have come, but they are very wild as yet.—S.

MISSISIPPI—Philadelphia.—We have plenty of deer, turkeys, ducks and squirrels in the woods up here now, and a few quail and snipe in the open lands, but our shooting, except for squirrels, will soon close for the season. S. P. N.

VIRGINIA—Norfolk, March 25.—Snipe are beginning to come on the marshes below here. Time to get ready for them.—J. E. M.

NEW JERSEY—Glassborough, March 15.—I have seen some few woodcock already this season.—B.

INFORMATION WANTED.

W. J. M. wants the pedigree of an Irish setter dog named Buck, brought to Norfolk, Va., by a young man named McFall, who once lived in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A CORRESPONDENT desires to obtain eggs of the sharp-tailed grouse to hatch under a bantam hen. Can any of our Iowa, Nebraska or Minnesota readers help him?

To "C. E. W."—BRAINERD, Minn.—"C. E. W.," Troy, N. Y., asks where he can find deer hunting 150 miles from St. Paul with board, etc. Tell him that if he will write to R. H. Morford, Deerwood, Crow Wing Co., Minn., he will post him and take care of him next fall; or write to C. D. C. Williams, Otter Tail, Otter Tail Co., Minn., or go to Perham, on the line of the U. P. R., and radiate in any direction. Sporting centre on line of St. P. M. & M. M. anywhere west of Sauk Rapids to St. Vincent.—T. P. C.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salmo fontinalis.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chænobrythus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*

FISH AND FISHING IN THE EDISTO, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our town, Bamberg, is situated on the S. C. R. R., two miles from Edisto River, a comparatively small stream, but one abounding in the most beautiful semi-tropical scenery in early spring that it is possible to imagine, and I have sometimes thought while waiting on some quiet and secluded island in the swamp to get a shot at some wary old gobbler that nowhere else in this green earth can equal forest beauty be found.

The gigantic moss-crowned cypresses, the spreading bench trees festooned with the trailing jessamine, and the deep sea green of the glorious magnolia at sunrise of a spring morning make up a scene I think unrivaled and worthy of the pencil of a Salvator Rosa.

But I am to talk about fishing. So come, Mr. Editor, let you and I with Donald the old veteran, get into the buggy and go down to Simm's old river to try the redbreast perch. At sunrise we arrive, and having provided ourselves with a good supply of bait—earth worms or angle worms—we unmoor Donald's boat, push off and move down the stream two hundred yards to the sand bar where the fish have come to spawn. The water is about four or five feet deep, and the bottom swept perfectly clean by the male fish which are the principal ones caught, it being very rare to catch a female while spawning, though afterward they take the hook very readily.

With a long line, a long flexible cane or rod, a small hook and plenty of bait here goes your first cast. Donald says, "Wait," and we wait, as the fish, alarmed by the disturbance in the water, have sought the cover of the bonnets; but pretty soon they come back, and you notice your float or cork moving rapidly away. Wait a moment and then pull, and for a minute or two you have as fine a contest as you could wish. You land a perch that will weigh say eight ounces, and as handsome a fellow as ever rejoiced the eye or palate of an epicure. Dark on back, dark gray on sides, sharp dorsal fins, spinous ventral and pectoral and a dark crimson breast, altogether as handsome a fish as one would wish to see. They are vigorous biters when in the notion, and when they are not you might as well roll up and go home, as no amount of coaxing will avail anything. I have often taken twenty-five or thirty in a morning using two rods and lines at the same time.

Redbreast fishing is, take it altogether, the most exhilarating sport next to partridge shooting that I know of.

We have also trout (black bass), rockfish (striped bass), besides many other kinds, and shad in early spring when the dogwood is in bloom.

The rockfish grows to quite a respectable size, twenty-eight to thirty pounds, so also the blue-cat. These heavy fish are rarely taken with rod and line as, owing to the many obstructions in the river, we cannot use the rod and fly to any advantage. We tie a very stout hook and line (short) to an overhanging limb or bush, and bait it with a large perch of some kind, and wait sometimes all night, and in nearly every instance if the hook holds we capture a large cat or rockfish.

You will say perhaps that this is not very sportsmanlike, and it isn't, yet so we catch 'em.

Another not much known method of taking fish is with a basket trap.

This trap is an oblong basket, eight feet long, made of white oak splits. One end is closed up, and the other is partly so, by the incurved horizontal splits of the framework, so arranged as to permit the fish to enter the basket through a narrow opening, but prevents their escape. This trap is baited with Indian corn ears, and sunk in some deep quiet cove and left for a week, and generally the owner finds it full of cats when he returns.

Our best fishing for trout is in the fall season, in October and November, and during these months, if the river is not too high, our best baskets are made The bait mostly used is what we call roaches, also "horneyheads" and "silvers." Having procured a sufficient number of these and having a rod of say twelve feet long and a line of eight or nine feet,

*From our correspondent's description this "redbreasted perch" is evidently one of the many fishes which are variously known as "sunfishes," "pond fishes," etc. It is probable that it may be Jordan's "bloody sun-fish, *Xenotis sanguinolentus.*"

tolerably stout, and a stout hook, we make a start. The rower sits in the stern of the boat to paddle. We bait the hook by hooking through the lips the little fishes, usually three at a time, and proceed to make a cast. Moving slowly up stream, we drop the line in every dark-looking corner, wherever water swirls around a stump, or under the bushes or canes, and pretty soon we feel a tug like some one suddenly wanting our rod. Now you must, "mind your eye," for you don't know yet whether it is a yearling three-pounder or an old mossy-back trout that has you, but pretty soon you find out; for if it is an old setter he will notify you of the fact by going straight to the bottom in spite of you, and it will only be by the very best management that he does not outgeneral you, for he knows exactly how to go down among the roots of that old cypress and tangle you so that you are glad to get off with only the loss of hook and fish. There is not much time for any fancy touches, and if you really want him you try to lead him out into deep water and swing him around to the man who is paddling, who puts his fingers into his gills and lands him in the boat.

There is no science about this, not even a landing net, but lots of good sport, and from 30 to 50 pounds of fine "trout.' This is perhaps the most exciting kind of fishing that a man can engage in—constantly on the move, constantly on the lookout for a big bite, the ever varying autumn tints of the trees, the long waving moss, the chatter of the squirrels, the "quack" of the English duck, and sometimes the sudden "quit, quit," of the wild turkey, make up as good a day's sport as any reasonable man would want. BUCKSHOT.

WILL QUINNAT SALMON TAKE THE FLY?

THIS is a question often raised, and we are permitted to publish the following private letter on the subject:

Mr. Livingston Stone—Dear Sir: In July last I was fishing for trout with a fly on the Sacramento in a pool a short distance below the bridge at Campbell's, Soda Springs Station, having on three flies—brown hackle, jungle cock and black goat. I had fished from the upper end of the pool down to a ripple at the lower end. When near the lower end of the pool a salmon of about five pounds arose to the surface and took the black goat. I played him for about twenty minutes. I had but an eight-ounce rod and single-gut leader. I brought him to a sandy beach and got him very near the shore. He was then somewhat fatigued, and I laid down the rod with the line taut, and attempted to get behind him and throw him ashore with my hands. In this I made a failure. In throwing him on shore the hook broke from his mouth and he slipped from the wet bank back into the stream and I lost him. He took the fly from the surface in the same manner as a trout takes it—that is, he arose to the surface, opened his mouth and grabbed it.

On the same trip, further down the river, at Southern's, an English gentleman; whose name I have forgotten (who is the superintendent of the Eureka Mining Company), was there fishing. He considered it unsportsmanlike to take either salmon or trout with anything but a fly, and persisted in whipping the river, although the water was somewhat roily from the mining above. The fishing was very good with bait, but I found it very poor with the fly, and I think he did also. He, however, took one salmon, weighing about ten lbs, also with a black goat, and brought it to the house. This was the day previous to my arrival at Southern's. On the day I was there he had gone with a camping party over on the McCloud. I have heard of several others, but these are the only two cases that have come within my own personal knowledge. As you are aware, salmon can be so readily taken with bait that I think they are rarely caught with the fly, except by persons fishing for trout. My opinion is that the quinnat in the Sacramento just in from the ocean will take a fly; but after being in fresh water for two or three weeks they will take nothing but the bait.

I was not fishing on the river with Sir Rose Price. He took his with bait, and it is reported also with grab hooks. I fished on the same stream with Sir John Reed, but did not see him take a salmon with a fly. B. B. REDDING.

TENNESSEE FISH NOTES.—Our anglers are already getting their tackle in order for the spring fishing. The Legislature has not yet passed the much needed protection laws, and it is questionable if they will. It is singular that in this day of enlightenment so many persons should object to laws which have become necessary and proved so efficacious in their workings elsewhere. The many streams of this State could soon be replenished with fine game fish could trappers, seiners and giggers be prevented from destroying them, as they do wholesale.....One of the most ingenious traps for catching minnows is now being offered for sale in this city. It consists of a globe made of fine wire, split in two, and joined together on the lower side by a hinge; to the rim of one of these sides is fastened a small stand for holding bait. The two halves open when set at the bottom of the creek, or can be opened and shut at will. When suspended in deep water by these strings, these are attached through a pulley to the end of a jointed rod, thus allowing the trap to be placed in the water and manipulated without the angler getting wet, as is the case with the old-fashioned minnow seine. Many of our sportsmen have seen experiments tried with it, and pronounce it the most perfect implement yet invented for the purpose. Besides, taking large fish becomes an impossibility, and doing away with the tugging about of heavy minnow buckets.....It is rumored here that our new Governor intends appointing a person to fill the position of Fish Commissioner for Middle Tennessee so long and ably, filled by Col. George F. Akers. It is to be hoped that the rumor is unfounded, since no more efficient Commissioner could be found than the Colonel, besides being a base injustice to him after doing so much as he has for the fish interest of the people. He has created a desire for protection in the minds of many, besides stimulating a taste for legitimate angling. He is known to the National Fish Commissioner, as well as to Profs. Goode, Mather, Nicholson and others, all scientific gentlemen and enthusiasts for fish culture. With proper laws, a hatchery, and the able assistance of the above-named gentlemen, the Colonel could soon stock our streams and make for himself a notoriety which, after years of stubborn opposition and difficulties, he is justly entitled to.

Nashville, March 7, 1881. J. D. H.

PROPOSED LAW IN MICHIGAN—Concord, Jackson Co., Mich., March 21.—Allow me to place before your readers the fish law which is to be passed by the Legislature of the State of Michigan. I find by glancing over the Legislative report of said State that if House bill No. 234, which has been reported on favorably for passage, becomes a law, there will be little use of any other regulations in regard to fishing in the inland waters of the State for three or four years; for the three years prohibition includes the streams of every county. Brook trout have been deposited by the Fish Commission in the tributaries of every river, and by the time the three years have expired the probability is that they will be stocked with the California trout.

The text of the bill is: Section 1. The people of the State of Michigan enact, that hereafter it shall not be lawful for any person or persons—1. To take or catch by any means whatever any fish from any stream stocked with brook trout by the Superintendent of Fisheries of the State for the period of three years after the plant of such brook trout therein; or to capture, in any manner, in any of the inland or public waters of the State, or to have in his possession brook trout, or gray ling, of a less size than six inches in length; 2. To take or catch, by any means whatever, any fish from any stream stocked with California trout by the Superintendent of Fisheries of this State for the period of four years after the plant of such California trout therein. Section 2. Any person violating any of the provisions of this act shall, on conviction thereof before any court of competent jurisdiction, be punished by a fine of not more than $100, or by imprisonment in the jail of the county wherein he shall be convicted for not exceeding three months, or by both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the Court. WOLVERINE.

SCARCITY OF CANADIAN SALMON.—In the article in your issue of Feb. 10, from the Albany *Journal*, on the "Unexplained Scarcity of Salmon," allow me to give my idea, and the reasons why. If, as supposed, the winter feeding grounds of the fish are on the far Labrador, Hudson Bay, or out on the North Atlantic, I believe they got caught and many of them destroyed in the immense ice fields last May on their approach to the coast. Many fish were taken in the nets with the skin, fins, tail, and even the gill covers worn and split, not bitten or torn, as I have formerly seen them. They were also in poor condition, very unlike our generally fine first-run fish, more like a mended kelt, looking just as if they had been forcing their way through thick brush. The fish belonging to our different rivers arrive at different periods. Metapedia River fish, always first, they are easily distinguished from all the others. This, formerly a well stocked river, was nearly a blank, the netters getting none, and only 30 by the rod (formerly near 300). Main River proper, Patapedia and Kedgwick fish come next. Netters term them second run. This river had about one-third the stock it has had the last five years. Its fish gave the small supply the estuary and coast netters obtained last year. In this river the parent fish are taken for the hatchery, and owing to the very low water its stock could easily be seen, particularly when in October the fish come on the shallows to spawn. On its lower waters, for the first 40 miles, fish were very scarce, and in the proportion of five males to one female. On its upper waters it had half the usual number in stock, and three females to one male. Such was the proportion taken by us, and in all my former experience males were in excess. (I may here observe more females than males take the fly.) I can form no reason for the disproportion. The Upsilquitch River fish are termed greenbacks, generally small size, coming in July, many of them escaping through the netters' 7-inch meshes. I saw many pools in this river in August with hundreds of fish in them, and notwithstanding the low water and small stream, had better rod fishing than any previous year. I think this series of facts must show that if the ice fields did not do the damage, the late run fish escaped in a great measure the general destruction. As there is in the hatchery here 750,000 salmon ova, in fine condition, to supplement the natural supply, no fears need be entertained for the future.

Metapedia, Feb 18. JOHN MOWAT, Fishery Officer.

MARINE FISHING IN CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent in California writes us that the fishing in San Francisco Bay is excellent at present, notwithstanding the floods. The Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, which drain so large a portion of the State, are pouring immense volumes of muddy fresh water into the bay, and on the last of the ebb tide the surface water is fresh as far down as Saucelito, which is only a mile or so from the mouth of the Golden Gate. Yet the bay fishing never was better. Catches of fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred pounds of rock cod are frequent at the points off Angel Island, Goat Island and Alcatraz. All down along the Saucelito shores the rocky banks afford opportunity for rod fishing, while a little way off the boats anchor, and deep water work is done. Smelt began to run early, and are of seeming larger size than formerly. The tom cod, too, are abundant, and in good condition. Drop line angling for rock cod and perch is indulged in from the wharves at Oakland, Alameda, San Quentin and Saucelito. Sea trout, blue perch and green cod are taken from the deep water off Lime Point, at the Golden Gate. In fact the rock cod have been so numerous that there is not much genuine sport in catching them. Alcatraz Island, where there is very deep water and strong current, sea trout, blue, white and ribbed perch, and rock cod are caught in abundance. Owing to the swiftness of the current, piano wire lines are used, and leather-fingered gloves are necessary. Very heavy sinkers are of course required. Our correspondent promises us a description of the deep-water fishing at some future opportunity.

EFFECT OF MUDDY WATERS.—Dauphin Co., Pa.—Will muddy water in any stream or river, if very muddy, say for several weeks at a time, kill or suffocate black bass? The reason for asking is this: Ever since the warm weather and rains of several weeks ago, which caused a rise in the Susquehanna, and made quite a lively freshet of ice and water in the same, the water in the river has been very muddy, and within the past week large numbers of black bass have been picked up at the water's edge in a torpid or seemingly unconscious state, while many were quite dead. The different papers of Harrisburg have all contained notices of the same, and have given it as their opinion that the fish have been suffocated by the muddy water, and as all the streams emptying into the river were equally as muddy, the fish were unable to get into clear water at all. I, as well as many others interested in this matter, should be glad to hear your opinion or that of some one else on the matter, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.—JOHN H. ROTHROCK.

Ordinarily, fish stand freshets very well and the mud washed from the surface of the ground, but if the bottoms of the streams are stirred the gas asphyxiates them.

FIRST SALMON—St. Johns, N. B., March 26.—The first salmon of the season was caught last Tuesday morning in Port Medway River, N. S., by Mr. James Palmer. It weighed nine pounds, and was sold for $4.50.—STANSTEAD.

HE SAW NO CATFISH.—Hampton, Ill.—In answer to "How far North do Catfish Run or Live?" one correspondent says perhaps the Mississippi takes them the farthest; another has told of them in the Red River, and another of the St. Louis taking them farthest north, which is correct, I think. In 1866 I made a boat trip from St. Paul up the Mississippi to Sandy Lake, 350 miles above, and was about four weeks going up. I fished and hunted all the way, and did not see a catfish or trout. The Indians and soldiers told me that there were no catfish or trout in any of the waters that fell into the Mississippi above the falls of St. Antony. I caught plenty in St. Louis. I then portaged out of St. Louis to Pike, and down Pike to Vermillion Lake, at the time when there was such a rush there for gold and silver. In 1876 I paddled down from Sandy Lake again, but saw no catfish.—A. M. HAYWARD.

ST. LAWRENCE CHUB.—Many years ago I used to catch some fish in the River St. Lawrence, between Ogdensburgh and the Galops Rapids, which were then called "chub." My memory is not very clear regarding them, but I believe there were two kinds—one small and silvery, ranging from ½ lb. to perhaps 2 lbs. in weight, and another, less bright in hue, with reddish fins, and very much larger. They were taken with a worm, and had small mouths. It is, I am aware, rather unreasonable to ask you to name these fish for me, considering how absurdly meagre my description is; but as they are (or were) common enough in the locality indicated, some correspondent might recognize them, even from the above. Any light upon these points will be most acceptable to—X.

ILLEGAL BASS—Buffalo, N. Y., March 9.—I was very much surprised a few days ago to learn that black bass are regularly quoted in the price lists sent out by the dealers in New York, and that they are kept on sale all the while, regardless of the close season. I have cautioned a friend who is a dealer to have no transactions with black bass, as there were men appointed by the State to watch the markets and dealers as well as the fishermen, whose duty it is to prosecute all infractions of the law. He seems, like many others, to think that the game wardens don't amount to anything, and if what he says about the dealers in New York is true, it seems to me the warden for that district is not attending to his duty.—A. C. B.

VERMONT BASS—Highgate Springs, Vt.—We have some fine black bass fishing here. Two gentlemen from New York captured over two hundred with the fly one week last August. The largest catch was sixty-three in one evening, when one of them, in six successive casts, landed twelve bass.—L. L. P.

Fish Culture.

STRIPPED BASS IN LAKE ONTARIO.

WE saw the following in the Watertown *Times* of March 15:

"Clark & Robbins, the fish merchants of Sackets Harbor, had brought to their office the other day a sea bass, probably the only one ever caught in the lake or river. It was caught in Chaumont Bay and weighed six pounds. They are a very fine fish and it is thought by some that this is a forerunner and that there will be others caught."

We immediately wrote the firm named, enclosing drawings of two fishes which might be meant by the term "sea bass" and received the following reply:

SACKETS HARBOR, N. Y., March 24.

Your favor of the 21st inst. at hand with inclosure of slip from the Watertown *Times*, also drawings. The fish taken here was the lower one in drawing—*Roccus lineatus*—or striped bass of New York.

It is the first one ever seen by us taken from these waters, and we have an idea that it found its way up here by following the alewife. The specimen was very handsome and there is no doubt as to its identity. The great question here is, "What will be the ultimate result of the appearance here of the alewife?" Have they caused the extermination of the native ciscoe? Will the alewife remain with us or are they to disappear as mysteriously as they came, or will some of the food fishes of the salt water become *habitues* of our lake?

These are questions we hardly dare venture an opinion on, as we really can see no good that is to be enduring by the appearance of the alewife in our waters.

We should be glad to read your opinion on these questions, and would be pleased if the department at Washington would appoint a commission to investigate. The subject needs to be dealt with in a masterly manner. CLARK & ROBBINS.

The Ogdensburg *Journal* has an article on the alewife as follows, for we think we are correct in assuming that they refer to this fish when they speak of menhaden, which do not go into fresh waters. It says:

Considerable interest will hang upon the question, "What effect did the singular mortality noticed last year have upon the alewives or menhaden of the St. Lawrence?" The total absence from the fish markets of the old-fashioned ciscoes of Lake Ontario, reminds us that that species of fish have been supplanted by the newcomers as certainly as the aborigines have disappeared before the whites on the land. If it shall turn out that the menhaden are as numerous as ever the present season the fish commissioner should take some steps to investigate them and teach the people how to utilize their presence. If the presence of the sea bass recently caught near Sackets Harbor comes from the following of the menhaden to our waters and other species are liable to do the same thing, fishermen and fish eaters may be benefited by the facts. We suggest the superintendent of the Fishery Department send a duly qualified deputation to the St. Lawrence in June of the present year to investigate the menhaden visitation which takes place at that time.

THE GEORGIA COMMISSION.

WE have received the annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia, who is also *ex-officio* Commissioner of Fisheries for the year 1880, together with "circular No. 14½, new series," which is a supplemental report. We learn that "Dr. H. H. Cary, of Troup County, was appointed Superintendent of Fisheries Jan. 14, 1880, and has discharged the duties of that position with energy and fidelity without salary since that time."

Dr. Cary reports that it has been a grave question how to conduct the work with the limited appropriation so as to best serve the intended purpose. He thinks that no State in the Union is so well adapted for the cultivation of anadromous fishes as Georgia. In former times the shad passed up all the rivers which empty into the Atlantic, and while none were found in those which fed the Gulf of Mexico it has been demonstrated by experiment that they will thrive in those rivers of which the State has several. The shad have been taken from the rivers at Rome and Columbus in Ga., and from numerous streams in other States which empty into the Gulf, all of which are traceable to artificial hatching. In

crossing the State in June the temperature of the rivers was 80 Fahr., and they were somewhat turbid, but the Oconee thirty years ago when teeming with shad was as muddy as at present. With an appropriation not to exceed one cent per capita the Doctor thinks that shad may be made so plentiful that a large one can be bought for ten cents.

Carp have been received from Prof. Baird, and 700 distributed, which have done well, one correspondent writing that a fish which weighed half an ounce on the 21st of Nov., 1879, now, Oct. 16, 1880, weighs four pounds, and others report a growth nearly as large. The supplemental report referred to contains an article on carp from the reports of the U. S. Fish Commission.

REPORT OF THE VERMONT COMMISSION.

THE biennial report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Vermont for 1879-80 is quite a small pamphlet, but is instructive. Since the last report surveys have been made of many of the public waters, so as to enable the Commission to form a better judgment in the selection of the kinds of fish most suitable for them. These surveys included the area, the mean and minimum depth, the fauna and flora, the floor and the water source and supply in the lakes and ponds. These surveys have developed the fact that "most, if not indeed all, of the so-called bottomless lakes are, at their deepest part, about forty feet deep. There may be some deeper, but as yet we have not found them." Mr. Barret, of the Commission, has made a map showing the position of the public waters of the State.

Smelt have been fully established in every lake into which they have been placed and heard from, and it is a curious fact that the people have not found out that a truly excellent fish this is for the table, its insignificant size seeming to fully protect it, save from an occasional fisherman who has taken them for *bait*. This use of smelts would cause smelt-fishers to raise their eyebrows and examine the man who did such a thing in their presence; but the rural angler will get over that in time, which will educate him that the little smelt has other uses and a higher value. The report truly says of the smelt: "When they come to be established wherever there is a fit lodgment for them, that event alone will fully pay for all the expenses incurred since the formation of the Commission."

Pike-perch have received some attention, many adults which were near spawning having been placed in the streams. Land-locked salmon have been caught in some waters which were stocked, but to what extent they have thriven is not known.

Nothing has been done with salmon lately in the valley of Lake Champlain, "because all the streams appropriate for spawning roads are rendered inaccessible by dams, and in regard to the tributaries of the Connecticut, because we are waiting for the fishery interests of the State of Connecticut and its Legislature to show some sign of a sense of comity and justice to the rights of Vermont, and also for the time when salmon can ascend the fish-way at Holyoke, Mass., all of which we are disposed to regard as things indefinitely postponed." It is recommended that the fish laws and regulations shall be remitted to the towns in which the waters lie, or to some local authorities or commissioners, instead of being subject to continual change of different Legislatures.

TERRAPIN CULTURE.

In answer to inquiry we have received the following:

CEDAR POINT, Ala.

Yours of the 16th of Feb. is at hand. I have been in the terrapin business for five years, and have about two acres under a strong fence with ditches twelve feet wide and 200 feet long. Terrapin begin to lay about the 1st of May and lay seven to eight eggs at a time, they say three times during the season, and begin hatching about the last of August. The bottom for terrapin must be soft mud, and the laying ground should be sand eighteen inches deep. As soon as they hatch they should be put in separate pans where plenty of salt grass grows, as the large ones will eat the young. It takes them about five years to get large enough to ship. Salt water snakes are very bad on the young, killing many. They will stand a good deal of fresh water, but the salter the water they better.

My ditches are two to five feet deep, and a good circulation is required. The late hurricane has injured me a good deal as I am on an exposed point. It washed away my fence, and I lost a great deal of stock. They feed on fresh fish and crabs, which should be cut up and thrown in the ditch as they eat all their food in the water. I feed my terrapins once or twice a week, but the young do not seem to feed under six month or a year. I get from two to three thousand every year from the marshes. They are caught by dogs in the laying season.

I do not think the eggs can be shipped as they are packed very close in the holes they lay in. They dig holes from seven to eight inches deep and two inches in diameter, more or less.

M. DORLON.

CARP BREEDING.—For the last two years I have sent my FOREST AND STREAM to a friend in the South, and consequently not having it to refer to I am obliged to ask you for information. What I want to know is, The probabilities of the successful breeding of carp in the waters I shall describe? Pond No. 1—About ten acres, no outlet or inlet; depth of water, from one to thirty feet; muddy bottom, no sand or gravel anywhere; both yellow and white lilies grow in profusion near the shores. There were, a few years ago, pickerel, perch and pouts (bull-heads) in considerable numbers in the pond, but since the outlet was closed (which connected with the river) I think they have greatly diminished. There were plenty of what we call "shiners," and I presume there are now, provided they can breed in such a bottom.

Will carp do well in such a pond without artificial food?

Pond No. 2 contains about thirty acres; no inlet, a sluggish brook flows from it to the river (about a mile), which is a stream of about fifty yards in width, with but little current, the bottom being mud, sand and gravel in different places. The water in the pond is from six to ten feet deep in the deepest places, with mud of unfathomable depth everywhere, and well covered with lily pads. There are many pickerel, perch, shiners and bull-heads in the pond. The outlet can be easily closed with a sieve netting if necessary. Will they breed in this pond, or will they run to the river? An answer in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM will be gladly received.

FRED. A. TAFT.

[Carp prefer sluggish waters, and will be apt to remain in the pond. We incline to prefer pond No. 1, but think they may do well in both, if the cannibals are not too thick in No. 2.]

NETTING SMALL FISH.—It is a well known fact that the fish in the great lakes are neither so plentiful nor so large as they were say fifteen years ago. This is accounted for in a variety of ways—over-fishing, using nets with too small mesh which take the small fish, and as these are not valuable they are generally thrown away, thus causing waste of life and food. At different points on lakes Huron, Ontario, Erie and Michigan I have frequently gone down to see the shore fisheries where the seine is most commonly used. These nets are of different lengths and depths, but are most of them very long; the mesh is small—too small, it seems—if they may be judged by the damage they do. At each haul of the net they bring in large numbers of small fish from three to six inches long, principally herring, lake pickerel, small whitefish and trout. These being of no use are shaken out of the net and left to die on the beach, and I have seen nearly a bushel of these young fish destroyed in this way in one haul. Now this kind of thing is going on all around the lakes from the beginning to the end of the season, consequently the aggregate number of fish destroyed must be immense, while at the same time the return is extremely small in proportion to the whole number of fish destroyed; and it is only a question of time before fishing will cease to be a paying trade. Something might surely be done to prevent the waste in some way. If some of our fish commissioners would look into the matter it would perhaps pay them and give some of the fry they plant a chance to arrive at maturity.—AU SABLE.

SEQUEL TO "THE PESTIFEROUS MINK."

Scene—Troutbeck by moonlight (behind clouds).

Dramatis Personæ: Grandfather of departed mink and 10,000 young salmon in water.

Scene I.—Salmon fry sleeping. Enter grandfather of departed mink, singing: "Where, oh, where, is mine little mink gone?" Snap! The cruel steel clutches G. D. M. by tail. Uproar. Boom of cataract heard in the distance and G. D. M. is seen hastily retreating chased by trap.

Scene II.—Morning—Sylvan bank with holes. Man digging under stump for trap and G. D. M. Man digs all day. Finds G. D. M. stark and stiff, but no trap. Mystery! Boy approaches and skins G. D. M. to the tune of "Oh! dear, what can the *Mather* be."—THOS CLAPHAM.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

April 1, at Columbia, Tenn.—Close of entries, National American Kennel Club's second American Field Trial Derby. Joseph H. Dew, Secretary.

April 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, at San Francisco, Cal. Pacific Coast Kennel Club's Bench Show, Mechanic's Pavilion. Col. Stuart M. Taylor, Secretary, No. 313 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building, Third avenue and Sixty-third street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent. No. 138 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,709, New York City.

THE SPANIEL.

[Reprinted from advance sheets of Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," by subscription to the FOREST AND STREAM by the author, through the courtesy of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 596 Broadway, New York.]

THE antiquity of the spaniel is an undisputed fact among sportsmen, for references to same varieties of this breed have been made in every work on canine subjects from the time of Edmund De Langley, in the "Maister of Game," down to the present day. This writer states most positively that the spaniel came from Spain, and gives a description of the dog's appearance and the uses to which he was put by sportsmen of his day. Dr. Caius, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, draws attention to the spaniel in the following words:

"*Such dogges as serue for fowling*, I thinke conuenient and requisite to place in this second section of this treatise. These are also to be reckoned and accounted in the number of the dogges which come of a gentle kind, and of those which serue for fowling.

There be two sortes— { The first findeth game on the land. / The other findeth game on the water.

"Such as delight on the land, play their partes, eyther by swiftnesse of foote, or by often questing, to search out and to spying the byrde for further hope of aduantage, or else by some secrete signe and priuy token bewray the place where they fall.

The first kind of { The Hauke, / such serue
The seconde, { The net, or traine.

"The first kinde haue no peculier names assigned vnto them, saue onely that they be denominated after the byrde which by naturall appointment he is allotted to take, for the which consideration

Some be called { (For the Falcon) / Dogges, (The Pheasant) / (The Partridge) } and such like,

"The common sort of people call them by one generall word, namely spaniells. As though these kinde of Dogges came originally and first of all out of Spaine. The most part of their skynnes are white, and if they be marcked with any spottes, they are commonly red, and somewhat great therewithall, the heares not growing in such thicknesse but that the mixture of them maye easely be perceaued. Obserued of them be reddishe and blackishe, but of that sorte there be but a very few. There is also at this day among vs a newe kinde of dogge brought out of Fraunce (for we Englishe men are maruaious greedy gaping gluttons after nouelties, and conetous corroraunles of things that be seldom, rare, straunge and hard to get). And they bee speckled all ouer with white and black, which mingled colours incline to a marble blewe, which bewtifyeth their skinnes and afordeth a seemly show of comlynesse. These are called French dogges as is aboue declared already."

A peculiar feature in the remarks of Dr. Caius is that he appears to be in doubt whether or no there was more than one breed of spaniels in the country. From the manner in which he speaks of "othersome of them" that were "reddishe and blackishe" it might be concluded that he was of the opinion that these were distinct varieties in themselves, but did not like to say so positively; though he had no hesitation in stating that a new variety was imported from France. While alluding to the work which Dr. Caius wrote, we may add that he, in another portion of that work, describes the water spaniel as another breed; but this will be remarked upon in the chapter on the water spaniels, later on. The only classification which, it appears, was made between land spaniels in the days of Dr. Caius was regulated by the work they were called upon to carry out, and the idea was prevalent for a considerable period that this was the only desirable method of distinguishing the classes from each other.

In "Iconos Animalum" there are two illustrations of spaniels given, one of the water spaniel, and the other of some small-sized dogs, not much bigger apparently than the modern toy spaniel, but displaying a distinct difference of type, as one is long-faced and the other decidedly short in muzzle. The latter illustration has been given in the chapter on toy spaniels, and the other will be found under water spaniels, later on.

Nicholas Cox, writing in the "Gentleman's Recreation," in 1697, alludes to the value of the spaniel as a sporting dog in the following words:

"How necessary a thing a spaniel is to falconry, and for those that delight in that noble recreation, keeping hawks for their pastime and pleasure, I think nobody need question, as well as to spring and retrieve a fowl being flown to the mark, and also divers other ways to help and assist falcons and goshawks. . . . It is necessary for several reasons to cut off the tip of a spaniel's stern when it is a whelp. First, by doing so worms are prevented from breeding there; in the next place, if it be not cut he will be the less forward in pressing hastily into the covert after his game; besides this benefit, the dog appears more beautiful."

The custom of docking spaniels' tails has been kept up until the present day, and in spite of the ill-advised proceedings that have been taken against persons detected in the act of removing dogs' tails, it appears likely to be continued. We cannot altogether agree with Nicholas Cox in his opinion that the beauty of a dog is improved by the removal of his tail, though we freely admit that, when a usage is established by custom, any new departure from it has the temporary effect of making the animal appear singular and possibly clumsy. Still, his remarks upon the benefit which this custom confers, in the comfort of a dog who has to work in brushwood, are recognized as perfectly correct by a vast majority of modern sportsmen. The same writer mentions that the land spaniel can be trained as a setting-dog, and doubtless in his time the setter was to all intents a spaniel, as we have before attempted to prove in the setter chapter. Nicholas Cox describes the land spaniel as "being of a good and nimble size, rather small than gross, and of a courageous mettle, . . . lusty and nimble rangers, of active foot, wanton tails, and busie nostrils. Whose tail was without weariness, their search without changeableness, and whom no delight did transport beyond fear or obedience."

This high character given to the spaniel appears to have been fully indorsed by other writers, all of whom are unanimous in declaring him to be the most useful dog to sport-men. It must, not, however, be imagined that dogs were used in the field to anything like the extent that they came to be subsequently. Netting was the great means by which game was secured in the days Nicholas Cox wrote his work the "Gentleman's Recreation," and the major portion of it was taken up with hunting, fishing and snaring of the different varieties of birds. He, however, seems to have laid himself out to give directions upon the breaking and working of several breeds of dog, and, as will be seen in a subsequent chapter, devoted considerable space to the working of what he termed the water-dog.

Sydenham Edwards, writing in 1801, in "Cynographia Britannica," gives an excellent description of the spaniel, as well as a colored plate containing four dogs. One of these is liver-and-white, another black-and-white, a third orange-and-white, and the last a sort of sandy liver. The only one that is standing up is the liver-and-white; it is represented as a long-bodied dog, with legs rather light in bone, and wide skull and hairy ears lying flat to the head. The tail is docked and is well feathered, but the feather on the legs is not very extensive, though the thighs are heavily breeched. The coat in two out of the four specimens is curly, but the dog referred to above is flat-coated except upon his back, chest and loins, where there is a decided ripple. The whole-colored dog is smooth-headed but very curly behind. In his remarks upon this breed Mr. Edwards states:

"This was usually distinguished by the name of land spaniel, in contradistinction to water spaniel, and may be divided into two kinds, the springing, hawking spaniel, or starter, and the cocker, or cocking spaniel. The first was used for springing the game when falconry was among the prevalent sports of this island, and as it made one of the principal pursuits of our British ancestors, the chieftains maintained a considerable number of birds for the purpose. The discovery of the gun superseding the use of the falcon, the powers of the dog were directed to the new acquisition, but his fleetness, wildness and courage in quest of game rendering him difficult to manage, a more useful kind was established, with shorter limbs and less speed. Yet some of the true springers still remain about London, but are rarely found in any other part of the country. These are little different from the larger spaniel or setter, except in size; generally of a red or red-and-white color; curly-formed ears, rather short; long-limbed; the coat wavy and silky; the tail somewhat bushy and seldom cut.

"Differing from this is the cocker, esteemed for his compact form, having the head round, nose short, ears long, and the larger the more admired, limbs short and strong, the coat more inclined to curl than the springer's, and longer, particularly on the tail, which is commonly truncated. Color—liver-and-white, red, red-and-white, black-and-white, all liver color and sometimes black with tanned legs and muzzle. . . . The term cocker is taken from the woodcock, which they are taught to hunt. . . .

"Spaniels are used as finders, or starters to the greyhound, and pursue the hare with the same impetuosity as they do birds. Their beautiful coats, their faithful dispositions, humble and insinuating manners, suavity and obedience even to servility, procure them universal favor; but the gunner loves them for their intrinsic merit, bestows great pains on breaking them to the gun, and when properly broke or educated is amply repaid for their services, being indefatigable in their exertions, beating the coverts, brakes and ditches in pursuit of game; their tails carried downward, perpetually moving from side to side, and this motion, called feathering, becomes more rapid when they have caught the scent, eagerly following with frequent whimpers till it is disturbed, of which they give notice by repeated quests; nor should they open at any other time. Some sportsmen disapprove of their questing at all, as it spreads the alarm too far, therefore teach them to beat mute. As it is the nature of these dogs to put up all the game they find, good sportsmen are careful to keep them within gun-shot even if in cover, and if it is extensive, jingles or bells are put upon their collars, and the dog-call used if they beat too wide."

From these remarks it appears that the uses of the spaniel in 1800 were very similar to those to which they are put in the present day; and a distinct advance has been made in the century which had elapsed since the time when Nicholas Cox delivered his remarks upon the breed. Nowadays they are not used as finders for greyhounds, but in many other respects there is little change in their mode of hunting.

W. Taplin, writing in the "Sportsman's Cabinet" in 1803, says:

"The large springing spaniel and diminutive cocker, although they vary much, differ but little in their qualifications, except that the former does not equal the latter in rapidity of action; nor do they seem to catch the scent so suddenly, or to enjoy it with the same ecstatic enthusiasm when found. . . . From the time they are thrown off in the field, as a proof of the pleasure they feel in being employed, the tail is in perpetual motion (which is termed feathering), upon the increasing vibration of which the experienced sportsman well knows when he is getting nearer the object of attraction. . . . However spaniels may be occasionally engaged in other sports, they are, in general, considered much more applicable to shooting in covert than to those pursuits in which the pointer or setter are more properly engaged. . . .

"The whole species are naturally inclined to voracity, but are capable of enduring very long abstinence, of which there are numerous well-authenticated instances upon record. The following is, perhaps, the most extraordinary fact of this description that has ever issued from the press. In 1789, when preparations were making at St. Paul's for the reception of His Majesty, a favorite spaniel bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome, when of a sudden it was missed, and both calling and whistling were of no effect. Nine weeks after this, wanting only two days, some glaziers were at work in the cathedral, and distinctly heard some faint sounds among the timbers by which the dome was supported, and thinking it might be some unfortunate human being, they tied a rope round a boy and let him down near to the place from whence the noise came. At the bottom he found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe half eaten." The rest of the story may be briefly told as follows: The bitch when lost was in whelp, and, no doubt, consumed her puppies when she brought them forth, and, possibly, also the remains of the other dog, who presumably had followed her into the cathedral. Her emaciated appearance, however, pointed to the extreme privations which she had undergone, a further proof of which was to be found in her weight, for when last scaled she drew twenty-pounds, but when recovered the poor beast only weighed three pounds and fourteen ounces.

In 1814 Mr. William Dobson, of Eden Hall, Cumberland, published a work on the breaking of pointers and spaniels. "Encopædia," for that is the title, however, seems to recognize the spaniel as the setter, as the former breed is not directly alluded to by the author. This would tend to prove that, subsequently to the writings of Sydenham Edwards and William Taplin, sportsmen of conservative tendencies still regarded the spaniel and the setter as practically the same breed, though on other hands, a decided difference was stated to exist between the two varieties.

In 1820 Mr. Scott produced the "Sportsman's Repository," in which he re-copied the engraving of the spaniel which appeared in William Taplin's work of 1803. This course leads us to believe that in outward appearance there had been but little alteration in the spaniel during the twenty years which had passed over the breed. The dog which is illustrated is portrayed in the act of flushing a woodcock, and is apparently of a liver-and-white color, with a long and rather lean head, and a palpable ripple in his coat. His stern, I shortened at all, has certainly had but a very small portion of it removed, and his legs, though nicely feathered, would be considered long if they belonged to a modern spaniel. From the appearance we should say it was meant to represent a dog of about twenty-five pounds in weight, or perhaps a trifle more, and the inscription beneath the illustration consists merely of the one word "Springer," no further particulars being given. John Scott does not throw very much new light upon the subject of spaniels, although he goes a little further into the description of their points than former writers appear to have thought necessary. He says:

"Spaniels are generally rough-coated or long-flued, and in all

probability such is one of their original characteristics, the smooth coats of some being the consequence of a cross in the breed. . . . . The true spaniel is distinguished by the silkiness of his flue, his pendulous and fringed ear, clear eye, moist nose and fringed tail. . . . . A cry of spaniels is not at present thought so essential as in former days; indeed, many sportsmen of the present day, whether in shooting or hunting, habitually attached to the pointer and hound, affect entirely to discard the babbling spaniel. This, however, is too strong a prejudice, as the utility of the spaniel is undoubted in thick and difficult covers, copses and runs, where neither pointer nor setter can penetrate, nor, perhaps, even the large springer, which partakes too much of their nature and size for such puzzling and thorny labors The small spaniels should yet have considerable substance and bone, and by no means be over-legged, and granting them true bred, a little harshness of the coat is no disadvantage, as such are more hardy and fearless of the thicket. The delicate and very small, or carpet spaniels, have excellent nose, and will hunt truly and pleasantly; but are neither fit for a long day or thorny covert. The grand, or questing, quality of the spaniel is well known, and his constant and bustling activity. . . . .

"The largest springers were some years since, and probably may at present be, found in Sussex. The cockers are supposed to have originated in a cross between the springer and the small water spaniel, and are distinguished from the large spaniel by a more compact, rounder and shorter head, deeper and more curly flew and larger ears. The spaniel colors are various—yellow, liver-colored, red, brown, white, black-tan with tanned legs and muzzle —these last hues denote a terrier cross. The springer is often crossed and deteriorated by the hound and pointer. . . . . Twenty years ago His Grace the Duke of Marlborough was reported to possess the smallest and best breed of cockers in Britain; they were invariably red-and-white, with very long ears, short nose and black eyes."

So much for the opinions of Mr. John Scott, who appears to have derived many of his ideas from Taplin and Edwards. The latter quotation, however, gives one piece of information which we do not find in former writers, and that is, that bone and shortness of leg were recognized as desirable points to obtain in spaniels. As John Scott attaches so much importance to these qualifications, we can quite understand the disfavor with which he regarded the hound and pointer cross, upon the undesirability of which he made some very stringent observations, which we did not consider it worth while to reproduce. As we have now come to a time when spaniels appear to have been generally recognized by sportsmen as a totally distinct variety from the setter, or rather we may more correctly put it that the setter had become recognized as a variety by itself, and some idea has in addition been laid before our readers from the writings of earlier authors, and descriptions of the illustrations which their works contained, as to what the land spaniel was like some sixty years ago, we may direct attention to a more recent date, 1845, when William Youatt wrote.

Youatt in his remarks upon dogs adopts the classification of Cuvier, and, to use his own expression, arranges the breeds "According to the development of the frontal sinus and the cerebral cavity, or, in other words, the power of scent and the degree of intelligence." Spaniels, according to this classification, come into the second division, and are in company with the setter, pointer, hound and sheep dog, whose heads should be moderately elongated, the parietal bones diverging from each other for a certain space as they rise upon the side of the head, thereby enlarging the cerebral cavity and the frontal sinus Speaking generally of the spaniel, Youatt lays down that his ears should be large and pendulous, and his coat of different lengths, according to the part of his body where it is situated, but longest on the ears, under the neck, behind the thighs and on the tail. The list of spaniels to which his book refers throws very little light upon the subject of our most modern breeds, for Youatt simply refers in general terms to the cocker and the springer and their duties. He also notices the King Charles spaniel, the Blenheim, and the Norfolk, and black-and tan spaniel. The water spaniel, however, has more space devoted to him than any of the other varieties of which he treats.

As the land spaniel exists in the year 1880 in various different forms, it will be necessary to devote a separate chapter to each variety of the breed, some of which have been in existence for many years, although they have received but scant attention from early writers. We therefore propose to proceed to the description of the various breeds of land spaniels after which the varieties of water spaniels will be treated of in a chapter by themselves.

WANTED, A WOODCHUCK DOG.

RANGELEY, Me.

I see that "Lepus," in the issue of March 24, discusses the merits of different breeds of dogs for the destruction of woodchucks. But to my mind the most killing and cheapest is that sometimes called the Oneida bulldog, otherwise the Newhouse trap. With a few of these a farm may be soon rid of the vermin and, for the benefit of the boys who may wish to engage in the sport and are unskilled in trapping, I will add a few hints. Traps of size one and a half are strong enough. Cut pegs from a forked branch eighteen or twenty inches long, one branch cut off so as to form a hook to prevent the ring from slipping off. Drive the peg firmly at one side of the burrow; level off the mound and dirt in front of the entrance Scoop out a space the size and depth of the trap. Set the trap and, to prevent its springing too easily, press a wedge of hard wood between the setting jaw and bedpiece, turning the spring at nearly right angle to the same side. Now place the trap in the cavity, the jaws parallel to the furrow and block up the loose jaw to a level with the pan, filling the space between the jaws beneath the pan with moss, grass or leaves. This to prevent the rain from washing in and packing the dirt so as to prevent the trap from springing. Lastly, cover all parts of the trap and chain a fourth of an inch deep with dirt, that over the jaws to be fine and free from gravel, as otherwise it might prevent the jaws from closing —WARFIELD.

The following remarks seem to answer the question whether the fox-terrier is game enough to kill woodchuck:

BALTIMORE, March 25.

I am quite a fancier of fox-terriers and have imported and owned a great many, and I have always found them very game ratters, and often in England I have seen a 16-pound dog draw a badger weighing nearly twice as much. Now, a badger is no easy thing for a dog to kill or draw, and a woodchuck is the nearest thing to a badger that can be had in this country. While living in Maine some time ago I imported a lemon and white fox-terrier bitch; and as she was an excellent ratter some friends wanted to see if she would kill a woodchuck. We advertised and got two. One was an old customer and had only three feet (the fourth having evidently been cut off by a trap); the other was sound and was supposed to be the uglier of the two; but such was not the case as will be seen.

We took the chucks to a room where we had previously had a box one foot square, twelve feet long, with an elbow thus: covered with glass. We put the younger one in and he at once ran to the other end and turned round. We then turned my bitch loose and she immediately went into the box and to our surprise the woodchuck stuck its head in the corner and utterly refused to show fight. The bitch pulled him out and killed him almost without resistance. Not so with the old one. He faced the bitch and fought like a Trojan for about fifteen minutes; but the bitch intrilly got him by the nose and dragged him out. We then took him away from the bitch and saved him for the time being. I guess we drew that old woodchuck ten or twelve times, when finally we let a bull-terrier draw him and he killed him (the woodchuck) before we could stop him. I went once to see a badger drawn in London. The badger was put into a box similar to the one described above and the dog was let loose; he walked leisurely in and took the badger by the nose and they walked out together as though nothing had happened. I found out afterward that the badger had been drawn so much by the dog that they had become very friendly.—HAZEL KIRKE.

PUTNAM, March 25.

In your last number, just at hand, I notice the item from "B. W." of Edgemont, Penn., saying his farm is overrun with woodchucks and wants to know how to get rid of them. Some fifteen years ago I was plagued with a lot of woodchucks that ate up my green peas, beans and squashes, and on account of the large bush thicket near the garden I could not get a shot at them, and an old hunter told me how to clean up the marauders, and, following his instructions, I went to a pond-hole and secured a speckled turtle and, tieing a string to one of his legs, then dropped a drop of spirits turpentine under his tail and putting him into the mouth of the woodchuck's hole he scrambled away down into the hole and soon the woodchuck came run-hing out as if the old Harry was after him, and we killed him. We then visited all the holes in the vicinity of my garden and secured two other woodchucks and were not further disturbed by them that summer. G. F. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

YONKERS, March 26.

Having had a three weeks' vacation in the country last summer where woodchucks were quite numerous, I had a good opportunity to trap these animals. By actual count I trapped fifty-four and shot three with a rifle. In trapping them I employed four No. 2 Newhouse steel traps. I always set my traps at the mouth of the burrow, lightly covered with loose earth. I then secured the trap to a stake which I drove firmly into the ground, so the next time that the chuck came out of his hole to feed he was sure to be caught and held firmly till I came to release him. Woodchucks are sly creatures and hard to come at to get a shot, and even after being hard hit with a rifle bullet with oftentimes manage to escape to their holes, where the die.—M. L. A.

"Lepus" sends to you a letter from a Delaware County, Penn., farmer, in which complaint is heaped up high against Mr. Woodchuck. A canine exterminator is asked for and "Lepus" calls upon the breeders of the fox-terrier to respond through your columns. We think the little dachshund is the very dog for the pesky ground hog. Could not our friend, Dr. Twaddell, who has bred the little German dog, tell us of his merits as a varmint exterminator? Maybe the Doctor knows "Lepus."—MAITRE ORBEAU.

RESEARCHES ON RABIES.—It will be remembered that Dr. Galtier, in a communication made to the Academie de Medicine of Paris, on October 27, 1879, appeared to establish, by a series of experiments, the transmissibility of rabies to the rabbit, and studied the period of incubation of the disease in animals. This period is, however, short, and scarcely exceeds an average of seventeen days. The question has been taken up lately by M. Lannelongue and M. Raynaud, in connection with the following case: A child, aged five and a half years, was admitted on the 8th of December, 1880, to the Hospital of Saint Eugenie, presenting unequivocal symptoms of rabies. He had been bitten on the 10th of November on the knee, on the left cheek and on the temporal region of the same side by a dog, which was immediately killed after having bitten other dogs, which were also killed. The first symptoms of rabies were manifested on the morning of the 7th of December, and the child died on the 11th of December after having shown typical manifestations of the disease Three experiments were made on a rabbit: 1, inoculation with fluids collected from the child while still living; 2, inoculation with different fluids or tissue taken from the body twenty-four hours after death; 3, subsequent inoculation from rabbit to rabbit. From this second series, two animals inoculated with bronchial mucus taken from the corpse died, one in twenty-four, the others in forty-eight hours. Three animals were inoculated with the *debris* of salivary glands; only one died, very rapidly however, at the end of eleven hours. The submaxillary gland furnished this positive result. The product of scraping the lymphatic glands, which were found swollen, was inoculated in two rabbits; one survived at nine hours and a half; the other became ill on the second day, and then recovered. A fragment of the medulla oblongata was inoculated in another rabbit, which died on the fourth day. In the third series of experiments, all the rabbits died which were inoculated with the saliva of one of the animals which died in the preceding experiments. All the rabbits, five in number, succumbed in spaces of time varying from twenty to thirty hours. Twice the blood of a rabbit, killed by inoculation of the blood, was taken immediately after death, and inoculated on another rabbit; it caused death once in forty-two hours, and, in the second case, in forty-three hours. The blood of the latter rabbit, also taken after death, killed a third rabbit in thirteen hours. M. Maurice Raynaud is of opinion, until the contrary is proved, that these rabbits really died of rabies: and he considers that he has a double reason for so thinking—the impossibility of explaining their death otherwise, and the evidence of that cause of death in the human subject from which the inoculation was made. M. Pasteur addressed the Academy, and drew a figure of the parasitic organism which he found in the saliva of the patient of MM. Maurice Raynaud and Lannelongue. M. Pasteur did not admit, however, that the disease observed in the animals in which he had performed these inoculations was rabies. He considered, on the contrary, this disease as a new affection not described and not observed previously, but certainly produced by the parasite which he had isolated and cultivated A discussion arose between M. Colin and M. Pasteur, the former being of opinion that the animals died of septicemia, which M. Pasteur denied. It resulted from this discussion, that the disease produced by the inoculations of M. Pasteur was not rabies, since it represented neither the period of incubation nor the symptoms of rabies. Various hypotheses may be formed as to the nature of these differences, but none is at present satisfactory The subject is one, however, of which the importance cannot be overlooked, and must be highly estimated. The results which have recently been obtained by M. Pasteur, and M. Jaccoud, and Dr. Lannelongue in this country following in their steps, in relation to the cultivation of parsitic organisms connected with infectious disease such as splenic disease or fowl-cholera, all point in the same direction, viz., to the possibility of attaining preventive, and probably therapeutic, means, by the aid of this line of physiological investigation; and however much antivivisectionists may rage against experiments of this kind, it is certain that they will not carry with them reasonable people in any opposition to a line of experiment which has already been productive of vast benefit to mankind, and is apparently on the eve of yielding results of inestimable value and extensive application in the prevention of the most destructive, and at present, incurable forms of disease. Inoculation or invaccination of poisons, modified by passing through various animal organisms, lead to results which may, on the one hand, be preventive and prophylactic, as in the case of small-pox, fowl-cholera, bacteria and splenic disease and may, where such preliminary prevention is, by the circumstances of the case, put out of the question, be useful in the early stage in producing a mild concurrent form of disease, which may greatly modify the more violent poison—*British Medical Journal.*

"CITY DOGS."—I do not know of a section of the country where more really fine field dogs can be found than at and about Milford, Harrington and Georgetown, Del. Fully two-thirds of the animals I have seen at these places are as well bred as any natives in the land, and very many show the blood of the late imported strains. I learn from the sportsmen of these sections that their setters and pointers are bred from "city dogs"—in fact many were once "city dogs." It is very amusing to hear the resident sporting men of the towns mentioned describe the working of these animals when they first come to "our country." Said one John W. to me not long since: "You fellows from town are very unreasonable, and appear to think because you've got a high-price setter or pointer that they will go right to hunting like one of our dogs as soon as he's taken into the field." "Well, he does a mighty sight of hunting to be sure, and chasing, too, but no pointing." "They are no good for three or four days. When they first come down they are hog fat, been chained up for six months and half crazy to get out, run wild." "Most of you only come down for two or three days' shooting, and it takes that long to run your dog into anything like the temper for work." "You then go home disgusted with your dogs and leave them behind to be hunted." "It makes no difference if your dog has once been broken, he forgets when he goes into the field again, for he has been kept on the chain all the time except when you walk him in the street or take him to one of your great shows." "We don't find fault with the breeding of your dogs, for there is just where we get ours, and see what we make of them."

"A duck is mighty apt to forget something about water if kept away from it half her life, and it is scandalous to think a setter or pointer, after being shut up and only looked at and talked about for a whole year, can be expected to do good work the first trip of the season." "Why, he's crazy with delight, and nothing good can be got out of him until the 'wire edge' is worn off of him and he is in a condition to know what he is about." "Your prize dogs are fine to look at, but most of them need a country education" "There are a lot of them down here a year or two back from a kennel near New York with their owners for snipe. All they could do was to fetch and carry corncobs, 'down charge,' and bark and run around one another when I saw them ont. And there were lots of snipe about, too, but none killed by this party."

I have given as near as I can remember the exact words of my friend in his description of "our dogs from town." The practical sportsman who reads them can sympathize with honest John in his disgust, and recognize in the owners of what he in general terms designates "city dogs" those that do most of their shooting indoors. "HOMO."

THE BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLE QUESTION—Baltimore, March 19.—I notice in your paper of the 17th ult. an article on the "Bench-Legged Beagle," by Doctor Maddux, of this city. As I am one of those that he has been pleased to style "interested scribblers," I hasten to reply. It affords me pleasure to have this opportunity to ask, through the columns of your valuable paper, some questions which I hope the champion of the "bench-legged" beagle will answer. The first I wish to propound is: Did he ever breed one of his straight-legged beagles to a dachshund dog owned by Mr. Groveman, a resident of this State? Secondly, When did his bench-legged "bench-legged" beagles first sad for whom? also, through what port were they entered? Thirdly, Who are the owners of the half-dozen or more packs of "bench-legged" beagles spoken of by the gentleman as owned within a radius of ten miles of this city? I also wish to state in this connection that I am an old Marylander, being a native resident here all my life. Consequently I ante-date the gentleman as a resident many years, he having come here from an adjoining State. I have also been a sportsman for many years, but have not been in any of many rambles, and they have extended to the remotest sections of this State, had the misfortune to see a deformed beagle, styled by the gentleman as the "bench-legged" beagle. I would also inform the Doctor that I have owned and hunted over as pretty and finely-bred straight-legged beagles as ever followed a "cotton-tail." The Doctor asserts in his article that the "bench-legged" beagle is just as well established as a separate and distinct breed of dogs as the Gordon setter or the Chesapeake bay dogs are, etc. As the Doctor has taken the Gordon setter for an example, I wish to call the attention of the readers of this article to the following, which was written by or for the Doctor, and which appeared in one of your contemporaries, under date of January 8, 1881, being a question as follows, viz.:

Please decide the following bet: Would you consider a litter of pups to be genuine Gordons under the following circumstances: My Gordon intelligent setter, one of which is a red Irish in appearance, and such has been the case with each litter; the bet was made with the agreement that you were to decide it. The answer to the initials "A. R. B., Baltimore," was yes, etc.

Now, I claim that as a breeder of Gordons who has to ask for a decision in such a simple matter as the above, his opinion is worthless, as regards purity of blood of the Gordon setter as well as of the type and purity of the old Maryland beagle.

Allow me to thank you for the space I have occupied in your valuable paper, and lest, but not least, permit me to thank the members of the Westminster Kennel Club for their wisdom in not forming a class for this new innovation styled "Bench-legged Beagles." BEAGLES.

JESSUP, MD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am pleased to be able to give some definite information as to the introduction of the "bench-legged beagle" or "Basset" into Maryland. In 1842, Col. John S. Skinner, at that time editor of the *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, had presented to him a pair of bench-legged beagles selected from the Queen's pack by a friend in England. Col. Skinner gave these hounds to Paymaster Andrews (afterward Paymaster-General), U. S. Army, who sent them to his residence, Roxbury Mills, Montgomery Co., Md. This farm is now owned by Hon. A. Bowie Davis, and this same strain of dogs—kept strong and pure by more recent importations—are still bred in that county. I am indebted for this information to Gen. R. Snowden Andrews, Baltimore, Md., son of the late Paymaster-General. Gen. Andrews distinctly remembers the original pair, and says they were very similar in shape, size and color to the pair Doll and Dale that were awarded prizes at Pittsburgh.—FRANK A. BOND.

THOSE NERVOUS DOGS—Hillsdale, Mich.—In your issue of the 17th I find the following statement over the signature of "Homo." It is a fact that few breeders will deny that all blue-blooded dogs, the Laverack setter in particular, are as a rule excessively nervous, and that a great deal of unless great care is observed in training are apt to be gun shy or "bolters." As a breeder of experience at least superior to "Homo's," I wish to deny this assertion in toto, so far as it applies to either Llewellin or Irish setters. I have bred many of both breeds, especially of the former, and have never seen, even among the coarsest natives, dogs of better courage, less nervousness or less inclination to gun shyness. The Llewellins are natural hunters, and instinctively love the gun. Of all I have bred but two have ever shown gun shyness, and one of those was made afraid of everything by over severity in breaking her from killing chickens. I do not believe there is in the world a breed more generally bold, gun loving and free from nervousness. I have had also an extensive correspondence with English breeders of Laverack setters, and from what I deem competent information I am convinced they are seldom or never naturally gun shy. As I have never bred Lavercks myself, I will refer your readers to Mr. J. G. Higgins or Mr C. R. Raymond, who have had as much experience with this grand strain as any gentlemen in America. Mr. James Moore, of Toledo, can answer for the Gordons, and the St Louis Kennel Club will doubtless satisfy any doubts as to pointers.

"Good wine needs no bush," so I seldom trouble myself to controvert such absurd statements as the above. "Homo," however, has written himself into a quasi prominence, and his opinion may have some weight with those who do not know that his experience in breeding him has been confined to the most brief and limited character, and his information, such as it is, culled from books with the hope of inducing the public to regard him as a dog star of the first class. Those who know him will take his assertions with the proper degree of allowance, and those who do not will find a far better guide in any of the host of actual breeders scattered over the country. ARNOLD BURGES.

A DISGUSTED SPORTSMAN—Cedar Point Landing, Goochland Co., Va., March 12.—To my mind, as a practical sportsman, field trials are excellent institutions in themselves if properly carried out, but there's the rub. Under the present regime they have a tendency to discourage all true sportsmen from entering their dogs and lending their assistance to promote the interest of the most healthful and manly sports. On being asked a few days since by a would-be sportsman the object of field trials, I replied that they were instituted for the purpose of introducing some particular strain of dogs to please the gentlemen sportsmen, who have about as much idea of the good points of a dog and how to break him as they do to handle him after he is thoroughly broken, and that they also proved an excellent advertising card for breeders and professional handlers, affording an opportunity to gamble in a

gentlemanly way upon the points of the dog.

My experience in breaking dogs is by no means limited. I break them for my own use, knowing better my own wants than any professional, and I know that all true lovers of field sports endeavor to do the same. I had the pleasure of shooting over a field trial specimen, fresh from the hands of a professional handler, and must confess that had I my choice between the dashing, blooded dog of field trial fame and my native English setter I would by all odds take the native, because he found more birds and was more staunch on his points than his blooded companion. I shot over one of my native pups and, as far as I am capable of judging, pronounce his education as near perfection as can be. He is broken to execute my orders both by whistle and signal, readily dropping to wing or shot and retrieving without a taint. The height of my ambition has been to take my dog to the field trials, but I am deterred by the fact that his tail is too far below the gambrel joint and I don't advocate docking; nor does the feather extend below that joint. Then, again, his color might be objected to, for gentlemen sportsmen don't think that a good dog can be any color. My sole object, Mr. Editor, is to promote a true interest in field trials and give to the dog that will do his duty the credit he deserves. K. B. P.

MORE VANDALISM.—London, Ont., March 24. —Mr. G. S. Murray, of St. Thomas, Ont., is the latest sufferer. On the 23d his beautiful Gordon setter bitch Eden was stolen from him about noon. He immediately put himself in communication with the detectives and telegraphed to Annesburg, Detroit, Suspension Bridge and Fort Erie. The consequence was that the thieves could not get the dog away. At 2 A. M. on the following morning he heard footsteps approaching his house. On going out he found poor Eden thrown over his fence *in extremis*. She had evidently been much abused, and died in less than an hour

Eden was a very promising young bitch by Toledo Kennel Club's Grouse, out of Dr. Niven's Matt III.; had been well broken and was in whelp to Blossom and due in about ten days. Mr. Murray feels his loss very much, as he had become very much attached to her, as well for her kindly disposition as her excellent field qualities. It seems a pity that such acts should be committed and the actors not be amenable to the law. If it were a horse or a cow, not worth one-half what Eden was, the strong arm of the law could be invoked and the guilty persons punished.

On hearing of Mr. Murray's loss Dr. Niven at once presented Mr. Murray with a fine young bitch pup, seven months old, by Blossom out of Matt III., with the hope that she may be more lucky in her future than Eden.

NATIONAL AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.—The following entries have been made since February 24 for the second annual Derby:

David McK. Lloyd enters Mack Laverack, lemon Belton setter dog out of Peeress by Thunder, whelped April 2, 1880; Jos. J Snellenburg enters Lu Laverack, lemon Belton setter bitch out of Peeress by Thunder, whelped April 2, 1880; Jos. J. Snellenburg enters Pet Laverack, black and white setter bitch out of Peeress by Thunder, whelped April 2, 1880; Edward E. Hardy enters Clair, black and white setter dog out of Diana by Dash III., whelped May 15, 1880; Edward E. Hardy enters Clairine, black and white setter bitch out of Diana by Dash III., whelped May 15, 1880; Edward E. Hardy enters Pollux, black and white setter dog out of Diana by Dash III., whelped May 15, 1880; Edward E. Hardy enters Saunterer, lemon and white setter dog out of Frost by Scout, whelped April 20, 1880.

A. W. Blakemore enters Bonnie Scotland, white, black and tan setter dog out of Kansas by Lincoln, whelped May, 1880.

L. H. Smith enters Two Morton, black, blue Belton and tan setter bitch out of Clip by Gladstone, whelped July 22, 1880.

L. H. Smith enters Lass of Kindale, blue Belton setter bitch out of Clip by Gladstone, whelped July 22, 1880.

Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, N. A. K. C.

ESSEX COUNTY HUNT.—The following are the dates of the spring meets: Saturday, April 2, 4:30 P. M., entrance of Fair Grounds, Waverly, N. J.; Wednesday, April 6, 4:30 P. M., residence of Mr. J. Burke, "Woodlands," Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J.; Saturday, April 9, 4:30 P. M., South Orange, N. J.; Wednesday, April 12, 4:30 P. M., Ridgewood Station, N. J.; Saturday, April 16, 4:30 P. M., Stone Quarries, Bloomfield ave., Newark, N. J. The Hunt will continue to keep the hounds at the present temporary kennels at the east end of Walnut street, Montclair, until after the Spring Meets. Parties from the city can find accommodations for their horses at the kennel stables.—H. N. Munn, M. F. H.

JOCKEYING AT FIELD TRIALS.—Gilroy, California.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think you were right. There was considerable "jockeying" at the Eastern Field Trials. What right had Watford to make Gladstone circle round Nat, and take away her point? Nat had evidently made the birds first and was going up to them in his own way.

Dogs ought to be handled by the owners—what are they broken for—and they ought not to be spoken to on the field; merely a whistle and a wave of the hand. I have had dogs broken so that you need never speak to them during a day's hunt. A dog that is well broken will hunt as well for one person as another, and behave as well. Again we hear too much about speed. Speed and scent cannot exist together. Style is good, but not speed. At least them's my sentiments. E. Leavesley.

MOUNT AIRY KENNEL AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—A special meeting of this newly-organized association was held on Monday evening, March 21, at Mount Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., at which its constitution and by-laws were adopted and the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. The association has a membership of thirty-five gentlemen interested in sports of the field and flood, which promise to have the preservation of game at heart. Regular meetings will be held on the first Monday in every month, and we shall hereafter take pleasure in giving the news of the club. The officers of the club are: President, Mr. John Eray; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. George Linck and Saml. T. Godfrey; Recording Secretary, Mr. G. W. H. Smith; Financial Secretary, Mr. Abram Willis, Jr.; Treasurer, Mr. Wm. McCallum.

THE BEAGLE IN CANADA.—Guelph, March 10.—I am glad to see you advocating the breeding of beagles in this country. In the near future we will have little game to work setters and pointers on. But give pass a reasonably close season and a good swamp for cover, and those who care for that kind of sport can always have plenty of it. I was out only twice during the past season and succeeded in bowling over a few, with two or three good and fast dogs. It takes quick work to kill hares crossing the paths and narrow roads in the swamps. I cannot close without complimenting you upon the continued improvement you are making in the Forest and Stream. Its readers are certainly getting good value for their money; so thinks your old subscriber.—C. A. P.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.—Mr. J. Woodroffe Hill, F.R.C.V.S., a correspondent in *The Stockkeeper*, writes as follows about large mastiffs: "'Sirius' is certainly mistaken in considering 14 st. the heaviest weight known in the mastiff world. My late mastiff Scawfell, who formerly belonged to Mr. Hartley, of Windermere, weighed, in light condition, when his portrait was taken for the frontispiece of my book of the dog, 186 lbs., and before he left my possession he turned the scale, *in show condition*, at 206 lbs."

Forthcoming Field Trials at Cologne.—From a printed communication sent us by Mr. Emil Meyer, of Hanover, we perceive that no less than fifty-one entries have been secured for these trials. This points to a probable first-rate meeting, and we congratulate the management on the success which has so far rewarded their efforts.—*The Field.*

LOST.—51 West Twenty-sixth street, New York, March 25.—I have had the misfortune to lose my fox terrier bitch Lady Gay (Paulo–Nettie). She is remarkably well and evenly marked, the head black and tan with white down the centre; body white with exception of black spot on the side; tail short, black on top and tan underneath, with about an inch at the end white. She was lost last Friday evening in the neighborhood of Fiftieth street and Sixth avenue. Should any of your readers, either in or out of the city, have a dog offered to them that fills the above description I would consider it a great favor if they would let me know.—John E. J. Grainger.

BELTON.—Mr. John Bolus, Killbreck Kennels, Wooster, O., has sent us a photograph of a picture of his celebrated black, white and tan field trial setter Belton. The picture shall be added to our large collection.

THE BEST PAPER.—Carter's Creek Station, Maury Co., Tenn., March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am happy to say that in my opinion your paper has improved, and I think now is the best paper of its kind in America. Your article on dog jockeying made you a great many friends. You did great service to the sportsmen of this country in showing up Whitford and Co. to the public. Hope you will continue to show up all such when an opportunity presents itself, regardless of any one. I will try to give you my views about running field trials before long.—G. W. Campbell.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

109 J. H. B., Ironton.—I have a setter puppy fourteen weeks old. He is in good health as far as I can see, but within the last ten days his forelegs have become very much bowed outward. Is there any way to prevent it or cure it? Do not chain the puppy up, but always give freedom. We presume you do not kennel him in a barrel? Young dogs, in straining on a chain, are apt to get themselves out of shape.

110 H. P. K., Springdeld, Ohio.—Your four-months-old puppy is afflicted with worms. Give the following vermifuge in a little milk after ten hours' fasting: Powdered areca nut, one scruple; santonine, two grains, made into a pill or bolus. Repeat the dose in a week. See that the areca nut is freshly powdered.

111 J. C., Lincoln, Maine.—The Forest and Stream of August 1, 1878, gives the full information you want. We do not believe in the practice, believing it to be inhuman.

112 W. R. H., Catskill, N. Y.—I have a small black and tan bitch, weight about six pounds, from which I wish to get a litter of very small pups. The only small dog I can find (that I like) is her father. He will weigh seven or eight pounds. He produced one pup out of a half-breed bitch which weighed but two pounds at the age of six months, and it is as fine an animal, to all appearances, as I ever saw. If I put my bitch to the right pound dog (her father) would the get be apt to be small? Ans. The pups are likely to be small on account of the close in-breeding. Early separation from the mother is likely to affect their health more than their size.

113 C. H. W., Hancock, Minn.—I have a water spaniel who has for three weeks past had a habit or yelping whenever he attempted to stool. I gave him a mild bolus, supposing him to be costive, but it only increased his yelping. On examination there is a swelling around his anus. He will allow me to examine him and press on all parts, exhibiting no pain until his tail is raised above his back, which seems to hurt him greatly. I have now given him medicine to stop the action of his bowels. He seems lively and anxious to play, but keeps his back curved and seems restless. He is subject very often to severe fits of shivering, although his kennel is warm. At times he seems to be in pain, but has moaned only once or twice since I have noticed his sickness. Can you tell me of anything to help him? Ans. Probably he has an abscess forming within the rectum or in the soft tissues at the root of the tail. This should be opened early and he should have purges of sulphate of magnesia and castor oil.

114 Flushing.—I have a pointer sixteen months old. He refuses to eat anything in sufficient quantities; he is consequently a skeleton. He seems, when taken out, lively enough. I keep him tied in most of the time, as I am away from home a part of the day. There is always, since he got sick, a quantity of saliva running from his mouth. I have given him castor oil and sulphur at different times. Could you give me a remedy? Ans. The dog needs more exercise and freedom. He may have worms. We advise you to try for them by giving the following vermifuge after a day's fasting: Powdered areca nut, two scruples; santonin, four grains. Castor oil is the best purgative that can be given after a vermifuge.

115 G. F. B. K., Windsor, Conn.—Will you kindly inform me what to do for my dog, whose symptoms are as follows: Paws his ears with great violence, whines cruelly for several minutes, and has a hot, dry nose; his ear (internal) is somewhat inflamed, but not enough so to account for his strange actions. I should mention that his trouble is paroxysmal and all the symptoms disappear at times. Ans. Probably canker of the ear. Physic him on low diet, give occasional free purges of sulphate of magnesia or castor oil, also give a little sulphur with his food once a day and plenty of exercise. Cleanse the ear with warm water once a day.

KENNEL NOTES

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Rex—Mr. Herman Hoops, Philadelphia, Pa., claims the name of Rex for his black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped April 29, 1880, out of Torpin's Fly by Dixon's Hector.

Scott—Mr. T. T. Sawyer, Jr., Boston, Mass., claims the name of Scott for imported Gordon setter dog out of Nellie by Champion Reuben.

Van. Mr. S. E. Holder, New York, claims the name of Van for black and tan foxhound bitch, white breast and feet, whelped October, 1879, by Mr. L. Woodruff's Drive, by Barker's blue dog, by Old Frank and a long line of celebrated dogs. Dam, Echo, a Virginia bitch, out of Dr. Southall's Belle by Ring, and so on from a strain kept perfectly pure for fifty years in this country. Belle was a gray fox dog and Ring a red fox dog. Drive has caught several foxes by himself since he was nine years old.

Bob White—Mr. Henry Bger, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Bob White for his black, white and tan setter dog, whelped January 2, 1881, out of Mr. E. L. Miles' Topsy (Cherry-Skip) by Mr. Babcock's black and tan Gordon setter Sport. Bred by Mr. E. L. Miles, Sag Harbor, N. Y.

Correction.—Mr. Everett Smith, Portland, Maine, claims the name of *Cosette*, not *Cossett*, as erroneously published in last week's issue.

Floss II.—Dr. Jos. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., claims the name of Floss II. for red Irish setter, whelped March 3, 1880, out of Mr. Montgomery's Elsie by Dr. Jarvis' Champion Echo.

June—Dr. Jos. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., claims the name of June for orange and white Gildersleeve bitch, whelped June 5, 1880.

Countess Rose—Mr. Andrew J. Ward, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Countess Rose for his white, black and tan ticked Llewellin setter bitch out of Flirt by Fred.

Blutch II.—Mr. Andrew J. Ward, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Blutch II. for foxhound puppy, seven months old, out of Posey by Blutch.

Slouth—Mr. Andrew J. Ward, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Slouth for foxhound puppy, seven months old, out of Posey by Blutch.

Peggie—Mr. Patrick J. Coffey, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Peggie for his lemon and white setter bitch puppy three months old.

Harry Hay—Mr. W. Henrickhouse, Coshocton, Ohio, claims the name of Harry Hay for liver and white cocker dog pup, whelped January 22, 1881, out of Fanny Fern by Captain. Purchased from the Blue Star Kennels.

Correction.—*Little Dorrit*—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Little Dorrit for wire haired fox terrier bitch, thirteen months old, by Riot out of Dusty. Bred by Mr. C. Burgess, The Grange, Partney, Lincolnshire, England. Little Dorrit is white with black and tan mark on head and is a very game bitch.

[The above claim appeared in issue of March 24. Our printer made it read *white* haired fox terrier instead of *wire* haired fox terrier.]

Jolly—Mr. James Conlisk, Buffalo, N. Y., claims the name of Jolly for imported black and tan English harrier hound dog (Tyrant–Tuneful). Imported by Mr. A. W. Manley, Meaford, Ont., from the kennels of Lord Fitzhardinge, Berkley Castle, Gloucestershire, England, in October, 1877.

Bristol—Mr. James Conlisk, Buffalo, N. Y., claims the name of Bristol for imported harrier hound bitch, white, black and tan (Diamond–Comfort). Purchased in Bristol, England, of Mr. John Sogardon, June, 1877.

Catto—Mr. James Conlisk, Buffalo, N. Y., claims the name of Catto for white, black and tan harrier hound dog, whelped October 16, 1879, out of imported Bristol by imported Jolly.

Ninety-nine—Mr. J. C. Bishop, Monson, Maine, claims the name of Ninety-nine for black and tan fox hound bitch, whelped February 23, 1881, out of Belle (Chase–Fan) by Ben (Driver–Reno).

Julie—Mr. H. A. Clock, Geneva, Iowa, claims the name of Julie, whelped October 27, 1880, out of owner's Irish Countess by owner's Irish Ranger.

Beau—Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, claims the name of Beau for liver colored spaniel imported from Mr. Jacobs' kennels by Kaffir out of Squaw.

Jet—Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, claims the name of Jet for black spaniel bitch imported from Mr. Jacobs' kennels, by Nigger out of Belle.

BRED.

Dolly-Tom—Mr. Fred. A. Taft's Gordon bitch Dolly (half-sister to his Dorr) to Mr. C. T. Bailey's Tom, formerly Doane's Tom.

Gypsey-King—The Essex County Hunts' imported beagle bitch Gypsey to Mr. N. Elmore's King, March 22.

Cossette-Flute Mr. N. Elmore's beagle bitch Cossette (imported Chanter–Beauty) to Flute, March 7.

Sue-Hoot—Mr. N. Elmore's blue mottled foxhound bitch Sue to Hoot, March 7.

——— *Belton*—Messrs. Rockhill Bros.' lemon and white native English setter bitch to Mr. John Bolus' imported field trial setter Belton, March 19.

Dot-Dandy Mr. John Berry's Dot to Mr. John Bolus' Skye terrier Dandy, March 5.

Pet Prince Mr. E. F. Morcelliott's champion English pug Pet to Madame Geistinger's Prince, presented by Queen Victoria.

Skip-Ien—The foxhound bitch Skip (Old Boney–Fan) to Mr. J. C. Bishop's (Monson, Me.) black and tan foxhound Ben (Driver–Reno), March 21.

Ollie-Warwick—Mr. H. W. Gause's (Wilmington Del.) Llewellin setter bitch Ollie (Llewellin's Dan–Petrel) to Warwick.

Kit (Elcho–Bridget Plunkel) to Mr. Sanborn's Brutus (Berkley–June), March 20.

WHELPS.

Nellie—Mr. D. B. Andrews', Hamden, N. Y., cocker spaniel bitch Nellie whelped March 21, six liver colored dog puppies by Moserip's Jupiter.

Rena—The Oxford Kennel Club's (Tilsonburg, Ont.) lemon and white pointer bitch Rena (Sensation–Orgill's Rose) has whelped seven puppies (five dogs and two bitches) by their Chair pion Chippa (Cæsar–Nell).

Border Lilly—Mr. J. E. Fisher's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Border Lily whelped March 19 five puppies (four dogs and one bitch) by Dr. H. F. Aten's champion Glen.

SALES.

Floss-Elsie Whelp. Mr. T. P. Montgomery, Harrisburg, Pa., has sold to Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., the red Irish setter bitch Floss II., out of his Elsie by champion Echo.

Baron Walkdeer—Mr. John P. Banard, Jr., Boston, Mass., has sold to Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, Chicago, Ill., the greyhound dog Baron Walkdeer.

John Kelly—Mr. John P. Banard, Jr., Boston, Mass., has sold to Mr. E. De Renne, New York, the dog John Kelly.

Blossom–Moll III. Whelp—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., has sold to Dr. D. M. Farer, Stratford, Ont., a Gordon setter puppy out of Moll III. by Blossom.

Maida—Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., has sold to Mr. H. G. Jerome, Uncasville, Conn., the eight months old beagle bitch Maida out of Lady by Victor.

Victor-Rena Whelp—Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., has sold to Mr. Dan Stores, Lebanon, N. H., a three months old beagle bitch puppy out of Bess (First Boston, 1878) by Victor.

Sweetheart—Mr. Leon Burgess, Woodstock, Ont., has purchased of Mr. James Conlisk, Buffalo, N. Y., the white, black and tan harrier hound Smalley, whelped October 15, 1879, out of Bristol by Jolly.

Ronnie—Mr. Chas. Baker, Toronto, Ont., has purchased from Mr. James Conlisk, Buffalo, N. Y., the white, black and tan harrier hound bitch Bonnie, whelped Oct 15, 1879, out of Bristol by Jolly.

PRESENTATION.

Garm—Dr. Albert H. Buck, New York City, has presented to Mr. Thomas D. Rich, Eastchester, Westchester Co., N. Y., his English mastiff dog Garm.

IMPORTATION.

Brace of Spaniels Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, has received in good condition, by steamship "Britannic," a pair of spaniels from the kennels of Mr. T. Jacobs, of Newton-Abbott, Devonshire, England. The dog is white, liver colored and is bred out of Squaw by Kaffir. The bitch is pure black and is by Nigger out of Belle.

DEATH.

Eden—Mr. G. S. Murray, St. Thomas, Ont., has lost his Gordon setter Eden either by violence or poison.

Volume 3 of the English Kennel Club's Stud Book will be issued about the end of April.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

The Boston Galleries.—At the Maguolia Gallery the All-Comers' match is really popular. Mr. Arthur is still at the head for 246 in the Forest and Stream match, and Dunn, with 317 in the Pistol match, is the peer. The summary gives the shooting for the week:

All-Comers' Match—Possible 250.

J Merrill	245	C Jones	235
E Harris	243	M Drew	234
C A Maynard	240	R Watters	233
C Abell	240	J Ross	233
O A Gross	240	J B Fellows	233
S Fogg	239	A Law	230
E L Dodge	238	F P Twids	229
J Ames	237	W M Merrill	226
H Mayo	237	H Sinclair	221

Badge Match.

C A Maynard	49 49 50 49 49 49 49 50 49 50—493		
M Drew	48 48 48 49 49 48 48 49 49 49—485		

Forest and Stream Match.

E C Arthur	49 49 49 49 49 49 49 49 49 49—490	W H Farnham	49 48 49 48 47—241
E Harris	48 49 49 49 49—244		

Pistol Match.

C Dunn	101 100 103—317	H Mayo	295
J H Williams	102 103 104—309	Wm Lee	279
J Ames	295	E Wilder	202

The Mammoth Gallery has been patronized during the week, both day and evening. The different rifle associations in the vicinity have all been represented and capital work has been accomplished. A. C. Maynard takes first position with 182 in the Amateur Badge match, followed by Pratt for the same amount—a perfect tie. In the Forest and Stream match W. H. Harrision takes first position for 193. In the Pistol match J. H. Williams heads all comers for the fine showing of 231.

Amateur Badge Match—Possible 200.

A C Maynard	182	G Weymouth	166
M L Pratt	182	W M Norcross	172
Steve Williams	176	J Cobe	162
S B Brown	175	Nichols	162
H Sinclair	170	S Aronson	161
Allen F Kelley	168	A H Nourse	164
F L Shannon	168		

Experts' Match.

Arnold	38 38 39 39 39—193	Williams	37 37 37 37 37—185
Merrill	37 38 38 38 38—189	Bartlett	36 36 37 37 37—183

Forest and Stream Match.

Harrison	38 38 39 39 39—193	Fogg	37
Sherburne	37 38 38 38 38—189	Robinson	36
Arnold	37 38	Goodspeed	36
Ross	37	Hart	36
Bartlett	36	Dally	36

Pistol Match.

Williams	75 78 78—231	Wilder	67 68 70—205
Rabbeth	67 70 71—208		

West Medford, March 18.—The annual meeting and election of officers of the West Medford Shooting Club occurred to-day. The following gentlemen were elected: President, C. M. Barrett; Vice President, W. T. Morse; Treasurer, J. E. Ober. Executive Committee: E. G. Morse, C. H. Parker, J. A. Rockwood: Secretary, W. T. Morse. The interest and membership has increased largely the past year, during which time the club has located a range and erected suitable buildings thereon, which are surpassed by none in the State for trap shooting purposes. The next meeting will be the annual field meeting, which takes place Fast Day, April 9, at 9 o'clock, at their range on College Hill.

BOSTON, Mass., March 26.—The attendance to-day was not large, and it was a disagreeable one for the meet, for a cold, chilly atmosphere, with a northwest wind, impossible to control by the most expert riflemen, kept down the large scores which have been recorded during the past month. The light was good during the major part of the shooting. The long-range men were out, but only shot at 800 yards. Mr. J. F. Rabbeth made the elegant score for the day and conditions in the Record match of 47, followed close by Gould and Arthur for 46 respectively. There were a large number of entries, but only the best finished scores are given :

Record Match (Creedmoor).

Rabbeth	5 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5—48	Curtis	4 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 5—43
Gould	5 5 4 5 4 4 4 5 5 5—46	Howard	5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4—43
Arthur	5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 5—46	Fellows	4 4 5 4 4 5 5 4 5 4—43
Lee	4 5 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 5—45	Dudley	4 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 5 4—43
Conant	5 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 4—44	Borei	5 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4—42

Record Match (Massachusetts Target).

Rabbeth	10 12 12 11 12 11 7—75	Harris	10 9 6 11 10 12 11 9—67
Warren	12 10 9 10 11 10 12—74	Gaines	8 10 12 12 12 8 6—68
Frye	10 9 11 11 10 12 10—73	Gray	8 11 10 9 9 12 10—67
Nichols	12 11 10 11 10 7 12—73	Bent	11 7 10 11 6 11 11—67
George	10 12 11 9 10 10 9—71	Burt	11 11 9 9 6 10 6—62
Francis	9 10 11 11 11 11 8—71		

MEDFORD, Mass., March 23.—The light breeze stirring this afternoon did not affect the scores of the riflemen gathered at Bellevue range and, as will be seen, some good scores were made. Out of the entries we subjoin the seventeen best :

J R Teele	48	J E Henry	43
F L Claflin	47	G C Arnold	45
A C Gould	47	C H Russell	45
G C Arthur	47	E Jamieson	44
H Widdington	47	G Hartwell	43
J Richardson	46	T R Jones	43
A C Gray	46	J Winslow	43
A Whitney	46	L L Fay	41
W Jacobs			

NEW ORLEANS, March 20.—The first shoot for the Parker prize, a silver pitcher, between members of the Orleans Artillery, took place to-day at the Louisiana Rifle Club grounds. The scores were as follows :

Alt. Moss	200 yards	3 2 3 3 3 3 3—20	
	500	2 3 2 4 3 3 0—18	38
W Schroeder	200	3 2 3 4 3 5 2—22	
	500	3 2 0 4 3 3 2—17	39
D Gaerdner	200	3 4 4 3 4 3 5—26	
"	500	3 0 3 4 2 3 5—20	46
aasman	200	3 4 3 2 2 3 3—20	
"	500	2 3 0 3 2 3 4—17	37
sson	200	4 2 3 5 3 2 5—24	
	500	3 2 2 4 3 3 4—19	43

BEACHMONT RANGE, Mass., March 19.—The Schutzen corps held its weekly shoot at Beachmont, to-day. A strong wind from the southeast gave considerable trouble, but, the light being good, excellent scores were made.

Massachusetts Target (Rest).

J H Max	12 12 10 12 11 11 11 10 11 11—111		
C M Guth	11 11 11 11 10 11 10 9 10 10—104		
C Abe	12 9 9 10 12 9 11 10 9 10—101		
G Smith	10 11 8 11 10 10 9 11 9 11—100		
C Allen	9 10 8 12 10 10 11 10 11 8—99		
A Fichtner	10 9 7 4 10 12 10 11 10 12—95		
J Goller	9 11 11 8 10 10 8 8 7 10—92		

Massachusetts Target (Off-hand).

J H Max	12 8 11 11 12 12 11 10 11 11—109		
J Miller	10 10 11 9 10 11 9 10 11 10—101		
C M Guth	11 10 7 11 12 11 5 11 9 11—96		
J C Barrett	10 7 11 8 8 9 12 4 6 10—85		
C Abe	10 7 9 8 7 7 6 11 8—82		
G Smith	8 4 7 11 6 7 11 7 7 10—78		

ALBANY, N. Y., March 17. A goodly number of riflemen were at Rensselaerwyck this afternoon. Two matches were to be shot, a subscription match at 300 yards, and a match at 200 yards, for a Wilkingson reloading machine. Promptly at two o'clock the subscription match was called. The conditions were not favorable for good scores, the light was of the best description, but a strong east wind blew directly in the faces of the marksmen and rendered it very difficult to hold. At the extreme short range distance, under the most favorable conditions, it is a very difficult matter to get a score which will average over centres, yet under the trying conditions of yesterday afternoon, five of the competitors were able to get an average of centres or over, which is a very creditable showing. Nearly all of the marksmen availed themselves of the privilege of re-entering, but the winning score was made by J. L. Miles, on an original entry. The detailed scores were :

Subscription Match, 300 Yards.

J L Miles, Bal S	5 5 4 4 4 5 4—31	W F Miles, S C	3 4 3 5 4 5 4—26
Geiger, R S	3 5 4 5 4 4 5—30	Dexter, S S	4 3 3 4 2 4 4—26
Mahone, Bal S	4 3 5 4 5 4 4—29	Cheever, R M	*2 4 3 2 4 4 4 3—26
Fitch, Bal S	4 5 4 5 4 3 4—29	Sanders, Hep S	3 4 3 3 3 5 5—24
Murphy, S M	*2 3 4 4 3 5 4 3—28	Charles, Bal S	3 4 4 2 3 3 3—22
Carpenter, S M	*2 3 4 3 4 4 4 3—27	Muldoon, Bal S	3 3 3 4 5 3 3—22

*Allowance to military rifles.

At the conclusion of this match the marksmen went to the 200 yards firing point to shoot for the reloading machine. The wind had increased and the light was failing. There was more trouble experienced in holding than in the previous matches. The re-entries were numerous, and, had the conditions been more favorable, we should not have been surprised to have seen more than one full score. In this match, as in the preceding one, James L. Miles again led all other competitors one point and was declared the winner on the good score of twenty-three out of the possible twenty-five points. It was emphatically Miles' day, and his reputation did not suffer.

The detailed scores were :

J L Miles, Bal S	5 5 4 4 5—23	Murphy, S M	5 5 4 4 4—22
Fitch, Bal S	4 4 4 5 5—22	W F Miles, S C	4 4 4 5 4—21
Geiger, R S	5 4 4 5 4—22	Carpenter, Bal S	4 4 4 4 4—20
Mahone, Bal S	4 4 5 5 4—22	Sanders, Hep S	4 5 4 4 4—20
Charles, Bal S	5 4 5 4 4—22	Muldoon, Bal S	3 4 4 3 4—18
Dexter, S S	5 4 5 4 4—22		

TO NEMO.—Will "Nemo," whose communication in regard to small-bore Express rifles appeared in our issue of March 17, please send his address to this office.

THE PISTOL TOURNAMENT—Conlin's gallery, 1,222 Broadway.—The fine display of pistol holding and work which has been going on at this gallery for the past ten weeks closed on Saturday evening last. Throughout the entire match the shooting public have taken an unusal amount of interest in the progress of the contest. The wonderful scores made well merited such attention, for it can be safely claimed that the shooting stands *par excellence* as the match records ever made in public. In some cases the scores are exhibitions of almost perfection itself in skillful marksmanship. The general plan was that the tournament would be held for ten weeks. During each week the championship for a certain style of shooting would be contested and the competitor making the best score to be declared the champion of such style of marksmanship. The contestant making the second best score to win an expert's badge, but in no case could the holder of championship win the expert's badge. The competitor winning the greatest number of championships to be declared the champion of pistol shooting for the year 1881. The following are the conditions and the names of the winners of each of the weekly competitions :

General Conditions.—The contests were open to all comers, any 22-100 calibre pistol allowed, barrel of which not to exceed twelve inches. The competitor to stand free from any rest or brace and to use but one arm, which must be free from any support, brace or rest of any kind.

No. 1. Championship of shooting at string measurement target (the total measurement in inches of each shot from centre of bulls-eye to centre of shot being considered the score); distances, 10, 15 and 20 yds ; 10 shots at each distance.

Wm. M. Chase, winner. Scores : 10 yds., 5 2-8 inches ; 15 yds., 6 2-8 inches ; 20 yds., 9 3-8 inches. Total, 20 7-8 inches.

Championship of shooting at suspended bullets, viz.: ¾-inch bullets, 7 yards ; ½-inch bullets, 10 yards, and ¾-inch bullets, 15 yards ; 10 shots at each distance.

D. A. Davis, winner ; scores, 7 yds., 7, ¾ bullets ; 10 yds., 5, ¾ bullets ; 15 yds., 3, ¾ bullets ; total, 15.

Championship of word shooting, 1, 2, 3, to be shot at ready measurement target (same as used in contest No. 1) ; 10 shots ; distances 10 yards.

Dr. E. T. T. Marsh, winner, score 5¼ inches.

Championship of shooting at swinging objects. The mark was an inch and a quarter wooden ball, swinging distance, 10 yards. The competitor hitting the most consecutive balls to be declared the winner.

Dr. E. T. T. Marsh, winner ; score, 14 consecutive ; Pierre Lorillard, Jr., winner Expert Badge, score 8 consecutive balls.

No. 5. Championship of shooting at ¾-inch bullets suspended ; distance, 10 yards. The competitor hitting the greatest number in 20 shots to be declared the winner.

D. A. Davis and Dr. E. T. T. Marsh "tied," each scoring 12 bullets. Dr. E. T. T. Marsh won on the shoot off. Wm. C. Southwick won the Expert's Badge, scoring 11 bullets.

No. 6. Championship of shooting at Small Objects.—The mark shot at was a medium sized tack ; distance, 7 yards. The competitor hitting the greatest number of tacks in twenty shots to be declared the winner.

Dr. E. T. T. Marsh winner. Score, 13 tacks.

Col. J. J. Dunn, winner Expert Badge, 11 tacks.

N. 7. Championship of shooting at Wimbledon target (one inch bullseye), distance, 10 yards ; ten shots ; highest possible score 50. H. W. Wickhams and Dr. E. T. T. Marsh tied, each scoring 49, but according to the conditions Mr. Wickham wins, Dr. Marsh's target having the wildest shot.

No. 8. Championship of shooting at ¾ inch bullets swinging at least eighteen inches ; distance, 7 yards. The competitor hitting the greatest number of bullets in twenty shots to be declared the winner.

Dr. E. T. T. Marsh, winner. Score, 16 bullets.

D. D. Davis, winner Expert's Badge, 8 bullets.

No. 9. Championship of shooting at aces. The competitor hitting the greatest number of aces in ten shots to be delared the winner.

D. A. Davis, winner. Score, 9 aces.

J. B. Miller, winner Expert's Badge, 5.

No. 10. Championship of shooting at Creedmoor target (1 inch bullseye) ; distance, 15 yards ; 10 shots ; highest possible score 50 points.

In this contest Dr. Marsh and Mr. Davis reached a tie at 48 out of the possible 50, but however this may result Dr. Marsh has carried off the championship. He is a physician of large practice in this city, and enjoys pistol shooting merely as a relaxation from professional duties.

ZETTLER RIFLE GALLERY—207 Bowery.—A match is now in progress at this gallery called the "Blank Target Match," with a number of really valuble prizes. The target is a decided novelty, being so arranged that it appears a perfect blank to the shooter and is furthermore a handicap, giving amateur shooters an even chance with the experts. The number of chances is limited to 200. Open to all comers.—W.

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—699 Broadway.—The shooting in the monthly match for March, 5 shots on ring target, 35 yards ; possible 125 :

H Oehl	120	C Etaynior	115
Wm Kilen	119	Wm Hayes	114
A H Anderson	117	G Joiner	114
Col Riggs	116	F H Harrison	114
G J Seabury	116	F Ronaldson	114
P G Fenning	116		

THE TRAP.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

WANDERERS' CLUB,
PALL MALL, LONDON, S. W.,
March 17.

The competition for the championship of the world, the magnificent cup, value one hundred guineas, presented by the proprietors of the London *Sportsman*, and a sweepstakes of £50 each, with gate money added, was commenced at the Union Club grounds, Hendon, on Monday the 14th and terminated to-day. There were thirteen entries, viz., Dr. Carver, Ira A. Paine, Messrs. Graham, Hadlow, Gordon, Cavendish, Radnor, Turner-Turner, Holledge, Brighton, Carrington, Scott and Beever. The majority of these being shooting names, it was decided that the men should shoot in pairs, the winners of the first heat to shoot against each other in the second round, and so on until the final. It was considered unfortunate that the two Americans should have been pitted against each other in the first round. The inclosed scores will give you the result of the draw, as well as all the rounds, including the final.

The conditions were 12-gauge guns, limited to 8 lbs. weight, 4 drs. of powder and 1¼ oz. of shot. Each competitor to shoot at 50 birds, thirty yards rise, the inclosure to be the boundary (about 60 yards). The two left in for the final to shoot at 100 birds each.

To insure the very best birds, the four great purveyors of blue rocks, Mrs. Offer and Messrs. Hammond (2) and Brown received timely notice from the proprietors of the *Sportsman*, who supplied (and paid for) the birds, to furnish the best Lidcombaire rocks, and better birds were never trapped. The clerk of the weather for once was in good humor, and everything combined to make the meeting a most enjoyable one.

Messrs. Brighton and Graham shot with guns by Messrs. Blissett and Tomes, of Holborn ; Mr. Baker, of Fleet street, supplied those used by Messrs. Radnor and Holledge ; Messrs. Riley provided for Messrs. Carrington and Turner-Turner ; "The Doctor" shot with the Greener he used when he beat Mr. Scott a short time back, and Mr. Ira Paine handled a fine double of Stephen Grant's.

The shooting on the whole was excellent, and in some cases wonderful, notably Scott's clean score of 26 in the final against Carver, the latter winning the cup and first money by a score of 79 to 74. Ira Paine shot indifferently, but he is completely out of practice, not having shot pigeons for two or three years and, as usual, he had dozens of excuses, saying that he had not quite recovered the effects of an overdose of zocodone taken the week before. It is not surprising that he did not show better form.

Mr. Holt, of the *Sportsman*, acted as referee, but his office was almost a sinecure, as he was only called upon once for a decision. The scores stood :

FIRST DAY, MARCH 14.

Brighton	10101 00011 10111 00111 01010 00010 01010 00100 10001 11010—23
Graham	11111 01101 01001 11111 11101 11100 11111 01001 11011 10001—23
Holledge	10001 10101 11111 11111 11111 11111 01110 01111 10111 11110—40.
Radnor	11111 11111 10110 11111 00111 11101 11100 11111 11111 11110—42.
Carrington	11111 11001 11000 11110 10111 11010 11111 11111 11101 01001—37.
Turner-Turner	10110 11011 11110 11011 01101 01110 11101 11110 01101 11111—38.
Paine	01101 11010 01011 00010 11101 01010 11000 11110 10010 01000—25.
Carver	11010 01101 10000 10100 11110 11000 10100 10110 11011 01111—28.

SECOND DAY, MARCH 15.

Hadlow	11111 01110 10000 11000 11010 11110 10011 11110 11110 10111—33.
Gordon	11111 11100 11111 11001 11010 10111 01111 00100 11111 11100—35.
Beever	01111 01100 11111 01010 11011 10001 10100 11010 11111 11110—34.
Scott	01111 11010 01111 01101 11111 10100 10111 11111 01010 01110—35.
Graham	11101 01012 01101 10111 11110 11101 11111 11111 01101 11001—28.
Radnor	10111 11111 01111 10100 11111 11000 11010 01110 11101 10010—34.
Turner-Turner	00111 11001 11100 01101 01101 11111 11010 10011 01111 00111—23.
Carver	00111 01111 10011 11111 10111 00110 11111 11110 11010 11011—28.
Gordon	00111 10110 11001 11001 11111 10011 01101 01111 10111 10110—34.
Cavendish	11000 11110 10110 10011 11000 11111 10011 01101 10110 11001—32.

THIRD DAY, MARCH 16.

Graham	11111 11111 11010 01001 10101 01011 11011 11101 01101 10111—26.
Carver	11010 11101 10100 11101 11111 11011 10111 11100 11111 11111—40.
Gordon	11111 11111 11011 01111 10101 11100 01011 11101 11110 11011—34.
Scott	11111 11101 10111 11011 11011 01011 11111 11100 11101 10111—40.

FINAL HEAT 100 BIRDS EACH.

Carver	01111 00111 11111 11111 11110 10111 11111 10111 00011 11100—30.
Scott	00111 11011 11100 00011 01101 01111 10111 10010 11011—34.
Carver	01111 10011 11111 11110 11111 11111 00011 10101 11171 10111—40.
Scott	11011 11111 11111 11111 11111 11110 01010 11011 00101 01111—40.

THE RIVERTON GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.—The Spring meeting of the Riverton Gun and Rifle Club, open to members of the Narragansett, Maryland, New York, Philadelphia, Long Branch, Orange and Staten Island Gun Clubs, and the Westminster Kennel Club, was held at Riverton, N. J., Friday and Saturday, March 25 and 26. The weather throughout was fine, and a strong wind from the west made the birds nearly all hard drivers. The birds were fast flyers, and often wheshard hit would flutter out of bounds.

For the opening match the entrance fee was five dollars, seven birds ; handicap rise ; amended Hurlingham rules. Ties "miss and out." The first prize, an old English three-handled "loving cup" of hammered silver and forty per cent. of entrance fees was won by Mr. G. C. Carson, of the Philadelphia Gun Club. The second prize, a large polished bronze inkstand and thirty per cent. of entrance fees, was won by Mr. Wallace, of the New York Gun Club. The third prize, a hammered silver cigar lighter made in imitation of an old Roman lamp and twenty per cent. of entrance fees was won by Mr. G. Crump, of the Riverton Gun and Rifle Club.

Following is the score :

Edwards	27 yards	1 0 1 1 0 1 w	—
Carmen	27	1 1 1 1 0 1	— 5
Hammond	28	1 0 1 1 1 0	— 4
G Crump	29	1 1 1 1 * 1—1 1 1—9	
H Bickley	28	1 1 1 1 0 0 1	— 5
Wallace	28	1 1 1 1 1 1—0	— 7
Fishworth	24	1 1 0 1 0 1 1	— 4
G Crump	26	1 0 0 1 1 1 1	— 5
Arnold	30	1 * 1 1 1 0	— 5
Townsend	26	0 1 1 0 1 1 1	— 5
Tevis	27	0 1 1 1 0 *	— 4
H Carson	29	1 1 1 0 1 1—1 0	— 7
A Alexander	28	0 1 * 1 0 w	—
B Meredith	29	0 1 1 1 * 0 1	— 4
Edmunds	30	1 0 1 1 * 1 0	— 4
Minto	27	1 1 * 0 1 1 0	— 4
H Burroughs	27	1 1 0 0 1 0 1	— 4
F P Sands	29	1 1 0 1 1 1—1 1 0	— 8
Burt	23	1 1 0 0 0 1 0	— 3
C Lewis	28	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	— 8
J Burroughs	26	1 0 1 0 1 0 0	— 3
S Williams	28	1 0 0 1 1 1 1	— 5
Col Armstrong	29	1 0 1 1 1 0 1	— 5

*Dead out of bounds.

The next match was at six single birds, handicap rise, three pair of double birds at twenty-five yards rise. This match was commenced Friday afternoon, but birds that were expected not arriving it was postponed after the single birds had been shot until one o'clock Saturday.

The first prize, a piece of bronze presented by General E. Bard Grubb was won by Mr. Arnold, of the Riverton Gun and Rifle Club. The second, a vase, Grecian pattern, of silver, copper and bronze and twenty-five per cent. of the entrance fees, was won by Mr. Edwards, of the Philadelphia Gun Club. The third, a set piece "Game Birds," presented by a member of the Riverton Club, and ten per cent. of entrance fees, was won by Mr. Meredith, of the Riverton Club. The score was as follows :

		Single.	Double.
Hammond	26 yards	0 0 1 1 1 0	1 1 1 1 00— 7
Minto	28	1 1 1 * 1 1	1 1 0 0 00— 7
Clifford	28	0 0 0 0 0 0	0 0 w — 0
Edmunds	30	1 0 1 1 1 0	0 0 1 0 0— 5
F P Sands	29	1 * 1 1 0 0	0 0 w —
Wallace	28	1 1 0 1 0 0	0 1 0 0 w —
C Lewis	25	1 1 1 1 0 1	0 0 1 1 0 —1 8
G R Crump	26	1 0 1 1 0 1	0 1 1 1 0 —1 7
H Burroughs	27	1 * 1 0 1 1	1 0 1 0 1 — 8
S Williams	28	0 1 0 1 1 1	1 0 0 0 w —
F C Arnold	30	1 1 1 0 1 0	1 1 1 1 1—10
Wise	28	0 1 0 1 1 1	0 1 0 0 1— 6
G Crump	29	0 1 1 1 1 1	0 0 w —
B Meredith	29	0 1 1 1 1 1	0 0 1 1 1— 9
Carmen	27	1 0 1 1 1 1	1 1 0 0 00— 7
Roberts	26	0 0 1 0 1 0	0 0 w —
Scott	26	0 1 1 0 1 1	0 0 w —
Edwards	27	1 0 1 1 1 1	0 1 1 1 1—10
Col Armstrong	29	* 1 1 1 1 0	0 1 1 0 0— 7
G C Carson	28	1 1 0 1 1 0	1 0 0 1 w —
Bickley	28	1 1 0 1 1 1	0 w —
Townsend	26	0 1 1 1 0 0	0 0 0 0 w —

The ties of 10 were shot off with the following result :

	Double.	Single.
Arnold	0 0 * 0 11	1 1— 5
Edwards	0 0 0 1 0 0	1 1— 3

The first match on the boards for Saturday was the Visitors Match, resident members of the Riverton Club barred, entrance fee ten dollars, seven birds, handicap rise. The first prize, a bronze group, "The Lion and the Hunter," by Pallot, Paris, an original model, presented by the directors of the Riverton Club, and fifty per cent. of entrance fees, was won by Mr. Wallace, of the New York Gun Club. The second, a Turkish cutlass paperknife, silver and bronze and thirty per cent. of entrance fees, was won by Mr. Zinn, of the Philadelphia Gun Club. The third, a Holsteric barometer in brass frame and twenty per cent. of entrance money, was won by Mr. G. Carson, of the Philadelphia Club.

Following scores are appended :

Minto	28 yards	0 0 1 1 6 1 1	—
Wallace	28	1 1 1 0 1 1—1 0 1	—
Henry	28	0 * 0 w	—
Armstrong	29	0 1 0 0 w	—
Hammond	25	0 1 1 1 1—0	— 5
H Carson	29	1 0 1 0 w	—
Howard	26	0 0 1 1 0 0 w	—
C Lewis	24	0 0 1 0 9 1 w	—
Zinn	28	1 1 1 1 1 1—1 0 0— 8	
Jackson	27	0 0 1 1 1 0	— 4
Arthur	25	0 1 1 1 0 0 1	— 4
Bickley	28	0 1 1 1 0 0 1	— 4
Townsend	26	0 1 1 0 1 1 1	— 5
G Carson	28	1 0 1 0 1 1—1	— 6

The great event of the tournament was the Riverton Cup Match at twenty birds, thirty yards rise, class shooting. The first prize, the Riverton Cup and fifty dollars in money, was won by Mr. Minto, of the Staten Island Club. The second, a field gun, was won by Mr. Howard, of the New York Club; and the third, a hip-pocket flask of sterling silver and twenty-five dollars in money, was won by Mr. F. P. Sands, of the New York Club.

The following are the scores :

Edmunds		1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1—0	—14
Minto		0 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—15
G C Carson		0 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—1 1 0	—16
Hammond		1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	—11 1 0—17
B Meredith		0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—1 0	—14
S Williams		0 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1	— 9
Howard		0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—1 0	—15
Wallace		0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0	— 9
Lewis		0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	— 9
F P Sands		0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	— 9
G R Crump		1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0	— 9
Burroughs		1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0	— 8
Jackson		0 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	— 9
Arnold		0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 w	—
Townsend		1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0	— 9

This ended the meeting the honors being evenly divided all around. Gen. E. B. Grubb refereed the entire shoot, and gave universal satisfaction. All the gentlemen present complimented the Riverton Club on the excellent manner in which the tournament had been managed.

CONEY ISLAND, N. Y., March 25.—A large number of the members of the Red and Gun Club assembled at their shooting grounds here to-day for an afternoon's enjoyment. The principal event was shooting off the ties of the last monthly contest of said club, for a handsome silver napkin ring, between Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Grace and Mr. Dixon, at three birds each. It resulted as follows:

McLaughlin at 21 yards	1 1 3	Dixon at 25 yards	1 1 0—2
Grace at 23 yards	1 1 0—2		

Mr. McLaughlin won the ring. Afterward a match took place between four gentlemen, 20 birds each, in which Mr. Jas. Shevlin astonished himself by killing 19 out of 20 birds at 21 yards.

A match took place at 5 birds between Mr. Grace and Captain Williams, at 23 yards each, both barrels. It resulted as follows:

Williams	1 1 1 0 1—4	Grace	1 0 0 1 1—3

Another match took place between Mr. Kerrigan, Mr. Delmar and Mr. Jas. Duane, at 3 birds each, 21 yards, which turned out as follows:

Delmar	1 1 0—2	Kerrigan	1 0 1—2
Duane	1 1 0—2		

NEWARK, N. J.—The last monthly shoot of the Essex Club showed scores as follows:

Pindell	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Hayes	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 4 5—8
Hill	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1—7	Belcher	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1—7
Rembell	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Palmer	1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0—5
Kinsey	1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 1—5	Keeller	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0—6
Pentz	0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 1—5	Dumar	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Bush	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—8	Watts	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—8
Jones	0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1—7	Bennett	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Brown	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Willergod	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—8

FORT MORRIS, N. Y., March 26.—The regular monthly glass-ball match of the Knickerbocker Gun Club took place to-day on the K. Y. C. grounds, at Port Morris. Fifteen-ball match, rotary trap, handicap rise. The following is the score:

F B Chedsey	25 yards	01111 11011 10111—12
S Chubb	18	10111 11101 01111—12
S C France	26	11110 11110 01110—11
G E Archer	25	11111 01111 11111—14
A Steinke	25	11111 01001 00111—10
W Potter, Jr	25	00110 10011 00111— 8
A A French	25	00101 10010 00111— 7

D. F. CAUGHLAN, Referee.

N. Y. GUN CLUB, March 26.—Seven members of the New York Gun Club were on the grounds of the club at Bergen Point to-day to engage in their favorite sport. The fixed event of the day was the contest for the Barron Trophy, but notice had been issued that owing to the Riverton Gun Club meeting the contest would not take place. Afterasome sweepstakes shooting it was claimed by several members that nothing in the conditions governing the contest for the Barron Trophy allowed or provided for any postponement and it was decided to shoot the contest, all present entering for it. The day was a fair one for the sport, the wind being slightly in favor of the birds, all of which were good, but the scores made were fully up to the average. In the preliminary sweepstakes, each at seven birds, Mr. H. Dexter carried off the stakes in the first and second on a score of six killed in each. In the third Dr. White and Mr. Dunleavy tied on five each, and in shooting off Mr. Dunleavy won by killing one out of two, Dr. White missing both.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 25.—The Raymond club held its regular meet to-day, the attendance being very good, although the day was a poor one for glass-ball shooting, the wind blowing almost a gale during the contest. The first event of the day was a match at ten balls thrown from Cary's double rotary trap, with the following result:

F Raymond	8	J S Sawyer	6
W B Wilbur	8	J Francis	5
D W Locke	7	D Kirkwood	5
C Ellsworth	6		

The second match proved an exciting one and capital work was done considering the climatic changes. The conditions were twenty balls from the Cary rotary trap, eighteen yards rise. The results obtained were first class, as the summary indicates:

W B Witherell	20	A W Core	18
J S Sawyer	19	D W Locke	17
D W Locke	20	J C Morris	13
C Ellsworth	20	J Francis	13
F H Raymond	19	M L Smythe	12
D Kirkwood	19		

The result of the meeting was a team match between Captain Sawyer's and Witherell's teams of three, which resulted in a victory for the Sawyer team, who made a clean score of 29 balls each man, or a total of 60.

TORONTO, March 9.—The Toronto Gun Club had a shoot at snow birds to-day at Woodbine Park, and for many of the marksmen it was a novelty, being so different from pigeon-shooting. Mr. T. Taylor, a very good shot, was suffering from a broken ankle; in fact, the gun had to be carried to him and his crutches held till he shot, which will account for his bad score. It was plucky of him to attend the shoot. The names of the winners of prizes are William Kennedy, first; B. Pearsall, second; James Douglas, third. In tossing off for the fourth and fifth prizes, H. Watson won both. There was little or no wind.

W Villiers	21 yards	10011 01110 11—8	
R Mortimer	18	10110 11010 01—7	
J Young	20	01110 11001 10—7	
Dr W Smith	20	11011 11000 11—7	
A Mercer	18	00011 01101 00—5	
Wm Kennedy	21	11101 11100 11—8	
Thos Taylor	20	00100 00001 10—3	
J Evans	18	01110 00101 11—7	
J James	21	11011 01100 11—8	
A McGregor	20	11011 10000 10—5	
A Beatty	18	10100 00000 11—4	
B Pearsall	20	11111 11110 00—9	
J Leslie, Jr	18	10000 00111 00—4	
S Standland	20	10000 11111 11—8	
A Purse	18	00110 01000 11—6	
J Douglas	20	11100 11011 11—9	
H Watson	21	**111 01111 10—8	

Ties of 9.

W Kennedy, 24 yards	1 1 0 1 —3	J Douglas, 25 yards	0 0 1 0—1
B Pearsall, 23	0 0 1 0 1—2		

Ties of 8.

W Villiers, 26 yards	1 0 1 0 6—2	J James, 26 yards	1 0 0 0 1—2
S Standland, 25	1 0 1 0 0—2	H Watson, 26	1 0 0 1 0—2

Darkness being on, these last four tossed up for fourth and fifth prizes.

LONDON, ENG.—*March* 22.—Dr. Carver, Mr. Scott and Mr. Reeves Smith, manager of the Brighton Aquarium, have entered into the following agreement to-day: Mr. Smith gives a prize of £2,000 to be shot for under the following conditions: Carver and Scott are to shoot at thirty contests, 30,000 glass balls, in as towns of Great Britain Smith may select, the thirty contests to be concluded within two months from the date of the first one. The winner is to receive £1,500 and the loser £500. Smith will supply the glass balls and cartridges and Carver and Scott the guns, traps and assistants.

The Long Island Association will hold a meeting at the Royal Arcannum Room Music Hall, Brooklyn, on Friday evening, April 1, at eight P. M.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

See adv. of reward offered for recovery of a valuable dog.

Holabird Shooting Suits, Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

A chance to obtain a privilege for trout fishing on Long Island is offered in our advertising columns this week.

These old people whose blood have become thin and steps feeble are praising Hop Bitters for the good they have done them.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Yachting and Canoeing.

A NEW CUTTER.

DRISCOLL, of Greenpoint, has commenced work on a fine new cutter for Dr. B. F. Dawson, the lines being furnished by Mr. A. Cary Smith. It is quite amusing to see the old type of Bourbons trying to find courage into the sticklers for racing machines by "talking down" and "writing down" what they flippantly assume to constitute a cutter, utterly oblivious of the whole fleet of such boats now building, their growing popularity and the gradual conformity of even the new sloops to the sound principles upon which the design of the cutter rests. To maintain that a cutter is necessarily "a plank set on edge," excessively narrow, crank and deep, is childish nonsense and stupid pettifogging, by which facts are sought to be discounted and the truth perverted. There is a great deal of nonsense written against cutters by men who ought to know better. Call a beamy ship of moderate draft, excellent accommodations, great stability and good all-round qualities and handy rig a cutter, and a howl is at once raised by the ever faithful. Then again call a fast and handy centerboarder, less accommodations, greater cranki-ness, poor qualities except in smooth water and unhandy rig a sloop, and things are once more lovely, the patriot points to her with pride, and from the pens of soundry esteemed contemporaries the ink flows freely in unctuous platitudes. Why men who ought to know may possess all a yachtsman in America esteems to a higher degree than the second. But the name of the thing condemns her! One is dubbed a cutter, the other a sloop, by common consent, without particular rhyme or reason. Yet the first may be really more of a sloop and the second more nearly a cutter, according to the slipshod reasoning and false standard set up by the superficial and half reasoning we are now taking to task. There seems plenty of room for the display of a little more common sense on the subject, and perhaps these lines will help to check the overflow from many well-meaning but misinformed persons who are sorely grieved lest we all get astride of planks set on edge. The *principles* underlying the design of a cutter are simply these:

Fair beam.
Fair draft.
Easy form.
Easy bilge.
Uncapsizability.
All-round qualities.
Roominess in all directions.
Handy rig.
Moderate draft.
A sailor's outfit.

Now, we should like to know how any person of average sense can lash himself to any one type of which those above form the main characteristics. A yacht possessing the qualities indicated is a craft which will recommend herself to the sailor, to the traveler, to the family, and to that portion of the public in general which does not know the head to be turned by the empty sound of a mere name. That excessively narrow and crank cutters have been built for prize winning in British waters under the farcical tonnage rule in vogue up to a very recent date is quite true. Out of a fleet of 3,500 yachts, a couple of hundred at most belong to the narrow type so harrowing to the soul of the yachtsman who yearns after "comfort," and whose main conception of a successful yacht is to make her as much like a hotel ashore as he can. But why brand 3,300 beamy yachts as "cranky trads" because of the sins of 200, when the 3,300 are known to be safe and able beyond reasonable requirements, while an average quite as stiff as our sloop? We do not expect every one to take to our views kindly at first, or even at all, but the silly, meaningless cry of "crank" and "deep-draft" cutters has no application in point of fact, and we certainly can see no reason for such nonsense and a slight regard for the truth from any one venturing to express a decided opinion one way or the other. The long and short of the whole matter is that to judge cutters as a class by a single narrow racing machine, built to swindle an asinine measurement rule, is just about as sensible as to judge our American yachts by a fourteen-foot brick sloop. They may all be cutters just as they are all sloops, but there is a difference for all that which ought not to escape the notice of any person claiming to be more than the merest tyro at the whole business. Stability is obtained by beam, by weight, by ballast, by keel with ballast thereon in place of a centreboard, and it is easy to understand that with less beam equal stability may be obtained at anything but initial angles—and in practice the latter need receive no consideration, for greater stability than that given by a "begin to talk," combining thereby all the comfort a consumptive hospital patient could ask for, in addition to the very satisfactory feature of safety in a squall or tripping sea and ease in rough water. Give such a boat a single stick and double headsail and she is in principle a cutter, as far as your design is good; stiff, dry, able, weather-driving less water than with a board, and less than the excessively beamy keel sloops of the modern style; comfortable because of ample beam for her length or tonnage, and of good depth as well; a fine ship in a sea way, and that will take you where you want to go and not have to square away for port at every thunder cloud on the horizon; easy to work and easy to steer, and easy to hand; cheap to build and cheap to sail. That is the cutter as she is seen in her true colors, not warped and distorted by silly fanaticism or the want of common sense and the wild, untamed imagination of romancers with the pen, who may never have seen other than one or two faulty copies in home waters. Compared to the cutter in the purity of her design, the dull bottom light draft is the merest machine—a makeshift, a misery toy the man with a sailor's instinct views with compassion if not contempt—a fair-weather butterfly and nothing more. And the yachting public is finding it out as well. We are all building deeper and splitting jibs; a dozen keels are launched to every board; ballast hangs outside; topmasts bouse; step by step we are learning by experience, faster often than our thoughts will follow. Some swim with the tide and others buck against it for a while, but all go down to the sea in the end. We are building cutters without "getting astride of planks set on edge." We are building sensible cutters, boats far preferable to the shingle bottoms, a fair mean between the two extremes exemplified by the English "planks" and the American smooth-water machines. As we rise in the mastery of seamanship, so will we become more kindly to the seaman's craft. But there will always be a fraction who never get beyond the first stages, and who will never learn to esteem the sport in a higher light than that of a big gamble for prizes. The public is probably surprised by this time with the "discussion" of a subject first started by FOREST AND STREAM, but which still furnishes others with a bone to worry on, and we are prepared to abide by the results of future experience. The cutter has been fairly launched in American waters. Those who have built once, we notice, always build them again. Sloopmen may become cutter-men, but those who have not tried the birth of coaxing up a keel with only the little finger on the helm, never- hardy ever—go back to gymnastics at a wheel. But if the cutter question is life or death to our friends on the press, let us ask from them just a little common sense and a sprinkling of the truth in place of romance and fairy tales. The "plank-on-edge" nonsense, the "deep-draft" vagary, the "great-co-t" bugbear and similar cant, ought surely by this time to be thoroughly "played out." Let our friends bear in mind that there are cutters and cutters, and if they do not believe it, look at the lines of the new crop of yachts all down the east, and don't go off half-cocked because they have caricatures of the cutter abroad as we have extravagances of our own sloops at home. Dr. Dawson's new yacht promises to come very near to the principles of design above enunciated in these columns, and we hope in due season she will be fast depends of course upon her individual design and how she is put through by her future skipper. She is to be 54½ ft. over all, 46½ ft. water line, 15 ft. beam; draft, 6 ft. 3 in. She is to have a small board, but this we think will be discarded after a year's trial. Ballast will be 14 tons of lead, of which 6.8s tons will be on the keel. Double headsail of course. No one thinks of a single jib on a boat of any size nowadays. The single jib has been about buried with a lot of other vagaries of the olden times. Mast, deck to cap, 46 ft.; masthead, 9½ ft.; topmast, heel to truck, 32 ft.; boom, 46 ft.; gaff, 30 ft.; bowsprit outboard, 24½ ft. The yacht could have been flush-decked, but Dr. Dawson preferred a small "house," 14 in. high, giving a wide floor and 6 ft. 5 in. head room.

A CRUISE AROUND CAPE COD.

OUR yacht is an able centreboard cabin sloop—25 ft. long over all, 10 ft. beam, and draws 3 ft. water without the board. She is rather heavily sparred for comfortable cruising, unless there is a full crew to handle her sails, which are large enough for racing. In this cockatoo lines were four of us, and being well used to the boat and to each other, and accustomed to doing all the work on board, including cooking, we looked forward to three weeks of rare sport. We had sailed many a race together, and several times had cruised in company, both around the cape, and along the coast of Maine, so that we had no misgivings regarding our social relations, a very important point in a cruise where so much depends on everything going smoothly. The leave of absence of one of our party being limited to ten days, we were anxious to get as far on our return trip as possible before he was obliged to leave us. So we decided to take the first night outside, although we intended after that to sail only by day-light. The boat had been hauled out for a little cleaning and brushing up generally, and everything was put on board and stowed away while she was afloat the day before, and when she was launched at high water we had only to put a few traps on board, get underway, and take advantage of the ebb tide out of Boston harbor.

Saturday, July 10, at 4 A. M., we cast off from the float stage and stood out on the port tack, with a light easterly wind just filling the topsail. When in the strength of the tide we were almost up with Long Island we could just lay out through Broad Sound, and decided to do so instead of heading through the Narrows, as we could not lose much, and could take advantage of a long reach in smooth water to get supper. At 7 o'clock, when we went about outside the shoals, we could just lay our course S. E., which would take us to Highland Light. A twenty-ton cutter, which had left the Point soon after us, was seen a mile to windward, having gone out by way of the Narrows, and like ourselves bound to Provincetown. She was soon walking by us hand over hand, with the wind a trifle southerly. At 9.30 we had Minot's abeam half a mile to leeward, and were again laying our course. The fog now shut down very thick and wet, making it impossible to see a length ahead. As we were directly in the line of travel between Boston and the cape we were naturally anxious regarding steamers, but thought we ran no more risk by pushing along on our course than by crossing their course and trying to get outside them. A sharp lookout was kept, but not a whistle nor a sound of any kind outside our own boat greeted our ears during the night. As the fog continued all night as thick as it could be made, and in addition we had now and then a smart shower, and fifteen minutes or half an hour of dead calm. Sometimes the wind headed us off the course a point or two, and then would fall away as much, so that we judged we should make pretty good. At daybreak a fog horn was heard on the weather bow, but not distinctly enough to count the blasts. We kept on for half an hour, and going about soon heard it again dead ahead, and recognized it as Race Point, kept on our course for an hour or so, and the fog lifted enough to show us the shore five miles south of Race Point. In a bend in the beach nearer the Point several vessels were seen at anchor. At 8 o'clock close-hauled on the starboard tack with the wind fair, and all we wanted with the topsail set. At 10 o'clock, wind S., and freshening so that we had to stow the topsail. Although we seemed to make slow progress against the chop kicked up by the wind, we noticed that we gained rapidly on everything in sight. At 12:15 the wind blew straight along the beach and gave us no advantage on either tack. The sea was now getting rather inconvenient for us, and it was soon evident that a single reef at least was needed in the mainsail. As with less sail we could not hope to get farther than Chatham Bars by dark, and it was sure to come in thick again as soon as the sun went down, we decided to put in there. At 3 o'clock the sky was clear of fog in our vicinity and the wind hauling to westward. Turned in after reefing the mainsail and getting the storm-jib ready in case of emergency. At 11 o'clock the watch called us, and we found the stars shining brightly and a fine breeze blowing N. W. We got under way at once with the short sail, which kept the boat on an even keel and allowed all but the man at the wheel to sleep comfortably. At 2:15, off Nauset beacons, gave her the main jib and raced under the startle sky, the breeze coming over the short sea which we had met under the influence of the southerly current, and filling the hollows, while the chirp of crickets and the occasional call of a sandpiper were the only sounds, save the soft lapping of water along the sides and old J. snoring in the cabin. At the very peep of day we set the whole mainsail to the boom on Chatham Bar, and ran down to Monomoy in just an hour. But the wind was freshening and gave us all we could stagger under, and, seeing the coasters off the Shovelful shortening sail, we hauled in near the beach and kept down about three miles from the land, intending, as we had all day before us, to beat through the sound to Vineyard Haven. When we got out past the Shovelful, however, and felt the full force of the short, deep sea, Vineyard Haven seemed too far off to windward, and too far away for Nantucket. The tide running so hard to windward enabled us to carry the boom well off the port quarter, and more headsail was desirable. So the bobbed jib was stowed in order to get the halliards for the storm-jib, and it was no easy thing to do, the sea being so short and deep that the bowsprit went two feet under in every sea, and the fore deck was flooded. Several times while stowing the jib the man on the bowsprit was lifted high above the trough of the sea, apparently ten feet, and in the same instant sousced down into it above his ears much to our consternation, for had he fallen overboard we could have done precious little to save him. He was a cool hand though, and the storm-jib was soon pulling us along in fine style in spite of the sea. The wind had all the while been getting stronger, and all but the largest vessels in sight were under storm-sail. This is one of the times when we have wished for a cutter rig, but my boat is hardly large enough, and we think, upon the whole, the sloop rig best for her. At 8 o'clock A. M. we were anchored in Nantucket harbor, our friend the cutter bringing up at Oak Bluffs four hours, having passed Monomoy only a short time before us. The wind continued fresh all day and night, moderating at noon on Tuesday, when it moderated and backed to southward. We got underway at 3 o'clock, and outside the harbor had a whole sail breeze until up with Cape Pogue, when it died down to a gentle evening zephyr which panted us slowly across to Oak Bluffs, where we anchored at 9 o'clock. At 7 next morning we were underway and beating slowly through the sound with a light S. W. wind; went through Quick's Hole at 10 o'clock. At 1 o'clock, off Old Cock Spindle, close hauled on the starboard tack, the wind fair, and gave the jib topsail was sent aloft, but was no sooner sheeted home than the topsail carried away at the sheave hole, letting the sail into the water. The gaff topsail remained standing, enough of the topmast being left above the hounds to hold the halliards. It was taken in, the topmast sent on deck, and the signal hoisted for a tug to come ahead. We could just lay the course for Brenton's reef, but when nearly up with the buoy the wind headed us so as to make a short hitch necessary. Came to anchor in Newport harbor at 6:30 near the cutter which had come in in the morning. At noon Thursday got underway and beat down to Bristol, where we anchored off Herreshoff's wharf and had the topmast repaired. When we turned in that night the wind was blowing fresh S. W., and being on a lee shore the big anchor was dropped under foot, although we had no idea of dragging. The next day the S. W. wind increased to a gale and blew the hardest of the season. We rode bowsprit under for twenty-four hours, but this did not interfere with meals, and we were quite comfortable below. The small anchor had been holding perfectly all night, and about noon the cable parted from chating on the bottom, and he fetched up on the big anchor, which was, luckily, already on the bottom, otherwise we should have gone ashore on the rocks before we could have got it over. Sunday morning got underway with a fine run down to Newport, where we anchored at 6 o'clock. Sunday at 10 o'clock, a cutter, underway, intending to run over to Block Island, but when outside the harbor the wind drew ahead and we bore away for New Bedford with the ballooner pulling like a horse. Brought up off the club house at 5 o'clock. Got underway Monday at 10 for a run to bay with a fine S. W. breeze. In trying to get into the basin behind Toby's Island we ran aground and had to wait for flood tide. By the time we had finished dinner, 4 o'clock, we were afloat again and soon beating down the bay, intending to bring up for the night at Quisset harbor, but when we arrived off the village it was too dark to go in and we dropped anchor outside and turned in. The next morning a man hailed us and asked if we wanted to go in, to which we answered no, but before noon accepted having been driven in by a fine S. E. and raining when we got underway for Edgartown and ran along the Naushon shore with all sail. At 7 o'clock we had two reefs down. At 8 went through Quick's Hole, and when hauling on the wind for Lone Rock got a heavy puff from N. W. that knocked us flat and showed plainly that it would be useless to try to beat through the sound against the tide, and we ran back into the Hole and anchored in a small bend in the N. W. shore of Pasque Island, getting as near the beach as seemed safe, in order to make the most of the scant room. It had not been fifteen minutes since we had passed the point, but the wind had increased to a gale and made us glad of even so little shelter. Both anchors were carried out in the tender toward the shore and spread N. and S. to hold against the tide running either way. There was no sea where we had anchored, although at a very short distance from us it was very rough, and it seemed as if we could not have held on in any place but where we were fortunate enough to anchor. A heavy swell hove in from the bay which rolled the boat down to the gunwale, and made it lively for the man who tried to sleep on the transom. The gale continued all day and night, and we were told afterward that it was the heaviest northeaster ever known in July. At 7 o'clock Wednesday morning the wind was still N. E. but moderating, although still blowing hard, and we got under way with close-reefed mainsail and bobbed jib. This sail was not sufficient, and a reef was shaken out of the mainsail and the storm jib set. With this sail we worked by short hitches in the smooth water along the Naushon shore until well up with the N. E. end of the island, which gave us a good stand across, when we set the main jib and ran for Edgartown. We found it very rough off the East Chop, and the wind freshened so that we had all we wanted. The anchor

was dropped in Edgartown harbor at 4 o'clock. One of the party left the boat here, his time having expired, and there were three of us to Chatham, after that four again. Thursday the weather was very unpromising and we remained at anchor. At sunset the sky looked threatening, and at 11 o'clock we had to turn out and get the big anchor over. Friday morning broke bright and pleasant but with no wind. At 10 o'clock we got our anchor and drifted out of the harbor. When off Cape Pogue got a good breeze S. W. which held all day, enabling us to carry gaff topsail and studding sail until up with the Handkerchief, when it got too fresh for kites. We came to anchor in Stage Harbor, Chatham, at 3 o'clock, making the run of 50 miles in just five hours.

We remained at Chatham until Wednesday, Aug. 7, when we got under way and crossed the bay at 7 A. M. with a light S. W. breeze, which soon hauled N. W. and blew pretty fresh, but after awhile settled down to a good whole sail breeze which took us nearly to Highland Light, where we lost the wind for an hour or so, when we got it fresh from the S. W. and ran nearly to Race Point, where we had to lower away everything and anchor for a sharp N. W. thunder squall, which soon passed, leaving a chopping sea and little wind, and it was nearly 9 o'clock before we let go our anchor in Provincetown harbor. Next forenoon saw us standing out past Long Point, heading for Barnstable with the wind still N. W. It was not long however before it headed us, and came light and baffling until 3 o'clock, when we had it steady from S. W. and took in the topsail and beat into Barnstable, anchoring off the old wharf at 6 o'clock. Although we had more than ten feet of water under us, we knew we should be high and dry when the tide went out, and to keep the boat on an even keel she was hauled alongside the wharf and grounded on a smooth bit of sandy bottom and listed toward the wharf, thus allowing us to sleep in comfort. In order to lie afloat in this harbor you have to anchor down near the lighthouse. But we had to coninundate with the village and so went up into the creek. During the night we were awakened by a most terrific thunder shower, which lasted an hour or more, the thunder and lightning being almost continuous and the rain falling in a deluge. In the morning we found that no allowance had been made for the extra rise of the night tide, which was at its height when we went on the sand, and the morning flood did not come within six inches of the water line, so we had to await another night tide to take us off, and then it was too late to get under way, so hauling off to the end of the wharf, where we would be sure to float in the morning, we turned in. At 9:30 Saturday morning we got under way with a piping S. W. breeze, which made a fine show of "white horses" in the bay. The tender was got on deck and things made snug for a run to Marblehead, where we dropped anchor at the head of the harbor just as the sun went down, making a run of about sixty miles in less than ten hours, which we were well pleased with, especially as we were diverted from our course by the threatening appearance of the sky to windward, which made it appear desirable to keep well in toward the land all the way from Plymouth to Scituate. Sunday we beat home against a light S. W. breeze, picking up our moorings at City Point at 5 P. M., and thus ending our delightful three weeks' cruise.

MONOMOY.

YACHTING NEWS.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON.—Upon the retirement of F. C. Sumichrast, Esq., Hon. Secretary of the Squadron ever since its foundation, the following well-deserved compliment was paid to an officer whose untiring work and well-directed zeal has done so much to promote the sport in the Maritime Provinces and to build up the R. N. S. Y. S. to its present flourishing condition. Mr. Butler proposed and Mr. Hedley seconded the following resolution, which was unanimously passed:

Whereas, The office of Secretary in an organization of this kind is of much importance, as that on whom the due discharge of the duties of that office depends in a great measure the prosperity and permanency of the Squadron; the voluntary retirement of our late Hon. Secretary from that position requires that we should acknowledge in a suitable manner our appreciation of the services rendered by him; therefore

Resolved, That we tender to F. C. Sumichrast, Esq., our late Honorary Secretary, the thanks of this Squadron for prompt and faithful discharge of the duties of that office from the formation of the Squadron to the choice of his successor.

To this resolution the club has received with gratification the assurance of continued interest in the Squadron's welfare in this reply to the newly-elected Secretary, Mr. A. C. Edwards:

I beg you will convey to Vice-Commodore Carter, Rear-Commodore West and the members my thanks for this expression of good will, which has much gratified me. I need not say that, although no longer occupying the responsible and onerous office to which you have succeeded, the experience I have acquired therein will always be at the service of the officers and members of the Squadron, to whose success I have devoted myself in the past and whose welfare it will be my privilege to continue to work for as a private member.

Yours, very sincerely, F. C. SUMICHRAST.

IN THREE WEEKS.—We print this week an entire page of yachting and canoeing advertising of more than all our esteemed contemporaries combined, daily and weekly, lay and professional. The trade and the public are learning to appreciate the value of a journal which offers the largest circulation among the classes they wish to reach. We have a letter before us from an advertiser who in three weeks has received nine hundred and ninety-eight letters, including one from Gaboon, West Africa.

OFF FOR A CRUISE.—Com. C. E. Chase has left this city for an extensive canoeing cruise in his canoe Racine. He will take water at Olean, N. Y., run down the Alleghany and Ohio to Cairo, then up the Mississippi and Rock River to Pewaukee; thence by rail to Milwaukee; by steamer across Lake Michigan; then canoe it across the State of Michigan, again take Steamer to Kingston, and paddle down the St. Lawrence, through the Richelieu into Lake Champlain, finally down the Hudson to New York again.

CAMILLE.—This cutter is now in the hands of Kirk, of Chester, for general overhaul, preparatory to an extensive cruise. She has an iron keel. Gunning skiffs are also being overhauled by the same party for an active campaign on the Delaware.

THE YANKEE.—We take the following from our French contemporary *Le Yacht* anent the yacht imported by Mr. Verbrugghe, an active member of the *Cercle de la voile de Paris*: Length over all, 28 ft.; on water line, 23ft. 4in.; 10ft. 3in. beam; 2ft. 5in. deep, built for smooth water racing. Spars, mast, deck to hounds, 34ft.; diameter at deck, 9in.; bowsprit outboard, 21ft.; gaff, 17½ ft.; boom, 34ft.; carries about 740 square yards of canvas, of which one-third is in the jib. She looks handsome. The bow is fine, with an easy hollow; the midship section three-fifths from forward; the stern wide, but well cut up; a little hard, but of excellent bearings. She is to be sailed on the American plan with shifting ballast, but *Le Yacht* does not feel certain that the plan will work well on the Seine river, where short tacks are necessary. It was in 1853 that a boat also built by Kirby was first imported into France and from her model the present French style has been evolved. It will be interesting to observe how these boats compare with this new importation from America nearly thirty years later.

DRAGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Speaking about drags in your last issue, let me give you an item of my experience in sailing a small half-decked yacht on Lake Ontario. I carried a drag made of an iron ring seven inches in diameter, to which a canvas bag four feet long, running to a point, was fastened. The only use made of it was in reefing, when I found that with 30 feet of line paid out it held the boat to the wind splendidly. I have an idea I could ride out a squall or gale with it.—ONTARIO.

VESTA.—This fine, wholesome schooner, one of our few big ones with honest displacement, has been purchased by Mr. F. F. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass. She is to be coppered and overhauled before going East. One by one our best yachts are taking up moorings to the north of Cape Cod and nothing is building to replace them. Why is this? The Vesta only wants a keel to make her one of the best cruisers in America. She is 110 ft. over all, 98.75 ft. on load line, 24.8 ft. beam, 8.6 ft. hold, and 7½ ft. draft without board.

JUNIATA has been bought by Mr. H. Bartals of Philadelphia. She is 80 ft. long, 19 ft. beam and 6½ ft. water without board. In spite of being comparatively narrow she led all the famous beamy shingle bottoms a lively dance during the cruise of the N. Y. Y. C. last year, showing that we have made little or no improvement in speed for a quarter of a century, and effectually belieing the notion that all beam and next to no draft with towering spars is the secret of success. She is to cruise in the West Indies this year.

EAST RIVER YACHT CLUB.—The spring cruise has been fixed for May 22, and the annual regatta for June 6. Time allowance, two minutes to the foot of length. Course from Pottery Reach, Greenpoint, around Gangway buoy and return, finishing off Hunt's dock, opposite Flushing Bay; distance 20 miles. The club proposes to build a new house in April, 35x22 ft., two stories high, to cost about $1,000.

NORTHUMBRIA. This fine English steam yacht has been lying in the Hudson off Hoboken. Her owner, the Earl of Lonsdale, will return to Europe by mail steamer, the yacht following. She is 145 ft. long, 25½ ft. beam and 13 ft. deep, rigged as a three-masted schooner, and carries a crew of 26 hands all told. Speed under steam, 9 knots. She has made twelve under sail and steam both.

EMPIRE YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, Harry Hill; Vice-Commodore, Daniel Urias; Rear-Commodore, John S. Meinut; President, William O. Davis; Secretary, George Young; Treasurer, John Flanell; Measurer, Andrew J. Brush. Regatta Committee—Richard Cullen, John O'Brien, Merrit Hussey, Joseph Northrup, Dennis Sullivan; Steward, William H. Borst.

LYNN YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, E. C. Neal; Vice-Commodore, E. G. Souther; Fleet Captain, J. F. Lee; Secretary, E. M. Frazier; Treasurer, C. H. Clifford; Measurer, C. B. Taylor; Trustees, G. B. Chase, G. H. Cushman, Otis Atwood, Regatta Committee, C. H. Clifford, G. S. Littlefield, J. W. Haines, William Low, Warren Martin.

EASTERN YACHT CLUB.—As intimated in these columns, the E. Y. C. has declined the invitation to meet the N. Y. Y. C. in our harbor, but will make the passage around Cape Cod in squadron and sail in company in the Sound, should the N. Y. Y. C. undertake its customary annual cruise.

SOUTHWARK YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, F. A. A. George; Vice-Commodore, G. Barnes, Jr.; Rear Commodore, W. H. Clymer; Treasurer, Isaac Sharp; Measurer, W. Malsam; Secretary, Jas. Winterbottom. Annual regatta fixed for May 23.

NEW RIVETONNER.—Mr. McCorkell, of Kingston, N. Y., has built a handsome little five-tonner 30 ft. on deck, 25 ft. on L. W. L., with keel and iron shoe. She is smooth built below water and clinker above; very light, but strong in hull, and is to show good speed.

COIL BOILERS.—Parties in this city have built a launch with a coil boiler and forced circulation. We would advise them to be careful lest they infringe certain patents, in which case they are likely to get themselves into trouble.

LOTTIE.—Col. Duryea of Brooklyn has bought the sloop Lottie from Mr. Sheldon, and will hoist the colors of the Atlantic Y. C. The Lottie is 73 ft. on deck, 17 ft. beam and 6 ft. draft, and was built in 1874 by Soule, of Bristol, R. I.

SAPPHO.—This schooner will not race at Nice as expected, but is to go to Australia. She will hereafter be her sailing port, as it is intended to enter her in all the Channel and international matches in English waters.

IRON KEELS.—The sloop Lizzie Warner, of Boston, is receiving an iron shoe of 700 lbs., and the New York sloop Rover will have one of three tons on lead put on by Cash, of Northport, L. I.

FRENCH YACHTING FLAG.—Hereafter French yachts will subw special colors in the shape of a white flag with a tri-color field of blue, white and red vertical bars in the corner.

PHILADELPHIA YACHT CLUB.—Mr. Jas. Brett has purchased the sloop Juniata from Eastern parties. She is 35 ft. long, 14 ft. beam and 4 ft. draft without board.

RESTLESS.—The Restless, recently flagship of the N. Y. Y. C., has been bought by Mr. J. H. Humphrey, and is to receive an overhauling for a cruise to Europe.

ALERT.—This well-known New York sloop has become the property of Mr. Eaton and others of Boston. She is 41 ft. over all, 14 ft. beam and 4 ft. draft.

THE TWO TONNER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your design for two tonner seems about perfect for our lakes. May build one for myself. B.

AMERICA.—This schooner was at Nassau, March 13, and sailed March 26 from Havana for St. Augustine, Fla.

MORE KEELS.—Sloop Cherub, Nautilus, Y. C., of Salem, Mr. Jos Allen, is to receive a 150. keel. Sensible.

GOLD.—The schooner Ionian, Mr. Wasson, Boston, has been altered to a yawl.

A timely use of Hop Bitters will keep a whole family in robust health a year with but little cost.

Answers to Correspondents

☞ **No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.**

R. S. M., S. B., and CONSTANT READER are requested to send their names to this office.

JOHN PRESTON EDGAR.—Your communication was received. Will you kindly send name and address?

FLUSHING is requested to send his name to this office. Attention is called to the notice at the head of this column.

C. A. P., Guelph, Canada.—For articles on dog breaking see issues of FOREST AND STREAM of March 18, April 8, 15, 29 and May 13.

L. T., New York City.—When do you intend to issue FOREST AND STREAM Bird Notes? Ans. The book is now in the printer's hands and will appear shortly. Due notice of its publication will be given.

W. J. L., Attleboro, Mass.—Our reply to your question about map of St. John's River and east and west branches of the Penobscot does injustice to Messrs. Farrar & Hubbard, whose maps cover the region about which you asked. We can furnish them.

MERWIN, Geneva, N. Y.—1. Will it improve the shooting of a gun to pour tallow or oil upon the shot when you put it in the shell? 2. Also, if it would hurt a choke-bore to use a ball the same size as the bore of the gun? Ans. 1. No. 2. Yes. We are glad to hear from you even if you are an S. B.

N. S. M., Rutland.—In your answer to F. B., in your last issue, you say you can furnish maps of the Adirondacks. By whom are the maps published, and are they better or on a larger plan than the one issued by Stoddard in his guide book? Ans. By S. R. Stoddard, Glen's Falls, N. Y. In size they are 23½x28¾ inches.

C. B., Niagara Falls.—Where can I get wild pigeons, or where are they trapped this time of the year. I want to get a few hundred for my taxidermist. I would like the address of parties that trap them in order to get all perfect male birds. Ans. Write to T. Stagg, care Foss Bros., 43 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

W. H. C., Hudson, N. Y.—1. Do well-bred fox terriers ever have dew claws on their hind legs? 2. Is it important that the tail of a fox terrier should be docked for exhibition? Ans. 1. There should be no dew claws behind. 2 No. Although the tails of fox terriers are generally docked there is no rule to disqualify one with his tail *au naturel*.

W. L., New York.—I can spare but a day at a time. Where can I get the most sport in that day fishing, salt water preferred? Ans. Good salt water fishing can be had in May and June at Sheepshead Bay, but below Coney Island; at Sandy Hook or at many points on the L. I. R. R. by engaging boats ahead; also in Newark Bay. Take C. R. R. of N. J., foot of Liberty street, and go to Elizabethport.

GYGES, Montreal.—Can you kindly tell me name and address of manufacturer of jack lamps, dash lamps, etc., so much praised in your columns by an officer of the U. S. army? He said they were used by the transport department of the army and much approved of for their powerful light. I have looked over back files of FOREST AND STREAM, but cannot find article I want. It is not Ferguson, your present advertiser. Ans. What you want is probably the Boudren jack. Address White Manufacturing Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

R. J. H., Hart's Falls, N. Y.—What are the woods called Greenheart and Bethabara, and which is the most desirable for a bass rod? Ans. Both are foreign woods. The former is a greenish-looking wood much in favor in England, but not generally liked here. It comes from Demerara. The latter we don't know anything about except that it comes from Africa. We have never seen it. If it beats ash and lancewood rod it must be good. We have written to Shipley & Co. who advertise in our columns but received no information.

S. R. H., Plainfield, N. J.—1. What would be the probable cost of sending a dozen quail from Gainesville, Fla., by boat? 2. What would be the probable cost of sending the same by rail? 3. Which do you think is the safest? 4. Do they charge by weight or bulk? Ans. 1. The best way to send them by boat would be to put them in charge of the steward and pay him for his trouble. 2. If between 17 and 20 lbs. weight, would cost $4. If from 21 to 30 lbs. would cost $6.50. 3. By rail. 4. By weight.

A. C. E., Fernandina, Fla.—Have you among your books "Key to North American Birds," by Dr. Elliott Coues, or could you put me in the way of getting a second-hand one? I also want to get a case of instruments for taxidermical purposes. Where can I get them most handily? Those I have been using I brought from Europe, and they are worn out and broken. If you know any one who would like to have a fine specimen of a bald eagle (*Haliætus leucocephalus*), I have one stuffed—7 feet 4 inches spread of wings—that I would exchange for the above book and a case of instruments. The body is wood, and can be easily transported from here. Ans. We can furnish the book. The instruments you can get of any dealer in surgical instruments.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fairtreatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—[*Ade.*

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

The Henshall Black Bass Rod.



8 1-4 feet long, 9 ounces weight; anti-friction standing guides; German silver mountings.

PRICE $16. DISCOUNT TO TRADE ONLY.

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TO LET—Thacher's Island, Blue Mountain Lake, Hamilton County, N. Y. Commodious cottage, guide-house, boat-house, including boats, etc. Address Post Office Drawer No. 21, Albany, N. Y.

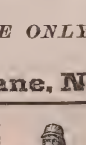
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Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail, $1. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y



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BLUE SUITS, ETC., ETC.



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For muzzle and breech-loading, cylindrical and choke-bore shot-guns. Made to open just short of 60, 70 and 90 yards, giving close pattern and great penetration. 10 and 12 gauge. Send for circular.

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Bird Skins. Glass Eyes.

For Stuffed Birds and Animals

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DIVING DECOY APPARATUS; $1 by mail, $3 per dozen.

CO., Rochester, N. Y

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "camp life," indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

50 *Lithographed* **Chromo Cards,** no 2 alike, **10c.** Name in fancy type. CONN CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

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COMMON-SENSE CHAIRS.



SPORTSMEN, TO HO!

Put away the fine breech-loader,
Well wiped out and oiled with care;
No farther use for it at present,
Game has climbed the legal stair,
Brother sportsmen who are weary,
And have now some time to spare
Enjoying FOREST AND STREAM'S weekly treasures,
You should have a Common Sense Chair.

You will find them almost as "easy" as the top-rail of a fence about 4:30 P. M. of a warm September day. Send for catalogue to F. A. SINCLAIR, Manufacturer, Mottville, N. Y.

FARRAR'S POCKET MAP of Moosehead Lake and the North Maine Wilderness, a valuable companion for the sportsman, hunter and lumberman. Lately corrected and revised, and now acknowledged to be the only correct map of this vast region. Neatly bound in cloth covers. Price, post-paid, by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain Mass.

Wanted.

WANTED.—A second-hand breech-loading shot gun, 12 bore, 30 inch barrel, in perfect order. Address, giving full particulars and lowest cash price, SPORTSMAN, office FOREST AND STREAM. Mar31,1t

For Sale.

SINGLE DUCK GUN, 8 bore, 40 inch bbl., 10½ lbs., bar lock, rebounder, pistol grip, double grip action and very fine. This gun was imported to order by W. W. Greener, and is in splendid condition and a magnificent shooter. Can be seen at HENRY C. SQUIRES', 1 Cortlandt. Mar17,3t

TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND.—Two or three gentlemen can join a small club having lease of a good trout pond, and well built and furnished camp, within 25 miles of New York city. Fine spring and fall shooting in the neighborhood. Address PHŒNIX, 30 Thomas street, New York city. Mar31,1t

FARM AND TROUT PRESERVE for sale in the healthful village of Smithtown Branch, Long Island, one mile from railroad station, 90 acres of land, half level and fertile, half wood and swamp, well drained, with clear running brook. Unsurpassed for the formation of a trout preserve for club or private ownership. Easy terms. FRANK BLYDENBURGH, 66 Pine street, N. Y. Mar24,4t

SECOND HAND.—1 Stephen Grant B. L., 12 bore, 30 inches, 6¾, highest quality; cost $400; in good condition; price $225. 1 W. W. Greener, terbie wedge fast, 10 bore, 30 inch, 8½ lbs. weight, in excellent condition; cost new $250; price $140. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt st. Mar17,3t

LIVE QUAIL.—Forwarded very cheap. W. W. TITUS, Monticello, Fla.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wilderness Illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. John's and Aroostook rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds connected with them. 256 pages, 30 illustrations and large map. Tinted paper, illuminated covers. Price, by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cress in one-half peck baskets, cut fresh every morning, and delivered in New York city between 9:30 and 12 o'clock at any point below Twenty-third street, at 50 cents per basket. We have constantly on hand, in our ponds, Brook Trout, from the egg to three years old, all sizes, for stocking private ponds or streams. Can supply private parties, hotels or restaurants in New York to a limited extent with fresh brook trout in their season every morning, leaving our ponds at 6 A. M. and arriving at New York at 9:30 same morning. further information apply to

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COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, henery, etc.; two acres lawn; fruit and shade trees. Price $6,500; cost $11,000; $1,500 cash. For sale or to let, house 173 Griffith St., Jersey City Heights. For sale six acres near two railroads, Closter, N. J. For sale 9 acres on western slope of the Palisades, Tenafly, N. J. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBUR, 40 Fulton Street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Mar10,tf

FOR SALE.—One Remington target rifle, 40–50 tangier peep, wind gauge level, loading tools; $20. F. H. PARKER, Ashburnham, Mass. Mar31,2t

The Kennel.

$25 REWARD.—Lost at Grand Central Depot, New York, Feb. 19, a native bred setter dog, black head and ears, white star in forehead, nose and muzzle grey; one large black patch on right side, back of fore shoulder, rest of body spotted black and white. The above reward will be paid for his return, and any information which may lead to his recovery will be liberally rewarded. Address "LYMAN," Revere House, New York. Mar31,1t

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Loustic, Leicester, Limerick, Libuah, Launcelot, Lona, Sydney, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar31,1t

BEAGLES FOR SALE.—Lottie and Charlie; black, tan and white; three years old; winners first and second prizes, New York, 1879. Address F. G. HALLOCK, Saranac Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y. Mar31,1t

FOR SALE VERY CHEAP.—One brace of very choice pointer bitches, 4 months old, Champion Sensation stock. Also, lemon and white pointer dog, five years old; staunch on all game. Would exchange for handsome Llewellin setter bitch or breech loading shot. LOCK BOX 237, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Mar31,1t

FOR EXCHANGE.—Game fowls bred especially for the pit. For beagles, dachshunds or fox hounds, address BOX 763, Mt. Vernon, O. Mar31,1t

ST. BERNARD.—Imported dog Rex, 14 months old, weighs 120 lbs., and will weigh more when filled out; fine watch dog and clean with children. Address BEACON KENNEL, 23 Myrtle street, Boston, Mass. Mar31,1t

FOR SALE.—Cocker spaniel dog, 1 year old, bred by M. P. McKoon, Franklin, N. Y., black and black and white ticked, 19 inches high, weighs 30 lbs; handsome, intelligent and active; all right every way; sold for no fault; full pedigree furnished. Price, $15. C. H. STOKES, Lebanon, N. H. Mar31,1t

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Price $3 50.

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The Kennel.

FOR SALE.—THE BLUE STAR COCKER SPANIEL BREEDING KENNEL.—I will sell reasonably, owing to poor health and increase of private business cares, which will call for all the spare time I care to give in the future, and also enable me to complete my unfinished work on breeding, breaking and management of Spaniels for American Sportsmen. Therefore I offer as above my Kennel stock, all accessories, together with Kennel name and good-will, to any one having the taste and competent to carry on the good work well. The demand for this breed is immense. Over five hundred pups would have been sold last year (1880) from this Kennel had we had them. My price, $4000, is extremely low, considering its well established reputation and lucrative facilities. I will give all time and advice required, gratis, to the successor. One having breeding experience is preferred, and would like to hand over before June next. Only parties meaning business need apply. M. P. MCKOON, Proprietor, The Blue Star Kennel, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. Mar10,tf

THE FASHION KENNELS offer for sale or exchange the following stock: Rivet, fox terrier dog, 13 months old, white with even black-and-tan head, bred by Wormsley of Liverpool; he is by Forger out of Fanny; price $25. Little Dorrit, wire-haired fox terrier bitch, white with black-and-tan mark on head, 13 months old, bred by C. Burgess, Lincolnshire England; price $20. Carlo Kirke, liver-and-white cocker dog, 9 months old, by Whitman's Carlo, out of Ello Kirke; price $20. Luke Schoolcraft, bull terrier, white with brindle mark on head, body and tail; good on all points; kind, and fit to win on the bench; price $20. Carlo, liver, white-and-tan setter; said to be trained; two years old, and very fond of gun; price $20. I will exchange any of the above stock for fine black, black and tan, or red and white cocker spaniel bitches, or one stud dog. The above stock has each a full pedigree except the setter, and his sire only is known. Address J. H. WINSLOW, P. O. Box 472, Baltimore, Md. Mar24,2t

FOR SALE—Red Irish Setter Dog, Imp. Grinsa, by Moore's Rufus ex Twiggy's Kate, 2nd prize, Dublin, 1877; Rufus, by Palmerston ex The Queen; Kate, by Patsy (a Palmerston) ex Moore's Flora, dam of Mina and several other champion and prize bitches. Grinsa won 2nd open class and V.H.C. champion class, Baltimore, 1878, when but 12 mos. old. Only time ever shown.

Red Irish Setter Bitch Rosina by Imp. Grinsa ex Imp. Bella; Bella, by Dr. Boyd's Patsy ex C. Moore's Bell; Bell, by C. Moore's Old Shot (father of Palmerston) ex Old Kate. Both the above dogs were thoroughly broken by Mr. Gladson, now with Mr. Orgill. Also the Chesapeake Bay dog Greek, by Mr. Jno. Stewart's Turk ex Mr. Martinet's bitch. Address GEORGE BROWN, No 4 Exchange Place, Baltimore, Md. mar17,4t

FOR SALE, the elegant black-and-tan Gordon setter stud dog, St. Laurent. First prize winner New York Bench Show; full pedigree; is thoroughly broken on all game and is sure in the field. Also two beautiful red Irish setter bitch puppies by Rory O'More, out of Beesey, and she by Miley's imported York, out of Dittendorfer's Bess. They are four months old, of a deep red, except a few white hairs on breast. Price of pups, $25 each. Also my red Irish setter bitch Beesey, by Miley's imported York, out of Dittendorfer's Bess; is three years old; deep red; is thoroughly broken on all game; is second to none in the field and a perfect retriever. For further information on any or all of above, address R. RUSHMORE, 70 and 72 Bowery, N. Y. Mar24,2t

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FOR SALE—One extra fine, high-bred pointer dog, 10 months old; price $50. Also three bitch pups, highly bred and handsome, 3 months old; $10 each. JOHN L. MARTIN, Milford, Mass. Mar17,6t

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for $1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec30,tf

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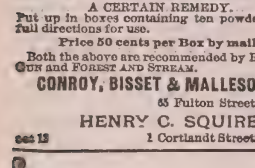
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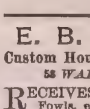
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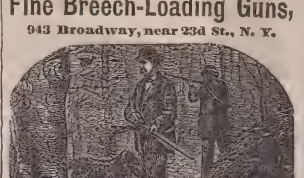
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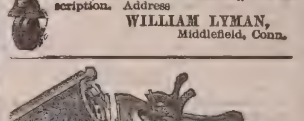
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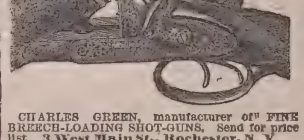
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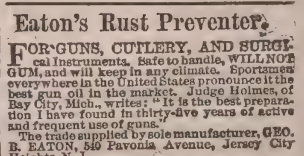
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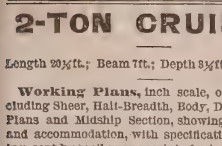
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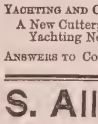
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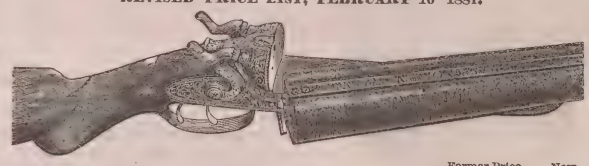
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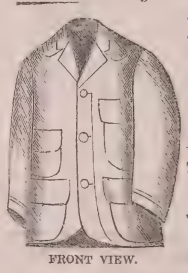
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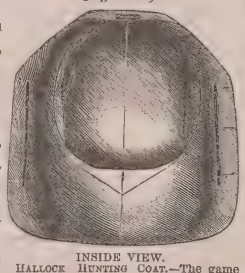
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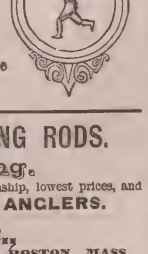
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FOREST AND STREAM & ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, April 7.

THE SPRING SNIPE SHOOTING.

IT is time for the snipe to arrive. For three months our dogs have had nothing to do; now, for two or three weeks, they can have a little work. All of our readers who shoot have looked forward for weeks to the coming of the snipe. The guns have been carefully looked over, cleaned and oiled, the shells loaded, the long boots dragged out from their hiding place and examined to see that they don't leak, and the dogs given an extra amount of exercise to wear off some of the fat that they have accumulated during their enforced idleness, and to harden their muscles for the severe exertion of trotting all day over the bogs and through the mud and water. For the next three weeks the meadows will be thronged with shooting men of all sorts and descriptions. If you choose to visit these meadows, you shall see, on any day during the remainder of April, an army of skirmishers who have vowed death to the unlucky snipe. There you will find the man accoutred in yellow leather leggings, white corduroy pants, a green hunting-coat and a fancy cap, who bears a gun bright with German silver mountings, carries a fringed game bag swung over his shoulder and is followed by a rabbit hound. You will find, too, the dandy, clad in velveteen, with English high-laced boots, whose gun is of the most recent and improved make, and who is followed by, or rather around whom plays in circles half a mile in diameter, a well-bred pointer or setter, so wild and so little under command that it chases up every bird on the ground long before the gunner comes within shot. Mingled with these are the more sober-minded shooters, who, in long boots and quiet, well-worn suits of canvas, moleskin or fustian, handle their more or less well-broken dogs with a considerable degree of intelligence, and give a good account of themselves at the end of the day's tramp. Besides these men, there is the old fellow who carries usually a muzzle-loader, whose rags flutter wildly in the wind, and whom, but for his gun and dog, you would certainly take for a tramp. This man scarcely speaks to his dog, and his dog hardly looks at him, but between them they find more birds than all the rest of the shooters put together; and the snipe that gets up within range of the old man has a marvellously small chance for life.

Our green-coated hunter, if he has good luck, returns home from his snipe-shooting with a mud-hen, a spotted turtle and a musk rat, which he found swimming in a creek in the meadow, and which, after it was wounded, his hound retrieved in excellent style. The dandy has even less to show, for he disdains the turtle and the musk-rat, and has nothing but one snipe, wounded by some one the day before, and to-day picked up and somewhat mangled by the dog, from which he recovered it after a sharp struggle. The others have each three or four birds, while the old ragman has, likely enough, fifteen or twenty.

Snipe shooting on the best known meadows here in the East is no longer sport. It has become a circus performance, in which each one who carries a gun acts the part of clown. The grounds are crowded, and if a dog makes a point you see men hurrying from all directions to surround the bird, each one fondly hoping that when it rises, it may fly toward him. The ground, having been thoroughly beaten over by the shooters, a portion depart for other meadows, while others, more lazy or more knowing, proceed to roost on the fences, the logs or the musk-rat houses, near the best feeding spots in the hope that during the day other birds may drop in. Should an unlucky snipe, startled from another piece, appear in the heavens, each man of the waiting multitude hastily seeks ambush behind his late seat, and if the bird alights, a wild rush is made for the spot he has chosen for his refuge. It is go as you please in very truth, and when the unhappy bird arises, pounds of shot are sent after him by his panting and breathless pursuers.

There are many pieces of meadow or bog land, however—each of our readers probably knows of one or more and jealously guards the secret of its existence—where a few birds are to be found each season. One can go in the morning and start from one to three birds, and again toward night with a reasonable hope of picking up one or two more. The spot is probably a small one, and we know just where the the birds will be lying, according to the wind and the weather. The old dog trots carelessly, as a matter of form, through the portions where the birds never lie, and as he approaches the well-known feeding-ground, gradually slackens his pace. He takes advantage of the wind, and at the first breath of the scent stops until we come up. Then, slowly advancing and keeping just in front of us, he moves on a little farther, and stops once more. We step forward, and one, two or three birds get up. We kill what we can of them, and usually they can all be secured, and then pass on to some other ground. If we get a dozen birds and meet no one during the day we feel that we have done well, and go home at night contented.

Far different is the shooting in the West and Southwest, where a man can bag from fifty to seventy-five birds in a day. But, alas! the West and Southwest are far off, and the snipe is proverbially an uncertain bird, so that the business or professional man has but little encouragement to travel far for the spring shooting. Yet there are undoubtedly many localities which offer superb sport at this season of the year, but those who know where such places are as a rule keep the information to themselves.

The practice of shooting the snipe in spring is one which, in our opinion, is unhesitatingly to be condemned. We know well enough the old and worn out arguments in its favor: that the snipe are the only birds on which we can work our young dogs in spring; that they are the only birds we have which can be shot in the field between the close of the fall shooting and its opening the following year; but these statements are no reply to the undeniable fact that the birds are killed while on the way to their breeding grounds—nay, in some instances on their very breeding grounds, and often with eggs almost ready for deposition. These birds have been found nesting in Connecticut, New York and in Pennsylvania, and it is in the highest degree probable that, were it not for the uncompromising war which is waged up on them in the spring, many of them would each year raise their broods with us instead of, as now most of them do seeking safety from persecution in more northern latitudes.

We hope some day to see the game laws so amended that snipe shooting shall only be permitted during the fall migration, and when such a law is passed and observed we look to see the birds increase once more to something like their old numbers.

Most of our readers are old enough to remember when these birds were fairly plenty on our Eastern grounds, both in spring and fall. That day has long passed, nor can we hope for its return until the spring snipe shooting is done away with.

THE FISHCULTURAL DINNER.

FOR some years past it has been the custom to have a dinner at the close of the annual meeting of the American Fishcultural Association, at which dishes composed of such fishes as are attainable shall form a large proportion of the bill of fare. These dinners have obtained such a local renown for the quality of their menu and for their flow of wit that they are quite popular among gentlemen outside the association, and so it happens that on all occasions the latter outnumber the fishculturists. This year the notices read "Dinner of the American Fishcultural Association, at Sieghortner's, 32 Lafayette Place, Thursday, March 31, 1881, at 6:30 P. M. (Tickets, five dollars.)"

At seven about thirty-five sat down and found an elegant card with the same beautiful chromos on the covers which were designed for Mr. Blackford's trout opening, on the inside of which was the following:

MENU.

HUITRES.
Blue points.
Sauterne.

POTAGES.
Blondoise de tortue a la grande duchesse.
Bisque d'ecrevisses, cardinal.
Amontillado.

HORS D'OEUVRE.
Ravioles of hard clams a la Grimod.
Whitebait a la diable.

RELEVES.
Raie au beurre noir.
Niersteiner.
Redsnapper a la Windsor.
Filet de bœuf piqué a la Duc de Montebello.
St. Estephe.
Moyonnaise de crevettes. Salade a la russe.
Pommes noyuelles. Asperges.
Concombres. Tomates. Radis

ENTREES.
Grenadins of chicken halibut a la Robespierre.
Pompano saute et glace en surprise.(?)
Muscalonge au soleil.

PIECES FROIDES.
Aspic de carpe monte a la Neptune.
Grande piece de saumon en mayonnaise a l'artique.
Nierstelner.

ROTIS.
Striped bass piquee et farcie a la normande.
Shad baked a la maitre d'hotel.
English snipe sur canape.
Cresson. Salade de laitue.
Pommery sec.

DESSERT.
Glace Napolitaine. Sorbet Americain.
Petits fours. Gateaux d'amandes.
Fruits. Dessert assortis.
Cafe.

Mr. Roosevelt, President of the Association, presided, flanked by Profs. Goode and Atwater, while Mr. John Ford, of the Times and the Ichthyophagous Club; Mr. Blackford, of the Whitebait Association; Mr. W. M. Laffan, of the Tile Club and Long Island R. R.; ex-Mayor Smith Ely; Judge Gedney; Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell and Mr. E. R. Wilbur, of FOREST AND STREAM; Mr. Gilbert E. Jones, New York *Times;* Mr. James Annin, Jr., Rec. Sec. Am. Fiscult. Ass'n; Capt. J. H. Mortimer, the sailor naturalist; Mr. Charles B. Evarts and Mr. F. Mather, of the Ass'n; and Messrs. C. Norwood, Jr., R. B. Hill, Douglas Smythe, G. W. Van Siclen, W. Ottman, C. L. Van Brunt, Mr. Embee, O. N. Jordan, J. L. Perley, Gaston L. Feuardent, W. Haveshaw and several gentlemen from the press. Little of note occurred until *Raie au beurre noir* was reached, when some gentleman of an ichthyological turn discovered that *Raie* was only another word for skate, and those to whom the dish was new approached it with caution which was soon laid aside, and all pronounced it "good," some adding "excellent," and others indulging in other superlatives, while three gentlemen asked the waiters for another piece. With the advent of the almon the President arose and said the Fishcultural Association was now ten years old and its record was a proud one. The United States Fish Commission had grown out of it. Ten million salmon had been brought from California and planted in Eastern waters, and think of the good dinners in ten

million salmon! While he was in Congress he had advocated the propagation of fish, and James A. Garfield had voted to carry on the work. Now Garfield is President of the United States and the speaker is president of the Fishcultural Association. If part of the work of the association is to find presidents we can supply them for ages to come. Before the advent of the Smithsonian in fishculture we all knew a little ichthyology, but now they make new names so fast that we can't keep up, and he would call on Prof. Goode to give us the latest atrocity in nomenclature.

Prof. Goode said that perhaps the President would be best pleased with the restoration of the Russian name for the California salmon, which was now *Onc rhynchus t-s-c-h-a-v-a-t-c-h-a* (we hope we do not mistake the spelling), and he would leave the gentleman to pronounce it as he chose.

Mr. Fenardent caught the word "restoration," and immediately bethought him of the Cesnola statues, but his mistake was kindly corrected when the President remarked that while on the subject of words he would say that a gentleman had proposed a new Greek word for a class of fishes to-day, at the fishcultural meeting, which the author got stuck in pronouncing, and he now called on Mr. Mather to tell what it was and what it really meant. The gentleman referred to stated that it was late in the day to remember Greek words said in the morning, but that if the word was Greek to the worthy President, he would assure the members that it was also Greek to him. Mr. Hill was called on to know what relation the Long Island Railroad bore to fishculture, and replied that it was built entirely to afford facilities for this association to go a-fishing, and to bring skates to the President of the Ichthyophagous club, and referred to Mr. Laffan for confirmation. Mr. Laffan stated that his principal duties on that road had been to refuse passes to the President of the Fishcultural and his friends; that he had more than earned his salary during the past year and had been promised an assistant.

Judge Gedney rose to inquire if the skate which had been eaten to-night was of the roller or parlor variety; and from this time until 11:30 the wit flashed with such brilliancy that Seighorner turned down the gas in order that the fire department might not be called out, and our eyes were dazzled so that it was no longer possible to take notes. We remember, however, that Mr. Evarts spoke of the excellence of Vermont trout; and that Mayor Ely was called to account for the great numbers of little eels, after which the "good nights" were said and all retired to dream of skates eating chicken halibut on the half shell, or blue points pointing at the young eels which were running down the President's chair-back.

PROTECTION OF INTRODUCED GAME.

We print below the full text of a bill passed at the last session of the New Jersey Legislature and approved by the Governor, March 7, 1881. Such a law has been greatly needed by those interested in game protection, who have heretofore, when they turned out these birds, had no security that even the breeders let loose by them would not be shot or trapped by selfish or pot-hunting individuals.

The step taken by the New Jersey Legislature is in the right direction, and all friends of game protection will feel encouraged at the action taken by this body. It is earnestly to be hoped that other States will follow in the footsteps of New Jersey, and that at no distant day we may feel confident that birds not indigenous to the East may, at least, have a fair chance to establish themselves here before they become objects of pursuit to the sportsman.

The text of the bill referred to is as follows:

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

An Act to Protect and Propagate Grouse or Prairie Fowl.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That where any person or game club shall, at their own expense, procure any grouse or prairie fowl, and turn out the same upon his or their lands or game preserve, and the same or their offspring shall stray or go upon the lands of others, it shall not be lawful for any person other than the owner of said lands or member of said game club to shoot any grouse or prairie fowl, and no person shall trap or catch the same.

2. And be it enacted, That any person other than those authorized by section one, shooting grouse or prairie fowl, or found catching with trap or any other device, any grouse or prairie fowl shall, upon proof and conviction thereof, before any justice of the peace of the county wherein the offense was committed, or any other court of competent jurisdiction, pay to the treasurer, for the use of said game club, or to the person turning out the same, as the case may be, for every such grouse or prairie fowl the sum of ten dollars, with cost of suit, or an imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding three months, or both, at the discretion of the court.

3. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful for any person to kill, by gun or in any other manner, any grouse or prairie fowl, between the first day of December and the fifteenth day of October, yearly and every year; every person so offending shall be subject to the penalties named in section two of this act.

4. And be it enacted, That every member of any association or organized game club in this State, turning out any grouse or prairie fowl upon their lands or game preserve, shall be and are hereby empowered to prosecute, either in his own individual name or the name of the game club of which he is a member, for the penalties above prescribed for the violations of the provisions of this act.

5. And be it enacted, That this act shall continue in force for a period of five years.

6. And be it enacted, That this shall be deemed a public act and take effect immediately.

ALL OF OUR READERS will peruse with interest the very full and exhaustive account of brant shooting on the Massachusetts coast which we publish this week. The author is an old brant shooter, and is thoroughly familiar with the particular phase of this sport which he describes, and no one could speak more authoratively on the subject than he.

The Monomoy Branting Club is certainly to be congratulated on its prosperous condition, and on the excellent sport which its members enjoy.

THE FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—We give this week merely a synopsis of the proceedings of the late meeting, but will give a full report of the transactions, papers and debates in future issues. It was one of the most agreeable meetings which the association has ever held, and the character of the papers read was fully equal to that of any previous meeting. The papers by Profs. Goode and Atwater were exceedingly valuable.

Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.

The Sportsman Tourist.

BRANT-SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.

WITH A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MONOMOY BRANTING CLUB.

BRANT-SHOOTING is a peculiar kind of sport that but few have indulged in. There are many obstacles in the way. The haunts of the birds are few and isolated, their feeding grounds limited, their sojourn brief; nor can any degree of success be achieved without the proper appliances, such as a house to live in, boats, boxes, bars, live decoys and a skillful hand to manipulate them. When, however, all these are attained no spring shooting on the coast of New England gives greater satisfaction or better rewards the energy and skill of the sportsman. The birds are large, numerous and, gastronomically, have no superiors. This little goose must not, however, be confounded with the brant of the West. In some of the States almost anything in the shape of a goose is called "brant." Our bird—*Anser bernicla* and *Bernicla brenta*, Steph.—weighs about three and a half pounds. But they are not distributed universally along the Atlantic shores as are Canada geese, black ducks, coot and other aquatic birds. At the easterly end of Massachusetts is the nice, old-fashioned town of Chatham, and some three miles away to the southward of this is the island of Monomoy, a mere belt of sand running still further southward about six miles. Almost the whole of Cape Cod is composed of a granulated silicious sand which has great mobility in wind or water. Monomy shares the common heritage of the cape and her sister isles. Had Rip Van Winkle fallen asleep on Cape Cod in place of Kaatskill he would on waking have found the harbor, channels and islands metamorphosed as thoroughly as the people. Not many years since the bar or island of which we are speaking had a ship channel between it and another similar bar, Nauset, through which the commerce of the town was carried on. Subsequently a shifting current filled the channel with this moveable sand, connected the bars and closed the entrance to the inner harbor. Still later, during a severe easterly storm, a crevasse near the town was made in the outer bar which has since so widened as to allow the tide to ebb and flow through it. This change of current has not only chafed and fretted away the hill upon which stood the government lighthouse, compelling its removal, but also washed away the wharves, filled the channel and ruined the remnant of commerce that was left to the unfortunate town. What strikes one as most singular at this place is that at a depth of some fifty feet below the foundation of said lighthouse, where the hill has been cut away by the action of water, the stumps of large trees, quite unlike any forest growth of the present day in the vicinity, are exposed to view. Overlying these stumps is a stratum of clay which has the appearance of being hardened into rock by the pressure of the sup rincumbent mass of sand or some other cause. Similar instances of large stumps still remaining in salt marshes occur at Hingham and other places along the coast. Of course these large trees did not grow in salt water. Whether the erosive waves have destroyed the barriers that warded these denizens of the forest or the whole coast is more depressed than formerly, we leave to the researches of the archæologists to determine.

Facing eastward from Monomoy one sees the broad Atlantic where "they on the trading flood ply, stemming nightly toward the pole." It is no uncommon occurrence for a fleet of a hundred sail to be seen at anchor or struggling against wind or tide to reach a port, and many a gallant ship has been wrested from her course by the storm king and tossed upon the beach as a mere toy. After an easterly gale one of the objects of intense interest to tourists is the matchless grandeur of the spectacle of "hills of seas Olympus high" that dash themselves in thunder upon this sand bar, again and again to be absorbed in the bosom of the reluctant wave. On the westerly side of the island, stretching up and down some miles, is what is called "Chatham Great Flats," over which the water flows, varying from two feet to almost nothing according as it is full or neap tide. Adjoining these flats on the southerly or westerly side is deep, blue water where grows an immense quantity of common eel grass (*Zostera marina*) upon which the brant feed; and this is the great feeding ground for these birds on Cape Cod. So attractive is this locality that thousands of these little *Anserina* assemble here every spring to "feed and batten" preparatory to the long journey *via* Prince Edward's Island to their breeding grounds at or near the North Pole. It will be understood the marine vegetable that proves so savory a morsel to the brant grows in water five or six feet deep at high tide, and as these birds are not divers they can only feed at low or nearly low tide. Then as the flood tide drives them from their feeding grounds, particularly when it is breezy, the birds become uneasy and scatter about in little "pods" or flocks, evidently seeking other feeding grounds or more comfortable quarters where they can rest till the tide ebbs so they can return to the feast. It is during this period—from about half flood to half ebb tide—that the brant are flitting about over the flats and are liable to catch sight of and be lured to the decoys; and it is during these four or five hours each day that the shooting is done. The time for the brant to arrive from the South in spring varies considerably; in fact, none of the swimming birds—*Natatores*—are as punctual on time as are the waders or *Grallatores*. A warm, forward spring brings along the brant in considerable numbers by the 1st of March; whereas, a backward season will hardly make good shooting before the end of that month, and by the 25th of April so few remain as to offer the sportsman no inducement to pursue them further, though it is quite probable a few straggling flocks may be seen as late as the 1st or even the 10th of May. During this period they are constantly coming and going, especially when the wind is to the southward and westward. It will be readily observed that the shooting season at best only extends over a period of four or five weeks. They rarely stop at this place in autumn on their way South, and if they do are not fat or fit for table use. The birds on arriving in the spring enter the bay from the West in flocks or gaggles—varying from a few individuals up to several hundred—at no great distance from the mainland, sometimes passing directly over not deigning to stop even though their food is abundantly spread out before them, and thousands of their less suspicious brethren are feeding there, while other flocks will gradually lower themselves down, swing round once or twice, then plunge into the liquid element. All the migratory birds that follow the coast line must of necessity pass this point both spring and ball. Sometimes they lift and go over Nauset Bar or Monomoy Island, and sometimes they pass around the southerly end of the island, Cape Malabar, but the great mass rise to a safe altitude, strike a "bee line," east by north, and pass directly over this strip of land. We have often remarked that the leader of each flock must have a pocket compass placed in the top of his head so unerringly do they steer. The flocks of brant on arriving, departing or passing over are quite irregular in shape—now in column, now in line, now one end or the other folding upon the centre, now are in a bunch, then again in line, and as the little dark specks disappear away down the dim, distant eastern horizon they are more likely to hold the latter position than any other. Of all the multitudinous millions we have seen during the last quarter century not a single flock was ever for any length of time in cuneiform or V shape as are Canada geese. We do not pretend to say how they fly in other latitudes or under other circumstances. Dr. Kane and other good authorities have spoken of their flight as being cuneiform in shape in high northern latitudes. This may hold true at Wellington Channel or Rensselaer Bay, but does not accord with our observations at Cape Cod. One would naturally suppose on seeing these birds constantly feeding at any locality along shore it would be easy enough to kill them. There are many such places up and down our coast, but for reasons very few birds can be killed. At the mouth of Bass River many brant linger and feed through the entire season, but there are no "flats," no points where boxes can be planted and successfully worked; the water is too deep, the shore too bluff and the brant feed only at low tide. A box might be placed on the feeding ground, and operated for a short time during each low tide, but the depth of water in the immediate vicinity would prevent the recovery of cripples, an important item in brant shooting, and moreover, all our experience teaches us that shooting at these birds on their feeding ground soon drives them to other quarters from which they would never return. The same conclusion was arrived at on examining the harbor of Nantucket. It will be found even at Chatham that before any shooting can be done a vast amount of hard work is to be performed. The feeding grounds and flats are so far from the town that living there is not practicable, and a shanty or house must be built on the island. Boxes are to be made, pens constructed for holding the live decoys and a well dug for fresh water. This "well" arrangement is a curiosity to the unitiated. The island where the shanty is located is not over 200 yards wide, but of undulating surface, *i. e.*, composed of little hillocks and valleys or basins. If a hole three feet deep be dug in one of these basins and a common flour barrel inserted it will on the flood tide partially fill with pure, soft water, and will continue to rise and fall with each tide. The reason of this is that rain falls upon this porous sand and percolates till it reaches salt water, which, being of greater specific gravity, holds or buoys up the fresh water. If, however, one digs a little further down he will pass through the fresh water stratum, and arrive at bog mud, showing conclusively that this sand has been driven from the beach by the wind, and deposited on this ancient marsh. Other liquids may be indulged in at the shanty, but an abundant supply of fresh potable water will be found indispensable to health and comfort.

Various contrivances have from time to time been introduced for slaughtering these wary winged wanderers, but none have succeeded so well as shooting from boxes buried in the sand. It would really seem to one not acquainted with their peculiarities that those immense flocks could be approached by a sail boat within range, but again and again has this been tried and as often failed. A well trimmed "float" in the hands of a skillful manager was tried with no better success. For several years one club used that abomination of all true sportsmen, a "floating battery." This was anchored on or near the feeding ground, and for a short time met with moderate success, but the birds with their keen black eyes soon discovered the cheat and kept aloof.

The bay is miles wide, and a stiff breeze or squall lashes the flood into such turbulent waves as to endanger the life of the occupant of said nuisance, and it was a wise move when they concluded to abandon the battery and return to the old method of shooting from boxes. About the same time the battery was in use some twelve years ago wood decoys were introduced, but to our mind these are of doubtful utility. A large lot of wood decoys will undoubtedly attract the attention of a passing flock, but they rarely light with them, and if perchance they were deceived into such impropriety, the deception would soon be discovered, and so hasty a retreat made as barely to give the gunner a snap shot at a single bird. Nor are they very likely to swim up and mingle freely with dead bits of wood, however ingeniously carved or skillfully painted. It is true that sometimes a flock of brant that otherwise would not think of coming near the bar, will fly up and scale round a lot of wood decoys, but such flocks, scattered by doubt and fear, offer very little satisfaction to the sportsman, nor will any great shot ever be made in this way. Once fired at on the wing they will not return, but if allowed to alight in the water and swim up to the decoys a much larger number will be killed, and then the same flock will afterward visit the bar and repeat this several times on the same day. They do not seem to be frightened out of their wits when fired at on the bar, or near the live decoys, as they do on the wing or near wood decoys. Still, if two or three clubs are operating at the same time near each other, the one having most wood decoys, other things being equal, will get the most wing shots. But our boxes are not yet planted, and this is a job no one man can perform. A water-tight box large enough to accommodate three persons, must be about six feet long, three

and a half wide, and two and a half deep. One half of this is buried in the flats; the other is hid by sand being wheeled and piled up around it. Nor is this all; a bar twenty or thirty yards long, and two feet high, must be made and maintained for the decoys to run out on and for the wild ones to assemble upon. The sand must be taken at low tide from some little distance so as to leave the flats and bar moderately smooth and natural.

There is an enormous tendency in this Cape Cod sand to a dead level. Three hundred wheelbarrow loads may be to-day piled up to form a bar, which a high tide and wind will to-morrow send back to its normal condition of inherent "dead level." Early in the season, before the bars are consolidated, every high wind and tide does more or less damage to the bars, which must be repaired before the box can be used, as no brant will come near when it is in sight. Almost every newcomer volunteers a plan for preserving the bars, such as bags of sand, brush or stone deposits, piles driven around, concrete and canvas coverings. Some of these have been tried. As to the bag speculation, the first high tide dissolved the copartnership existing between the sand outside and inside the bags, leaving a splendid "scare-crow" behind, and the brush and stone experiment ended even more disastrously. The concrete covering stood up a little longer, but finally succumbed to the relentless finger of winter. The frost seemed to soften and disintegrate the mass, which yielded to the erosive agency of the waves, and it gradually disappeared. In the spring of 1877 a brilliant idea entered the head of one of the newly formed clubs. The bar was built, a trench dug around it, canvas (an old sail) hauled over, the edges tucked into the trench and covered to hold in place, a hole cut for the box and the border nailed to it. This at first was thought to work admirably. The brant, it was said, were not afraid of it. It would hold the sand in place and save an enormous amount of wear and tear of wheelbarrows and muscles. So highly was this scheme commended that the Monomoy Branting Club adopted it at their North bar the following season, but not with so satisfactory results. The sand will move under the canvas from one side of the bar to the other, by pressure of wind and water, leaving an uneven and unsightly pile for a bar not at all comparable with the natural sand bar; in fact the Monomoy Branting Club became so disgusted with it that during the latter part of the season of 1880, after it had been badly torn by a storm, it was removed altogether.

Another desideratum in branting is live decoys. No visionary enthusiast need lay the flattering unction to his soul that without these, or with wood decoys alone, he will meet any degree of success. Decoys are usually obtained in the course of shooting by being slightly wounded in the wing, when a phalanx is amputated and the bird is added to the gaggle. The little captives will, when placed in the pen with the old ones, commence eating corn, their usual diet while in captivity, and although they probably never before saw a kernel of corn, they thrive well on this simple bill of fare. Presumably, in their normal condition, they never see fresh water, and yet in bondage this is their only beverage. Nor do they seem to suffer by the change. Another peculiarity about them in captivity is that they have no sexual intercourse, lay no eggs, exhibit no incubating desire, are cold, dignified and reserved, especially toward other fowl, nor do they ever become fully domesticated.

All through the earlier history of branting at this place, and up to within about eighteen years of the present time, the business was carried on by 'longshoremen, who associated themselves together for convenience, in unorganized clubs of from three to six persons. In 1863 a club called the Monomoy Branting Club, consisting of four resident and fourteen non-resident members, was organized. A little later another club was formed, and still later a third, but neither of these have been as successful as the first, probably from the fact that the most available shooting points were occupied before they entered the field. Of all the immense flats we have previously described not more than four or five points are worth occupying, and from a single one of these—the "Mud Hole"—about as many brant have been killed as from all the others combined. This point has been for nearly half a century occupied by one family, father and sons, until their interest was merged in the Monomoy Branting Club. Fifty years ago, when flint-lock guns were in use, the boxes were partly covered over to prevent the diving fowl from catching sight of the flash, and thus escaping, as is well known to the older readers of FOREST AND STREAM, they would do.

The guns were run out through embrasures, and this method necessitated the order, "Ready!—One, two—Fire!" It was discovered, however, when the birds were with the decoys they were not so easily frightened, and all this roofing in arrangement was dispensed with, more particularly after the invention of percussion caps. As we have been connected with the Monomoy Branting Club from its birth—nay, more, acted as accoucheur upon that occasion, our remarks henceforward will have reference more especially to the doings of that organization.

In forming the club it was arranged that the non-resident members—persons living in Boston or vicinity—should build and furnish a shanty, provide boats, boxes and the necessary tools for carrying forward the enterprise, while the resident members—whose homes were at Chatham—should make and keep in repair the bars, do boating, cooking, taking care of the decoys and generally looking after the welfare and interest of the non-residents. We are happy to add that the plan has worked admirably and to the entire satisfaction of both "the high contracting parties." It is for the time being a sort of copartnership, the non-residents paying a stipulated sum for board and privileges, sharing equally with the residents in all the game killed. This plan knits the two wings together, makes their interests identical, each willing to labor for the other, each sharing the other's failures and successes. So admirably has this scheme worked that we believe it might be profitably introduced into large mercantile, manufacturing, mechanical or mining operations. Here labor becomes interested in capital and *vice versa*, and by this union of interests the happiest results would follow—profits would be increased, greater harmony prevail and those disastrous outcrops of a foreign growth—"strikes"—would be avoided. A shanty, or house, 12x16 feet, was built and furnished. This, however, was found, a few years later, to be too small for the convenience of the members and invited guests, and it was enlarged to double its original capacity, giving ample room for reading, sleeping, dining, cooking, storage, etc. If any one wishes to see the very personification of comfort, happiness, freedom, let him look into this shanty when it is in the "full tide of successful operation," where are eight or ten jolly "boys," each one brim full of fun, with a week before them of the best shooting New England affords, and say if in the whole wide world a counterpart to the picture can be found.

Here the lawyer quits the bar of justice for the bar of sand, his cause is "Clams *vs.* Clients," wherein the former are sure to win. The merchant, weary of watching the market and the rise and fall of commodities, mounts the unfailing "tide that, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune." The doctor smiles as he reflects upon the midnight ride, the bedside agony, the fatal end! The minister turns his back upon dogmas and doctrines, "far from mortal cares retreating," and participates cheerfully in the life of a sportsman. The entire freedom from all ordinary cares, the pure, bracing sea-air, the cheerful companionship, the total change of currents of thought, diet and exercise—all the surroundings seem to conspire to improve one's health, strengthen his mind, elevate his soul, fortify him against the assaults of any foe and send him backward home a healthier, happier and, we trust, a better man.

We will now suppose the shanty to be in perfect running order, three boxes—the "Mud Hole," "North Bar" and "Gravel"—generously bestowed in their respective bars and fifteen live decoys in the pen at the sunny side of the shanty ready for use. Boxes have been planted at "Inner Point," "Sedge Hummock" and other places, but the plant proving unprofitable was relinquished. The shooting capacity of the three boxes is at best but nine. The North Bar is quite low and overflows on each excessively high tide, while the Gravel is quite high and entirely useless on an extremely low tide, so that the box room is hardly more than six, while the shanty readily accommodates twelve persons. As the club consists of eighteen members, all told, with about as many more invited guests, it is necessary to group them into weekly parties of four or five non-residents, with the four residents, making a party at the shanty all the season of eight or nine, and this is really the working force of the club. Another peculiarity of the club is that the weekly parties rotate, *i. e.*, the party that is at the shanty this year the first week in April takes the second week next year, and so on through the round of seasons.

We would like here to introduce to the reader the resident members of the club by their names, as familiarly known at the shanty in 1880—"Alonzo," "George," "Washy" and "Reno." Mr. David B. Nye, now of Poplar Branch, Currituck Sound, N. C., was one of the four original resident members, but other business drew him thence, and in 1870 he withdrew altogether. Reno did not become identified with the club till 1875. But, see!—here comes our boat booming along down the channel with H. M., W. S. and the Doctor, in charge of Alonzo and George. Now she drops her anchor and her passengers and baggage are transferred to the dory to be landed. But even here is a difficulty to be overcome. The water is so shoal as not to allow a dory to reach the dry beach and long boots are in request. But there is the Doctor with his short top-boots, as usual! He can indulge in a "horse-back" ride. Well, 'tis ever so where "wishes are horses," and they all scamper away for the dear old shanty, which seems to stretch out its arms to bid them welcome. Now, all that big pile of *impedimenta* is to be "toted" a distance of a hundred and fifty yards; and what a heap of "traps" these Nimrods do carry! Well, here they are, at the end of a tedious nine hours' ride by rail, stage and boat, with no interruption save the hour beguiled at Chatham by one of Alonzo's inconiparable clam chowders. How eagerly the newcomers inspect everything pertaining to the shanty! With what freedom they criticise, compare, commend this or that arrangement! Beds are now overhauled, aired and re-made with clean, fresh linen; boxes and barrels are opened, trunks and baskets unpacked, clothing hung up on appropriate hooks, boots bestowed in proper places, guns mounted upon the rests and everything is changed in the twinkling of an evening sunbeam into one of the most cosey, home-like places imaginable. But, hold! the gods, both ancient and modern, must be propitiated. H. (who has a reputation in that line) is requested to produce one of his popular lemonades. Of course nothing stronger is indulged in—oh, no! Sportsmen never do overstep the bounds. Well, if one half the blessings bequeathed this commingling of soul and sentiment be realized, the President of the United States of America will never die, the country will ever be at peace, nor will poverty or disease ever again invade her borders. *Dinnees* are filled and as the smoky wavelets curl and crinkle among the rafters, the fried potatoes are crisp upon the range and the coffee aroma wings its way to welcoming nostrils. If the devil furnishes cooks, why, certainly the gods must furnish cookables. Abstinence produces appetite and yet all were filled. Then come those pleasant games at cards, exciting topics of conversation, predictions for the morrow's shooting. No! the morrow is "the Sabbath day of the Lord." O, shade of the Pilgrims! this hallowed hour shall not here—almost in sight of that shrine where first they knelt in supplication on this Continent—be descrated! No solemn church-bell summons sinners to repentance here; and yet the day is pleasantly and profitably spent in making music, watching the immense flocks of brant that arrive and depart, and in various ways holding sweet converse with Nature and Nature's God. As the day has been calm, the bars are in good condition and the prospects are favorable that Monday morning will usher in a week of grand sport. It will be high tide at 7:15 A. M., and the boxes must be occupied by 5 o'clock. The alarm-clock which acts as a sort of reveille, is set at 4 o'clock and brings every man to his feet. A hasty repast is improvised while each gunner adorns himself with his coarse, heavy wool clothing, oil suit, long boots and wool mittens. Three decoys are placed in each basket, and it is astonishing with what precision the residents will seize the particular birds that are to be worked on the same line, as there is no perceptible difference in the size, plumage or voice of the sexes. The boxes are distant from the shanty as follows: "North bar" about a mile, "Mudhole" half a mile and "Gravel" one-third of a mile. As the "North bar" is lowest, the tide of course reaches it first; and as the distance from the shanty is greater, Reno, who is as constant at the box as the North Star to the Pole, must start first. He takes with him S. and H. The high tide of the previous night had filled the box which must be bailed out ere it can be entered. The decoys are then fettered and allowed to run out upon the bar, and as the water is making around us they rush down for a morning bath which they seem to enjoy exceedingly. Washy, who has for some years managed the "Mudhole," is accompanied by M. and the doctor, while George with W. occupies the "Gravel." The parties had scarcely got well braced when a small "pod" of brant came flitting along toward the "North bar," and four out of seven were knocked down by S. and H. and gathered. "What is that black spot, away down there to the southwest!" asks Reno, after gazing steadily for a few moments in that direction. "It looks like a large flock of brant," he continues, the spot still holding his eager eyes. "Yes; it is a flock of brant, and they are heading for us," he adds. As the flock comes on and on, nearer and nearer, "Yes," he exclaims, "they are making directly for us. Now they turn! There—there they go, right in for the 'Mudhole,'" his face elongating at the sight. "Now," says S., "they have all lighted within two hundred yards of the box, and as the tide is still flowing they will be likely to swim in and give the boys a splendid shot." Sure enough, they soon catch sight of the decoys on the bar and commence swimming for that point. Only one head is now seen above the bar. The resident who manages the decoys keeps his eyes steadily above the edge of the box to observe what transpires and report to his companions who crouch down out of sight, especially when birds are approaching. As the brant assemble upon and around the bar the observer will notice these heads, and he understands the leader has signified to his associates that now is the best time to shoot, and they must very gently raise their heads so as to look out for the most desirable groups to shoot at and yet not cross the fire of the others. The order is now presumed to be given: "Ready!—one, two—Fire!" The first discharge should be simultaneous, the second at will. Then the box is suddenly vacated, and such a splashing and dashing after cripples, which are captured first, and afterward on the way in the dead birds are picked up. "A big shot," says H. "About a dozen," mutters Reno, who is never sanguine. "More," says S. "Can tell better when we arrive at the shanty," continues Reno. At this moment several sea ducks (*Somateria mollissima*) come puffing along and attempt to pass the "North bar," when, quick as thought, the three guns were aimed and three *Mollissima* were floating on the flood while a fourth was struck hard but managed to escape. "Those sea-ducks will carry off an enormous lot of shot," remarks S. "Yes," says Reno; "but if you only had another empty shell in your Boyd & Tyler we might count four in the box." As the tide flows over the flats a great many small fish are attracted hither in search of food, and these in turn draw after them many sheldrake. Three of these came near the "No. bar" and were reminded of their proximity by "Old Cherokee." One was gathered and one escaped with a broken wing. 'Tis useless chasing wounded sheldrake in water two feet deep. Twenty shells may be fired and the bird still live.

The tide is fast making over the bar, now "boring" up, now falling off again. "Shall we be driven?" asks H. "If it continues to flow hard we probably shall," responds Reno. Again it "bores," and a wavelet enters the box. The decoys are now unfettered and placed in the basket. Another wave forces the party to mount the top of the bar. Here is the dread alternative either to retreat to the shanty or stand on the bar for a long hour till the tide ebbs so they can re-enter. As the road lies between the Mudhole and Gravel, and as no shooting can be done at either during the passage, it is decided to stand it out. Usually on being driven when the Gravel is untenanted they "fleet" thither. At high tide when the wind blows fresh the birds are skipping about pretty lively, and some very good shots are likely to be made. A flock of about twenty brant drew near the Mudhole, and was greeted by a salute of six guns, and seven dead were left to be gathered, besides one "wing-tip" which gave Washy a hard pull to overhaul.

As soon as the tide ebbed so that the north box could be bailed out the party re-enter, put out decoys and proceed to business; nor were they long idle. "Is that a little black cloud or flock of birds away down there toward Harwich Point?" asks H. Reno, although remarkably vigilant, is not particularly long-sighted, and did not at first take in the situation, but after a while the little spot, as it moved slowly along apparently close to the water, attracted his eye. "O, yes; I see," and the little dark cloud drew bigger and bigger as nearer and nearer it came. "Yes, it is a large flock of brant coming right for our bar"—giving the decoy line a jerk at the same time. On, on they come. "Down, down" he cries, and two of the heads disappear. "They are now very near," he continues. "There, they swing around; now we have them; they are all in the water." The two heads, after a few minutes of awful suspense, are slowly raised and two pair of astonished eyes behold a hundred and fifty brant not as many yards away swimming hither and thither, coquetting and playing together entirely innocent of any danger. Gradually they work their way along to the southward of the box spreading about, some quite near and others more remote. At length they come together very handsomely within forty yards of the box. "Now, is our time," whispers Reno. "Are you ready?" he nervously continues. An affirmative response is made, and he gives the order, "Put over! One, two—Fire!" Bang! bang! go the six barrels, splash, splash, go the three pair of long boots. The dead and wounded are gathered with all possible dispatch, and but for one cripple the work would have been quickly done. This one, however, gave Reno a fearful jaunt. Away went our black-footed hero, paddling for dear life, toward the north pole, and away went Reno in pursuit. The pursuer had not the benefit of a long pair of legs, though he had excellent pluck, while the pursued was blessed with a splendid pair for the work before him. Now the brant seemed to gain on his pursuer, and now Reno on the object of his pursuit. S. and H. watched with breathless anxiety this little episode incident to branting. These birds are not divers, but stand up bravely till their pursuer is quite near, when they plunge in and swim under water; but they make slow progress and are then easily captured. Placing his bird under his arm he slowly returns. "Big shot," says S. "How many?" inquires Reno, as he jumps into the box and puts the decoy in the basket. "Twenty-three," instantly rejoin both S. and H., "and one cripple which makes twenty-four, and this beats any shot of the season," he rejoins, at the same time seating himself and commencing to fill his pipe. After such a big shot a great many wise remarks are volunteered, a great many suggestions made which are to apply to the future, but the future always brings with it an enormous amount of variability. As this conversation was vehemently progressing a flock of seven brant came up behind the box, caught sight of the decoys, swung round twice; but as the tide was nearly off the flats, and as they rarely light except in water, it was thought best to "give it to them." Four fell dead while a fifth dropped too wide out to be recovered. This was the last shot, and as the other parties had long since gone in Reno concluded to "take up." The dead birds are tied in bunches, and thrown over their shoulders, or across the guns, and amid mutual congratulations the party proudly sets out for the shanty.

Only four shots were fired at the "Gravel." At first a flock of nine brant came and alighted near the point of the bar, and as they "bunched up" five of them were murdered in cold blood. Then a pair whirled round over the bar apparently reconnoitering, but this temerity cost them their lives. The third shot was at a big loon (*Colymbus glacialis*), by George, and he was handsomely knocked down at eighty-three yards. A lone sheldrake closed the morning's work and the party retired. As soon as Reno entered the shanty he asks, "How many did you get, Washy, at that first shot?"

"Seventeen and two decoys," was the cool reply. "I hardly thought you got as many," rejoins Reno. "Ought to have had thirty," growls Washy, "and we should if I could have kept the Doctor down." And they all gathered around the breakfast-table as full of chatter and merriment as a pack of monkeys. "What does the morning's work foot up?" asks H. as the record must be entered in the journal. "Well, here it is: Mudhole, 27; North Bar, 32; Gravel, 7; a grand total of 66 brant! The evening tide is worthless, and there will be no more shooting till Tuesday morning. That night a fresh breeze sprang up from southwest bringing along a great many brant, and moreover, doing some damage to the bars, but there is no time in the morning for "sand rolling," and they must be hastily patched up for the nonce.

Tuesday morning all hands up at 4 o'clock, lunch and start for the boxes in the following order: First, Reno with W. and the Doctor for the North Bar. Next, Washy at his old haunt, the Mudhole, with M. and H. as companions, and last George and S. occupy the Gravel.

Alonzo, who is an excellent cook, runs the shanty, and did not our modesty forbid we would like to describe one of his bird stews; and then his quahaug fritters, clam chowders and cuisine generally have a reputation among gunners all over Cape Cod; but we must not waste precious time over such trifles.

As the birds enter the bay mostly from the westward the boxes all face that point of the compass. Scarcely had the last party put out the decoys, deposited the basket in the box and comfortably seated themselves when a flock of about seventy-five brant came pushing their way along up from the southward and lighted in the dark water near the Mud Hole.

"Will they swim up with the tide?" asks M.

"Fine chance for them—it is flowing rapidly," Washy answered, as the brant were playing, chasing each other and picking up floating eel-grass.

Now they turn and head for the bar, now sag away again. How exciting, how disheartening are these moments to the occupants of the box! Did the reader ever lie in a box or blind with a hundred ducks or geese swimming in for his decoys—now surging and falling away, now nearer and again more distant? Well, if he be a nervous man it is doubtful if he do not shake his gun-barrels out of the stock, and were it not for the steadiness of the veteran guide who handles the decoys and attempts to keep the neophyte steady he would be as likely to fire in the air or at the string of decoys as anywhere; nor would he be the first one who has done this same thing. Again the birds set toward the box. "Down, down!" cries Washy, and he alone is "the observed of all observers." On again they come, swimming hither and thither within a hundred yards of three throbbing hearts. Now, again they halt, then retreat, as though they were suspicious all was not right. At last one old "honker" starts for the live decoys, which have to be occasionally jerked by the check-cord to make them "show wing."

"Yes," says Washy, "he is coming right on to the point of the bar and the whole flock are following!"

At this juncture of affairs another flock of about forty sprang up from the westward, shimmered along, swung round and lighted with the main body. "R-ronk, r-ronk," ring a hundred voices; "Ruk-ruk" as many more—and such tumult and confusion! The two concealed individuals imagine all sorts of things—possibly they are let down at the very front gate of Babel, or on board an emigrant ship, or in an auction store. The guide quickly conveys the cheering intelligence that many of them are so far on the bar as to get "toe-hold" and the others are in moderate proximity. These birds are quite vigilant, and any sudden movement would instantly send them beyond the possibility of a hope of recovry.

"Raise your heads slowly," says Washy, and the two heads are gradually elevated to a level of the third, when lo! the bar is dark as Erebus with the waving mass. A few moments of nervous consultation as to the best group for each to fire at and the guide whispers, "Get ready." Just at this moment the birds spread suddenly about and frustrate the plans, producing dreadful uncertainty for a few seconds, but they soon "bunched up" again and the word was given: "Put over! Ready! Fire!" The smoke of six guns wreathes its way heavenward; out jump the two—splash! splash!—away they go! Washy takes a breech-loader along with him to knock over any wing-tipped birds that cannot otherwise be gathered. One "old honker," with just a little bit of a muscle of the carpus pricked by a stray pellet, is pulling foot for the dark, deep water, off Harding's Beach. No non-resident would undertake to chase a strong bird half a mile, and if he did he would certainly fail. The motion of the waves over the white sand brings on a dizziness to one not accustomed to this work, and makes him feel every moment as though he was about to "topple over headlong." Far different is it with the guide or leader who has spent his whole life upon the water. Away goes our little winged hero, following closely is our stalwart guide. Further on and further still they go, almost out of sight. On the way out Washy had gathered two or three dead birds, which he still held in his hand, and when within about a rod of the live bird he throws one of the dead to frighten the living, so that he will dive and turn two or three somersaults in a bewildered condition, so that his pursuer rushes forward and captures him. In the meantime the dead and wounded had been gathered, the bar smoothed off ready for another crack at them.

"How many?" asks Washy, as he stops to take breath.

"Nineteen and two decoys—twenty-one, all told," quickly responds H.

"Well done," says Washy, and it seemed to give him a "heap" of comfort as he placed that decoy in the basket.

"But, look you," says M.; "there go nine right up for the North Bar."

"Precisely!" ejaculates Washy, hardly yet recovered from his long tramp. Puff, puff. Away out in the dim distance rises the smoke and the flock is reduced to four. Not much time elapsed before a brace of black ducks (*Anas obscura*, Gme.) were seen swimming in for the "Gravel." The guns were brought to bear and in a few minutes they were quietly reposing on the bottom of the box. The brant had for some time been feeding in the channel between Monomoy and Nanset. The regular feeding ground extends from near the Mud Hole to the inner point, a distance of two miles. In passing from one to the other, as they do on each tide, feeding in the channel at high tide and at Inner Point at low tide, they are very likely to receive a salute as they pass in review before the boxes. A shot from the Gravel started a large flock from the inner harbor, and as they lifted and moved majestically along westward, it was like a huge black cloud, so thick and dark. On it moved toward the Gravel, and strange to say, notwithstanding the water was quite shoal, and in some places nearly off the flats, they all dumped down a little distance from the bar. Some were within gunshot of the box. What was to be done? A thousand brant, all within 180 yards of the two well charged guns. As the tide was fast leaving the flats, and the birds could walk around anywhere, and moreover as they began to stretch up their necks and show signs of suspicion, it was thought best to fire as soon as they should come together and offer a favorable opportunity for a good shot. This they soon did, and George gave the order and the two guns belched forth fire and smoke. Easy task to gather up the thirteen dead birds that lay upon the water. Scarcely was the shot made on the gravel when Washy's eye seemed to be riveted to the western horizon. After a few minutes, as if almost doubting the correctness of his own eyes, he says: "There is a flock of sea-ducks coming this way, I think." "No; they are brant," he continues, with much straining of the visual organs. After a few moments' pause he bursts out again, "I declare they are *Somateria mollissima*, coming right straight for the box!"

"They look to me more like brant," says M.

"No," remarks Washy, "don't you see how steadily they fly, and so close to the water."

On they came till within about eighty yards of the box, when their keen eyes caught sight of some movement—most likely the nervous motion of cocking the guns and getting ready for the reception. They all suddenly wheeled to the southward with as much precision and regularity as a file of soldiers. A grand fusillade of six guns ensued, but only one bird was left to remind the gunners of the wariness of these sea rovers.

Chatham is not a great place for Canada geese (*Bernicla canadensis Vieill.*), but early in the spring they are liable to become weather-bound, and get quite plenty in the bay and harbor. A large flock had been thus detained, several of which had been killed, and when the flocks departed for their more northern summer homes, a wounded companion was left behind.

As the party sat discussing the disappointments of the last fusillade, the habits and peculiarities of eider ducks, the advantages of chilled over soft shot, and various other matters, that crippled goose came swimming along and finally walked up on to the bar, looked disdainfully down upon his little congeners, then proudly strutted round as much as to say, "Here I am, large as life, and monarch of all I survey." There seems to be a natural antagonism between the species, and as our little decoys ran from the monster toward the box, as if for protection, and as his gooseship could be of no earthly use, his reign—like that of many earthly tyrants—was suddenly terminated by the regicide M., who in this instance held in his hands one of the improved Fox guns. The tide was now ebbing fast, and George had taken up his decoys and retired. A pair of brant came down by the north bar directly for the Mudhole, and as they approached seemed to slack up, as if to inspect the works or be introduced to the decoys, and as they drew close together were both let down by the unerring aim of Washy, with a single gun. Then a lone brant was dispatched by M. A single sheldrake by "Old Cherokee," which, as the tide was off the flats, was easily gathered, and this ended the morning's sport at this bar. We might explain that "Old Cherokee" is a 12lb. muzzle-loader Schaeffer gun, 7 gauge, and takes as an easy charge 7 drams of powder and 2½ ounces shot, and as H., the owner, is an old gentleman of conservative tendencies, and as "Old Cherokee" has served him so faithfully for many years, they will probably continue their friendly companionship as long as the owner lives.

It is not considered wise to shoot at passing fowl when brant are anywhere near, but still the boys will occasionally forget themselves and knock over a black duck, loon, old-squaw, coot, sheldrake, or even a gull, still such "vermin" is not counted at the shanty as belonging to the day's work. The tide is quite low, but Reno still sticks to the north bar, and he had the good fortune of bagging three brant out of a passing flock of six. The party also subtracted two from a flock of seven coot, and this ended the day. As the parties rendezvous at the shanty, oil suits, long boots and heavy clothing give place to light jackets and slippers, guns are oiled and put in the places assigned, mutual congratulations are exchanged and the birds are hung around on the building. It was a sight that would gratify the eyes of all sportsmen, epicures and *bon vivants*, as these birds when properly cooked are toothsome and fully equal to the best canvas back ducks. "How many are there altogether?" inquires the doctor, as if he wishes to make a diagnosis of the case and was studying "quantities." "Sixty-six for Monday and forty-five for Tuesday; one hundred and one brant as a grand total for the two days," responds H., and a jollier party never sat down to one of Alonzo's "gull stews" Startle not, gentle reader, when we tell you that for a real Cape Cod stew a gray gull is superior to any other fowl. Did'st ever eat a Cape Cod stew? It is not, I believe, mentioned by ancient authors as among the "seven wonders of the world," probably because language failed to do it justice. We had as lief undertake to describe Edwin Forrest as Metamora or Raphael's method of producing his Sistine Madonna. As long as memory lasts it will turn with pleasure to those halcyon days among the brant and bird stews.

The wind, which at early morn was southwest, a little later veered to westward, blowing fresh and doing much damage to the bars, which must be repaired before they are in working condition, and the residents, with such as would volunteer, went out after dinner for that purpose, with barrows and shovels. The bars are likely on a high tide and strong westerly wind to be shifted from the front to the rear of the box, but as the party cannot wait for the next east wind to transport it back it must be done by main strength. Roll-boards are laid from a distance of two or three rods, the barrows are filled, rolled upon the boards and dumped upon the bar, then leveled to give it an even, natural appearance and the work is done. On this particular occasion the "Mudhole" received one hundred and seventy-five of these raw recruits, and it is splendid exercise—almost equal to dragging a hand sled up a long hill with a prospect of a "coast" down again. It is also an excellent specific against dyspepsia, strengthens the muscles, expands the lungs, purifies the blood and brings in its train that sweet repose—that blessed, dreamless slumber entirely unknown to indolent persons. The bars are now in good order and ready for the morning's sport; but we will not weary the reader with the recital of the remainder of the week's work, but will close this already too much extended article with a few extracts from the Monomoy Branting Club journal, wherein is recorded a faithful account of all the doings of the club from the first day of its organization up to the present hour.

"*Wednesday, March* 23, 1864.—Wind N. E., snowing and blowing a gale. No one could lay, boats were driven ashore, bars leveled, etc. It was a terrible day! About noon Alonzo and Jock went to "inner point" and got a shot at black ducks; knocked over seventeen, but recovered only nine. George went out and picked up a sea-duck. Gloom was depicted upon the countenances of the crowd. * * * * Only a sportsman can appreciate the disappointment of a brother sportsman at the loss of two or three days out of the six allotted to him each year."

"*April* 20, 1867.—Wind S. W., with slight prospect of rain. Blew fresh on the flood, but did d away on the ebb tide. High tide to-day at 1:30, though not a full one; the party in high expectations of a good day's sport, in which they were not disappointed. The highest number bagged in any one week since the club was formed is one hundred and fifty-eight, and the present party is anxious to beat this. They had already—four days—one hundred and twenty-seven, and as the wind was favorable and as brant decoyed exceedingly well this spring, they were quite sanguine of success. David Greene and Burleigh laid at the "Mudhole" and killed forty-two; Wales and Wood knocked five out of a passing flock at the sedge hummock; Washy visited his old haunt—the iron coffin of Dudley at the north bar—where he made a splendid shot, killing thirteen; one more shot added another brace—sixty-two brant for the day! And a happier party never dined on roast beef at that seat of hilarity—the shanty of the Monomoy Club. They had been the best week of the club by thirty-four, and in honor of the occasion the last regular bottle of whiskey was broached and a bumper drank to the champions."

This was the best year of the club, footing up 715 brant. The largest day's work this year was seventy, and the largest since the club was formed was on the 5th of April, 1869—one hundred and twenty-six brant! The whole number of brant killed by the club since its organization—eighteen years—is 5,438, a yearly average of 302.

The following is from a private memorandum showing the work done at a single box on half a tide, before the club was formed: "April 10, 1862.—High tide about 9 o'clock A. M. Tides are an hour later here than at Boston. Wind east and blowing a gale. Brant have been feeding in the harbor for some days, but to-day they were driven by the wind into the bay. Laid with Dean and Weston Linnell in the "Mudhole." On the flood tide had a great many brant come near enough to shoot, but waiting for better chances, did not fire a gun till the tide drove us and we went to the shanty for lunch. Returning about 9:30, bailed out the box and set decoys. Legions of brant all about us. The first shot, 18; second, 18; third, 23; fourth, 16; fifth, 21; sixth, 10; in all, 106 brant, and were through before 12:30 M. As the wind was high and blowing hard off shore we lost a great many cripples."

This brings us to the end of the week, when we must give place to the party that is to arrive this evening. And now comes the hurry and bustle of picking up "traps," dividing the birds, packing and "toting" to the boat, the embarkation and, what is the most painful of all, the last good-bye to the dear old shanty.

W. HAPGOOD.

Natural History

THE MORALS OF BIRDS.

WE are a little given to imagining that any beautiful creature must possess moral qualities similar to those which adorn its outward form, and it is somewhat of a shock to us to find as we so often do that the characteristics of the heart and those of the body have very little in common. The so-called meek and gentle dove is in fact as pugnacious as a game cock, and much more so than a bulldog, and the "sweet little bluebird" will fight as savagely as a badger.

A few words on this point we take from the London *Globe:*

At this season of the year, when a deeper crimson comes upon the robin's breast, bird life is thought to be ideal happiness. If we are to believe a competent witness in the current number of *The Squire* such is not the case. Birds, we are assured, have all the bad qualities of mankind. They are deficient in love for their offspring, and have no more conjugal affection than the traditional rover. Their moral nature is often depraved. They hiss, and scold, and swear, and exhibit terrible pugnacity. The majority of singing birds have the tempers of wasps and are apparently never so happy as when then are quarrelling. A fourth of their lives is, we are told, passed in scolding and fighting. In their singing season, which is also their time for mating and contention, severe pitched battles, fought between candidates for matrimonial life, are of continual occurrence, males and females engaging in the fight on the slightest provocation. Those of the stronger sex, are of course, the more pugnacious and often fight until they are killed. The females also fight furiously for the males, and we are sorry to hear that when the contest is over the conquerors march off with the objects of their choice, "unless they should be met on the road by other viragoes, and compelled to give up their husbands by force." It is sad to know that the latter are so ungallant as to seem indifferent as to which shall win them, and remain idle spectators of the struggle. A male bird will allow two hens to fight for him until one of them is killed, and then with due humility accompany the victor.

At this period of the year, especially the woods and the fields are described as the scenes of desparate battles. Shrieks of triumph and shrieks of defeat mingle with the love-notes of the newly mated. Strife is visible everywhere throughout the feathered creation. The very songs we hear at dawn of day are, we are assured, more the result of rivalry and ambition than of joyous thanksgiving, the feathered songsters being desirous of drowning the voices of others, or of excelling them in vocal power in presence of the females

A NEW ENEMY FOR THE OSTRICH.—In the extremely interesting account which we recently published on the domestication of the ostrich no mention was made of any enemies more destructive to the birds than the wild animals of the country. These, as they are not specially numerous and are easily destroyed either by traps, poison or hunting, do not give the ostrich farmer much concern.

Within a short time, however, a new enemy has made its appearance, and so deadly does it appear to be, that its ravages are making themselves very seriously felt, and it is causing a great mortality among the young birds. This sick-

ness is found to be caused by the presence of an intestinal parasite– named by Dr. Spencer Cobbold *Strongylus douglasiæ*.

This worm was discovered by Mr. Arthur Douglas, and appears to subsist on the coats of the ostriche's stomach. No remedy has as yet been found for these parasites, nor has the cause of their existence been discovered, and the question of what is to be done in the matter is becoming a serious one to South Africa farmers.

SNAKE EATING SNAKE.

In the number of FOREST AND STREAM for March 3, a correspondent criticises the account given by me in a previous number of the paper of the killing and swallowing of a rattlesnake by a large gopher snake, particularly the statement that the victor bit off the head of the vanquished, and rejected it before swallowing the body, and the editorial comment is that the act could not be performed by a serpent.

It happened that I received the paper with the above comments at the house in South Florida where the affair is said to have occurred. I therefore showed the paper to my informant, Mr. Bartolo Pacetti, and asked if there was any error in my repetition of the story. He replied that there was none, that he saw the occurrence in his own door-yard, that it was seen by all his family, and also by a visitor, a Captain Hatch, master of a vessel trading on the coast. That the whole battle between the snakes occupied two hours during which they were closely watched, and were so fiercely engaged as to pay little regard to the observers, that the biting or chewing off of the head alone took nearly an hour.

And here Mr. Pacetti remarked that if the writer in FOREST AND STREAM had ever examined the teeth of a gopher snake, which resemble those of a fine saw, he might change his opinion as to the possibility of the act. He went on to say that the gopher snake had finished the business, and had gone away unharmed, that he, Pacetti, buried the severed head under a tree in the garden from fear of accidents from the fangs. Said he, "There is the tree where I buried the head, and perhaps I could find the bones of it there still, though it is ten years ago." This man is entirely truthful and trustworthy as will be testified by all who know him, and they are many, he being an old Floridian well known on this coast as the best fisherman in the region as well as a good hunter, and an Indian scout in the Seminolo war.

I may add that I also had the account of the biting off of the head in all its details from Captain Hatch mentioned above.

Such is the positive testimony which I produce to confirm my statement, which I may be permitted to say is of at least equal value with a negative founded on general theories.

Halifax Inlet, March 21. S. C. CLARKE.

FACTS ABOUT DEER—GLEN FALLS, N. Y., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of March 24 a communication from New Westminster, B. C., about deer and what becomes of their horns.

Now what I have to say I have ascertained by an experience of twenty-five years of hunting and trapping in the northern part of the New York wilderness, in the southern parts of Franklin and St. Lawrence counties, and it corroborates the opinion of the above correspondent in respect to the weight of large bucks. If the whole carcass weighs over two hundred pounds he is a "socker," and such are very rarely found; but occasionally I have captured deer that would go a little more when in prime condition. The heaviest one I ever killed was in October, 1876, three miles below the village of North Lawrence on Deer River, and I brought it there to ship it to Moira Station, the next east of where I then lived, but as I received a bid for the venison dressed, at 12½ cents per pound, I accepted the offer, for then I should have the skin, tallow and, lastly, the head and horns. I never saw a nicer set with one exception; the left horn had nine tips and the right but eight. Can any one tell by the tips how old he was? The meat of this buck weighed 203 pounds with the legs off at the knees and gambrels. I sold the horns on the spot for three dollars. I think the hide, rough tallow, legs and head and horns would, if weighed, have brought up his weight to 250 pounds. This was a buck that had fattened on the grain and turnip fields of the farmers. This, remember, was only one of that weight in thousands; but the funniest part of the whole affair of killing this old stager came in this way. It was near sundown, and getting impatient I had started for home—four miles—and left Deer River behind a few rods. Suddenly I heard my old dog, Spot, at work on the creek, and knew by the sound he was swimming; all of a sudden he started for the river below and I for the river above, and on reaching it I saw a wake as if some animal was swimming up. As I was going down we met in the gray of evening. He swam low in the water and was trying to hide as he had done before. It was getting dark, and being higher and having a side shot I held for his eye and let fly. Down went his old chair head, and what a floundering he made; but he couldn't get his big head out of the water. The fact was, my ball struck near the eye, but glanced and slid under the hide across his forehead and did not penetrate the skull but stunned him, and so the verdict was "found drowned." In respect to horns, when they are first shed naturally they are quite soft, and the bucks eat them before they leave unless driven from them. I have found them gnawing them, and tame bucks will also eat them if not provided with salt. —JOYNER.

It is a well-known fact that cattle will chew and mumble bones if they are not provided with salt.

CANADIAN BIRDS NOTES—NEW YORK, March 29.—Your correspondent, "Au Sable," in your issue of the March 23, paid a well-merited tribute to the valuable ornithological researches and observations of John Neilson, of Quebec, upon the Canadian fauna. I am authorized by Mr. Neilson to say that he is now engaged in arranging for publication through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM a series of short notes upon the land birds of Northern Canada. In a recent letter to me, Mr. Neilson adds that his notes are now well advanced and that he expects to forward them very shortly. You have already had submitted to you a few extracts from his voluminous memoranda.—G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

WINTER RANGE OF THE SONG SPARROW—Bradford, Pa., March 21.—In your issue of March 17 "Lycoming" is surprised at seeing a song sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*) through the winter. Last Christmas I saw one but heard no songs. March 16 I saw two and both were in full song. See "Coues' Birds of the Northwest," p. 139—"Winters as far north as the Middle States, if not in southern New England;" also Maynard in "Naturalist's Guide"—"Have taken it December 3.—STALIA.

We have seen this species wintering in Connecticut.

MATED, BUT NOT MATCHED.—I have long known that the god of love was, to say the least, very short-sighted, but have been loath to believe that the dear creature was stone blind; but I have just witnessed an exemplification of the truth of this that entirely convinces me of the fact. I will recount the tale that you may fully understand the reason for my belief. Some eight years ago, upon one of the coldest mornings of the winter, my little boy came running in all excitement and bade me come quick, for a wild duck had just alighted among the hens. Hastily seizing my gun and a couple of shells I followed him out and caught a glimpse of a strange-looking duck as she ran under the shed. Standing guard at the entrance, I ordered the boy to go in and catch her. As soon as he came near her she rose and started for the opening, and as she went over my head I made a grab and was fortunate enough to seize one of her legs, and, notwithstanding she gave me several severe whacks with her wings, I held on. Upon examination she proved to be a female "Muscovy." I clipped her wings and gave her the freedom of the yard where she has been ever since. Although I have provided several mates for her she has invariably turned up her nose at them and obliged them to keep their distance; and my fear, that "Old Prim" as we called her, would die an old maid, appeared well grounded. A few days ago I was presented with a pair of black-red, game bantams. I turned them down among the ducks—of which I have five pairs. The drakes held a short council of war and, deciding that the interlopers must be driven from the field at all hazards, advanced in battle array and at once commenced a furious onslaught. The cock, with the well-known pugnacity of the breed, stood his ground, and by a well-directed blow soon turned the tide of battle and forced his assailants to beat a hasty retreat. "Old Prim" had taken a lively interest in the scrimmage from the first, and when she witnessed the utter rout of her importunate tormentors, and probably knowing full well that "the brave deserve the fair," she modestly sidled toward the hero and with pinions spread as though she would embrace him, in humble homage knelt at his feet, and with the proverbial gallantry of his race he ardently responded to her loving advances, and ever since this devoted pair have been inseparable. Surely the love of this ill-matched couple is "proof strong as Holy Writ" that the gentle king of hearts is blind as a bat.—SHADOW.

SPRING NOTES—Hornellsville, N. Y. April 4.—Bluebirds and blackbirds arrived March 10.

Robins arrived March 12.

Song sparrows March 13.

A great many shrikes here now, a large white-headed eagle has been here for a week trying to get a meal of dead horse, but the crows drove him away—a nice bird surely for an emblem of American liberty!

April 1—Saw a large flock of pigeons flying east.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

NEW YORK, March 25.

The following notes as to the advancement of spring were made at Eastchester, N. Y. I think they would be of some interest as showing the progress of the season. Birds were not as plentiful as they usually are at this date. *Turdus migratorious* is quite common, and a few specimens of *Sialia sialis* are flying. In a piece of plowed ground I heard the rather sharp notes of *Sturnella magna* which are very common on the salt marshes of that section, and should judge that they were residents. A scattering flock of black birds also noticed.

The frogs make the swamps echo with their music. Walking along the banks of the creeks that intersect the meadows in every direction I failed to see many *Testudinata*, a few specimens of *Nanemys guttoius* only observed.

On a woody hillside where the sun shone very brightly I noticed that the *Hepaticas* were just preparing to bloom. Last season they were in blossom the latter part of February; also in a swampy piece of woodland the skunk cabbage (*Symplocarpus fœtidus*) was projecting forth its curious spathe and spadix.

From the appearance of the burrow of an *Arctomys monax* I should judge that he had awakened from his winter's hybernation. CHAS. EARL.

BUFFALO, April 3.

Lake Erie is still covered with a solid sheet of ice of over two feet in thickness. The advance guard of robins, bluebirds, cow black birds and song sparrows made their appearance as early as the 20th of March, but have since then not been reinforced to any appreciative extent. They are all old males in good plumage. Niagara River is all open with the exception of the little creeks and slips running into it from the American and Canadian shore. Vast flocks of ducks, composed chiefly of bluebills, redheads and mallards, arrived a few days ago, and afford incidental sport to those who are hardy enough to decoy them behind blinds made of snow and face the cold weather which ranges only at mid-day above freezing point.

There are, of course, no authenticated reports concerning the arrival of the Wilson's snipe, although vague rumors are current that they have been seen in the neighborhood of the city. It is hard to conceive how they could manage to make their bearings unless by an attachment of the diamond disk to their beaks, as the ground is either still covered with deep snow or frozen solid wherever it is bare. Unless the long-looked for southeaster sets in soon we may not look for an opening of the navigation before the latter end of May, if not later. The southwest winds which prevail here, like trade winds in May, convert the bay into a vast refrigerator by the vast fields of ice which are finally firmly wedged up at that eastern terminus of the lake. CHAS. LINDEN.

TO OWNERS OF TAME GROUSE—CORTLAND, N. Y., March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my article of March 3, signed "Mig," describing the tame grouse, I thought of making the suggestion myself that if the bird could be mated with a hen grouse—as the one I have is a cock bird—it would be well to try the experiment of breeding them in confinement. As this bird shows quite a disposition to mate with a bantam hen, it seems quite probable that with proper care and a suitable place they would, if mated, produce their young. If either of the two gentlemen that mention in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM having a tame grouse will try the experiment or send the bird to me I will give the matter a fair test.—EUGENE POWERS.

A FOND FOSTER-MOTHER—Sardis, Miss., March 31.—Last fall I was out in the country a few miles south of this place, and while stopping to let my horse rest in front of a country store the proprietor, very clever gentleman and an experienced angler, showed me a sight that made me open my eyes wide. It was an old yellow cat suckling two kittens and three young rabbits (hares). She had found them in a field near the store and, after guarding them until their mother came, caught and killed her, and gathered up the three little ones and brought them to live with her and her family in the store. They lived until they could run about the house then all three died. The foster-mother seemed very much distressed over her loss and for several days sat around the house and worried pitifully. This is a true story, and a number of gentlemen from town went out to see them.—CROCK.

PARTIAL ALBINISM IN CANADA GEESE.—New York.—On the 25th of March, while shooting Canada geese (*Anser canadensis*) at Capt. Lane's, Good Ground, L. I., a bunch of seven lit on our live stoolers, but out of gun-shot. While we were waiting for our tender to swim them nearer we had an opportunity to watch their movements as they washed and plumed themselves. The captain called attention to the way the gander was marked; his head had large spots of white on it instead of being all black. When we shot he was not among those killed, so we had no chance to examine him further. However, among those shot were two that were also partial albinos. In one the under part of each wing had about thirty pure white feathers in it, and in the other the white throat patch extended to the base of the mandible, which was also white to its tip. The eyes and other markings of these birds were normal.—WM. DUTCHER.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE WINTER AND THE BIRDS.

STATISTICAL REPORT SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE STATE OF LAST WINTER'S WEATHER ON GAME IN DELAWARE.

THE very wide spread interest with which our notes on the effect of the winter on the quail in New Jersey have been received in all quarters has induced us to push our investigations still farther, and to include in our canvass the State of Delaware. This extends the inquiry still farther South and includes all of Maryland and all the northern portion of Virginia. The whole inquiry has thus covered a north and south area on this coast reaching from about north, lat. 41 deg. 30 min., south to lat. 38 deg. We wish to thank our correspondents for their kindness in so promptly responding to our inquiries.

NEW CASTLE COUNTY.

Centreville.—Birds are not very plentiful during the gunning season in this locality, owing to the fact that early in the fall season they travel south into the lower part of the State. The destruction has been somewhat greater than in former years. I think I am safe in saying fifty per cent. of the quail perished. They were fed to some little extent.

Christiana.—The destruction compared with the last five years has been enormous. I think two-thirds of the quail have been destroyed. A few farmers have fed.

Christiana.—The cold winter has killed almost all the quail. I have been making inquiries far and near, and have received poor accounts about the quail. The Game Association, of Wilmington, is importing quail from the Carolinas to fill the void. The rabbits have not suffered much, nor have the squirrels. I think the birds in our section have suffered by the snows this winter as much as they did in 1832, which nearly killed all the birds, and we had no shooting for some years. The loss in our section is ninety-five per cent.

Claymont.—I have understood from the farmers and sportsmen that the quail have been generally destroyed by the severity of the winter and the unusual quantity of snow. I have heard of no quail being seen or fed.

Delaware City.—I find now and then a man who has seen a covey of birds (quail) this spring, but am led to doubt the existence of more than ten per cent. of those alive at the end of the shooting season of 1880. Constantly recurring snows prevented successful feeding, and but little was accomplished.

Delaware City.—The effect of the cold and snows of the past winter has been very destructive to birds in this section. Fully ninety per cent. of the quail have perished. We know of several farmers who have fed such birds as took refuge in their barn or stock yards, or in other sheltered places near the dwellings. We have found whole bevies frozen at roost, and starved to mere skeletons.

Faulkland.—The cold weather and snow did the birds no very great harm in this section.

Forest.—The cold and snows have been very hard on the game in this section. The destruction of birds has been noticeably greater than in other years. I judge twenty per cent. perished. Very few birds were fed.

Forest.—A great many partridges have been destroyed; not less than 75 per cent. Few birds have been seen and none fed.

Glasgow.—The cold winter has killed ninety per cent. of the quail. The winter has been extremely hard on all kinds of game. We have a good supply of rabbits left. Birds have been fed and saved until the last heavy snows killed them.

Green Spring.—The quail were nearly all frozen in this section. Those that were left have since been destroyed by hawks. Gunners believe that the quail are all killed.

Greenville.—As a general rule we have but few birds in the fall, and what few we have are gunned to death. In other words there are more gunners than birds. I have not heard of any quail being seen since fall. No feed was distributed.

Kirkwood.—The birds suffered more this winter than for a long time past. Think one half have perished. People in many cases tried to feed them, but the snows drifted in the night and covered them up.

McDonough.—It is said that nearly all the quail in the upper part of the State have been killed, and fifty per cent. killed in the southern part of the State.

Marshallton.—The past winter has been a very severe one on quail in this section, and I should suppose some thirty to forty per cent. perished. Some birds were fed, but the majority neglected.

Middletown.—The extreme cold winter has nearly destroyed the game in our country. The destruction has been far greater than any winter since 1857. I think at least seventy-five per cent. of our birds have perished, Many were fed by the farmers, although it was a difficult task to reach them owing to the depth of snow.

Middletown.—The severe winter has destroyed seventy-five per cent. of the game in this section. The loss is greater than

in any year since the winter 1855-56. The birds were fed when practicable. They often froze to death rather than starved. We had more game last fall than in years.

Mount Pleasant.—Our birds almost entirely perished last winter, but very few are reported yet alive. Our farmers fed them whenever they could.

Mount Pleasant.—A greater percentage of birds perished than in a number of years.

Newark.—The winter has been very severe on the partridge or quail here, but some remain in good condition. Some few were fed, others lived on the wild grapes in the low swamp land. Quite a number were caught and kept over. The Game Association imported from North Carolina about 1,200 for stocking for use in the three counties.

Newport.—Nine-tenths of the birds have perished by the cold weather and snows. Some of the farmers fed some of the birds, but having no cover the hawks "cotched" the most of them.

Port Penn.—Destruction of game (quail) from the frigid severity of the weather last winter was much greater than in any previous years. But few birds saved by the exertions of the farmers and but few lived that had no protection.

Red Lion.—The farmers did all they could to save the birds, but the snows and cold weather caused many of them to perish. I would say nine-tenths of the birds died.

Red Lion.—Game is not as plenty as it was last spring. I know of no one feeding the quail through the winter.

Rockland.—There were very few game birds when the cold weather commenced. Some were fed, but the others are supposed to have perished.

St. George's.—The cold and snows have had a serious effect upon the quail in this section, though many have been protected, and the actual loss is not greater than usual from such weather. In this immediate neighborhood my inquiry and search has proven that not more than one-third of the usual number of quail have perished.

State Road.—There must have been considerable destruction of quail and rabbits in this vicinity. There are very few rabbits and not a quail to be seen.

Townsend.—The effect of the snows and cold has been most terrible and destructive on the birds. Whole coveys have been found dead, frozen and starved. My impression is that very few escaped except those that were fed and otherwise cared for.

Wilmington.—Game is exceedingly scarce in New Castle County. No care has been taken of the birds during time of snow.

Wilmington.—Should say at least one-third of the birds in the northern part of the State have been killed. In the lower portion, thanks to the pines which keep the snow from the ground in places, most of the birds manage to live. A good many were fed through the agency of our Game Association, others were cared for by country sportsmen. We are restocking the State and hope to have (all things taken into consideration) fair sport next season.

Wilmington.—From all I can learn in regard to quail in this section, the heavy and severe snows which covered the ground for about six weeks, our native quail are scarce. The Sportsmen's Association is making active efforts and have for some time been obtaining birds from the South.

Yorklyn.—This has been a hard winter on the birds, twenty per cent. have perished by cold or been killed by hawks. They were not fed regularly.

KENT COUNTY.

Bowers.—Some birds have undoubtedly perished, but though the loss is greater than for a number of years, the birds, having been fed by our farmers, are not exterminated.

Brenford.—The winter has destroyed more birds than usual, especially quail. No birds fed by farmers; in fact very few are left.

Camden.—In regard to the quantity of birds left after the severe snow storms in this section, I would reply that I have been gunning for past nine or ten years, and every year after the gunning season is over I take my dogs out at least once a week during the months of March and April for a double purpose—first to keep them in practice, and secondly to see how many birds there are left over. And in my opinion there are more birds this spring than I have seen for years; not quite so many small coveys; but for instance, where there would have been, had the snow not fallen, several small coveys of four or five birds each, all have gone together in one, I suppose for the purpose of keeping warm—and then our farmers and sportsmen have fed them; so I think, with what birds our Game Protective Association are turning out and the good luck of our native birds living through the very severe winter, we may look forward to plenty of sport next season. And now, in conclusion, Mr. Editor, let me say I don't mean to say that none of our birds have perished during the past winter. But the game laws of Delaware, as you know, commence on the first day of November and continue until the 15th day of February, and if the snow had not fallen and the gunners kept shooting until that time, I contend we would have had less birds than we have to-day. In other words, the gunners would have killed far more than the snow did, from the fact that snow fell about Thanksgiving Day, stopping all gunning for the season. We admire your idea of getting views from different parties and places for the benefit of the readers of your valuable paper.

Canterbury.—Game of all kinds has suffered very much in this vicinity.

Dixon's Chapel.—The people of this community or section think at least 50 per cent. of the birds were killed by the winter. We notice there are very few. Some farmer fed the birds.

Harrington.—We have had a very cold winter and some of our birds frozen, but not over ten per cent. of them I am sure. I am sure we have more birds now than we had last season at this time. Our shooting season does not run out until the 15th of February in this county. Our Legislature was in session when that first cold snap came, and we had a special act passed preventing the shooting or killing of any game for the balance of the season.

Hazlettville.—A great many birds have been killed from the effects of the cold and snows. I suppose 75 per cent. of quail are dead. The farmers to some extent have fed.

Hazlettville.—The hard winter has been very hard on quail in this vicinity. I suppose 50 per cent. of the birds have perished. The farmers fed the birds to some extent.

Leipsic.—We have not many birds in this section; the winter has killed nearly all.

Little Creek Landing.—The cold and snow have been very severe on all kinds of game, especially the quail have suffered, and a great many have perished. A great many birds have been fed by residents.

Magnolia.—The destruction of birds is scarcely noticeable except of quail, which I feel confident 75 per cent. perished. I saved one flock.

Magnolia.—The past cold winter and heavy snows have been very destructive to our game. Birds and rabbits have suffered fearfully. I think at least 75 per cent. of the birds were killed. Some farmers would feed the birds when they could find them, but the cold and snows came so suddenly upon them that the birds died before we could think they were suffering. Our game for the coming season I think will be very scarce.

Milford.—The cold weather and snow have been very severe on all kinds of game birds in this section. Partridges have suffered 25 per cent.; rabbits about 10 per cent. There were very few partridges killed in this section by the gunners, the snows being so deep, that they prevented the sportsmen from killing the birds. I am the largest dealer in game in the State. Last season I sent to Philadelphia and New York markets 7,000 partridges, 487 rabbits, 288 woodcock, and this season only shipped 2,200 partridges, 184 rabbits, 36 woodcock. I merely give you the above to show you the falling off in shipment. The partridges have been fed by the majority of our farmers. The game Protective Association have been buying the partridges from parties who have trapped them, and have paid as high as forty and fifty cents per pair. They purchased considerable of them in this vicinity, and turned them out a short time ago after feeding them all winter. A few days ago they received some Western birds, and have also turned them out, so the prospect is good for next fall shooting providing the summer rain don't drown the young birds. The rabbit shooters report that there will be plenty of this game next fall. From present indications not as many rabbits have perished as was first thought.

Petersburgh.—I should say there was 75 per cent. of quail killed.

Smyrna.—The partridge (quail), lark and opossum have suffered the most of all, but still we have plenty left if nothing more happens.

Smyrna.—The impression here is that nearly all of our quail have perished. Some few have been trapped and kept, and a few others have been fed by the farmers; but I think about 50 per cent. were destroyed.

Vernon.—Although the winter has been very severe on the game in this section, yet we think very few birds have perished. In a few instances they have been cared for by the farmers.

Viola.—Very few birds have perished here. From what I can learn not over 10 per cent. The timber lands have protected them. After the snow fell they got tame, and a great many were trapped. The Game Protective Association paid twenty-five cents for birds kept until spring, so that there will be plenty left to breed.

Willow Grove.—The winter has been very destructive to the birds in this section. The quail are mostly killed. I suppose three-fourths of them were killed. A few farmers fed them, but not much.

Woodside.—The cold and snow have killed a great many birds, yet there are many left. A few farmers fed the birds.

Woodside.—The birds have not fared so badly since the winter of '56 as they have this winter. In many places there have been found whole coveys frozen to death on the roost. I have noticed that this has not happened to the birds that have had a stream of water close by or a place that they could get water and gravel; but in places that they could not get water or gravel they are all dead. I think I can safely say that three-fourths of them are dead. The farmers fed a great many and tried hard to protect them from the negroes who were sneaking around and tracking them up and killing whole coveys at a shot when the birds were so poor that they could not fly. There are a good many birds in this section yet. There was very little shooting done here before the snow, and the coveys were left large, and where they were large they stood the winter better than small ones. I have three coveys on my place that have thirty-eight birds in the three. Did not lose one during the snow. They are in a heavy cripple. I also have eight Massina quail that have stood the winter nicely.

Wyoming.—None of the game has suffered except the quail. They have perished greatly throughout this section and in Maryland. They have been found dead by whole coveys. It will take several years to make good the loss.

Wyoming.—On account of the cold and snows a great many birds were frozen and starved to death. The destruction has been much greater than ever before. At least one-half have perished. Birds were fed when found.

SUSSEX COUNTY.

Angola.—There have been a great many birds frozen this winter, as the weather has been so very hard on them. It has been unusually severe.

Bethel.—So far as noticeable, the destruction of birds has not been greater than in the past. The quail have not been fed to any great extent with us.

Black Water.—The hard winter has killed most of the birds; they are very scarce—hardly enough to raise. The farmers fed them with seed.

Cool Spring.—The severe winter has not killed many birds in this section. They were not fed by any one.

Ellendale.—The destruction of birds has been about one-third greater than in other winters, and a great many quail have perished. The farmers fed a few birds.

Ellendale.—A great many birds have died this winter—about twenty per cent. The farmers fed the birds.

Frankford.—Many birds died from the effects of the cold weather. Farmers did not generally feed the birds from what I can learn. There are enough left for further hatching.

Georgetown.—The cold here last winter was intense, at one time being as low as 17 degrees below zero, but I do not think that any quail perished from that cause, although it was "close nipping." They were not plentiful here last fall, and consequently very few were shot as there was very little gunning. The farmers did not feed the birds, but several trapped them. I bought twenty-five pairs, the last of which I released on the 15th of February. I think there will be fully as many quail here next year as there was last. I am expecting more birds from our Game Protection Association soon, which I will at once put out.

Gumborough.—The cold weather and the snows this winter have been very severe on the birds. A great many have been found dead. I suppose 25 per cent. perished. The birds fed on the grain the farmers did not get in before winter set in.

Laurel.—The cold and snow this winter have killed at least thirty per cent. of our birds. Our farmers have not cared for the birds as they should have done, consequently many birds have been butchered at night. Our Game Association has been importing Messina quail and restocking the State with game.

Leves, Henlopen Farm.—So far as this farm is concerned, we have more birds, owing probably to my having sowed buckwheat, a patch on each end of the farm. We have three coveys with from eight to fifteen birds each. The prevailing opinion, however, is that the winter was very destructive, more so than in past years. I have no knowledge of farmers feeding birds.

Leves.—Winter very severe on birds. Loss of birds greater than ever before. Probably 10 to 20 per cent. of birds have perished. Nobody fed the birds around here; people are too indifferent.

Milton.—The past winter was a very severe one on the birds. For several days the thermometer was 8 degs. below zero. About one-third froze and starved to death.

Nassau.—The cold and snow this winter did kill a greater number of the birds than for many years before. I think I can say that thirty per cent. was killed. Some of the farmers and others fed the birds.

Ocean View.—There were a great many birds found dead this winter, more so than for several winters. They were not fed.

Rehoboth Beach.—I will say it has been a very hard winter on the birds. I should say about twenty per cent. has perished. I have not heard of one farmer feeding the birds; they take no interest in game.

Rezara.—I do not think the cold destroyed much game. The birds were not fed. A great many farmers did not get their crops in, the cold came on so early.

Seaford.—The hardest winter we ever had on game. Very few farmers fed the birds.

Seaford.—Quail have perished in great quantities during the past winter, we think eighty per cent. We have been getting quail this spring from North Carolina.

Williamsville.—This has been a very severe winter. In regard to game the cold has not been uncommonly destructive. The farmers did not take extra care to feed the birds.

NEW JERSEY GAME NOTES.

REPORTS as to the effect of the severe weather of the past winter on the game of New Jersey continue to come in, and we publish this week another installment of them. The very wide spread interest which this matter has attracted, even among people who do not shoot, is surprising. The great number of pleasant acknowledgments of our work, and the numerous complimentary notices of the press show in a most encouraging manner how strongly the idea that our game must be protected and increased, is taking hold of the people at large.

BERGEN COUNTY.—*Carlstadt.*—Game in our vicinity has suffered very much this winter. Many birds have died for want of food. Barn-yards were the only refuge for starving birds. Residents have fed some of the birds.

Broadway.—I consider the cold this winter has destroyed many more birds than usual. No farmers fed.

WARREN COUNTY.—*Calno.*—There seems to be an unusual number of quail, considering the hard winter. The farmers gave them attention by feeding. There is about the usual number of partridge in the mountains.

Calno.—The comfort of the birds has been looked after. There is the usual number of quail this spring. Partridge are growing much scarcer in this vicinity, although there seems to be an average number.

MORRIS COUNTY.—*Danville.*—At least one-half of the quail in this section have perished. Some farmers have fed and cared for the birds. We had a nice lot of birds, but they are scarce now.

SOMERSET COUNTY.—*Bedminster.*—The destruction of game birds in this vicinity has been greater the past winter than for several years. Fully forty per cent. have perished from snows, hawks and foxes. The farmers do not feed the birds at all.

UNION COUNTY.—*Roselle.*—The cold weather has not perceptibly affected the birds in this township. Some of the residents feed the birds.

MERCER COUNTY.—*Yardville.*—Game of all kinds is very scarce in this section, with the exception of rabbits. There are but few birds here.

MONMOUTH COUNTY.—*Colt's Neck.*—The destruction of quail by the severe snows of last winter is almost complete; have hunted around a good deal with good dogs and have only found sixteen birds.

Manalapan.—The cold and snows have taken off about one-half of the birds. In many cases the birds have been fed, and I think there is enough left to do well.

BURLINGTON COUNTY.—*Birmingham.*—Birds of almost every kind have suffered severely this winter in this neighborhood. I suppose thirty per cent. of the game birds have perished.

Mount Holly.—The severity of the past winter has been very hard on the quail in this section; also on rabbits. I suppose fully 25 per cent. of all kinds of game perished. In some places whole coveys of quail have perished. A few farmers fed the birds, but not many.

OCEAN COUNTY.—*Bennett's Mills.*—Fully one-half of the birds have perished. I do not think the farmers fed the birds.

Barnegat.—Birds are not numerous in this section of the country. The cold weather has probably destroyed two-thirds of them. The quail suffered severely and are now very scarce. More birds have died this winter than ever before known. Do not know of any farmers feeding birds.

Beach Haven.—The general impression is that many birds have perished during the winter.

Manchester.—Quail and rabbits are about the only game that winter here and more than one-half have been destroyed by the deep snows. They have not been fed to any extent.

Manchester.—Game is not plenty in this section. The quail suffered, and probably two thirds of them perished. Some of the residents fed them.

CAMDEN COUNTY.—*Sicklerville.*—The game in our section is quail, rabbits and pheasants. The cold and snows have completely destroyed the quail, with the exception of a few that we caught. The destruction of quail has been greater than has been known for years.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY.—*Williamstown.*—The snows and cold weather have destroyed all the quail in this place except what I caught and bought and fed. I had thirty-two birds—twelve hens and twenty cocks. I don't think out of 1,000 birds that were within two miles of our place when the season closed that over forty are left, and I had thirty-two of them. I do not think that a bird should be killed in Jersey next season.

Bridgeport.—The cold and snows have killed ninety per cent. of the quail. There have been a few birds fed

by the farmers. I have made inquiry of all the farmers and gunners in this vicinity and from my own knowledge I believe this report to be correct.

Cumberland County.—*Millville.*—The winter has been unusually severe on the quail. Many have perished—fully ninety per cent. The same is true of rabbits. Along the sea-coast only about sixty per cent were destroyed.

Greenwich.—Many birds and other game were killed by the severe weather during the winter. The farmers and residents did feed the birds, but many were found frozen.

Gouldtown.—The severe cold weather, attended with continued snow, has had the greatest effect to destroy the game ever known. The birds have been nearly all killed. I have not seen one since the snow. I think the hawks got nearly all or quite what was left. Pheasants and rabbits are very scarce.

Finley Station.—There are scarcely any birds left in this section. I think nine out of every ten quail have perished this winter and there were a great many birds in this section. The farmers fed them.

Port Elizabeth.—The birds have not suffered very much in our section this winter. They have been well protected by the swamps.

Cape May County.—*Cape May Court House.*—Game in this part of the county has perished with powder and shot, and the cold weather has about wound up the winter game. If the game society don't restock this spring the shooting is about finished. There are some English snipe (March 31).

Petersburgh.—The loss in this section has been principally in quails. At least one-half have been frozen to death. Quail took to the hard timber tracks and could not be fed by the farmers.

SPRING SNIPE NOTES FROM DELAWARE.

THE latest reports from the State of Delaware indicate that the birds have not yet come on in any great numbers. As soon, however, as the present cold snap is over, and we have either a southerly rain storm or a few days of warm weather, we shall expect to hear of the arrival of a flight. The moon is right and the birds may be looked for at any time. Through the kindness of our many correspondents we shall continue to furnish the latest information on this subject. The following notes will be read with interest by those who intend to travel the meadows and marshes this spring.

SUSSEX COUNTY.

Ellendale, March 30.—There have been a few snipe; they came last week.

Ellendale, March 30.—Very few snipe here.

Gumborough, April 2.—Not many snipe yet.

Lewes, March 30.—Duck-shooting is not a success. Snipe have made their appearance.

Lewes, March 31.—Duck-shooting fair at this time. No snipe as yet; about the middle of April we expect them. Plenty of geese going northward.

Lewes, March 31.—The snipe have come. The first dozen were killed yesterday on the Great Marsh by the best gunner in this vicinity.

Milton, April 5.—There are very few snipe this spring.

Nassau, March 30.—The snipe have just begun to come. Very good shooting.

Ocean View, March 29.—The meadows are in order for snipe.

Roxana, March 28.—It is time for snipe here early in April. No birds have been killed yet.

KENT COUNTY.

Camden, March 28.—I have heard of some snipe being killed, but not enough to make it worth while going out for, but I think they will be on by the second week in April if the weather will only get warm by that time. I find in my travels an unusually large quantity of woodcock, apparently getting ready to lay.

Canterbury, April 4.—We do not have any snipe here, as we are some distance from the water. There are plenty around the water courses, some eight or ten miles from here, if the cold has not driven them back.

Harrington, March 31.—The snipe meadows are a little too wet as yet, although there are some snipe on now.

Hazlettville, April 2.—We already hear of the snipe below.

Hazlettville, April 2.—No snipe have been killed as yet.

Leipsic, March 31.—Our snipe meadows are in good condition this spring. There are plenty of snipe.

Magnolia, April 2.—Snipe have come on our marshes; not yet very plentiful.

Milford, March 30.—Snipe-shooting has just fairly commenced. Quite a few have been killed. Your scribe killed sixteen yesterday, with the wind to the south'ard. Should it hold for a few days we would have plenty of them. Our sportsmen are making great preparations for them. I suppose in this vicinity, last week, there was killed by our sportsmen upward of a hundred snipe. Ducks are quite plenty on our marshes and considerable are killed daily and shipped to Northern markets.

Vernon, April 4.—We have no snipe.

NEWCASTLE COUNTY.

Delaware City, April 4.—The wretched weather continues, and we have had but few snipe.

Forest, March 30.—A few snipe have been killed.

Forest, March 28.—It is time for the snipe now.

Port Penn. March 30.—Snipe are bowling along rapidly now, and the shooting will continue good for several weeks yet.

New York—Cortlandt, March 20.—A flock of wild geese, thirteen in number, have been in our immediate vicinity for over a week. They have in the meantime been hunted by boys and full-grown sportsmen both day and by night with the use of lanterns. I cannot ascertain that any have been killed up to this time. They have never before been known to remain with us for so long a time.—Eugene Powers.

New York—Hayt's Corners.—Saw first robin on the 16th inst., bluebirds and chippies quite numerous here now. Have seen no wild geese yet. Snow most all gone; not a quail have I heard since January last. We have had a severe cold winter and I fear there will be no quail the coming season here. I trust there will be a move made by our best sportsmen here to purchase some to replace those which have been frozen.—L. E. W.

Scene in Court.—Judge: Why do you plead for you husband when he has just given you such a beating? Wife: Because the beating has made me tender.

THE STORY OF A WILD GOOSE.

Philadelphia, Miss.

SUNDAY, October 24, we had one of the largest flights of geese that has ever been known in this section, commencing about the middle of the day on Sunday and continuing through the greater portion of Sunday night. I went out of the house very often between dark and bed time to listen to the honking of the different flocks, and it was never the case but what plenty of them were within hearing. The geese were going southwest and none of them stopped with us. Some preachers reported seeing one flock that had five or six white geese with them, which was rather unusual for this country, as the Canada geese are the only ones that ever visit us, and they nearly always pass over without stopping. It is only occasionally during protracted cold spells that a flock will spend a few days or a week in some wheat field, but upon being shot at once or twice they go to other parts.

This migratory instinct which will enable migratory fowls to start for a certain point thousands of miles away, and go with unerring certainty to that desired point, unless frustrated by fire lights or other causes, is rather strange to man who has the higher order of intellect and will often get badly lost within a few miles of his own home. That geese can and do start for a certain point and make their way with unerring certainty the following circumstance will go far toward proving. It was many years ago when one morning one of my father's workmen came to the house and told my father that he saw a flock of geese alight in the wheat field. As they were out in the open field of young wheat it was useless to attempt to get near enough to them to get a shot with a shot-gun, so my father took a trusty old rifle and succeeded in getting a shot with it, but he had to shoot a long distance, and only wing tipped the goose he shot at. He brought it to the house, and as it was only slightly hurt some of the family concluded to try to tame it, and it was put into the garden and its wound dressed.

It was very wild at first, and the children on the place gave it the name of Wily. Soon, however, Wily began to show less fear, and before his wound was entirely healed he became so tame that he was allowed to stroll about the yard, and afterward to be placed with the tame geese and to go where he pleased during the day, but he and the other geese were confined in the yard at night. Wily soon seemed to be perfectly contented with his new home and companions, and showed no disposition to wander away. He remained with us I believe through the next summer and winter, and during the time seemed to regain the full use of his wounded wing, although from some misplaced feathers, or other cause, there was a constant creaking sound produced by his wounded wing while flying.

During the second winter that Wiley was with us there was a school opened within a few hundred yards of my father's house, and the children would often come down during recess and after school to see Wily, and they would often, by clapping their hands, screaming and running after him, cause him to take wing and fly for a considerable time. This became so constant that Wily would often leave the place and be gone during the day, but was sure to come home at night. As spring began to approach Wily seemed to grow restless under the treatment received from the school children, and one morning he did not wait as usual to be startled by them, but took wing very early, and after rising high in the air, and circling around the place many times, as if to take a farewell view of his late home, then with a few "honks," as if bidding those farewell who had loved and cared for him while with us, he turned his head northward and was soon lost to sight. Nor did he put in an appearance that night as we had hoped he would do. Days, weeks and months passed away, and still he did not return, and no hopes of ever seeing him again were entertained.

One day, after the next winter had fairly set in, a flock of geese were seen circling around the place, and the children ran out into the yard to look at them. They came nearer and nearer, and at last directly into the yard, and the leader of the flock alighted within a few yards of the dwelling-house door, and from the familiar creaking of his wing he was recognized as our Wily. The other geese in the flock not being accustomed to the noise and sight of the children would not alight, but after hovering over their leader a few seconds started away toward the wheat field.

Upon seeing their movements Wily arose, and after circling with them for a while took his place in front, and again headed for the yard. This he did several times, but upon being convinced that his family would not share his old home with him he carried them to the wheat field, but he did not fail to make repeated trials for a number of days to get them to take up their winter quarters in the yard.

My father and brothers commenced shooting the geese from the flock as we would need them for the table, and during the week they remained around the place killed seven of the number. The shooting was done with the rifle, and while the geese were in some portion of the field, and only as one was wanted for the table that the flock might not be scared away from the place. Up to the time that the seventh goose was killed Wily did not fail to make several attempts each day to bring his followers into the yard nor did he seem the least afraid of the noise or sight of anything on the place. It is supposed that the seventh goose was Wily himself as the balance of the flock suddenly left and never returned.

We have had several flights of ducks since the one mentioned above, and many of the ducks have stopped with us, but they are only to be found along the sloughs and marshy places in the river swamp. Deer are sometimes plentiful here, and turkeys are often to be found in abundance. We have a tolerable supply of quail, but there are so many briars and so much brush that there is not so much sport shooting them here as there is in more open countries. Squirrels were quite plentiful during the summer and fall, and it would have been an easy matter for a good shot to have killed from fifty to seventy-five during a day's hunt. Many could be killed in the swamps now, but they are not quite so numerous as they were two or three months ago. Farmers often have to guard their fields here to prevent them from destroying their crops, and it is a great blessing to the farmer that the game law does not protect the squirrel. They often afford good summer shooting, and when the game law protects other game the gunner takes revenge on the squirrel. The hare is tolerable plentiful, and do so much damage in the gardens and young orchards that it would be a great blessing to this section of the country if they were entirely exterminated. Our game law does not protect the hare and should not for we have plenty of better game less mischievous.

Our best sport here in the way of fishing is in May, and for what is here called blue bream. We take many other fish through the spring, summer and fall, many of which are very fine, especially what are here called trout (but what I suppose are really big-mouthed black bass), and what are here called blue cat, channel cat and forked tailed cat (all the same fish) I would not like to give weight of the largest of these bass, without giving names as reference, but if your correspondent who a short time ago spoke of a full-grown bass that weighed 7 or 7½ lbs. will take the trouble to write to Capt. James S. Lewis or Mr. Jesse Fisher, Watkinsville, Neshoba County, Miss., he will find that the trout (black bass) are often caught in this county that weigh from 9 to 12 lbs., and some extra large ones a little over 12 lbs. S. P. Nash.

AN ALLEGED DEER HUNT AMONG THE POCONO MOUNTAINS.

ON Tuesday, October 26, 1880, at 8:45 A. M., three individuals might have been seen loaded down with hunting gear steering for the depot of the Wind Gap Railroad.

The individuals referred to were Dick, Doc and Jim, and the two latter were bound for the Pocono Mountains for a few day's sport with the game in that vicinity.

Just as we reached the station the train hove in sight, and shortly after we parted with Dick, who waved us a farewell as we rounded a curve and disappeared from his view.

The weapons the two sportsmen carried were respectively a Deane and a Parker both 12 bores. As we calculated to spend some of our time in a deer country we took some buck shot cartridges with us, all stowed away in places where they could never be found in case of emergency. We regretted then that we could not take a rifle, but we rejoiced afterward that we had not done so.

Well, the distance to the Wind Gap (twenty miles) was passed over in the smoking car, where we made various surmises as to what our success would be.

We very foolishly left our dogs at home relying on our friends in the mountains. In due time we arrived at Wind Gap, a small village somewhat famous as a local summer resort. Here we met a gentleman who was going our way as far as Saylorsburg, and who promised to take our traps while we went through the woods in the hope of scaring up some game. On the way we flushed a bevy of quail from which we each got a bird, but as a slight rain was coming up and our time there was limited we went on, reaching Saylorsburg just in time for dinner. Our traps had gotten to the hotel ahead of us and were all right. They consisted of about 250 cartridges, two blankets, two rubber coats, two overcoats, camp, hatchet, tobacco, matches and a Colt .44. The latter was intended for bears, which are by no means uncommon in those parts.

After an excellent dinner, which was well attended to, Doc and I started out despite the rain to find something in the shape of game. One grouse fell to Doc's gun, and that was all we saw. Returning to the inn we played "seven up" till dusk, then came a good supper and a chat with the landlord. Doc bargained with him to take us as far as Effort (eleven miles), and shortly after we turned in. Next morning we started out early, and walked to Lake Paupaunoming to look for ducks. Saw none, but I had the good fortune to flush and cut down a grouse.

After breakfast we left for Effort where we arrived at 10:30. Now we were only six miles from our Mecca, but we decided to beat around the hills and swamps for such small game as might fall in our way. Our "friends" had gone back on us, so we had no dogs, and beating the brush is not much fun, still we had fair success and ate our luncheon with the air of men who were having a good time, but we regretted that Dick and some other club members were not with us. Next morning we pushed on for Pocono afoot leaving the bulk of our baggage with mine host, Herr Eberle. Passing along this road the tourist or sportsman cannot help admiring the picturesque beauty of the scenery on all sides of him. Right ahead looms great Pocono, and just as we saw it a dark cloud crowned its summit, and seemed to frown down at us poor mortals for attempting to scale its sides. In the rear was the great Blue Mountain chain, distant and hazy, stretching around the country at our feet like a vast wall whose only portal visible was the Wind Gap through which we had come.

We reached the summit of old Pocono about 9:30 A. M. Here, contrary to our expectations, we found a small wayside inn. Upon inquiry we found that the proprietor of the place, Steve Hurst by name, was out deer hunting, but would return about noon, so we passed the rest of the forenoon looking around for hares and grouse, in which pursuit we were moderately successful. On the return of Steve we "put away" a substantial dinner and started out, Steve and old Joe. Ebriott, both old deer hunters, leading the way.

The top of Pocono resembles the upper surface of a truncated cone, and is surmounted by a small mound known as Temple Hill for the base of which we started. When within a quarter of a mile of it we stopped and consulted as to what our best move would be. It was decided that Steve should go over the hill leaving us to watch the runways, so he gave us our directions and left. We waited, but no deer came in sight all that afternoon.

When Steve returned he said he had started a doe and two fawns, but they had gone to the north while we were carefully guarding the south. Next morning Doc proposed trying for deer again, but having strained my ankle the day before I decided to go off "on my own hook" and get what small game I could.

Before I had gone far a very large hare started off, giving me a fine chance for a quartering shot, so I let drive at him with the left never thinking of the fact that I had loaded that barrel with buck shot. But it hit him and he died instantly. When I held him by the hind legs at the height of my waist his forelegs swept the ground, and I am a six-footer. Shortly afterward I saw an eagle about 200 yards distant. I commenced "crawling" for him, but he left when I was almost within range.

About noon I returned, hoping to find Doc, but he had not got back. I waited two hours for him and then took my dinner *solus*. Just as I was rising from the table he came in, and with him were Joe and Steve, but no deer. They had been outwitted the same as the day before. At 4 P. M. Doc and I started back to Effort, which we reached without incident. We stayed there all night, and the next morning our man from Saylorsburg came for us with a wagon. He made much fun for the bystanders by his questions concerning our deer. The rest of our trip was made in a driving rain, and was uninteresting in the extreme.

We just caught the last train from Wind Gap to Bethlehem, and with a hurried farewell to our host were whirled rapidly home.

As we brought most of our game home we had a game supper for the club at a celebrated restaurateurs, at which Doc and I presided and were the lions of the evening.

Virginianus Occidentalis.

THE GAME OUTLOOK IN VIRGINIA.

THIS has been a hard winter—a fact and observation you have probably heard before; a winter such as the old darkeys love to sit close to their fires and tell of cold weather in "dem times when dey was young."

"Why, 'fore de Lord," said old Uncle Reuben, reaching up to the narrow mantel-piece and taking down his corn-cob pipe, "you folks talks about de cold! Why, when I was a boy 'longing to ole Marse Hill Carter, over dar in Powhatan, who owned a big place on Jeemes' River, dar was a winter dat done take de rag offen de bush. You all talk about dis time; why, it wasn't nuffin to dat. I remembers de time well. Everything froze—dat could freeze. My ole ooman, me and the chillern sot up night after night, side of the fire; it was too cold to go to bed. De hens, de turkeys—all froze stiff, and we lost all de fowls, 'cept a rooster dat roosted in de chimley. One day ole Marse Hill started us to de pond to get ice, but it had froze solid clean down to de bottom; and seein' as how he couldn't get it out no other way, ole Marse druv two holes in de ice, den put two cedar posts in dem, and den tied a big rope to de posts and hitched six yokes of oxen and ten horses; den de whip was cracked—and I hope I may live to die if he didn't draw up de whole pond to de ice-house and save de trouble of hauling, for we had nuffin to do but chop up de ice and frow it in de house—and——"

"Uncle Reuben," said Douglas, solemnly, as he started to go, "it is a mystery how an old man like yourself—some eighty odd—so near to the grave, should tell such a pyrotechnic lie as that. You'll swear you were General Washington's body servant next?"

"I ain't done told you half yit."

"Well, that will do;" and we left the old darkey soberly shaking his head.

But old Reuben was right after all—even if he did fall into the temptation that besets aged people, more than anything else, of telling yarns, for there is nobody to say them nay. When all of a man's contemporaries die it is a fearful strain for the surviving one to keep to the truth and never draw the long bow. But I digress.

In looking over some tattered MSS. of the old colonial times I find mention of the coldest winter in Virginia on Record. It was in the year 1779, and history tells us of another in 1810. On both of these occasions Chesapeake Bay was frozen solidly across and men and cattle passed in safety over the ice from the Maryland to the Virginia side. Now, if tradition and history have any truth in them at all, those times far exceeded our winter in severity, for, barring floating ice that has formed in the inlets and streams, no man alive has ever seen Chesapeake Bay covered even with a thin skim of ice. To bind the raging waters in its silent fetters would require for days the temperature of Spitsbergen or Iceland.

But the winter has been severe enough to kill much of the game in this State, and sportsmen are uneasy about the future outlook—fearing that their trusty double barrels will lie in their cases all unused next fall. But it is not so. The damage done is greatly exaggerated, and a close survey and scanning of reports from the country papers throughout the Old Dominion brings one to a close estimate of the truth of the game question.

In the first place, the rabbits have not suffered, as they can live, "chip, peit and sassy," on the bark of the trees, no matter how deep the snow is, and they will be as plentiful as ever next autumn.

The game bird of this State is, of course, the partridge, and they have fared ill or worse according to their section. In the tidewater region of Virginia there has been comparatively little snow, and Bob White ranges the woods and fields in its wonted numbers. In the mountainous southwestern Virginia they have been almost decimated. Around Lynchburg and the tobacco belt there has been but little snow and the birds are safe. In the great valley they are very scarce, but the sporting clubs are importing large numbers of live quail and expect an abundant return. In Piedmont, Virginia, the partridges have suffered severely, and there will be poor shooting in that section for a number of years to come.

But there comes a charm after every ill, and the great foe of the partridge—infinitely more destructive that the hawk, more deadly than the cat, more rapacious than the mink—has been destroyed in vast quantities. I allude to the crow—"old black Jim Crow"—who eats the eggs of the setting birds, and is a greater foe of our pet game bird than all others put together. I must confess to my suprise that the FOREST AND STREAM, when mentioning the gauntlet of enemies that the partridge was compelled to run a-muck, said nothing of the crow, that enjoys a nest of partridge eggs as much as a bear a hive of honey, or an alderman a dish of terrapin stew.

This winter has killed untold numbers of these black thieves, the intense freeze caused many to go perfectly blind; and when it is cold enough to make the crow go blind you can swear that the thermometer is pretty low in the bulb. Every farmer can bear witness to the singular antics of these ravens who have lost their sight, and every farm throughout the State has scores of these dead birds lying just as they have fallen.

So taking all things into consideration, there will be but little noticeable difference in the quantity of game in Virginia next fall, except, as I wrote before, in the Piedmont section.

One singular fact connected with the great bird famine was observed on the farm of Mr. Isham Keith, near Warrenton, Va. A hawk was seen eating the dead body of a crow—the first instance, I believe, on record of such a thing.—CHASER.

THE WINTER IN MARYLAND—Rockville, Md., March 27.—Quail are very scarce in our county, owing to the severe winter. I have heard of whole bevies being frozen to death. Still there are some in our locality. Around our town there has been seen several bevies, from three to twelve in each. The farmers do not feed them through the winter, as a general thing. We have a law for the protection of game, but it is very badly observed. We will endeavor to get a law passed this session of our Legislature to prohibit shooting for two years.—W. H. R.

CANADA—Three Rivers, March 30.—Spring shooting for ducks will commence here in a few days and promises to be good.—H. W.

BUNKER HILL CLUB.—At the annual election of officers of the Bunker Hill (Illinois) Gun Club, held March 20, Mr. Abe Harris was elected President, and Mr. Wm. Morris Secretary and Treasurer. The club is a wide-awake institution and in good condition, and proposes to look closely after law-breakers during the close season and enforce the law.

GROUSE TREEING.

IN view of the sad reports with which your columns have been filled of the destruction of our game birds by cold and snow, it is pleasant to be able to note one section of our common country wherein the reverse of this state of affairs has existed. The present winter has been all that could be desired for the preservation of our ruffed grouse, especially in the northern portions of the State. The snows came early and deep, and not a drop of rain fell from November till after the middle of February, the deep, light snow affording the noble birds all the protection they require to successfully resist the severest weather of which our rugged climate is capable. During a three months' sojourn in Franklin county, from which I have just returned, not a day passed, when the weather was suitable, that I did not see them "budding" on the birches, sometimes three and four in a tree. I have not seen them so plenty in years. One habit of theirs I have observed this winter which before I had not particularly noticed. When the thermometer is much below zero they do not come out of the snow at all during the day, no matter how calm and bright it may be, and during one cold snap, when the thermometer marked from 13 deg. to 31 deg. below, I never saw a bird excepting those I drove out of the snow; and, by the way, I know of nothing that will more thoroughly startle one than to have them suddenly tear out of the snow from between one's snow-shoes, filling hair and eyes full of snow. I have been watching with mixed feelings of interest and amusement the "partridge treeing" discussion in your columns, and was congratulating myself on being able to close it up in good style. But alas for the vanity of human hopes! "Mic Mac" has completely taken the conceit out of me. His article "tells it all." The "wonderful instinct" which enables certain dogs to find the birds in a tree, no matter how far they fly, is all explained by the fact of their hunting up the droppings. I know a dog, half coach and half bull, whose fame extends into several towns, which will find grouse in this manner no matter how high they may be perched or how long they have been there. PENOBSCOT.

Newport, Me., March.

WESTFIELD, Mass.

In the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 24 "Mic Mac" seems to doubt the possibility of treeing partridges by the use of a dog in this State. He says: "If our friend Jean Baptist should bring his little cur to Mass.' and walk through the woods, he undoubtedly would have the pleasure of seeing him put up some partridges if the undergrowth was not too thick; but that would be all he would see of them unless he followed them up to repeat the same unsatisfactory performance." We have still living in our village a hunter of ye olden time who, with his cur dog and Queen's arm (probably similar to Jean Baptist's King's arm, but of different gender) has brought in more treed partridges than I have seen before or since killed before bird-dogs in a sportsmanlike manner. The dog finally died, and he never owned another that would fill the bill So he played dog himself, by tracking the birds on the snow, and when flushing them he gave a number of short, quick yelps, very much much resembling those of the dog, and has often successfully treed the birds in this manner. I well remember my first gun and the first bird I shot with it. It was in the month of February, snow knee deep, and a crust that would almost bear my weight, when I started out to try the new gun. In passing through a grove of pines a short distance from the village I flushed about six partridges (I don't suppose I made an accurate count I was so flustrated). I did not see them leave the pines, so I made a thorough search of every tree in that grove, and passed and repassed beneath a certain tall pine, in which, hugging close to the body of the tree, I found and shot my first partridge, and not four rods from this tree I shot another that had not been disturbed by the noise While on the subject of charming partridges I will relate an amusing incident (at least it was so to an eye witness). Three of us boys started for Hampton Ponds, about five miles from the village, to prospect for ducks. We carried one double-barrel gun. Finding no ducks, we were leisurely rowing back to the landing when one of the party espied a partridge on the near shore. It was the work of a moment to turn that boat to shore, and one of the boys grabbed the gun, landed, and commenced to dance, hoot and whistle in a very extravagant manner, loading the gun the best he could in the meantime, and between every stanza of his song he would call on the rest to imitate him. So we all engaged in a regular Indian pow-wow until the gun was loaded and the bird shot. Partridge charming seems to be most successful in the winter months, and the nearer spring the better. All the above happened a few years ago, when the open season extended to March 1 in this State, but it was only last winter I knew of a partridge being kept in a tree until a muzzle-loading gun was charged and the bird shot by making a great noise as above.—S.

WENONAH, Gloucester Co., N. J.

Our winter here as elsewhere has been unprecedentedly severe, and I fear our quail are all dead. Immense numbers of small birds which usually winter with us have perished. It was warm all last week. The snow nearly all left us. Blue birds, robins, etc., made their appearance.

I read with interest your article in last week's issue upon the destruction of hawks. The present has been a good winter for thinning them out. Impelled by hunger they have been unusually bold, and an unusual number have been destroyed in this region. During the past two or three years I have myself succeeded in killing a good many. I use an old fashioned 16 lb. target rifle that did service through the war in my regiment (the U. S. Sharp Shooters) and although I am getting old and am seriously disabled I do not often miss a hawk at 200 yards and even more. There is a high clump of trees 206 yards from my residence from which I have killed several hawks firing from the window. Nearly all my gunning is done in this way, and my game is hawks, kingfishers, herons, muskrats and other intruders about my fish-ponds. I can still knock the head off a water-snake while swimming across the ponds twenty or thirty yards distant. I am the only person in the region who uses a rifle, and I have used rifles generally from comparatively early boyhood.

I notice the correspondence relative to killing grouse from trees. When a boy I lived on the "Western Reserve" and had a small, mongrel dog about the color of an Italian greyhound, but rather clumsily built. As a general hunting dog I never saw his superior. In those days black and grey squirrels were very numerous in all that region. Let me take down the old rifle, and this little dog would be wild with delight, and long before I could reach the woods he would be there and have a squirrel or sometimes a ruffed grouse treed. I could approach near enough either to knock their heads off, which I invariably did. In later years I was in western Massachusetts where ruffed grouse were very abundant. A man in the neighborhood who rarely took a gun in his hands had a little dog, a half-blood English rat-terrier, the other half being an unknown mixture. This dog would go with any one carrying a gun into the woods, but would go with no stranger without. He would always soon find and tree ruffed grouse, and many a one have I thus shot over him. In the same region some years later I owned a fine old fox hound which I had bought from an experienced fox hunter. He was splendidly trained and would rarely follow a fox out of the usual hunting season. He was a wonderful coon hunter, and during the woodchuck season turned his special attention to those mischievous animals. One damp day in the haying season I took my rifle, and, calling the hound, started for the back fields on a woodchuck raid. I had to pass some two or three hundred yards through some open, large timber (a maple sugar place). About 100 yards from me I noticed the hound walking slowly with his nose to the ground, but his tail did not manifest much interest in the scent. Finally I noticed the hound sitting down, something very unusual when I was out with a gun. As I was about passing near by he gave me a very solemn look, and then turned his eyes and nose upward. Glancing in the direction, and within fifteen feet of the dog and not over fifty feet from me, there sat on a maple limb a large, male grouse. Within three or four seconds his head had mostly disappeared, and he dropped within a yard or so of the hound, and bounded around very lively for about a minute. The hound did not offer to take hold of it, but with his nose rolled it over two or three times as it became quiet. MILTON P. PIERCE.

DUCK SHOOTING IN TENNESSEE.

SAVANNAH, Tenn.

HAVING an idle afternoon yesterday I crossed the river to the cypress pond, where I had heard there were a great many ducks and geese. The pond is large and shallow, encumbered with logs, brush, stumps and trees, and is almost inaccessible, being surrounded with sloughs overgrown with cane and other undergrowth, and at this season of the year full of water. After much exertion and no little wading, my companion and I reached the pond, and found there a great many ducks and a few geese. As the day was warm and calm the birds were exceedingly wild, especially the geese, which flew at our approach and did not return during the afternoon.

After a long search we found a small and crazy batteau, half full of water. Bailing this out, we embarked on the pond; but, fearing an upset, I left the boat and ensconced myself among three huge cypresses that grew out of the pond with their conical trunks nearly touching. These trees made an excellent blind, and there I remained while my companion paddled away to the upper end of the pond and concealed himself among the grass and weeds. In a short time the ducks began to return, singly and in small flocks, offering several close shots, and leaving some of their number floating quietly on the water. Although the trees afforded perfect concealment, their thick tops interfered greatly with my aim, causing me to lose some excellent shots. Calling to my companion I got him to land me upon a fallen tree, on which I found a rude blind constructed of bark and grass. Here I had very fair shooting until about sundown, when the ducks ceased to come. Just after sundown a large flock of turkeys flew up into the high trees in the upper end of the pond, where, I suppose, they are accustomed to pass the nights

My companion, hearing the noise made by their flight, came up after me, and, collecting the ducks I had killed, we started in the batteau to approach the turkeys. So alert were these cautious birds that even the slight noise made by our light craft was sufficient to alarm them, and they flew away into the high timbers toward the river. On our attempting to follow them we became entangled among the vines, brush and cypress knees, and it was dark before, after much hard work and several narrow escapes from capsizing, we at last reached the shore of the pond directly opposite our road home. Now we commenced to pay for our sport, and were not long in realizing the truth of the old adage of the rose and its thorns. Our path homeward led "thorough brush, thorough brier," across dark sloughs on slimy and treacherous foot-logs, through slashes knee deep in mud and tangled grass, and our uncertain steps were serenaded by the demoniac hooting of owls. The ducks we were carrying seemed momentarily to increase in weight, and when at last we emerged on the bank of the river and saw the lights of the village shining bright on the bluff, we were glad enough to rest. The passage over was soon made, and after a few minutes more I was at home, divested of my dripping shooting togs, clad in warm dressing-gown and comfortable slippers, and seated before a blazing wood fire enjoying a hearty meal. Wonderful is the spell that the chaste Diana throws over her worshipers. In a few moments the leaky boat, the clinging vines, the protruding kness of the ghostly cypresses, the deep mud and treacherous logs, faded from memory, and instead came pleasing visions of the swift flight and folding wings of the wary fowl, and the abrupt splash which followed the loud report of my trusty gun. WILL.

CALIFORNIA.—At the last session of the California State Legislature an amendment to the game law was passed making it a misdemeanor to snare or trap quail. This amendment if enforced will of course prevent the capture of small lots of quail for shipment to the other States, but that is a matter that will interest the residents of other States much more than the friends of game preservation in California.

The following is the text of the amendment:

"Any person or persons who shall at any time, net, pound, weir, cage or trap any quail, partridge or grouse, or any person or persons who shall sell or give away or have in his or their possession any quail, partridge or grouse that have been scared, captured or taken, in or by means of any net, pound, weir, cage or trap, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

CONNECTICUT.—Quail, which were very plenty last season, have all vanished. Friends and myself kept feeding different flocks at various places, but one terrible snowstorm settled that business as the snow was so deep it became impossible to go to the places where they lived. Of the six flocks of which I knew, only one is left. About eighteen or twenty birds in it. Spring birds have begun to arrive.—F. K.

The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in Hop Bitters.

BRANT SHOOTING AT CAPE MALABAR.

PROVIDENCE, March 30, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thinking it might interest some of your many readers to know how brant are hunted at Cape Malabar, I will give my experience for one week, commencing the 19th of the present month. Our party consisted of four members of the Providence Branting Club, who were drawn for the first week. We left Providence at 8 A. M. and arrived at Chatham, Mass., about 1 P. M., and after a good dinner took a boat with guns and baggage for the Cape, which is about four miles south of Chatham, and about half way to Monomoy, on the extreme end of Nausett Beach. The Cape makes out to the northwest from Nausett Beach, and is an island at high water There are two club houses on the Cape, one belonging to the Monomoy Club and the other to the Providence Club.

The shooting boxes are all located on the west side of the Cape in the Atlantic Ocean. There are probably 500 acres of sandy flats as smooth as a floor and as level as the water that are all bare at low tide. The boxes which are 7 ft. long, 3½ ft. wide, and 3 ft. and 4 in. deep are sunk in the sand not far from deep water, and the tops calculated to be about the height of ordinary high water. The helpers who shoot in the boxes with the members of the club and work the live decoys commence about the first of March to put in the boxes, and after they are sunk they begin to wheel sand in barrels to make a bar that will show a little at high water, and after the shooting commences.

They have to repair the bars at every low tide if the water is rough at high tide, and frequently the gunners are driven from the boxes in rough weather and have to wade ashore. The Monomoy Club have three boxes in this season, and the Providence have two. The boxes will accommodate two gunners and one helper. Wooden decoys are set at each box, and two live ones are on the bar, they are fastened with hopples attached to a long string that will reach to the end of the bar say about thirty yards, and when a bunch of brant come near enough to see the decoys a slight pull on the string will cause the decoys to show wing, and is about sure to call down the bunch. Great care has to be taken to remove every sign of human presence, all clothing has to be about the color of sand, and the slightest motion when birds are near is fatal to the decoying of brant. A single young brant will sometimes lead a large flock into danger, as they decoy much easier than old ones. The gunners take their places in the boxes as soon as the tide begins to come in, and the chances are good till the ebb tide is well down around the boxes, and at low tide you might as well hunt for brant in Broadway, N. Y.

Evening tides are not favorable as a general thing, as the birds do not fly much after 4 P. M. By watching the live decoys you can judge what the wild ones are doing. If the weather is cold and the decoys can reach the water they will stand so it will cover their feet, and if they cannot reach the water they will squat on the sand to keep their feet warm, and at such times brant will not fly much unless disturbed. The boxes are named—the two south ones are called the Mud Holes, and the next one to the north is the Gravel Bar and there are two on what is called the North Bar. The north box is about one mile from the club-house, and is a long wade at high water when the wind is blowing hard and the water from two and one-half to three feet deep. Our party in four days, with unfavorable weather, killed and saved forty-three brant and two black ducks, and out of twenty brant shot down from one bunch, seven were lost that fell in the water too deep to wade. A boat any where in sight or a floating barrel will destroy all hopes of decoying any birds. Our party were armed with the Parker guns, and some birds were killed at least 100 yards off. No. 5 shot for sitting shots at short range were used, and. No. 1 and 2 for long flying shots. The Monomoy Club killed thirty brant out of one bunch with six guns on the 24th of March. They had a splendid sitting shot, and then took them in the air. A journal is kept at each house, and tides, wind and weather all carefully noted and all scores recorded. The names of the hunters that occupy the boxes are kept, and they rotate with each tide so as to give all an even chance. There is generally a circus in the evening at one of the club-houses, and then with smoke and songs between the acts the time passes rapidly.

A. D. COY.

THE ARMSTRONG BILL.—You cite with commendation a section of Armstrong's Assembly bill, No. 242, which offers a State bounty for wolves, panthers, foxes, hawks and owls, and remark that there are other excellent points in that bill which you have not the space to notice. The subscriber would like to know if you approve Sec. 2, which is framed to prohibit the shooting in the waters of Long Island of any wild duck, goose, brant, coot, rail, snipe, plover or gallinule, between the first day of May and the first day of October? There are a great many gentlemen in this city and vicinity who enjoy a few day's sport with the bay birds at the proper time for shooting them, and who would like to know what Mr. Armstrong desires to accomplish. My observation and information have led me to suppose that their flight back from the northern breeding grounds is mainly over before the first of October.

If that be the fact is not this propsed amendment an absurd one? I would like to see in your columns full and reliable information from the baymen and their annual guests about the date of commencement, duration, etc., of the flights each way of the snipe and plover for the benefit of all concerned, our Legislators especially. Let me as a subscriber to your paper from its initial number thank you for the novel and complete statistical report showing the effect of the weather last winter on the game in New Jersey. That table alone is worth to me the price of a year's subscription. It is by such enterprises that the FOREST AND STREAM endears itself to its patrons and long may its banner wave.

New York, March 26. H. H. THOMPSON.

DEER HUNTING AT CURRITUCK.—I don't believe there is a place in the United States where deer are more plentiful to the size of the woods than they are in a certain spot on Currituck Sound. A party of men, four in number, shot eleven deer at this place in one day. One man shot five on one stand. It is a beautiful little strip of land situated on the east side of Currituck Sound and bordered by the Atlantic. It is only eight miles in length and two and a half miles wide in the widest part. Three of my friends and myself spent a couple of days there in February. We started about twenty deer in the two days and saw ten more; but not having any experience with that kind of game before, we were not very successful in bagging many of them. But if any person reads this who never shot a deer and would like that kind of sport, they can perhaps shoot one without much trouble at Currituck. It is only twenty-five miles from our place—just a good half-day's drive. Sportsmen who come to the Sound for the purpose of shooting ducks and can spare a day or two, can shoot a deer at the same time. I have a splendid pack of hounds at my command and any person or persons who like the fun of shooting deer next fall or December would do well to communicate with J. B. White, Knott's Island, Currituck Sound, N. C.

Should any one doubt what I have said about the quantity of deer, etc, they can apply to Josephus Baum, Poplar Branch P. O., N. C., and numbers of other parties who live on the sound.

The duck shooting has also been good on the north end of the sound during February and March. Henry S. Clarke, of Walpole, Mass., shot fifty ducks and one goose the 2d of March, and his bag has been ranging from twenty to forty-eight every day since. The weather has been so cold this season we expect good shooting until the 1st or 10th of April.—J. B. WHITE.

EXPENSES ON DOGS TO FLORIDA.—Baltimore, March 24.—Not as a champion of railroads, but as a fellow and interested sportsman I should be glad if "Kenwoc" would better explain his balance sheet, as given in your issue of 17th inst Figures, of course, do not lie, but they can sometimes be set down in error, as, according to my experience, they seem to have been in this case, unless there is some "inside track" between the two points (Charleston and Jacksonville) of which I am not aware, and, in which event I think "Kenwoc" ought to make it known for the benefit of the fraternity. In the first place he charges the account with expenses on three dogs from Charleston to Augusta, $4.50 for 137 miles, and from Augusta to Savannah $15 for 132 miles, being $19.50 for 269 miles—7¼c. per mile for the three dogs. Now, to this charge he should have added a foot note explaining that the route named is not the regular and direct one from Charleston to Savannah, the direct railroad route being only 115 miles instead of 269 miles, and at the same *pro rata* rate for the dogs their expenses would have been $8.34 (?) instead of $19.50, showing an overcharge of $11.16. In the second place he credits the account, "By three first-class tickets to Jacksonville (from Charleston), via steamer, $15." This is manifestly an error. There is but one steamer, and she is a good one—the St. John's—plying between the two ports, and Brother Brown, her genial purser, will tell you that he is a "one price" establishment, and that price is $10 for a first-class ticket from C. to J., making $30 for three tickets, equal to an under credit of $15, to which add $1 paid for dogs on steamer; and I think if "Kenwoc" will then strike a balance on this basis he will regret not having kept his original tickets and thus have saved $13.66.—TURNEY.

TENNESSEE—Savannah, March 21.—The shooting season just passed has proved the poorest I have ever known.

Birds seemed to be plenty in October, but the unusual severity of the winter drove them to the woods and canebrakes, whence it was impossible to dislodge them. As we have had no heavy snows, the birds have not suffered much from the weather, but large numbers have been trapped and shot on the ground by pot-hunters.

Ducks have been very scarce this season. They were here in large numbers about the 1st of November, but soon left. A few weeks ago they returned, remaining a week or two, and some good shooting was had. One gun bagged twenty-five mallards in two hours' shooting one evening about two weeks ago.

Squirrels are reported as abundant, and there are several flocks of wild turkeys in the woods along the river. The wild geese, which had been unusually numerous all winter, left us early in February. A great many were killed by shooting at them from the decks of the steamboats which ply our river. From all appearances there are quail enough left over to insure good shooting next fall, if we can have a dry June. We are having considerable excitement just now about mad dogs. Several cases of rabies have now been reported; but so far the disease has not attacked any valuable dogs. Up to this time it has resulted only in the destruction of some score or more of worthless curs; and if it spreads no further will prove an unalloyed blessing. WILL.

SNIPE SHOOTING—Tenn., Memphis, March 28.—The birds are now coming on to the Arkansas prairies in fair quantities. "Guido" and two friends have just returned from a two day's hunt on Grand Prairie, bagging upward of 200 birds. I learn that Mr. Orgill, of your city, now on a visit here, accompanied by Judge McDowell, starts to-day for a week's hunt on the prairies.—SOAPE.

MINNESOTA—Sauk Centre, March 22.—Judging from present indications the chicken shooting will be excellent the coming season. Yesterday, about two miles above town, I saw a large number of prairie chickens on the stubble fields where the snow has thawed away trying to get a taste of grain. The ducks and geese are eagerly looked for, and in a few days at most they will be here in abundance. Our sporting club are ready to make it "pleasant" for them as long as they feel inclined to stay.—DELL.

GULF CITY GUN CLUB—Port of Mobile.—At the annual election of the Gulf City Gun Club, held March 16, the following gentlemen were elected to serve the ensuing year: President, Frank P. Davis; Vice President, William B. Holt; Secretary, John F. Summersell; Treasurer, Jas. Alexander, Jr.; Attorney, William Boyles. Executive Committee: H. P. Vass, Chairman; Geo. W. Tunstall, Jas. C. Bush, Chas. L. Huger, Edmund Carre, William S. Goodall, Chas. W. Leslie.

WISCONSIN—Waushara County, March 24.—It is gratifying to know there is even an occasional reminder administered to violators of the game law in this State. Last week a man shot a doe near here which would have increased the tribe by two if allowed to live the proper time. The man was brought before a justice in Saxeville and fined $4.50 and costs, not a very heavy plenalty, but costly enough to give the poacher a wholesome respect for the law, it is to be hoped.—BADGER.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Mr. W. Humphreys, formerly of Newark, N. J., will please send his address to this office.

Can any one inform us of a fox hound in the stud in the vicinity of Woodbridge, N. J.

W. J. M. wants the pedigree of an Irish setter dog named Buck, brought to Norfolk, Va., by a young man named McFall, who once lived in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A CORRESPONDENT desires to obtain eggs of the sharp-tailed grouse to hatch under a bantam hen. Can any of our Iowa, Nebraska or Minnesota readers help him?

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salmo fontinalis.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum*, etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped Bass, *Rocous lineatus.*
White Bass, *Rocous chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chenobryttus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass, *Rocous lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*

THE ANGLER'S NEW YEAR.

ON the first day of April it is lawfully permitted to kill, have in possession, and to eat trout within the limits of the State of New York, and on this day the worshipers at the shrine of Salvelinus who may have been cribbed, cabined or confined within the city's walls all winter, either rush with rod and reel to Long Island or other adjacent waters, regardless of the east wind and its accompanying rheumatism, or they saunter down to Fulton Market to see the display of their favorites which has now become the annual fashion.

The weather was favorable to the display, being damp, and therefore the fish held their moisture and color, and the dirty old market was invaded by a well dressed and well behaved crowd of people, among whom were several gentlemen noted on the bench, in the pulpit and in the councils of the nation, as well as many ladies. Trout and rosebuds, trout and lilies, huge bouquets between layers of trout, baskets of exquisite flowers, flanked crimson flecked fishes and sea anemones which tried hard to rival the floral gems, made it a display worth a journey to see, and for two days Blackford's was crowded from nine in the morning till six by eager sight seers. Other dealers have caught the infection and decorated their stands with flowers, and the restaurants did the same and labled their fish with their respective localities—in fact it was the very apotheosis of trout!

The enterprise of Mr. E. G. Blackford in drawing specimens from the fishculturists at home and aboard, and in bringing great specimens from California and other distant sources, which he exhibits until they are past utilizing for food, at a great expense, makes his exhibit the great attraction. In his office was the famous stuffed specimen of *S. fontinalis*, of ten pounds weight, from the Rangeley lakes of Maine, caught by Vice President Page of the Fishcultural Association, some years ago. The old fellow has lost a piece of his tail, but does not seem to mind that as he does the fact which cast a gloom over his glass eyes, that on the wall opposite hung a hated rival of *eleven* pounds in plaster, cast from a fresh specimen taken last October and forwarded to Professor Baird, who had it used as a mould from which the present cast was made. The new aspirant for avoirdupois fame was painted to the life, and did not seem to be aware that he had done anything to provoke envy, but kept his weather eye on a glass case below him, exhibited by Gaston L. Feuardent, which contained a lot of pre-historic fish hooks of bronze from the lake-dwellers of Switzerland, a bronze "sacred fish" from Egypt, whose sanctity he could hardly make out, and some shell fish hooks and a bone pre-historic spear. Once we caught a decided sneer on the face of his eleven-poundship, as he evidently thought what a good time they would have had to take him out of the wet with such implements as that. Prof. Baird also sent a jar of the California "mountain trout," *Salmo purpuratus* (not the "Rainbow trout" to which the name "mountain trout" has been recently applied in some Eastern States) and "Clark's trout," *S. clarkii*, which ranges from California to Alaska and Eastern Asia. Mr. B. B. Redding, of the California Fish Commission, sent a quantity of the singular "Viviparous perch," *Embiotoca lineata*, Grd., which contained young; Truckee River and Lake Tahoe trout; "Dolly Varden," *Salvelinus malma*, and "Rainbow trout," *Salmo iridea.* Messrs. M. T. Brewer & Co., 30, 32 J Street, Sacramento, sent specimens of the trout from Humbolt and other rivers, one of which weighed eleven pounds. None of the California specimens were under two pounds and from that to eleven; the Dolly Varden weighed four. Of fishes other than trout there were "pompano," *Trachynotus carolinus*, from the Gulf of Mexico; live Hackensack River smelts from Mr. Geo. Ricardo, of Hackensack, N. J., in aquaria; the first North River shad of the season, taken by N. B. Lent, at Croton Landing; and a fresh Nova Scotia salmon, while from the New York State hatchery came hybrid quinnat salmon and brook trout, and hybrid lake and brook trout.

The following is an alphabetical list of exhibitors of brook trout—the fish were all dead except where otherwise noted; James Annin, Jr., Caledonia, N. Y.—the smaller specimens were red bellied and in better color than the larger ones; W H. Bryant, Hempstead, L. I.; R. Burgess and Son, Bennington, Vt.; G. F. Chichester, Patchogue, L. I., small but nice; Thomas Clapham, Roslyn, L. I., young live trout of three months in jars; Wm. J. Cooper, Lancaster, Pa., the best table trout in the collection, high colored, plump and fine; South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island, plump, handsome, light colored and white meated, quite large; Geo. H. Dickerman, New Hampton, N. H., nuber beauties; Geo. W. Etter, Lehmaster's, Pa.; Chas B. Fisher, Spring Valley, N. Y., wild trout, light color, plump and silvery, very handsome; J. Frank Gilbert, Plymouth, Mass., very handsome; Seth Green, N. Y. State Hatching Works, brook and rainbow trout of two and three years; John Gregory, Patchogue, L. I; M. Hogan, Quebec, very dark wild trout, thin and frozen; M. Height, Elmira, N. Y.; C. A. Hoxie, Carolina, R I, handsome trout, fed on liver and curd; J. W. Hoxie & Co., Carolina, R. I.; H. D. McGovern, Brooklyn, L. I., live trout of one and two years, in aquaria, dead trout—enemy of trout (*Belostoma Grandis*) and small carp; N. Clinton Miller, Brookhaven, L. I., large, dark and fine; Thomas Mowatt, Campbelltown, New Brunswick, wild trout, dark colored and plump; Geo. F. Parlow, New Bedford, Mass.; A. Rackon, Foster's Meadows, L. I., live trout in

aquaria; Willett H. Robinson, Patchogue, L. I., small trout; E. B. Rogers & Co., North Stonington, Conn., wild trout, plump; E. B. Sutton, Babylon, L. I.; Thompson Bro's., New Hope, Pa., very nice; C. Valentine, Brookhaven, L. I.; Seth Weeks, Corry, Pa.; E. W. Woodward, Manlius, N. Y., plump, spots yellowish. Messrs. Middleton and Carman also made a display of Long Island trout, live gold fish, and large striped bass flanked by an enormous lobster.

The fishing tackle dealers were all busy as they have been for weeks past, in fitting out the anglers for the opening of the season. Among the anglers who braved the season on Long Island, to have a cast at the trout on that dreary day which appalled all but the thoroughbreds, there went to South Oyster Bay, E. Lunitz, Joseph Stanley, of Hoboken, and Mr. Noble, of Brooklyn. To the South Side Club's waters, at Oakdale, near Islip, went Shepard F. Knapp, Thomas M. Bissett, Robert S. Bunting, John C. Congreve, W. R. Breese, George W. Hall, Charles F. Fearing, Peleg Hall of Newport, Harry Nichols, George H. Palmer, F. Shushard, James Benkard, Henry B. Hollins, Frank Johnson, John A. Lowery, Fred. R. Halsey, Roland Redmond, Mr. Pollock, H. R. Clark, John Halsey, Alexander Lutz, John Brice, Fred. De Luce, Mr. Simmons, Mr. Brand, Ed. Heylin, James Black and Ed. Matthews. Harry Miner went to Locust Grove. To C. F. Imbrie's and Mr. Wilbur's Green River preserve, at Sayville, went Andrew Clerk, James R. Thompson and others. Charles E. Strong, H. S. Fearing, George R. Fearing and many other members of the Suffolk Club enjoyed the day at their preserve near Patchogue.

To our notion the trout fishing will be more enjoyable a few weeks later, when the spring rains have warmed up the streams and started the vegetation.

BLACK BASS IN TENNESSEE.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Men are at variance about just the kind of day, some contending for bright days, others for partially cloudy; but observation has taught me that a partially cloudy, sultry day is certainly better for very clear water, while a bright day is better suited for murky water. A south or southwest wind is the best. The best time of the year for fishing in our waters for bass is from the first of April till the first of June. They are more abundant at this season than at any other season of the year. They bite well, however, in August, September, October and November.

One of the finest bass I ever caught, weighing something over five pounds, I caught in the month of January. I was fishing at the mouth of a creek which flows into the Sequachee River, perched on the forks of a box elder tree, when I saw my float disappear and thought the current had washed my hook against a root or snag. I pulled gently and felt a fish; slacked and gave him time to gorge the bait; struck him and finding that I had a large one, and my position not admitting of playing him, I was compelled to cast my rod behind me to the shore, through the boughs of the tree, and wind him up hand over hand. He measured two feet from the tip of the under lip to the tip of the tail; eight inches across the broadest part, and the tail, when stretched, six inches, and his mouth, when stretched, twelve inches in circumference.

Last summer I went down into North Chicamauga gulch on a tour of inspection. I had left my tackle in Chattanooga. I secured on the mountain a small perch hook and some flax thread, and this, with a fly hook I happened to have in my pocket, was the extent of my outfit. We descended into the canyon, which is at least 800 feet deep, over the most rugged path I ever traversed, which to be appreciated must be experienced. On reaching the water, I found a dry sassafras pole, crooked and knotty, that had been washed down by the high water—for this stream rises in winter and dashes through the gorge with a rapidity and roar which echoed by the mountain sides reminds one of Niagara—and attaching my flax line, upon which I had knitted my hook to this pole, I put an angle worm and caught a large chub, from whose shiny side I severed a fin with a small piece of flesh attached, and with this I made a cast and soon had dangling in the air a beautiful black bass. One of my companions had rigged my fly hook much in the same manner as my own; and we followed the stream up, crossing bowlders and great slabs of stone and broken fragments, and we caught with these rude fixtures in four or five hours over forty black bass, averaging from eight to ten inches long. We saw larger fish than we took, but they were shy of our rude gear—some of which I captured subsequently, when accompanied by Mr. Charles Carpenter, Circuit Clerk of Sequachee, Mr. Pell Brown and Mr. Millsaps, of Walden's ridge, at which time we captured during the day one hundred black bass.

I mention this incident to show you how abundantly our streams are supplied with fish where they are unmolested, and how successfully fisheulture could be carried on in any part of our country; for where they exist in such great numbers naturally, artificially they may be made to increase more largely. H. H. SNEED.

LUTJANUS BLACKFORDII.—In speaking of the habits and mode of catching the little known "red-snapper," the New Orleans *Democrat* says: The red-snapper grounds are estimated to 700 miles. It is only a question of labor what amount can be caught. They are found in countless myriads at all seasons at a certain depth of water, say from fifty to eighty feet. They are caught with lines having a number of hooks, which are eagerly seized by the fish. It is pretty hard to draw up these lines with such a number of these fish attached to them. Windlasses are frequently used to draw them up. In a very few hours the wells of the smacks are filled with them. To prevent their floating and keep them alive until the port is reached, it is necessary to reduce their bulk by compressing the large excess of air accumulated in their long passage from the great depth of water in which they are caught to the surface. This is done by a small incision just below the gills, which operates as a vent through which the air escapes until the fish is reduced to its natural size, so that it sinks and keeps alive and healthy. It was through this simple suggestion that the red-snapper became a great commercial fish. Previously it was found difficult to bring them to market fresh. Now they can be bought in far greater abundance than any other fish. There is a large fleet and a large number of men engaged in fishery. As the value and cheapness of the red-snapper begins to be generally appreciated throughout the West, this industry will be greatly increased. With enterprise and labor, and cheap transportation, we believe that in time this business will equal in its proportions and extent the cod and mackerel fisheries of Massachusetts. The abundance of the red-snapper in the Gulf is equal, if not superior, to that of the cod off the coast of Newfoundland. It is a better fish than either, and involves less labor and expense in filling the demand and in transporting to any of the interior towns.

FISHING IN THE OSWEGO RIVER.—A correspondent from Fulton, N. Y., sends us an extract from a local paper giving a fishing record as follows: As the fishing season for 1880 has closed it will perhaps interest sportsmen to see the score of F. J. Van Valkenburg's fishing in the Oswego River, at Fulton. The season has been an unusually fine one for this kind of sport, and many strangers have been here during the summer to try for the first time their luck in the Oswego River, and all of them made good catches. Mr. Van Valkenburg's score for the season will show there are few places superior to the Oswego River for good fishing. He begins his record on the 20th of May, 1880, and closes it October 30. His fishing has been at odd times—at early morning, at night or evening—just as he could get away from business, and only once during the entire time has he devoted the entire day to the sport, and generally his fishing has been from one to two hours only at a time.

He has been out 72 times and at an average of two hours at a time or 144 hours of fishing, or twelve days of twelve hours each. During this time he has made an average catch of about 17 fish each trip out, or 102 fish for each twelve hours fishing.

The following is the score: Black bass, 532; Straubury bass, 16; silver bass, 10; rock bass, 405; pike, 10: pickerel, 5; catfish, 26; chubb, 209. Total, 1,213.

These fish were all taken, with the exception of 100, in the corporation limits. Of these 863 were taken by legitimate fly fishing. The balance of 350 were taken by bait. Those taken by bait were taken early in the spring and late in the fall. The bait used was the dobson or helgramite and no other. The best fly fishing is in the months of July and August.

A NEW BAIT.—Putnam, Conn.—As many of your readers are preparing their lines and would like to learn anything that would contribute to their success in trouting, and I have laid aside my rod and reel, I will impart a secret I have kept for years, and when fishing beside others they have wondered how it was that I was the most successful.

You have perhaps noticed the bright, shiny silvery hairs on a hen's neck after the feathers were plucked off. To make this bait, pluck off the feathers, but be careful not to pull out those hairs. Then cut round the neck up next the head, and also down next the breast. Then slip off the skin, and just when you want to fix the bait on the hook cut off a strip the size of a good-sized worm, and double it on over the hook, and you will see it is the most tempting bait you ever used, and it being tough, will hold on for an hour. I used to secure the neck skin whenever I could and salt them a little, and keep them moist until I wanted to use them. Try it, and see if it is not the best bait you ever saw (r used — G. F. W.

FISHING IN TENNESSEE.—Savannah, Tenn., March 21.—Fishing has begun this season several weeks earlier than last year. The bass bit well last week, and several fine strings were caught, the fish being large and in fine condition. No pike, perch or black perch have been caught yet. The fishing with nets and trot lines in the river has been almost nothing for the past two years. The fishermen are beginning to see that their habit of setting nets in the mouths of the creeks and catching all the fish that run up them to spawn has exterminated the supply. One of the most successful of the fishermen in past years has sold his nets and stopped fishing. The fish caught now are small, and so few in number as to make fishing a losing business. The supply of buffalo, drum and catfish, thought by many to be exhaustless, five or six years ago, now seems entirely destroyed. What we need is a good law, well enforced, for the protection of fish, or in a few years this portion of the State will be entirely deprived of this valuable and cheap supply of food.—WILL.

NO TROUTING HERE.—The Reading (Pa.) *Times* has the following: "The streams in the vicinity of Berkley, six miles north of Reading, have for some years been favorite resorts for trout-fishing by lovers of the sport residing in this city. In anticipation of the usual advent of fishermen on the 1st of April next, when the season for trouting will open, the farmers residing along the Maiden and Willow Creeks have been signing a notice this week, prohibiting all outsiders from coming on their lands to fish. Trespassers will be severely dealt with.

THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.—Mr. Fred. B. Divine, of Utica, N. Y., writes to the prize committee of the New York State Association as follows: "I will donate two rods, a trout and a bass rod, all lancewood, silver mountings. Each rod to consist of one butt, two second joints (different weights), and three tips; also, extra bamboo tip case, making four different weights and hanging rods. The rods are put up in a handsome black walnut case, lined with velvet and bound with four bands of silver, as a prize in fly casting."

BASS FISHING IN THE POTOMAC.—We are now about to commence our spring fishing. We have the black bass in the Potomac, which affords us good angling; we have taken as much as 115 pounds in one day—myself and companion. It was in the fall of the year 1880, at Muddy Branch, in the Potomac. The best fishing is at the great falls of the Potomac, in early spring. The bass make up stream to the falls, and there they stay in eddies, as they cannot get over the falls. Any one wanting to have a good bass fish had better strike the falls. There is a good hotel, kept by John W. Carroll, who will take great pleasure in showing his guest how to catch large bass. This is a great resort for the anglers of Washington, D. C. It is only ten miles from the latter.—W. H. R.

TROUT TAILS STRIKE FLIES.—Charlestown, N. H. March 21.—Alluding to the quite extended discussion in your columns some time ago concerning the trout's use of its tail in striking the bait presented to it by the fly fisherman, allow me to say that there is no longer any doubt that the California trout at least (*Salmo iridea*) uses its tail intentionally for the purpose of disturbing and examining any unusual kind of food which it finds in the water. Long continued observation has confirmed this fact beyond a doubt. Very truly yours, LIVINGSTON STONE.

BEAVERHILL CLUB.—Two or three gentlemen will be admitted, upon introduction, into the Beaverhill Club, which this year has obtained sole control of the trout fishing in the famous Balsam Lake, and a continuous four miles of the headwaters of the stream. Inquiries should be addressed to Mr. George W. Van Siclen, 99 Nassau st., N. Y.

Fish Culture.

THE AMERICAN FISCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

THE tenth annual meeting of the association took place at Fish Monger's Hall, Fulton Market, New York, on Wednesday and Thursday, March 30 and 31. The weather on the first day was cold, rainy and disagreeable, and the attendance was small, not over twenty-five persons being present, but an improvement in meterological conditions on the second day brought out about seventy-five. President Roosevelt was in the chair. Letters were read from Vice-President Page, now in England, on the importance of introducing shad into that country, and from Prof. Baird regretting inability to attend. While the shad question was before the house Mr. Mather was called to detail his experience in eating the German substitute for it, the maifisch, and Prof. Goode was asked for the specific differences. Mr. Mather then proposed an amendment to the constitution to permit honorary members to be elected by a two-thirds vote—carried. The same member then proposed for honorary membership Dr. Theodatus Garlick, of Bedford, O., the first American fisheulturist, which was also unanimously carried. The President then read a paper from Mr. Seth Green on "Hybridizing Fish" and other matters, which was followed by a discussion about the death of fish in winter when the ponds were closed by ice, in which several members took part.

A paper on the habits of the German carp was then read by Mr. H. D. McGovern, which was followed by a discussion as to whether the so-called carp of the Hudson was a true carp or not, which was negatively decided. Dr. Hudson described the three varieties of the German carp. The Secretary then read "A Contribution to the Biography of the Commercial Cod of Alaska," by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean. Prof. G. Brown Goode followed with "Epochs in the History of Fisheulture," in all lands, down to the present time. Mr. Phillips gave some statistics of the value of the sturgeon fisheries and the amount consumed in New York. The Treasurer's report was read and accepted and the following gentlemen were appointed a committee on nomination of officers for the year: Messrs. Hudson, Wilbur and Miller. Mr. Wilbur having left a few moments before, Mr. Evarts was substituted and the society adjourned for the day to eat Hackensack smelts at Mr. Blackford's invitation.

On Thursday at the opening of the session the nominating committee reported the following officers who, after a ballot, were elected: President, Robert B. Roosevelt; Vice-President, Geo. Shepard Page; Treasurer, E. G. Blackford; Corresponding Secretary, Barnet Phillips; Recording Secretary, James Annin, Jr. Executive Committee: Fred Mather, G. Brown Goode, Samuel Wilmot, Benjamin West, Thomas B. Ferguson, James Benkard, John B. Morgan.

The following new members joined: Robert T. Morris, David T. White, W. A. Wilcox, Charles Barrett, Charles Hewlett, Prof. A. O. Atwater, G. N. Woodruff, John D. Hicks, Samuel Whitney, Frank Endicott, Geo. H. Shafer, Abel Crook.

Mr. Barnet Phillips read a paper on the value of our edible fishes and included some statistics by Mr. George Lamphear. Mr. Mather read one on fishes which live in both salt and fresh water. Mr. James Annin, Jr., read a paper on "Poachers," including those wearing feathers, fur and clothing. Mr Blackford called attention to some specimens of viviparous perch sent by Mr. B. B. Redding, of San Francisco, and Mr. Mather opened one and found no young, although he found them in another specimen after the Association had adjourned and the trout show had closed. Alcoholic specimens of *Salmo purpuratus*, from Alaska, by Capt. L. A. Beardsley and Dr. T. H. Bean, were also shown, and then Prof. Goode read: "Some further light from Europe on the eel question." This started the usual argument, Mr. Roosevelt taking his old ground that the eels spawn in fresh water and the young go down stream, at least on his place on Long Island, Mr. Hewlitt taking the opposite view.

After this a messenger brought in a large package for Mr. Mather, which on opening, proved to be a diploma from Berlin recording the fact that a gold medal had been awarded him at the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, for his invention of the conical shad hatcher. It had been sent by Prof. Baird, whose letter announced the arrival of the medals and their readiness for distribution. A valuable paper was then read by Prof Atwater entitled: "The chemical composition and nutritive value of fish." Mr. Phillips then offered the following: Resolved: That the American Fish Cultural Association heartily appreciate the importance of the investigations upon the nutrive value of fish, now being carried on by Professor Atwater, the results of which have been in part communicated by him at its meetings in 1880 and 1881, and that, in the opinion of the members of the Association, the importance of these researches to the fish industries of the United States can scarcely be over-estimated. We would therefore urge upon the United States Commissioner of Fisheries the importance of encouraging these investigations to the fullest extent possible. Carried. Mr. Crook, President New York State Association for Protection of Fish and Game, then requested the members to send communications on subjects of interest in time for their June meeting, papers to be ready by the middle of May. Resolutions thanking the Fish Mongers Association for the use of the room were passed, and the meeting adjourned.

We will publish the papers, debates and proceedings in full in our succeeding issues.

SMELTS IN FRESH WATER.—Some time ago I observed in your columns an inquiry relative to the finding of smelts or "frostfish" in fresh water. The so-called frostfish is found in several lakes of the Fulton chain, in the "John Brown's Tract." Most visitors to that region have annually wondered at the sight of the old wooden weirs or "picket lines" set up the inlets. These fish run up the shoal inlets between those lakes in October, or about the period of the advent of frost—whence the peculiar title—at which time they are taken and salted down in considerable numbers by the guides for home use, and occasionally sent out to the adjoining settlements. The fish is a regular habitant of Second, Fourth and Eighth Lakes of the Fulton chain, and also

Racquette Lake, all deep waters. They seem to stick to the deeper lakes, except in the spawning season, and are a favorite dainty for the salmon trout, as I have frequently caught the latter all through the summer, both by trolling and deep fishing, which, on opening, almost invariably contained the remnants of frostfish. Early in 1862 a party of us camped at the head of Fourth Lake and set buoys for salmon trout. The suckers had not commenced to run and we had no bait, so sent back to Arnold's for a net; which we set well out in the lake, off the mouth of inlet. On hauling it the next morning we found the "net proceeds" comprised suckers and (tell it not, for we let them go), speckled trout, with some twenty frostfish. After baiting the buoys we found that the "lakers" bit best at the latter. The guides claim to prefer the fresh frostfish as an article of diet to any trout that swims. They run remarkably uniform in weight, say about one pound, and are somewhat slim in proportion to length, with bright white scales, and flesh of firm texture and light color. They have a long nose and are evidently a bottom fish. The guides say that the young, when hatched, immediately head for deep water, and reappear only to spawn when fully grown.

There is a physical oddity in the topographical distribution of this fish. Eighth Lake is entirely disconnected from Fourth Lake, or any others on the chain, and Racquette again has a long land barrier from any waters known to contain this finny denizen. A veteran visitant to the Northern Wilds, Mr. L. H. Redfield, of Syracuse, advances the theory that fish spawn are transported over long distances by being entangled in the feet of wild fowl, and also that mature fish are carried over intervening land through the agency of water spouts. Without the aid of some similar hypothesis, it would seem difficult to account for the presence of finny population in certain localities. I once stumbled upon a little bowl of a lake in that section, away up close to the crest of a mountain, swarming with trout and the course of its only outlet, a mile or two long, would have broken the neck of an Alpine goat to descend, and his very heart to look at the cataract ascent. There are two lakes near the south branch of Moose River, severally known as "Indian" and "Squaw" lakes, separated by high falls impassible for fish, while the lower pond literally teems with trout, yet my companion-trappers and guides asserted roundly that not a fish had ever been taken in the upper waters. From sheer contradictory "cussedness" I fished it for the best portion of three days with fly-bait—from shore and dug out—and with every possible device and captivation, without raising a fin. The water was clear, the season right and every surrounding apparently favorable, yet I couldn't circumvent the first sight of a scale from its crystaline depths. To discount my disgust, I caught a dozen or so *Salmo fontinalis* from the lower lake, and transported them safely into a camp-pail through the woods to the upper sheet, where I trust they have since followed the scriptural injunction in their new Eden. Eben! that I might revisit those shores next summer and see.—E. R. WILSON.

SHAD WANTED FOR THE NOTTOWAY.—It is interesting to note the interest taken by enlightened sportsmen in the propagation of a fish like the shad whose qualities as a sporting fish are very few but whose economic value is very great. A meeting of the Fish and Game Association of Dinwiddie County, Va., was held at Dinwiddie Court House on Monday, March 21, the President of the association, A. A. Hardy, being in the chair, and a large number of the members of the association and other citizens being present. The following resolutions were adopted by the association:

Resolved, by the Dinwiddie Fish and Game Association, that Charles J. Cabaniss, Esq., Dr. Hume Field, Dr. G. G. Zehmer, Maj. R. N. Nesbett and Dr. E. C. Powell, of said association, be, and they are hereby appointed a special committee to apply to Col. M. McDonald, Fish Commissioner of Virginia, or to Prof. Spencer Baird, the Fish Commissioner of the United States, or to both, for as many young shad as they furnish to be placed in the Little Nottoway River, near Nottoway Court House with a view to stocking the Nottoway River and its said tributary with said fish for the benefit of the people of Lunenburg, Nottoway, Brunswick, Dinwiddie, Greensville, Sussex and Southampton Counties living along said rivers.

To defray the necessary expense incident to this work, said committee are directed to open correspondence with citizens of each of said counties and ask them to raise a subscription of ten dollars ($10) for each county.

The people living along said streams are hereby earnestly requested to take all proper steps to cause the removal of fyke nets and other stationary traps and fishing apparatus calculated to retard the success of the proposed move to stock said streams with fish. Mill owners are also requested to proceed at once to erect proper fish ladders and not await legal proceedings to compel their erection.

The *Inter-Appeal* and the *Rural Messenger* of Petersburg, and the *Whig*, the *Dispatch* and the *State*, of Richmond, are requested to publish these resolutions.

On motion, Chas. J. Cabaniss, Esq., Dr. Hume Field and Dr. E. C. Powell were appointed a committee of three to raise contributions from the County of Dinwiddie under the second resolution.

On motion, the meeting adjourned. A. A. HARDY, *President*.

A. THEO. POWELL, *Secretary*.

THE GREAT FISHWAY ON THE JAMES.—We are watching with great interest the erection of the large McDonald fishway, at Bosher's Dam, on the James River, Va., because this will thoroughly test the new principle on which this fishway is constructed. Most other fishways have something in common with those which have preceded them and are merely a re-arrangement of old principles in a new form; but the McDonald fishway is an entirely original plan, which, if it works as beautifully on a large scale as it does in model, we have no hesitation in saying that it is the coming way. In the model the small jets of water from below perfectly check the rush of the water down the sluiceway without the formation of eddies. On the subject of the new one Col. McDonald writes to one of the officers of the Petersburg Fish and Game Association as follows:

Dear Sir—What with the preparation for the shad-hatching which I expect to carry on, on the Potomac, for the United States Commission and answering the continual inquiries in regard to fishways, my time is completely occupied. I hope to have a large fishway completed on James River, early in April, which will test the capabilities of my system as to shad and furnish a model for others to build by. To your good friends on the Upper Appomattox I can promise all the young shad they will move. Should each county or section make a small contribution the fund thus raised will go a great a great way, as the funds will go only to pay the expenses of messengers. We will have a formal opening of the fishway at Bosher's when all is ready. Due notice will be given in the Richmond papers and I hope that you or some representatives of your association will be there. Yours truly,

M. MCDONALD.

FISHCULTURAL LAW IN MINNESOTA.—142. An act to prevent the destruction of fish during the spawning season.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Minnesota.

Section 1. Whosoever willfully or intentionally kills, catches or takes any whitefish, trout or pike from the waters of Lake Superior, or streams entering therein, in the State of Minnesota, during the spawning season in each and every year, without first stripping the eggs or milt, as the case may be, from each white fish, trout or pike so killed, caught or taken, and without intermingling the same together so that said milt may impregnate said eggs, and then planting said eggs so impregnated in said lake or streams from which said white fish, trout or pike may be killed, caught or taken, shall be fined in the sum of ten dollars for each and every violation of this act.

Sec. 2. All prosecutions of this act shall be commenced within one month from the time such offence was committed, [and the same shall be a complaint under oath, before any justice of the peace in the county where the offence was committed], and all fines imposed and collected under this act shall be paid one-half to the complainant and one-half into the treasury of the county where such conviction takes place for the use of the common schools within said county.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved March 7, 1881.

FISHCULTURE IN CONNECTICUT. Moodus, Conn., March 21.—Just at present there is considerable interest being taken by some of our wideawake and enterprising citizens in the importation of carp and salmon, with which they are stocking the lakes and reservoirs in this vicinity. Recently Chas. H. Emily received from Fish Commissioner Baird, of Washington, a case of carp, which he used to good advantage, and Saturday, March 19, Wm. G. Greene and Mr. Emily received from the Connecticut fish commissioners 20,000 land-locked salmon. Mr. Emily placed 10,000 of the fish in Bashan Lake, and Mr. Greene stocked with the remainder the large reservoir east of his mill. The salmon will undoubtedly do well in Bashan Lake, for the water is deep and pure, and everything favorable for their rapid propagation. We hope the fish in Mr. Greene's reservoir will meet with success, but they have not as good facility for increasing as their brethren in the waters of Bashan Lake. We understand that Mr. D. B. Sexton intends to stock a small pond on his premises with carp. Let the good work go on. G. R. LECREVIER.

AFTER THE TROUT SHOW.—The entire collection of California specimens, including the Dolly Varden and Rainbow trout, with the collection sent by M. T. Brewer & Co., of Sacramento, being nine varieties of Cal. trout, were, after being exhibited half a day, sent by Mr. E. G. Blackford to Prof. Baird as a contribution to the National Museum collection. The cost of collecting and awarding these specimens, amounting to $121, was paid by Mr. Blackford mainly to enable the visitors to see as many different varieties as possible.

WHITFISH FRY FOR THE LAKES.—The U. S. Fish Commission has distributed the fry of the whitfish from the hatching station at Northville, Mich., in charge of Mr. Frank N. Clark, as follows:

IN LAKE MICHIGAN.

At Milwaukee, Wis..	1,000,000
At Waukegan, Ill	1,000,000
At Michigan City, Ind	1,000,000
At Ludington, Mich	2,000,000

IN LAKE HURON.

At Bay City, Mich	2,000,000
In Detroit River, at Detroit	1,000,000
In Lake Erie, at the Islands	1,250,000

No good health with thin, impure blood. Hop Bitters makes rich blood, good health and strength.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

April 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, at San Francisco, Cal. Pacific Coast Kennel Club's Bench Show, Mechanic's Pavilion. Col. Stuart M. Taylor, Secretary, No. 313 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building, Third avenue and Sixty-third street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, No. 158 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,786, New York City.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 1 at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 674, New York City.

THE SPANIEL.

[Reprinted from advance sheets of Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," furnished to the FOREST AND STREAM by the author, through the courtesy of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 596 Broadway, New York.]

THE SUSSEX SPANIEL.

WHEN a writer on dogs finds himself face to face with the spaniel family, he will be sure to find himself beset with a great difficulty when the place of honor has to be disposed of. For our own part we have been much perplexed by the rival claims of the Sussex, the Clumber and the black spaniel, for each of these varieties have their thick-and-thin supporters, who are rather inclined to look disparagingly upon the spaniels of other breeds. Breeders of the Clumber argue, and with some amount of reason, that the antiquity of their pet breed entitles it to great consideration, and add that the aristocratic associations of this breed of dog are solid proofs of the estimation with which it is regarded by the highest rank of sportsmen.

Supporters of the black spaniel, on the other side, maintain most stoutly that this variety to which they are devoting all their energies, is making such rapid strides toward perfection that it should be regarded as the most important member of the spaniel family, and base their claims to pre-eminence for it on the ground that there are better blacks now to be found than specimens of any other breed. This variety has certainly monopolized the prizes for spaniels in the classes where Clumbers and Sussex are unable to compete, and certainly fine specimens of the breed have often appeared upon the bench—specimens which, indeed, for quality and for symmetry, would rank second to no spaniels in existence; but still we are of the opinion that the Sussex is the spaniel which of all others should occupy the place of honor in a book on dogs. Its beauty in outline of the Sussex is very great, and the color, of a true "golden liver," is exceptional. Nor do his qualifications for regard end with those external points of elegence, for his value in covert shooting is gladly borne testimony to by those sportsmen who know the Sussex best and avail themselves of his services frequently.

Although this favorite breed of spaniel has for many years occupied a high position in the estimation of sportsmen, there was some years ago a very great chance of its becoming extinct, as the kennels at Rosehill, Sussex—the birthplace, so to speak of the breed—were depopulated by that dreadful canine scourge, dumb madness. About the year 1870, however, a few gentlemen, actuated by feelings of interest in the Sussex spaniel, set themselves to work to rescue the breed from the annihilation which threatened it, and to their energy and devotion the present Sussex mainly owes its existence at the time of writing. It must not be supposed, however, that certain so-called Sussex spaniels were not before the public previous to the action of these gentlemen; on the contrary, there were several animals about which laid claim to accurately represent the breed. The presence of these dogs, however, was injurious rather than beneficial to the pure-bred Sussex, for they did not fairly display his working capacities or the general beauty of his appearance. These impure specimens, moreover, were stumbling-blocks in the way of those who, as referred to above, had set themselves the self-imposed task of endeavoring to resuscitate the old Rosehill type, for their services were in many cases resorted to by breeders who were not familiar with their faults. They, therefore, crippled the action of these gentlemen, who knew the breed, and may be considered as responsible for many faults which are present in Sussex spaniels of the present day.

As might have been supposed, in 1870 there were several types of Sussex spaniel in existence—not that all were pure-bred, by any means; so perhaps it would be more proper if we said that there were several specimens of the breed in whose veins a large amount of the old Rosehill blood ran, but who bore the taint of foreign crosses in a small degree. It was, therefore, the task of these latter-day regenerators of the Sussex to select from these such animals as they could with some degree of safety mate with pure-bred specimens, and trust for good results. The efforts of these enthusiasts has certainly been crowned with the success it deserved, as we are now in the possession of a breed of Sussex spaniels which is rapidly approaching that uniformity of type which its admirers have had in view for ten years past. At first, of course, many prizes had to go—for lack of better being present—to dogs which would not win when pure-bred Sussex were on the bench, and this amounts at once for a slight diversity of types in 1873 and for a few seasons after. The pure-bred ones being so hard to find, and in so few hands, could not be seen at every show, and the judges had to do the best they could with the materials they had before them. This was in itself unfortunate for those who had the interests of the breed at heart; but still they persevered, and though they, in many instances, differed in opinion, the various owners kept on showing at all the leading exhibitions until some decided opinions began to be entertained among exhibitors as to the needs of the Sussex. As a sporting dog, all were agreed before the attempted revival of the breed took place, but upon his structural developments ideas differed, and do so still, in certain small details.

The names of two gentlemen—Mr. T. B. Bowers and Mr. A. W. Langdale—will always be identified with the movement in favor of the Sussex spaniel; and though the ideas of these two gentlemen are not identical, they deserve equal credit for what they have done in the interests of this valuable breed of sporting dog, and we are convinced that their exertions in its favor have earned them the unfeigned thanks of those interested in the Sussex spaniel. As we have been fortunate enough to secure the opinions of both these gentlemen, we propose producing them before adding any ideas of our own, and will therefore, without further delay, give the description forwarded to us by Mr. T. B. Bowers, of Hunt's Cross, Woolton, near Liverpool, which is as follows:

"The Sussex spaniel is beyond doubt one of the oldest branches of the spaniel family; yet, strange to say, notwithstanding its beauty, and capacity for rough work, it has never been common, though greatly esteemed and at one time jealously guarded by its fortunate possessors, and certainly this was no more than its deserts, for no dog is more intelligent or affectionate than the pure spaniel, and no spaniel is more acceptable to a sportsman in a rough country than the Sussex. Doubtless, in modern coverts, where game abounds, where rides are cut, and which can be hunted in any direction to suit the guns, the silent Clumber will show more sport; but in dense woods and dingles, where one must really hunt up the game, and where the dogs penetrate a mass of jungle which a man cannot face, then the silent Clumber would not be on serviceable as the Sussex, which is more active and capable of greater endurance.

"In order to have the perfection of sport in a wild country, the best teams of Sussex spaniels were trained to hunt feather only, and I greatly suspect that these old strains were purer spaniels than any we have now, for a great writer has said that spaniels have been crossed with beagles—hence their preference for fur to feather; and, indeed, in these days it almost sounds fabulous to be told that formerly spaniels existed which could readily be taught to quest only for feather; yet such well-broken teams did exist in Sussex; and such dogs might be had now by careful breeding, and if breakers were encouraged to devote to spaniel breaking that time of the year which is not required by the pointers and setters. But it might be well to remind any one who may desire to give the thing a trial that the Spaniels will in a great measure take their temper and disposition from the person with whom they are daily associated; so that to insure success, a quiet, even-tempered man must be selected as breaker. Great attention also must be devoted to the breeding of the dogs, for it must be borne in mind how difficult it is to get rid of any faulty formation or habit when once it runs through the blood of a kennel; in fact to get together a trustworthy team requires as much attention to their breeding and education as is devoted to setters and pointers.

"The Sussex spaniel was so jealously guarded that from one cause or another (the celebrated Rosehill spaniels were destroyed, owing to an outbreak of dumb madness) pure specimens became exceedingly rare, when, I believe, some wide land specimens crossed them with other strains of spaniels, and, being disappointed with the result, gave up the attempt to resuscitate their breed.

"In the year 1867 Mr. Thomas Burgess won first prize at Birmingham in each large-sized spaniel class with Sam and Flora, two liver-colored spaniels with white markings, and their breeder, Mr. John Hopcroft, maintained that they were directly descended from an old Sussex breed. Their appearance and origin caused a lengthy discussion in the press, and it was conclusively proved that, even if Mr. Hopcroft's strain had once been Sussex pure, some cross had been introduced, hence the liver-and-white specimens Sam and Flora.

"Sussex spaniels were also crossed with water spaniels, and again with the old breed of black cocker, by which means it is understood Mr. Bullock produced his well-known black spaniels Bob and Nellie (brother and sister), and these being mated together produced the liver-colored George, which had so many attributes of the Sussex spaniel.

"About this time (1872) a few lovers of the breed banded together, and obtained special classes at several shows. Birmingham followed suit in 1874, at which show the above-mentioned George was awarded second prize to Mr. Eddowes's Rufus. At this show I myself entered a protest against George, on the ground that, being the progeny of two black spaniels, he could not be a Sussex spaniel. The protest was disallowed, under the usual Birmingham regulation that, if possible, the decisions of the judges should resemble the laws of the Medes and Persians. However, the following year (1875) the same dog was exhibited at Birmingham and was put into my charge, and was passed unnoticed, since when he has been withdrawn from Sussex competitions.

"The chief prize-takers from this date down to the present time may, without egotism, be said to be my own Buckingham and Maude (of pure Rosehill blood;) and the progeny of this pair—viz: Mr. Saxby's (afterward Mr. Jacobs', lately deceased) Bachelor, my (now Mr. Bates') Lizzie, Rover III. (now Mr. Parkinson's,) and my (now Mr. Gamon's) Max, and my (now Mr. Hawkins') Duchess III.; Mr. Spurgin's Sydney and Major; Mr. Richardson's Boz, Beaver and Bess; and the Rev. W. Shield's Bess. In addition to these, which were all got by Buckingham or out of Maude, the most celebrated are Mr. A. W. Langdale's Lawyer, Mr. Salter's Chance and Chloe, the Rev. W. Shield's Rex, Dr. S. W. D. Williams' Laurie, Mr. Arthur Arnold's Dash, Mr. Gamon's Guy, Mr. Green's Guess and Chloe, Mr. Brandreth's Beatrice and Baroness, and my own Bastle and Beryl.

"In order to set on record the value of Sussex spaniels about this period, I give the prices obtained by myself for a draft of mine. Those sold were—Max, Rover III., Bastle, Bess, Duchess III., Lizzie and Beatrice, and the total amount realized was 440 guineas. In Sussex, the best specimens may still be found in the neighborhood of Hawkhurst and notably at Squire Egerton's.

"In general appearance the Sussex spaniel is lighter in build and higher on the leg than the Clumber.

"The head should be a good length, but broad as well, so should not appear long.

"The ears should not be large, and should be set on in front, rather above the level of the eyes; the feather on the ears should be straight and silky.

"The nostrils should be very large, and the lower jaw rather recede.

"The eyes, of a dark hazel color, should be deep set; and the expression should be one of supreme intelligence.

"The neck strong and slightly arched.

"The body long and deep, the ribs well sprung, the shoulders oblique, and the loin very broad.

"The legs rather longer than a Clumber's, bony and muscular; the front ones as straight as possible, the hind ones very much curved at the hips and hocks; the latter placed near the ground similar to a cat's.

"The feet large, round and well furnished with short hair.

"The tail should never, except under peculiar excitement, be carried above the level of the back. The correct carriage of the stern indicates purity of the breed both in the spaniel and the setter sooner than any other point.

"The coat (of a golden liver-color) should be smooth and very

donse, the feather should not be very long anywhere, and should on no account hand from the stern like a flag (as a Clumber's does), nor should it extend below the hocks.

"I am one who (for several reasons) does not believe in judging by points, but, for the benefit of those who do, I submit a code which I consider about right:

POSITIVE POINTS.

Head	10
Eyes	5
Ears	5
Neck	5
Body	15
Fore-legs	10
Hind-legs	15
Feet	10
Stern	5
Coat	10
General appearance	10
Total positive points	100

NEGATIVE POINTS.

Light-colored eyes or nose, or showing the hair	10
Ears with curly feather	10
Curly coat	10
Carriage of stern	20
A top-knot or any other color or markings but golden-liver, with or without a white frill	50
Total negative points	100

"The subject of your illustration, Romp, winner of first prize Crystal Palace, 1880, is by Mr. S. W. Marchant's old Rover (the sire of Buckingham and Maude) out of Flirt, by a Rosehill dog out of my champion Bustle. Marchant's Rover was by Sir P. Mickletwaite's Dash out of Mr. Weston's Fanny, by Mr. S. W. Marchant's Rover II. out of his Duchess II."

Mr. A. W. Langdale writes:

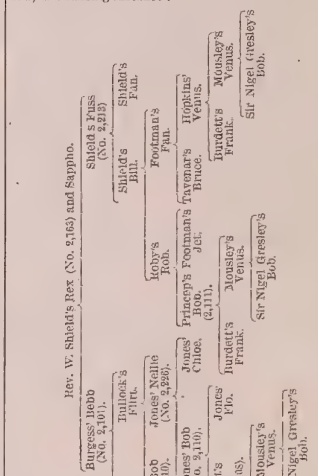
"There is a notion in Sussex, especially round Brighton, that liver-and-white is the orthodox Sussex spaniel color; but such an idea is ridiculed when we get further into the county. Old specimens are very bad to see, and worse to obtain. I have rambled all over Sussex and Kent in search of a *bona fide* specimen, and although I have been favored with a view, have never yet been able to obtain one, and call it all my own. Of the use of the dog there is no doubt. He is a noisy, babbling sort, that will raise a cock from the densest cover; and so natural does this babbling seem to the breed, that even when out at exercise if one gets off the high road into a meadow, that same moment, no matter how young, down go their heads, and out comes the music. The breed, since Sussex classes have been established, has brought out a number of different types, such as Bullock's George, Langdale's Lawyer, Salter's Chance, Spargin's Bebb and Pratt's General Prim, to say nothing of Max, Sweep, Rover III., Buckingham, Lady's-maid, Maude etc. Now, of these, George, Chance, Lawyer, General Prim, Rover III. and Bebb, are as different in their respective points as it is possible to conceive. Buckingham (late Mat) is called pure, and claims his descent from Rosehill, the place of all others, where this particular breed of spaniel is worshiped. Taking him for a pure specimen, we cannot for one moment believe that Bebb, Lawyer and George can be in the hunt. Lawyer is a most taking dog, and when he made his *debut* he was lauded to the skies, as the report in the *Live Stock Journal* of July 4, 1874, when he was shown in the name of Nep, ran as follows: 'He appears to be good in all points, golden-liver in color, with rare coat, good frill in front and a head so characteristic of his breed that he must prove a very dangerous rival to Bebb when they meet in the ring.' So it was when, at the next show, Mr. Lort, after a long and deliberate look over the class, actually placed this dog over Buckingham—a dog decidedly dark in color, and very pointer-coated, but, as I have written before, said to be true-bred. Maude (his sister, same litter) is of much the same stamp, and if she were a little longer in the head I don't know of one to beat her. Max, though having liver-and-white blood in him, is decidedly the most typical dog of the day, and barring the white star on Landseer's Spaniel and Pheasant picture, is as like that worthy draughtsman's specimen as it is possible to be. I will now give you what I consider to be the proper points of a Sussex spaniel. Taking the head first—it must be a large head, but not too narrow or long, yet not chumpy; in measurement I should for a dog say 8½ inches, a bitch half an inch less. The ears should be large, but not heavily feathered; no curl is admissible, and the shape of the ear is almost spoon-shaped, the mouth of the spoon at the top; they must be set low on the head. The eye is full, and always hazel-colored. The nose liver-colored and broad, not to say square. Fore-legs in many of the dogs I have been shown as pure bred are bowed, but why this should be I don't know. It will have the effect of making them slower at their work, and possibly that is desirable, but for appearance give me straight limbs. Let them be well-feathered in the fore-legs, but not so below the hocks in the hind. The weight for a dog I put at forty pounds, a bitch thirty-five pounds. His shape and make must be long, low and heavy; his stern must be docked to about ten inches, and when at work should be carried below the level of the back. Toes and feet should be firm and compact, and well fringed between the former. Color should be golden-liver—puce or a dead brown is decidedly objectionable—and the less white on the chest the better. Coat not curly, but pointer-coated nor yet setter but just between the two; a slight wave is not unbecoming."

After so much has been said in favor of the Sussex spaniel by the above two gentlemen, both of whom have worked so hard on its behalf, there can remain but little to be added by ourselves. The existence of a breed of spaniels which was identified with the county of Sussex was known in the days of Taplin and Scott, and Youatt, in his book, makes the following observations ament this variety, for he says: "The largest and best breed of springers is said to be in Sussex, and is much esteemed in the Wealds of that county." This is by far the handsomest compliment which has been paid the Sussex up to Youatt's time, and no doubt the writer meant what he said, for the inhabitants of Sussex undoubtedly set great store upon their breed of spaniels.

As in other varieties of dogs, color has been a fruitful cause for discussion among admirers of the Sussex spaniel, and though specimens of the correct shade have appeared in public, and won prizes at great shows, there have been objections raised against them on the ground that they were not pure Sussex; nor, indeed, were they such. The case of George, at Birmingham, which Mr. Bowers alludes to above, is a case in point, for here was a good liver-colored dog, the offspring of black parents. It must not, therefore, be by any means taken for granted that a spaniel is a pure-bred Sussex because his coat is of the desired color. This should be a rich golden liver—which does not in the smallest degree resemble the liver of the water spaniel, which is more of a puce color. The acquisition of the peculiar shade, so character istic of the Sussex, is one of the chief points for a breeder to have in view, and without it no admirer of this variety would be quite satisfied. Unfortunately, owing to the many vicissitudes through which the breed has passed, and the numerous crosses which have, in consequence, been resorted to, there are a number of dogs to be met with who do not possess the proper shade of color. Mention has, in fact, been made of dogs who, in many respects, resembled the true-bred Sussex, but who were disfigured by white markings, which would be fatal to their chances of success in competition, as breeders of this variety are singularly unanimous in their opinion upon the subject of color.

As a workman, the Sussex lays strong claim upon the sportsman. Though not mute, they are not "babblers," and in this respect, we must, with all due deference, differ from the opinion expressed above by Mr. A. W. Langdale, who describes him as a noisy, babbling dog. The Sussex throws his tongue in covert, but that he is noisy few of his supporters will, we think, be brought to admit. As regards his staying powers there is no question, for being lighter in the body, he is comparatively fresh when the heavier clumber is beaten, and this is no small point in the favor of a Sussex. On the other hand, the dog is inclined to be headstrong, and a little sulky at times, though this can generally be got over by judicious handling. This variety can also be broken to retrieve with ease, and when he is so used, his mouth is tender and he seldom injures the bird. With reference to his capacity for going to water, a well-known authority lately remarked to us "A Sussex is as good in water as he is on land."

With reference to this dog's unreliability in breeding truly, the pedigree of the well-known Sussex spaniel Rex, which we give below, is a striking instance:



Rex was a successful competitor in Sussex spaniel classes, and yet his sister, Lena, was a liver-grey-and-tan, and was shown by Mr. A. W. Langdale, at Norwich, as a Norfolk spaniel in 1874, upon which occasion she won first prize.

The dog we have selected for illustration is Mr. T. B. Bowers' Romp, which is alluded to by Mr. Bowers in his remarks upon the breed.

STANDARD OF POINTS FOR JUDGING SUSSEX SPANIELS.

	Value.
Skull	5
Eyes and nose	5
Ears	5
Neck and chest	5
Body	10
Feet and legs	5
Coat and color	10
General appearance	5
	50

POINTS OF THE COCKER.

TORONTO, April 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a member of the "Cocker Club Committee" I received an official communication asking my presence at a meeting to be held at the rooms of the Forester's Gun Club, in Buffalo, on the 30th ult. At very great personal inconvenience I resolved to attend, considering it a duty I owed to those who had done me the honor to elect me as one of the committee. Having received no intimation meantime of any intention to postpone the meeting, I proceeded on Wednesday morning to Buffalo, accompanied by an enthusiastic member of the club, who was desirous of making the personal acquaintance of the other members of the committee, and who also expected to meet a number of other members of the club, who, like himself, had taken a great interest in the construction of a proper standard for judging cockers. The president and members of the Forester's Club received us most kindly and treated us with warm and gentlemanly hospitality during our stay. These gentlemen, like myself, had no notice whatever of the meeting having been deferred, and spent the whole day in visiting the hotels and sending to the railway station to welcome the arrival of their expected guests. I have since learnt that through the gross negligence of the Telegraph Company a message sent to me on Tuesday, the 29th ult., did not reach my house until Wednesday morning after ten o'clock, by which time I had been traveling toward Buffalo for three hours, but I must say it was hardly courteous to the sportsmen of the Forester's Club, who had so generously tendered the use of their commodious and elegantly-furnished rooms to the committee, not to have informed them that the meeting had been put off.

It is a matter of much regret to me that the meeting did not take place as announced, and as my time is too valuable to be taken up in going on what may prove to be another wild goose chase, I propose to give the committee the benefit publicly of all the advice and opinions I intended to submit at the meeting, and to ask them to excuse me from acting, any longer as a member of the committee.

POINTS OF FIELD SPANIEL OR COCKER.

	Value.		Value.
1. Head	15	6. Legs	10
2. Ears	5	7. Feet	10
3. Shoulders		8. Color	5
neck and chest	15	9. Coat	10
4. Back and loins	10	10. Tail	5
5. Length	5	11. Symmetry	10
	50		50
Grand total	100.		

1st. Head-value 15—should be of medium size in proportion to body, skull of good length and broad with well defined brow, showing good brain capacity. Stop fairly marked. Eyes well apart, rather round in shape, of good size, but not too large, and neither protuberant nor sunken. Muzzle long and broad at nose, cut square off, not snipy. Jaws level, teeth large, sound and white. Lips rather inclined to be loose than tight. Nose should be black in black and black and white coated spaniels, and liver in liver or liver and white coated ones. It should be as large and spreading as possible, moist and with wide-opened nostrils.

2d. Ears—value 5—should be set on low, narrow at junction with head, gradually broadening and rounding off at end of leather; well covered with feather, which must be flat and smooth, not inclined to run into cords or ringlets. Ears should be flat to head, and should measure in a dog 30 lbs. weight, about 15 inches spread across head, not including feather. A good measurement of a dog weighing 30 lbs. weight, from tip to tip of feather, would be 20 inches. The leather should be thin, comparatively speaking, certainly not thick or coarse.

3rd. Shoulders, neck and chest, value 15. The neck should be long, so as easily to reach the ground when running. Shoulders muscular and sloping, but not loaded or coarse. Chest should be capacious and deep, but not wide enough to spread the elbows of the dog.

4th. Back and loins, value 10. The loins are very important, especially in a long-bodied dog. They must be muscular, and the ribs should have good spring and run well back. There should be no appearance of tucked-up flanks in a full-grown dog.

5th. Length, value 5. A cocker should never be less than twice his height at shoulder, from nose to setting on of tail. He may be twice and a quarter, but if so, the additional proportionate length should be in the neck, head and quarters, not in the couplings from shoulder to rump, unless there is great development of muscle in the loins.

6th. Legs, value 10. The forelegs should be short, strong in bone and muscle, straight, neither bent in or out at knee or elbow; posterns straight, short and strong; elbow well let down out of sloping shoulders. The hind legs should be strong and somewhat bent in the stifle; hocks straight, supple, and near the ground.

7th. Feet—value 10—should be of good size, round, knuckles well bent, and not too spreading. The soles should be furnished with hard, horny pads.

8th. Color, value 5. Any true spaniel color should be eligible, and beauty of marking should be taken into account.

9th. Coat—value 10—should be of good length, flat, with as little wave as possible. It should be bright and glossy, soft and silky. The feathers on legs, ears and tail should be rather more wavy and coarse in texture than the body coat. Feathers should be long and abundant on places above indicated, and also on the belly.

10th. Tail—value 5—should be docked to about a sixth of the entire length of the dog, from tip of nose to end of tail; *e. g.*, if a dog measures 36 inches from tip to tip, his tail should be six inches. It should carry it always low at work, not over the level of the back, and eagerly lash it when under excitement.

11th. Symmetry and general appearance, value 10. A cocker or field spaniel should be eminently a well-built, graceful and active dog. He should exhibit powers of endurance without heaviness or clumsiness, and activity and eager sprightliness, without want of solidity and strength

As to classifying animals at bench shows, I am in favor of making a small or cocker class for dogs under 30 lbs. weight, and a large class for field spaniels over that weight; the same scale of points to be used in judging both.

They should be judged by points, and if a dog is deficient in merit, he can be docked in negative points corresponding with the value he would have gained in positive points, if he were worthy of them. What I mean is this, that supposing a dog to have a perfect head, he can earn 15 points toward his total; and suppose another dog has a notoriously bad head, he will not only not get any points added, but the judge can deduct from his total 15 or as many points as he elects from his total score for his defects.

No dog should be awarded a first prize that does not score 80 points out of 100.

Your obedient servant,

J. F. KIRK.

WANTED—A WOODCHUCK DOG.

Editor of the Forest and Stream:

LONDON, Ont., March 26.

THE letter of "Lepus" in your last issue has struck a chord with the proper twang.

Why should not farmers as well as sportsmen take a pride in having dogs that are serviceable to them in their pursuits? Some correspondent asks if "Fox-terriers have ever been used in this country on ground-hogs?" I can answer on that point most confidently in the affirmative, and, as is said in the "ring," "they get their work in well."

The build of the fox-terrier is essentially that of a dog for going to earth—long, lean head, the shoulders fine and sloping, the chest deep but not broad, the back strong, the loins broad and powerful, the hind quarters strong and muscular; these, which are the essential points of the fox-terrier, all show that he is made for burrowing. As for being game, no one who ever possessed one can doubt it; even as puppies they will fight till death—as has happened often to the great loss of the owner. Mr. R. Gibson and Mr. Fox, both extensive breeders of these dogs here, have told me of numbers of ground-hogs killed on their farms by their terriers who do it on their own account; it is not necessary to be with them—they take to it naturally. They need no training, as by nature they go for anything with fur on it, from a mouse to a bear. So much for fox-terriers.

Another terrier whose build and disposition is very antagonistic to ground-hogs is the Irish terrier.

The Irish terrier, take him all around, is a hardier and stronger dog than the fox-terrier, and his coat is hard and rough and capable of bearing any amount of exposure without injury. He is built on the same plan exactly as the fox-terrier, and the good points of the one are those of the other—with the exception of the length of leg and the coat. They are only at home when they are at work digging, and never seem tired of it. I should say he would fill the want which "B. W." suffers from as well as the fox-terrier—if not better.

I have a youngster, five months old, whose only delight is digging after rats, and she can make the largest cat go like "greased lightning" at sight. The Irish terrier has only to be known to be appreciated. They are most affectionate and are good house dogs, and as companions have few equals in the dog world. In Ireland they are used as rabbit dogs with ferrets, and every poacher possesses one or two of them.

It is customary before purchasing one of them there to prove their gameness by what is called "drawing the badger." The badger is an animal a little larger than a ground-hog, but with a most punishing mouth, a tough, rough hide and coat, and most terrible feet, armed with powerful claws. The badger is placed in a barrel with a hole in it just large enough for the dog to get in; it is necessary for the dog to go in and bring the badger out, which if he is worth anything he will do in a very short time, but not without himself suffering to some extent. I think if "B. W." were to get a good Irish terrier he would not have many ground-hogs left to make "hog holes" to injure his horses.

M. B.

ST. MARY'S, March 28.

I would say to "Lepus" that the best known kind of dog for the above pest is the No. 1½ Newhouse steel trap. With a half dozen of these a farmer can very soon rid his farm of woodchucks—if he knows their holes. Let him place the trap in the hole with the spring outward. The chain should be about eighteen inches long, with swivel, and on one end of the chain should be a ring about one and a quarter inch in diameter. Draw the chain to one side of the hole, drive a stake through the ring. The stake should be so shaped that the ring cannot slip off, and should be driven down even with the surface of the ground. Now collect a small quantity of grass or leaves from near about the hole, and with it carefully cover trap and chain. Set traps about the middle of the day. In visiting the traps go no nearer than is necessary to see what you have got. If you have him, don't kill him near the hole, and when you want to reset your trap smoke it over a bunch of burning straw. The farmer will find this a much cheaper plan than with dogs, as well as a much surer one.—DUTCHMAN.

I see that "Lepus," asks for a dog to hunt out the ground hog from its holes. I querry very much if there is any suitable dog to be had for the purpose, but, having been an old "warrener" in days gone by on the slopes of the Welsh mountains, I have an idea that the common English ferret (*Mustela furo*, L.), would answer admirably. Let him first be "coped" (*i. e.*, muzzled), and then turn him in the burrow and let "B. W." and a friend or two be on hand with their "shooting irons," and I'll warrant they will have lots of fun, and the woodchuck family will be *non est* in a very short time. I presume that the English ferret is to be got in New York.

J. MATTHEW JONES.

Fern Ledge, Waterville, Kings Co., N. S.

In answer to "Lepus," asking for a woodchuck dog, I will say I have a black and tan terrier, weight 14 lbs., which can whip any woodchuck except the very largest. He does not go into the hole after them, but watches his chance when they are out of the hole, and then cuts off their retreat; and if too large to handle he snaps and barks at them, to keep them from the hole till help comes. He has caught as many as thirty-eight, and sixteen is the least he has caught any one season in the last six years. We have lots of chucks here in Orange County, and they are a perfect nuisance. SNEAK.

VAULABLE DOGS POISONED.—Some evil disposed persons administered poison last Saturday to two valuable dogs, owned by Major John W. Mahan, in the Dorchester district. One was probably the finest St. Bernard dog in the country. He weighed 182 pounds, measured six feet three inches from his nose to the tip of his tail, and was but two years and three months old. He was greatly admired by everybody, and was especially effectionate to children. Major Mahan was offered some months since $500 for him, but would not part with him. The other victim of malice was a dog of the pure Shepherd species, eight months old, and was a gift to the owner from inmates of the Soldiers' Home, at Togus, Me., the father and mother being owned by Gen. Tilton, Deputy Governor at that institution. Major Mahan has offered a reward for the conviction of the perpetrator of the act.—*Boston Journal.*

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The Westminster Kennel Club offers the following prizes for dogs that have run and been placed in any of the field trials that have been held in America:

A. For the best pointer dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. B. For the best pointer bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved. C. For the best English setter dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. D. For the best English setter bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved. E. For the best Irish setter dog; silver medal, suitably engraved. F. For the best Irish setter bitch; silver medal, suitably engraved. G. For the best black and tan setter; silver medal, suitably engraved.

The Westminster Kennel Club also offer the following additional prizes: H. For the best kennel of large-sized pointers, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor; silver medal, suitably engraved. I. For the best kennel of small-sized pointers, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor; silver medal, suitably engraved. J. For the best kennel of English setters, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor; silver medal, suitably engraved. K. For the best kennel of Irish setters, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor; silber medal, suitably engraved. L. For the best kennel of black and tan setters, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor; silver medal, suitably engraved.

The following prizes are offered by a gentleman of New York City: M. For the best English setter dog, for stud purposes, to be competed for only by winners of not less than three first prizes; winnings of dog's previous get to be taken into consideration; cash, $25. N. For the best pure Laverack setter dog; cash, $25. O. For the best English setter dog, native or imported, to be competed for by the V. H. C. winners; cash, $25. P. For the best Irish setter dog, for stud purposes, to be competed for only by winners of not less than three first prizes; winnings of dog's previous get to be taken into consideration; cash, $25.

The following prizes are offered by A. H. Moore, Esq., of Philadelphia: Q. For the best mastiff, dog or bitch, a splendid plaque, painted by Mrs. A. B. Moore, of Philadelphia; value, $100. R. For the best brace of English setters (regardless of sex), to be competed for by dogs entered in the open classes only; donor does not compete; a handsome silver cup, value, $50. S. For the best brace of Irish setters (regaadless of sex), to be competed for by dogs entered in the open classes only; donor does not compete; a handsome silver cup, value, $50. T. For the best field spaniel, dog or bitch (donor does not compete); a handsome silver cup, value, $25. U. For the best Cocker spaniel, dog or bitch (donor does not compete); a handsome silver cup, value, $25. V. A fancier of greyhounds offers a solid silver cup, to be known as "The Chicago Field Greyhound Cup," to be awarded to the best greyhound dog or bitch that has taken a first prize at Springfield, New York, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, St. Paul or Pittsburgh, the owner of the winning dog to receive the cup and offer for competition at subsequent bench shows, on the same conditions. W. THE FOREST AND STREAM and ROD AND GUN offers a handsome silver mounted hunting horn for the best straight-legged beagle. X. THE FOREST AND STREAM and ROD AND GUN offers a handsome silver mounted hunting horn for the best bench-legged beagle. Y. A silver medal, suitably engraved, will be given for the best berghund dog or bitch. Also the following:

Special Prize.—For the best English setter dog or bitch, native or imported, to be competed for by the winners in their respective classes. One rich cut and engraved lemonade set, thirteen pieces, with winner's name engraved on same, value $25; presented by Geo. C. Sterling, Esq.

Mr. Paul DANA will judge mastiffs, St. Bernards, New Foundlands and Scotch Deerhounds. The entry list thus far compares favorably with that of last year.

Entries in special classes are free to all dogs entered in the regular classes. Entries close April 11th.

THOSE NERVOUS DOGS.—It is, perhaps, unfortunate for me that in my article on gun-shy dogs I used the expression, "Few breeders will deny that all blue-blooded dogs, the Laverack setter in particular, are, as a rule, excessively nervous," as it has brought forth an attack from Mr. Arnold Burges; and I confess I do not wish to enter into any newspaper controversy with him. I should have written *expressly on bird dogs*, for certainly this was my meaning, and did not intend to include the Irish and Gordon setter, or the pointer, unless they were much inbred. I followed my remark by mentioning the Laverack setter, which it is known is greatly inbred, and will not bear correction, as other breeds do, *and this I state on the authority of a letter to that effect on this subject, from Mr. Laverack to myself.*

Mr. Burges is not to be blamed for defending his blue bloods, but his attack on me is uncalled for. I will confess, if it will calm him, that I have not bred as many blue bloods as he has. I have shot over as many, and am content to allow my reputation as a judge of the work of a dog and capacity as a sportsman, to rest with those who have been in the field with me.

I do not aspire to be authority, and never intend to write a book on the dog, but do always compile from and comment upon any good work I come across. Mr. Burges certainly cannot charge me with copying a line from his many articles, which I ever strive to make practical and of interest to the lover of out-door sports.

In all kindness I would say to friend Borges, whom, by the bye, I have never seen but twice in my life, to attend to those attacks of nervous instability to which he seems to be a martyr, and accept the following prescription from the writer. Be content with my correction, and be calm. HOMO.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB DERBY.—The following entries have been made since March 31, for the second annual Derby:

Clarence K. Drane enters Dashing Novice, white, black and tan setter bitch by Dash II out of Novel, whelped July, 1880.

E. F. Stoddard enters Doctor Bob, red Irish setter dog by Bob out of Friend, whelped May 7, 1880.

E. F. Stoddard enters Lady Friend, red Irish setter bitch by Bob out of Feiend, whelped May 7, 1880.

Col. A. G. Sloo enters Glady's blue Belton setter bitch by Gladstone out of Nellie, whelped June 3, 1880.

W. E. Hughes enters Cliffe, blue Belton setter bitch by Gladstone out of Nellie, whelped June, 1880.

St. Louis Kennel Club enters Accident, liver and white pointer bitch by Faust out of Lassie, whelped Oct. 17, 1880.

St. Louis Kennel Club enters Mistake, liver and ticked pointer bitch by Bow out of June, whelped May 20, 1880.

Thirty entries have been received; will send full list for next issue.

JOS. H. DEW, Sec. N. A. K. C.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of this club was held on Thursday last, and the following programme was adopted for the coming meeting of 1881:

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES—Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880.—Prizes—First, $150; second, $100; third, $50. Nominations to close positively on October 1. Forfeit, $5, with $10 additional to fill.

PICKING ON ALL AGED STAKES.—Open to all setters and pointers. Prizes—First, $250; second, $150; third, $50; Forfeit, $5, with $20 additional to fill. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes. Stakes to close same as in the Robin's Island Stake.

MEMBERS STAKE.—Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by member making the entry. Prize to be a piece of silver plate of the value of $100, and the prize to be known as the Eastern Fields Trials Cup of 1881; entrance $10, payable at the time of nomination, and to close as in other stakes.

IMPORTED DOGS.—Mr. Robert Hume, of Orange Co., Va., has just returned from a visit to the other side, and has brought with him seven excellent dogs; four Dandie Dinmont terriers, a brace of fox terriers (dog and bitch) and a cocker spaniel dog. The dandies are of the best breed in England and cost Mr. Hume a long price. The fox terriers are of a well-known champion strain, the bitch being a hard one to beat and the cocker a remarkably well made animal, liver and white in color and perfectly trained. This remarkably fine lot will be entered in the forthcoming show.

AN ILLINOIS BIG ONE—Highland Park, Ill., March 14.—For several months past a number of notices of big dogs have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM, and I contribute another. The dog to which I refer is owned by Mr. W. S. Crosby and is said to be a cross between a St. Bernard and Newfoundland. His color is black; length from tip to tip, 5 ft. 10 in.; measures round chest 3 ft. 9 in.; height at shoulder, 2 ft. 7 in.; weight, 193 lbs. I may be mistaken, but I think Highland Park is ahead.—EDWARD B. WESTON.

THE BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLE QUESTION—Rockville, Md., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice an article from Mr. Pottinger Dorsey in your valuable paper of March 17.

In reference to the bench-legged beagle. We have them in our county (Montgomery), and I can say that they were first raised by Mr. Elsha Gaithe, New Unity, Md. They cannot be surpassed for rabbits. As Mr. Dorsey says, they are slow but sure for the game. They are sought after all over the State and also in Pennsylvania. They usually bring from $15 to $20 per pair. W. H B.

PURE LAVERACKS IN AMERICA.—At the time when we published "Leatherhead's" article from *Bell's Life* on the Pure Laverack setters in England, we determined, if possible, to prepare a similar list of those owned in this country. We have consulted on this subject a number of prominent breeders who most kindly responded, and we hope before long to be in a position to furnish our readers with a fairly correct list. We should be glad to hear on this subject from any gentlemen who own pure Laverack setters in this country.

MASTIFFS.—We understand that Mr. Charles E. Wallack is building on his place at Long Branch, N. J., some very extensive kennels after an approved English model. He is also importing some very fine young dogs from one of the first mastiff breeders and judges in England. This is a step in the right direction, and we shall be glad to see this noble breed improved in this country. Mr. Wallack is in constant correspondence with several of the highest authorities on this breed in England, and has for years made it a special study.

SAN FRANCISCO BENCH SHOW.—This dog show will be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal., under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Kennel Club, on April 7 to 12. Valuable prizes will be awarded to the best specimens in dogs in each class, also certificates of highly commended to dogs possessing superior qualities who fail to win first or second prize. And a very valuable special prize will be given to the most perfect specimen of dog or bitch in any class. Col. Stuart M. Taylor, Secretary, office 313 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

IMPORTED HARRIERS.—There has been lately imported from England, by Mr. S. Reed, of Louisville, Ky., two large-sized harriers, dog and bitch, Bluebill and Plandit, from the kennel of Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N. We are pleased to hear that they have given satisfaction and are greatly admired. It is supposed that dogs of this kind from good strains will improve the breed of foxhounds in the West.

GERMANTOWN HARE AND HOUNDS CLUB.—The Germantown Hare and Hounds Club will meet twice a month, beginning in April with a hunt in which a number of visitors from other clubs will participate.—"HOMO."

NOTICE.—In another column we insert the notice of a gentleman who wishes to secure a partner for the purpose of establishing a first-class kennel. References—Capt. M. C. Campbell and Capt. Jos. H. Dew.

AN ENGLISH ADVERTISER.—We call special attention to the advertisement of Mr. A.W. Langdale, and would advise our readers that are interested in the breeds of spaniels, to consult this gentleman, who is considered by Mr. Vero Shaw to be an eminent authority ity on the subject. Read what he says of the Sussex spaniel.

THE COCKER CLUB.—The advertised meeting of the Cocker Club did not take place at Buffalo.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

116 J. A., Barrytown, N. Y.—1. For beagle bitch use same treatment as recommended W. B. C. in issue of March 10; the cases are identical. 2. The injury sustained by your cocker bitch can only be relieved by rest and the bathing of the sprained leg with some strong stimulating liniment; this is all that can be done.

117 G. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—The dog should be carefully examined by some competent physician. It is impossible to arrive at a proper diagnosis of the case from the account given.

118 F. W. N., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—My setter dog for three or four months has been troubled with his head, discharging from both ears, becoming excited will shake his head continually; when lying still does not trouble him. Don't seem to show any signs of pain. He scratches his ears occasionally; has no appetite I have been treating him internally and using a wash of Golden Seal, syringing his ears when diluted with water. As far as as I can see in his ears they appear to be all right. The difficulty is beyond sight A white spot came in his ear which has been removed for some time, but his ears still run and smell quite badly. He is very lively and apparently in good condition. He is a very fine young dog and I am quite anxious about him. What can I do for him? Ans. The dog has probably been overfed and not sufficiently exercised. Give him low diet for a while and plenty of exercise, also a little sulphur in his food once a day for a week and a purge or two of castor oil. Continue to use the lead lotion.

119 H. C., Mount Vernon, O.—My beagle hound dog two years old has a cold in his head. Keeps snuffling and sneezing Nose appears to be stopped up. When I hunted him last he would follow a trail O K, now he is no good. Will leave the track in five minutes. What shall I do for him? Ans. Try to promote his general health as much as possible by careful feeding and plenty of exercise, and give him two grains of quinine three times a day.

120 L. E. B., Westfield, Mass.—I have got a beagle puppy ten months old. About six weeks ago he had the distemper. The first two or three days he did not eat anything, but since then his appetite has been good and he has gotten along nicely and now, to all appearances, he is entirely well, with the exception that within about a week he has twice passed a thick clear substance, which was partly bloody. Ans. It is the natural result of distemper. If it continues give him a small teaspoonful of castor oil and ten drops of laudanum each night until it stops.

121 J. B. C., New York City.—I have a small cocker bitch which is now in heat. Several of my friends have advised me to cross her with a Blenheim spaniel. Would the cross be advisable? Ans. The cross is not a bad one made where direct breeding cannot be effected, but never cross when you can avoid it is the best motto.

KENNEL NOTES.

**** *Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Shoo Fly—Messrs. Dan Stores & Son, Lebanon, N. H., claim the name of Shoo Fly for beagle bitch puppy out of Bess by Victor, purchased of Mr. N. Elmore.

Willie—Mr. J. B. Ladd, Martin, Tenn., claims the name of Willie for black and white ticked dog puppy, whelped June, 1880, out of Sanborn's Nellie by Gladstone.

Chip—Mr. John W. King, St. John, N. B., claims the name of Chip for his cocker spaniel puppy, presented to him by Mr. Ed. Boyce.

Domino—Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., claims the name of Domino for solid white Italian greyhound dog puppy, whelped Feb. 2, 1881, out of his fawn bitch Italie by Rex.

Turk—Mr. Addison Child, Childwold, N. Y., claims the name of Turk for black, white and tan dog puppy, whelped Nov. 8, 1880, out of Lady by Don, Gordon setters imported by Mr. Ellerton L. Dorr, Boston, Mass.

Dick—Mr. W. H. Hobbs and Mr. Chas. Smyth, Lake City, Minn., claim the name of Dick for pointer puppy out of Fleet by Ranger, purchased of Mr. F. S. B. Dilley.

Douglas—Mr. F. B. Du Bois, Morristown, N. J., claims the name of Douglas for his seven-months-old foxhound puppy (white with tan spots) sired by imported Duke out of owner's Belle.

Kildare—Mr. F. B. Du Bois, of Morristown, N. J., claims the name of Kildare for his seven-months-old foxhound puppy by imported Duke out of owner's Belle.

Mag—Mr. C. L. Wrigley, Revere, Mass., claims the name of Mag for his red Irish setter bitch out of imported Ellien by champion Elcho.

Flirt—Mr. C. L. Wrigley, Revere, Mass., claims the name of Flirt for his lemon and white fox terrier bitch, whelped November 23, 1880, out of Trexsey by Ike.

NAMES CHANGED.

Lora to Lora Laverack—Mr. J. H. Henricks, Pittsburg, Pa., changes the name of his pure Laverack bitch from Lora to Lora Laverack, she by young Laverack out of Petrel II, recently purchased of Mr. F. G. Simpson, Ingersoll, Canada. Lora Laverack is entered for the Derby of 1881, and will be broken for that event by Mr. H. M. Short.

BRED.

Beauty-Coin—Mr. F. B. Fay's (Boston Mass.) Coin (Leicester-Rose) to Dr. Greenough's black and tan Beauty by Copeland's Shot out of Dr. Mason's Dora (Dorr's imported Dan and Greenough's Molly, she by Chance out of Mr. G. G. Hammond's Fan).

Curlew-Brag—Hornell Cocker Kennel's (Hornellsville, N. Y.,) liver cocker bitch Curlew to black Cocker Brag, March 10.

WHELPS.

Nagle's Cocker Bitch—Mr. Richard Nagles' (St. Johns, N. B.) cocker spaniel bitch whelped, March 18, sixteen puppies, all living and doing well, by Mr. M. J. McGill's dog.

Ruby—Mr. Richard Harper's (St. John, N. B.) Irish setter bitch Ruby whelped, March 17, eight puppies, four dogs and four bitches, by Clark's Dick.

Zita—Mr. Charles Klocke's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) setter bitch Zita, whelped, March 26, nine puppies, by King Dash.

Jano—Mr. Wm. Sargent, Jr.'s setter bitch Jano (Druid-Cubas) whelped, March 27, seven puppies, four dogs and three bitches, to Kentucky Kennel Club's Lotty. The whelps are black, white and tan.

Topsey—Mr. Jas. Lindsay's (Jersey City, N. J.,) Scotch collie bitch Topsey (imported Laddie-W. Lindsay's Moosey) whelped March 28, nine puppies, four dogs and five bitches by Rex, 1st, New York, 1880.

Princess—Hornell Cocker Kennel's (Mr. J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y.,) Princess whelped March 27, five puppies, two dogs and three bitches by same owner's black dog Brag.

Pansy—Hornell Cocker Kennel's (Mr. J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y.,) Pansy whelped March 27, seven puppies, four dogs and three bitches, four liver and three black by Lachlne Kennel's imported black spaniel Benedict.

SALES.

Snapshot II—Mr. C. H. Goodman, of Springfield, Mass., has sold to Dr. Lake cocker spaniel dog lemon and white pointer pup Snapshot II., by his Rattler (Ranger-Bess) out of his Zip (Snapshot-Fanny).

Peggie—Mr. M. L. Norton, of Greenbush, N. Y., has purchased of Mr. M. P. Bray, New Haven, Conn., the Irish red setter bitch Peggie, out of his pure Irish red setter Kate (imported from Ireland 1876), by Lincoln Holker's Dash. Peggie is all pure red, and very dark.

Regalia—Mr Horace Smith, of New York, has sold the lemon and white Sensation-Whisky bitch Regalia, formerly owned by Rev. R. G. Hamilton, of Troy, to Mr. George M. Tiffany, of Hartford, Conn. Regalia is four years old, very handsome and well broken. She is just from hard work in the South, and will be bred to Mr. Tiffany's Pete II., a fine large black poluter by Strong's Pete. Regalia will be among the cracks at the coming show.

Lora—Mr. J. H. Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa., has purchased from Mr. F. G. Simpson, Ingersoll, Canada, the pure Laverack bitch Lora out of Petrel II. by Young Laverack.

Charley-Bessie Whelp—Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, Canada, has sold to Mr. W. B. Miles, Jr., New York, a black, white and ticked cocker puppy, whelped 14th of January, '81, by imported Charley out of imported Bessie.

Ray, Jr.—Mr. J. V. P. Hax, Baltimore, Md., has sold his Laverack setter Ray, Jr., to Mr. J. L. Thomas, Baltimore, Md. Ray, Jr., is out of Cartrue (Carlowitz-True) by King Edmund (Livingston's Ray-Nellie).

PRESENTATION.

Max-Gyp Whelp—Mr. Dave Gibson presented a cocker dog puppy to Mr. Wm. McDonough, St. Johns, N. B., out of his Gyp by Mr. O. T. Stone's Max.

IMPORTATIONS.

Greyhounds—Mr. J. R. Pierson, Buckingham, Bucks Co., Pa., has imported a brace of superior greyhounds, dog and bitch. Ben, spotted dog, 62 lbs., out of Cromorne. She by Peeping Tom out of Mausoleum. Fan, black bitch, 48 lbs., by Hero—Dancer out of Fenly. Fan is closely related to Master McFadden (brother of Master McGrath), Joan of Arc, Flora McDonald, Judge (winner of Waterloo Cup), Lady Dalton and Field Marshal. Fan is now in whelp to Ben.

DEATHS.

Lady Winsome—Mr. Isaac Yearsley, Jr., Coatesville, Pa., has lost his setter dog puppy Lady Winsome out of Countess by Count Noble.

Maida—Mr. C. T. Pierce, Brooklyn, N. Y., has lost his pointer bitch Maida.

Noisy—Mr. J. J. Donovan, Boston, Mass., has lost his Irish setter bitch puppy Noisy from inflammation of the bowels. Noisy out of Mag by Elcho, whelped December 9, 1880.

Thunderbolt—Some miscreant caused the death of a valuable setter dog belonging to Mr. J.F. Kirk, of Toronto, by throwing a piece of poisoned meat over the fence of the kennel. Thunderbolt was whelped on the 4th of May, 1878, and was bred by Mr. A. A. Finnis, of Rochester, out of Whirlwind by Arnold Burges' Druid. Whirlwind was by Burgundthal's Rake out of Smith's (of Strathroy) Fanny.

A GREAT BLUE HERON.—Newport, R. I., April 4.—Robert Allan, a lad thirteen years old, while gunning at Price's Neck on Saturday last, shot a large heron which measured six feet from tip to tip. I have never heard of one being shot before at this place. The right heron has three long dark feathers on its head, but this bird only had two and a very long bill and legs. Color of back, slate color; wings black; neck a shade lighter. He was shot in the daytime. What is it?

J. S. B.

The bird was no doubt a great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*), a species quite common in New England, and the largest of our herons.

OUR READERS should not confound our frequent contributor Major W. W. Merrill, of New Rochelle, N. Y., with the Major Merrill, who is sitting as a member of the Whittaker Court Martial.

Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when Hop Bitters are used.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 31.—Last year the Directors of the Rensselaer Wyck Range offered a life membership as a prize at 200 yards. A fair allowance was made to men using a military rifle, in order to induce them to enter the competitions on an equal footing with the smooth-bore men. Three competitions were shot last season, and the cold weather prevented a record of scores, and they were looking for second or third place, as the men winning them are paid a percentage of the entrance money. J. L. Miles was shooting his military, and on his sixth round had made twenty-seven. Another centre would give him thirty-one, which, with the allowance, would give him thirty-five, and make him a winner. He wanted second place, and made an inner, which he considered would make him safe for second place. Mr. R. L. Green, however, went after him and succeeded in wresting second place from him. The scores in detail were as follows:

Leonard Gery, R S	5 4 4 5 4 4 5 5—32
Royal L Green, S M, *.....	4 4 5 5 4 5 5 5—32
James I Miles, S M, 2.....	4 5 5 5 4 5 5 4—32
William E Frith, Bal S.....	5 4 4 5 4 4 5 5—31
A Carpenter, S M, *2.....	5 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—31
Theodore Mosher, Bal S.....	4 5 4 5 5 4 5 4—31
G H Charles, Bal S.....	4 4 4 4 4 5 5 5—29

*Allowance to military rifles.

BOSTON GALLERIES.—At the galleries the March matches have closed, and new ones for April have been started. At the Mammoth gallery Messrs. Pratt and Norcross have been recorded with their highest scores as perfect ties for the past week, the latter gaining the slightest advantage until last night, when Mr. Norcross succeeded in putting in a good 47, displacing a 46, and putting him at the front. The winning scores of March in all matches stand as follows:

Amateur Badge Match.

W M Norcross..37	37 37 38	A C Maynard..	36 36 36 37 37—182
M L Pratt.....37	37 37 37	Steve Williams	37 35 35 35 36—176

Experts' Match.

N W Arnold.....38	38 39 39	J H Williams	37 37 37 37—187
J Merrill.....37	38 38 38	C R Bartlett	36 36 37 37 37—183
W H Harrison..37	38 38 38		

Pistol Match.

J H Williams.....75	78 73	Elihu Wilder	67 68 71—205
F J Rabbeth.....67	70 71		

April 1 began a new set of rifle matches. The limited badge match, no one allowed to enter who has scored more than 186, or who has ever won a prize in any gallery; the amateur badge match, no one allowed to enter who has ever made more than 176; an amateur pistol match, no one who has ever won a prize in any gallery allowed to enter. The experts' pistol match, with three cash prizes, and the FOREST AND STREAM match for the elegant meerschaum pipe, will also continue through the month of April. Conditions in all rifle matches: Rounds 8, five scores to win, or a possible 200, off-hand, range 150 feet. Pistol matches: Rounds 8, three scores to win, or a possible 238, position off-hand, range 50 feet.

At the Magnolia gallery the shooting has been very sharp in all the matches. The prizes and totals in last month's contest are as follows:

J Merrill.....50	48 48 49 50—245	M Drew	234
O A Gross.....49	50 46 48 50—243	E Walters	233
E Harris.....48	49 49 48 49—243	J J Ross	233
J Ames.....48	48 48 49 48—241	J B Fellows	232
S Peng.....48	48 48 48 48—240	W A Noyes	232
C A Maynard..48	48 48 48 48—240	F I Twiss	232
C Albert.....48	48 48 48 48—240	A Law	231
E L Dodge	238	W M Merrill	229
H Mayo	237	H Sinclair	221
C Jones	230		

Badge Match.

C A Maynard	49 49 50 49 49 49 49 49 50 49—190		
M Drew	48 48 48 49 49 48 48 49 49 48—485		

Pistol Match.

C Dunn.....101	103 103 104—411	J Mayo	99 98 101 92—390
J H Williams..102	103 104	J Ames	97 89 100	1—290

April 1 began a new badge match, with the following conditions: Ten shots, five scores to win, or possible 250 to count as one continuous score. The new pistol match which opens with 50 shot on the ready measurement target, with any 22 calibre pistol not to exceed ten inches in the barrel. The conditions of the Three scores to win, 10 shots, 75 feet, each competitor to stand free from rest or brace and to use but one arm. The FOREST AND STREAM match will close April 30. The leading contestant up to date is Mr. Arthur, who is recorded with the nine score at total 245.

BOSTON, Mass., April 2.—To-day was a cold day for riflemen, and the few that sought Walnut Hill range found the wind blew a gale from the northwest, making it almost impossible to hold on the target. The best scores are appended:

Record Match (Massachusetts Target).

A C Gould	10 11 10 10 12 9 12—74
G Warren	7 12 10 12 12 10 11—74
C A Gay	11 12 10 1 11 8 9—70
A B Pratt	10 10 10 12 9 8 10—69
G F Perkins	11 11 8 9 10 10 8—69
J J Rabbeth	9 9 11 10 10 8—67
R J Fish	10 9 7 10 9 11 9—71

Record Match (Creedmoor).

J B Fellows	5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 4 4—45
F Johnson	5 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4—44
R B Drew	4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4—42

Badge Match No. 2.

J S Bennet	5 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 4—44
B James	4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 5 4—43

The following rifle clubs will hold extra shoots on Fast Day, April 8: Massachusetts Association, Walnut Hill, four matches, at 200 yards; Medford Amateur Association, Belleville range, matches at 200 yards; Auburn Rifle Club (Auburn, Mass.), match at 200 yards; also Canton match at 500 yards. Schutzen corps, Beachmont, matches on Massachusetts target (off-hand and rest).

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—New York, April 2.—At the Zettler gallery the plank target match closed this evening, and the following competitors received prizes: 1st prize, Wm. Klein, pair sealskin gloves; 2d, M. B. Engel, half dozen silver spoons; 3d, George Lauer, $5 cash; 4th, J. Binnenberg, toilet set; 5th, Chas. Judson, pedometer; 6th, D. Miller, fishing rod; 7th, Jake Levy, revolver; 8th, H. Holges, revolver; 9th, John Dutil, gold pen and pencil; 10th, L. H. Grohman, horseshoe tie stand.

The bullseye target.—The most bullseyes: H. Hoyles; 2d, A. Siebeneichen; 3d, Hugo Siebeneichen.

The next match will be shot on the Everybody's target, open to all comers; entry 25 cents; match to commence on April 4; 350 chances to close.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.—Orders for a large number of prizes have been received, and in addition to those which we have published we hear of the following: Joseph S. Finck & Co., Golden Wedding Distillery, have presented $50 cash; John Gibson's Son & Co., $100 cash; Clement Hall & Co., diamond, through Mr. Charles E. Fitch; one of the firm, $100 cash; Edwin S. Harris, New York, gives one English corduroy hunting suit; James F. Marston presents one split bamboo rod with reel, also one trunk rod, reel and line, silver mounted and in appropriate cases; W. W. Greener donates, through Henry C. Squires, his American agent, a hammerless gun made especially for this occasion; Schoverling, Daly & Gales present one of their diamond grade guns. Some of the regiments of the State National Guard have expressed a wish to join the State Association and compete for prizes in shooting. The committee have the matter under consideration.

THE PARKER GUN.—Mr. J. C. Haskell, of Lynn, Mass., who on the 22d ult. broke 500 balls in an actual shooting time of 22 min. 35 sec., and, with rest, consuming 24 min. 15 sec., is desirous of hearing whether any club can show a better record for quick work, and if this record has been beaten he thinks he can do a little better even. He accomplished this feat without a single miss're or baulk of any kind, and this speaks strongly for the merits of American guns and especially of the Parker gun used on this occasion.

MEDFORD, Mass., April 2.—In the shooting of the Medford Amateur Rifle Association, at Bellevue range, some capital work has been recorded in the Silverware matchr. The conditions of the match were that members of the associations should be handicapped on their scores, all non-members to state their highest recorded score, and be handicapped by the directors. Up to date Mr. J. K. Teel heads the list, a first winner, his handicap being added. Mr. Charles is second with an almost unprecedented score of five 48s, and Mr. Frank Hollis third with four 48s and one 48. Mr. A. G. Gould has also an elegant score, a total of 210. The following summary gives the winners in their respective positions. There was also a general prize of ten silver dollars to the marksman making the largest score each day the most number of times, the same handicap list to be used. So far J. K. Teel stands; W. Charles, 3; Grillin, 1; R. Abbott, 1; Pollard, 1; Ames, 1, and Jacobs, 1.

J K Teel	46 47 47 47 48—246	N P Ames	45 46 44 45 46—227
W Charles	49 49 49 49 49—245	A B Archer	46 46 47 45 45—226
F Hollis	49 48 48 49 49—244	E F Richardson	46 43 47 48 46—225
A G Gould	46 46 46 47 47—240	R Abbott	44 45 49 45 43—223
W Jacobs	45 45 46 46 48—230	D I Russell	43 45 45 45 45—223
H Withington	46 46 45 45 47—229	E Whittier	44 44 44 45 44—221
A Whitney	46 45 46 45 46—228	F L Claflin	47 41 42 41 42—228
A W Webb	46 45 45 45 46—227	A J Green	43 44 44 43 43—228

HOPKINTON, Mass., March 31.—The Sportsman's Club have had another practice at the house on the Wardville road. A rotary was used. The principal scores made out of a possible 29 were as follows:

W G Stone	17
C Rose	16
D Dorchester, Jr	15
S A Smith	12

Out of a possible 35 the following is the record:

W G Stone	28
D Dorchester, Jr	25

C H Rose.....28

THE NEXT practice and trial of the club occurs on Thursday, April 7, at the same place.

GARDNER, Mass., March 31.—The Gardner sportsmen have had a large attendance at their last practice at Hackmatack range. Two score of 10 shots each was allotted to each man. Distance 200 yards, off-hand, inch ring and Creedmoor target. The score tells the story:

	R	C	R	C	Totals
G F Ellsworth	91	46	91	45	182—91
J N Dodge	86	46	85	45	171—91
H Fredd	75	44	87	46	162—90
N E James	72	44	74	44	146—87
A Mathews	66	42	77	44	143—86
F H Knowlton	66	42	73	43	139—85
S B Hildreth	56	43	79	45	135—88
Charles Merrill	62	42	70	42	132—84
Wm Austin	59	43	67	43	126—86
C C Good'll	51	40	63	42	114—82
Jee Norwood	53	40	57	43	113—83

A NEW RIFLE.—Mr. F. J. Rabbeth, the executive officer of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, has invented a new long-range gun, which is said to be an entirely new departure from the rifles now in use. The main idea is to place as much weight and length as possible into the barrel, reducing all other parts to a minimum. The weight of the barrel is 8¾ pounds, the all other parts, breach and mechanism, 1¼ pounds. The heaviest barrels in other rifles are from six to seven pounds, the old Remington barrel weighing six pounds. Another feature of this new invention is that the barrel is in line with the shoulder, so that the support is in direct line with the bore, having no tendency to throw up the muzzle by the recoil. Another special advantage is, that should a cartridge-head burst the breach mechanism is gas-tight; therefore there can be no danger and no loss of power or force by such an accident. Another improved idea is that the wind gauge is placed on the rear sight, and the front sight is so arranged that no covering is required and the marksman is not obliged to move from his prone position to adjust them for sudden changes. The new rifle was shot on the 19th., by Mr. Rabbeth with good results for the first time, at all ranges, and he was congratulated by his brother riflemen upon his new departure.

STOCKTON RIFLE RANGE, N. J.—The programme for April, opening April 9, is as follows; April 9, No. 1—Short-range match, 200 yards: open to all; ten prizes. No. 2—Short-range team match; open to teams of five; 200 yards; prize, silver trophy. No. 3—Ballard match; open to all; 500 and 600 yards; prize, Ballard rifle. No. 4—Long-range match; open to all; 1,000 yards; prize, gold watch. April 13—Champion short-range match; open to all; 200 yards; prize, gold badge. April 16, No. 1—Sharps match for military; open to all; 200 yards. No. 2—Champion Marksmen's Badge match for 1881; open to First Brigade, N. G. N. J., 200 and 500 yards. April 20—Remington match; open to all; 200 yards. April 23—Mid-range team match; open to teams of five; 500 yards; prize, silver trophy. April 27—E. Burd Grubb military team match; open to teams of ten in Second Brigade, N. J. S. N. J.; 200 and 500 yards; prize, French mantel clock. April 30—Champion Marksmen's Badge 1881; open to members of Second Brigade; 200 and 500 yards.

The season at Creedmoor will open between the middle and end of April.

NEWARK, N. J.—*March* 25.—The army of gallery shots in this city are just now very busy and all sorts of club and individual contests are being run this way. The Harrards and Washingtons contested the first of a series of five matches, at the range of the first named club, with the following score: Washington—B. Pettigrove, 43; Charles Beckley, 35; Henry Wolff, 44; Frank Roberts, 46; J. Carmichael, 45; P. L. Sommer, 43; C. H. Townsend, 44; John Copperswith, 47; John Beyer, 48; H. Marsh, 45—total, 410. Barnard—C. Meissel, 42; W. Burtchell, 44; H. Van Buren, 43; Willet, 42; A. A. Baldwin, 46; J. Rowe, 46; S. T. Simmons, 43; T. Achison, 43—total, 425. The next match will be shot at Bayer's range.

A. H. Bogardus challenges Mr. John C. Haskell of the Lynn Central Club to shot a match near Boston at 500 glass balls, and bets from $100 to $500 that he (Haskell) cannot, under the same conditions as he shot, perform the feat. Conditions: To start the match together at the crack of the first gun shot.

THE TRAP.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 23.—The following pigeon matches were shot to-day at McKnight's Upper Canton House, near this city. Miles Johnson of New Jersey, Frank Heintz of Philadelphia, Hon. A. H. Ackley of Louisiana, and E. L. Mills of the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., were among the visiting sportsmen in attendance, while Messrs. Ritter and Kell represented Baltimore. The birds provided for the occasion were a fine lot, and the wind being strong and gusty, away from the traps. Mr. Mills, of Washington, carried off the honors, winning a majority of the prizes, and making the highest average during the day's shooting, the relative score being as follows:

Mr. Mills killed 92 out of 104; missed 12. Mr. Ackley killed 87 out of 89; missed 13. Mr. Heintz killed 81 out of 76; missed 15; Mr. Johnson killed 53 out of 71; missed 18.

Following are the scores:

First Match—$5 entrance, 5 birds, 25 yards, one money.

Ackley, 5; Johnson, 4; Mills, 5; Heintz, 4. Purse $20. Divided by Johnson and Heintz.

Second Match—Same conditions.

Ackley, 5; Johnson withdrew; Mills, 4; Heintz, 5. Purse $20. Won by Heintz on tie.

Third Match—Same conditions.

Ackley, 5; Johnson, 5; Mills, 5; Heintz, 3. Purse $20. Won by Johnson on tie.

Fourth Match—Same conditions.

Ackley, 5; Johnson, 3; Mills, 5; Heintz withdrew. Purse $20. Divided by Mills and Ackley.

Fifth Match—Same conditions.

Ackley withdrew; Johnson withdrew; Mills, 5; Heintz withdrew; Ritter, 5. Purse $25. Divided by Mills and Ritter.

Sixth Match—Same conditions.

Ackley, 5; Johnson withdrew; Mills, 5; Heintz, 5; Ritter withdrew. Purse $25. Divided by Mills and Heintz killing three birds each on tie.

Seventh Match—Same conditions.

Ackley, 5; Johnson withdrew; Mills, 5; Ritter withdrew; Heintz withdrew. Purse $25. Divided by Mills and Ackley.

Eighth Match—Same conditions.

Ackley, 5; Johnson withdrew; Mills, 5; Ritter, 5; Heintz withdrew. Purse $25. Divided by Mills and Ackley after tie shooting.

Ninth Match—Same conditions.

Ackley, 5; Johnson, 5; Mills, 5; Ritter, 5; Heintz withdrew; Kell, 5. Purse $30. Won by Kell killing 4 on tie.

Tenth Match—$10 entrance, 10 birds.

Ackley, 7; Mills, 9; Ritter, 9; Kell, 2; Heintz, 5; Johnson, 2. Purse, $60. Divided even by Mills and Ritter.

Eleventh Match—$5 entrance, 5 birds, 25 yards; purse to be divided as in match No. 10.

Ackley, 5; Mills, 5; Ritter withdrew; Johnson, 5; Heintz, 3; Kell withdrew. Purse $30. Divided by Mills and Johnson.

Twelfth Match—Same conditions.

Ackley, 4; Mills, 4; Ritter, 4; Johnson, 4; Heintz, 3; Kell, 5. Kell first prize, $18; Johnson second prize, $12, killing 6 on tie.

Thirteenth Match—$2 freeze-out, 31 yards.

Mills	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	Wertsner	1 1 1 0
Ritter	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	Bancroft	1 1 1 1 1 0
Kell	1 1 1 1 1 0	H. Sell	1 0
Johnson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	Engle	1 1 0
Heintz	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		

Purse $18. Divided by Johnson and Kleintz.

Fourteenth Match—$2 freeze-out, 31 yards.

Mills, 0; Johnson, 1; Kell, 0; Kleintz, 1; Bancroft, 0. Purse $10. Divided by Johnson and Kleintz.

Fifteenth Match—Same conditions.

Mills, 4; Johnson, 7; Kell, 1; Kleintz, 5; Bancroft, 6. Purse $10. Won by Bancroft.

This ended a very pleasant day's sport. B.

N. Y. GUN CLUB, April 2.—The attraction of the regular shoot of the New York Gun Club to-day was the contest for the Club Fund Cup, which, under the conditions of presentation, is to be awarded to the competitor winning it twice consecutively. It has already been shot for five times, the winners being W. M. Edmunds, G. C. Howard, E. White, L. Van Buren and E. M. Hammond. Mr. Hammond, the last winner, was recognized as a strong shooter, and eleven entered for last contest against him. The birds provided were good, and a strong wind blowing diagonally across the field greatly aided them in their flight, but some good scores were made, and Mr. Benjamin carried off the cup by killing nine out of ten. Mr. Hammond was only one behind, and lost dead out of seventeen with breaking a tie. The following are the scores made during the afternoon:

New York Gun Club, Bergen Point, N. J., April 2.—Sweepstakes at seven birds: ties shot off at miss and go out.

Dexter.....26 yards	0 1 1 1 1 0 1—1 1 0 1 —8
Hallman.....24	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 ● 0 —7
Howard.....26	1 0 1 1 1 e—1 0 —6
White.....28	1 0 1 1 1 0 1—0 —5
Benjamin.....24	0 1 1 1 0 : —4
Arthur.....25	1 0 0 1 1 0 1 : —4
Hammond.....26	0 1 0 1 1 0 0 —3

Same Day.—The Club Fund Cup, value $100; entry $1; 10 birds; to be awarded to that competitor who shall first win it twice consecutively; ties shot off at 1 bird; all who are handicapped at 25 yards or under shall shoot at 25 yards; all who are handicapped at 27 or 28 yards shall shoot at 28 yards; all who are handicapped beyond 28 yards shall shoot at 29 yards. The distance at which a competitor stands in the first competition shall be his distance in this match until finally decided. No penalties for previous winnings on same day. No allowance for bore of gun.

Benjamin.....29 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 —9
Arthur.....25	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0—1 1 —10 —9
Dunleavy.....25	1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 —10 —9
Hammond.....25	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—0 —8
Hallman.....25	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 —7
Howard.....25	0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 —6
White.....27	1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 w. —5
Wood.....22	1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 —5
Dunlap.....24	1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 —4
Hoffman.....27	0 0 1 1 0 w. —3
Dexter.....29	0 0 1 0 w. —2

Same Day.—Sweepstakes, miss and go out.

Dunleavy.....27 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 —8
Howard.....29	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 —7
Hoffman.....27	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 —6
Dexter.....26	1 1 1 0 —3
White.....25	1 1 0 —2
Arthur.....27	0 —0
Benjamin.....25	0 —0

L. I. SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—A special meeting of Long Island Sportsmen's Association was held at the Royal Arcanum Room, Mosshall, Brooklyn, Friday evening, April 1. The meeting was called to order at 9 o'clock, with President Chappell in the chair. The prize committee reported that they had succeeded beyond their largest expectations, they having tendered the use of the association and requested to proceed with the "good work." Mr. Cook, of the bird committee, reported that he had received several proposals in regard to furnishing birds, but had made no contract, as he wished to get the lowest. The association moved that the following prize committee were then given power to make any contract which seemed proper to them. The committee on game laws reported that they had taken the bill to Albany, and now could only wait for further developments. Mr. Chas. Cook, of the Long Island Fish and Game Club, was duly elected by acclamation Assistant Secretary in place of Theo. Obrig, resigned. It is suggested by several gentlemen that the Long Island Sportsmen's Association send a team for the Dean Richmond trophy of the coming tournaments, and the several clubs are requested to confer among themselves and report at the next meeting of the association. Mr. Chappell said that as he was going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for his health, and would be gone about six weeks, he wished to be relieved from any responsibility while absent, on a motion by Mr. E. Elmendorf, a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Chappell for the zealous manner in which he had transacted the business pertaining to his office. The good wishes of the association go with him, and it is sincerely hoped that he will return in health and vigor. During the time he is absent the first Vice-President will assume all responsibility. Mr. Chappell then thanked the gentlemen for their good wishes and the meeting soon adjourned.

THE RAYMOND SPORTSMAN'S CLUB.—The regular meet of this organization took place on their grounds at Wellington, Mass., March 18. The day proved a good one for the sport and the attendance fair. The first event upon the programme was shooting from a rotary trap, twenty balls, eighteen yards' rise. The scores were really elegant, Jarvis, Smith and Fox breaking every ball thrown at them, while Witherell and Kirkwood only missed one each. At the second event of the day, a team match, ten balls from a rotary trap, in which good work was done, of the most interesting contest, the winning team being victorious by only one point, as the summary shows. Following are scores in both matches: D Jarvis, 20; J. C. Smith, 20; G. H. Fox, 20; W. B. Witherell, 19; D. Kirkwood, 19; A. E. Robinson, 17; G. H. Leach, 15; J. H. Paine, 15. In the team match, Jarvis, Fox, Paine and Kirkwood composed the winning team; Smith, Witherell, Leach and Robinson the second team. The first team's total was 33; second team's total, 32.

LONG ISLAND SHOOTING CLUB, March 25.—The members enjoyed an exciting day's sport before the traps at Dexter's to-day. The occasion of the meeting was the regular monthly contest for the cup and membership of the club, for which seventeen competitors entered. The birds were quicker and stronger than the average, and a blustering strong northwest wind carried most of them half way to the boundary line before the shooter could fairly get his gun on them. The following are the details; 7 birds each from H and T ground traps, handicapped rise, 80 yards boundary, single barrel; club rules; ties shot off at three birds each:

ALEXANDRIA ROD AND GUN CLUB.—The Alexandria Rod and Gun Club of Louisiana has recently had two glass balls for the club championship badge, which was first won by Judge H. L. Dalgre, with the creditable score of 9 out of 10 balls. At our last match, Feb. 5, the winner was Dr. Watson, only the sum of 5 cents, but the club had as a substitute for the Bogardus trap, which was used in the first match, Card's double rotary, and the way it slung the balls around puzzled the cracks of the club, and those who had made the best scores at the Bogardus trap came out at the tail end of the score with the Card's double rotary. Nothing like a change for amusement.

POWOW SHOOTING CLUB.—Amesbury, Mass., April 2.—At the monthly meeting of the Powow Shooting Club, held Wednesday evening, March 30, the semi-annual election of officers resulted as follows: President, J. G. Grieves; Vice-President and Captain, Walter Hatch; Secretary and Treasurer, F. F. Morrill. At present the club has a membership of thirty-four.

The first monthly contest for a gold medal donated by the citizens of Salisbury and Amesbury, and a valuable prize donated by W. R. Schaeffer, Esq., of Boston, will be held on Fast Day. M.

N. Y. STATE SPORTSMEN'S MEET.—At a meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, on Friday last, the Committee on Prizes for the State Association tournament, to be held on Coney Island early in June, reported a long list of prizes promised, many guaranteed. They have been presented by the most prominent gunmakers and

business men in sporting circles, and consist of guns, fishing rods and tackle, a gold watch, several suits of clothes, a set of furniture, books on sporting, a handsome bronze trophy, a rifle and other useful articles, together with upward of $2,000 in cash. Many other prizes will be added, during the forthcoming meeting, in the number and value of prizes offered, the most important ever held by the State Association.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.—A three days' tournament will open on the grounds of the Topeka Gun Club on April 26, with $5,000 in cash premiums, with many prizes in kind. The matches are open to all comers. During the tournament Eugene Bogardus and Charles Ramsey, both 21 year old rivals, will shoot a match. There are eighteen purses in all, three of them being for teams.

ALABAMA STATE SHOOT.—The Alabama State Sportsmen's Association' Shooting Tournament will be held at Montgomery, Ala., from May 9 to 14 inclusive. Purses of $4,000 are offered. Particulars may be had of Henry C. Davidson, Sec., Montgomery, Ala.

NEW PARK, R. I., March 26.—The seventh contest for the Ballard rifle presented by W. Milton Farrow to the Newport Rifle Association was shot to day. This shoot ended the contest, as Chas. S. Plummer won this same for the third time. Score 44 out of a possible 50.

In the Carver-Scott match in London the last evening's shoot was at 250 balls each, the supply having become exhausted at that point. The purse was £600.

At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay all troubles incident thereto.

Yachting and Canoeing.

LENGTH MEASUREMENT PRACTICALLY ABANDONED.

THE Eastern Y. C. has determined to measure for racing by adding the beam to two-thirds the length. What the reasoning may be by which this particular decision has been arrived at we do not know, but as no rule can well be less logical or more mischievous in its tendency than "simple length," the club may be congratulated upon having got rid of a hampering incubus, and as being at least under salt for something better. Measurement by length may now fairly be considered as abandoned among the clubs whose rules are framed for cabin yachts, and not simply for open boats in which everything may be sacrificed for prize-winning. Much less, hardly anything is being expected from sailing machines outside spuriously-imputed speed on some faulty rule of matching, for which they have been especially modelled to cheat their neighbors, within the law to be sure, but none the less to acquire a reputation for speed not warranted under a rational method of comparison.

Length has now been discarded by the Eastern Y. C., Portland Y. C., Salem Bay Y. C. and Beverly Y. C., leaving in the East only the Dorchester Association adhering to the old order of things. But the Dorchester has for some time had a change in its rule under advisement and we may see it racing even this season under some modification which will be more nearly a measure of size than a single dimension. This virtually leaves only two clubs on the seaboard, the Boston and Atlantic still conspicuously adhering over a question so all-important, and willing, apparently, to put up with an obvious evil because no one cares to start the work of a much-needed reform. However, with the example of others before them, it cannot be long before they, too, come out of the last ditch, when the last vestiges of the stunting, wash-bowl and machine-fostering rule will rapidly disappear from sight, and our yacht clubs will no longer be open to the charge of unmanliness with the multiplication table, or the difference between distance and sail area, of more importance than it can prevail, but out of chaos order will come in the due course of events, and therefore we welcome the proofs of the revolution now seething. Under any circumstances we are on the safe side of the fence, as nothing further than both could be devised, and any result is sure to be the outcome of the present agitation will be better than that. Yachtsmen on the Delaware are not behind in this respect, and we quote with pleasure the letter of a correspondent to *Field and Afloat*, showing that others think as we do anent the imperative necessity of checking the leaning tendency quite as much as the planing tendency on edge of foreign waters, and of rating boats in a rational and equitable way, if racing is to remain a test of model, and not simply a vulgar matter of *outbragging* your competitors by building larger and more powerful without regarding to the others "time" in proportion to excess of size. The letter runs as follows:

"I have been repeatedly asked what manner of boat can be built to beat the Minerva, Norcross, and other beamy boats, and I unhesitatingly answer, a boat of moderate beam, with great displacement, less bilge, more beam, and a few more thousand feet of 'dimity,' and all this leads to abortions, manual labor, athletes to sling sand bags and ballast boxes pulled to windward on railways.

"Let us begin at once and get things down to a respectable standard. I see the Delaware yachtsmen have at last fixed upon a rule that will do away with the long, lank, deep nondescripts, and it is high time we follow their example and figure down to a living breadth of beam, so that the unsightly "pancake" shall be known no more."

TO SUPERSEDE STEAM.

ANOTHER "revolution" is upon us. Steam engines and boilers are to be things of the past, sailing yachts will go out of date, and all we need for motive power is the latent heat of an occasional bucket of water drawn from over the side. Prof. Gamgee, known to the public at large as the inventor of the "Gamgee refrigerating ship" for mitigating the spread of yellow fever, and known to professional men as a chemist and student of research, can now sleep serenely without any misgivings as to where his next meal is to come from. His fame and his fortune are made. There are only a few mechanical details to be settled, he says the engines and boilers go, and the world takes a fresh start, its work to be accomplished without cost other than a slight shave on Dame Nature. A "revolution" surely, and one that leads the mind to wander off afar in daring speculation, of the changes in this world's economy now about to open on us. But time is precious and space is limited, so we will confine ourselves to the yachts of the future—just as soon as the "zero motor" has been shown to be a success. And what a pity our dear old friend at home is not an engineer and mechanic, instead of love to do with gassy stocks. Such fun and such fortunes on the slimmest of margins! Here is what such an excellent authority as Chief Engineer Isherwood, U. S. N., says in his report to the Navy Department:

"From observations made by Profes-or Gamgee in the experimental working of this machine he deduced the possibility or what he terms a zero motor, in which, by means of properly adapted apparatus invented by himself, the heat in water or other objects at ordinary atmospheric temperatures may be utilized to vaporize liquid ammonia under very considerable pressures, but within the control of known means of retention. The high pressure gas thus obtained being used with the greatest practicable measure of expansion on a working piston, generates power, becoming by that very economizing use greatly refrigerated and diminished in bulk, and partially liquefied at the end of the stroke of the piston, when it is exhausted and then returned by a method invented by Professor Gamgee to the ammonia boiler whence it came. The cycle is thus a closed one; no material is lost, and no heat is rejected in matter leaving the engine. The work done by the engine is due to the difference in bulk of the material when it enters and when it leaves the boiler, that difference being caused by the heat derived from water or other natural objects in the ammonia boiler and from the refrigeration resulting from the transmutation of a portion of this heat by the engine into the mechanical work performed by the latter. That this difference of bulk exists is indisputable, and if the proper mechanism can be contrived to utilize it, then the zero motor becomes realized. It will be observed that this power has not been obtained from artificial heat produced by the combustion of fuels, but from the heat of natural objects at ordinary atmospheric temperatures, and therefore costing nothing in money. It is made possible by the fact that liquid ammonia gasifies under considerable pressure at ordinary atmospheric temperatures, the sole difficulty in constructing the zero-motor being to find the means of economically condensing the gas after it has been used as a motive power. Were it not for refrigeration due to the expansive working of the gas, the condensation would have to be obtained by the application, externally to the condenser, of artificially produced cold, and the zero-motor could not be made a commercial success. It is only by obtaining the lower limit of temperature from the action of the engine itself, while the high limit is furnished without money cost by natural objects of atmospheric temperatures, that commercial success becomes possible

"Professor Gamgee has perfected the calculations and drawings for the mechanism required to realize the effects of his invention, and there remains only to execute the mechanical work. He proposes to use the steam cylinder of his ice-making machine as the ammonia cylinder of the new motor, the present ammonia condenser, and the present ammonia boiler as a low pressure boiler, adding another ammonia boiler as a high pressure boiler. These together with the ejector between the condenser and the low pressure boiler, a small pump for pumping liquid ammonia from the low pressure to the high pressure boiler, etc., will constitute the zero-motor—a machine, as will be apparent from this brief description, of the simplest, cheapest and most manageable.

"In the high pressure boiler the liquid ammonia will be gasified by the heat in water of atmospheric temperature to the pressure due to that temperature. In the low pressure boiler ammonia is kept at a considerably less tension than in the high pressure boiler, and with this lower pressure ammonia gas the engine is operated, the gas being used as expansively as practicable and made to do work during its expansion, thereby becoming refrigerated, greatly reduced in bulk and partially liquefied. Immediately on being exhausted the cooled and shrunken gas and whatever liquid of its condensation may be mingled with it are discharged by the ejector from the condenser into the low pressure boiler, the ejector being worked by the higher pressure in the high pressure boiler, as a result the low pressure boiler is continually receiving ammonia and heat from the high pressure boiler. This excess of ammonia in the liquid form is pumped by an ordinary pump from the low pressure back to the high pressure boiler, while the excess of heat is continuously being converted into the mechanical work done by the engine. There is also the extinction of such part of the heat in the high pressure ammonia gas working the ejector as is due to the work done by it in forcing the contents of the condenser into the low pressure boiler. Of course the ejector, the condenser, the low pressure boiler and their connections are protected from receiving heat from the atmosphere and surrounding objects by a non-conducting substance.

"The plan proposed is far from chimerical. It is based on well demonstrated mechanical principles, the whole of which, with the precise, both in theory and mechanical detail, nor can it be shown, *a priori*, that there is not a fair prospect for success. There can be no doubt that the product of the pressure and volume of the contents of the ejector tube, which are to be forced into the low pressure boiler, is less than the product of the pressure and volume of the ammonia gas which leaves that boiler to operate the engine, and that this difference which has not been produced by the external application of artificial cold, but by the working of the machine itself, is available for the production of power for useful purposes. All that remains is to give the system a practical test in order to ascertain whether the mechanism proposed will act efficiently enough to realize the expected result. Should this prove to be the case, the steam engine will, within the near future, be certainly superseded by the zero-motor."

SLOOPS OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB AND THE AMERICA CUP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From what the papers say it is pretty clear that there is going to be a contest for the celebrated America cup, and unless this much-coveted trophy is to be quietly resigned to the adventurous challenger, it behooves the gentlemen of the New York Yacht Club to bestir themselves and to look about for some suitable representative, at and willing to do battle for them on the momentous occasion.

Dame Rumor says that the challenger is going to be a single-sticker of American model and heavily sparred. Hence it is from among the sloops of the N. Y. Y. C. that a champion will have to be selected. The same may-be-regarded remarks as to details respecting the size of the boat now building in Canada as to enable us to tell by analogy that she will be rather larger than any sloop in the N. Y. Y. C. except the famous Gracie.

There seems to be a feeling in favor of naming a boat to represent the club somewhere about the same size as the challenger, and this restricts the number of available boats very much. It is much to be regretted that this should be the case as the strength of the N. Y. Y. C. is in the sloops of the 30 ft. class and 25 sloops, with the present exaggerated time allowance of the club that possible chance, I should like to know, would the coming stranger have if pitted against such craft as the Wizard, or such a flyer as Mr. Willard's new boat is likely to prove, or even the Regina or the well-known Vixen? I confess to being utterly unable to calculate the complicated time allowances of the N. Y. Y. C., but I got a friend who is a member of the club to figure it out for me, and he assures me that the stranger would have to allow those little beauties from 10 to 12 minutes over the club course. The boat that can do this is probably not yet designed.

There are but four boats in the club approaching the Canadian in size—Gracie, Hildegarde, Mischief and Vision. For some reason the Arrow does not appear in the list, or perhaps it would not take kindly for the members of the club to decide on their representative. Having once been the owner of a little sloop, I have watched with much interest the careers of boats of that rig, and I say unhesitatingly that any one of the four named, if not all of them, would have, as a rule, if he can free his mind from prejudice, agree with me that in placing these boats alphabetically I have also placed them in the order of their merits. I am aware that I here approach a delicate point. Do I not single out for honor Ann Sprague, and do I not know the way the over-sparred and over-estimated Mischief has been held up by you during the past season as a model of everything that is good, virtuous and beautiful? This is, I know, a tender spot with you, but is it not better that it should be touched lightly with a friendly hand than that the falling be left to others, who, in that case should, six months hence, become painfully aware that owing to an amiable weakness for a friend you have so pulled the wool over the eyes of the yachting fraternity as to induce them to name as their representative one not internationally worthy to be put on that, and that you have thus been the means of losing to this country a trophy held by them at all hazards against all comers for 30 years!

But to return to the way I have classified the boats: "It will, I think, appear to me that the day of the 30 ft. sloops is over, and that despite the beautiful condition in which she is known to be, and the admirable way in which she is handled, she can no longer hold her own against more recent productions. But you will say, what of Hildegarde? What can she do? This is the boat, my friend, which I have seen under her old name of Annie Lowndes beat the fleet of Atlantic Yacht Club clippers—aye, and do it easily, blow high, blow low. She always was a tough customer, and, sailed as she will be this season by her enterprising owner, a great deal more will be got out of her than was ever imperial observation. But I will not risk much in predicting that she will make her numbers ahead of the much-vaunted iron sloop in all weathers during the coming season. A young yachtsman! I think I hear you say of her captain. None the less, however, has he been unanimously chosen captain of the N. Y. Y. C., an institution which knows a thing or two about yachts, yacht sailors *et id genus omne*, or thinks it does.

We now come to the respective merits of the two remaining boats, the Gracie and the Mischief. The Gracie is well known for years as a steadily successful craft, seldom if ever beaten—never, I may say, without some good excuse—always ready when called on, never making a great parade of her doings, but invariably at the end of a season standing higher in the estimation of yacht-racing circles than she did at the beginning. Of the other boat I know little, but she shows a fair record for a new boat, and I admit that an unobservant man would call her a success, but when it comes to an international contest we must go behind the record and get at the bottom facts before we select a representative. How often does it happen did these boats meet? Four times. With what result? The unobservant man would say the Mischief won three races out of four, and would have won the fourth had it been sailed with the customary allowance of sail carried in her size. And I am not prepared to risk much in predicting that she will make her numbers ahead of the much-vaunted iron sloop in all weathers during the coming season. A young yachtsman! I think I hear you say of her captain. None the less, however, has he been unanimously chosen captain of the N. Y. Y. C., an institution which knows a thing or two about yachts, yacht sailors *et id genus omne*, or thinks it does.

We now come to the respective merits of the two remaining boats, the Gracie and the Mischief. The Gracie is well known for years as a steadily successful craft, seldom if ever beaten—never, I may say, without some good excuse—always ready when called on, never making a great parade of her doings, but invariably at the end of a season standing higher in the estimation of yacht-racing circles than she did at the beginning. Of the other boat I know little, but she shows a fair record for a new boat, and I admit that an unobservant man would call her a success, but when it comes to an international contest we must go behind the record and get at the bottom facts before we select a representative. How often does it happen did these boats meet? Four times. With what result? The unobservant man would say the Mischief won three races out of four, and would have won the fourth had it been sailed with the customary allowance of sail carried in her size. And I am not prepared to risk much in predicting that she will make her numbers ahead of the much-vaunted iron sloop in all weathers during the coming season. A young yachtsman! I think I hear you say of her captain. None the less, however, has he been unanimously chosen captain of the N. Y. Y. C., an institution which knows a thing or two about yachts, yacht sailors *et id genus omne*, or thinks it does.

We now come to the respective merits of the two remaining boats, the Gracie and the Mischief. The Gracie is well known for years as a steadily successful craft, seldom if ever beaten—never, I may say, without some good excuses

discount in the East. Experience has at last brought builders to the same conclusions we have been advocating for years. An endless amount of small tonnage is being put together in Boston and neighborhood, where they are building half a dozen yachts to every one on the stocks in New York. We cannot explain this upon any other ground than that a taste for the sea comes more natural to our Eastern population.

WEITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?—Are our Boston exchanges right this time? Lawlor is reported as having finished a cat-boat for a well-known yachtsman of more than remarkable dimensions. She is 25 ft. over all, 22 ft. water line, will draw 5½ ft., and has 1,900 lbs. on her keel. Evidently Eastern yachtsmen do not split hairs about draft, and they have acres of mud flats right in Boston harbor, too. The spars for this boat are: mast, 33 ft.; boom, 29 ft., and gaff 17 ft. 6 in. Nearer home, "Phi" Ellsworth has got to work on a tidy ship which promises to be a peer on length measurement, though when gauged by size, as a logical rule should do, our faith would not be very great in her or any of her type. She is 30 ft. over all, about 22 ft. on load line, has 13 ft. beam and 5 ft. depth. From these figures our esteemed contemporary, the *Boston Herald*, will see that we were not so very far wrong recently in predicting washbowls with as much beam as length before long, if we persist in adhering to measurement by length. Fortunately this rule seems to have had its day, but it will be some time before the damage done and the false standards set up can be banished from the badly warped commonplaces now so generally accepted as sound principles of modelling.

VINDEX.—This iron cutter has been bought by Mr. Arthur Slade, of Boston, and thus New York loses another honest boat and nothing to take her place. The Vindex may not be all that is claimed for her, but she will always be remembered as the first of a class now becoming so popular. Experience may have dictated modifications of the original, but the Vindex was the first of the family of the "medium type," an attempt, and a fairly successful one, too, to blend the best qualities of sloop and cutter. To Com. Robert Center and Mr. A. Cary Smith the credit of her design belongs, we believe, and that is something worth noting, for when the iron was rolled for Vindex's garboards she was the first yacht to be built of that material in America, and in many respects a bold innovation upon existing practice. She was built in 1870 at the yard of Reany & Archbold, Chester, Pa., and is 63 ft. over all, 56 ft. on water line, 17 ft. beam, 8 ft. deep, and draws 8 ft. 10 in. Her ballast, besides a 36x1 in. keel and 1 in. garboards, consists of 15 tons of lead. As a racer she proved fairly successful, and as a cruiser she has boxed about our coast in all sorts of weather more than any yacht of her size.

THE SEASON IN BOSTON WATERS.—The South Boston *Inquirer* says: "The close advent of the yachting season is foreshadowed by the increasing interest which is manifested by yachtsmen in the welfare of their favorite craft, and the orders which are being freely given for alterations, improvements and general overhauling. Our principal boatbuilders are overcrowded with work, and the indications are favorable for a more general and widespread interest in boats than has ever occurred before. Lawley & Son are employing twenty-five men, more than they ever employed before, and report having to decline work offered them to a greater extent than that they now have in hand."

BUILDING AT EAST GLOUCESTER.—J. E. Margeson & Co. are building for Capt. G. L. Marsh a sloop yacht (keel, of course), 28 ft. long, 9 ft. beam, planked with cypress. Geo. and Andrew Wheeler are at work on a handsome sloop, 22 ft. long and 8 ft. beam. At Annisquam Point the Friend Bros. and H. P. Elwell are having a craft built by Davis, 26½ ft. long and 9 ft. beam. She is to have a centre-board, and for that reason is quite a remarkable boat in the latitude where the board has been discarded. Cat boats and small fry generally are building by the score.

EARLY CRUISING.—Sloop Virginia, Mr. Wood, has been cruising down the Delaware and reports ducks plenty, but a little wild. The fleet of the Quaker City Y. C. is receiving a spring overhaul and many of their ships will be at their moorings early this season, as considerable activity is promised among yachtsmen on the Delaware. The club will likely build headquarters in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia.

FOR SALE AND WANTED.—In another column will be found offered for sale the well-known compromise cutter Comfort. She is built in the best manner and under special inspection, and is one of the most desirable craft of her tonnage in America. Eastern dealers are referred to another advertisement for a small keel yacht, sloop or yawl rigged.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB will after all sail its annual races, the 16th of June having been selected. Cups are offered for keel schooners and sloops, and Rear Com. Oelrichs has donated a cup, value $500, to be sailed for during the annual cruise. The new committee on the American cup consists of Messrs. Krebs, Center and Tams.

THE EASTERN BOOM.—Says the *Boston Herald*: "The yachting 'boom' has reached City Point. Every workshop has all it can do, and orders are pouring in from all quarters, indicating that the season of 1881 will be the liveliest ever seen at the famous yachting resorts."

VISION.—Mr. Tenney's fine little sloop of Boston is having her post carried aft, and, to be up with the day, has added 800 lbs. to the 700 on her keel, making 1,500 in all on the keel of a boat only 22 ft. water line. Woods Bros., of Jeffries Point, have the work in hand.

NEW CUTTER.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has finished the design for a cutter of the medium type for New Haven owners. She is about 50 ft. long.

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.—Work is in progress on the new club house, Staten Island. Opening cruise, May 30.

MADGE.—Mr. P. G. Sanford, of Westport, Conn., has sold his 30 ft. sloop Madge to Mr. J. J. Phelps, of New Haven.

YOSEMITE.—Mr. Belden's big steamer has gone on a cruise to Bermuda.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

G. L. S., Halifax.—See adv. of Dudley, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in this number.

F. B. G., Boston, Mass.—The address you ask for is 153 Dearborn av., Chicago, Illinois.

J. M. S., West Middlesex, Pa.—Will you change my paper to another post office, as I intend to go West some time in April? Ans. Yes.

A number of correspondents will understand why their questions are not answered by referring to the notice at the head of this column.

H. C. T., Deep River, Conn.—Eighty-two and a half pounds is an unusually large weight for your setter dog; it indicates that he has not had sufficient exercise during the past winter. You had better work him down this spring.

G. B., Princeton.—Will you be kind enough to give me your opinion of the ———— guns, and if they are preferred by hunters and others? Ans. We have heard them well spoken of, but have no personal knowledge of the arm.

J. U. G., Quebec.—Will you please inform me whether wild rice will grow in brackish water—about half salt water? Ans. Probably not. It will grow in water that is somewhat brackish, however, but the proportion of salt must be slight.

J. H. W., Coal Valley.—Could you give me any information as to the island of Newfoundland, whether there is anything published in regard to the fur-bearing animals of that country? Ans. We know of no special work that will give you the desired information. Hallock's Gazetteer contains more or less about Newfoundland and its fauna. We can send it; price $3.00.

R. S. M., New York City.—The pedigree of Hamilton Thompson's Irish setter Duke is as follows: Duke, whelped 1872 out of Thompson's Belle by Bang. Bang out of Belle by Paul Mead's Dash. Belle out of Palmer's Belle by Paul Mead's Dash. Thompson's Belle out of Jane by Robinson's Jack, he out of Gubner's Liska by Putnam's Dan. Jane out of Fanny by Rodman's Dash.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—[*Adv.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

TROUT FISHERMAN.

Can learn of a rare opportunity for purchasing a small farm in a charmingly healthy and respectable locality within an hour of New York city, by rail, on which are several powerful, overflowing and never-failing or diminishing springs of delightful clear, cool water suitable for making a large pond, at very small expense, for propagating and angling of trout and other fish of like nature, by addressing "Angler," Box 23, Newark, N. J., Post Office. Excellent orchard, grazing and fine farm house on premises.

An excellent opportunity to buy a good Trout Rod cheap is offered in one of our "For Sale" advs. this week

H. C. Leonard, the veteran manufacturer of split bamboo rods, has removed his works from Bangor, Maine, to Central Valley, N. Y., and William Mills & Son, of this city, are still his sole agents.

We would call attention to the "Improved Dudley Pocket Cartridge Loader" advertised in this week's F. and S.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

See adv. of Lake Massawiepie for sale.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished.
KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better, $1 per pair.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.
KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest.
KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate.
KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.
KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for $9.
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KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union.
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HOLABIRD
Shooting Suits.
Write for circular to
UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
VALPARAISO, IND.

For Sale.

TROUT!
BIG BARGAIN.
FOR SALE.

Abbey & Imbrie Split Bamboo Fly Rod, 8 ozs., been used but one month; reel for same. Also one bass rod, all in leather case; extra tip for the fly rod. Call quick or you will miss the chance. J. WOOD, 58 William st., 2 to 5 P. M. April1,1t

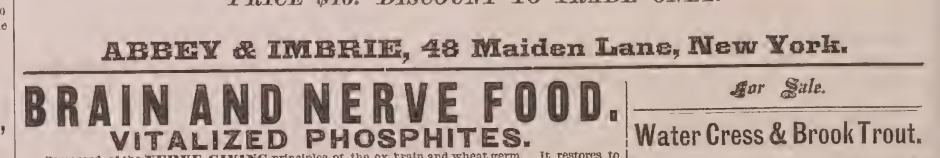
RED FOX, Skunk, Raccoon and other furs bought for cash—highest prices. Send for circular with full particulars. E. C. BOUGHTON, 5 Howard street, N. Y. April7,2t

FOR SALE.—One Remington target rifle, 40-50 tangier peep, wind gauge level, loading tools; $20. F. H. PARKER, Ashburnham, Mass. Mar31,2t

FARM AND TROUT PRESERVE for sale in the healthful village of Smithtown Branch, Long Island, one mile from railroad station, 60 acres of land, half level and fertile, half wood and swamp, well drained, with clear running brook. Unsurpassed for the formation of a trout preserve for club or private ownership. Easy terms. FRANK BLYDENBURGH, 66 Pine street, N. Y. Mar24,4t

FARRAR'S POCKET MAP of Moosehead Lake and the North Maine Wilderness, a valuable companion for the sportsman, hunter and lumberman. Lately corrected and revised, and now acknowledged to be the only correct map of this vast region. Neatly bound in cloth covers. Price, postpaid, by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Henshall Black Bass Rod.



81-4 feet long, 9 ounces weight; anti-friction standing guides; German silver mountings.

PRICE $16. DISCOUNT TO TRADE ONLY.

ABBEY & IMBRIE, 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.
VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the **NERVE-GIVING** principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It **prevents** debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting
COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES.

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881. J. OTTO DENNER, President.

JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.
Special prices to fellow others according to their value.

For Sale.

Lake Massawiepie For Sale.

Mr. Addison Child, of Childwold (South Colton P. O.), New York, offers for sale 3,000 or more acres of choice natural forest land, flushed with deer and other game, embracing the above lake, stocked with salmon and spotted trout, and seven tributary ponds of 18 to 80 acres each, delightfully situated in the southern part of St. Lawrence County (see Colton's Atlas), and within thirty hours' travel of the cities of New York and Boston. Being the head waters of Grass River (itself a noted trout stream) they are under the absolute control of owner, and offer rare facilities for natural sport or multigenerous fish culture. Any party or club wishing to establish and preserve a park for sporting and social recreation may address as above for details.

SINGLE SCULL SHELL for sale, built by Roahr. Nearly new. Address Box 178, Montclair, N. J. April7,1t

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—Keel sloop "Comfort," built by Wallin & Gorman, and launched May, 1880; 36 feet on deck, 5 feet 8 inches draft, 12 feet beam; completely fitted throughout in hard wood; fast, able and sound; built and furnished complete in every respect; is in perfect order and requires nothing. Sold only on account of want of time for use. Price reasonable. A1 in every respect. Apply to THOMAS LORD, 889 Broadway. April7,1t.

FOR SALE.—A fine Parker gun; No. 12, 30-inch, 8¾ lbs., pistol stock, Damascus barrels, sole leather gun case, 68 metal shells and all loading implements; $120. Original cost, $225. W. Y. CLARKE, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. April7,3t

TO LET.—Thacher's Island, Blue Mountain Lake, Hamilton County, N. Y. Commodious cottage, guide-house, boat-house, including boats, etc. Address Post Office Drawer No. 21, Albany, N. Y. Mar10,tf

For Sale.

Water Cress & Brook Trout.

AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cress in one-half peck baskets, cut fresh every morning, and delivered in New York city between 9:30 and 12 o'clock at any point below Twenty-third street, at 50 cents per basket. We have constantly on hand, in our ponds, Brook Trout, from the egg to three years old, all sizes, for stocking private ponds or streams. Can supply private parties, hotels or restaurants in New York or a limited extent with fresh brook trout in their season every morning, leaving our ponds at 6 A. M. and arriving at New York at 9:30 same morning. further information apply to

THOMPSON BROTHERS,
Aquetong Trout Farm,
New Hope, Bucks County, Penna.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, henery, etc.; two acres lawn; fruit and shade trees. Price $6,500; cost $11,000; $1,500 cash. For sale or to let, house 173 Griffith St., Jersey City Heights. For sale six acres near two railroads, Closter, N. J. For sale 9 acres on western slope of the Palisades, Tenafly, N. J. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBUR, 40 Fulton Street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Mar10,tf

FOR SALE.—1 Parker Bros. B.L., two sets Demascus barrels, 10 gauge, 28-inch 12 gauge 30 modified choke P. G., 14-inch stock, 3-inch drop, about 8 pounds; but little used and in fine condition. Price, $75. Can be seen at G. LESTER'S, 35 Murray street, N. Y. April7,1t

W. GREENER 10-bore, 28-inch, 8 lbs., 10 oz., top lever, double bolt, ¾ pistol grip, patent fore end, fine laminated barrels, almost new. Cost $125. Price, $68. A bargain for a gun good as new. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt st., N.Y. April7,1t

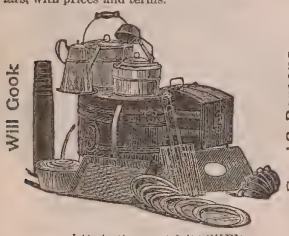
SCOTT PREMIER.—Secondhand-Cheap.—10-bore, 32-inch, 10 lbs. weight, full pistol grip, very finest quality; in splendid condition. Cost over $300. Can be bought for $200. Will be sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination on payment of express charges. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt st., N.Y. April7,1t

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H. L. DUNCKLEE'S PATENT

Camping and Mining Stove.

JUST the thing for people camping out for a short or long time. FOUR SIZES; prices REASONABLE. Send for descriptive circulars, with prices and terms.



NO. 1 CAMP PACKED.



NO. 1 -CAMP PACKED.

Made and sold by PAUNTON IRON WORKS CO., 87 Blackstone street, Boston, Mass.

KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND,

POULTRY AND GAME

Nos. 289 & 290 Washington Market, N. Y.

PIGEON TRAP

(PATENTED),

With attachment for starting without plunging or touching the bird, can be seen at E. S Harris' gun store, No. 177 Broadway, where orders should be sent.

The Dudley Pocket Cartridge Loader,

with the last improvement, is now ready.—8, 10, 12 and 14-gauge. It extracts "tight shells," uncaps, recaps, runs and crimps. Nickel plated sample sent by mail on receipt of two dollars. For extracting and recapping only the original Dudley Recapper is all that is needed, as thousands can testify. Sample sent on receipt of fifty cents; P. O. stamps taken in payment. Send for circulars to DUDLEY & CO., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DIVING DECOY APPARATUS; $1 by mail, $8 per dozen. CO., Rochester, N. Y

LIVE QUAIL.—Forwarded very cheap. W. W. TITUS, Monticello, Fla.

Wanted.

YACHT WANTED.—A keel cabin sloop. Handsome, sound, well fitted and able. Price must be low and a decided bargain. Length, 25 to 28 feet on deck. SKIPPER, this office. Aprl1,tf

WANTED.—Two D. B. L. guns (Parker's preferred), 10-gauge, weight 9 and 10 pounds. Will pay cash; will take other guns if good. Address W. H. SCHUYLER, Turbotville, Nostrand Co., Pa. Arp1lf,2t

LIVE FOXES WANTED.—Address Box 178, Montclair, N. J. Aprl7,1t

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CELEBRATED

SPLIT BAMBOO RODS,

WITH PATENT FERRULES.

TROUT FLY, $25—SALMON, $50.

(WITH SOLID REEL PLATE, $5 ADDITIONAL.)

SOLE AGENTS,

WILLIAM MILLS & SON,

7 Warren Street, New York.

Fine Fishing Tackle.

LEONARD'S SPLIT BAMBOO "CATSKILL" FLY ROD, Length 10 ft., Weight 5 ozs., $25.

BEST "HYDE CLIP" FLY BOOKS, holding 3 doz., $1.65.

RUSSIA LEATHER, six dozen, $3.50.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

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T. JACOBS,

WOLBOROUGH HOUSE, NEWTON ABBOTT, ENGLAND,

Has a grand lot of spaniel whelps to dispose of, also black-and-tan setter whelps from his celebrated prize winners. See Vero Shaw on "Black Spaniels." Aprl1,tf

A GENTLEMAN of experience and living below the snow line, wishes to correspond with a gentleman of capital in regard to establishing a first-class kennel or taking an interest in one already established. Satisfactory references as to integrity and ability as a trainer. Address X. Y. Z., care Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn. Aprl1f,1t

FOR SALE.—A liver and white pointer dog thoroughly broken. Will be sold cheap if sold at once. For price and pedigree address N. R. BAKER, Topeka, Kan. Aprl1f,3t

FOR SALE.—A mastiff bitch pup, about nine months old, by Hereward and Brenda. Hereward took two prizes at New York in 1878 and 1879; Brenda one prize at New York in 1880. She is a splendid pup. For particulars and applications apply to JAMES MONIGHAN, Ringwood, Passaic Co., N. J. Aprl1f,1t

FOR SALE.—Setter puppies, orange and white, dark points, Red Gauntlet and Pride of the Border. Stock full and genuine pedigree. Dogs $15 and bitches $10 each. Address P. O. Box 248, New Brunswick, N. J. Aprl1f,1t

FOR SALE.—One litter of puppies out of a red bitch by my Pete (Trim-Smut); also one litter out of Smut II. (Trim-Smut), by Green's Sam, pure natives; also one shepherd dog bitch, eleven months old, imported. T. M. ALDRICH, Providence, R. I. Aprl1f,1t

A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN will sell cheap the handsomest pair of young setter dogs in the West: 16 months old, thoroughly broken, lemon and white; litter brother and sister; will get full particulars by addressing J. C. MORRISON, 238 and 240 Superior st., Cleveland, Ohio. Aprl1f,1t

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

The Kennel.

$25 REWARD.—Lost at Grand Central Depot, New York, Feb. 19, a native bred setter dog, black head and ears, white star in forehead, nose and muzzle grey, one large black patch on right side, back of fore shoulder, rest of body spotted black and white. The above reward will be paid for his return, and any information which may lead to his recovery will be liberally rewarded. Address "LYMAN," Revere House, New York. Mar31,3t

FOR SALE.—One brace orange and white setter dogs, brothers, Rock and Glen, 2½ years old, from Wm. Morris' Pete, out of Eliphabet Hoover's Fannie, she from Senator Frank M. Ward's Bob, the latter from Scott Rodman's Scott. These dogs are staunch, good fielders and fast. Glen is broken to retrieve. A. BLAIR KELSEY, Belvidere, N. J. Aprl1,tf

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York 1879; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the gold necklace at New York, 1880. For sale thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. June24,1

DOGS TRAINED.—The undersigned will take a few dogs to train for the field on very reasonable terms. G. W. EDWARDS, North Andover, Mass. Mar24,4t

FOR SALE—One extra fine, high-bred pointer dog, 10 months old; price, $30. Also three bitch pups, highly bred and handsome, 3 months old; $10 each. JOHN L. MARTIN, Milford, Mass. Mar17,6t.

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or the five for $1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec30,tf

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG.

Price $3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE.—THE BLUE STAR COCKER SPANIEL BREEDING KENNEL.—I will sell reasonably, owing to poor health and increase of private business cares, which will call for all the spare time I care to give in the future, and also enable me to complete my unfinished work on breeding, breaking and management of Spaniels for American Sportsmen. Therefore I offer as above my Kennel stock, all accessories, together with Kennel name and good-will, to any one having the taste and competent to carry on the good work well. The demand for this breed is immense. Over five hundred pups would have been sold last year (1880) from this Kennel had we had them. My price, $1000, is extremely low, considering its well established reputation and lucrative facilities. I will give all time and advice required, gratis, to the successor. One having breeding experience is preferred, and would like to hand over before June next. Only parties meaning business need apply. M. P. McKOON, Proprietor, The Blue Star Kennel, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. Mar10,tf

FOR SALE—Red Irish Setter Dog, Imp. Grinsa, by Moore's Rufus ex Twigg's Kate, 2nd prize, Dublin, 1877: Rufus, by Palmerston ex The Queen; Kate, by Patsy, (a Palmerston) ex Moore's Flora, dam of Mina, and several other champion and prize bitches. Grinsa won 2nd open class and V.H.C. champion class, Baltimore, 1878, when but 12 mos. old. Only time ever shown.

Red Irish Setter Bitch Rosina by Imp. Grinsa ex Imp. Bella; Bella, by Dr. Boyd's Patsy ex C. Moore's Bell: Bell, by C. Moore's Old Shot (father of Palmerston) ex Old Kate. Both the above dogs were thoroughly broken by Mr. Gladson, now with Mr. Orgill. Also the Chesapeake Bay dog Greek, by Mr. Jno. Stewart's Turk ex Mr. Martinet's bitch. Address GEORGE BROWN, No 4 Exchange Place, Baltimore, Md. mar17,4t

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address. LE ROY Z. COLLINS, Sept 18-tf Lancaster, Mass., U. S. A.

NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughn Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained Setters and Pointers for sale. Address BOX 335, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. Feb17,3mo

EXCELSIOR IRISH WATER SPANIEL KENNEL.—For full particulars regarding Irish water spaniels, how to train and where to secure the best, send for descriptive circular to the undersigned. J. H. WHITMAN, 103 South Clark Street, Chicago. J. D. OLCOTT, 109 Reed street, Milwaukee, Wis. Mar24,tf

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Lousdic, Leicester, Limerick, Lilnah, Launcelot, Lens, Sydney, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar31,tf

RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangeley Lake Region, Kennebago, Cupsuptic, Parmachenee and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illuminated covers, tinted paper, 320 pages, 60 illustrations and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

OULEOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL.—For pure Cockers from the finest selected stock in the United States, imported and native in the stud, imported cocker Racer, liver and white. A very handsome, powerful dog, 3 years old, fine feather, weight, 28 lbs., litters warranted. Will serve good approved bitches only at $15. Address ROBERT WALKER, Keeper Ouleout Kennel, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. tf

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THE FITTING IS SUPERIOR
To any other Gun
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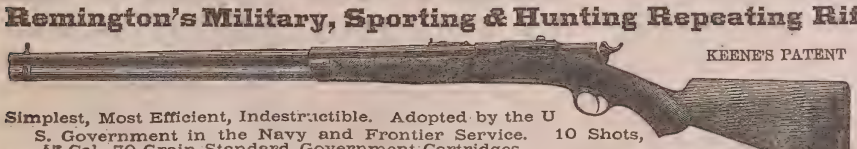
SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

Or W. R. SCHAEFER, 61 Elm st., Boston. Or THOS. L. GOLCHER, 116 Girard ave., Phila

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Howard's Steel Head Shells—*Quality guaranteed. Price lower than any other.*

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



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Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges.

Prices: Carbines, $22; Frontier Rifles, $22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, $25. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists.

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The Kennel.

NEW YORK

DOG SHOW.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL SHOW

WILL BE HELD AT THE

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CHAS LINCOLN, SUPERINTENDENT,

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P. O. BOX 1,700.

ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 11.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Staadman's Flea Powder for Dogs.

A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS.

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per Box by mail.

Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

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HENRY C. SQUIRES,

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THE BLUE STAR KENNEL.

OR THE

Cocker Spaniel Kennel

—OF—

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I keep only Cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz.: Liver with white ruffle in bosom, even liver and white, and beautiful black with white ruffle in bosom, are now open for service; fee $15; usual conditions. Correspondents, inclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N.

TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND,

Author of the

"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c.

exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for

"PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."

Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

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Imported black field spaniel, at the Stud. FOREST AND STREAM, March 3: "A remarkably fine dog of his breed." His brother, Kaffir, is illustrated in Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog." The winning blood in England to-day. Limited to ten bitches; fee, $25. A few well broken setters and spaniels and pups of each breed. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I.

Hare Beagle Kennel.

For sale, the produce of animals that have been hunted during the whole of last season, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Penn. Mar3,tf

IN THIS STUD.—The pure red Irish setter Sard, out of W. N. Callender's Rory O'More and Queen Bess; whelped May 31, 1880; pointed and retrieved first woodcock when five months old; has been hunted on quail and partridge; will stand as long as a bird will sit; well broken and easily handled; best of disposition; is fast, strong, and in splendid condition. Orders received for puppies out of F. T. Bassett's Irish setter Fan, by Sard, to whelp May 15. Address for terms, E. L. SERLEY, Stamford, Del. Co., N. Y. Mar24,1m

FARRAR'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of the entire Richardson-Rangeley Lakes Region. Large size, each 25 cents. Send for catalogue. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Kennel.

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IN THE STUD.

CHAMPION RUSH, Flake-Lilly, ice..... $35
ROCKET, Claud-Champion Romp, both imported..... 25
SNAPSHOT, Jr., Champion Snapshot-Champion Ruby..... 20

For extended pedigrees, etc., address

EDMUND ORGILL,

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E. B. GOLDSMITH,

Custom House and Forwarding Agent,

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RECEIVES AND FORWARDS Dogs, Fowls, etc., to any destination. Kennel Clubs, Sportsmen and others, intending to import dogs from Europe, should have their stock consigned to him. Information furnished in regard to the best methods of importing, shipping, etc

Imperial Kennel



Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken.

Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment.

Dogs have daily access to salt water.

N. B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs for sale; full pedigrees. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J

PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if the dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices, $50 and $75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia. Oct 2,tf

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Mackinaw, Grand Rapids and Cincinnati Short Line

FOR THE

Trout, Grayling, and Black Bass Fisheries, AND THE

FAMOUS SUMMER RESORTS AND LAKES OF

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the

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and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.

BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in those waters.

The TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1.

The GRAYLING Season opens June 1 and ends Nov. 1.

BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSCALONGE, also abound in large numbers in the many lakes and lakelets of this territory.

The sportsman can readily send trophies of his skill to his friends or "club" at home, ice for packing fish can be had at many points.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The scenery of the North Woods and Lakes is very beautiful; the air is pure, dry and bracing. The climate is peculiarly beneficial to those suffering with

Hay Fever and Asthma Affections.

The hotel accommodations are good, far surpassing the average in countries new enough to afford the finest of fishing.

During the season Round Trip Excursion Tickets will be sold at low rates, and attractive train facilities offered to Tourists and Sportsmen.

Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at owner's risk.

It is our aim to make sportsmen feel "at home" at this route. For Tourist's Guide (an attractive illustrated book of 80 pages), containing full information and accurate maps of the Fishing Grounds and Time Cards, address A. B. LEET, Gen. Pass. Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bromfield House, Boston.



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MESSENGER, Proprietor.

Wild Fowl Shooting.

SPRINGVILLE HOUSE OR SPORTSMEN'S RETREAT, SHINNECOCK BAY, L. I.

BY A PRACTICAL GUNNER AND AN OLD Bayman. Has always on hand the best of boats, batteries, etc., with the largest rig of trained wild-geese decoys on the coast. The best ground in the vicinity of New York for bay snipe shooting of all varieties. Special attention given by himself to his guests, and satisfaction guaranteed. Address Wm. N. LANE, Good Ground, L.I. Refers by permission to J. B. Shepherd, 391 Broadway and Wm. Dutcher, 320 Broadway, N. Y.

Virginia Midland R. R.

The Safest, the Shortest, the Best Route to Florida and South.

Pullman Palace cars direct without change. Guns and dogs carried free. Leaves New York at 10 P. M. and 3:40 P. M.; Washington, 7:10 A. M. and 10 P. M. MERCER SLAUGHTER, General Ticket Agent, Alexandria, Va.

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TO SPORTSMEN.

The Pennsylvania R. R. Co.,

Respectfully invite attention to the

SUPERIOR FACILITIES

afforded by their lines for reaching most of the TROUTING PARKS and RACE COURSES in the Middle States. These lines being CONTINUOUS FROM ALL IMPORTANT POINTS, avoid the difficulties and dangers of reshipment, while the excellent cars which run over the smooth steel tracks enable STOCK TO BE TRANSPORTED without failure or injury.

THE LINES OF

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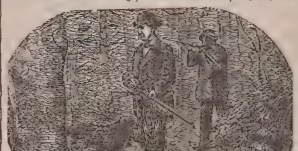
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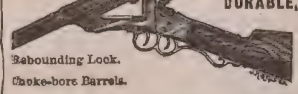
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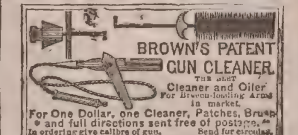


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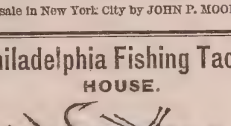
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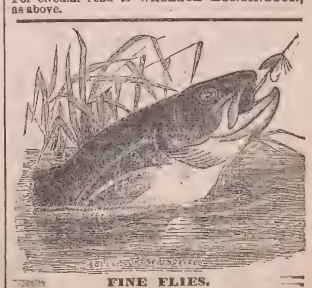
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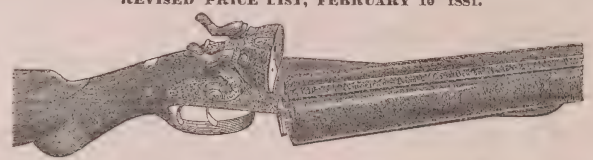
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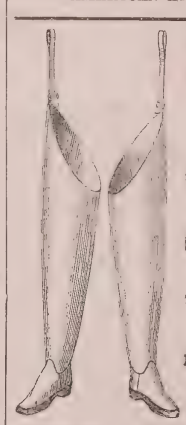
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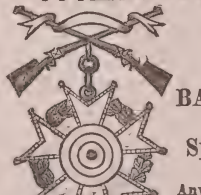
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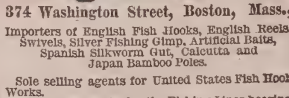
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, April 14.

AVIAN RIDERS.

DR. MERRILL'S interesting account of the belief of the Crow Indians that a small bird, probably a grebe, performs its migration on the back of the sand hill crane, was no doubt new to our readers. It appears, however, that a similar belief is widely spread among various tribes of North American Indians. Dr. Merrill's account referred to the Crows, but he mentioned also that the Crees entertained the same belief in reference to the white, or whooping, crane. Recently in the London *Nature*, Mr. John Rae gives an account of the supposed passage of certain small birds on the backs of the Canada geese as related by the Northern Indians which he apparently believes in. It is generally asserted by the Maskegon Cree Indians who dwell about the southwestern part of the Hudsons Bay, that a small bird, one of the *Fringillidæ*, performs its northward migration in spring on the back of the Canada goose (*Bernicla canadensis*).

This species reaches Hudson's Bay about the last of April, and the Indians state that often when the geese are fired at the little birds are seen to fly away from them. The Indians of this region devote considerable time each spring—a month or more—wholly to goose shooting, and their method of doing this is to set out decoys near a blind and to call down the geese which are passing over. It is said that the small birds are only found to accompany those flocks which are called down from a considerable height, the low flying flocks never appearing to have the small birds with them. It is inferred from this that such geese having rested on the ground or having passed near it have been deserted by their little passengers. Mr. Rae says of this belief of the Indians:

"An intelligent, truthful and educated Indian named George Rivers, who was very frequently my shooting companion for some years, assured me that he had witnessed this, and I believe I once saw it occur."

It is said that these little birds only make use of the Canada goose as their conveyance, and it is certain that both arrive at the same time—about a week earlier than the white fronted and snow geese (*Anser albifrons gambelli* and *A. hyperboreus*). A similar story is told by the Indians on the shores of the Athabasca and Great Slave lakes, both of which are great resorts of wild geese, and if the story is purely a fabrication it is difficult to see why it should be told only about the Canada geese and not about any other species.

Unfortunately the bird which is said to employ this labor-saving method of performing its migrations has not been identified, although the writer, an abstract of whose views we have given, stated that he knew it well, and had preserved specimens of it, but it is so long ago that he has forgotten the name.

We trust that further information on this most interesting point will be forthcoming before long.

CARE OF QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.

PERHAPS there have never been at any time in the history of American shooting so many live quail in confinement as there are at the present time. This fact is the result, on the one hand, of the growth of a healthy sentiment in favor of game protection throughout the length and breadth of the land, and on the other, to the severe weather of the past winter which has led the sportsmen generally to believe that quail have suffered severely throughout the East and South, and in many sections have been so nearly exterminated that without a restocking of the covers little or no shooting can be looked for for several years. It is exceedingly satisfactory to see the interest in this matter so general and widespread, and it may be regarded as one of the signs of the times most encouraging to those interested in the protection and propagation of our game and fish.

Those earnest workers who have for years been laboring for the cause against almost constant discouragement and defeat may now take heart of grace and renew their efforts with fresh vigor. The people are really becoming interested and are taking hold of the matter on all sides. And if the sportsmen as a body and individually shall lead the movement it will unquestionably be a success.

The example of the Springfield sportsmen, already alluded to in FOREST AND STREAM, will, we trust, find many imitators. An enterprise of this kind, when it is once started and has gathered a little way, acquires constantly more momentum. It is cumulative. In winter we have all seen the children when the damp snow lies thick upon the ground make a little ball at the top of a hill and after it has attained respectable proportions roll it to the brow, and start it on its way to the bottom. At first it moves slowly, and sometimes stops two or three times before finally moving off, but when it does at last get started it increases constantly in size and power until at last it is a force that nothing living could withstand. So we trust to see it with game protection in this country, and we believe that the day is not very distant when almost every one will be deeply interested in this most important subject.

FROG CULTURE.—We have had some inquiries regarding frog culture of late. The subject attracted some attention some years ago, when the success of the culture of certain fishes caused people to look at certain other animals which are of value to see what could be done with them. Frogs and mink were among these, and Mr. Henry Ressigue started a minkery in Central New York and raised a few, but his profits came in from supplying other beginners with live stock at $25 per pair, and not from the regular sales of skins at three to seven dollars each, the average prices in those days. The fact that mink fur went out of fashion as sealskin came in put an end to all trials in this line, and it is a question whether a mink will eat what his skin is worth or not; or if not, whether there is anything left after feeding the parents all the year and building stockades for them.

Frog culture never got as far as this. The few experimenters found that birds, by day and night, ate the tadpoles, fish and larger frogs ate them, and that there was no way of feeding frogs, which was satisfactory and profitable. Large frogs will eat small ones, and unless each individual had a wire covering to protect him and an attendant to feed him, he either ate up his smaller kindred or was engulfed in the capacious maw of his grandfather. From time to time marvelous stories appear in the rural press of some enthusiastic lover of the tailless batracian who has accomplished wonders in rearing frogs. Tadpoles rejoice at his coming, the pipers cry "knee deep" and the bassos greet him with a "bollunk" from the lowest register as he approaches. We have investigated these frog farms, at the cost of much postage, and have invariably found that they were located in the brain-pan of the "funny man" of some rural journal.

The stories might be varied and an increased interest taken in them if the alleged funny man would add that the froggery was under the superintendence of a patriotic frog who nursed the sick tadpoles and administered justice to young scapegraces who took surreptitious rides on the backs of their aged grandparents; also, that he selected mates for maiden frogs in the spring and skinned the hind legs of all confirmed bachelors for market. But, alas! the idea of singing a change does not occur to him, and so the old paragraphs do duty occasionally.

Frogs for the New York market now mainly come from Canada. The neighboring States have been skinned; and as frogs seem to be of slow growth—perhaps three or four years—they do not get a chance to multiply in great numbers. We do not advise large investments in frog culture.

GOING A-FISHING.

EVERYTHING betokened an early start and very young was the day when we started, for punctual as the old-fashioned clock over the fire-place we are off, buoyant with anticipations of pleasure and delight.

We had talked over the trip during the winter weeks, when Jack Frost held possession of the trout streams, and this commenced to look like the realization of a—you might call it an Utopian dream, and more, for the wildest and most extravagant fancy could not picture half the charms of the reality. This is true of angling. It is a solid pleasure to put the rod and reel in order, to inspect line and leader, to take an inventory of the fly-book, to build airy castles, but this is not being among the green hills, nor on the rippling streams, nor in the woods, where sunlight and shadow play at hide and seek. Hoping and wishing is not feeling the electric thrill that tingles through one when some lord of the pool makes his rush for the allurement you have placed before him; but we are getting there fast as our Bucephalus and Rozinante can drag us.

Snap! crack! goes the whip, and the graceful horses, moving easily along, whirl us across the hump-backed bridge to the music of their hoofs, and we are well under way. Not the least important ingredient of going a-fishing is the day's ride when it leads through a pleasant country, and more especially so if one has with him two or three anglers after his own heart; and the experienced angler can rarely be imposed upon in the choice of his companions. It is a very essential part of his piscatorial education to measure men as they are in camp, for he knows that is the place of all places where a man shows more decidedly than anywhere else the good or the bad that is in him. Attempt at disguising his qualities and disposition will not succeed. He will show his colors unconsciously perhaps, but show them he will.

Away we go nodding good-morning to every one we meet, except the pretty girls, speeding along the old road that winds

> "..... Where old roads will
> Here to a ferry and there to a mill;"

past meadows glowing with tender and dainty green; past orchards where the "wind that shakes the barley" has strewn the ground rosy white with the apple blossoms; past daisy-decked meadows by the brook that goes laughing and brawling over the stones, dreaming in the shade and playing in the sunlight Cloud shadows glide over forest and clearing, and everything is one picture of delightful, blushing spring, the time to go a-fishing.

The nooning at the wayside tavern, where we bait our nags and gossip with the landlord, while his good wife, flitting about like a swallow on the wing, is superintending the

preparations for dinner, is quite a noteworthy event of the day. It is a substantial brace, and lets the high liver down by easy stages to the plainer and healthier diet of his lodge in the wilderness.

On again, the horses, brisker than ever after their hour's halt, until at early evening we reach our resting-place for the night, as pleasant a lodging as ever described by Izaak Walton. If a mechanic or master builder would not admire its proportions it would certainly meet with the approval of an artist. Everything about the exterior of the building presented an air of dilapidation and extreme old age. The moss grew thick among the shingles that covered it. The old-fashioned chimney, with its smoke blackened top, had a dangerous slope from the perpendicular. The old logs had commenced to settle, and gave the entire structure a disjointed and irregular appearance. Within doors, however, everything is perfect, from the great fire-place, with its immense capacity for consuming back logs, to its well polished floor and grotesque corners and closets.

We are expected and welcomed with the frank hospitality of a backwoodsman, who knows his friends and displays none of the magnificent indifference that strangers sometimes encounter from men of his calling.

A chatty evening follows, during which we pack our camp kit, for here we leave our horses and swell clothes, and early in the morning, with our guides leading "for'ard to the nor'ard," we foot it away into the woods beyond the last settlement and clearing, beyond the sound and sight of everything that reminds one of business and enterprise to where the primitive sanctity of nature still remains, where she works her fairest marvels and, untrammelled and uncultivated asserts her sovereignty.

Off the beaten track to some choice spot known only to a few hardy trampers, where quiet is the deity that presides over its solemn fastnesses, is the place where we unsling our loads, rig our tackle and in earnest go a-fishing.

MILLARD.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FISH AND GAME LEAGUE.—The annual meeting of the League was held at Manchester, April 5, the President, Jno B. Clark, in the chair. The Fish Comissioners reported favorably as to the progress of the work, which now includes also the care of the game. The League itself is giving its attention principally to the restocking of the Merrimack with shad and salmon. Addresses were made by Rev. Henry Powers on "The Future of New Hampshire;" Mr. Geo. P. Whitman, on the "North American Grouse," and by Col. Waterman Coleman on the introduction of the migratory quail. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John B. Clarke; Secretary, Charles L. Richardson; Vice-Presidents, Marcellus Eldridge, of Portsmouth; Luther Hayes, of South Milton; E. B. Hodge, of Plymouth; W. W. Fletcher, of Concord; Edward Spaulding, of Nashua; W. S. Shurtliffe, of Colebrook; John Clement, of Troy; W. M. Weed, of Sandwich; M. A. Haynes, of Lake Village; George P. Whitman, of Manchester.

The New Hampshire League is composed of the solid, substantial portion of the commonwealth, and its meetings are always characterized by a spirit of earnest and intelligent discussion of game and fish protection viewed from its highest economic standpoint. We shall refer later to some of the points of Mr. Power's address.

THE RIGHT WORD.—An esteemed Montreal correspondent, Mr. R. H. Kilby, writes: "I sometimes regret the term "sportsman" is so often made use of in connection with fish and game protection, the word has a tendecny to cause the non sporting classes to feel that the effort to protect fish and game arises only from a desire to preserve that which contributes to the sportsman's amusement. Let us endeavor to impress on the minds of those who love neither Rod nor Gun what a bountiful harvest of food our Forests and Streams will yield if short-sighted avarice and greed can be so far restrained as to permit nature to work out her wonderful laws of reproduction."

While endorsing fully the economic view taken by our correspondent we cannot share his regret that the term "sportsman" is so frequently employed in this way. The non-sporting public will find out in due time what an important work has been accomplished by the "sportsmen" of the country, and as the value and importance of the "sportsmen's" fish and game protective efforts are appreciated, it will be fitting that the "sportsmen" should receive the credit. The connection between "sportsmen" and game protection is also doing much to eradicate some of the popular misconception which still clings to the title.

AMERICA HAS SENT TO AUSTRALIA her salmon and her pinnated grouse, and in the first instance at least the gift has proved a valuable one to the recipient. We learn that the favor is now being returned, and that on the Pacific coast the experiment of importing game birds from Australia is being tried. A Mr. Coates, of San Francisco, has recently imported several pairs of Australian pheasants, and has distributed them among a number of gentlemen interested in the acclimatization of game.

An interesting experiment has been tried by one gentleman, Lieutenant Richman, of Mare Island, who is said to have successfully crossed those presented to him with his game fowls, and now has a number of the half breeds alive and well.

It is proposed if the Australian pheasants can be successfully propagated in California to turn a number of them out to shift for themselves in the hope that a new bird may be added to the game fauna of that State.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION has elected the following officers for the ensuing year, a selection which gives ample assurance of the continued good work which has given the Massachusetts Association so high a standing: President, John Fottler, Jr.; Vice-Presidents, Hon Thomas Talbot, Hon. Daniel Needham, Walter M. Brackett, Esq; Col. Henry Smith, Theodore Lyman, Esq., Edward P. Brown, Esq, H. T. Rockwell, Esq.; Treasurer, James R. Reed; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, E. S. Tobey, Jr.; Librarian, E. M. Messinger; Executive Committee, Ivers W. Adams, W. S. Hills, Arthur K. Roberts, F. R. Shattuck, C. T. Jenkins; Committee on Membership, L. Prouty, F. Tuckerman, E. Delano.

The society is doing a good work in the face of much opposition, and the determined manner in which its members are striving for the perfection of the game laws indicates that in time the laws of Massachusetts may be as efficient as those of any other State.

FISHERY EXHIBITION PROPOSED.—The Berlin International Exhibition last year and the national one held at Norfolk, England, this month have aroused the interest of the Scotch Fisheries Improvement Association, and they talk of holding an exhibition in Edinburgh next year.

INTERNATIONAL HUNTING AND SPORTING EXHIBITION.—We learn from the English *Fishing Gazette* that an exhibition as above will be held at Cleves, Rhenish Prussia, an 18-hour journey from London. The classification includes fire-arms and ammunition from the earliest to the present time. Dresses and accoutrements for hunters and anglers, fishing tackle, hunting carriages, stabling, horns, hides, skins and articles made therefrom, stuffed animals, birds, etc.

The Sportsman Tourist.

GETTING LOST.

WORCESTER, Mass., Quinsigamond Eyrie, March 18.

AN article in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 24, "What to Do When Lost," has called up in me some reminiscenses which, for what they are worth, go to show that the white man is not only liable, but indeed has a natural tendency to get hopelessly lost when once he has passed beyond the limit of recognized landmarks and is without compass or such guides as he may be familiar with in the realms of space.

A pig and an Indian rarely get lost. An Indian may look for moss on the tree trunks, may cast his eyes to the tree-tops, knowing that the higher branches will always bend and take a set from the prevailing winds; but whether he observes these signs or not is immaterial, for ages of necessity have developed in the race an instinct, whatever that may be, by which he instantly and unerringly fixes relative localities.

I have been accustomed from boyhood—which season passed long years ago—to stroll, rod or gun in hand, in the depths of forests or upon plains where at times the vision would sweep a sea of grass for miles upon either hand unobstructed by tree or bush, rock, or swell of land to break the dead monotony. Rivers and mountains, lakes and stream, forest and prairie, desert and wilderness have been my bed-fellows and messmates. From Mexico to the interior of Canada, from Eastport far to the westward I have hunted and fished, but not so much for the hunting and fishing as for the love of the company, the fellowship, of birds and beasts, rocks and rivers, mountains, and seas of wild grass. If I shoot I'd rather my game would be sitting, and I catch trout with an angle worm; but I am a great tramp and would bet on extricating myself from a tangle against anything living except a fox-hound or a cat, a pig or an Indian.

And yet I have been lost many a time, and often under circumstances attended with great danger—in the night during snowstorms, on mountains and prairies, in flooded pine lands that skirt the Altamaha and in the forest.

I will relate one or two instances, but only such as are accompanied by that peculiar, unaccountable tendency to go astray, a tendency attaching itself to both horse and man, as I will try to show.

Men and horses, when recognizable points are out of sight and distant enough, invariably fall to traveling in circles. Twenty-five years ago I bought a prairie farm in the township of Chelanse, fifty-eight miles south of Chicago. I located four miles west of the R. R. station, and nothing intervened but prairie, not a hut nor a tree, not even a trail. To the south nothing—fifteen miles of nothing—saving perhaps the village of Ashkum, and that under a swell and visible only in mirage. To the west, three miles away, was Milk's Grove of fifty acres, and beyond that prairies again for miles, and then Vermillion River.

To the north was a range of hills thirty feet high, and between were two pre-emptions—Bard's—deserted, and one other; and beyond the hills was Kankakee City, then a village of a few hundred souls, ten miles away.

Three of us had been deer-hunting with greyhounds. Had run a herd of six, a brace, and a lone buck, which last we finished with our knives to aid the dogs who had found their match and were hardly equal to their undertaking. It was now nightfall, the sky was overcast and rapidly thickening, and before we had the hindquarters wrapped in the skin and were mounted a fine snow was falling. We put spurs to our horses and with a swift gallop went for the hills, now no longer visible. Ten minutes of hard riding and we were lost—horses and men. Before dismounting we could see Kankakee and knew we were exactly in line for home. But where were we now? We should have crossed the hills at the pace we made, but we had missed them. We could have discerned the inclination, slight as it is, up to this time, but with a little more obscurity all would be level way to us. We halted simultaneously and without word or token. Each felt—somewhere in the region of the stomach—a disagreeable but unspoken sensation. I say stomach, for brains have nothing to do with a lost condition until they are called to the rescue. Attached to this condition is a sort of sickening sensation half-way above the belt—a feeling that with the hardy usually vents itself in a mocking smile, to be dissipated as reason goes about her task. "Where are we?" "I don't know," was answered by two voices, and, in default of others, all agreed to give the horses their heads and trust to them.

On we went, walking our horses and never drawing rein. One—two hours must have elapsed, and we had dismounted to aid circulation, keeping by our horses withers that they might not be influenced indirectly by us, when—Presto! "Hold up!" says one. "Here's that —— buck's carcass."

It was now our turn. No more horse guides for us. We wheeled half about to the right, mounted and set off. The wise one—there is always a wise one in a party of three—acted as guide while neither of the others for a moment disagreed with his direction. Somewhere about midnight, the snow still falling, but very fine and making on the ground very slowly, we came abruptly against the side of a board shanty, but it was too dark to examine it by sight, and the guide dismounted and, running his hands along the eaves and counting the openings, pronounced it Bard's pre-emption.

Now we certainly were right. It had taken us hours to straighten out, but the trouble was all over, and we were less than three miles from home, and knew the points of the compass precisely. Bard's shanty lay east and west from end to end, and I had often at my front door seen the needle lie across Bard's roof at right angles with the ridge. But how had we used up five hours' time at a brisk walk, to say nothing of a ten minutes' lope at a thoroughbred's pace, and gained not more than three miles? It was a puzzle, and as we jogged along we talked it over and theorized upon the inclination of a stray to travel in a circle. We were now moving due south—true as pigeons. There was no wind to aid us, but had we not squared our backs to the pre-emption and never veered to right or left? The way was long and the night was cold. My uncle—the oracle of the party—took out his watch, lifted the crystal side of the case, and after a delicate manipulation of the pointers with his finger-tips and accurately locating the stem, ejaculated: "Four o'clock, by jimeny! Four hours and not three miles yet. I don't understand it, but—" The horses all stopped short, like horses that know their stables. Something had crossed our track. The animals wouldn't budge an inch. It was darker than ever and we could see nothing unless, forsooth, it was extra darkness. The oracle dismounted, walked bump against some object, and we could hear his hands rattling and sliding away from us. And now the sound was lost, but now again it emerged from an opposite direction and my uncle said: "By jimeny! It's Bard's pre-emption." The door fell down and we sheltered there till morning.

I had been with a pair of horses and prairie wagon to Frink's Grove—seven miles away. Frink was the name, and the grove there was none. Two or three thrift-forsaken, lightning-riven, ghostly oaks that, being surrounded by wet pans and dry sloughs, had for a few ages escaped the annual fire, not to mention some lately planted locusts, made up the sum of the grove. I had been for limestone slabs. Limestone crops out at Frink's. I was nearing home with my load—was just one section away and one mile as the hen flies. In front of me was a slough of perhaps two acres. It was not far round the pan, but not so far across it, and I understood sloughs pretty well. Some of them are bottomless pits, but those almost invariably send up near their centres a few scattering black rushes. I could see none here. To be sure it was past sunset, and what was worse, a drizzling rain had set in. But I could see across; I could even barely discern my house, like a shadow in the gray of evening. I drove in. The horses mired, and one that always played me false lay flat down in the mud. Five minutes sufficed to unhitch and lead out one and to whip out the other, carry cross and whiffletree to rear, lock with a chain the horses to the hind axle, go to the end of the pole in four feet of mud to steer—as with a rudder—and so ordered, to shout "Git!" But the horses couldn't start it, and the next thing to do was to carry the stones, one by one, to land and arranging for a start. This time I landed high and dry, but it was too late to reload and so I went on empty.

It had ceased raining but was getting quite dark, and as the way—all the prairie, I mean—was smooth, I sang out in Sucker parlance an emphatic "Git!" and admonished the beasts with braided neat's hide. It got dark and grew darker, and I drove on and drove ever, seemingly, but no landmark that I knew manifested itself to my only remaining sense of discernment—the sense of feeling—for all I could hope for now was to jolt over somebody's breaking. I stopped to take reckonings, for I was lost. A light suddenly flashed out over my larboard bow. There was no mistaking that signal—Mrs. R. had set a beacon light in the window. I knew she would, and I drove on; but it seemed as if the d——l carried the lamp, for I never reached it, and now it went out altogether. A little further on and I halted, took out my seven-dollar Waltham and dexterously fingered out eleven o'clock. But Mrs. R. hadn't forgotten me for, turning round, I was confronted by the glim again—right astern. I must have turned half round since I lost the light. I followed on to disappointment, for again my beacon disappeared but soon re-appeared, though not just where I should have located it. Again I pursued it. I seemed now to travel miles and at last struck upon broken ground, very rough—in Ashkum, probably—and I was full of anything but patience, for I guessed I was seven miles from home and all the lights I had seen were jack-o'-lanterns. I had often watched the *ignis-fatuus* upon that prairie. Striking the breaking I was determined. I stepped down and out, slid off one harness and mounted after loosing the other horse. I had as lief follow that one as any other phosphorescent treachery—but not with wheels over plowed ground.

The light still glared—a fickle, lying, hollow promise—luring me to some new evil; may be to the black swamps of Vermillion—may be into the mire of Langham Creek, most likely—for now on this side, now on that, sometimes in rear, but never in front, it seemed as if a thousand voices had opened from throats that already scented the effluvium that was to arise a week hence from the decaying carcasses of your correspondent and his horses. But I didn't really much care for the wolves. They and I were old acquaintances. I had more than once scattered a pack of them with mud balls. I jogged on, may be a minute, perhaps not half of it. That light stood for me. It was in my house, and I had unhitched just thirteen rods from my own door, at two o'clock by the Waltham.

I started on horseback with a companion from Savannah, with the mixed design of hunting and tramping, making Jacksonville the objective point. We crossed the

Ogeechee at the twelve-mile bridge and ferried the Altamaha. It was now the third day out. We spied turkey tracks in the sand and separated, having previously arranged in case of complete separation to meet at Jacksonville unless chance should bring us together. There were many turkeys. The pine woods seemed full of them. I tied my horse by the road side and for an hour or more heard occasional discharges of fire-arms, distant and more distant, until the crack softened to a tick, and the tick was no more audible. Late that night I took lodgings alone at Trader's Hill, a village of two houses, a store and a blacksmith-shop, on the banks of the St. Mary's. At seven o'clock A. M. I mounted and made for the ferry. The ferryman said my way to Jacksonville was to "take this trail"—a blind sort of cart road that never a cart went over—and a mile below I was to cross a creek and take a bright blaze, which I might follow to a branch (brook), there to take a new blaze which I might follow a mile or so to an old blaze, that would lead to the King's road, an old Spanish road near the coast, thirty-three miles from Jacksonville. Trader's Hill was forty miles from the Floridian city. I struck the trail, crossed the creek, hit the bright blaze, and was soon lost. This country is one vast forest of pines, standing far apart, but with branches interlacing, and with no underbrush whatever. So wide apart are the tree trunks that one may look for half a mile in any direction, or ride at a swift lope with perfect safety, and the things you might meet with were a sand-hill crane, a rattler, a deer, a black bear or a flock of turkeys, and perchance, but quite unlikely, one of those short-tailed grizzly things with unpromising claws and teeth, the thing usually seen curled up in the fork of a tree glancing unamiably right at you. At 3 o'clock that afternoon I struck the edge of a cotton field, and being on the west side of it the cheerful white faces, turned by millions toward me, seemed to invite me down the line which, following, soon brought me to a planter's house. The planter received me respectfully, but not cordially. He knew me for a Yank. He received me dignifiedly, and set his table and stables at my disposal. I partook and thanked him, having learned long before better than to offer a planter compensation.

The gentleman gradually throwing off his reserve, inquired my destination, and informed me I was eleven miles from Trader's Hill, seven miles from the King's Road, and forty miles from Jacksonville, and having set me on another blaze for the aforesaid road I started and was lost in twenty minutes.

Do you think you could have done better? I wish your supper hung for once upon following an old blaze with time short and road long. Inexpert as I was I could have made it out, but I was in a hurry, and that was as good as three pairs against me. That night at 10 o'clock, by a digitallic calculation on the bullseye, I was following the edge of an immense swamp, no slough or bog, but a wooded swamp that something that's astray has an abiding horror of.

Both myself and horse felt absolutely certain that we ought to bear to the right, and sharply, too. Domestic animals and man mutely, but not less intelligibly, mutually communicate thoughts. We both kept bearing to the right, but no, that interminable swamp kept moving up in front of us every time we vered. Again and again we essayed it, sometimes the horse, unguided, and sometimes myself. I felt sure we were moving in a circle by the swamp forcing us to the left.

At midnight we saw a torch-light, and going for it brought up at a cracker's log-house and halted for the night. The cracker said I was seven miles from Trader's Hill, seven miles from the King's Road and forty miles from Jacksonville. The edge of the swamp we had followed lay due east and west, and our wish to turn to the right was the natural tendency to move in a circle. T. C. RICH.

I think it was the year 1864, in the month of March, I went in to Mollychunkemunk Lake to prepare my camps at Angler's Retreat for the spring fishing parties. The camps are situated at the foot of the lake, near the outlet, and are sixteen miles from the Upton settlements and twenty miles from Andover, in an unbroken forest and on the lake north of Umbagog, being a difficult place to reach in the winter season.

I used to store all the provisions I had left from the summer supplies, as also the bedding and crockery, &c., in a room in the centre camp, and lock the doors and nail up everything in the strongest possible manner, not only to keep them from wild beasts, but also from any vagrant biped who might stray so far away from human society. It was not only expensive, but difficult to freight in supplies over Umbagog Lake up Rapid River and over the roughest carry for four or five miles on a sled in the summer time, therefore we were the more careful to take care of every pound weight possible.

On approaching the camps I found they were open and everything in disorder—the wood burned up and the provision room broken into, and considerable of it gone. The bedding was all disarranged and overhauled, showing plainly that some one had camped there quite a while.

Presently I discovered a piece of paper tacked up on a post in the camp, and in a fair handwriting the following words:

"CAMP RICH, AT HEAD OF RICHARDSON'S LAKE, NOV. 6.

To who may read this, sir or sirs:

Should I not be able to get away from here be kind enough to notify my friends or at least my father, the Hon. Peter Edsall, No. 16 Morton street, New York city—that is, should you find me dead. By examining papers in my pockets you will find out how I came here and my business. Yours truly,

WM. H. EDSALL.

After reading the above I immediately made a thorough search for the body, both indoors and out, fearing the poor fellow had perished in this lonely, faraway place. But I did not then, and neither have I since, in all these seventeen years, been able to learn the least tidings of any such a person. J. C.-RICH.

Bethel, Maine, Feb. 28, 1881.

MINNESOTA DEER BUTCHERY.—The Long Prairie, Minn., *Argus*, says that, "In Ward and beyond parties are butchering deer in a disgraceful manner. Some of the deer are so poor that they can scarcely stand, and yet these bones are relentlessly pursued on snow shoes and slain." Commenting on this abomination, one of our correspondents writes: "The inclosed slip I ask you to insert in your influential journal for the sake of humanity and civilization, as I feel certain that no right-minded man or woman can regard the abominable butchers with any other sentiments than those of loathing and execration. The snow here is yet a foot deep on the level, while many huge drifts are from five to eight feet high."—M. J. E.

OUR LAST MATCH.

HAVING read many hunting and fishing adventures in the FOREST AND STREAM, I contribute one of my own which occurred to a party of three, including myself, while on a hunting expedition in Colorado last October. We left our wagon in Estes Park and packed our outfit on a couple of mules and a pony up to the head of Black canyon and camped at the foot of the big lake at the head of Fall River, a well-known stream which runs through the park. Our camp was made nearly at timber line, and above were bold, bare peaks and huge snow banks which must have been there as long as the mountains themselves. The mountains in that section are very rugged and cut up by deep canyons, so that one has to keep a sharp lookout when going any distance to avoid difficulty in returning to his camp. A man may be familiar with one side of a huge peak and think he would know it if he were miles away, but let him change his location a few miles and it will look strange and entirely different. It is the same way with snow landmarks. One may pass down a small valley and see half a dozen large snow banks on either side, and then a day or two later enter the valley from a different direction and proceed up and nothing will look familiar. Then several canons will head close together and lead in different directions so that you can hunt up one to its head, turn around a few times and start back down another and think you are in the same one you went up when in reality you are going in another direction. This will show how easy it is for any one not familiar with the country to get lost, especially in the night.

On the third day after arriving we all started together in a northerly direction to look for bears. And let me say right here that we do not hunt, range grizzlies with shot-guns and squirrel shot, and when one is met on a bare mountain and a gun goes off the hunter always gets the bear, or the bear gets the hunter. So we always kept together, for three men with breech loaders and magazine guns can keep a streak of lead in the air hard for any animal to face. We got off about 9 A. M. in a northerly direction and as the sun was shining brightly and the day promised to be warm I left my coat in camp against the advice of the boys, who said it might get cold before our return. We tramped around until about 3 P. M. killing nothing but some snow quail, which at that season were spotted—about half white and half brown. Later they get to be snow white. At this time we could look down upon our camp from the mountain where we were, but the sides was so steep and rugged that it was impossible to get down without going to the upper end of the valley, the way we went out, or else going down and coming at the lower end. We decided on the latter route and started that way. After going a short distance we came to a deep canyon and had to make a long detour, and before we got around a cloud settled down over us enveloping the mountain in a heavy fog-like mist, so dense that we could not see objects over twenty feet. As this caused the sun's rays to disappear, it began to get cold and before we realized our danger night came on, and we were out in the cold on a dark night, tired and hungry. I was sure I knew the direction of the camp, but my companions were equally certain it was in an entirely different direction. So we went wandering on

It was getting very cold, the wind which came up after dark blowing keenly and penetrating to our very bones. Then Tommy, the biggest and stoutest one of the party, gave out and we had to carry his gun. It was so cold we could not stop and not a particle of wood of any kind. Finally we came to a sort of valley and concluded to follow it down and find wood and camp. At last we came to a patch of scrub-oak about two feet high, and prepared to make a fire. A search of all our clothes revealed six matches. Some twigs were gathered, a match struck, which went out, and no fire. Four times more was the same thing repeated with like result. We knew the other would go the same way, and so decided to keep it until our return to camp the next day, so as to be able to make a fire there. Then the fact began to strike us forcibly that we were in for a night on the mountains, too tired to travel, and too cold to be still. Once we all crawled into a thick bunch of bushes, myself in the middle, and tried to snuggle up close and keep warm. But it was no go, the ground was hard and stony, and lie any way I would the top side would soon get so cold that I would have to change my position.

Finally this became unendurable and we crawled out and went on a little farther. Then we stopped at another bunch of brush and sat down out of the wind and shivered. I took the match out of my pocket, and after considering the chances, said: "Boys, this match will not do us any good to-morrow, for we will all freeze to death before morning." Tommy produced quite a large piece of flour sack which he had in one of his pockets and proposed trying to start a fire with that. Lucky thought! The match was struck, the cloth blazed up and we laid it on the ground and put a few twigs on it, but the blaze went out and with it our hopes, almost. But as the cloth smoked and smouldered we commenced to blow and fan it, and the way we did work! One would blow until he could find no more breath, then another would try it, and then we would blow all together, until at last the twigs began to get red, they blazed, faint at first, but by careful nursing a fire was started. This we moved to a bunch of brush and soon had a fire blazing five or six feet high. The night kept getting colder, until toward morning we could hardly keep warm around the fire, except by changing our positions so that first one side would be warmed and then the other. When the sun came out in the morning I was about played, but the others felt better. Tommy went up on a high peak to take a look and came back and said he did not know where we were, as everything looked strange. So we decided to follow our back trail, knowing we could reach camp that day. This we did, arriving about 2 30 P. M. Everything was all right, and the fire we had left burning the day before had spread to a bunch of brush and was smouldering when we got there. We soon had a fire going, coffee put on and also the camp kettle, which contained some grouse and potatoes and plenty of broth. We broke our thirty hours' fast with soup and coffee, and wound up with bread and meat. The next day a big bull elk came pretty near into camp before he knew it and we all commenced shooting at once. He got off quite a distance, but finally went down after being hit six times. The day following we butchered a 300 pound grizzly in pretty much the same way. All commenced shooting at once. He felt at the first fire, then got up and made the mountains echo for a minute and tried to get to us, but it was no use. We shot as long as he kicked, and gave him one or two after he quit to make sure of his not playing possum.

I have been out in pretty cold weather, but think our night above timber line was a little the coldest I ever knew. There is little doubt but for our "last match" we would all be up there yet, frozen solid, perhaps serving as curiosities in a side-show conducted by some enterprising old grizzly Barnum. We afterwards found that the place where we spent the night was within a mile of our camp, with only a low divide between. C.

ANOTHER TOUR IN THE PROVINCES.

IF any one of your million readers has ever chanced to see a book published a long time ago, entitled "Stewart's History of Prince Edward's Island," and thinks he will frame a sporting tour on that excellent and really—for its time—most reliable work, he will find himself frightfully mistaken.

Stewart states to the effect that the Province of Prince Edward's Island in the "Gulph" of St. Lawrence abounds in game, large and small; and as to fish, you or any other man have only to drop a line in the shape of a crooked pin on the end of a string to catch any unpiven quantity of fish such as sea cows, seals, sturgeon and bass, with salmon (Richardson's and the other kinds), sea trout, river trout of colossal proportions, smelt and every other phase of the *Salmonidæ*. In fact, Stewart, and later people who have cribbed from his book, say that Prince Edward's Island offers a paradise to the sportsman and angler.

It don't

In the pilgrimage that it is my lot to make frequently throughout the length and narrow width of the island now miscalled by the name of the otherwise forgotten Prince Edward—(please to understand that I am not a book agent and I repudiate chromos with scorn), I have been really sorry to see several American gentlemen who looked like sportsmen excepting that their fit-out seemed too awfully expensive, trying in vain to find where the paradise of gaming and fishing came in in this Province of ours. That is the main reason I now write you.

Game there is none to speak of now in Prince Edward's Island. Antlers of deer have been plowed up, showing that good sport was once upon a time. Flint arrowheads, both of war and the chase, have been given to me from several localities, indicating a stone era long ago down into the abyss of ages. An archæologist might take some interest in a locality that I could show him where the flint arrowheads that have been dug up within the range of an arrow's flight show a perceptible difference of construction. The defendants were evidently the occupiers of the soil, the now effete, but then not unpowerful nomadic sept of the Mic Macs; the plaintiffs were the Mohawks—those Indian Normans who beached their long galleys on the hards of Mimmigash Creek here on our *Prospero's* isle. And, strange to say, in the inner consciousness of the remnant of the Mic Mac tribe now living on Lenox Island, here lives an unwholesome dread of the bogy "the Mohawk!" Once your present correspondent was privileged to hear a Mic Mac mother say to a papoose strapped Italian fashion to a shingle: "*Ukicis ecumiuty mijrpgaier Abogee Moaunkeove-hoo!*" or words to that effect, which being freely rendered may read: "You little brute, if you don't shut up I'll give you to the Mohawks to eat!" The remark was followed by a sort of rhythmical cadence that sounded not unlike the white-gloved applause at a successful opera. But I must confess that my unwritten legends of the Hiawatha type are mostly derived from an Indian of my own, now in the happy hunting-ground—where, in the present scarcity of game, I rather confess I have half a wish to be with him—and whom once upon a time in camp I reverently christened out of *Blackwood's Magazine* by the Christian and surname of Tony Butler.

To resume: The Province of Prince Edward Island is a long, narrow, stoneless bank of earth, one hundred and thirty miles, more or less, in length, by a width of eight to thirty-five miles, and completely fringed with tidal estuaries, in which, at the right season, is always not bad sea trout fishing. "The Island," as we islanders love to call it, has been unnecessarily called "the garden of the Gulf." No greater height on any part than thirty to eighty feet prevents the whole thing from being washed away. The soil is the loam of fruit-bearing Devonshire, England, and from what is told to the undersigned not unlike the earthy part of that New Jersey, where early frosts always kill, by telegraph, all the expected peach crop.

In such a strip of land, barely showing above the surrounding sea its crown of green fields, dotted here and there with the *coniferæ*, that are now almost the only suggestion to remind that before Cabot came drifting along this was an isle

That on its summer shade of trees
Lay all afloat,

it cannot be expected that there should be any rivers. There are none. The temperature of the running waters over shallow depths is too tropical for salmon. Trout, however, are to be had—in holes.

It is now two years and perhaps more since the present Canadian Minister of Fisheries came into office and at once took decisive steps to redeem from utter fish-exhaustion all the waters of that smallest of the maritime provinces that made the largest show in ciphering up that most reluctant $5,500,000—meaning, of course, Prince Edward Island.

The fishery officers now state that the number of trout in the small but innumerable angling streams has certainly doubled during the past two seasons of close protection. I know whereof I speak in saying that there is reasonably good sport for a reasonable number of legitimate trout rods.

The only thing further to be remarked is that it would not be best to land upon the Island shore from the Gulf steamer and go wandering around with one's rod on one's shoulder, looking at all the horse ponds, without having previously arranged one's route. Perhaps your present correspondent might suggest that if any really enthusiastic angler would like to try the little purling trout-brooks of Prince Edward Island (trout only) at a total expense for rough accommodation—ex-transport—of scarcely over $2 per diem, including small boys as missionary guides, he had better consult beforehand with the fishery officer for the Province whose name recently appeared with the other fishery officers of the continent in FOREST AND STREAM. As probably that designation of the party referred to does not live in the minds of his contemporaries, his address is: Col.-Duvar, Alberton, P. O., Inspector of Fisheries for the Province of Prince Edward Island, Canada. D.

DEATH OF MR. COBB.—Warrenton, Va., April 6.—Please notice death of the elder Cobb, discoverer and proprietor of Cobb's Island, Va., who died March 26, 1881, aged 81 years. Many sportsmen of the United States will remember him as a splendid hunter, a man wise in sporting lore, and withal a good recounter. He was buried on the Island that he found, and in the blasts that sweep over his grave—which come from the ocean—mingled with the cry of the gull and sea mew, he will sleep sweetly, An honest, true-hearted man.—CHASSEUR]

BRANT ROCK.

THIS pleasant summer resort is situated on the eastern coast of Massachusetts, in the town of Marshfield, Plymouth County, and during the hot months is visited by many of the inhabitants of our inland towns and villages, who find rest and enjoyment in boating, bathing and other sports to be found at our seaside watering places.

Brant Rock, from which the village takes its name, is a rocky headland projecting several hundred yards into the ocean, and connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of beach, which at high water is completely covered, making the rock an island. I am not sure as to how it received the name, but have been told that in olden times great numbers of brant were shot at this point, and on that account it was so named. In the fall when the coots, geese and other wild fowl commence their southward flight, Brant Rock becomes to me a place of the greatest interest, and about the first of November generally finds your correspondent upon the spot. At this point are three good hotels, with their billiards and bowling to pass away the dull days that will always be encountered at gunning stations. Then, again, you can always be sure of good accommodations, good boats, and men that understand the business to handle them, if desired, at reasonable prices.

After an easterly wind there is generally quite a surf on the beach, which makes it lively for the gunners and affords much fun for the lookers on, who watch the boats land after a day's shooting. It is exciting to see them come on in their light dories, over and through the breakers; some of them coming to grief and wading ashore with their boats bottom up.

The shooting is mostly from boats, although in rough weather there is sometimes good shooting from the point of the Rock. In boat shooting the boats are anchored in line about two gun shots apart, the line extending a mile or more to sea. Sometimes there are so many boats that they make another line in the rear, or to the southward of the first line. I have counted fifty-one boats anchored in this way, and have been told that it is not uncommon to see many more. The boats start about daylight, and after considerable manœuvering get placed in line, and if a good day the shooting begins about "sun up." Flock after flock of old white-wings come down through the line, followed by sheldrakes, quandies, and, in fact, all kinds of fowls that frequent our shores. Occasionally an old loon comes bearing down, and after receiving volley after volley, looks us calmly in the eye and keeps on his way.

An old gunner, if not used to this shooting, will look blue after trying a few times. The motion of the boat in a sea, together with the swift flight of the birds, make this kind of shooting the most difficult I have ever attempted.

You have made two or three poor shots and are getting discouraged when down comes a bunch of coots. You make up your mind you will redeem yourself, and lie low until they are in easy gun shot. You raise the gun when a sea cants the boat, and you wildly wave the muzzle of the gun at them, and in the jumble both barrels are discharged and the chances are the charge comes nearer the next boat than the birds. Such is coot shooting as experienced by a green hand in a heavy sea. Even the most expert will miss the most provoking shots, and it takes a good shot and a tremendous sight of luck to make a decent show. Loon shooting is the handsomest shooting if one can only get the hang of it. They are not wild, and give good shots, but are extremely hard to kill and will carry off a lead mine.

Last fall I was at this place gunning and we had one day that Andrew, Nat and Rube will not soon forget. We went out at daylight, and at sunrise loons commenced to fly. We had them for two or three hours as fast as we could put the shells into our guns, Andrew using a heavy ten bore, while I used a twelve bore eight-pound Fox gun, altogether too light for such shooting. Andrew killed three pair straight, but I was nowhere. I emptied about fifty shells and got about six loons, which was about one-fourth of what fell in the water, but could not get. Andrew was more used to it. But bringing them down and getting them are two different things, and out of all he hit he probably got one-fourth. When coots did not fly we took Andrew's old fox hound and in a few hours' tramp generally managed to start a fox, which would elude the dog during the day, leaving us to tramp home empty handed. But such was not always the case as two skins hanging in Andrew's cabin will testify. At other times we would tramp the pastures and stubbles for quail, of which there was an abundance last fall.

I know of no place in this part of the country where a man can enjoy himself better. It is distant from Boston about thirty miles on the Duxbury branch of the Old Colony Railroad. Get off at Marshfield depot and a coach carries you to the Rock, about four miles. On arriving there Captain Churchill or Mr. Brown, of the Brant Rock House will take good care of you, and Bill Tallman or Rube Bates will carry you out and give you as good shooting as the weather and birds will permit. To a visitor this part of the country is full of interest. The home of Daniel Webster is in sight, and although the old house is gone, the very trees and stone walls seem to speak of his presence. It is only a few days ago we drove a fox directly through the little burying-ground down the large orchard that was once Webster's pride. From the high cedar hills near by we can gain a view not often seen. To the southward in the distance we see the monument on Captain's Hill, erected in memory of Miles Standish, while beyond is the city of Plymouth. To the left is Clark's Island, and beyond loom up the dark hills of Manomet. Looking seaward on certain pleasant days Cape Cod may be seen, eighteen or twenty miles distant, while to the north a landscape of forest, stream and sea meets the eye.

If all prospers, I hope in another year to meet my friends at Brant Rock, and try the white wings again, and give that sly old fox a run. RAMROD.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Hop Bitters gives good digestion, active liver, good circulation and buoyant spirits.

MR. E. DUNCAN SNIFFEN, the well-known advertising agent of this city, has removed to No. 3 Park Row, where all evidences go to show that his business is prospering. Mr. Sniffen is energetic, capable, trustworthy and, as a matter of course, popular and successful.

WISDEN'S CRICKETER'S ALMANAC FOR 1881. This record of the full scores and bowling summaries of the principal matches played in 1880 has been sent us by the publishers. The book contains 228 pages replete with most useful information and should be in the hands of all lovers of the game of cricket. John Wisden & Co., London, England. Price one shilling.

HOW WE FED THE BABY, to make her healthy and happy; with health hints. By C. E. Page, M. D. 144 pages. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. New York: Fowler & Wells, 753 Broadway.

Natural History.

DOMESTICATION OF A SIBERIAN DEER.—The young horns of a certain Siberian deer (*Cervus maral*) while they are yet filled with blood and before they have become ossified are highly prized by the Chinese, who purchase all that they can obtain of them on the Siberian frontier, paying the high price of from six to twenty pounds sterling per pair for them. In consequence of this demand for these horns the Maral has been very eagerly hunted, so that it is now rather rare. The Cossacks near Kiakhta, some time since, attempted the domestication of this deer, and it is said that the domesticated animals have of late greatly increased in Western Siberia, and that some of the herds now number seventy individuals.

SENSE OF SMELL IN INSECTS.—An interesting paper on this subject has recently been published by Hon. Gustav Hauser, of Erlangen, in which he gives an account of a number of experiments made by him. A number of different species of insects which had been induced to approach vessels containing turpentine and acetic acid showed, by their evident desire to retreat and by moving their antennæ, a decided perception of the odor but after the extremities of the antennæ had been cut off the same insects, placed close to the vessels, manifested no uneasiness. A number of flies which had approached a piece of putrid meat showed no desire to return to it after the third segment of the antennæ had been cut off.

CATALOGUE OF THE BIRDS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—It is said that the fifth volume of the Catalogue of Birds in the British Museum will soon be published. The families described in it will be the Thrushes and Warblers, and the work will be done by Mr. Henry Seebohm, who has devoted several years of close study to these groups, and who is one of the highest living authorities on them.

SPRING SNIPE.—A correspondent who writes from Wading River, Suffolk county, N. Y., under date of April 4, says:—

Thisday I found a brace of English snipe on the meadows and killed them. The female contained the inclosed specimen which I believe to be the eggs. I would like to know how many eggs they lay and when they nest.

The Wilson's snipe builds its nests on the ground in meadow land, usually not very far from a damp or wet spot; the eggs are four in number, clay colored, spotted with black. By far the greater part of the snipe which stop with us in spring pass on beyond the borders of the United States to breed but a few remain with us, nests of this species having been found in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The specimen sent us was a mass of the undeveloped eggs of the bird. We have seen snipe killed late in the spring which contained eggs as large as the end of a man's thumb, and have heard of others in which have been found eggs ready for deposition.

A HAWK NEW TO THE UNITED STATES.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
Washington, D. C., April 6, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It affords me great pleasure to be able to announce through your columns the addition to the United States fauna of a species of hawk hitherto not recorded from any point north of Mirador, Mexico. The question of what name the species should bear is one involving considerable investigation, pending which I will call it, provisionally, *Buteo fuliginosus*, Sclater. It is a small species, about the size of *B. pennsylvanicus*, but with longer wings, and of a uniform black color, like *B. abbreviatus*. It has been considered by various writers to be a dark or melanistic phase of *B. brachyurus*, but in this view I cannot concur, no specimens among the many which I have examined, indicating that any light colorphase exists; both young and old, though otherwise quite different, being uniform black below as well as above.

While premising that this bird *may* be the *Buteo fuliginosus* of Sclater, it should be remarked that in "History of North American Birds" (vol. iii., p. 266,) I referred this name to *B. swainsoni*, on the presumption that it was probably based on a small example of the latter species in the dark phase of plumage; but I may have been wrong in this determination.

The specimen in question was shot at Oyster Bay, Florida, Jan. 28, 1881, by W. S Crawford, and was secured for the National Museum from W. H. Collins, of Detroit, Mich.

Very respectfully yours, ROBERT RIDGWAY.

MIGRATORY QUAIL AND HOUSE SPARROWS.

QUEBEC, Canada, April 7.

I HAVE again ordered 200 migratory quail for this neighborhood which, I have no doubt will arrive in good order. The point, however, as to the fact of this variety of quail returning with the other spring birds does not appear to be clearly established, so I shall be obliged to some of your numerous readers to record what they may observe this year on this very interesting subject.

The winter in Canada has been less injurious to house-sparrows than usual. Our inhabitants have noticed this bird is a good bird. "*It suit la religion, it visite les clochers, les convents et les Presbyteres,*" and is therefore in a fair way for salvation.

The imported quail again recommends itself to our farmers as a bird that lives in France, they do not know the word "Caille," but they understand it is a little partridge and a French bird, so on the principle of the Irish sparrow they are quite prepared to give quail every protection.

My idea is if we can once get quail established on the Laurentides to the north of Quebec the bird may become as numerous as robins or crows, but spring shooting must be discontinued all over this continent, otherwise all the migratory birds will disappear. As the common bird of America is now the house sparrow all the others appear to have vanished and as the house sparrow only lives in towns where there are horses and stables the country places are very bare of birds.

I have no birds on my farm, and the same complaint is general with my neighbors, and during a hunt I made last winter I only saw three partridges (ruffed grouse) in four weeks. W. RHODES.

THE PINE GROSBEAK.

THIS interesting bird is, if we may credit the reports, an abundant, although rather an irregular winter visitor to Massachusetts. It must be remembered that very few of the many persons who may have observed the bird are possessed of sufficient ornithological knowledge to tell to what species it belongs, and but very few of these who know it ever publish their notes. This, taken with the fact that, except observations are confined almost exclusively to the vicinity of dwellings, owing to the difficulty of getting about in the woods at the only time that it is present with us, leads to the conclusion that it cannot be other than quite an abundant species in our pine woods and other places where it is able to procure suitable food during the winter months. Dr. Coues gives its habitat as follows: "In this country it occupies the whole of British America, migrating regularly into the northern tier of States in winter, and occasionally to Maryland, Ohio, Illinois and Kansas. Apparently resident in the Sierra Nevada, of California, and certainly so in the Rocky Mountains within the United States, south to Colorado, where it breeds."

There are also well authenticated instances of its breeding in Maine. I have observed the species in this vicinity every winter for the last five years, while it is unusually abundant this winter throughout the State. West of this village there is a large tract of flowed land constituting part of the pond known as the "reservoir." This tract contains a superficial area of about two hundred acres, with an average depth of about four feet of water, which is so completely choked with aquatic vegetation of many species, some floating and others firmly rooted, as to be impenetrable for any distance for man, except in two paths made in the winter, when the water in the reservoir was "down," by lumbermen for getting out wood from the heavy growths beyond the "swamp," as this place is locally designated. This makes a natural retreat for large numbers of wood ducks, black ducks and many water and other birds that like the vicinity of water or find here the food most suited to them. And the food which seems to be the chief attraction is the seeds of the black alder (*Ilex verticillata*), this being the most abundant plant in the swamp. It is so abundant as to present the appearance to an observer on a neighboring hill of a level meadow covered with this shrub, showing occasional patches of water.

The seeds and berries of this plant form no inconsiderable part of the food of the wood ducks which resort here in flocks for food and to roost, coming in from the ponds in the vicinity after sunset, sometimes as many as fifty being counted in a single flock. Although most writers tell us that the wood duck is seen in flocks of from three to twelve only, yet I have frequently seen flocks of twenty to thirty fly in after sunset and leave again early in the morning.

Besides the wood ducks there are many other species of birds which feed on these berries, including the subject of this sketch. I have noticed them here every year when the berries were left in the bushes until winter. In the fall of 1879 the berries were very plenty, and the water in the reservoir and swamp having been kept "up," there were unusual numbers of ducks there feeding on them After the patch was covered with ice there were no berries and I saw but one small flock of grosbeaks all winter. Whether the ducks stripped the bushes so that there were none left for the Grosbeaks or not I do not know, but I firmly believe this to be the case, for last fall the berries were no more abundant than in the fall of 1879, but the water in the swamp having been down so that the place was dry or contained but very little in the reservoir all the latter part of summer and fall, there were no ducks, and the bushes have been loaded with berries all winter and have formed almost the entire food supply of an immense flock of grosbeaks

I first noticed these birds on the 12th of December, the weather having been quite cold and the ground covered with snow for twelve days previously. From this time my visits to this place were quite frequent, and I have never failed to find them here at whatever time of day I came before 4 P. M., at which time they usually retired to the woods to roost. All the winter they have been here, although the cold has been very severe, the thermometer registering below zero on fourteen days during the month of January. The mean of three observations each day—morning, noon and night—during this month was 16 degs. In spite of the cold they spent most of their time in this bleak, unsheltered spot, exposed to the full force of the wind, subsisting entirely, so far as I was enabled to know, on the seeds of the black alder.

At the time of my first visit to the birds in the "swamp" the flock consisted of twenty individuals and had no material increase of numbers for three weeks, when they began to receive additions until, about the 15th of January, the flock numbered as many as three hundred. About the 1st of February they began to disappear until, the 20 h of that month, a diligent search failed to reveal a single bird of any species in the swamps, but since then I have seen them in other situations. Saw a flock of seven feeding on the larch trees in front of a residence on the main street of the village on the 18th of March and, although there were teams and pedestrians constantly passing, they remained undisturbed for nearly two hours, quietly feeding and uttering their peculiar whistle, the only sound I have heard them make.

The grosbeak is in many respects a very peculiar bird. It seems to be totally unsuspicious of man. I have been able to walk up to within four feet of the flock when feeding on the bushes, when I could easily have touched them with my gun. I tried the noose on the end of a pole, as described by Mr. C. J. Maynard, and although I caught none, owing to the numerous twigs and small branches catching in the noose, I had no difficulty in touching them with the noose, they manifesting no concern, but continuing to feed, although the pole to which the noose was attached was only seven feet long.

They seemed to regard my dog, who sometimes accompanied me, with more distrust, often circling about him and uttering their plaintive whistle and seeming very uneasy so long as he remained in sight. They are very sensitive to noise. Although they manifested so little concern at my presence, the report of a gun would send them into the air in a body, to circle and manœuvre about for several minutes, when they would alight, sometimes in the very place from which they started, and at others in another part of the swamp; and although I shot among them several times to

obtain specimens for preservation, they seemed to learn nothing from experience, but would allow me to approach as closely as ever.

After the snow became so deep that I was compelled to wear snow-shoes to get to them, the "craunching" of the crust under the shoes was a source of great uneasiness to them and I was unable to approach as closely as before. They would feed as unconcernedly as ever until an unusually loud "craunch" would cause the whole flock to take wing, the flight being led by no one in particular. Indeed, during my observation of this species I have never noticed any trace of that tendency to follow a recognized leader, which is so prominent a trait with many birds. They show no sympathy for a dead or wounded comrade, often feeding within a few inches of such without manifesting any concern whatever. There was in constant attendance upon this flock, the first three times that I visited it, a small hawk, of which they manifested a wholesome dread, but I gave him a charge of number eights upon a favorable occasion, after which I saw no more of him.

The grosbeaks are quite indifferent climbers, showing no more agility on the small limbs than a crow. I have seen them on the ground feeding on the seeds which had fallen from the bushes above.

Some writers have accused this bird of eating the buds of fruit trees, and one at least has said that buds form their principal food I have dissected many of these birds and have yet to find the first sign of a bud of any kind. I have watched them closely while feeding on apple trees and have never seen them eat anything while there but the apples left on the trees the fall before, and have even seen them descend to the ground for these. I have never seen anything in the habits of this beautiful and interesting bird which should lead us to regard it as other than a very welcome winter visitor. CHAS. E. INGALLS.

East Templeton, Mass., April 4.

THE RATTLESNAKE AS A TREE-CLIMBER.

FORT WALLA WALLA, W. T., March 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I have not had anything to say to you for some time, and now seeing a good chance for an item, please note what I know about rattlesnakes climbing trees. To put the matter concisely, let us say about the rattlesnake commonly found in the West—the *Crotalus lucifer*—of Baird & Girard. This species at any rate does climb, now and then; if not on large trees, at any rate on sage bushes and small willows. I don't mean to say either that it is a constant habit of the species—I do not believe it is, but rattlers are found now and then in such situations. Here is one instance at least, and I have a witness for it in First Lieutenant Chas. E. S. Wood, Twenty-first Infantry, now stationed at the Military Academy at West Point, New York, who undoubtedly remembers the occasion, as I showed him the snake in position on a small willow tree, probably about five feet from the ground, before shooting it. I told him at the time that I might want him to verify the occurrence, and here is your chance if you have any doubts about the facts. Lieutenant Wood and myself were returning from a hunt after dusky grouse in the vicinity of Camp Harney, Oregon, some time in the latter part of August, 1875, I think, following down a small mountain stream called Rattlesnake Creek, along the banks of which a number of willows and cottonwoods grew. The willow on which the snake was found was somewhat leaning toward the creek and was probably three or four inches thick. The snake had worked its way up into a fork about five feet from the ground and was coiled up there and rattled as I passed it. This attracted my attention, and before disturbing it I showed it to the lieutenant.

What the particular inducement was to cause the snake to climb in this instance I can't tell, as there were no birds' nests or anything of that sort on the willow in question or in the vicinity, as I examined the surroundings closely after shooting the snake. The snake was not over three feet in length, and had only five or six rattles.

On another occasion I saw a rattlesnake in a sage bush near Owens Lake, Sage County, Cal., but the bush was not over two and a half feet high. There are exceptions to every rule, and here you can have at least one well-authenticated instance where a rattlesnake climbed, if not a tree, at least a good sized willow. CHAS. BENDIRE.

EVENING GROSBEAK IN WISCONSIN—Fon du Lac, Wis., March 23.—I send you as close a description of a bird recently shot here as I am capable of giving, and regret that I am unable to send you a skin, but have already mounted mine: Male bird; length, eight and one-half inches; bill, greenish yellow, very large and heavy. Top of head black, front of head bright yellow extending in a narrow line over eyes. Neck, dark olive brown extending down until blended with the bright yellow of the belly and back. Rump, pure yellow; wings, four and one-half inches long, exterior coverts black, those near the body pure white; tail and upper tail coverts deep black.

Should I succeed in securing any more specimens I shall take great pleasure in forwarding skins to you. I am an enthusiastic sportsman, and very fond of observing habits, etc., of birds and animals. I shall in a few days send you a detailed description of a strange bird shot here some time since, and now in the cabinet of a local collector. It has so far puzzled all our collectors in this vicinity. Should any other interesting natural history notes occur I shall take great pleasure in sending them. AGILES.

We are inclined to think the bird was an evening grosbeak (*Hesperiphona vespertina*). Shall be glad to indentify your strange bird, and to hear from you when ever convenient.

LARGE MOOSE ANTLERS—Halifax, Nova Scotia, March 24.—I inclose the photograph of a moose head now in my possession, which I consider the largest yet killed in this province. I would like to hear if any of your readers have ever seen one of equal size. I can find no record of any as large ever before having been killed in Nova Scotia. The horns are well proportioned and nearly equal, one side having nineteen points the other seventeen. The pan or palmated part entends well on both sides and over the front. The head was killed last season in this country. The following are the dimensions of the horns spread from tip to tip: Five feet six inches (or sixty-six inches); from point of brow antler to top of horn, three feet four inches, or forty inches; width of pan from twenty to thirty-five inches.—THOMAS L. EGAN.

The antlers form a pair of the most suberb specimens ever coming to our notice. We should be pleased to hear of other records.

A SNAKE-CATCHING KING FISHER.—The interesting account which we print below of the capture of a snake by the "laughing jackass," a large Australian king fisher, is taken from the New South Wales *Albury Banner*. It is as follows:

It has long been a matter of popular belief that the great king fisher was an enemy of the snake, perpetually warring upon the tribe in general, and never happier than when dining on serpent *au naturel*. It is not often, however, that even persons habitually residing in the bush have so good an opportunity as that afforded a few days since to Mr. Christian Westendorff, of Jindera, for observing the laughing jackass when in the act of bagging the game referred to. Mr. Westendorff was engaged with another man in clearing some land, and in the course of the day's operations it became necessary to shift a large log. For this purpose levers were applied to each end, and after some straining the log was rolled from its resting-place. The very moment it commenced to move, a laughing jackass, which had hitherto been taking a deep but unobtrusive interest in the proceedings, made a swoop down from the limb of an adjacent tree and seized a large snake which had been lying under the log. The snake was gripped by the back of the neck (if snakes can be said to have necks) and borne away to the bird's previous perch, where the unfortunate reptile was banged against the bough until the body separated from the head and fell to the ground. The jackass then dropped the head, and seizing the body sailed away in triumph with his prize. Whether the bird had seen the snake go under the log and was watching for it to come forth again, or whether it knew by instinct that the reptile was there, is a question which may be left for naturalists to determine, but we are credibly informed that as soon as the log was shifted, and before Mr. Westendorff or his companion had any idea of a snake being in their neighborhood, the jackass was down and had made good his seizure.

A CAT'S LONG JOURNEY—Bangor, Me.—I am well aware that cats are not game, and are reckoned as "neither flesh nor fish, nor good red herring," and so have no legitimate standing in FOREST AND STREAM, yet the recording of a pedestrian feat recently performed by one in this vicinity may interest you to admit her into your columns as a poacher on your manor.

A gentleman in this city had presented to him a Maltese cat with four young nursing kittens by a former friend living fourteen miles out in the country. This cat and her kittens were placed in a close covered basket inside of which was a blanket in which they were wrapped, and the whole then covered with a thick rug. The basket and its contents were then brought in a waggon to this city the distance stated. The cat and her kittens were kept in a room in their new home, and carefully watched, fed and petted for seven days she appearing to be wonted and content. On the morning of the seventh day she and her kittens were seen at their new home for the last time and were missed very soon after. The following day at noon she appeared at her old home with all her kittens. She did not return by the road, the way she came, as she was seen by several persons going through the fields with a kitten in her mouth. Allowing thirty hours to have elapsed between the time she was last seen at her new home and the time she was first seen at her old home she must have traveled a distance of 112 miles, carrying a kitten one-half the same distance. J. C.

"TAILING" A SKUNK—Rockland, Me.—A young man earned a quarter and made himself a hero by removing a skunk from an entry at the head of the stairs in a building on Main street. The skunk was master of the situation, preventing ingress or egress to the offices and tenements on that floor. Our hero coming upon the scene, approached the passive end of the skunk, and moving his hand in front of the skunk's nose to take his attention, he reached over him, seized him by the tail, carried him an eighth of a mile and threw him into the dock where the boys finished him with stones When I came upon the scene he had just returned and was inviting the public to smell of him. I with a few hundred other citizens accepted of his kind invitation, and I can testify under oath that he was as sweet as a nut.—TRUTH.

[Take a bull by the horns and a skunk by the tail.]

Game Bag and Gun.

CATCHING RABBITS IN SIBERIA.

BY XIL YORRIS.

ROMANOFF is a Russian and a Nihilist. Banished to Siberia he was fortunate enough to escape after a time and became a diamond hunter in the south of Africa. He failed, however, to discover Koh-i-noors or great moguls, and went to the gold mines of Australia and from thence to the Black Hills. He drifted over the earth wherever he could hear of gold or gems. A perfect cosmopolitan, thoroughly educated and informed, a Hercules in strength and able to curse the Autocrat of all the Russias in half the languages in Europe, he was gentle as a child, and his voice was musical as running waters. I believe he would have made his fortune as a singer. He was, of course, a fanatic, and capable no doubt—if he thought it for the good of his cause—of committing any deed of blood. I met him for the first time in the San Juan mountains in 1880. We became friends, and after a time partners, and spent the summer prospecting near Ouray.

Weary one day from climbing over boulders 8,000 ft. above the sea, we spread down our blankets in the hollow of a rock for a mid-day rest.

"Do you know, Mr. Yorris, how they catch rabbits in Siberia?" asked Romanoff.

I was watching a mountain sheep standing on the summit of a crag a long way off, but boldly outlined against the sky, and answered, carelessly, "As elsewhere, I suppose."

"There you are wrong," said the Russian. "Let us light our pipes and I will tell you.

"Rabbits are very numerous in the wilds of Siberia, and as you know, the winters are long and terribly cold. We select a locality where we know they are abundant and; a night when the Frost giants are abroad on the Steppes. Along the frozen streams and sheltered valleys we place a number of lighted lamps. The rabbits, poor things, freezing out in the darkness see the welcome lights, and soon approach near enough to feel the genial warmth. They collect around the lamps in immense numbers, and tears come into their innocent, beautiful eyes, and fall down as frozen pearls on the snow. Higher and higher grow the crystal columns, and soon poor puss becomes a prisoner; bound by her own tears to the ice-fettered earth. I caught in this way in a single night 92,003 rabbits."

I glanced fiercely at Romanoff; there was a merry twinkle in his eyes, but not the shadow of a smile. "Now, by the iron rule of Peter the Great, and the beard of Ivan the Terrible!" I exclaimed in simulated passion reaching for my Winchester, "I'll"—

"No you won't," said the Russian, curtly, as he coolly placed the muzzle of his navy six against my temple, a strange glitter in his dark eyes that I had never seen before, "No man ever gets the drop on me."

A WOODCHUCK GUN.

AN inquiry for a woodchuck dog in your issue of March 24 leads me to write of a woodchuck gun or rather rifle. Last spring I had some tree planting to do in a large cemetery in a rough, hilly, but beautiful place. The President of the Cemetery Association told me that woodchucks were greatly injuring the beauty of their place by their numerous burrows, and asked me if I knew of any plan to rid the grounds of them. I told him that I could dispose of a good many of them by shooting them. He said that this would not do, as they did not allow guns in the inclosure, as their report would frighten visitors (it was quite a public resort), especially the ladies. I at once showed him that my rifle, a 30 inch, 22 calibre Ballard, made but very little report with a 22 short cartridge. He thought it might do to hunt grasshoppers with if I could hit them, but that an old woodchuck would laugh at such a gun. I showed him that it would shoot through three inches of pine, and then he told me to go ahead.

Well, I am not a very great "slouch" with the rifle, but I cannot shoot a grey squirrel's head off every time one hundred paces as I heard once a fellow say that his brother could do, but I shoot as well as any of the boys I have struck yet at short range. I went a woodchuck hunting in the cemetery. I first looked over the ground, and found numerous holes or borrows only a small portion of which were occupied at the time, and made careful observations so as to distinguish the used from the unused holes, and soon learned to tell an occupied from an unoccupied burrow, carefully watching, and soon as Mr. Woodchuck protruded his cranium from his burrow I flipped one of the little leaden pills into it, or missed it as the case might be. Yes; I missed sometimes, for a woodchuck's head is a pretty small mark for me 50 to 100 yards away against a bank of clay of almost exactly the same color. And right here is where the joke comes in: the rifle made so little noise and so unlike the ordinary gun that the woodchucks would pay no attention to it, but they would run into their holes from the stroke of the ball near them and would generally come right out again to see what the rumpus was and give me a fairer shot.

The result of my rifle practice was, that I killed fourteen "chucks" by this still hunting about three hours in each of two days, and four more, making nineteen during the week, while going to lunch at noon. I found the best time to get shots in the spring time, just as the buds were swelling, was between ten and three o'clock of bright warm days. When shot directly through the brain they bounded right out of their burrows, but if hit in the body they could work themselves back into their burrows and die, and this appears to be the most desirable way to get rid of them, for I have a theory that the woodchuck, being found dead in his hole in this way by his neighbors, strikes the survivors with mortal terror and they emigrate. At least the survivors all left this cemetery, for I am sure I did not kill the half or the third of them, and I could see no signs of any there a month after.

While "working" these woodchucks I made one of those wonderful shots we so often read about. Looking across a ravine one day I saw a very large woodchuck coming over the brow of the opposite bluff, full 200 yards away, run a little way down the bank, stop and sit down on his tail, bolt upright his full length, as they often do. I drew a fine bead on a leaf about four feet directly above his head, and let go. I heard the little bullet whack on his "noggin" plainly, and the "chuck" went tumbling heels over head to the foot of the bluff, fully 150 feet, and then gathered himself up and, running like a wild turkey directly up the bluff to within a few feet of where he was when I shot, bounced into his burrow. They can stand nearly as much killing as a cat. I shot one "old rooster" directly through the head, where the brain ought to be, half an inch behind the left eye, the ball coming out at the base of the right ear; he bounced out of his burrow, cavorted around awhile and quietly died. I picked him up, admired the beautiful shot I had made, threw him down, and went on with my lunch. Pretty soon he gave a sneeze, jumped up and started off quite comfortably. I then gave him a roping shot in the left flank, and out at the point of the right shoulder as he ran quartering from me. He lay down and died again. In about five minutes he began making rather too much of a racket—I was watching for another across a ravine—and I shot him again right down through the centre of his head, the ball coming out at his throat. In about ten minutes I got the fellow across the ravine. He was a bad one; he would just raise his head from the burrow far enough to see me with the corner of his eye, and I could not see his head against the clay, but I would see a movement every time I would stir; so I drew a bead and held it until I thought his head was there and pulled, and out he bounced. I then picked up the old fellow I had killed so often, put him in my basket to show how big he was, and twenty minutes at least after I had killed him last found him breathing as regularly as a healthy babe.

And now a few concluding words about the modern .22 cal. rifle. I have used and carried them of different makers, actions and lengths, almost continuously for the past five years, and have found them all to shoot first-rate and to be big enough for any game we find in our older settled States; grand for ruffed grouse, squirrels, rabbits, hawks, cats, etc. I have killed a great many ducks with them, and killed them out of large masses 300 to 400 yards away. I have found their trajectory for the first 200 yards to be about the same as that of a .38 cal. rifle with the ".38 long" rim fire cartridge. I have used all lengths of barrel from 12 inches up to 30 inches, but found I could not hold a short gun. I therefore got a 30 inch Ballard, weighing 9 lbs., same as my shotgun. This is the gun for comfort and pleasure. It makes but little report when fired, not near so much as the old-fashioned percussion cap. It cost but little to shoot it—twenty-five cents per 100 shots; is no trouble to load. One can car-

ry enough cartridges in his vest pocket for a day's shooting, and don't scare the game out of the country when he shoots it. I have several different times killed both of a pair of mallard ducks in the water up the wind at 100 to 150 yards away, missing them of course several times. I have killed single ducks often 200 to 300 yards away after shooting at them sometimes a great many times, the splash of the balls would startle them a little, the crack of the gun not at all. I have killed seven quails out of a flock when feeding on a sward. I have shot at a ruffed grouse, killing him with the fourth shot, when drumming. Several times I have had shots at large hawks at long range before hitting them. Therefore it is a good rifle for "meat" and amusement, a grand thing to shoot fish with. Its killing power is truly wonderful. I have killed at long range many large blue and white herons, large hawks, turkey-buzzards, raccoons, etc., and generally they quit and lay right down when hit. It is a lovely Sunday gun when you are out of meat and don't wish to disturb your neighbors. Byrne.

Lacon, Illinois.

NOTES FROM NEVERSINK.

Neversink Lodge, Orange County, N. Y., April 6.

A FOX TERRIER, a bull dog or any fighting dog will do very well to kill woodchucks, but before you do that you must bring them to bay; for this purpose only small dachshunds will do. I have drawn many a woodchuck with them. It requires, however, a good deal of hard labor to assist the dog to dig after "chucks." Here is the *modus operandi*, run your game in first, then put your dashchund in, and if he strikes the woodchuck he will give tongue at once. Then dig down to the spot where the dog barks and you will likely strike both dog and game, and can enjoy the "kill." A good strong woodchuck will make an excellent fight. If, however, your soil is sandy, the ground hog will dig away faster than you can dig after him, and to circumvent him, dig a circle all around where you hear the dachshund give tongue, and you are sure of heading the 'chuck off. This is what I call the sporting way to exterminate them; a surer way is by trapping, of course, or by poisoned corn. I shall try ferrets, but doubt if they will bolt from one. Have dug only one out this season and my "bull" "chawed" him at once.

I see you write about cockers being good ratters. I had quite an exciting sport here under a corn stack. A large colony of rats was discovered and two cockers were brought into the fight. They killed sixty-five rats with great rapidity and enjoyed the sport immensely. Do all cockers make ratters?

Your reports from Jersey about quail are terrible. My quail are all dead; on neighboring farms I hear none are left, and I had mine fed regularly. Rabbits stood the winter well, partridges also. Ducks are more plenty this spring than ever I saw them here; we have killed a good many black and wood duck, saying nothing of shelldrake. Woodcock have come in plenty. Snipe have disappeared again with the cold. I fear we have no quail left East to amount to anything. Jack went out trouting on the home farm and took seven beauties in ten minutes, all ¾ pounders—Palmer fly. Now, mind, although strictly preserved, they are wild and not fed or stocked trout, but real wild ones, and how they fight!

My decoy shooting for hawks and crows is a tremendous success. I advise all sportsmen to occupy their spare time to kill the "varmint." Here is my receipt: Build a well-covered blind, within thirty yards put out a live owl—a big one or a stuffed one—have it set up on a three-foot cross stick, and all passing hawks and crows will appear at once to fight the owl; then give them No. 4 shot, and the sport and success will amply pay you for the cold feet. It is difficult shooting, but rare fun. Anybody who wants full details can write me and I'll send all with pleasure.

Can't the sporting associations of the State get a law passed in the Legislature to exempt regular kennels from taxation. My taxes for dogs this year are put at $74.50—an enormous charge. I have the assessor and collectors tied up with an injunction at present, but fear they will beat me any how. I think some united action ought to be taken at Albany to get a new law exempting regular breeders. Cronyetis.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME.

BOTH partridge (ruffed grouse) and quail were quite plenty for this vicinity last fall, and I undertook to save what were left after January 1, by feeding all I could, and many a hard tramp did I have, with a large game bag filled with wheat screenings hanging from my shoulders and a paper bag of the same in one hand and a stout cane in the other, with the snow fully three feet deep on a level. But as the snow grew even deeper and cold weather had got into the superlative degree, I found that my feathered family was too large, or too wide spread for my strength, and one covey after another were very reluctantly dropped off to shorten my route and lighten my load, until Vernon's worst storm came and with its terrible drifts blockaded everything far and near. Yet I was determined to find the birds, and as soon as the snow had stopped blowing and drifting, notwithstanding the drifts, I started with some wheat, but was so completely used up upon reaching the nearest feeding-place that my courage to go further failed me, and after leaving a good supply of feed and resting a while, I returned home in my old tracks, feeling very sorry to leave the other birds to "perish," but fully determined that this one brood should not die for want of food. And they did not, for I fed them until the ground was quite bare, and then concluded to let them shift for themselves.

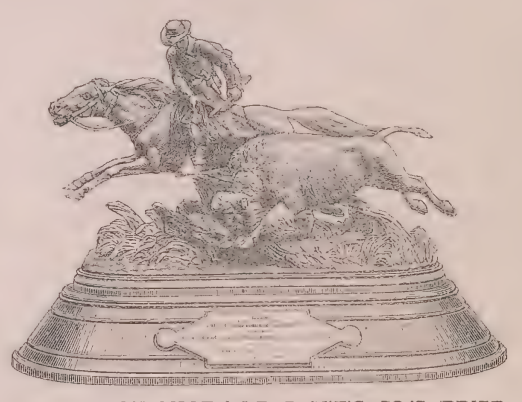
During the whole winter I improved almost every opportunity to inquire of our farmers if they had "seen any quail recently?" The answer was usually in the affirmative, and as the winter progressed and favorable reports continued to come in I commenced to doubt the possibility of freezing or starving *Masswchusetts* quail so easily as your numerous correspondents have conveyed the idea, and, with all due respect for their opinions, I must say that I believe there is a delusion about our quail and ruffed grouse perishing to such an extent as from 50 to 100 per cent. by cold or starvation during the past winter. In the first place I should like to know how your informants possessed themselves of such information as to enable them to state that "sixty per cent. of the birds had perished." They must have some rule in percentage not known to me at least. For if I go out once and see twenty birds, and the next time I go out do not see but eight birds I think it would be folly to infer that sixty per cent. had perished. I have watched the birds closely for the past few winters, and particularly so the last one. Have gathered all the information possible from wood choppers, farmers and old resident sportsmen, and I have not yet found among any of them a single one who ever knew either quail or partridge to perish from cold or hunger, or ever found their remains in the spring when they could not account for the death from some other cause than cold or hunger, the worst being a deep snow followed by rain and a sudden freeze, forming a stout crust shutting in the quail which roost on the ground and, huddled together, allow the snow to cover them. The partridges will dive into the snow presumably to keep themselves warm, and even when imprisoned under the snow by this icy sheet either of these birds will very often escape by the aid of a little warm sun to soften the crust over them. So much for the birds perishing from the cold. Now let's see about the starvation. Our partridge (ruffed grouse) live in winter in the thickest forests where the ground is usually completely covered with snow all through the winter and often far into spring, making it impossible for them to get anything to eat on the ground. Yet does he perish? No, indeed! as any one can easily find out by going into the woods late in the day where birches, maples or apple trees are near a thick pine growth, and there you'll see this poor (?) bird flitting about in the tops of the young trees making a meal off the tender birds at the ends of the small limbs as lordly as you ever have seen him strutting about on the green sward, and always "plump as a partridge;" and I believe they will live where the crow will starve to death—and who has known 100 per cent. of the crows to perished?

About the quail I cannot say so much. Have never seen them eating buds, in fact, have never seen one in a tree at all. Have heard of such a thing, but as I am trying to prove that hearsay is not always reliable I will pass that by and state what I know to be a fact, viz.: that several coveys of quail managed "by hook or by crook" to keep alive through all the cold weather and deep snows of the past winter, and keep in good running order until the coldest weather had passed and the ground was half bared, and then "O! where were they?" Not one sight or sign can I get, or even hear of them, not even the ones that were fed. Have 100 per cent. perished after outliving all the cold and snow?

I did almost fear that such was the case, and so made a very long tramp through places where they were last seen, and although I found the remains of several crows that had perished from No. 8 shot last fall, I could not find anything of the quails, dead or alive. Some of your correspondents speak of "missing their note," and so infer that 100 per cent. have perished. Do quail ever have any note at this season of the year? and do they not always disappear about the time the snow does, and do we hear the welcome Bob White until May, almost June in Massachusetts? As to partridge freezing, it should be enough to say, that if they can stand the cold of the winter just past—as I know they have about here—I think they will not freeze very soon; and I think if we are fortunate enough to live until October 15 we shall see some quail. If our city sportsmen will send us a few quail in the spring, now and then, from the South or West, I think we could furnish them with better shooting.

There are game clubs all about here, but the only signs of them we get here are dogs and guns, in season and out. Last season I had an abridgment of our game law printed and posted up where they would be seen in the pastures and fields, with the words, "All parties are warned not to violate this law on these grounds," printed in full-face type at the bottom, and it had a splendid effect, and I think it would be a good idea to have a large quantity of some such posters printed and sent out all over the country to be posted up in the game districts, as well as in post-offices and at railroad stations, etc. Who will join with me and help do it?

North Andover, Mass. G. W. Edwards.



THE LE ROY SHOT & LEAD M'F'G CO.'S PRIZE.

Presented to the New York State Sportsmen's Association, Meeting at Coney Island, June, 1881.

SUICIDES VS. ACCIDENTS.

THERE appeared a paragraph in a recent issue of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* in which it was stated that an army officer in New York advanced the somewhat plausible theory that the late General Upton's sad death at San Francisco may not have been suicide, but accident. It was alleged that the General's habit was to sleep with a loaded revolver near at hand; hence the theory that, in a dream, he may have seized his revolver in self-defence and killed himself. His fellow-soldier, naturally seeking to put the most charitable construction possible upon the particular manner of his death, is made to say: "A sleepy grasping of the murderous weapon, and doing something as the phantasmagoria of his brain was doing, a crash and a silence, and the brave heart of a man who never spared himself in duty, who never failed at any hazard to live up to his creed, was stilled in death and the world, in its wisdom of making all deeds square with given rules, gives a verdict of 'suicide' when no idea of self-slaughter ever entered the mind of the victim. I write this in the sincere conviction of its truth. Upton was too brave, too conscientious, too noble to make a coward's path out of any difficulty, and no one who knew him will believe that any distress, any apprehension could have made him seek refuge in aught but work, duty and honor."

Now I applaud that sentiment with all my heart, as all must do who knew the brave and accomplished General, whom to know was to love. I have no personal motive in defending him against the dishonoring verdict of willful self-destruction. This is not my purpose in these lines. My object is to show by two or three out of a score of incidents, of which I have positive knowledge, and for the truth of which I am prepared to vouch, how easy it is for public opinion to err in adjudging a perfectly innocent man guilty of suicide, and consigning him to the grave beneath the shadow of a great crime. In supposed suicide, as in murder, judgment should be suspended till all the facts in the case shall have been obtained, then upon the facts construst your theories, form your judgment and found your verdict', giving to the accused every reasonable doubt.

I remember well what a pall fell upon our college at New Brunswick, N. J., when one of the students came to his death by a bullet crashing through his brains from a revolver that he was toying with one day after dinner as he sat upon his bed. He fell back upon his pillow and soon died. Had he been alone how plausible would have been the theory of suicide, and how the papers of that staid old city, ever on the alert for the next sensation, would have picked it up and published it abroad to the dishonor and disgrace of the poor, unfortunate lad. But as it happened, his chum was present and saw the accident, which circumstance put to rest the theory of suicide.

It was General Upton's habit to sleep with his revolver within reach. Is it not reasonable to suppose that he might have taken it up in a casual, careless sort of way, and perhaps cocked it, and while looking it over with the muzzle toward his face, it accidentally discharged. A case of personal reminiscence to the point. One morning last August I arose at half-past four o'clock, slipped my little "Smith & Wesson" into my pistol pocket, took my bass rod and spoon and struck out for a point in the river just below the village, for the purpose of taking a few bass before breakfast. I was alone, not another soul was astir. I was fishing near a stone quarry, the refuse from which was cast down the river bank. On the slope of this bank of earth and stone-chippings I saw a slender, slick little animal, very agile in his movements from place to place, which I concluded was a weasel, though I could not tell positively, for I was quite a distance away. Taking my revolver from my pocket I fired at him several times in quick succession without effect; then I cocked again for a final display of my poor marksmanship, when it suddenly occured to me that possibly I had emptied all the chambers, and as suddenly, and very carelessly, with my revolver cocked, and my finger upon the trigger, I twisted my wrist so as to bring the revolver up into a position where I might be able to look into the chambers, which of course would naturally increase the finger's pressure upon the trigger and also place the muzzle of the barrel near the eyes. To cap the climax of my folly, finding the exposed chambers to be empty, with the revolver in the position which I have described, my first impulse was to pull the trigger, when it flashed in my mind as quick as a wink that perhaps the chamber covered by the barrel contained a cartridge, and sure enough, aiming at the weasel, I pulled the trigger and off she went. All this happened in much less time than it has taken me to tell it. You can readily understand how it could not have consumed more than five seconds at the utmost. It was simply the mind and hand and eye acting instantaneously and almost simultaneously. A thought of the mind, a turn of the hand, a glance of the eye and it was done. It was that second evil thought to which my finger on the trigger was about to respond, which came very near ending my days there alone upon the river's brink. Upon reaching home I related the circumstance to my wife; and remarked that if I had been found there dead with a bullet through my head by my own pistol, it would have been reported near and far as a case of genuine suicide, and it would have required the judgment day to undeceive the world. Where the case is involved in mystery it is better to err in the formation of our judgments, on the side of mercy, and where there is room for the construction of a theory, of sufficient plausibility to exonorate a fellow man from the guilt of so heinous a crime as self-murder, to adopt it in charity. Hix.

Muskets, Darkies and Game.—Augusta, Ga., April 7.—I beg leave to intrude on your columns to the extent of a difference of opinion with your correspondent, "Pedagogue," who, no doubt, can do better work elsewhere. And really I don't think the game's in much danger from him personally. But what I particularly object to is his license proposition.

I do not know what locality he may be in from the article of March 23d. But I wish to say that we down here in Georgia want no license law, and we want a strict enforcement of the present game laws of our State. Game is getting scarce where it was once plenty, because every vagabond negro that can get a three-dollar gun and the pot-hunting crackers are killing everything that flies.

It is useless to put up your notice of "Trespass." No attention is paid to it, and coveys on your own grounds are often trapped or driven away by the constant raids by old army muskets altered into shot guns.

If the gentleman will come down to see us in the hunting season we will do our best to amuse him. Old Sport.

In your issue of November 25, 1880, in speaking of the Arnold House, "Nessmuk" says: "Here it was that Joseph Herreshoff, after losing a princely fortune in the vain attempt to make a fortune out of the plentiful iron ore hereabout, shot himself in despair." Now the gentleman's name was Charles Frederick Herreshoff, a son-in-law of John Brown. He was a Prussian by birth and was buried in Boonville.—W. S. L.

THE SILVER LAKE STANDS AGAIN.

ONE of the prettiest little sheets of water to be found in this section is Silver Lake, or, as it was originally called, Jones River Pond. It is situated in Plymouth Co., Mass., and has been the scene of several rowing matches. A large pine grove has been cleared up on the west side of the pond by the Old Colony Railroad Company, whose road runs in close proximity to the lake and, with its picnics and boating, has proved a popular resort. Its waters are extremely deep, in some places measuring over sixty feet, and is probably fed by springs, as the flow of water from the lake is more than can possibly run into it. Its length is about three miles, while its width varies from one-half to three-fourths of a mile. Owing to its size and depth it never freezes until late and forms a resting and watering place for geese, ducks and other small water fowl. At various places, generally points, individuals have erected small houses or shanties, which in the fall are dressed over and maked with pine boughs.

It requires some capital to run one of these stands. In the first place a set of wooden decoys for geese and one for ducks are procured, those for geese being three times as large as a common gonse. These are anchored near the centre of the pond and are for the purpose of attracting the notice of any passing flock.

It takes from one to two hundred of these to make any kind of a show, and then the stand has to be supplied with live geese decoys, of which it takes from ten to fifteen to do any business. These last, if well trained, command good prices. Then about the stand there must be twenty or thirty live decoy ducks and one or two boats. But let us see them light a flock and get them within gunshot.

It is a bright day in autumn, and as we sit listening to the musical honk of the old gander fastened on the beach, the lookout announces a flock in sight. Quickly, but silently, everything is put in readiness for their reception. The bush-covered shutters on the house are drawn up, while upon a little knoll a man sits concealed, ready to throw the fly geese, which are taught to fly out, circle around and finally alight in the water. If not trained decoys, young ones are used, as they will return. As fast as these are thrown the geese decoys on the beach and in the pens set up a loud honking and, if managed rightly, seldom fail to induce the flock to alight. The wild geese generally alight some distance from shore and when the birds are wild it takes an old hand to draw them near enough to shoot. To do this the geese decoys are pushed out on the beach in front of the stand, while an occasional fly goose is tossed over. Those in the pens are separated and all the display of decoys, together with honking, is made that can be invented.

Where there is only one stand this works all right, but when two or more stands are all trying to draw one flock the strongest team and most skillful handler takes the cake. The geese near enough, each man takes his place and fires at the word given by the one in command—first a volley; afterward as you can get it in on the wing or shooting over the cripples, for, be it known, a crippled goose in the water is a hard bird to capture.

It seems unsportsmanlike to murder these unsuspecting creatures while swimming boldly in your very face and eyes, but as it is the only way they can be captured here, and as there are plenty who like it, I don't know why it is not all right. As for me, the excitement of sitting around a stand day in and day out and not getting a shot is rather thin; and when you do get a flock it is all over in fifteen minutes; and it won't do to leave the stand, for if you do a chance may be missed. I call it, upon the whole, poor sport.

We were much entertained by a discussion in FOREST AND STREAM a while ago, referring to the "Silver Lake Horror," in which the writer was fearful the geese would all be slaughtered. They need not be alarmed, for I have lived about here all my life, and all the geese killed at Silver Lake, or any other pond in this vicinity, will not seriously diminish the family of honkers. R.

AN OTTER TRAPPED.

THE extreme wariness so characteristic of this animal is too well known to the practical trapper to admit of even a passive mention, but suffice it to say they are very sensitive of the appearance of man, and will not frequent a place where he has left his scent. It is also a well-established fact that they will not partake of any bait the trapper may prepare for them, but, like the generality of the animal kingdom, have a curiosity that leads them sometimes into a very unfortunate situation.

A few mornings since as I was going the "graud rounds" on Bailey Lake, my trapping ground, I was agreeably surprised to meet with rather an uncommon occurrence. My canoe I was carelessly paddling down the outlet of the lake, visiting the traps along the shore. Floating down near a huge cypress tree, behind which a trap was set, I heard a rattling of the chain and splashing of water that convinced me that a fur-bearer—a coon, I thought—was a victim to my devices. Landing just above the tree I stepped ashore, and to my wonder and astonishment what should I see wriggling and fretting at the end of a mink trap chain—nothing more than a fine otter. It took but a moment to take in the situation. Seeing that the hold was more insecure than I liked, and under the extra excitement I was fearful he would disengage himself from his tenacious companion, so my rifle was soon brought to bear upon him. A crack, and there lay a prized treasure struggling his life out, with three toes of the right foot within the fervent clasp of a No. 1 Newhouse trap. After he was thoroughly dispatched and placed in the boat I then began to trace up the cause of the lucky capture. The torn leaves near the scene showed that the whole herd had been there, and had emerged from the water at the foot of the great cypress. The trap was at the base of the tree at the entrance of a V shaped pen, baited with a white bird's wing, and slightly submerged preparatory to taking a coon or mink. The otter having indulged sufficiently in the leaf-scratching pastime, probably took a retrospective view, resulting in the discovery of the white trap bait that so much excited his curiosity as to induce him to give it a closer inspection, and in so doing experienced the genuiness of the faithful little servant, the trap, which I esteem as a crowning effort of Uncle Sewell Newhouse as an inventor and builder of his famous trap. The uncomfortable predicament the probable leader of the herd got into gave the others such a fright that they did not pay their nocturnal visit to the lake as usual the following night. The pelt, after being hunter-handled proved to be an extraordinary skin, showing prime in quality and No. 1 in size, and can be easily classed with the usual more northern catch, so hard has been the winter.

West Point, Ark., Feb 7. B. D. CHILDRESS.

NOTES FROM DETROIT.

IN the actual active game-killing world hereabout there is nothing to record beyond the fact that ducks are catching it. The ice in the lakes and bays has surrendered, and I find on making my accustomed rounds that the Hon. Andrew Jackson, of Sault Ste. Marie, and R. S. Fay, of Boston, led by some well-known sportsmen of Detroit, among them the irrepressible, ubiquitous, enthusiastic and enormous-appetited Ed. Gillman, are gone down to Point Mouillee for a few days' fun. Nothing has been heard from them as yet, but, as I am going down myself to-morrow, I shall be able in my next to give all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a photographic, or at least a graphic, account of the party's adventures. It is the first sally of the season and we are all anxiously watching and waiting for results.

The Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club, a history of which you published a few weeks ago, held its annual meeting a day or two ago and elected Wm. C. Colburn, President; E. K. Norton and B. F. Farrington, Vice-Presidents; Fred W. Hayes, Sec., and Wm. A. McGraw, Treasurer. It was also decided at that meeting to enlarge and otherwise improve the club buildings for use during the approaching season, the idea being to make them the most attractive places of the kind in the United States. The club's finances are in excellent shape and there is no reason why its property should not be made and kept in A 1 condition.

The North Channel Shooting Club also has buildings on the St. Clair Flats. It has just elected a new set of officers as follows: President, R. D. Robinson; Vice-President, L. P. Knight; Sec., Dr. J. Lathrop; Treas., W. A. Butler, Jr. Directors—Congressman Henry W. Lord, J. P. Donaldson, Geo. M. Savage, Julius Hess and Geo. H. Lathrop. There is some quirk about this club's title to the land on which its buildings stand. It seems that the Dickinsons, who occupied it for many years, never got from the Government a patent for it, although their right to such a patent is now conceded. The present representative of the family has informed the club that if they will add him to procure the patent for the land he will let them have the use of it for club purposes at a merely nominal price. They have commissioned Congressman Lord to bull-doze the Interior Department to that end.

GIRARD.

"FLIGHT OF RIFLE BALLS."

GANSEVOORT, April 4, 1881.

IF we take the *Ipse dixit* of "C" and "D. W. Cross" as conclusive evidence upon this topic, why the whole matter is decided.

But is it decided? I think the fun is scarcely begun. The only argument employed by these gentlemen which bears upon the issue raised by Mr. Van Dyke is embodied in the following quotation: "An ounce ball or any ball fired from a rifle placed say ten feet above and exactly parallel to a horizontal plane, and the same size and weight of ball dropped from the same height at the same instant the ball fired left the muzzle of the gun, both balls will strike the plane below at the same instant of time, or if he blow a ball through the gun ten to fifty feet and drop another at the same time, both will strike the ground together. Taking this for an undisputed fact, there could be no time for the ball fired to be 'driven on a level line' and strike the ground at the same time the dropped ball does."

Now I fail to see how Mr. Cross reaches the conclusion expressed in the concluding sentence of the above quotation. That two bullets, one fired from a rifle and the other dropped from the hand, under the conditions named, will strike the ground at the same time is "an undisputed fact."

It is plain that in such case both bullets start toward the centre of gravity from a state of rest at the same time, and so long as they meet with no resistance other than the atmosphere, will continue to approach it at the same rate of speed.

It is also perfectly plain that as both start from a state of rest, if there is inertia to be overcome in one, there is the same amount of inertia to be overcome in the other. Admitting that there is inertia to be overcome by gravity before the bullets will commence to move toward the centre of gravity, it is perfectly plain that the bullet from the gun will move forward in a straight line until such inertia is overcome, when they will both begin to move toward the centre of gravity, one in a vertical line, the other in an eccentric curve. We now come to the "pint."

Does matter oppose inertia to the force of gravity at the instant the force that maintains such matter in a state of rest is removed?

Some may say that this is "splitting" very fine "hair." When it is remembered that the bullet may have an initial velocity of 3,000 feet per second, of course no means at right angles to the direction in which gravity acts, that it has no initial velocity toward the centre of gravity. I think it will be conceded that the philosophy that demonstrates the truth or fallacy of Mr. Van Dyke's assertion must necessarily be of a "hair splitting" sort.

I have been at considerable pains to decide the question for myself, and must say my experiments thus far tend to prove the fact that the bullet is "driven on a level line" for a short distance beyond the muzzle of the rifle.

What has become of Major Merrill? I for one would like to hear more from him upon this question. If he is now experimenting with the view of favoring the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM with another carefully prepared article on the subject we can afford to wait.

Mr. T. S. Van Dyke is evidently the possessor of a remarkably "level head" upon the science of gunnery. The issue upon which he now invites discussion is one which has never been clearly settled, either in theory or practice, that I am aware of. Let the "fun" go on. JOS. W. SHERTER.

AN OHIO DECISION.—The following case is reported in the Cincinnati, O., *Times-Star* of March 25:

On the 12th of last month H. J. Cain, the game dealer on Fifth street, near Vine, was cited to appear before the police court to answer a charge for exposing for sale birds, to wit: two quail which had been killed on a certain day between the 1st day of January, 1881, and the 17th day of February, 1881, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio.

Mr. T. A. Logan appeared as attorney for Mr. Cain and made the point that the quail had been killed in the State of Illinois, and that the laws of Ohio did not apply to quail killed outside of the State. Judge Wilson heard the arguments *pro.* and *con.* about a week ago and this morning gave his decision in the case as follows:

State vs. H. J. Cain. The defendant is charged with exposing to sale on February 17, 1881, quail which had been killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal. He does not deny the quail were exposed for sale, but sets up as a defense that they were killed in Illinois. Section 6,964, Revised Statutes, makes it unlawful to expose to sale quail killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal. Are quail killed in Illinois quail "killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal" within the meaning of the section?

Section 6,961, Revised Statutes, makes it unlawful for any person to kill any quail between January 1 and November 1. The section is limited in its operation to the State of Ohio; the prohibition as to time, which it contains, applies only to the State of Ohio, consequently quail killed outside of the State are not, in a legal sense, killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal in Ohio. That such is the legal meaning of the words, "killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal," is further evident from the fact that by Section 6,964 the exposure for sale during the prohibited season is made prima facie evidence that the quail were unlawfully killed within the State. The defendant will be acquitted.

A similar decision was rendered by Judge Force in case No. 30,967, Common Pleas. The cases cited (Whitehead vs. Smithers, 2. Common Pleas Division [British L. R.] 533, Phelps vs. Racey, 60, No. 3, 10, Magner vs. People, Supreme Court of Illinois, February, 1881,) are based on statutes which made the exposing for sale of quail during the prohibited season an offense irrespective of the time or place of killing.

THE NEW JERSEY LAW.—The following bill, entitled: "Senate, No. 193," introduced March 1, 1881, by Mr. Taylor, has been passed by the New Jersey Legislature. It explains itself, and we regret to see permits summer shooting the woodcock. We scarcely expected that New Jersey would fall back from the advanced position she had taken among the States that wished to protect game. The text of the bill is as follows:

An Act to amend and to partially consolidate the game laws of this State.

1—*Be it enacted* by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That from and after the passage of this act no person shall kill, take, expose for sale or have unlawfully in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any woodcock, except only between the last day of June and the first day of August, and between the last day of September and the sixteenth day of December in any year, under a penalty of fifteen dollars for each bird killed, taken, exposed for sale or had in possession contrary to the provisions of this section.

2—*And be it enacted*, That no person shall kill, take, expose for sale or have unlawfully in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any hare (commonly called rabbit), ruffed grouse (commonly called pheasant), or quail (sometimes called Virginia partridge) except only between the last day of October and the last day of December in any year, under a penalty of fifteen dollars for each rabbit, grouse or quail killed, taken, exposed for sale or had in possession contrary to the provisions of this section.

3—*And be it enacted*, That the penalties imposed by this act may be sued for and recovered with costs of suit, in an action of debt, by any person before any judge of any city district court in or justice of the peace of the county wherein such offence shall have been committed, or in any county wherein such offender may reside or be apprehended; two-thirds of such penalty money shall be for the benefit of the person prosecuting the same, and the remaining one-third shall be paid to the collector of the township wherein the offence shall have been committed, for the township; and in case the defendant in any suit shall neglect or refuse to pay the amount recovered against him or her, it shall be lawful for the judge or justice before whom judgment has been obtained, to issue his process against the body of the defendant, and he shall cause him to be committed to the jail of the county in which the offence was committed until the judgment and costs are paid, the imprisonment, however, not to exceed sixty days from the date of such commitment.

4—*And be it enacted*, That all laws now existing relative to the preservation of game treated of in this act be, and the same are so far as the same are inconsistent with this act but no farther, hereby repealed.

5—*And be it enacted*, That this act shall be taken to be a public act and shall take effect immediately.

SNARED QUAIL IN NEW JERSEY.—Your correspondent recently had a long conversation with a prominent gentleman from Burlington County, N. J., relative to the preservation and protection of game in his county and learned from him that in each town along the coast—Tuckerton, Parkertown, Manahawkin, West Creek and Barnegat—there are parties who purchase from the farmer's boys all the quail snared or trapped by them, and that very many birds have been thus destroyed this season. He remarked to the writer that it would be a very simple matter for the West Jersey Game Protective Association to send to those parts coming under their jurisdiction one of their detectives who could in seas n always find snared quail in the possession of these dealers. There is a law against the snaring of quail in the five lower counties of New Jersey and these dealers know it. By making an example of one or two of the leading ones, my informant feels sure, will correct the evil. Let the West Jersey Game Protective Society begin at Tuckerton when the time comes.

The passage of the law two or three years since prohibiting fishing by seines in Tuckerton and Barnegat Bays in certain seasons of the year has had a marked effect. Almost any one can now enjoy line fishing and the summer watering season at Long Beach and Beach Haven have become famous to the angler.—HOMO.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN GEORGIA—Bainbridge, Ga., March 3.—Little do your sportsmen dream of the glorious fun to be had in this part of the country. Our county—Decatur—alone would furnish sport of this kind to hundreds of sportsmen yearly without diminishing the number of the birds. Last week myself and two companions left our law offices at eight o'clock, went five miles from town, commenced hunting at half-past nine, stopped an hour for dinner, ceased hunting at four and bagged seventy-five quail—killing every one of them on the wing. Pretty good for lawyers! During the same week, a few days subsequent to our hunt, three sportsmen bagged one hundred and eleven. The dogs used by both parties were untrained, and their conduct in the field unbecoming good hunters.

Ours is mostly an open, piny wood country. The birds range at large and do not confine themselves to fields, hence their great numbers. We have a pleasant town, a climate that is genial and healthy, and would be glad to welcome our Northern sporting friends, with their well-trained dogs and fine guns, to join us in our winter sports. Should they come we are confident they will repeat the visit. Besides quail, there are deer, turkeys, wild ducks and squirrels in abundance.—O. G. G.

HAY BAY GAME PROTECTION CLUB.—We are happy to be able to chronicle the formation of this club, as reported in the Belleville (Canada) *Daily Intelligencer:* "Some months ago we announced that steps were being taken to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter of ducks on Hay Bay, which from being the greatest resort of waterfowl in this region had of late years been almost deserted by the feathered tribes on account of the operations of pot hunters and so-called 'sportsmen' whose only object seemed to be to kill as many birds as possible. Some fifty persons, chiefly residents along the bay, together with a few sporting gentlemen of Napanee, petitioned the Ontario Government for a lease of the marshes

and flats from the eastern extremity to a road known as No. 1 road, which includes all the best shooting grounds. This lease has been granted, and the company will be organized within a short time The company intend to allow shooting on three days of the week only; they will enforce the necessary restricti ns to prevent poaching on their property, and will encourage game to resort thither by sowing a large quantity of wild rice, which though formerly abundant, had of late years become very scarce. Licenses will be granted to others than the members of the club. It is to be regretted that such action has become necessary, but the residents of the district have only resorted to this measure of self-protection as a last resort."

NEW YORK—West Sparta, March 26.—I wish to tell you of a queer marked squirrel I shot last fall. His back was red from his shoulders to his tail; his sides and tail were of the common gray color; his belly, legs, neck and head were black; its weight was thirty-three ounces.

The game of all kinds has wintered in good condition except quail, of which there are very few to be seen this spring. We hope the bill mentioned in your last issue in reference to giving a bounty on foxes, owls and hawks will become a law. They are very numerous in this section and not very wild. While away from home one day last December my wife heard a rumpus among the poultry, and upon going out to see what was the trouble she saw that a large hawk had caught one of the fowls and was doing his best to kill it. She tried to drive him off, going within a few feet of him, but he did not scare worth a cent. She then went to the house, took down my breech-loader, fitted a shell to it, went out and shot the "varmint," killing him instantly. The distance was a trifle over five rods, and it was the first time she ever fired a gun. With the revolver, however, she is quite an expert.—SPARTAN.

TAUNTON SPORTSMAN'S CLUB —The officers of the Taunton (Mass.) Sportsman's Club for the ensuing year are: President, James A. Woodward; Vice President, N. S. Williams; Secretary, R. W. Townsend; Treasurer, H. D. Atwood; Executive Committee, W. D. Tripp, C. E. Richmond, A. B. Hodges. The Executive Committee of the club concludes its annual report with the following bit of verse descriptive of rabbit shooting:

> When from the ancient peg whereon it hangs
> The old fusee some truant boy takes down,
> And slopes at once to scape parental frown,
> And seeks the nearest wood. Though loudly bangs
> The door he left ajar—a startling sound
> To those who dream within—he nothing heeds,
> But whistling gaily on his way proceeds,
> While slowly after limps the aged hound.
> But when he finds a scent that leads him on
> To heaps of brush, and pokes therein his nose,
> And out the rabbit scuds, the sight renews
> The strength of youth decrepitude is gone:
> He loudly roars, and swiftly then pursues,
> Until the gun the quarry's flight doth close.

CHENEVUS, April 3.—I was out upon three pieces of woodcock ground with my two dogs and put up more birds than at any one spring day in many years. The only theory I can give for such an occurrence is on a count of so much snow that the birds have to keep more together in the small places that are open for feelings.

I took an April fool trip by trying to catch a trout or a basket of them, with the snow banks three or more feet deep along the creek and the atmosphere so cold I could hardly hold my fall. Why does not the committee include skunks in their bill with hawks and foxes, etc.? They are as destructive to bird's nesting as any animal in this country.—D. C.

MOTTVILLE, N. Y —Foxes are unusually plenty here this spring, some fifteen having been killed in the past three months. I believe partridges would be plenty here if skunks and hawks could be exterminated. There were very few partridges killed here last fall. The cold weather began so early and was so severe that there was little pleasure in hunting them. Have seen them in goodly numbers while fox-hunting, and other hunters report seeing them daily now. I believe there is a general feeling of respect for the game laws in this vicinity, and consequently but few birds are killed out of season. Some pirates were robbing our lake (Skaneateles) of trout last fall. They did not reside in this vicinity. F. A. S.

APOLLO, Penn., April 4.—If we do live in the backwoods we have our setters and fox hounds of the finest strains and plenty of game. Pheasants, quail, woodcock, squirrels and rabbits were all plenty last fall, and the gunners were always seen coming home after a day's sport with a good lot of game. The winter has been very severe on the game. Farmers have told me of seeing rabbits frozen dead in their nests. Quail have fared better than the rabbits. I think there will be plenty. Readers of your paper will find a lively little village on Harry White's canal boat stream, and also Mr. Joseph Lewis and the subscriber with their fine stock of pointers and setters to pilot them.—G. STITT.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Fish and Game Protective Association was held at its rooms last week. The report of the Treasurer showed that $788.40 had been received during the past year, and $569.88 had been expended.

THE LONDON SOCIETY—London, Ont., April 5.—I inclose you two clippings from our local paper to show that London District Fish, Game and Insectivorous Birds Protective Society is still in existence and means business. In another ten days I hope to have our annual meeting, and trust that the secretary's report will be able to show that we have succeeded in our undertaking.—J. S. NIVEN.

CANADA.—St. Clair Fla's, April 1.—Mr. N. was at Big Point the other day. It is all frozen up except three open places. The holes are full of geese and ducks. He killed twenty-two redheads and two geese in two hours. The geese were hard hit and went to the St. Clair Lake, where the ice is still two feet thick. He followed them, but they flew again, and he thought the best plan was to leave them until morning, but when he went next day he found two eagles had secured them. There is good sleighing this morning.—W.

HAWK AND OWL ASSOCIATION.—The sportsmen of Washington county, Pa., have been so successful in their efforts to diminish the supply of hawks and owls in the county that they have organized a permanent society known as the Hawk and Owl Association, the object of which is to offer suitable rewards for the destruction of vermin. This is a most excellent movement and promises much practical good. The president of the society is Mr. Thomas McKeen, of Claysville; the treasurer, Mr. J. S. Margerum.

VAIL—Iowa, March 30.—I find from observation and inquiry that about sixty per cent. of the quail in this section have weathered the blast. Ruffed grouse are as thick as spatter and as fat as butter. They have had a regular picnic this winter as there is fully one half of the corn crop standing in the field yet, which has also helped to save our quail. Three beavers have been shot within a short distance of town this spring They were driven out of their quarters by the spring freshet.—E. B. B.

DUCK SHOOTING IN NEW YORK.—If any of your readers inquire for a good place for duck shooting near the city tell them to address Captain E. N. Danes, Sayville, Long Island. The captain is a jolly good fellow with lots of decoys and no end of willingness to oblige. His charges are the most reasonable of any that I have experienced in a considerable experience in shooting on the Long Island and New Jersey coasts.—R. T. M

MANCHESTER SHOOTING CLUB.—The Manchester Shooting Club, of Manchester, N. H., is in a flourishing condition, and is growing apace. The officers are: President, Benj. F. Clarke; Vice-President, George F. Elliot; Treasurer, Lewis K. Mead; Secretary, Arthur E. Clarke; Executive Committee, Moses Wadleigh, George E. Morrill, Horace Tobey.

THE TORONTO GUN CLUB IS one of the most active sportsmen's associations of Canada. We are in receipt of its constitution and by-laws, which show the club to be in possession of admirable rules. We bespeak for the Toronto Club a long lease of harmonious prosperity.

OHIO, Cleveland, April 2.—I was out last Monday and found a woodchuck's nest with four eggs, all spoiled. Now the snow is three feet deep over the eggs, the deepest snow of the season. No snipe could live here yet. J. C.

INFORMATION WANTED.—F. M P. wants to know the nearest locality to Chicago, Ill., where good squirrel shooting can be had.

We should be glad to learn where beaver tails for eating can be obtained in any quantity, either fresh or pickled. Will some of our trapper correspondents let us hear from them on this point.

NEW YORK.—Hornellsville, April 4.—Many grouse have been frozen or starved. The snow in the woods near this city is still four feet deep.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

WILD PIGEONS.—We have received several inquiries regarding the whereabouts of wild pigeons, and we shall esteem it a favor if our correspondents will advise us on the subject.

PHOENIXVILLE, Pa., has a new game association which is to restock that vicinity with quail.

A good cartridge-belt is a desideratum in the sportsman's outfit. Such a belt is advertised elsewhere by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. The Mills belt possesses some important advantages over all others, and intending purchasers of a belt should inquire into its merits.

$25 in Doctor's visits will do you less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters.

Sea and River Fishing.

There is the Fussy Angler, a great bore; of course you will shun him. The "Snob" Angler who speaks confidently on a slight capital of skill or experience. The Greedy, Pushing Angler, who rushes ahead and half fishes the water, leaving those who follow in doubt as to whether he has fished a pool or rift carefully, or slurred it over in his haste to reach some well-known place down the stream before his companions. The company of these, the quiet, careful angler will avoid.—THAD NORRIS.

BOOK OF THE BASS.—Dr. Henshall's book on the fresh water bass is about ready for the press as per advertisement in another column. This book has been long talked of and will no doubt meet with a large sale. Since the first announcement that such a book was in preparation we have received numerous inquiries concerning it, showing that much interest was taken in it by our readers.

THE GREEN RIVER TROUT PRESERVES.

At this season of the year New York trout fishermen naturally turn their steps toward Long Island, indeed the streams of Pennsylvania and other inland resorts are not inviting when there is more ice than clear water.

The *Graphic* gave the other day a list of names of gentlemen who are expected to open the trout season at Blooming Grove Park on the 15th inst., but that is too early for Pennsylvania. May 15th is about right there.

By invitation of E. R. Wilbur, Esq., a parti carree, Messrs. Austin, Giles, Avery and Wilbur, the latter a part owner of the Green River stream, noted for its salt water trout, reached the grounds on the evening of the fourth of April.

On the way down by the 4 P. M., train, (one hour and thirty-five minutes to Sayville,) they passed and inspected from the car windows, the Lorillard Place, South Side Club House grounds, and ponds, W. K. Vanderbilt's elegant country seat, a palatial mansion with ornamental grounds, Stellenwerf's trout ponds, etc., expecting to see crowds of members out in force whipping the streams and ponds, but only one solitary piscator was seen, hip deep in a stumpy pond, presumably taking liver-fed caricatures of the *Salmo fontinalis*.

At Sayville we were met by the spanking team of our host and whirled through the town entering the grounds by an ornamental gateway, the fence extending on both sides along the highway.

We pass a comfortable farm house which serves for the lodge, then past meadows and fields through an avenue of oaks, between whose trunks we catch glimpses of the blue South Bay, glistening with white caps under a stiff northwester, and draw up in front of a comfortable mans on with broad piazzas on all sides, and handsome stables in the rear, also graperies, ornamental shrubbery, cedar hedges and fruit trees, in fact a charming summer retreat for the overworked man of business,

Captain Brown who is in charge of the premises extends a hospitable hand and we are soon enjoying the grateful glow of a coal fire in the library before dinner is served.

During the evening, spent as becomes sportsmen, in fishing and hunting reminiscences, frequent observations are taken of the weather, with poor prospects for a good day on the morrow. The crescent moon shines with a steely light and a cold, keen, bitter wind manufactured to order by Vennor, in the far north-west, sweeps over the flat landscape with ominous howls and moanings.

The morning is but a continuation of last nights "blizzard," the temperature lower, and as we venture forth with rods, reels and creels, and approach the stream, we find the ditches in the meadow frozen hard, but the stream is open and we commence casting. With numb fingers "all thumbs" in marine parlance, it requires all one's patience to cast in the teeth of the wind. I am standing on a tussock in a bog, it shakes and I leap for another, alas I missit by an inch, and instead of landing on terra firma my right leg plumps to the knee in ooze and water, my boot is full of both. A bad beginning, I think, as on one leg, with the other raised horizontally, the water runs out of my rubber boot.

But "misery loves company" and for my consolation just then a gust carries Giles' black Derby like a wounded crow skimming over the pond a hundred yards away, where it slowly sinks. Soon Wilbur is seen pulling off from shore in a ducking skiff which he with difficulty guides with a long pole. He says he can get the hat, but he can't reach us against the wind; just then a puff comes, the boat gyrates, horror! she is over, no she rights with W. sitting safely on the bottom of the boat clutching a dripping hat.

Meanwhile one hatless and the other wet, we wend our way toward the house, both having had enough, we think, of fisherman's luck and trouting in April.

But what is this? We see Austin making tracks toward the house across the meadow where he has been industriously whipping the stream. He soon reappears with a new tip, he broke his on a "big one." Hope rises, we follow him back to the stream in the meadow.

"Try there," he says, "on this side in that deep hole under the bank where the current wears into the clay bank. Ah! I have him—a beauty of three-quarter pound—no white liver-fed idler, but a genuine wild sea trout just in from the Great South Bay, which is only a few hundred yards distant.

Soon Austin hooks another, and with the skill of an adept he guides the lively fellow along the bank, up and down, across and back again, the rod thrills under the strain, and I stand forgetful of my tackle to watch the result. At last he is landed and flopping among the reeds and grass just in time, though another spurt would have separated the bit of muscle on the upper jaw already torn by the hook. It is a beauty (speckled, of course), of about twelve ounces, and he takes his place with others in the creel.

The Green River we are fishing, rushes out over a sandy beach into the bay where lie many cat boats at anchor. Austin proposes that we cross the stream at the beach on a convenient timber, and fish up stream again which will bring the wind in our favor. As I linger behind the others Wilbur appears, having strolled out from the house, and with the experience of a veteran fisherman he points out a particular spot to cast, just below an old boat which lies diagonally across the stream. Hardly does the line straighten on the water when a big black fellow darts from under the boat never to return. After a hard tussle he is gasping on the shore and, after a smart blow on the head is transferred to the creel. This trout was caught within a stone's throw of salt water, and had probably run in from the bay quite recently. Another cast was rewarded by another fine fish from under the same boat.

Our success in fishing up stream did not warrant longer delay. It was also too cold for fishing with comfort. I took a one-pounder from a deep hole under a clay bank, and Austin had a strike, but failed to hook the fish, and we soon adjourned to the house *nem con* where, sheltered from the wind on the grass, we laid ten fine fish for the inspection of Capt. Brown.

The other gentlemen returned from a stroll among the oaks on the bay shore, and we drank a toast to the success of the Green River preserve.

I should not forget that our host in the true fishcultural spirit brought down twenty German carp of small size which he put into a pond, one of several new ponds which his men are excavating on the meadow.

After dinner with a menu somewhat fishcultural, including huitres salees de Blue Point and Haut Sauterne, we rolled comfortably to the station and took the 4 P M. train for the city, allowing a few favored friends a peep into our creels.

The delicacy of those salmon, pink salt water trout, when boiled, is not the least agreeable memory of this trip. J. A.

SALMON FISHING ON THE PENOBSCOT RIVER.

RECEIVING information that salmon were being taken on the East Branch of the Penobscot River, near Hunt's Farm, we organized a party, consisting of the writer, George B., and Howard L. Brown, Dr. E. Lewis Sturtivant, of Framingham, R L. Davis, Boston, and S. B. Gates, of Winn, Me., and were taken in charge by Alex. McCavin, of Mattewamkeag. Leaving Winn the 28th of June—some of us up river in canoes, the others *via* road connecting at Medway, twelve miles above, at junction of East and West Branch, from which place we started at 4 P. M. in seven canoes—we made our first camp on Fisk Farm, four miles above Medway. If any one follows our plan we would advise them to make camp at Second House, as it is much better located. Next morning, getting an early start, we soon arrived at Rocky Rips, where we caught a few small trout and our first salmon, about eight inches long, at the entrance of Meadow Brook, noted for good fishing early in the season. Passing over Rocky Rips without carry next we came to Grindstone Falls at noon, which we were obliged to carry three-quarters of a mile, over a very good path on the left side of river. (Below the main fall I raised a salmon on our return, opposite a large spring.) Our second camp was made near the head of the falls.

Next morning, breaking up camp at 7 o'clock and passing over smooth water two miles, our attention was called to Mud Brook, entering the river on our right, where trout are found and taken in May and June. Nearing Bear Rip we found another trout stream on the left side, from which Mr. George Brown took three dozen very quickly. Overtaking the party at Whetstone Falls in time for lunch at noon, here we relieved the canoe of baggage, enabling the guides to push over the falls, we making the carry on the right side, distance one-half mile. Again loading up we made the next two miles to Hunt's farm over smooth water. The farm is

located on the east side of the river, thirty-five miles by road from Winn, and about same distance by river. The clearing is in good grass land and is beautifully located. The western view is very fine, one of the best we had on the river—Hunt's mountain and extensions in the background. There is quite a pool near the house, formed by the waters coming together after being separated by an island, the heaviest water making a sharp turn, forming the pool, in which we were informed the salmon were continually leaping during the months of July and August Half a mile above is a splendid pool, at the junction of the Wassatiquirk stream, which enters from the west, rising in the vicinity of Mount Katahdin, fifteen miles distant, to which there is a passable road following the valley of this stream. This is the salmon stream of the vicinity, and salmon will be taken from it next season by the visiting fishermen, also good trouting at any proper season.

The pool at this junction was netted every evening this season, from the arrival of the salmon up to July 15, and it was reported that over 600 fish were taken from it, weighing from nine to twenty-eight pound each. Thirteen was the largest number netted any one night from this pool while we were in camp.

Mr. Davis, while carelessly drawing the fly along one evening, had a salmon rise to it, but missed, after which we whipped the pool an hour, without success; same evening the net took out seven, weighing 142 pounds. A few rods up the Wassatiquirk there is another nice pool and a good cast. Dr. Sturtivant found three salmon in it one morning and succeeded in raising them twice. The same evening, giving them another trial, they came for the fly, but missed. (I will say here that Dr. Sturtivant never yet had the pleasure of handling a salmon with rod and reel, but proposes to realize the feeling in the near future.)

Going up the river from this point we found smooth water three miles to Sabovis stream, said to be a salmon stream, but we did not examine it. One of our party reported seeing three salmon at the Junction, but did not give them any attention. Seven miles above the Hunt place we found a pond in the river and a nice pool for fish at the lower end. Above the pond is three or four miles of rapid water. After pushing over it we arrived at Cold Spring Brook, where we found exciting sport with trout, taking all we wanted in a very short time. There is a good camping place here; good, cool spring water near. We noticed only one salmon in the pool on our return. One mile above this we made camp at foot of Bowline Falls; found Hulling Machine Falls, which joins Bowline, about half a mile, with strong water between. At foot of Hulling Machine Falls found good trout-fishing and a good salmon pool at head of Bowline Falls.

Howard Brown and myself, with our guides, visited Grand Falls, which we were informed was the largest of any on this branch. We found it quite imposing—think about fifty feet fall—and a nice fishing point at proper stage of water. On our return from Grand Falls we broke up camp, arriving at Hunt's farm the same evening. Our party then decided to return to Winn next day and, starting at 7 A. M., we arrived at the Katahdin House at 5 P. M.

I can see but one reason why we did not succeed in taking salmon, which is this, that we met a rise in the water the second day out at Grindstone Falls, caused by opening of the gate of dam at Molunkus Lake, giving us the benefit of some thirty miles' surface water, for which we must wait until it run off and gets down to the natural stage.

Any party wishing to visit the East Branch and try for salmon can receive reliable information when the water is at proper level for fishing by writing to S. B. Gates, Winn, Me., who will procure guides and necessary camping articles also conveyance to the Hunt farm. To go by road leave Winn on arrival of morning train from Bangor, arrive at Hunt's place early in the evening, over a good road to Sherman, thence six miles not so good, but passable for light carriages or you can go over the same route by the daily stage to Hunt's, buy your ticket from Boston to Mattewamkeag, and check baggage to Winn, where you will find good accommodations at the Katahdin House.

We visited Gordon Falls on the Mattewamkeag River, three miles above the village, and found salmon leaping below the falls. The commissioners propose putting in a fishway the present season at this fall which will make another salmon stream for fishing. Since writing the above we received information that H. L. Leonard, of Bangor, took the first salmon this season with the fly near the Hunt place which would establish the fact of salmon taking the fly on East Branch; also, Mr. Gates informs me he has secured the possession of the Hunt clearing, and will put the buildings in repair comfortable for fishermen. C. H. B.

PENOBSCOT SALMON.—A statement that has been going the rounds of the newspapers in regard to taking salmon with a fly in Penobscot River requires some correction lest parties be misled thereby. It purports to be a quotation from the annual report of the Maine Fish Commissioners for 1880, but its meaning was misapplied. Reference was therein made to taking Penobscot salmon with a fly, it is true, but those salmon had first been caught in weirs and then placed in a pond near Bucksport, where they were confined for purposes of fish culture, and it was from this pond that the fish mentioned were taken with a fly and not from the river. Some six hundred or more salmon were in this small pond where they had been kept many weeks without food other than such insects as nature supplied.

The statement in regard to the number of salmon caught in 1879 and in 1880 in the Penobscot referred solely to fish caught by means of nets and by professional fishermen. So far as is known but a single salmon was taken with a fly in the Penobscot River last year, although several parties of rod fishermen visited the east branch and other portions of the river for the express purpose of fishing for salmon; but their time, money and patience were spent in vain, and they returned without a fish, although they had many bites—from flies and mosquitoes. There was a single exception among the many failures. Mr. H. L. Leonard, with a persistency worthy of greater success, made repeated trips to the upper waters of the Penobscot for the purpose of catching a salmon and did succeed in catching one fish. This fact was considered an event so unusual as to merit publication, and that solitary salmon was the only one recorded as taken with a fly. Nor does this river afford good trout fishing as compared to smaller streams, although some of its lesser tributaries abound with small trout; the river itself does not, owing, probably, to the warmth of the water, until one reaches the very uppermost sources.

He who seeks the Penobscot for good fishing—for salmon or for trout—is likely to reap as little reward as did the writer upon two trips made for that purpose. An occasional fish may be taken by an expenditure of time and means such as would afford some dozens elsewhere.—SAMADA.

NEW FISH LAW IN NEW JERSEY.—The following law, entitled An Act for the protection of fish, was recently passed by the Legislature of New Jersey:

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That it shall not be lawful to cast or draw any seine or net of a mesh of smaller size than four and one-half inches in the Delaware River above the foot of Trenton Falls, between the first day of April and the fifteenth day of June in each year; and it shall not be lawful to cast or draw any seine or net in said river above the foot of Trenton Falls between the fifteenth day of June and the first day of November in any year, excepting small mesh nets used for the purpose of catching bait, and known as minnow nets

2. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful to take at any time in any of the waters under the jurisdiction of this State, any black bass or Oswego bass, with any contrivance or device, excepting with hook and line, in the manner commonly known as angling or with scroll, spoon or artificial bait, in the manner usually known as trolling; nor shall it be lawful to place any set lines in the waters of this State inhabited by black bass, Oswego bass, landlocked salmon, salmon trout or brook trout.

3. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful for any person to take from any of the waters under the jurisdiction of this State any black bass, or Oswego bass, before the first day of July, nor after the first day of November in any year.

4. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful to place any fyke nets in any of the waters under the jurisdiction of this State before the fifteenth day of June, nor after the tenth day of August; and it shall not be lawful at any time to place fyke nets at the confluence of any wing-dams in any of the streams in this State.

5. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful for any person to place in any of the streams of this State, which are runways of migratory fish, shingles or other devices, to frighten the said fish, or deter them from ascending the said streams on their way to their spawning grounds

6. And be it enacted, That when any of the lakes, ponds or streams in this State have been stocked with game or food fishes by the Commissioners of Fisheries of this State at the public expense it shall be unlawful to take fish from any of the said waters for the term of three years from the date of such stocking.

7. And be it enacted, That the penalty for the violation of any of the provisions of this act shall be twenty-five dollars for each offence; and it shall be the duty of the fish wardens of the several counties of this State to cause the removal and destruction of any of the appliances herein forbidden, and the arrest and prosecution of any offenders against the provisions of this act.

8. And be it enacted, That nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent the Commissioners of fisheries of this State to take or to have taken under their direction fish from any of the waters of this State, at any time, for purposes connected with the performance of their duties.

9. And be it enacted, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby abrogated and repealed; and this act shall take effect immediately.

BLACK BASS OUT OF WATER.—I have been reading up the stories of carp living out of water for twelve hours or more, and believe that the black bass will exist just as well when twelve hours out of the water. Yes, and I would be prepared to back him to do the same at the end of twenty-four hours, provided the bagging is kept wet. Now for my fish story. Last October I went to Linden, ten miles above here, to fish for black bass. The first caught was a two-pounder, hooked and landed by a nephew of mine, a boy fourteen years of age, and being his first fish he was rather proud of it. The boy and I fished all day, from 8½ A. M. till 6 P. M., the two-pounder being all this time the first fish on the string. We quit fishing at dark, jerked the string of fish over the side into the boat, rowed two miles to Linden, carried the string of fish to the hotel, left them on the porch over one hour, when they were tossed into the wagon and we drove home. The porter takes the string of fish—about ninety nice ones—shows them all around to the ladies and gentlemen and places them on a slab in a cool storeroom. About half-past nine some ladies, anxious to see the string, went to the store, and while they were examining and admiring, I slipped the boy's first catch off, and while I was explaining to them how neatly the boy made the first land, Mr. Bass flopped out of my hand on to the floor, and I picked him up and took to a fountain, where he lived till I had to dry up the outside water works. Seeing the whole affair I can vouch for it, and should you ever tell the story and an unbeliever say "Jonah!" and if he is a good fellow and the friend of all good fellows, just consign him to me next September and I will take pleasure in giving ocular demonstration.

Williamsport, Pa. MOD.

SALMON FISHING IN IRELAND.—The Shannon, Castleconnell, March 18.—The fishing season opened here on February 1, and up to the present has not been bad, in fact better than it has been for a few years past, considering that we never look forward to fishing with much chance of success before 20th of this month (March) after a succession of floods and rising water during February. The river is now settling down to good fishing order.

Mr. Henry Hodges' fishermen on the Doonass fishery Feb. 11, one salmon 13 lbs.; 16th one salmon, 20 lbs.; 22d, one salmon 32 lbs.; March 4, one salmon, 14 lbs.; Mr Henry Hodges, March 11 one salmon 17 lbs; Mr. I Muller's fishermen on the Newgarden Fishery, Feb. 12, one salmon, 16 lbs; 28th, one salmon, 12 lbs.; Mr J. Muller, March 16, one salmon. 13 lbs; 17th, one salmon, 17 lbs. The fishermen on the Prospect and Landscape Fishery, Feb. 28, one salmon, 11 lbs.; March 12, one salmon, 16 lbs.; Mr. I. E. H. Orr, Royal Artillery, on Mr. E. T. Ingham's preserves, March 15, one salmon, 21 lbs.; Captain Vansittart's fishermen on the Hermitage Fishery, Feb. 12, one salmon, 14 lbs; 16th one salmon, 16 lbs. Captain Vansittart, March 17, two salmon, 25 and 19 lbs. Mr. Richard Bourke Jr., on same fishery, Feb. 28, two salmon, 22 and 14 lbs. Colonel John Vandeleur on the Irinas Fishery, Feb. 26, one salmon, 33 lbs.

JOHN ENRIGHT & SON

A NEEDED LAW IN ARIZONA.—An Act to prevent the destruction of fish.

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Arizona:

Section 1. From and after the passage of this act it shall be unlawful for any person to take, kill or destroy any fish in any river, creek, lake, pond, spring or stream of water in the territory by the means or use of giant powder or cartridges, or any explosive substance.

Sec. 2. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not more than $300, or by imprisonment in the County Jail not exceeding three months, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 3. One-half of all fines collected under and by virtue of this act shall be paid to the informant or informants who shall have caused the arrest and conviction of the person or persons offending, the right of such claimant thereto appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, and the other half shall be paid into the County Treasury as the fines collected for misdemeanors.

Sec. 4. All acts or parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 5. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage

Approved February 3, 1881.

(Signed) J. C. FREMONT,
Governor Territory of Arizona.

THE BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE—Moira, N. Y.—I have just had an opportunity to examine Stoddard's new map and guide book for the Adirondack region. The map is a very good one, and shows up the northwest portion of the wilderness or St. Regis Rivers district better than any map I have seen before, although he has given some of the ponds wrong names, or different ones from the ones they are known by here. His book makes no mention of the Blue Mountain House, but he mentions a house which he calls the Forest House, by C. A. Merrill. I never heard of a house by that name. I have known Mr. Merrill several years and that he lived in a small house near the Blue Mountain House, and also that he occasionally went with parties of sportsmen as guide and sometimes had one or two residents from other portions of the county. The Blue Mountain House, on the contrary, is a large two story building; Mr. Phelps, the proprietor, keeps a span of horses and a spring-seat wagon to carry his guests to the station, if they should wish it. He has several good boats on the level and others at ponds in the vicinity, two or three good hounds, and the best partridge dog I know of, also tents and camping outfit, etc. The table is as good as at any house where the charges are moderate.

I am in no way interested in the Blue Mountain House or its proprietor. I always camp out and take along my own provisions, tent, boat, etc., when I go to the woods. I only write this to explain why I have not mentioned a house for the accommodation of sportsmen in my letters to the FOREST AND STREAM, and also to numerous sportsmen in describing that locality. ALBERT CORNISH.

CANNED MEATS.—In your issue of March 31, under the heading "What Supplies Shall We Take With Us," you ask for the names of reliable dealers in canned goods. I was in the employ of Wm. Underwood & Co., of Boston, for five years and think their goods will be found reliable. The statement concerning the sheep and cattle is rather tough, but I can't say it surprises me much. I suppose there are few trades in which fraud can be more successfully practiced than in the canned goods trade. Nine times in ten the label sells the goods. Canning dried corn and peas which have first been soaked, and then selling them as "fresh" corn and peas is one of the most common frauds.

I mention the above concern simply because I have had some experience with them There are good and reliable concerns in most of the large cities, and canned goods can be bought which are all they are represented to be. In making a selection I would say use common sense and do not buy goods which are selling at prices below the cost of honest manufacture A few cents a can saved will ill repay one for the loss of a meal, especially when out of reach of stores. As a rule cheap goods are dear at any price. SIALIA.

RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.—New York, April 4, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The canned meats, fruits and vegetables of Richardson & Robbins, the fruits and table delicacies of Gordon & Dilworth, and the Monticello brand of chow-chow, gerkins, etc., can always be depended on as being of the best quality.—T.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, April 4.—With the exception of snipe, our shooting season is over, until August, when doves become plentiful, the shooting of which is much liked by sportsmen about here. Snipe have been unusually scarce, owing, doubtless, to the bad weather. Messrs. Breyer and Legler were the most successful in their bags of the many who went out, yet they never got more than ten or twelve to each gun.

The "German Carp" imported to this State about two years ago, form the subject of conversation among our fishermen on account of their wonderful growth, and the fact of their spawning at the early age of one year. That there can be no doubt of the fact, a female, one year old, was taken from the pond at the asylum grounds, which contained a roe as large as a man's hand. The superintendent, Dr. Callender, is the authority for the above and the statement that there are thousands of carp fry in the same pond. John Burkholz, a native of Bavaria, Germany, living here, told me that in a carp pond on his father's farm the year old females spawned: from this the three-year old theory would ply only to very cold countries.—J. D. H.

WE HAVE RECEIVED a copy of the new illustrated catalogue for the season of 1881, published by Messrs. Conroy Bissett & Malleson, 65 Fulton street, N. Y. It contains, besides the price list, a great deal of valuable information to the angler and camper-out and is very fully illustrated. The directions for selecting tackle are so explicit that the beginner cannot make any mistake in ordering his goods, and the well-known reputation of this house, established since 1830, is sufficient guarantee that everthing sold will be of the best. This catalogue, arranged by Mr. W. Holberton, has been published at great expense, and is furnished at the nominal price of 15 cents, which amount will be returned to customer ordering tackle.

BASS FISHING IN MICHIGAN.—I fully agree with U. S. S. in regard to placing a minnow on the hook for bass. We fish here in Michigan almost always with the live minnow hooked as U. S. S. describes or hooked only through the under lip. The fishing for bass has been tried but little here, but there are many anglers myself among the number, who wish to test it thoroughly the coming season. Our bass are very gamy, and I see no reason why we cannot have fine sport with the fly.—A. P. S.

A POISONED TROUT STREAM.—Our correspondent, "J. M. B.," writing from Sullivan County, N. Y., says that an oil

pipe of six inches in diameter crosses the head waters of two of the principal trout streams in the town of Eldred in that county, and the pipe leaks and no doubt will poison the fish far below. The best trout fishing is five miles below the pipe at present, but it bids fair to be entirely destroyed.

THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.—Wm. Mills & Son, fishing tackle dealers, 7 Warren street, N. Y. city, offer a Leonard "Catskill rod," which promises to be one of the lightest trout rods ever made. It will be gold mounted and of split bamboo. The same firm offers also one of their rubber click reels filled with their best enameled water proof silk line.

TROUT FISHERMAN.

Can learn of a rare opportunity for purchasing a small farm in a charmingly healthy and respectable locality within an hour of New York city, by rail, on which are several powerful, overflowing and never-failing or diminishing springs of delightful clear, cool water suitable for making a large pond, at very small expense, for propagating and angling of trout and other fish of like nature, by addressing "Angler," Box 28, Newark, N. J., Post Office. Excellent orchard, grazing and fine farm house on premises.

Fish Culture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

THE tenth annual meeting convened pursuant to call at the Hall of the Fulton Market Fish Monger's Association on Wednesday, March 30, at 11 A. M., President Roosevelt in the chair. The minutes were read and approved. A letter of regret was read from Mr. Samuel Webber, Commissioner of New Hampshire. Mr. Blackford then read the following letter from Mr. Geo. Shepard Page, Vice-President of the Association, dated at London, England, March 14:

"As you are aware, there is to be a fishing exhibition at Norwich, England, Easter week, and Mr. Huxley will read a paper there on the herring family. In all his magnificent collection of fishes he has no shad. I have urged him to introduce them into the English, Scotch and Irish rivers. Indeed, knowing that none existed there, was the principal object of my visit to Mr. Huxley. It seems that Mr. Huxley had thought something of this kind would be well to do, but was not familiar with their habits or the food of the shad. Of course, on my part, I was only too happy to present details in regard to our shad. I may, perhaps, have rehearsed a great deal of that information we all get at our meetings. Anyhow, I told him that you would undoubtedly be glad to send over immediately by steamer a half dozen specimens on ice, a part of which he could preserve in alcohol at South Kensington, and the balance to be exhibited at the Norwich Fish Show. Mr. Huxley will, of course, give you credit for the same, both at the exhibition and at the museum. Mr. Huxley is also very desirous of knowing by what means he can secure millions of shad eggs the ensuing season, and I shall use my best exertions to aid in that matter, providing I can secure your valuable assistance. Just think that perhaps by our efforts we might succeed in giving some of these 35,000,000 English people as food, such a fish as the shad, and that there is a possibility that in eight or ten years these fish would be so abundant as to be had at a low price. Mr. Huxley will endeavor to convince landlords and those owning rivers that the modest shad will not eat up the aristocratic salmon. I want to add that I spent yesterday evening with Professor Huxley and met there a great many people, and they were informed of the proposed plan for the introduction of shad into English waters, and that fresh shad and eggs were to be sent to Norwich in the future. Mr. Chamberlain, M. P., for Birmingham, was very much interested, since the fish business may come under his supervision he has promised to do all in his power to advance it. Professor Huxley would like you to send a few fresh herrings with the shad, so that he may compare them with the English fish."

Mr. ROOSEVELT—I believe that Mr. Mather has eaten the shad of Germany and, perhaps, he will tell us how they compare with ours?

Mr. MATHER—The fish which is called shad in Europe is inferior to ours in flavor. In 1874, at the request of Prof. Baird I attempted to take young shad to Germany, but the attempt was a failure. At that time the question arose as to the comparative value of the two shads, some of the Germans holding that their maifish was as good as the American. This, of course, could not be decided by argument, and so it rested until last summer when at the Berlin Fishery Exhibition it occurred to Mr. von Behr, the well-known President of the German Fishery Association, to have some of their fish brought down for the American Commission to bring to the test of the knife and fork. Unfortunately, Prof. Goode and Mr. True were absent that day and I was alone. We had a gridiron improvised from wire, for this household implement is unknown in Germany, and some shad were broiled and some boiled and served with sauce after the German fashion. The broiled fish was pronounced best by all—five Germans and Prof. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y., and myself—but we did not think it equal to American shad by any means.

Mr. ROOSEVELT—Will Prof. Goode tell us the ichthyological differences between the American and the European fish?

Prof. GOODE—There is a difference observable in the scales which in the fish of Europe are thicker and do not lie as closely as in the American. There are other differences in the opercular bone which show them to be a different species.

An amendment to the constitution was then proposed by Mr. Mather to the effect that honorary members may be elected by a two-thirds vote of all members present at a regular meeting. Carried.

Mr. MATHER—I will now propose for honorary membership in this Association Dr. Theodatus Garlick, of Bedford, O., the first man to practice artificial fish culture in America. Carried unanimously.

The following paper was then read by the President:

ON HYBRIDIZING FISHES.

BY SETH GREEN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the American Fishcultural Association:—You have again met for the purpose of mutual benefit and an interchange of knowledge, such as has come under our observation during the past year.

The subject of hybridizing is one which has been demanding the attention of fishculturists, more or less, for the past few years, and whether any of the varieties of our fishes can be improved upon by crossing the different breeds is still a question. Of one thing we are certain, and that is, we would never know unless we tried.

We know that many varieties of stock have been greatly improved by putting together different strains, and also that fruits and vegetables have been rendered more palatable by grafting and other methods of infusing the sap of the different varieties into each other. These questions are of comparatively old standing, and it has been definitely decided in many cases which kinds will be improved upon by the process of hybridization. The field for experiment is large, and, as we live in a world of progression, there will doubtless be constant advances in these branches, as well as in other things.

Hybridization with fish for the purpose of bettering them, as food, and also producing fish suited to the nature of our different waters is the problem we are trying to solve. We cannot change the natural characteristics of our different bodies of water, and hence we find it necessary to produce varieties of fish which will thrive and multiply in them or learn from experiment and observation which species will do the most good when deposited in certain waters. With plants and animals it has been learned which varieties can be crossed advantageously, and which are productive of the best results, but with fish this has not been ascertained, but there is no question but what it will in time.

There are very many difficulties attending the hybridization of fish—much more so than in anything else. One of the troubles lies in keeping the experiment constantly under the eye, thus enabling you to watch the different stages of developement accurately, and the habits of water animals cannot be as closely observed as those on the land.

At different periods during my career as a fishculturist I have made several experiments with fish in hybridizing. The most successful one that I have been enabled to watch clear through has been brought out this winter. Three years ago, in the fall of 1877, at the New York State Hatchery, we crossed the female native brook trout with the male Lake Ontario salmon trout. A good percentage of the eggs taken and impregnated hatched. The offspring were healthy and they continued to thrive. The fish are a fine, trim-built fish, resembling both parents; they will weigh at the present time from three-fourths to one pound each. Last November they commenced to spawn for the first time. They commenced the first and continued until the 12th of November, during which time we succeeded in taking 19,400 spawn, the males and females both being fertile. The eggs hatched in about ninety days, the season being prolonged by the unusual cold winter.

The yolk sac has now disappeared and the young fry are feeding and doing well. The question now arises, Will they be capable of reproducing their own kind? My opinion is they will, but time will tell. I shall endeavor to put a few thousand into some of our lakes and streams and thus determine to what waters they are best adapted.

My next most successful experiment was with the cross between the California salmon and brook trout. They are now four years old and, like the salmon trout and brook trout hybrids, resemble both parents. The cross was made with female brook trout and male California salmon. Nearly all the fish have a deformed appearance; a few of them are perfect fish. Last season they exhibited signs of spawning. There were either no males among them, or, if there were, they were not fertile. On attempting to take the spawn from them the vent was found to be too small to pass the eggs. The aperture was enlarged and spawn taken and impregnated with brook trout milt. None of them hatched. The eggs were nearly the size of salmon eggs.

The parent fish have done well and some of them will weigh nearly, if not quite, two pounds. I do not think this cross will ever amount to anything. The salmon used were those kept in confinement and not as large or in as good condition as in their natural state.

I am of the opinion that if the perfect salmon and brook trout could be brought together a perfect cross might be made, or at least the experiment would be worth trying.

I have made several other experiments in hybridizing, such as crossing the hybrids with brook trout and also crossing them with salmon trout. I have also crossed the brook trout with the California mountain trout, all of which have been attended with more or less success.

I have this season been trying a series of experiments in impregnating the eggs of brook trout, the results of which will undoubtedly be interesting to the society. My first experiment was as follows: By using a small glass syringe I injected the milt of the male brook trout into the vent of the ripe female brook trout and left it there thirty minutes before taking the eggs. The result of this experiment was an impregnation of 75 per cent. In my second experiment I took the spawn from brook trout directly in a vial, and corked tightly, taking care that no water was allowed to get in. I then placed the vial under water and left it forty minutes, after which brook trout milt was put on them and remained in vial thirty minutes, the result of which was an impregnation of 75 per cent.

Third Experiment.—I injected milt of brook trout into ripe female, and allowed it to remain fourteen hours before taking. 15 per cent. of them proved to be good.

Fourth Experiment.—I injected milt of brook trout into ripe female, and allowed it to remain in fish twenty-four hours before taking. The experiment none of the eggs were fertilized.

Fifth Experiment.—I injected milt of brook trout into ripe female, and left it in fish one minute before taking. 40 per cent. was impregnated.

Sixth Experiment.—Took brook trout spawn in vial corked tightly, and placed under water for nine hours, after which milt was put on them. 15 per cent. of the eggs were impregnated.

Seventh Experiment.—Spawn was taken from female brook trout three hours after she had died, and milt from live male brook trout put on them. In this experiment 15 per cent. were found to be good.

As all fishculturists know the spawn of brook trout taken in the usual way adheres to the pan for from twenty minutes to half an hour directly after taking, we tried the experiment of putting them directly on the hatching trays within one minute after they were taken, and kept the pan in motion so they could not stick. The result of this experiment shows that the impregnation takes place almost instantaneously, as fully 95 per cent. were impregnated.

During last summer I spent considerable time on several of our inland lakes investigating them, and teaching the local inhabitants how to catch the fish with hook and line with which their waters have been stocked by the New York State Fish Commission. My efforts were attended with great success, I made several large catches, and taught many others how to do so. The effect will be to stop illegal modes of taking fish to a great extent in our inland waters.

When the people learn that they have a fish barrel at their door, and can take a fish dinner in a short time when they feel so disposed they will see to it that the laws are enforced.

I learned during my investigations that the alewives breed in our inland lakes. This I consider a very valuable discovery. As fish food their value is estimable, and all our lakes can be stocked with them. They are much wanted, also, in the fresh water hatching, for the reason that they spawn in the spring and the eggs hatch in a few days. Whereas, the herring cast their spawn in the fall and are all winter in hatching, and consequently a much larger percentage of them is destroyed. The alewife hatches at a low estimate one hundred and fifty young fry for every one of the herring.

It would be an impossibility to overstock any waters containing the alewives for food, and the fish found in the waters containing them are in the best possible condition. I hope to be able to stock several of our lakes with the alewife during the coming summer.

This winter has been unusually severe and the ice has formed to a great thickness, and snow has fallen upon it to considerable depth. In all small bodies of water, unless air holes are cut, there is always great mortality among the fish, caused by stagnation and lack of oxygen.

Many of our larger inland lakes that do not usually freeze entirely over have this season been covered in some instances with ice two feet in thickness. While this would not materially affect the fish in ordinary winters where this is of short duration, I am of the opinion that where it has extended over a period of several months a great many fish will be destroyed by suffocation.

Waters can easily be depleted in this way to a great extent and no one ever be the wiser, for, contrary to the general opinion that all fish float when dead, my experience is that not one in ten ever comes to the top of the water.

Mr. BLACKFORD—I would call attention to one remark made by Mr. Green on the death of fish below the ice. If this is the case generally we should take measures to prevent it, and perhaps it would be well to invite discussion of this subject.

Mr. ANNIN—I saw a pond on the Genesee Flats, this winter, which were frozen over, and contained perch, catfish, etc. The ice was three feet thick, but near the head was a small spring, and it was packed full of small fish, all alive.

Mr. MATHER—The case mentioned by Mr. Annin is different. In the winter of 1855 I was trapping about the Grant River, Wisconsin, and near it along the Mississippi. There were along the latter river numerous sloughs where in the overflows the fish were left. One of these I knew to be full of fish in the fall, and in the winter cut through the ice to spear them. They were all dead and the stench was fearful.

Mr. ROOSEVELT—Mr. Annin tends to confirm Mr. Green. The fish were distressed, and crowded to the spring holes for relief. If there had been no springs to make an opening the fish would have died.

Prof. GOODE—I do not care to argue this question, but having given some attention to the hibernation of fishes in cases where they assume a torpid condition and vitality seems suspended, it may be well to state that in Africa there are fishes which live in a state of estivation or a suspension of life in summer. They live in the mud when the ponds dry up, and wait for the rainy season to release them. We also know that in high Northern latitudes the fish go into a state of hibernation as the temperature falls to a certain point. Mr. Mather has published some experiments with mud-minnows. I should think that in some cases the instinct of hibernation might be hereditary, and often death might ensue while the fishes were torpid.

Dr. HUDSON—The question arises if a pond of large size freezes entirely over. Most large bodies of water have air holes.

Mr. MATHER—The one to which I referred on the Mississippi bottoms had no air hole. It was about three acres in extent, and perhaps five feet deep with two feet of that solid ice from shore to shore.

TO BE CONTINUED.

REPORT OF THE CONNECTICUT FISH COMMISSION.

THE fifteenth report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut tells of the triumphs in restoring the salmon and shad to the Connecticut River and the introduction of the landlocked salmon, which is now doing well. During the last year brook trout have been reared and distributed and carp supplied by Prof. Baird were introduced. Some tables and results of Prof. Atwater's investigations in the chemical analysis of the flesh of fish are given, which we omit, as they will appear in full soon in his paper read at the fishcultural meeting.

The number of Penobscot salmon introduced into the State waters was less than in previous years owing to an accident at Dead Brook, near Bucksport, Me., where the fish had been penned by Mr. Charles G. Atkins, and from which they were swept by a freshet in August. Sixty thousand eggs were received and after hatching there were ten thousand planted in each of the following streams: West Brook, Thrall's South Brook, Thrall's North Brook and White Brook; Trout Brook received 12,000 and Birch Brook 6,000—58,000 in all. Since the law was passed to protect the salmon in the Connecticut which had been planted there, the report says: "It is a suggestive fact that all salmon seen by the fishermen since were found dead in the net! Of course, when a salmon was thus caught it would be useless to 'immediately restore it to the waters from which it was taken.' In truth, the capture of salmon goes on as if there were no laws; nearly all the 'dead' fish being sent to New York where they bring from a dollar to a dollar and fifty cents per pound—more than in any other salmon market. Only a few have been reported as caught the past season. It is a gratifying fact, however, to know that these few fish weighed from sixteen to thirty pounds apiece and were in excellent condition."

The Commissioners had asked for $500 additional to be applied to the propagation of salmon, but the Committee struck it out, alleging that it would be useless to propagate them if the fishermen were to take all the mature fish on their first return from the sea. Therefore no money has been spent in this direction the past year to the regret of the Commissioners who desire to make their success permanent. This state of things will be regretted by all, for the fact that the salmon had been restored to that river after an absence of more than thirty years was one of the grand triumphs of fishculture. The statement is made that the fish could not pass the Holyoke dam "to the headwaters of the river for spawning, as the fishway built there by Massachusetts is a failure." After speaking of the fact that for the first time since the inauguration of the salmon work in the New England States Connecticut has no part or lot in it it feelingly says: "Since the above was written Prof. Baird has generously awarded to the State 250,000 of the Penobscot salmon eggs belonging to the United States Commission, thereby adding another to the many favors heretofore received at his hands."

Ninety-one thousand fry of the landlocked salmon were hatched and distributed to nineteen waters within the State in lots of 5,000 each, except Colt's reservoir at Hartford, which only received 1,000. They say: "The operations for procuring the landlocked salmon have been continued at Grand Lake Stream, in Maine, as usual the past year, under the direction of Charles G. Atkins, Esq., for the joint account and benefit of the United States Commission and the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Mr. Atkin's scientific attainments, large experience and peculiar aptitude for this work have placed him in the foremost rank of successful fishculturists."

Of brook trout, there were 10,000 deposited in twenty-one streams. Messrs. James Rankin and B. Walker attempted to rear shad in salt water until the eggs ripened, intending to try and hatch them in the salt water, but sharks broke through the netting and released the male shad just before the eggs were ripe in the females. A chapter on the carp completes the report.

REPORT OF THE NEVADA COMMISSION.—The second biennial report of the Fish Commissioner of Nevada for the years 1879-80 is before us, dated December 31, 1880. On the adjournment of the last Legislature there were in the State hatchery over 200,000 McCloud river salmon fry, which were mostly deposited in the Truckee River, at Reno, with a few for the Carson River, the commissioner believing that the Truckee is as well adapted to this salmon as either the Columbia or the McCloud. One weighing over three pounds was taken in Pyramid Lake, evidently one of the plants of the California commission in Prosser Creek, a tributary of the Truckee.

The trout from the McCloud River, 2,500, received from Prof. Baird, have done well in one of the tributaries of the Carson. The catfish placed in Washoe Lake, and Humboldt, Carson and Truckee Rivers have multiplied rapidly. Washoe Lake is so fully stocked, and the fish so large and vigorous, that further planting there is useless. Over a hundred carp have been taken by our fishermen, some less than fourteen inches long and weighing from one pound to one and a half pounds. They have also done well in the Carson, Truckee and Humboldt rivers. The commissioner returns over half of his appropriation of $4,000, as he thinks it best to "go slow." He has no one to divide the responsibility with him and thinks it best to feel his way. With his surplus appropriation he will be able to stock many waters and introduce the carp.

A FISH COMMISSION FOR ARIZONA.—Arizona, March 30.—The Arizona Fish Commission is a creation of our own Legislature and is composed of Hon. John J. Gosper, Secretary of the Territory; Mr. Richard Hale, late Clerk of the Legislative Assembly editor of the *Nugget*, Tombstone, and Dr. J. H. Taggart, of Yuma. They were appointed by Gov. Fremont 16th of March, this year, to serve two years: no pay, but $500 was appropriated to pay expenses.—E. W. RICE.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS OF MANY YEARS AND MANY PLACES is the appropriate title of a handsomely printed little volume, into which are gathered the poems of William Gibson. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, $1.50.

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The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building, Third avenue and Sixty-third street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, No. 138 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,700, New York City.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 1 at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 759, New York City.

A PURE LAVERACK SETTER IN THIS COUNTRY NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

It is not generally known to breeders that at the time Fairy II. (now owned by Mr. Higgins of Delaware City) was imported, Mr. Tasker, from whom the writer purchased her, had ordered a blue setter pup from Mr. Laverack, and fully expecting both animals in time for the Centennial Beach Show, made his entries accordingly—in the bitch class, Fairy II. already named, and in the dog class a blue-ticked English puppy, not as yet named. Fairy II. arrived first, and just on the eve of the show the puppy reached him, but instead of a blue-ticked, the dog proved to be liver and white and named by Mr. Laverack Pride of the Border II. Mr. Tasker exhibited him at the Centennial Beach Show and I think at that time he was but eight or nine months old. Shortly after this the writer purchased Fairy II. and Mr. Tasker went to Texas to enter into the cattle business, taking Pride II. with him. He returned not many months afterward, disappointed in his enterprize. I met Mr. Tasker a few days since and, being interested in the whereabouts of such a valuable animal unknown to breeders to the country, learned that "the dog had turned out A1 and was now in the hands of Col. Hughes, president of a leading bank at Dallas, Texas.

Mr. Laverack wrote to the writer that "the young setter I have sent to your townsman, Mr. Tasker, will make a grand field dog if handled properly. I can breed no better." If I am not mistaken Pride II. was a Cora puppy.

I think it can be safely said that this dog is entirely unknown to the sportsmen of the East. Mr. Lincoln, Dr. Twaddell and Mr. John E. Long and a few who know of his importation may remember him. At the time of the Centennial show the dog, as I have said, was but a youngster, and, having just arrived, like my own Pedigree and Magnet, made a very sorry appearance. Exhibitors at the Baltimore show the following January had reason to be much surprised at the improvement of my brace. Pride II., before he was taken to Texas, was one of the grandest-made dogs I ever saw; his color liver and white was—against him, however.

HOMO.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

Subjoined is the full list of entries for the second annual Derby, for puppies born on or after April 1, 1880; entries closed April 1, 1881:

1 Capt. Pat. Henry enters Buckol, lemon and white setter dog, whelped July 1, 1880, by Pride of the South out of Cammie.
2 Capt. Pat. Henry enters Admir, black and white setter bitch, whelped July 1, 1880, by Pride of the South out of Cammie.
3 P. H. Bryson enters London, blue Belton setter dog, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Clip.
4 P. H. Bryson enters Memphe, blue Belton setter dog, whelped July 28, 1880, by Gladstone out of Juno.
5 D. Bryson enters Bessie T., black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1880, by Gladstone out of Floy.
6 J. H. Dew enters Gilda, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1880, by Gladstone out of Floy.
7 D. C. Sanborn enters Gertrude, white, black and tan setter bitch, whelped June 4, 1880, by Gladstone out of Nellie.
8 David McK. Lloyd enters Mack Laverack, lemon Belton setter dog, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peeress.
9 Jos. J. Snellenburg enters Lu Laverack, lemon Belton setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peeress.
10 Jos. J. Snellenburg enters Pet Laverack, black and white setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peeress.
11 Edward E. Hardy enters Clair, black and white setter dog, whelped May 15, 1880, by Dash III. out of Diana.
12 Edward E. Hardy enters Clairine, black and white setter bitch, whelped May 15, 1880, by Dash III. out of Diana.
13 Edward E. Hardy enters Pollux, black and white setter dog, whelped May 15, 1880, by Dash III. out of Diana.
14 Edward E. Hardy enters Saunterer, lemon and white setter dog, whelped April 20, 1880, by Scout out of Frost.
15 A. W. Blakemore enters Bonnie Scotland, white, black and tan setter dog, whelped May, 1880, by Lincoln out of Kansas Beauty.
16 L. H. Smith enters Sue Morton, black and tan setter bitch, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Clip.
17 L. H. Smith enters Lass of Kinsdale, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Clip.
18 L. H. Smith enters Bristol, blue Belton setter dog, whelped Oct. 14, 1880, by Paris out of Coomassie.
19 L. H. Smith enters Dover, blue Belton setter dog, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Clip.
20 Clarence K. Drane enters Dashing Novice, white, black and tan setter bitch by Dash II out of Novel, whelped July, 1880.
21 Dr. N. Rowe enters Countess Peg, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped Sept. 25, 1880, by Daniel out of Peg.
22 E. F. Stoddard enters Doctor Bob, red Irish setter dog, whelped May 7, 1880, by Bob out of Friend.
23 E. F. Stoddard enters Lady Friend, red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 7, 1880, by Bob out of Friend.
24 Col. A. G. Sloo enters Gladys blue Belton setter bitch, whelped June 3, 1880, by Gladstone out of Nellie.
25 W. E. Hughes enters Cliffe, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped June, 1880, by Gladstone out of Nellie.
26 St. Louis Kennel Club enters Accident, liver and white pointer bitch by Faust out of Lassie, whelped Oct. 17, 1880.
27 St. Louis Kennel Club enters Mistake, liver and ticked pointer bitch by Bow out of June, whelped May 20, 1880.
28 A. J. Ealy enters Reform, white and black setter dog, whelped May 8, 1880, by Lincoln out of Kansas Beauty.
29 A. J. Ealy enters Sallie, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1880, by Gladstone out of Flog.
30 Wm. Seagur enters Smart, black and white setter dog, whelped April 12, 1880, by Hartley's Rake out of Pera.
31 J. W. Orth enters Fly, ——— setter bitch, whelped April 12, 1880, by Rake out of Pera.
32 J. D. Ladd enters Willie, black and white setter dog, whelped June 4, 1880, by Gladstone out of Nellie.
33 Sportman's Kennel enters Snow Flake, white and lemon setter dog, whelped May 16, 1880, by Prarie Ranger out of Highland Lassie.
34 Sportman's Kennel enters Judge, blue Belton setter dog, whelped May 20, 1880, by Shafto out of Jolly May.
35 Overman's Queen City Kennel enters Norwood, red Irish setter dog, whelped May 24, 1880, by Elcho out of Rose.
36 W. A. Givens enters Minerva 2nd, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped April 4, 1880, by Rock, Jr., out of Minerva.
37 J. R. Hendricks enters Lora Laverack, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped by Young Laverack out of Petrel II.
38 Harvard Kennel Club enters Bess, black and white setter bitch, whelped May 24, 1880, by Dash III out of Countess II.
39 Harvard Kennel Club enters Roll, liver and white setter dog, whelped Aug. 21, 1880, by Dash III out of Countess Ada.
40 Harvard Kennel Club enters Ruby, black and white setter bitch, whelped Aug. 21, 1880, by Dash III out of Countess Ada.
41 Harvard Kennel Club enters Rap, black and white setter dog, whelped Aug. 21, 1880, by Dash III out of Countess Ada.
42 Harvard Kennel Club enters Rose, black, white and ticked setter dog, whelped Aug. 21, 1880, by Dash III out of Countess Ada.
43 W. B. Gates enters Tom Paine, white, black and ticked setter dog, whelped June 4, 1880, by Gladstone out of Sanborn's Nellie.
44 W. B. Gates enters Twin Maude, black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Clip.
45 Arthur Merriman enters Oliver Twist, black, white and tan setter dog, whelped June 4, 1880, by Gladstone out of Nellie.
46 Ed. J. Carr enters Shadow, black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped Sept. 11, 1880, by Lincoln out of Daisy Dean.
47 Geo. C. Milner enters Prince Lolty, lemon Belton setter dog, whelped May, 1880, by Lolty out of Dol.
48 George Norbury Appold enters Rockwell, red Irish setter dog, whelped April, 1880, by Palmerston II out of Eva.

THE "BENCH-LEGGED" BEAGLE QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of 31st ult. appeared an article under the above caption and signed "Beagles." I request that inasmuch as I have written over my own signature, and am therefore recognized, and as the author of the articles questioning my statements assumes a cognomen which, upon the face of it, seems to claim to speak, or write *ex cathedra* he should certainly appear before the public in the same category with myself—in other words, over his own name.

When any one assumes to speak as I have done in reference to matters of which I profess to have knowledge, and the statement is called in question, he as well as the public have a right to know who the disputant is. Nor should a gentleman hesitate who occupies the latter position to let the party challenged, as well as the public at large, know whether he is entitled to responsibility in the premises.

In brief, whenever the gentleman who assumes by his signature "Beagles" to know so much gives his name I hold myself ready to answer his every interrogatory and make good all that I have heretofore asserted. Hark out from your cover, "Beagles." Real name and then real issues.

DR. MADDUX.

Baltimore, Md., April 4.

WOODCHUCK DOG CHAT.

I NOTICED a letter in FOREST AND STREAM of March 24 that some one wants a "woodchuck dog." What kind of a dog is that? I have seen Newfoundlands, setters, pointers, spaniels, terriers, bulldogs, beagles, fox-hounds and mastiffs, besides pretty nearly every kind of a dog that can run on three legs, but I am going to tell you about a little dog that can kill woodchucks about as fast as terriers will hunt a rabbit. He is a queer little fellow—all ears and body. When I am on my fishing trips up in Michigan he is generally the first to meet me when the steamer pulls up at the village dock; his "Yap, yap" greets me before I can meet the warm grasp of friends. When I have changed my city clothes for a dead-grass fishing suit and get outdoors again he is waiting for a hunt. "Well, Fide, where's the woodchuck?" sets him off. I cannot give his pedigree, because he hasn't any. He has no pride of ancestry, for he is a cur, without claim to any particular breed; in fact he is probably a combination of half a dozen breeds. Yet, for all that he is a faithful little watch-dog and will hunt woodchucks until he is ready to drop. Here's a pen-picture of him:

A long body; short, dapper little legs; a long snout; bright, sparkling eyes; awful long ears. These are the marked features in the dog. As he lies they are constantly erect, like a jack rabbit's, and move backward and forward. While he is awake he is listening for something, but he isn't a "yaller dawg;" in color he is a dark brown and as sleek as a mole.

I left the cause for the brush, and was intent on fronting, when "Yap, yap, yap" came the ringing bark of Fide. He was calling for me. I know he had a woodchuck somewhere. I have called him, "Where are you?" Following the sound of his voice through the thick woods I came to a wood-pile, where Fide was bouncing around as fast as his little legs would carry him. The chuck was secure in the pile. Cutting a long stick I began to push and poke. Finally I heard a rush, a squeal, a scrambling and snarling, then a yelp, but before I could run around the pile, climbing logs to do so, Fide had caught him by the back of his neck and sent him flying into the air, and it came down a kicking chuck. Fide lay panting beside him, bleeding at the nose with a nip the chuck had given him, but intently watching to see if he was playing "possum." Just how it was done I cannot say, for it was a running chuck, a scrambling dog, both of them rumbling over and through the underbrush until his chance came for the death grip, then he gave it quick as a wink. He can do this at any time and will hunt a mile for woodchucks.

I am inclined to think Fide is a species of the smooth-haired terrier, with something like the dachshund in him. He can trail rabbits, hunt squirrels, trail woodchucks and gophers. He is grit to the backbone and will hang on when once he bites. So much of a pet is he that his mistress has refused a handsome cocker spaniel that we offered to send them.

I think if the friend of "Lepus" could get a rough-haired red Fide he would soon make the woodchucks scarce. They can watch a hole as long as any dog we ever saw when game is there. We have seen them hunting otter. Phew! Fide's howling there is when one of them gets bit; but they are back again in the thick of the fight the moment the otter makes a rush for the water.

We have never considered any dog as special for hunting woodchucks, because at the farm we visit and at the trout creek both dogs will kill them until it is a difficult matter to find any to hunt.

Our observation has induced us to think that any plucky dog can be trained to kill woodchuck, because a dog never forgets the first bite of a rat or the first nip of a woodchuck, and from that time becomes the sworn enemy of both these animals. NORMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor Forest and Stream: RANGELEY, Me.

While the subject of woodchuck dogs is being discussed I wish to chronicle the achievements of an imported English setter. Finding a burrow that was occupied Sanché would take a position where he could observe it, his head only exposed. Thus for hours would he wait, if necessary, for chuckie to come forth, waiting until his game had placed a proper distance between himself and the burrow; then, with a rush toward the burrow, he would intercept and kill his quarry, never miscalculating his distance. In this connection I cannot forbear relating other achievements showing remarkable intelligence. Taking an empty jug from any part of the farm to the house to be re-filled with water; seeking the mistress and making known his errand; going to any part of the lots for a farming tool or forgotten garment were a few of the many that might be mentioned. As a bird dog he had few equals—no superiors. So, too, as a watch-dog Sancho excelled. He would allow no stranger on the premises after dark, and if disturbed about the stock at the stables he promptly notified his master. For the children he was a gentle companion and staunch protector. A quicker, more peaceable dog never existed. Still, he would brook no insult or abuse from man or his own species. One instance of the latter in point: There was at the neighboring village the veritable "big yellow dog," a terrible tyrant, whose chief delight it was to pounce upon all passing dogs. One day, while Sancho was trotting beneath his master's wagon, the bully jumped in for a fight, and he got it: for, although much larger and always before a victor, yet in less than a minute he fled ingloriously from the field. WARFIELD.

ERRATA.—In the short article entitled "Those Nervous Dogs" in our last issue, our correspondent "Homo" was made by the types to say (7th line) "expressly on bird dogs," whereas he had written "excessively in bred dogs;" and (3d line from end) the types had it "nervous instability," whereas the copy read "nervous irritability."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Mr. C. S. Fauntleroy lost by death, on the 15th inst., his grand old setter bitch, Snake, at the ripe age of fourteen years. Snake had a great preference for; she was well made, a true setter, although not so fashionable as some, yet she won many first prizes, including Crystal Palace, 1871, and also scored a first at the Southampton Field Trials of that year.

Snake's progeny have turned out well, both here and in America, she being dam and grand-dam of such good ones as Die, winner of Field Trial Derby, 1877, and Darkie, winner of Challenge Cup, 1879; and of her immediate daughters, Mr. Fauntleroy has still the well-known Prue, by Reid's Sam, and two by Blue Prince—SIRIUS, *in the Stock Keeper.*

ACCIDENT TO FOXHOUNDS.—Lord Fitzhardinge's well-known pack of foxhounds have had a narrow escape from being cut to pieces. While hunting in the vicinity of the Midland Railway at Cossington, near Dursley, the fox crossed the line, and as the two leading hounds were following an express train came up and killed one of the dogs, a very valuable one, on the spot, and injured the other. Had the train been a little later the whole pack would have been on the line.

SHOCKING DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—A fearful death occurred at Penwortham, near Preston, on Tuesday, from Hydrophobia. A gamekeeper, a fine, stalwart man, named Peter Green, in the employ of Mr. L. Hawsthorne, was last Whitsuntide bitten at Tyldesley by a stray dog. He sucked the wound in his right thumb and had it cauterized. On Sunday last he felt a peculiar pain in his hand. Having on several occasions been in charge of persons suffering from hydrophobia he suspected the symptoms and sent for Dr. Bell, of Preston. This gentleman found hydrophobia quickly developing. The man rapidly became worse, and on Tuesday was so violent that he had to be bound to the bed by ropes and held by several persons. All medical skill was unavailing, and he died in the afternoon.—*Stock Keeper.*

I am informed that the Cologne Field Trials will take place on the 11th and 12th of April, the draw being on the evening of the 10th.

H. S. H. Prince Albert Solms, of Braunfels, has entered Champion Ranger, whom he has lately purchased of Mr. Macdons, and, in event of the grand old dog carrying off the stake, has generously offered an extra third prize, which will be of equal value to the second.—SENEX, *in the Live Stock Journal.*

MR. MASON'S DOGS.—In a letter from our worthy friend Mr. Hugh Dalziel, we are informed that Mr. Mason sailed from Cardiff in the *Rheukina* on March 25 with his grand lot of dogs, which we have already noticed would be entered in the forthcoming show. Those of our friends who desire to communicate with Mr. Mason can do so through this office. The following notice, taken from the *Stock-Keeper*, March 25, gives the list of Mr. Mason's dogs:

Mr. H. Mason, of Bradford, and, we believe, Mr. Henry Lacy, of Hebden Bridge, also, leave for America to-morrow. Both are well known as successful breeders and exhibitors here, and Mr. Mason is going to try his luck at New York Show and has sent us the following list of dogs he takes out, and as none of them will, presumably, be seen on an English show bench again the list will be interesting to many of our readers.

We wish Messrs. Mason and Lacy a pleasant voyage and success to them in their objects.

LIST OF DOGS TAKEN OUT BY MR. MASON.

Pointers—Champion Don (4,201); Champion Chancellor (first Palace, 1880); Water Lily, with five puppies by Don; Chelmsford, by Don—Lady Lizzie.

Fox-Terriers.—Moslem II., Twilight, Moonlight and Tartar (all winners).

Greyhounds.—Dropping Well, by Telegraph-Old Mother Shipton (grand young bitch, black and white, never exhibited); Fly, red bitch, by Riot Act-Affection; Slingsby, by Rapid (black dog).

Mastiffs.—Salisbury (9,336), Creole (both in form).

Newfoundland.—Mayor of Bingley.

Bulls.—Alexander, Noble (late Petrie's, winner at three kennel club shows).

Bull-Terrier.—Young Bill.

Smooth sheepdog, Italian greyhound bitch, dandie bitch, pug, Lina (late Foster's), capital Airedale, two good Yorkshires.

SAN FRANCISCO BENCH SHOW.—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Pacific Life*, so well known as the authority on sporting matters on the Pacific Coast, writes as follows in its issue of March 26, regarding the bench show of dogs which has just been held in its city: "The past has been a busy week at the office of the Pacific Coast Kennel Club, 313 Montgomery street. D. R. McNeill the courteous manager has been overwhelmed with applicants for entries and blank forms of entry. Several entries of dogs were made in the different classes, and many ladies and gentlemen expressed an intention to enter their pets for the exhibition. All indications are that the bench show will be a great success, and next week we hope to be able to give our readers a partial list of the entries. At any hour during the day persons may be seen walking into the office, leading dogs for which they desire to find places among those to be put on exhibition. The majority of the owners of valuable animals seem to be uninformed as to the rules and regulations governing bench shows, and Mr. McNeill's time is mainly occupied in enlightening them. It is not generally understood that while the pedigrees of the dogs are desired they are not necessary. Many people fear that they cannot enter their dogs because their pedigrees are unknown to them. This is a mistake; dogs may be entered pedigree or no pedigree. Valuable prizes will be awarded to the best specimens of dogs in each class, also certificates of highly commended to dogs possessing superior qualities and fail to win first or second prize. And a very valuable special prize will be given to the most perfect specimen of dog or bitch in any class."

ANOTHER BIG DOG HEARD FROM.—The Dodgeville, Wis., *Chronicle*, says: "A correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM, writing from San Francisco, describes a dog owned by him of the species known in natural history as the 'Great Dane,' but more generally known as the 'Siberian bloodhound,' and asks if any one knows of a larger one. His dog took the first prize at the bench show in New York, in 1879. 'He stands 33 inches high at the shoulder, 32 at the rump; is 6 feet 5 inches long from end of nose to tip of tail, 42 inches round the girth and 13 inches across the chest. He weighs when in good condition about 175 pounds.'

"If the gentleman were a subscriber of the *Chronicle* we could give him some information on the subject; but as he is not, we suppose we are not necessary. Many people fear that they cannot enter their dogs because their pedigrees are unknown to them. This is a mistake; dogs may be entered pedigree or no pedigree. Valuable prizes will be awarded to the best specimens of dogs in each class, also certificates of highly commended to dogs possessing superior qualities and fail to win first or second prize. And a very valuable special prize will be given to the most perfect specimen of dog or bitch in any class."

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THE COCKER COMMITTEE CRITICISED.—TORONTO, April 1.—I noticed the announcement in your journal that the Cocker Committee would meet at the rooms of the Forrester Gun Club, Buffalo, at 8 P. M., on March 30. Having signified my willingness to subscribe to the American Cocker Club, I thought that by attending the meeting of the committee I might gain valuable information by listening to the arguments upon the various points and qualities of a cocker spaniel and, accordingly, proceeded to Buffalo on the date announced for the meeting only to find the solitary member of the committee present. The absence of the other members, I have since been informed, was caused by a telegram received by them from Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, to the effect that the meeting was postponed unavoidably.

Matters are, it seems to me, being unnecessarily delayed. The great aim of some at the first was to rush things too fast, and now the order of the day seems to be to place stumbling-blocks in the way. Had the meeting been called for April 1 I could have under-

stood the joke. Personally, I desire to thank the several members of the Forrester Gun Club for their kindness and attention to me during my stay in their city, and if any of them ever comes to Toronto we will try and return the compliment.—COCKER.

GUIDO'S LILLY.—Memphis, Tenn., March 30, 1881.—Seeing an accurate illustration in your last impression of the very beautiful and meritorious native small pointer Orgilla "Rush," I would like to say a word about his mamma, "Guido's Lilly." All that you said was the truth, but you did not say all of the truth. If I remember aright Flash, the sire of Rush, was first exhibited at Baltimore, in January, 1877, taking first; winning also special for best stud dog, being exhibited with Rush and Rose. At the New York show in the spring of 1877, "Daisy," one of this "phenomenal litter," (as the lamented Mr. W. M. Tilcston always called Lilly's ten babies), carried off first, and here Rush and Rose gained the grand accumulative of winning the magnificent special prize given by Mr. Schuschart, who was pleased with the award, as the class was an extraordinarily good one for best brace in the show, regardless of weight. Rush and Rose were then less than fourteen months old. Lilly early showed excellent nose, perfectly steady before and behind a pretty retriever, and was amiable and lovely as a maid with hazel eyes. GUIDO.

THE JOCKEYING AT THE FIELD TRIALS—Cleveland, O., April 2.—I am really obliged to you, as every other real sportsman should be, for your exposition of that abominable jockeying at the late field trials. It will take but a very short period to knock all field trials endwise if allowed to be practiced by the judges. It is a pity the judges should not order such fellows off the ground directly they try the game. If they tolerate it much more no respectable sportsman will attend any trials at all. They will have to stop it or stop field trials, one or the other.—J. C.

FLASH—PRINCESS WHELPS.—At the New York Show last year, Dr. A. Russell Strachan, of this city, and Mr. George G. Barker, of Boston, arranged for the breeding of their remarkably fine pointers Flash, by Dr. Strachan's old George out of Peg, and the beautiful champion black pointer bitch Princess, by Ranger out of Fan. The result has been a wonderfully fine litter. We had the pleasure of seeing the dog puppy selected by Mr. Barker for Dr. Strachan, and must confess we have never seen before a more lively and precocious youngster of nine weeks old. He is the image of his grandsire George, whose sketch we gave in our issue of March 24. The litter is not for sale.

ENTRIES FOR BEAGLE PRIZES—Baltimore, Md., April 5, 1881.—The undersigned and General Bond hereby beg to enter their straight-legged beagle bitch, Lulie P, for FOREST AND STREAM, special prize for that class. The action of the Westminster Kennel Club, in failing to provide a class for the bench-legged beagle, will prevent our sending on any of that class.

T. CLAY MADDUX, M. D.

BELLE OF HACKENSACK.—Inquiry is made for the authentic pedigree of red Irish bitch, "Belle of Hackensack;" perhaps Mr. Sanford can send it.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Patsy—Mr. E. F. Rhodes, Providence, R. I., claims the name of Patsy for red Irish setter puppy out of Sally (Plunkett-Jane) by Sancho (Elcho-Juno).

Dock—Mr. Chas. D. Bryant, Zumbro Falls, Minn., claims the name of Dock for white pointer puppy with lemon ears, by Mr. S. B. Dilley's champion Ranger out of Dolly, whelped August 1880.

Bell—Mr Chas. M. Miller, Woodbridge, N. J., claims the name of Bell for black and tan foxhound bitch whelped July 1879, out of Leonard's Judy by Dougherty's Dan, Judy out of Johnson's imported Psyche by Brow's Spot.

Dan—Mr. W. Duff, Kittanning, Pa., claims the name of Dan for his black and white ticked setter dog puppy whelped Jan. 1, 1881, out of Mr. Howard Hartley's Ruby by Rake.

August Flower—Mr. H. W. Livingston, New York city, claims the name of August Flower for English setter bitch puppy by owner's Ray out of owner's Delta (now dead) whelped August 10, 1880.

Peter Schlemihl—Mr. H. W. Livingston, New York city, claims the name of Peter Schlemihl for English setter dog puppy by owner's Ray out of owner's Delta (now dead) whelped August 10, 1880.

Queen Bess—Dr. Richard P. Kremer, Lebanon, Pa., claims the name of Queen Bess for English setter bitch by Crack (Carlowitz-True) out of Queen.

George III.—Dr. A. Russell Strachan, New York city, claims the name of George III. for liver and white pointer dog puppy whelped Feb. 1, 1881, by owner's Flash (George-Peg) out of Mr. Barker's champion Princess (Ranger-Fan).

Twilight—Dr. D. M. Fraser, Stratford, Ont., claims the name of Twilight for Gordon setter puppy out of Moll III. by Blossom, purchased of Jr. S. Niven, London, Ont.

Flirt—Mr. H. S. Coulter, Johnstown, Pa., claims the name of Flirt for his cocker spaniel bitch out of Birdy by Fred, whelped July 27, 1880, purchased from Mr. F. D. Adams, Franklin, Pa.

Diana Vernon—Mr. Henry W. Gerdale, Danbury, Conn., claims the name of Diana Vernon for his black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped April 6, 1876, out of Rhine by Don, Rhine out of Alice by Hero, both imported by Mr. H. W. Jenkins, Baltimore, Md. Don imported by Mr. Richard Lloyd, Boston, Mass.

Prince—Mr. Fred. H. London, Rock Hill, S. C., claims the name of Prince for his lemon and white setter dog puppy, four months old, by champion Gladstone out of Stoother's champion Frost, presented him by Dr. W. A. Strothers, of Lynchburg, Va.

Larry O'Neil—Mr. Alonzo Campbell, De Kalb, Ill., claims the name of Larry O'Neil for red Irish setter puppy out of Molly Pluuket by Don Juan, purchased of Mr. Leonard Ryan, Medora, Ill.

Bounce—Mr. Edward Orth, New Orleans, La., claims the name of Bounce for lemon and white setter puppy whelped June, 1880, by Noble V. (Brussels-Pearl V.) out of Sallie V. (champion France-Zita), presented by Mr. M. F. Smith, Houma, La.

Rhea H.—Allenhill—Claimed by Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., for black spaniel bitch puppy, whelped Oct. 15, 1880, out of Imp. Jenny by Imp. Bub, Champ. Rhea (2,428) by Champ. Brush (7,371).

Grouse-Alma—Mr. Geo H. Everall, of New York, claims names of Grouse and Alma for his liver and white cocker spaniel dog and bitch pups, whelped January 26, '81, out of Dr. J. Symington, imported Belle by Dr. J. W. S. Arnold's Music. Music was formerly the property of Dr. H. B. Wygant, of Peekskill, N. Y.

Frankie—Claimed by the Riverside Kennel Club, Claremont, N. H., for cocker bitch puppy, whelped Jan. 6, '81, out of champion Feather by imported Snip, color, liver and white, handsomely ticked on body and legs.

Clio—Claimed by the Riverside Kennel Club for cocker bitch puppy, whelped Jan. 5, '81, out of champion Feather by imported Snip, color, liver and white, ticked legs and very handsome.

Lady Love—Mr. Chas M. Wray, of New York, claims the name Lady Love for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch pup, whelped Jan. 28, '81, out of Dr. J. Symington's Jane, reported by Dr. J. W. S. Arnold's Music. Music was formerly owned by Dr. H. B. Wygant, of Peekskill, N. Y.

BRED.

Romp-Snapshot, Jr.—Mr. Edmund Orgill's pointer bitch Romp (Rush-Romp) to his Snapshot, Jr., April 4.

Rhona Rocket—Mr. Edmund Orgill's pointer bitch Rhona (Snapshot-Rose) to his Rocket, April 4.

Snow Flake-Jerry—Mr. Theodore Meyer's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Snow Flake (Gleamark Girl) to Mr. Paul Ermann's (Rutherford Park, N. J.) Jerry (Sensation-Coburn's Belle), March 24.

Lady Duke—Mr. John Dixon's lemon and white pointer bitch Lady to Mr. John Fawcett's lemon and white pointer dog Duke, March 5.

Bell-Jim—Mr. J. Bolige's beagle bitch Bell to Mr. John Fawcett's dog Jim, March 5.

Rat-Scotty—Mr. John Fawcett's Scotch terrier bitch Rat to owner's dog Scotty, March 27.

Queen-Rover—Mr. John Fawcett's dachshund bitch Queen to owner's dog Rover, March 2.

Jip-Duke—Mr. John Robinson's liver and white pointer bitch Jip to Mr John Fawcett's lemon and white pointer dog Duke, March 25.

Frau-Duke—Mr James Hutchinson's liver and white pointer bitch Frau to Mr. John Fawcett's lemon and white pointer dog Duke, March 10.

Belle-Joe, Jr.—Mr. J. L. Valentine's (Nashville, Tenn.) setter bitch Belle to Joe, Jr., March 25.

Peg's Boy's Girl-Letty—Mr. Clarence K. Drane's Peg's Boy's Girl (Peg's Boy-Blanche) to his Letty.

Zoe-Dick—Mr. W. P. Laurence's (Boston, Mass.) setter bitch Zoe (Cowing's Ben-Clytie) to Mr. G. B. Inche's Dick (Dinks-Flirt).

Minque-Widair—Mr. Eugene Powers' Mingua to Mr. Chas. Kent's Widair, April 3.

WHELPS.

Cora—Mr. F. G. Wotherspoon's (Three Rivers, Canada,) red setter bitch Cora whelped March 31, eight puppies, three dogs and five bitches, by owner's setter dog Robin.

Lucy—Mr. J. E. Dolhs' (Beverly, N. J.) English beagle hound Lucy (b. c. Pittsburg beach show 1881) whelped April 2, 1881, three dogs, color white and brown, and white tan and fawn, by owner's Fly, 1st prize Pittsburg, 1881.

Lassie Crozier—Mr. Charles Pugh's (Philadelphia, Pa.) imported collie bitch Lassie Crozier has whelped seven black, tan and white puppies, by owner's Tom, 1st special prize winner at Philadelphia, 1879, and 1st prize winner in the collie trials at the Pennsylvania State Fair 1880.

Girl—Mr. R. T. Greene's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Girl (Maryland-Nell) whelped ten puppies, eight dogs and two bitches, by Mr. W. F. Steel's (Piermont, N. Y.) Glenmark (Orgill's Rush-Romp).

Buck, Jr.—Mr. G. W. Campbell's setter bitch Buck, Jr. whelped seven puppies, four dogs and three bitches, by Joe, Jr., March 30.

Dip—Mr. Duff's (Kittanning, Pa.) black and white pointer bitch Lavera's bitch Dip whelped April 5, 1881, six puppies, three dogs and three bitches, all black and white, by Mr. Howard Hartley's imported Laverack dog Rake.

Deuce—Mr. P. P. Graham's (Madison, Ind.) Irish setter bitch Dance (Stoddard's Bob out of Buck) whelped April 5, ten puppies, four dogs and ten bitches, by Elcho II.

Princess—Mr. George G. Barker's (Boston, Mass.) champion black pointer bitch Princess (Ranger-Fan) whelped Feb. 1, 1880, five puppies, by Dr. A. Russell Strachan's (New York) George-Peg.

Clymont—Baltimore Kennel Club's (Mr. A. J. Kelly, manager,) pointer bitch Clymont (Blake-Lilly) whelped April 6, 1881, nine puppies, five dogs and four bitches, by Sensation. The puppies are all white and lemon.

Clio—The Riverside Cocker Kennel has sold to Mr. Ralph Doe Rolenstord, V. H., the handsome cocker bitch puppy Clio, whelped Jan. 5, '81, by imported Snip out of imported Champion Feather, winner of first and special prizes N. Y., 1878, first N. Y., 1879, and second Philadelphia, 1879.

Fairy Prince—Claimed by Mr. J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., for his dog puppy, Pontiac-Fairy II., whelped Sept., 1880.

Juno—The Lechlee Kennel's (Whitegrove, N. J.) liver and white cocker bitch Juno whelped seven puppies to their imported black spaniel Benedict, four black and three liver, with white on breast of each, and some with white toes.

Dolly Dean—Mr. Jos. B. Dewis's (Montview Kennel) Dalsy Dean whelped, April 4, four dogs and one bitch, by Lincoln.

SALES.

Garfield—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., has sold to Dr. N. Ness, York, Pa., lemon and white pointer pointer pup Garfield.

Grouse-Fan Whelps—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., has sold to Mr. J. Rodehamer, McKeesport, Pa., two lemon Belton setter puppies out of Fan by Grouse.

Grouse-Fan Whelps—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., has sold to Mr. S. H. Hoffman, McKeesport, Pa., one dog and setter bitch puppy out of Fan by Grouse.

Grouse-Fan Whelps—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., has sold to Mr. Matthew Seward, Capital Hill, Pa., lemon Belton setter bitch puppy out of Fan by Grouse.

Joe-Nell Whelps—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., has sold to Mr. A. J. Armstrong, Pittsburgh, Pa., liver and white pointer dog out of Nell by Joe.

Grouse-Fan Whelps—Mr John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., has sold to James Sullivan, McKeesport, Pa., two lemon Belton setter bitch puppies out of Fan by Grouse.

Joe-Nell Whelps—Mr. John Fawcett, McKeesport, Pa., has sold to Mr. Henry Biziemen. Pittsburgh, Pa., two lemon and white pointer puppies out of Nell by Joe.

Dirk Hatteruck-Bridget Plunkett Whelp—Mr. E. J. Robbins, Wethersfield, Conn., has sold a red Irish dog by Dick Hatteruck (Elcho-Nell) out of Bridget Plunkett (Plunkett-Stella) to Mr. C. W. Patterson, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Joe—Mr. John Richner, Philadelphia, Pa., has sold his black and tan cocker dog Joe, who was run in the collie trials last year at Philadelphia, to Messrs. C. T. Yerkes & Co., of Philadelphia, for $100. The purchasers have sent Joe to Montana.

Rough—Mr. Gard G. Hammond, New London, Conn., has sold to Mr. Walter F. Burnett, Oregon, the Chesapeake Bay dog Rough, ten months old, out of owner's Rose by his Rake.

Joel-Gipsey Whelps—Mr. Thos. Blyth, McIntyre, Pa., has sold to Mr. F. S. Watts, Canton, Pa., two Irish setter dog puppies out of his Gipsey by Joel.

Joel-Gipsey Whelps—Mr. W. J. Rool, McIntyre, Pa., has purchased of Mr. Thos. Blyth, McIntyre, Pa., an Irish setter bitch puppy out of Gipsey by Joel.

Bunaway—Mr. Thos. Blyth, McIntyre, Pa., has sold his Irish setter dog puppy Duncan, five months old, to Mr. G. H. Piatt, Elmira, N. Y.

Dream—Dr. Downie, New Market, Md., has sold his Gordon setter bitch Dream, by Dr. Speir's Gypicum, out of Dr. Speir's Fan, to Mr. Thos. Blyth, McIntyre, Pa.

Mollie—Black spaniel dog pup, out of imp. Jenny by imp. Bub Champ. Rhea (2,428)-Champ. Brush (7,371), E. K. C. S. B.), sold by Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., to Mr. Chas. Denison, Hartford, Conn.

PRESENTATION.

Gladstone-Frost Whelp—Dr. W. A. Strothers, Lynchburg, Va., has presented to Mr. Fred. H. London, of Rock Hill, S. C., a handsome liver and white dog puppy, four months old, by champion Gladstone out of Strother's Frost.

Noble V.-Sallie V. Whelp—Mr. M. F. Smith, Houma, La., has presented to Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La., a lemon and white setter puppy, whelped June, 1880, by Noble V. out of Sallie V.

Mr. H. H. Green, Philadelphia, Pa., has presented to Levi Woolley, of Sebastisville, Maine, English setter bitch Jipsey, 4 years old, lemon and white, she by One-eyed Sancho out of Petrill, Petrill out of imported Olive.

IMPORTATIONS.

Fearless—Mr. Ashton, of the American Horse Exchange, New York city, has imported from England the collie bitch Fearless, winner of first prize, puppy class, Brighton, 1880.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

122 G. R., Tallahassee, Fla.—I have a setter bitch which has accidentally been warded by a cur dog and had puppies. I have had them killed. Will whelping her litters hereafter if I breed from her? Ans. Yes, in all probability.

123 H. E. B., Milford, Mass.—I received a pointer bitch puppy a short time ago. Then I never saw a puppy that had a better hang ear. Since that time her ears have turned back and now look out of place. Can anything be done for them? Ans. Nothing.

124 J. J. D., Boston, Mass.—My Irish bitch puppy is dead from inflammation of the bowels. I first noticed her sick on Tuesday morning; she was very weak on her legs and could hardly walk. Her back was lame and her tail very limp; body; no appetite and she groaned very much with pain. I first gave her powders of calomel and opium, one grain each every three hours and gave her a hot bath, then rubbed her dry, then rubbed her with a liniment compound of turpentine, ammonia and sal ammo; after fourteen hours I gave her a dose of castor oil, syrup of buckthorn and syrup of poppies. She died next day. Was treatment right? Ans. The calomel and opium and external applications were all right, but the castor oil, etc., was bad. The opium should have been freely repeated.

125 A. P. B., Rochester, N. Y.—About two weeks ago my pointer, three years old, was taken with vomiting (not violent) which lasted two or three days and followed soon after eating. I changed his diet from table scraps to corn mush mixed with thoroughly boiled beef liver chopped fine and it seemed to pass off all right, but a week later I noticed he kept constantly biting his lower jaw and fore legs and gnawing his hind legs and, by so doing, has made them raw in two or three places. Wherever he lies down he leaves quite a quantity of his hair, but I suppose that is natural enough at this season of the year, only the parts mentioned are thickly covered with little spots where the hair has come out. The dog seems to feel and act well when out, but in doors he is a little dumpish. I have consulted a friend who I have regarded as a good doctor and he says his blood is out of order and a little powdered sulphur and salts put into his feed regular. I thought I would consult a little higher authority and consequently call on you. Ans. Use the sulphur, but give also two purges of castor oil twice a week for two or three weeks and rub in some sulphur ointment thoroughly where the hair has come out. Feed carefully and give plenty of exercise.

126 F. W. S., Philadelphia.—I have a cocker bitch puppy six months old. For the last six weeks she has not eaten one good meal and sometimes she will not eat anything. Her coat which was a dark liver color has faded nearly brown. About three weeks ago I noticed she passed something that looked like thick blood. Again I saw the same, but did not notice anything strange about her. I took her out recently with another dog and had a chain on her. All at once she seemed to get frightened, ran and pulled to get away. She frothed at the mouth and seemed afraid of everything. The spell lasted about half an hour. Her eyes were wild looking and red, and she barked when she ran around. I caught her and tied her; she seemed to want to run away all the time. Her nose is hot most of the time. I feed her on table scraps and keep in good dry kennel. Will you kindly tell me what is the matter with her. Ans. The puppy had a fit, in which young dogs are very subject. Possibly she is in the first stage of distemper, or has worms. A few mild doses of sulphur followed by a little castor oil may be of service, and then give two grains of quinine three times a day.

127 DON, Sitka, Alaska.—My name is Don, my age one year and six months. I have been a child of misfortune from my youth up. I came of a good pedigree, both my parents being setters of good standing. In my early infancy I received a severe fall, badly hurting me. I was pronounced cured by my attending physician, but I always had grave doubts of the same. The mange I manage to "accumulate" by playing with a cur of low degree. I left the hospital about four months ago cured of that. Now, Mr. Editor, I am not old enough to have paralysis, but a constant twitching in both my fore shoulders annoys not only myself, but all my human friends who see me, and I have heard my master desire if by some of his friends to shoot me. Can it be I am afflicted? Is it paralysis, or what is the trouble? My appetite is good and I am very frisky, and it is only while lying down asleep, or standing still that the twitching can be noticed. There ain't any dog doctors here, so please send me some remedy, for I fear my next hunt will be in the happy hunting grounds. Ans. Don suffers from "chorea," or St. Vitus' dance, and seems to have been pursued by a "Nemesis." Possibly, however, he may be benefited by giving him a pill, three times a day, containing one grain of the valerianate of zinc, one-eighth grain of Nuclx vom. and two grains of quinine. At the same time give him plenty of exercise in the open air.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NO BRITISH TEAM.

Gen. Wingate has received the following letter from the chairman of the council of the British N. R. A.:

20 GROSVENER PLACE, S. W. LONDON, March 26, 1881.

Sir: As Chairman of the Council of the English Rifle Association, I beg to inform you that after much consideration the Association regrets that it does not see its way to send a Team of Smallbore Rifle Shots to the United States to compete with an American Team this season.

But it is hoped that next year we may find eight gentlemen who will go to New York for the International Rifle Match. Believe me, sir, Yours faithfully,

(Signed), STANHOPE.

General George W. Wingate.

PROFESSIONAL RIFLEMEN.—At the last meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association with Gen. E. Wingate in the chair, the Committee on Professionalism in rifle shooting submitted the following report, which was adopted:

A professional rifleman is one who exhibits or advertises his skill for a pecuniary consideration, or who is employed either directly or indirectly by a manufacturer, or by makers of rifles, to shoot his or their especial weapon, for the purpose of advertising or selling it; or who pursues rifle shooting as a means of gaining a livelihood. Excepting in military team competitions, professional riflemen shall always submit to a handicap equal to ten per cent. of the possible total score, in addition to any handicap that may be otherwise imposed. All competitors in individual matches at Creedmoor, during the year 1881, shall be classified according to their records for the year 1880, as published by the National Rifle Association; but the status of a competitor in any match must be obtained from his best two actual scores in similar matches only, to wit: Matches at the same distance or distances, the same rifles and same positions being allowed. Sharp-shooters are those who have made, as above indicated, 44 points in a possible total of 50 points; 31 in 35; 22 in 25, or 88 per cent. of any other possible total. Senior marksmen are those who cannot be classed as sharpshooters, but who have made, as above indicated, 36 points in a possible total of 50 points; 25 in 35; 18 in 25, or 72 per cent. of any other possible total. Other individuals shall be known as junior marksmen. Riflemen may be handicapped by the terms of a match, or by resolution of the Board of Directors, such action being printed in the monthly programmes, before a match shall have been shot. And in like manner, any classes or class of riflemen may be excluded from any particular match. The Board of Directors reserves the right to promote a man from one class to another, according to the record of the year 1881, or as it may deem proper. All previous action inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed. All of which is respectfully submitted.

Adjutant Murphy, the minority of the committee, urged a system of handicapping. Col. Gildersleeve thought the word "professional" a bad one to use, and suggested "crack shot."

BOSTON, April 9.—To-day was the first perfect spring day of the season for the riflemen. The wind was rather erratic in the early part of the shooting, but later became settled, and indicated upon the dial from 11 to 12 o'clock. About noon a fire which had been raging on the previous night behind the butts at 500 yards, broke out afresh near the centre of the range, and approached rapidly toward the pavilion. Shooting was suspended, and all the riflemen turned out to fight the fire, in which they proved successful, turning it toward the hill, where it did considerable havoc among the trees. Several acres were burned over, and the fire was still burning when the riflemen left. The few long range men who were out for practice found it hard to find the targets, owing to the smoke. Mr. E. Cram in the record match put in a full score of ten consecutive bullseyes, making the eighth full score ever made on the range. The entries were very large, space being given only to the best, as follows:

Record Match (Massachusetts Target).

L L Hubbard	12	11	12	10	11	11	11	11	12	—79
E P Richardson	12	11	10	12	13	11	11	11	12	—79
H L Lee	10	10	11	12	12	11	11	11	11	—77
A G Gilbert	11	12	11	10	12	11	11	11	11	—77
O M Jewell	11	11	10	10	11	11	12	12	12	—76
E F Cram	10	11	10	12	10	11	11	11	12	—75
J C Ernest	12	0	11	11	11	10	11	11	12	—74
J N Frye	9	11	12	9	11	12	11	11	12	—73
R R Richards	11	11	7	12	10	11	10	11	12	—72
E Robinson	11	11	10	9	10	10	10	11	10	—71
A L Burt	10	12	11	9	11	9	6	9	6	—63
J Francis	4	10	10	10	11	11	11	11	11	—86
J H Mak	9	9	8	9	11	9	9	9	11	—64
L Brown	5	7	10	9	10	9	9	9	6	—62

Record Match (Creedmoor).

E J Cram	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—50
O M Jewell	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—49
J N Frye	4	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	—47
J C Ernest	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	—47
J B Fellows	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	—45
G H Piercc	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	—47
H Garrison	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	—47
The last match closed, Mr. H. G. Bixby wins the beautiful gold medal of the Massachusetts Rifle Association on a total of three scores, 142. Mr. J. B. Fellows was successful in winning the silver medal on a total of 128.										
E J Cram	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—50
E A Borel	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	—43
B F Foster	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	—43
A L Burt	5	4	5	4	3	5	5	4	5	—43
A Appleton	3	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	—42

Amateur Match.

H C Bixby	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	—49
G H Piercc	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	—47
H Garrison	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	—47
J B Fellows	4	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	—44
J B Seaver	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	—44
J H Miller	4	4	5	5	5	3	4	4	4	—43

MAGNOLIA GALLERY—Boston.—The shooting has been exceedingly brilliant. Mr. Cram put in a good score of 49 in the Badge match and E. C. Arthur has the elegant showing of five 49s in the Forest and Stream match. In the new pistol match just begun Mr. C. Dunn heads the list in ready measurement, that is, measuring from the centre of the bullseye to the centre of each shot. J. H. Williams also has a good score. The result of all the matches is appended:

Badge Match.

Crain.....5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—49 Twigds.....6 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 5—46
Harris.....4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5—44 Merrill.....5 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 5—45
Mayo.....4 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 4—47

Forest and Stream Match.

Arthur.....49 49 49 49 49—245 Cumings.....47 48 48 48 48—239
Harris.....48 49 49 49 48—244 Gilman.....47 47 47 47 47—235
Farnham.....49 48 49 48 47—241

Pistol Match (Ready-Measurement Target).

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Totals.
C Dunn	5 7-16	6⅞	7½	19 7-16
J H Williams	7 15-16	7⅞	7⅞	23¾
H Mayo	8⅝	7⅞	8½	27⅞
J Ames	9	10	10¾	29¾
J H Wirthinton	18	12½		30½

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY—Boston.

Forest and Stream Match.

Harrison.....38 38 39 39 39—193 Bartlett.....36
Sherburne.....37 38 38 38 38—189 Gornspeed.....36
Arnold.....37 38 Edson.....36
Ro-s.....37 Hart.....36
Fogg.....37

Experts' Pistol Match.

J H Williams.....62 69 69—200 W Gardner.....62 55 60—167

Fast Day the gallery was in steady use from 9 A. M. to 12 P. M.—a perfect gala day.

Amateur Badge Match.

W Williams....35 34 34 34 33—170 F B Whitmarsh.....32
C Leon.....35 33 33 32 31—164 J Wolff.....27 29
S M Wiswell.....32

Amateur Pistol Match.

W Williams.....26 36 48—110 C Edwards.....27 29 47—103

Conditions in all rifle matches: Rounds, 8 a 40; five scores to win, or a possible 200; range, 150 feet.

Pistol matches: Rounds, 8 a 96; three scores to win, or a possible 288; range 50 feet.

HOPKINTON, Mass., April 9.—Yesterday the rifle club of this place had a shoot at Claflin's Grove Range. Wind and weather were favorable. Distance 200 yards. Rounds, off-hand, with a possible score of 50. The following is the record:

N Jewell	5 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 4—45	J Wadsworth	5 4 0 4 5 4 4 2 3—35
F S Phipps	4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4—41	C H Rose	4 4 3 3 4 4 3 3 3 6—35
P W Smith	5 3 4 4 5 4 4 3 4—40	G P Wood	4 4 3 3 5 3 4 3 2 4—35
E M Rose	4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 3—39	O H Smith	3 3 3 4 4 3 3 3 5 5—32
C Sumner	4 4 2 4 4 5 4 4 4—39	C Frost	4 4 4 3 3 2 3 0 4 4—31
W B Claflin	4 4 2 4 4 4 4 4 3—87		

BROOKFIELD, Mass., April 2.—The Brookfield Club now numbers fourteen active members. They are expected to soon take the field and make a better record than ever before. The averages for the last two years are as follows. The scores are for strings of 20 bulls each:

	1879.	1880.		1879.	1880.
C H Griffin	12	16	A Shepard	18¾	16½
S L Moulton	18½	14½	H Heredeen	16	17
H D Mathewson	14¾	11¾	L N Taughn	11¾	14
H E Capen	10½	12½	J Hobbs	15¾	17
C Dewby	9½	14	G T Varney	12	16½
H P Gerald	5¾	12½	E W Twitshell	—	12½
H L Butterworth	8¾	12	S Whittemore	—	18

WORCESTER, Mass., April 8.—Quite a party of Worcester sportsmen, who control the Pine Grove Range, in Shrewsbury, had a shoot yesterday. Their work is told by the following score.

400 Yards—Possible 60.

M G Fuller	5 6 6 4 6 6 6 6 6 5—56 6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 6—93—114
C Jenkins	6 5 6 5 4 4 6 6 4 4—54 6 6 6 6 6 3 6 4 5 6—64—108
Dr Arnold	5 6 6 6 6 5 4 5 4 5—54—100
A L Rice	4 4 3 5 4 4 6 6 6 6—48 5 5 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 5—55—103
F Wesson	3 6 4 6 6 5 5 4 5 4—49 4 6 4 6 6 5 6 4 6 4—49—102
A B Plympton	6 5 6 5 4 4 6 6 4 4—50 4 5 4 6 5 5 6 6 5 5—50—100

200 Yards, Off-hand.

John Normon	4 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5—44 4 3 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 4—43—86
M G Fuller	3 5 4 2 5 5 4 5 4 5—32 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4—43—85
Dr Arnold	4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5—43 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—40—83
C A Allen	4 4 4 4 3 4 5 4 4 4—42 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4—42—84
E A Bartlett	4 4 5 4 6 4 4 4 5 2—41 5 4 4 6 5 4 4 3 4 3—41—82
J H Howell	5 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4—40 3 4 4 4 5 4 4 3 4 5—40—81
A L Rice	5 3 3 4 4 3 4 6 4 4—38 3 4 3 4 3 4 4 3 4 2—34—72

WORCESTER, Mass., April 8.—The glass-ball tournament, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Fast Day, at their range, near Lake Quinsigamond, attracted a large number of sportsmen. Tatham's secret tied blue balls were used; they were sprung from C. H. Holden's improved rotating trap, at 18 yards rise. The first event was for a purse of $75, to be shot for by teams of three, 20 balls per man. The following is the score:

W S Perry	20	N S Johnson	17
F T Smith	15	W H Cobb	16
A Houghton	17—52	J E Browning	15—48
W H Edger	16	H Nichols	17
T J Beardsley	16	E A Folson	15
Dr Chamberlain	14—47	L O White	16—47
E W Webster	16	A P Pond	18
O F Belcher	16	L R Hudson	15
J C Haskell	14—46	C B Holden	11—44
E Barry	16	O H Bush	12
G J Rugg	12	W H Leighton	13
J H Frost	14—42	H S Fay	15—41
J T Muscroft	14	C H Gerrish	14
A S Newton	14	A D Putnam	10
T H Fuller	11—39	M D Gilman	14—38
C H Griffin	10	G B Clark	14
L C Keyes	15	N Brigham	10
A S Shepard	11—36	C P Winslow	10—34
G R B Claflin	11	A B Bowdish	14
A B F Kinney	9	D F Howe	10
D W Badson	13—33	N Forrest	6—30
A H Appleby	9	C Dodge	4 H A Moffit	11—21

The second event was for a purse of $50; individual sweepstakes; 10 balls per man. There were 41 entries. The first prize was divided between Perry, Cole and Gerrish, each scoring 9; the second was divided between Nichols, Holden and Jones, each scoring 8; the third was divided between Rugg, Webster and Bush, who each scored 7 balls.

The third event was for $100; individual sweepstakes; 15 ball per man. There were 20 entries. The first prize was divided between Perry and Haskell, who scored 14 each; the second between White and Pond, the third between Smith, Baudry and Eager.

The fourth event was a sweepstake; individual sweepstake 10 balls per man. Browning took the first prize; the second was divided between Perry, Eager and Smith.

The prize for the best individual score to the person shooting in all the events was awarded to W. S. Perry. He broke 82 of the 85 balls offered.

After the shooting Capt. A. P. Pond, of the late firm of Pond & Shepard, of the Bay State House, was presented with a solid gold medal. It was made by Greene & Nichols, of Boston. Its markings are as follows: "Presented to A. P. Pond, by the Worcester Sportsman's Club, 1881." Mr. Pond is soon to go to Chicago.

MEDFORD, Mass., April 7.—Some thirty or so lovers of sport gathered at the Belleyne range to-day, and for seven hours, in spite of an adverse wind, the bullets pattered like hail-stones on the targets, a large percentage of the shots bringing the white disc to the center of the target. Subjoined are the seventeen best scores 200 yards:

Whitney	5 5 4 4 4 5 5 9 4 5—46	Walters	44
Webb	5 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 4—46	Waterman	44
Russell	5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 4—46	Webster	44
Jacobs	4 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 4 5—45	Edwards, 2d	44
Ames	4 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 4—45	Henry	44
Williams	4 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 4—45	Harrison	42
Winslow	5 5 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 4—45	Davis	41
Teel	4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 4—44	Pollard	40
Edwards	44		

Assistant-Secretary A. E. Weston is busy preparing an interesting album of the members and ex-members of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association. There are some sixty in all, who have during ten years past assisted in the councils of the Association. The majority of the photographs have been secured, but he would like to receive imperial photos of the following gentlemen: Gen. A. E. Burnside, J. Powell, Jr., A. W. Craven, Col. H. G. Shaw (California), Gen. J. M. Varian, Gen. Augustus Funk, Hon. David W. Judd, Gen. Samuel W. Johnson, Gen. J. H. Liebenau, Col. Gourverneur Morris and Judge Hilton.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 7.—The weather this afternoon was not very inviting for the riflemen who attend the weekly matches at Rensselaerwyck. The wind blew in gusts, and the matches set down for competition being at the extreme short range are not enticing to many of the men. The first match was a subscription match with re-entries allowed. In spite of the adverse conditions good scores were made by a number, though fully as many more did not get an average of inners, the scores in detail being:

Gaus, Bal S	5 5 4 5 5 5 4—31	Spelman, S. M	*2 3 3 4 4 5 4—29
Geiger, R S	4 5 4 4 4 4 5—30	Mosher, Bal S	4 5 4 4 4 4 4—29
Miles, Bal S	4 4 4 5 5 5 4—30	Dexter, S S	3 4 4 0 3 4 4—22
Fitch, R C	3 5 5 4 3 4 5—29		

*Allowance to military rifles.

Following this came a match at 300 yards for a Wilkinson reloader. The entrance fee was small, the shots few and unlimited re-entries allowed. Mosher had gone over for the express purpose of winning that re-leader; he had all kinds of ammunition, and was ready to stay until dark, or later, to make a winning score. He nearly pulled the lock out of his gun, but he succeeded in winning the re-loader, and came back a happy man. The scores were as follows:

Mosher, Bal S	4 5 4 45—22	Spelman, Jr., S M	*2 3 4 3 4 5—20
Miles, Bal S	5 4 4 5 4—22	Gaus, Bal S	4 4 4 2—19
Fitch, S M	*2 4 4 3 4 5—22	Dexter, S S	4 3 4 3 4—18
Geiger, R S	4 4 4 4—20		

A new match was arranged at the same distance as the two previous matches, for a large cake. Lieutenant Spelman wanted the cake. He had come prepared to win something. He had a rifle which had been won by a team of the tenth regiment three years ago. After the disbandment of the regiment the rifle was delivered to Lieutenant Spelman by the State authorities, and now it was Spelman's turn to do something with it. He had got the hang of the gun, and for the sake of the gun the rest of the competitors were willing to let him win. They shot carelessly, getting inners and centres right along. Spelman's chances were good and the gun was doing splendidly. He had one shot to fire before he decided the cake. With the aid of two rannods and the hammer, he succeeded in carefully loading the prize gun, and stepped to the firing point with a look of confidence that only comes to a man when the fates have sided with him. He took careful aim, pulled off at the right moment—and got—a miss, and lost the cake. The shot decided the fate of the gun. It will probably be divided among the members of the team. The scores were as follows:

Fitch, S M	*2 4 4 3 4 4—21	Dexter, S S	4 3 4 3 4—18
Geiger, Bal S	5 3 5 4—20	Gaus, Bal S	4 4 4 3—18
Miles, S M	2 4 4 4 3—20	Mosher, Bal S	5 3 4 3 3—18
Spelman, Jr., S M	*2 4 4 4 5 0—19		

Next Thursday afternoon there will be three matches at 200 yards, as follows: First, the fifth competition in the 200 yard Life Membership match; second, a match for a Wilkinson reloader and the third, for a Greener gun, which has been presented to the association and will be won in one competition. These matches are open to all comers, and the entrance fee being small, there should be a large turnout to secure the valuable prizes.

CONLIN'S RIFLE, PISTOL AND RECORD GALLERY, 1,222 Broadway.—The Pistol Tournament which has been in progress during the last ten weeks ended on the 26th inst. The competition for the supremacy in skill was extremely close, and the general public evinced a great amount of interest in the shooting throughout the entire match. The wonderful scores made are considered exhibitions of almost if not quite perfect skill. The general plan was that the tournament would be held for ten weeks. During each week the championship for a certain style of shooting would be contested, and the competitor making the best score to be declared the winner of the championship of such style of shooting. The contestant who makes the second best score to win an expert's badge, but in no case could the holder of the championship win the expert's badge. The competitor holding the greatest number of championships to be declared the champion of pistol shooting for the year 1881. The following are the names of the winners of expert's badges:

Pierre Lorillard, Jr., swinging balls; W. C. Southwick, three-fourth bullets; C. J. J. Dunn, tack shooting; D. D. Davis, swinging bullets; J. B. Miller, ace target; Geo. E. Rogers, Creedmoor target.

Messrs. W. M. Chase and D. A. Davis were prevented from taking an active part during the entire tournament owing to sickness, and W. H. Wickham was not able to compete in a number of the contests owing to absence from the city. As these gentlemen are considered champions there is no doubt but what the champion would have had even a greater struggle for the honors if they had been active competitors in all of the contests. It is claimed by many of the posted ones that the winners of championship and expert badge would form a team second to none either in this country or Europe. All the scores made by the winners are marvels of skill, and the record made by the champion is rendered all the more notable by the fact that he is comparatively a new hand with the pistol.

Heretofore there has been no standard or basis by which the various records of crack shots could be compared owing to the differences in the conditions under which the respective feats of marksmanship had been performed. The tournament supplies the deficiency. If the conditions of same be stipulated for each of the styles of shooting, and universally adopted, then it will be an easy thing to rate the skill of a pistol marksman, and the scores made during the match forms a starting point for the comparison of future records.

CAMDEN, N. J.—Stockton Rifle Range, April 9.—The opening of the rang for the year took place to-day. Short-range match, all comers, any rifle, 200 yards, 7 rounds; 10 prizes, value, $64.50:

Geo Fox	32	H S Booz	*30
Maj J H Burroughs	32	M Price	29
F H Eachus	31	J Price	29
E Arom	31	J Tull	29
Dr G Cardwell	30	G W Coulston	*29

*Military rifle.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 26.—S. L. Kellogg, Jr., Robt. McKillican, G. H. Brown and Nicholas Williams shot a match to-day at 200 yards, 100 shots each. N. L. A. rules. Brown was given 30 points by Kellogg and Williams and McKillican 10 points. Brown was given 10 points by McKillican. The prize was a silver tea-sett. Brown and Kellogg used the Hotchkiss rifle, 45 grains powder, 485 lead. McKillican used a Sharps-Borchardt line rifle, 65 grains powder, 485 grains lead, and Williams had a Sharps-Borchardt line rifle, 60 grains powder, 440 grains lead. The scores stood:

Kellogg	4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4—42 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4—48 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5—43 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5—46 5 4 5 5 4 4 5 5 4—44 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5—46 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 5—45 4 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 4—45 4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4—41 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 5—47	Williams	4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 5—43 4 4 4 5 5 4 5 5 4—44 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 5—46 4 5 5 4 5 3 5 4 5 5—46 5 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 4—44 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5—43 4 5 5 4 5 3 5 4 4 4—42 4 5 4 5 4 4 5 5 5—46 5 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4—42 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 5 5—46 4 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 4—43 5 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 5—46 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—42
Total	447	Total	444
Brown	4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4—42 4 5 5 4 5 5 4 4 4—44 5 5 4 6 5 4 5 5 5—46 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 5 5—45 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 5 4—44 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4—42 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5—45 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 5 4—43 5 4 5 4 4 4 5 5 4—45 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4—42	McKillican	4 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4—42 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4—42 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 5 5—39 5 5 4 5 4 4 5 4 5—42 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 5—43 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 5—46 4 5 6 5 4 4 5 4 6—46 4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4—42
Total	437	Total	430

Ballard Match.—Prize, a Ballard long-range rifle, calibre .44, presented by Messrs Edward K. Tryon, Jr., & Co., Philadelphia; all comers, 500 and 600 yards, 10 shots at each, any rifle, any position, no allowance to military rifles, re-entries permitted:

	500	600		500	600
Burroughs	48	50—98	Price	47	43—90
Leopold	46	46—92	Parker	43	42—85
Foulke	46	46—92			

Subscription Match.—1,000 yards, 10 shots, possible 50.

W DeV Foulke	44	A B Parker	37
Geo Fox	41	L Thomas	29
E A Leopold	37		

THE TRAP.

LONG ISLAND SHOOTING CLUB.—Dexter Park, Jamaica Road, L. I., April 8.—First contest of the Long Island Shooting Club for the prize gun, presented by the club, shot for at 7 birds each, from 8 ground traps, handicapped rise 80 yards boundary. The gun to be awarded to the competitor winning it the greatest number of times in the year. Club rules. Entrance $1, one-half of which is used for extra prizes in ammunition. Ties shot off at 5 birds each:

B. W. West	25 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 1 1 1 1—18
W. Wilson	26	1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 1 1 1 1—12
H. Van Meden	24	1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 1 1 1 0—12
W. S. Styles	23	1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 1 1 0 —10
J. Joerger, Jr	22	1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 1 0 — 9
D. R. Kutridge	23	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 — 8
F. W. Leavitt	23	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 — 6
R. Barker	24	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 — 6
J. Akhurst	22	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 — 6
A. Eddy	25	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 — 5
W. Lemken	22	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 — 5
J. Wallace	25	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 — 5
R. Robinson	22	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 — 5
J. Wesley	25	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 — 5
H. Knebel	22	1 1 1 0 1 1 0 — 5
G. S. Creed	25	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 — 5
J. Von Lengerke	25	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 — 5
H. Funson	22	1 0 1 1 0 1 0 — 4
R. Midway	23	0 0 0 1 1 1 1 — 4
W. Walton	21	0 1 1 0 0 1 0 — 3
A. Appleyard	23	0 1 0 0 W — 1
J. Whitcomb	21	0 0 W — 0

VINCENTOWN, N. J., April 7.—The Coaxen Glass Ball Club of this place held their monthly shoot here to-day; Card's trap, 18 yards, 10 balls each:

W S Hilliard	7	Capt. W. D. Haines	6
H. E. Haines	5	Jos. S Haines	6
R. H. Trick	5	T. C. Shreve	8
S. S Butterworth	3	F. S. Hilliard	9
J. W. Haines	2		

There was a slight mistake made in publishing our last month's score, viz.: It was W. S. Hilliard who won badge instead of F. S. Hilliard.—SHERDRAKE.

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN CLUB will celebrate Fast Day, April 15, with a grand live bird shoot, sweepstake matches, etc. The noise will begin at 9 o'clock A. M. sharp.

SOUTH ABINGTON, April 7.—The first shoot of the South Abington Sportsman's Club for the gold badge was held on the Park to-day. Card trap, 20 balls each:

W H Cook	11	F Bryant	12
W Alden	10	M Barrett	4
Geo Hartman	15	P Smith	6
Sam Norton	16	D Howe	14
Matt Lincoln	19	C F Cook	18
W Edson	17	C Bickford	9
Seth Gurney	10	H Whiting	10
Thos Fish	16	Geo Edson	13
E Whidden	19	H Vosmos	3
A Thomas	11	E Bates	13
Chris Smith	13	Wm Wilder	6
A Le Baron	17	C Nute	5
S H Norton	13		

Ties shot off at 21 yards: E Whidden broke 19 straight, Matt Lincoln breaking 9. Whidden wins the badge.—E.

NEW YORK GUN CLUB, Bergen Point; April 9.—Match, 5 single birds each at 20 yards rise, and 3 doubles each at 25 yards; the looser to pay for the birds.

	Singles.	Doubles.		Singles.	Doubles
Edmunds	11111	10 00 01—7	Arnold	01110	10 00 01—5

Match of 10 birds, for the birds, 29 yards rise:

Arnold	11111 11101—9
Edmunds	11111 11010—8

Match at 25 birds each, for $100 a side and the price of the birds, at 29 yards rise; miss and go out:

Arnold	11110 11110 11010 01101 10111—111—21
Edmunds	10111 01111 11101 10011 11001—110—20

The Baron Trophy, 10 birds each, handicap rise, entry $1, ties to be shot off at three birds. Each competitor to shoot at the distance at which he was handicapped the first time he entered into the competitions. Those who have not previously entered will shoot at their handicap at the time of entering. Winners of sweepstakes on any day assigned for this match previous to the hour for the commencement of the match, will be penalized as prescribed in the rules. Should the cup be finally won previous to the 28th of May, then another trophy will be offered under similar conditions.

Arthur	25 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—1 1 1—13
Hunter	26	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—0 1 1—12
Howard	25	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 — 9
Sands	29	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 — 8
Taylor	22	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 — 8
Edmunds	30	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 W — 8
Col Armstrong	30	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 W — 7
G. Wood	24	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 W — 7
Nelson	26	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 W — 7
White	30	1 0 1 1 1 0 7 1 0 — 6
Arno d	29	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 W — 6
Benjamin	21	1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 — 5
Minto	28	0 1 7 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 — 5
Styles	25	1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 W — 5
Lawrence	25	0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 W — 5
Col Butler	30	1 1 1 1 0 0 W — 4
Robinson	21	0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 — 4
Rebtin	28	1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 — 4
Owens	22	1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 W — 3
Wallace	28	1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 W — 3
Hoffman	24	1 1 1 0 0 W — 3
Warren	28	1 1 0 0 0 W — 2
Milner	25	0 1 1 0 0 W — 2
Dunleavy	28	1 1 0 0 W — 2
Hammond	23	0 0 W — 0

A match has been arranged between ten members of the New York Club and ten members of the Riverton Club, to be shot some time in April.

GREENPOINT SHOOTING CLUB.—Regular monthly competition at club grounds, Woodside, L. I.; 7 birds each; use of both barrels; birds generally swift flyers:

Territt	23 yards	1 1 1 1 1 1—7	Sims	23 yards	0 1 1 1 0	0—4
Kroger	24	1 1 1 1 0	1—6	Krombach	24	1 1 1 0 0	1—4
Wright	23	1 0 1 1 1	1—6	Ayers	21	1 0 0 0 1	0—2
Trock	24	1 0 1 0 1	1—5	Cheller	21	0 1 1 0 0	0—3
Munz	23	1 1 0 1 1	0—5	Stone	23	0 1 1 0 0	0—2
Bullwinkle	26	1 0 1 1 0	1—5	Sauer	21	0 1 1 0 0	0—2
Spurate	29	1 1 1 0 1	0—5	Henry	22	0 0 0 0 0	0—0

FOLSOM, Cal., Mar. 28.—One year ago the Folsom Sportsmen's Club gave a trap-shooting tournament which was so decided a success that the club some two months ago announced a most attractive programme for a second event, to come off on the 27th and 28th of this month. It was decided to have a club match on the first day, open to teams of five men each from regularly organized clubs, and individual contests on the second day. Applications were not slow in coming in, eight clubs responding. The clubs entering were the California-Pigeon Shooting Club and Cosmopolitan Gun Club, of San Francisco; the O'Neill and Stockton Gun Clubs, of San Joaquin; the Forester Gun Club, of Sacramento; Placerville Gun Club, Butte County Gun Club and the Folsom Club. Entrance for each team was fixed at $100, the first prize being 30 per cent. of entrance money and $100 added by the Folsom Club. Conditions, 15 birds to each shooter, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary. Six carloads of people left by special train at 9 o'clock A. M., yesterday, and made the attendance at the grounds quite as large as the participants in the match cared to see. The day turned out to be a pleasant and comfortable one.

Dr. Durant, President of the Folsom Club, delivered a hearty

speech of welcome. He also read a letter from A. L. Thiel, President of the Chico club, expressing regret at his club not being able to send a team. The others elected were: Judges, J. D. Young, of Sacramento, and Geo W. Terrill, of San Francisco; Referee, S. A. Tucker; Scorers, John Holz, of Sacramento and Charles E. Mack, Jr., of Florin; Loading-Judge, A. Flohr, of Sacramento; Puller, L. C. Moore, of Folsom. It was arranged that two teams should shoot five birds each, then two others, and so on until each had three innings. We give the score in detail

Folsom Sportsmen's Club.

Chas Chapman	1110111111111—14
George Routier	1111101111111—14
M R Riddle	1111111110111—14
F S Childs	0111111111111—14
A J Bell	1111111*11110—12—68

Forester Gun Club—Team No. 2.

A J Vernilya	1111*1111111—13
James Parrott	1111111111010—14
A Knauer	1111111111111—15
F M Sheplar	1101111101111—13
Henry Gerber	1111011011101—12—67

California Pigeon Shooting Club.

A H Schnable	1111111111111—15
C Robinson	1011111110111—13
John Kerrigan	1111011111011—12
George W Downey	0?011111111011—12
H Spencer	1111111111010—10—63

Forester Gun Club—Team No. 1.

John Gerber	1111111111101—14
J L Zuver	1111111111111—15
W E Gerber	1111111111101—14
W H Hamilton	1110111110011—12
J W Todd	1111011*10101—11—63

O'Neill Gun Club.

C E Hohenshal	1110111111111—14
John Craig	1011011111111—13
J Loechler	1111101011111—13
F A Merrill	1101111011111—13
John Swain	1101101101111—13—63

Stockton Gun Club.

Oscar Marshall	0111111111111—14
C B Smith	1111110111111—14
Charles J Duns	1111101110111—12
F M Lastreto	1111011110*01—11
Charles Rich	1111010001111000—9 —63

Cosmopolitan Gun Club.

Frank Maskey	1111111111111—15
Wm Golcher	1011111111111—14
M Ault	0101111011101—10
Tor Card	1101110011001—10
J Browell, Jr	0110111101010100—10—59

Placerville Gun Club.

O V Morris	1011110111*1110—11
S Lemon	1111011010011—11
A J Kay	1011101111010—10
Thomas Potts	1011100500001011— 7
J McLaughlin	0000?100?10?01— 6—45

* Sang out of bounds. † Retrieved, but too late.

On the second day, given up entirely to individual shooting, many of the men redeemed themselves. The shooting began about half-past 9 o'clock, and was kept up without intermission until the distant hills became dim with darkness. The judges selected were Messrs. J. H. Burnham and Wm. Golcher. George W. Gilbert acted as referee during the forenoon, and was succeeded by Mr. Card, of San Francisco, in the afternoon; scorers, S. B. Milligan, of Sacramento, and Charles Burnham, of Folsom; loading-judge, A. Flohr, of Sacramento. The several matches were as follows:

First match—Freeze out. At 21 yards:

F Wentworth	1 1 1 1 1—5	P D Brown	1 1 0 w
Frank Sheplar	1 1 1 1 1—5	J Burnet	1 1 0 w
Charles Rich	1 1 1 1 1—5	Dr Card	1 1 w
J Loechler	1 1 1 1 1—5	Mr Barnes	1 1 0 w
F M Lastreto	1 1 1 1 w	C E Hohenshell	0 w
George Harms	1 1 1 0 w		

The first four named divided the pool between them.

Second match—Nine birds, 21 yards. Score:

Lastreto	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	Smith	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Maskey	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	Eckloo	1 1 1 1 1 1 *—8
Robinson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	Routier	1 1 1 1 1 0 1—8
Rich	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	Roche	1 1 1 1 1 * 0—7
Burnett	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	Suttenville	1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1—6
Golcher	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—8		

Holder, Marshall, Sheplar, Harms, Wentworth, Hohenshell, Childs, Liddle, Bell, Chapman and Schnable withdrew.

Ties on 9 were shot off at three pairs, with this result:

Robinson	11 *1 11—5	Smith	11 11 10—5
Lastreto	11 11 10—5	Tucker	01 10—2
Rich	10 11 01—4	Maskey	10 11 01—4
Burnett	11 01 11—5		

Second tie, same conditions:

Robinson	11 11 11—6	Smith	11 11 11—6
Lastreto	11 11 11—6	Rich	10 11 11—5
Burnett	11 01 11—5		

Third tie, same conditions:

Robinson	11 10 11—5	Smith	01 11 10—4
Lastreto	01 11 11—5	Burnett	10 11 00—3

Fourth tie, same conditions:

Robinson	11 11 11—6	Lastreto	11 11 01—5

Robinson won first money, Lastreto second and Smith third. Lastreto distinguished himself in this match by making five or six remarkable shots, killing his birds at from fifty to seventy yards from the score.

Third match—Six birds, 30 yards rise, both barrels (English rules). Birds marked * indicate those that fell dead beyond the bounds, and birds marked † indicate those killed with the second barrel.

Tucker	1 1 1 1 † 1—6	Chapman	0 † 1 1 †—5
Robinson	1 † 1 1 1 1—6	Woodward	0 1 1 0 †—4
Sheplar	1 1 † 1 1 1—6	Routier	1 * 1 1 0 1—4
Lastreto	1 † 1 † 1—5	Harms	1 0 1 † 1—4
Maskey	1 † 1 † 1—5	Bell	0 1 1 0 0—3
Hohenshell	1 1 1 0 †—5	Liddle	0 1 0 0 1 0—2
Childs	1 0 1 † 1—5		

Ties on six, same distance, at three birds:

Tucker	1 1 †—3	Sheplar	1 1 0—2
Robinson	1 * 1—2	Lastreto	† 1 0—2

In the shoot-off for second and third moneys, Lastreto and Robinson each killed three birds and divided. In this match Liddle got a bird by trying to shoot off an empty cartridge, and one of Robinson's fell dead a foot beyond the boundary with fifteen No. 9 shot in its body.

Fourth match—Freeze out at 30 yards rise; entrance, $5, divided into two prizes. Score:

Robinson	1 † 1 1 1 1 1 1 † 1 † 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

way to Pigeon River, the boundary line, a distance of forty miles. Lying straight out from the first gap is Isle Royale, thirty miles distant. You will agree with me that this is truly a magnificent sheet of water for yachting when I tell you that it is navigable with large steamers in its entirety, and there are only two or three shoals in the whole bay. It truly ought to be the home of yachting on Lake Superior. The yachtsman, ambitious to battle against the gales of the lake, can get there inside of twenty miles, and a hundred mile run will take him to the Copper Region of Michigan on the south shore of our "unsalted sea." Again, should one want a cruising trip on smooth waters, the intricacies of our sister bays, Black and Nepigon, which are each as large as ours, can be explored, while one cannot sail for twenty miles without being able to reach a trout stream.

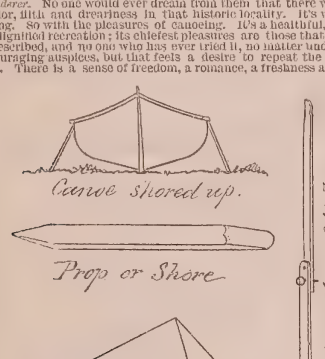
A word on the subject of boats: I have noticed the discussion carried on in your columns with regard to sharpies. Not having ever seen a sharpie, its definition becomes a little vague, but should imagine that the style and build are similar to what are called here fishing skiffs. The proportion for these is about seven to one. The bow and stern are exactly alike. They are nearly flat bottomed, with a rounded bilge; sail splendid in both heavy and light weather, and are beautiful sea boats. Usually rigged with a fore and mainsail, the former set with a gaff but no boom; the mainsail with a gaff or sprit and boom. The foremast is stepped as far as it can go in the bows, and that sail about half as large again as what is erroneously called the mainsail. When a jib is used it is only for running free. They are centreboards and draw with ballast and board up about 12 inches of water aft, and almost nothing forward. Nevertheless they are hard boats to beat in heavy weather. G. T. M.

Prince Arthur's Landing, Canada.

TENT FOR SMALL BOATS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CANOE TRIP."

A CANOE cruise is not all romance. There are many things about one that are far from pleasant. To the novice, rainy days, mosquitoes, cooking, washing utensils, etc., are grim realities and inevitable as measles, teething and whooping cough are to babyhood, and equally as trying. It's no joke to desert a comfortable office or store and paddle all day in the sun or rain, cook one's own food or ten with the most dyspeptic results, and, in lieu of the accustomed bed, try to court Morpheus with a legion of mosquitoes fiendishly gyrating around an upturned nose, pointing skyward from the recesses of a canoe. It's all well to read enthusiastic accounts of cruises. The Rev. L. Titus Banger visits the Holy Land, and his descriptive effusions crowd the columns of his native paper, the *Mudville Weekly Thunderer*. No one would ever dream from them that there was any squalor, filth and dreariness in that historic locality. It's very deceiving. So with the pleasures of canoeing. It's a healthful, manly and dignified recreation; its chiefest pleasures are those that cannot be described, and no one who has ever tried it, no matter under how discouraging auspices, but that feels a desire to repeat the experiment. There is a sense of freedom, a romance, a freshness about it,



that appeals right to the soul of manliness, but it has a practical side which the novice is prone to leave out of the question. Perhaps one of the most important things tending to a comfortable cruise is the matter of shelter. The canoe itself makes an excellent bed, and with paddle laid lengthwise along the canoe, supporting a rubber blanket over the cockpit, makes also dry shelter in case of rain. A tent is, however, always found in the outfit of the canoeist. With it he is not compelled to retire betimes to his canoe at the end of a day's journey, but can sit up and read or write up his log, and have shelter if weather bound. The objections to ordinary tents are that they require poles, and are somewhat heavy and cumbrous as well as troublesome to set. The *desideratum* would seem to be some light, secure shelter, capable of being pitched over the canoe and easily adjusted.

Macgregor on his cruise in the Jordan had his canoe arranged so that a portion of the deck was removable and supported by means of the paddle and a cane with a canvas covering made a very snug little cabin; but a removable deck is open to several objections.

The plan of a tent here presented, devised by the writer, was successfully used in last summer's cruise. It weighs only between 60 and 70 ounces, and packs with its folding sticks inside into a very small bundle. It is easily adjusted, and with but little modification can be adapted to any small boat or yacht. Under its shelter the writer has, on a rainy evening, seated in the canoe with a small alcohol stove between the knees, prepared his "Leibig" soup, coffee and toasted crackers, written up his log, read awhile by lantern light and turned in snugly to "sleep the sleep of the just," oblivious to the elements.

The most important thing connected with a camp is keeping the canoe upright on keel. It was the custom of MacGregor to settle his firmly on the sand, but sand is not always obtainable. The practice of blocking up the canoe with sticks or stones is liable to subject it to strain or injury. The canoeist should always carry two wooden skates as light prow. Is inches long by 3 inches wide, pointed at one end to insert on the ground, and covered with rubber to insert in under the fender of the canoe on each side. When not in use they fit snugly along side the floor boards of the canoe.

The tent consists of four sticks, each jointed in the middle to fold together, somewhat like a pocket-knife, for convenience, and when opened out are fastened through by a little pin attached to the stick by a string for security against loss. Of these sticks the two longer are placed upright in two screw-eyes placed on the outside of the combing, each side of the after-end of the cockpit, the two shorter being placed similarly each side at the forward end of the cockpit. The simple operation of placing the canvas part of the tent over the sticks and tying the cords at each corner into rings set in the canoe, completes the setting of the tent. A door in the side affords ready means of ingress, and held up by two sticks with the aid of a rubber blanket set at the side it may be converted into a kitchen in rainy weather if desired. The tent can also be constructed with the top detachable, and without the sides used as an awning in hot weather.

YACHTING NEWS.

ELEPHANT.—This fast sloop has been sold to W. Patten, Springfield, Mass., and will sail from Saybrook, Conn.

FIRST OF THE SEASON.—The Mosquito fleet, of South Boston, opened the season with a match last Thursday, for which there was eight entries.

STILL ANOTHER CUTTER.—Mr. D. J. Lawlor, of East Boston, is to build a 25 ft. cutter, and McManus & Son, of Commercial Wharf, will supply the sails.

FIRST IRON YACHT.—The *South Boston Inquirer* says that Vindex will not be the first iron yacht in Boston waters, R. B. Forbes having sailed the iron Azalea in Boston twenty-five years ago.

BIG SCHOONER.—The new schooner building by D. D. Kelly, East Boston, is 100 ft. long, 21 ft. beam, 7½ ft. hold. Masts, 7 and 75 ft; topmasts, 38 ft. Working sails will have an area of 9,000 square ft.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Pictures for the club for this year are as follows: First championship regatta, swampscott, July 9; second, Nahant, Aug. 6; third, Marblehead, Sept. 10; special regatta, Swampscott, Sept. 24.—B.

LAKE FLEET.—D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., of Bay City, Mich., is having a fine schooner built, 46 ft. keel, 13 ft. beam, to be off by the next month. The example set by Mr. S. McLean, of the same city, with his new schooner last season, is bearing good fruit.

EAST RIVER YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our club has changed the dates for its regattas from those first determined. Our opening day will be June 6, and the spring regatta June 20. The Americus has been secured to accompany the boats over the course. S.

SOUTHWARK YACHT CLUB.—The boat houses have been burned and with them the new Millie, belonging to Mr. Correl. The Commodore's boat, belonging to Emma Bingham, was set adrift during the excitement, and floated down the Delaware. Damage reaches perhaps $3,000.

NEW JERSEY YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our officers for the year are: Commodore, W. H. Dilworth; Vice-Com., A. Jeanneret; Secretary, F. T. Dilworth; Treasurer, C. J. Rogers; Measurer, H. S. Jhea. Regatta Committee, E. W. Ketcham, C. W. Roedenberg and Dr. H. G. Stebbins, Jr.—X.

PACIFIC YACHT CLUB.—The officers for the year are: Commodore, R. S. Floyd; Vice-Commodore, J. McDonough; Measurer, J. C. Kelley. The Secretary reported the club in a most flourishing condition, with 116 on and 49 contributing members. The fleet includes the schooners Ariel, Aggie, Nellie, Fleur de Lis, Azalone, Gen. Geo. H. Evans and Daphne, and sloops Amie, Clara, Laura, Nellie and Ella.

MODERNIZING.—The sound little ship Caprice, Mr. David Williams, is coming out in the yawl rig. She will be the first of the kind in New York waters. Gracie and Vesta are lowering their lead on to outside skin, and the schooner Agnes, Com. Latham Fish, A. Y. C., will be brought up to date by outside lead. And so New York is beginning to move at last. Gracie, we imagine, will sail like a new craft this year, with her low weights and sure-headed mainsail.

CLEVELAND YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting, April 2, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, Geo. W. Gardner; Vice-Commodore, James Raleigh; Rear-Commodore, Wm. Gerlach; Secretary, C. C. Kaube; Treasurer, H. Phelps; Measurer, A. Lyman; Executive Committee, James Gibbons, W. Scott-Robison, W. H. Eckman, R. E. Gill and T. H. Smead.—C. K.

BRENTANO'S MONTHLY.—We regret to announce the premature death of this publication as a yachting magazine. Our contemporary, with much pluck, has learned by experience that it is very much easier to criticise FOREST AND STREAM than, like it, to establish yachting literature on the sound basis of commercial success. This journal has been the first and is, so far, the only one which has made its yachting columns pay, the true test, after all, of their intrinsic worth.

THE PACIFIC FLEET.—Mr. Hyde Bowie, of the new Nellie schooner has issued the following challenge: "Hyde Bowie, owner of the schooner yacht Nellie (Turner model), hereby challenges the schooner yacht Cum O'Connor (White's model) for $1,000 over the same course and under the same conditions as sailed in the O'Connor-Chipsa race; the race to take place within 60 days, and notice of acceptance to be given him inside of 30 days from date. His boat and money are ready."

HARLEM REGATTA.—The Secretary of the Harlem Regatta Association informs us that the coming programme for June 4 will include the usual rowing races, a yacht race for fifteen entries; entrance fee, $3; entries to close May 24, at noon. Secretary's address, Jasper T. Goodwin, P. O. Box 595, city. We hope this chance of giving the general public an opportunity of observing a big fleet of canoes will be made the most of.

OSHKOSH YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last meeting the following officers were elected for the year: Commodore, Geo. W. Burnell, Vice Commodore, Geo. F. Stroud; Secretary, Geo. M. Basbrouck; Treasurer, Frank Helling; Measurer, S. P. Gary; Fleet Captain, John Dickinson. The policy of a regatta with prizes enough to induce outside competition was much discussed, and met with favor in the club. The outlook for a successful season is very flattering.—C. C. M.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—The election of officers resulted in the following choice: Commodore, Dr. Robert Disbrow; Vice-Commodore, F. G. Cooley; Fleet Captain, Jas. Rogers; Secretary, William Morris; Treasurer, Thomas Christian; Measurer, John Winniatt. Regatta Committee—M. J. Riley, William Morris, Jas. Charnock, Jas. Bertrand, J. E. Chandler, J. C. Merry and O. D. Laforest. Cash receipts last year, $1,025. Membership, 103; yachts flying the club burgee, 54. Balance on hand, $167.46. Prizes to the amount of $100 are offered for a union regatta on Decoration Day.

AMERICA CHALLENGE CUP.—The following letter has been directed to a member of the New York Y. C. by the secretary of the Bay of Quinte Y. C.:

"BELLEVILLE, April 1, 1881.

"*Dear Sir*—Captain Cuthbert has handed me your letter asking information as to the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, which you will find inclosed. * * * The club, I may add, has a membership of seventy-five. The officers are those of 1880, as our annual race, which will take place until the first Wednesday in May. Captain Cuthbert desires his compliments to you, and says you may fully calculate on seeing him in New York this summer. His new sloop is nearly in frame, and will be pushed forward to completion as rapidly as possible. The challenge will be forwarded at an early date.

"RICHARD S. BELL,
"Secretary B. Q. Y. C."

KNICKERBOCKER YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual election of officers was held April 5, and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, Geo. A. Hibby; Vice-Commodore, Wm. A Stewart; Secretary, Alfred Varian; Treasurer, Wm. Potter, Jr.; Measurer, Chas. Coughlin; Steward, R. H. Miller. Board of Directors—W. Potter, Jr., D. F. Coughlan, A. E. Miller, A. Wright and C. E. Baker. The club is in very prosperous condition. There are seventy-five names on the roll. The fleet consists of six cabin and twenty open sloops. The first regatta will be sailed on May 30, and several new yachts will be added to the fleet before that time.—Y.

SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have elected the following officers for the year: Commodore, A. A. Maginnis; Vice-Commodore, Edwin Harris; Rear Commodore, Harry T. Howard; Secretary, Arthur H. Harris; Treasurer, James B. McConnell. At the same time new sailing rules were adopted, a copy of which I will send you shortly, and if was determined to have an inter-state regatta here this summer, when such purses would be offered as would make it interesting to all comers and remunerative to the winners. The classes will comprise 25 ft. boats, like the Sleeper, Dare Devil and others; also 25 ft. boats of the Puck and Luck's class, and 22 ft. boats like the Addie Taylor. We will give large purses, and we are anxious to have your cracks come down and pay us a visit.—H.

THE DE BAY PROPELLER.—We have laid the experimental trials with this new invention before our readers, and now add the report of the master of the steamer Cora Maria, of 800 tons, which made a round voyage as a further test. In his report the master says: "The trial trips at Cardiff in July and August last were quite sufficient evidences of the great superiority of the De Bay propeller over the ordinary screw. The superiority has been more fully exemplified and established by the results of our voyage to the Danube, in the North Sea, from Cardiff to London, and also in the Thames. The De Bay propeller has performed all claimed for it, viz., greatly increased speed, entire absence of vibration, perfect handiness of the vessel in crowded anchorages and in river navigation, but it must be admitted that the old crank gearing was defective in its construction, and proved a serious drawback to the success of the voyage. The Cora Maria was with the ordinary screw an 8-knot boat when loaded, and when in ballast about 8½ knots was the extent of her speed. With the De Bay propeller she is a 9 to 9½ knot boat when loaded, and 10 to 10½ knots when in ballast." He feels confident that much better results will be obtained on a finer lined vessel, as also a much less disparity in the speeds, loaded and light. The entire absence of vibration is, he says, "a grand feature in connection with the De Bay propeller, and every pilot that has been employed during the voyage, of whatever nationality, has been astonished at the rapidity the vessel answers her helm." He has no hesitation in stating "that he has full and implicit confidence in the stability of the steel blades of the De Bay propeller. In his opinion the steel blades of the De Bay propeller would stand more strain and more rough usage than the ordinary cast iron screws." As regards fouling the propeller with ropes from the ship, he has repeatedly tried to get a rope in it at sea without success.

For Neuralgia, Pains and Aches in the Back, Kidneys or Limbs—Hop Bitters.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

BROOKLYN.—We have at present no report of where the wild pigeons are.

C. N. M., Woodbridge, N. J.—Is the popular idea that the first litter of puppies is not good correct? Ans. No.

H. E. B., Vermont.—By Adams Express it will cost you from $1 to $5 to have the dog shipped. He must be boxed.

J. M. C., Peterborough, N. H.—The articles on dog breaking appeared in five numbers of the paper. Price fifty cents.

R. I. M., Syracuse.—You neglect to give weight of gun. A charge of 4 drs. powder, 1¼ oz. No. 4 shot we should recommend.

C. L., Memphis, Tenn.—The firm has no regular agent in this country. You can obtain the gun of any of the New York dealers.

D. D. H., Franklin, Ind.—The gun is safe and reliable, and is just the thing when one wishes to be prepared for all kinds of game.

E. L. F., Pagets springs, Cal.—The manufacturers of the arm have failed. It is not a success. We do not know where you can buy it.

P. B. McE., North Platte, Neb.—You can procure wild rice of Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont., or of R. M. Valentine, Janesville, Wis. Plant in spring or fall.

F. S. D., Philadelphia.—Can you give me the present address and occupation of W. Holberton? Ans. With Conroy, Bissett & Malleson, 65 Fulton st., New York.

SPARTAN, West Sparta, N. Y.—The Draper shell is not now manufactured, we believe. You can probably procure it of the New York dealers in sportsmen's goods.

CURRER, New Castle, Pa.—We should be pleased to receive your "notes." Anything which adds to the variety of the FOREST AND STREAM's bill of fare is always in order.

E. L. H., Geneva, N. Y.—You are not a "subscriber" direct unless your name is down on our books. You have all the benefits and privileges of a regular subscriber, however.

F. G. W., Three Rivers.—The ordinary H and T traps will answer your purpose. They can be bought of dealers in sportsmen's goods. We should not particularly recommend the style you refer to.

L. K. C., Wittman, Md.—We want four red foxes, two of each sex, for breeding purposes. We have entirely broken up the stock at this point. Where can we get some? Ans. Write to Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, New York.

TAPPAN, Newark, N. J.—For pedigree of Lister's Bang see answer to R. S. M., this column, which gives the pedigree of Bang's sire, Hamilton Thompson's Duke, the dam of Bang, was an imported bitch. Mr. Lister is unable to give pedigree.

J. P. H., Community, Madison Co., N. Y.—Can you tell me where I can get complete copy of the game laws of Maine? Ans. Write to the Game and Fish Commissioner, E. Stillwell, Portland, Maine, who will furnish what you require, or tell you where to get it.

G. G., Apollo.—What are the names of the owners of kennels in England from whom I could get a dog? Ans. There are hundreds of responsible parties whom you can correspond with. State what breed of dog you want and we will send you a list. See advertisements in another column.

W. G. W., Sparta, Wis.—Can you inform me what has become of the N. A. R. C. Stud Book, Vol. II., which was to be ready last year? I sent my money and entries in last April. Have written Mr. De Ronge but had no reply? Ans. Address Mr. Joseph H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn. He is the acting secretary at this time. Mr. De Ronge has ceased to fill the office.

W. W. S., Boston.—Can you obtain for me or tell me where to obtain the pamphlet "The Lakeside Library series No. 221-222 Game Birds of the U. S. by Thos. Alexander, published by Donnelly, Gassette & Lloyd, Chicago, a few years ago (companion to No. 99 same series)? Ans. Any news company can furnish it if it is to be had. Try the New England News Co.

F. W. G., Danbury, Conn.—1. How can I enter my dog in the stud book? 2. When do the entries close? 3. I thought the book was to be published a year ago? Ans. 1. By addressing Mr. Joseph H. Dew, Secretary National American Kennel Club, Columbia, Tenn. We have written Mr. Dew for the information, but as yet have had no reply. The book was promised last year.

C., Frederick, Md.—1. Will black bass take a fly? 2. What species of fly is best, and when can they be handled? 3. The best month for fly fishing for bass? Ans. 1. Yes; in some waters, in others it is reported that they will not. They seem capricious. 2. Large, bright, gaudy flies are used of many patterns. Write to any of our advertisers. 3. August and September are good in most waters.

A. B., So. Boston, Va.—How am I to stop a steady leak with a tendency to increase in volume under the base of my fish pond? Where can I get a supply of black bass fry to stock with? Ans. Dig down and plank across the leak, drive down planks endwise, or tamp in clay. As to fish, all at this distance is so much depends upon the nature of the soil. You can get black bass from most Virginia rivers, especially if you ask for "chub," for that is the local name.]

G. P. M., Oswego, N. Y.—A party of sportsmen got into an argument the other day about shooting duck from a sail yacht. I claim that as no one has the perfect right to shoot from sail or steam boats, or boat on Lake Ontario anywhere on the York State side, but according to the State Game Law had not that right on any of the inland ponds, lakes or rivers. I of course want to be understood that this applies to the present season only. Ans. Shooting for ducks is prohibited except in the waters of Long Island Sound, Lake Ontario and the Hudson River below Nyack.

D. S., Upper Preakness.—1. Where are there any trout streams near Paterson? 2. What would a good book on fly casting cost? 3. Will not trout hite worms as well as artificial flies? Ans. 1. You do not give your State and we have no idea where Upper Preakness is. If you mean Paterson, N. J., there are no good trout streams near there. You should not leave this for us to guess. 2. The American Angler's book, by Thaddeus Norris, is the best on all fishing; price $3.50. You can furnish it. 3. Yes; sometimes better, but there is no comparison in the sport of fly and worm fishing. One is like wing shooting while the other is like resting a musket over a fence and killing a bunch of birds on the ground.

R. S. M., New York City.—Mr. Walter Humphrey resides at present at No. 28 Ward street, Newark, N. J. The pedigree of Hamilton Thompson's Duke is as follows: Duke, by J. F. Marster's Bang, out of Hamilton Thompson's Belle. Bang by Paul Mead's Dash, out of Palmer's Belle. Dash by a red Irish setter dog owned in Canada, out of A. Johnson's "Kent Bitch." Palmer's Belle by Paul Mead's Dash, out of Palmer's imported Belle, sent Mr. Palmer by Mr. Talbot of Dublin. Thompson's Belle by Robinson's Jack out of Thompson's Jane; Jack by Putnam's Dan, out of Palmer's Belle; Dan by Paul Mead's Dash, out of Putnam's Nell. Jane by Scott Rodman's Dash, out of Thompson's Fanny;] Dash by Paul Mead's Dash, out of Palmer's Belle.

P., Westfield, Mass.—1. How is the cocker for general work in New England? 2. Will they retrieve well from the water? 3. Would they be good in Florida? 4. Would a dog one year old not broken at all, be very difficult to break on account of age? 5. Do they point their game, or always raise it without orders? 6. Which would be the best weight, 25 or 30 pounds? Ans. 1. The cocker is used for treeing grouse and shooting woodcock over. He is not a quail or snipe dog; although in dense cover and in boggy bottom he can be used for flushing quail. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. 4. Old dogs are more difficult to break than young ones that have been brought up always to mind, but a year old dog can be readily trained; of course, a great deal depending on his disposition and intelligence. 5. Cockers flush their game. 6. 25 pounds.

S. F., Hollidaysburg, Pa.—Being about to locate several carp ponds I would ask you for your opinion on the matter. Do you think carp will do well up here in Allegheny Mountains? How deep, large, and how many ponds should there be? Through our fish commissioner, Hon. B. L. Hewit, of this place, I will get about five or six carp one year old. Will they spawn this year? Where could I buy a second-hand aquarium? Or, if not second-hand, a new one? Ans. Carp will do well in warm water, the warmer the better. Ponds should be from two to six feet deep, or even deeper if they freeze hard. They may be of such size and shape as the land permits, from ¼ of an acre to four or more acres. It is doubtful if your fish will spawn this year. Begin with one pond and add as required. Write Greenwood's Aquaria Depot, 39 College Place, New York.

S. D., Pa.—I live on a trout stream in which I allow the public to fish. A neighbor who raises trout for sale in a pond has proposed putting 10,000 young trout in my stream this spring, if I will allow him after they have been in two or three months to take half that number out. Would such an arrangement be to the benefit of the public? I do not care for fishing, but try to preserve the fish for those who do. Ans. It would not benefit the public much, if any. There is a large percentage of loss the first two or three months from fish, insects, etc., which in some streams may be over 50 per cent. Besides this the man will want to drag your stream with a fine net, which will disturb much trout food if not kill it. We think that 1,000 at three-months' old would be plenty for him. The first three months is the critical time with trout.

D. P. B., New York.—What causes the tails of my gold fish to fall off? I have a large aquarium with the water constantly running in at the bottom and out at the top. For the past four weeks I have lost several. First I notice part of the middle of the tail breaks out, then all except the top and lower bone, then it all falls off and I find them dead with one exception, and this one lost all of his tail, and now it is covered with something that looks like dry mold. It seems to be lively yet. Ans. We should look for the presence of some nocturnal water beetle or other insect, if there are no other fish in the tank. Gold fish are not apt to nibble each other. Take out all your fish, clean the tank, put in some sand and gravel, first protecting the supply pipe from it, then plant some water plants and put back your fish. Try feeding them with cracker or prepared food.

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—[Adv.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

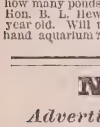
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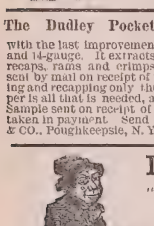
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VALPARAISO, IND.

The Dudley Pocket Cartridge Loader,

with the last improvement, is now ready—8, 10, 12 and 14-gauge. It extracts "tight shells," uncaps, recaps, rams and crimps. Nickel plated sample sent by mail on receipt of two dollars. For extracting and recapping only the original Dudley Recapper is all that is needed, as thousands can testify. Sample sent on receipt of fifty cents; P. O. stamps taken in payment. Send for circulars to DUDLEY & CO., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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"The only objection to your 'Common Sense Rocker'

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Every chair made upon honor and Warranted Perfect. Prices range from 75 cts. to $9 each.

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Nos. 289 & 290 Washington Market, N. Y.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wilderness Illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. John's and Aroostook rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds connected with them. 256 pages. 30 illustrations and large map. Tinted paper, illuminated covers. Price, by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

DIVING APPARATUS; $1 by mail. $8 per dozen.

DECOY CO., Rochester, N. Y

LIVE QUAIL.—Forwarded very cheap. W. W. TITUS, Monticello, Fla.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—Keel sloop "Comfort," built by Wallin & Gorman, and launched May, 1880; 36 feet on deck, 5 feet 8 inches draft, 12 feet beam; completely fitted throughout in hard wood; fast, able and sound; built and furnished complete in every respect; is in perfect order and requires nothing. Sold only on account of want of time for use. Price reasonable. At in every respect. Apply to THOMAS LORD, 889 Broadway. April7,4t.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "camp life," indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

"Highest Quality"

SNELL HOOKS.

Finest Spring Steel Hooks tied on Selected Spanish Silk Worm Cut (the Cut and Hooks our own make), or Best White Silk Wired Gimp.

Prices given are per dozen. To be had of all first-class dealers in Fishing Tackle. Wholesale Depot, 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

SPROAT AND O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Single gut					90	90	75	75	60	60	
Double gut	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	1.00	75	
Twisted gut	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.00			
Treble loops	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25			
Gimp	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00			
Numbers	8.0	7.0	6.0	5.0	4.0	3.0	2.0	1.0	1¾	1a3	4a12

CARLISLE, ABERDEEN, AMERICAN TROUT, SNECK KENDALL.

Single gut					90	90	75	75	60	60	
Double gut	1.40	1.40	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	75			
Twisted gut	1.75	1.75	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25				
Treble loops	1.40	1.40	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00				
Gimp	1.40	1.40	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00				
Numbers	7.0	6.0	5.0	4.0	3.0	2.0	1.0	1a3	4a5	6a10	

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the **NERVE-GIVING** principles or the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It **prevents** debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail, . **F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.**

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES,

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

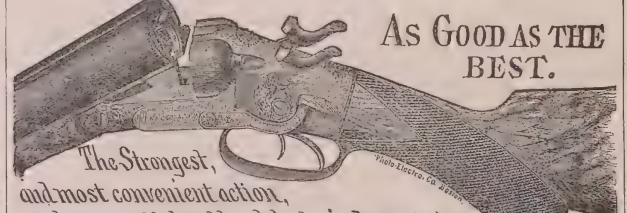
MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece or plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881. J. OTTO DENNER, President.

JACOB LENTZ, Secretary. P. O Box 274, New York City.

Special prizes to follow others according to their value

THE DAVIS GUN.



As Good as the Best.

The Strongest, and most convenient action, and cheapest double barrel breech loader in the market.

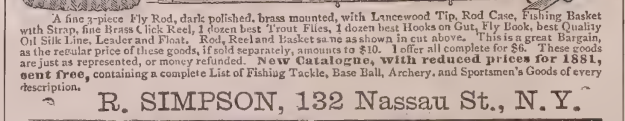
Price, with fine twist barrels, without checking or engraving, $30.

Guns sent by express, C. O. D., and satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for Illustrated Price List and Terms to the manufacturers,

N. R. DAVIS & CO., Assonet, Freetown, Mass.

$6. COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT. $6.



A fine 3-piece Fly Rod, dark polished, brass mounted, with Lancewood Tip, Rod Case, Fishing Basket with Strap, fine Brass Click Reel, 1 dozen best Trout Flies, 1 dozen best Hooks on Gut, Fly Book, best Quality Oil Silk Line, Leader and Float. Rod, Reel and Basket same as shown in cut above. This is a great Bargain, as the regular price of these goods, if sold separately, amounts to $10. I offer all complete for $6. These goods are just as represented, or money refunded. **New Catalogue, with reduced prices for 1881, sent free,** containing a complete List of Fishing Tackle, Base Ball, Archery, and Sportsmen's Goods of every description.

R. SIMPSON, 132 Nassau St., N. Y.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—For want of use, will sell 1 Ballard long-range rifle, sights, etc., complete, $60; 1 Maynard long-range, sights, etc., complete, $45; 1 Maynard mid-range, sights, etc., complete, $35; 1 Springfield (U. S.) cal. .45, sights, etc., complete, $16; 1 Stevens rifle, 24-inch bbl., cal. 32, $15. All the above, very little used and in perfect order, sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination on payment of express charges. W. L. BISHOP, West Northfield, Mass. April4,2t

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—Baker shot-gun, 10-gauge, 30-inch, 9¾ lbs., Damascus barrels; used very little. Sold for no fault. Price $40. Also 15 vols FOREST AND STREAM. Address H. C. KIRK, 58 No. Swan St., Albany, N. Y. April4,2t

50 *Lithographed* **Chromo Cards,** no 2 alike, 10c. Name in fancy type. CONN CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

For Sale.

Water Cress & Brook Trout.

AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cress in one-half peck baskets, cut fresh every morning, and delivered in New York city between 9:30 and 12 o'clock at any point below Twenty-third street, at 60 cents per basket. We have constantly on hand, in our ponds, Brook Trout, from the egg to three years old, all sizes, for stocking private ponds or streams. Can supply private parties, hotels or restaurants in New York to a limited extent with fresh brook trout in their season every morning, leaving our ponds at 6 A. M. and arriving at New York at 9:30 same morning. further information apply to

THOMPSON BROTHERS,
Aquetong Trout Farm,
New Hope, Bucks County, Penna.

Lake Massawiepie For Sale.

Mr. Addison Child, of Childwold (South Colton P. O.), New York, offers for sale 3,000 or more acres of choice natural forest land, flushed with deer and other game, embracing the above lake, stocked with salmon and spotted trout, and seven tributary ponds of its to 50 acres each, delightfully situated in the southern part of St. Lawrence County (see Colton's Atlas), and within thirty hours' travel of the cities of New York and Boston. Being the head waters of Grass River (itself a noted trout stream) they are under the absolute control of owner, and offer rare facilities for natural sport or multigenerous fish culture. Any party or club wishing to establish and preserve a park for sporting and social recreation may address as above for details.

ABINGTON.

AT PUBLIC SALE, ON THURSDAY MAY 19, 1881, THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ESTATE IN VIRGINIA, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON CITY.

This superb estate, consisting of four hundred acres, with mansion house, superb park of ten acres, terraced grounds, fine fishing shore, only one mile from the National Capital, will be sold at public auction May 19, 1881.

To market-gardeners, stockmen, livery stablemen, and especially capitalists seeking investments, as well as wealthy men desiring the grandest country seat in all this section, Abington offers a wonderful chance. It will go dirt cheap.

For particulars, terms and pamphlet, address THOS. J. FISHER, Real Estate Agent, No. 1223 F. St., Washington, D. C. April4,4t

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 16; harewood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, nursery, etc.; two acres lawn; fruit and a side tract. Price $6,500; cost $11,000; $1,500 cash. For sale or to let, house 173 Griffith St., Jersey City Heights. For sale six acres near two railroads, Chester, N. J. For sale 9 acres on western slope of the Palisades, Tenafly, N. J. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBUR, 40 Fulton Street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Mar10,4t

FARM AND TROUT PRESERVE for sale in the healthful village of Smithtown Branch, Long Island, one mile from railroad station, 60 acres of land, half level and fertile, half wood and swamp, well drained, with clear running brook. Unsurpassed for the formation of a trout preserve for club or private ownership. Easy terms. FRANK BLYDENBURGH, 66 Pine street, N. Y. Mar24,4t

RED FOX, Skunk, Raccoon and other furs bought for cash—highest prices. Send for circular with full particulars. E. C. BOUGHTON, 5 Howard street, N. Y. April7,2t

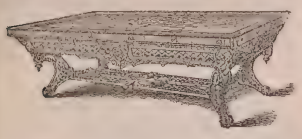
FOR SALE.—A fine Parker gun; No. 12, 30-inch, 8¾ lbs., pistol stock, Damascus barrels, sole leather gun case, 68 metal shells and all loading implements; $120. Original cost, $225. W. Y. CLARKE, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. April7,3t

TO LET.—Thacher's Island, Blue Mountain Lake, Hamilton County, N. Y. Commodious cottage, guide-house, boat-house, including boats, etc. Address POST OFFICE DRAWER No. 21, Albany, N. Y. Mar10,4t

50 *All Lithographed* **Chromo Cards,** no two alike 10c. *Agts. big Outfit,* 10c. GLOBE CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

Sportsmen's Goods.

THE COLLENDER BILLIARD TABLES.



MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE
H. W. COLLENDER CO.
WAREROOMS:
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PIGEON TRAP

(PATENTED),

With attachment for starting without plunging or touching the bird, can be seen at E. S. Harris' gun store, No. 177 Broadway, where orders should be sent.

Wanted

YACHT WANTED.—A keel cabin sloop. Handsome, sound, well fitted and able. Price must be low and a decided bargain. Length, 25 to 28 feet on deck. SKIPPER, this office. Apr17,1t

WANTED.—Two D B. L. guns (Parker's preferred), 10-gauge, weight 8 and 10 pounds. Will pay cash; will take other guns if good. Address W. H. SCHUYLER, Turbotville, Nostrand Co., Pa. Apr17,1t

THE LESSEE of a Canadian salmon river would like to meet with a fellow-fisherman to share expenses this season. Address C. H., Box 766, Montreal, Can. April,4t

LIVE QUAIL WANTED—Fifty pair. Address, with lowest price, R. W. JOHNSON, 21 Platt St., N. Y. April,1t

The Kennel.

JESSIE.

FOR SALE—The English setter bitch Jessie, out of Flora (Sport–Flora I.) by Nick (Ned–Jennie), 3 years old. Will sell at the low price of $30. Also one of her bitch pups 5 months old for $10. For further particulars address H. KELLNER, L. B. 152, Danbury, Ct. April,1t

FOR SALE—A beautiful Gordon setter bitch, color black and tan; from the best stock in the U. S.; is very fast, with extra good nose; has been hunted on quail and pheasants; is 2 years old; the only reason for selling have is dogs Full pedigree given with parties buying, and guaranteed. Price $25.

Pure bred Llewellin bitch, 6 months old; color, white and lemon, ears, black nose and eyes. Dam, Lady Elgin, the fastest Llewellin bitch in Lancaster County. Lady Elgin is by Carlowitz and Queen Bess, sire of Pop's Zanzibar, he by Champion Gladstone and Mersey. Price only $20. H. B. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. April,1t

FOR SALE—The red Irish setter bitch Roxie (Elcho–Bridget Plunket), color, rich, solid red; 2½ years old. Price only $25. Also the solid red Irish bitch Nina (Berkley–Nell), very handsome; 1½ years old. Price $25. I have also some very fine red Irish bitches, 7 mos. old, at $15 each. For pedigree and full description address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. April,1t

ALL persons wishing to purchase red Irish setter or cocker spaniels of the most fashionable strains will do well to send for catalogue of stock for sale to CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. April,1t

SEND for catalogue of blooded stock. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. April,1t

FOR SALE—A very fine red and white setter dog with the best of pedigrees, 18 months old, stands very staunch, price $25. Address J. H. HODGES, Portsmouth, Va. April,1t

H. L. LEONARD'S
CELEBRATED
SPLIT BAMBOO RODS,
WITH PATENT FERRULES.
TROUT FLY, $25---SALMON, $50.
(WITH SOLID REEL PLATE, $5 ADDITIONAL.)

SOLE AGENTS,
WILLIAM MILLS & SON,
7 Warren Street, New York.

Fine Fishing Tackle.

LEONARD'S SPLIT BAMBOO "CATSKILL" FLY ROD,
Length 10 ft. Weight 5 ozs., $25.

BEST "HYDE CLIP" FLY BOOKS, holding 3 doz., $1.65.

RUSSIA LEATHER, six dozen, $3.50.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

The Kennel.

T. JACOBS,

WOLBOROUGH HOUSE, NEWTON ABBOTT, ENGLAND,

Has a grand lot of spaniel whelps to dispose of, also black-and-tan setter whelps from his celebrated prize winners. See Vero Shaw on "Black Spaniels." April7,4t

FOR SALE.—A liver and white pointer dog thoroughly broken. Will be sold cheap if sold at once. For price and pedigree address N. R. BAKER, Topeka, Kan. April7,3t

WANTED—A setter dog thoroughly broken; must be very staunch, fine nose and a good, tender retriever. Address, giving full description and lowest cash price, P. O. Box 209, Monticello, N. Y. April4,2t

COCKERS AND BEAGLE WANTED—One pair cockers not under 1 year old, and one black and tan beagle dog not under six months old. Address, stating age, weight, height, pedigrees and price, H. W. HOPKINS, Thomasville, Ga. April4,1t

WANTED—A first-class pointer dog puppy, six months or over, out of steady, reliable field workers, S. B. Dilley's stock preferred. Nose preferred before speed. No sky scrapers wanted, as dog is intended for brush hunting. Address LOCK Box 21, Potsdam, N. Y. April4,1t

FOR SALE—Choice prize winning and field trial setter pups. Sire, Royal Blue (Champion Gladstone ex Mersey); dam, Florrie (Bassett's Queen Bess ex Copeland's Pete), litter sister to Aldrich's Smut. This stock, with sire and dam, ought to be in demand for sportsmen wanting fine dogs for the field and fit for the fall shooting. Address N. LEONARD, 140 Medford St., Charlestown, Mass. April4,1t

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Three high-bred pointer pups, 4 months old, Sensation stock, or double breech-loading shot-gun, light double fiarness or poultry. M. J. NEWHOUSE, Oneida, N. Y. April4,1t

FOR SALE—A couple of Virginia foxhounds, two years old black and tan, of the rare old stock, can be had for $60 by addressing F. E., this office. April4,1t

The Kennel.

$25 REWARD.—Lost at Grand Central Depot, New York, Feb. 19, a native bred setter dog, black head and ears, white star in forehead, nose and muzzle grey, one large black patch on right side, back of fore shoulder, rest of body spotted black and white. The above reward will be paid for his return, and any information which may lead to his recovery will be liberally rewarded. Address "LYMAN," Revere House, New York. Mar31,3t

FOR SALE.—One brace orange and white setter dogs, brothers, Rock and Glen, 2½ years old, from Wm. Morris' Pete, out of Eliphabet Hoover's Fannie, she from Senator Frank M. Ward's Bob, the latter from Scott Rodman's Scott. These dogs are staunch, good retrievers and fast. Glen is broken to retrieve. A. BLAIR KELSEY, Belvidere, N. J. April7,1t

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or the five for $1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec30,tf

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A fine Irish setter bitch, 1 year old, having crosses of both Elcho and Plunket; also a fine dog, 5 mos. old, same stock. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. Mar17,eot

IN THE STUD—DORR, from imported pure Gordons Don–Lady Dorr, was a winner in Nebraska field trials (1880); has had a large amount of game of all kinds shot over him and is the getter of first-class field dogs. FRED. A. TAFT, Dedham, Mass. Mar3,tf

WANTED—Either a setter or pointer dog perfectly broken, must be a first class dog on snipe, have a superior nose and very fast. Pedigree of no consequence. Address SPORTSMAN, Hodgkins & Dwight, No. 300 Broadway, for one week. April4,1t

ON MAY 7 will take (not more than six) pointers or setters to board. EDWIN G. KOFF, Flushing, L. I. April4,3t

FOR SALE—Six liver, white and tan puppies, whelped April 3, sired by Ranker, he by the celebrated field trial setter Belton, out of Rose Dam, Bess (Stevenson's Mack–Conklin's Nellie). L. Hilliatrandt, Johnstown N. Y. April4,1t

The Kennel.

FOR SALE—Red Irish Setter Dog, Imp. Grinsa, by Moore's Rufus ex Twigg's Kate, 2nd prize, Dublin, 1877: Rufus, by Palmerston ex The Queen; Kate, by Patsy (a Palmerston) ex Moore's Flora, dam of Mina and several other champion and prize bitches. Grinsa won 2nd open class and V.H.C. champion class, Baltimore, 1878, when but 12 mos. old. Only time ever shown.

Red Irish Setter Bitch Rosina by Imp. Grinsa ex Imp. Bella; Bella, by Dr. Boyd's Patsy ex C. Moore's Bell; Bell, by C. Moore's Old Shot (father of Palmerston) ex Old Kate. Both the above dogs were thoroughly broken by Mr. Gladson, now with Mr. Orgill. Also the Chesapeake Bay dog Greek, by Mr. Jno. Stewart's Turk ex Mr. Martinet's bitch. Address GEORGE BROWN, No 4 Exchange Place, Baltimore, Md. mar17,4t

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address.
LE ROY Z. COLLINS,
Sept 15-tf Lancaster, Mass., U. S. A.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest, as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1879; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the gold necklace at New York, 1880. For sale, thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. June24,tf

DOGS TRAINED.—The undersigned will take a few dogs to train for the field on very reasonable terms. G. W. EDWARDS, North Andover, Mass. Mar24,4t

FOR SALE—One extra fine, high-bred pointer dog, 10 months old; price, $30. Also three bitch pups, highly bred and handsome, 3 months old; $10 each. JOHN L. MARTIN, Milford, Mass. Mar17,6t

NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughn, Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained Setters and Pointers for sale. Address BOX 335, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. Feb17,3mo

EXCELSIOR IRISH WATER SPANIEL KENNEL.—For full particulars regarding Irish water spaniels, how to train and where to secure the best, send for descriptive circular to the undersigned. J. H. WHITMAN, 103 South Clark Street, Chicago. J. D. OLCOTT, 109 Reed street, Milwaukee, Wis. Mar24,tf

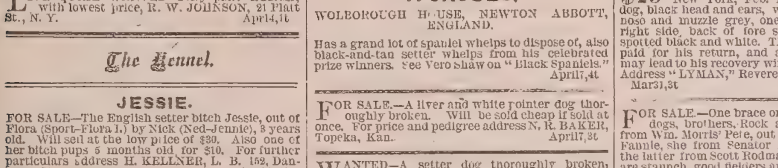
TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Lansdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladyloye, Lizzie, Loustie, Leicester, Limerick, Lbush, Launcelot, Lena, Sydney, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar31,tf

RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangeley Lake Region, Kennebago, Cupsuptic, Parmachenee and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illuminated covers, tinted paper, 320 pages, 60 illustrations and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

OULEOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL.—For pure Cockers from the finest selected stock in the United States, imported and native in the stud, imported cocker Ranger, liver and white. A very handsome, powerful dog, 3 years old, fine feather, weight, 28 lbs., litters warranted. Will serve good approved bitches only at $15. Address ROBERT WALKER, Keeper Ouleout Kennel, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. tf

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE.



Manufactured by Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., makers of the celebrated BALLARD RIFLE. Without question the best Magazine Rifle ever produced.

.40 cal., 60 grains of powder and 280 grains of lead. .45 cal., 70 grains of powder and 405 grains of lead (Government cartridge). Send for descriptive list to

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,
P. O. BOX 3,170. **84 and 86 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.**

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



KEENE'S PATENT.

Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges.
Prices: Carbines, $22; Frontier Rifles, $22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, $25.
Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, 283 Broadway, N.Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

The Kennel.

NEW YORK

DOG SHOW.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL SHOW

WILL BE HELD AT THE

American Institute Fair Building,

APRIL 26, 27, 28 and 29, 1881.

Prize Lists can be had on application to

CHAS LINCOLN, SUPERINTENDENT,

Office, 138 Fulton Street, New York.

P. O. BOX 1,700.

ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 11.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs.

A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS.

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per Box by mail.

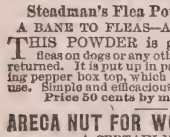
Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

CONROY, BISSET & MALLESON,

65 Fulton Street, N. Y.

HENRY C. SQUIRES,

oct 13 2 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.



OR THE

Cocker Spaniel Kennel

—OF—

M. P. McKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y.

I keep only Cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz.: Liver with white ruffle in bosom, even liver and white, and beautiful black with white ruffle in bosom, are now open for service: fee $15; usual conditions. Correspondents inclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N.

TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND,

Author of the

"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE,"

exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for

"PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."

Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

BENEDICT.

Imported black field spaniel, at the Stud. FOREST AND STREAM, March 3: "A remarkably fine dog of his breed." His brother, Kaffir, is illustrated in Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog." The winning blood in England to-day. Limited to ten bitches; fee, $25. A few well broken setters and spaniels and pups of each breed. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I.

Hare Beagle Kennel.

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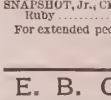
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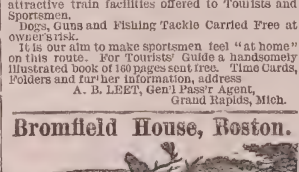
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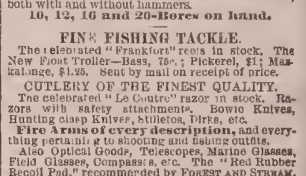


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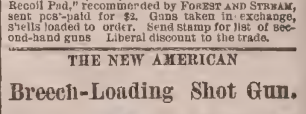
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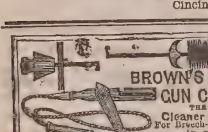
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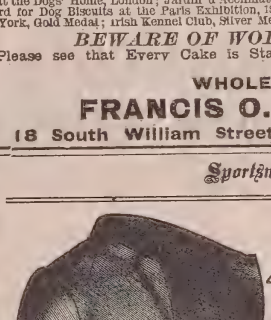
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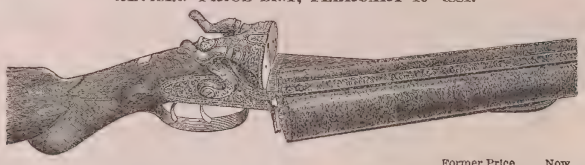
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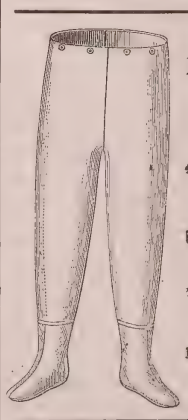
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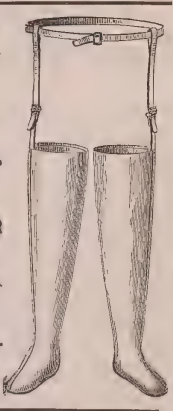
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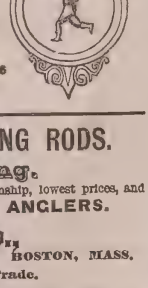
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, April 21.

LOCAL NAMES OF FISHES.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Augusta, Ga., says: "Your correspondent, 'Buckshot,' as well as yourself I think are mistaken in the name of the 'red-breasted perch.' It should be called 'bream.' It is very plenty in all Southern waters, and a game fish to catch, and delicious to eat when fresh caught"

This well illustrates the confusion existing among common names. We knew of the name 'bream' being applied to the fish in certain sections, but did not give it because we do not wish to extend that error. There are no bream in America. That is, if the fish which is so-called in England for centuries past has a right to the name by priority. The fact is, as has often been stated, that English names have been misapplied to American birds, fishes and mammals which have not the slighest resemblance to the originals bearing the names The English bream (*Abramis brama*) is fish with soft fins, a cyprinoid, nearer to the "fall-fish," "corporal," chub (of the North) and "shiner," whose only resemblance to the Georgia fish is in its outline; and that is not a very close one. The misnomer is as great as the application of the name of "salmon" to a pike-perch in the Susquehanna, Ohio and Upper Mississippi rivers, or that of "trout" and "chub" to the black bass in Virginia and Southern waters. The names bream, salmon, trout and chub are preoccupied in the language, and really belong to certain fish as much as "cat," "dog" and "horse" do to certain animals, and to those who know to what they belong it sounds just as outlandish to transpose them.

We thank our correspondent for calling our attention to this matter, as it serves as an excuse to lecture upon. There is much confusion arising from the application of names purely American applied to purely American species in different parts; and we do not feel warranted in the latter case in assuming that a certain one is correct because it happens to be the one which has been familiar to us from childhood. For instance, between the names "striped bass" and "rock-fish," applied to the same fish North and South; "bluefish" and "tailor," etc. These are commercial fishes, and as the great market is New York the names in use in the markets there will probably prevail, because the buyers use them.

Now to the fish in question: "Buckshot" wrote of "red-breasted perch," and described its colors and sharp dorsal fin-rays; and as we always like to make it clear what fish our correspondents mean, if we are sure that we can do so, a foot note was added in which we said: "From our correspondent's description this red-breasted perch is evidently one of the many fishes which are variously known as 'sunfishes,' 'pond fishes,' etc. It is probable that it may be Jordan's 'bloody sunfish,' *Xenotis sanguinolentus*." We have fished in waters North, South, East and West, and have picked up an extensive vocabulary of local names applied, or misapplied, to many fishes. In the North the name "bass" is applied to many fishes which become "perch" in the South. Bass is a corruption of the Dutch *Barsch* for perch, and therefore the two names stand on about an equal footing. The Northern angler knows only two "perch," the white and the yellow. The former is a tidewater fish; and the latter is common to all fresh waters except cold trout streams, and is the "raccoon perch," "barred perch," etc., of the South, where the yellow ground color of the fish did not attract so much attention as the dusky bars on its side. The Southern angler has many "perch," which often includes all the "bass" of the North, the "black bass" becoming "black perch" in parts where it is not a "trout," chub or welshman. But what shall be the name of our so-called red-breasted perch? "Bream," no matter how dear to the heart of the Georgian from old associations, is preoccupied by a fish as widely different as a hedgehog differs from a rabbit, and therefore is not available. "Red-breasted perch" is descriptive, and there seems no objection to it. If this particular species, which belongs to an extensive family, which in some form inhabits all the ponds and warm streams east of the Rocky Mountains, were caught by a Massachusetts angler, he would christen it a "red-kiver," a man from New Hampshire would say "Here is a red-pond-fish," while one anywhere from New York to Iowa, and along that line north and south, would immediately call it a "red-bellied sunfish," which Prof. Jordan has crystalized into "bloody sunfish."

Now to a few scientific distinctions: The family *Centrarchidæ* (*kentron* a spine, *archos* the *anal* opening, from many spines in the anal fin, or fin just behind the opening), includes not only many species but also many genera. They are all short bodied, flat sided fishes, quite rounded in profile. They have but one dorsal (back) fin, which has both hard and soft rays, a large anal fin with three to nine spines according to species. There is usually a black spot at the end of the opercle (gill cover), which sometimes lengthens into a flap which projects some distance over the side of the fish. The family includes the black bass, the warmouths, rock bass, goggle eyes, red eyes, etc., as well as forty or fifty more species which are quite local and have different local names, but from the usual bright colors, in which red and green are usually prominent, they are widely known as "sunfishes." The name sunfish is also applied to a great marine fish not related to this family, whose body is flat sided, round as a cart wheel, and has the appearance of having no tail. And so the common names go. It is often impossible to tell to what fish a man refers, unless one is exceedingly well posted in the changes which are made in the names in every State or county in the Union. It is sad, but true, and it will take long to better it, so strong is local prejudice, even with the help of widely circulated papers like the FOREST AND STREAM and the reports of the Fish Commissioners, some of whom have tried hard to overcome the use of names which are palpable misnomers, but which people generally stick to after they know them to be so, because it is really difficult for most people to change a familiar for an unfamiliar name.

N. A. K. C. MEETING.—Mr. P. H. Bryson, president, has called a meeting of the National American Kennel Club at the American Institute Fair Building, on Wednesday, the 27th inst., at eleven A. M., to take action on such business as may be presented. The room for the meeting is furnished through the courtesy of the Westminster Kennel Club.

RIFLE PRACTICE VS. ENCAMPMENTS.

FROM being the leading State of the Union in the matter of militia rifle-practice, New York promises to become of the worst conditioned. The notion seems to possess the Adjutant-General that he has only to pass strict martinet laws, and the volunteers of the National Guard will at once come up to the requirements. The fact that the members of the State militia never intend to do more than give their leisure time to soldiering does not seem to enter into the calculation of the officer general, who has shown thus far only a facility in throwing matters into discord. In rifle-shooting the evils of the present ill-advised system are specially patent. In place of having the citizen soldiers visit the range at their convenience and for the sole purpose of perfecting themselves in butt-firing, there are to be official encampments, where the men are supposed to learn something of camp duty at an expense of several days taken from business, and in connection with these brief episodes of tent-life there are to be intervals of practice with the rifle. The fault of the system which we have had for several years past was its wastefulness. There was a waste of labor, of material and of time. A regiment as a whole was ordered to Creedmoor or any other of the State ranges and set at work blazing away at the shortest distance. There was none of the gradual promotion from the instruction of the company drill-room, where the manipulations of the rifle and position were to be taught, to the opportunity of the range, where the varying influences of distance, light, wind and moisture were to be mastered. The results under the old system were not as great as they should have been, yet something was accomplished, and to-day we have in the ranks of the ten thousand national guardsmen in and about New York City scores and hundreds of marksmen whose performances would compare favorably with the sharp-shooters of any army of Europe. To cease practice now would mean the loss of those experts as they gradually go into the ranks of the veterans, and it would mean also the loss of the instructions by example which these marksmen are able to give to the new recruits in the guard. All that has been accomplished in ten years of careful cultivation of rifle practice by the National Rifle Association in connection will be lost by a few years of this repressive policy, and Gen. Townsend must be prepared to take the strong talk which will follow the placing of the national guard on its old basis of mere tactical knowledge; and while an enlightened policy would be looking to a change in the arming of the men to bring them up to the latest developments in rifle construction, the object of the present regime seem to be the rehabilitation of the old pompous packages of gold lace and uselessness. If our soldiers are not to shoot then we might as well buy up a lot of old army muskets at old-iron rates, for, with a little scouring, they will glitter very nicely on parade. But if we are to have a force of civilian soldiers, ready for any emergency, then we want not only the best arms that our inventive genius can devise and our armories turn out, but with efficient instruction in the use of them, so arranged as to bring out the best results with the least inconvenience to the volunteers.

THE PROTECTION OF BLUEFISH.

UNDER the provisions of the proposed law now before the Legislature of New York it will be unlawful to offer for sale bluefish weighing less than three-quarters of a pound. This clause has been the subject of some verbal criticism among the professional fishermen of Long Island, who claim that as there is no such law in other States all the small bluefish caught will go to other markets, and that these fish are caught by them in great numbers and are a great source of revenue. The anglers claim that often there is nothing else to be caught except bluefish under the weight named.

The facts, as they appear to us, are that there is little use in protecting this fish in any manner. It is a bold, fearless and aggressive fish, which breeds freely in our waters and is abundantly able to take care of itself. It is a scourge and a terror to all other fishes which may be smaller than itself, and while the bluefish seem in no danger of decreasing it is a belief of ours, seconded by many fishermen and anglers, that their decrease would be fully supplied by an increase in weak-

fish, Spanish mackerel and many other fishes equally valuable. The fact, as developed by the inquiries instituted by the United States Fish Commission, is that the bluefish is increasing in numbers notwithstanding the enormous yearly captures, and that it is in no danger of extermination, nor even of diminution. It may seem odd to some of our readers that FOREST AND STREAM should look with disfavor upon a clause which proposes to protect a valuable fish, for our voice is usually for protection to all such, but the bluefish is a peculiar fish. It came as a stranger to our shores about fifty years ago, and after a year or two of trial took its place as one of our finest table-fishes; and not only did it establish itself here, but it has steadily increased in numbers at the expense of other fishes, which are decreasing, until it is an open question if it would be a loss to our food resources if the bluefish should depart forever, for then other fishes, relieved from the presence of this ichthyic tiger, could propagate in peace All who know the bluefish well know that it slays after its appetite is sated, and often rushes into a school of menhaden and bites large pieces from their bodies, which its gorged condition forbids it to swallow.

If the law passes, it means an end of "snapper fishing," that sport of the juvenile which takes the family to the seaside; and if the fish is to be protected at all, it seems to us that a quarter of a pound is a better limit than three quarters. A bluefish of the latter weight is quite a respectable fish, and while not in much demand at hotels is largely sold to the family trade in New York bringing sometimes twice as much per pound as its larger brethren; but if there is a fish in our waters which can better do without protection, or about whose actual benefit to our food supply there may well be differences of opinion, it is the fish with shark-like habits of destruction known in the North as "bluefish," and in the South as "tailor," but whose full name is *Pomatomus saltatrix*.

EVENING IN CAMP.

THE day was one of abundant satisfaction. It could not have been improved upon had it been made to order. We had spent it with Nature, listened to her voice in the babbling brook and in the echoes that came rolling down the mountain sides, and had seen her face in a multitude of varying expressions, rough and sturdy in the gnarled and knotted trees and in the jagged rocks, bright and smiling in the quiet lake, joyous and laughing in the hurrying stream, modest and timid in the creeping vines and wild flowers, and radiant in the hues of sunset. In purple and gold and crimson the sun went down, and following came the gray of evening, and that in its turn melted into blackness

Our shanty was a jewel among shanties. No temporary affair was it, hurriedly constructed to afford some belated sportsman a resting-place for a night, but one put together carefully and with full attention to details. A spring of water near at hand and a wood pile all around furnished a supply more than equal to the demand for those necessities. There was a background of precipitously rising mountains, and a stone's throw in front was the lake whitening beneath the rising moon. Rods are placed safely aside, wading shoes kicked off, dry clothes put on, and wistful glances cast toward the preparations for supper.

The coffee pot was singing a solo for tea, the frying pan was hissing the song and putting golden brown touches on the trout, while the big kettle seemed to be bubbling over with light-hearted merriment and potatoes, and occasionally betraying a desire to throw water on the performance; and the odors that commenced to titillate our nostrils announced that four hungry men would soon have little cause for complaint. It makes one fierce as a wolf this missing of a midday meal, but it's well worth the missing if you are casting your lines where the trout sport with matchless grace and activity.

Appetites seemingly inappeasable were satisfied with the quality and quantity that had been prepared and the pleasant, jolly evening around the camp fire commences. It may not last late, for the angler, while suffering no real sensation of weariness from his day's tramping and fishing, may perhaps have a feeling of being healthily tired, yet will not forego for an hour the story and song and the after-supper smoke. He counts it as a very important factor in his sport when, glowing and pleasant in the ruddy glare of the camp fire, every face beaming with cheerfulness, comes the evening's reunion—a glorious lassitude.

Carlyle's precept, "Speech is silvern; silence is golden," will not content him in holding his tongue. Speech by the camp fire is golden. There one wants a fellow to talk even though he says nothing. The brilliant flashes of wit may be very obscure, the choice morsels of wisdom seldom half done, and where well done spoiled in the cooking; but let them have free play. They help to frighten away the blue devils if there are any lurking about the camp. They can't bear the sound.

And then the smoking! No cigars, but the choice old pipes, next to the rod and reel the most indispensable articles of the angler's outfit. The shanty is fast filling, and we are soon enveloped in clouds from the fragrant weed which are peculiarly odorous and refreshing. The nicotine of civilization mingles best with Nature's oxygen here in the woods, where the air is laden with balsamic odors. It makes one's tobacco the more enjoyable, and improves the balsam of the forest.

And then the singing! The far-away hills reverberate our songs and return our choruses in trebled sounds. Now and then the crickets crowd in a word edgewise, but seldom are even they heard, incessant talkers though they be. The sweetness of the music would be heightened by distance, and the greater the distance the sweeter the heightening. Revival hymns, campaign choruses, songs of love and war are irredeemably mixed and commingled with the monotonous refrain of the crackling fire, the sighing breeze and the chirping insects. It would make the average midnight serenader close his music-box and "silently steal away."

The stories are told; the songs, thank Heaven, are finished; the pipes are empty; the night fire replenished. Read the Riot Act and disperse the crowd. Metaphorically speaking, we go to roost, and balmy sleep needs no more earnest wooer than the man who has angled from rosy morn till dewy eve.

MILLARD.

ANIMAL LIFE AS AFFECTED BY THE NATURAL CONDITIONS OF EXISTENCE, by Carl Semper, Professor of the University of Wurzburg, D. Appleton & Co., New York. This is a volume of the International Scientific Series, and, like its fellows, is very fully illustrated. Prof. Semper writes in an attractive style, clear in expression and profuse in illustration, and his book may be read with pleasure by any one at all familiar with zoology. He thinks with Jaeger that, "enough has been done in the way of philsophizing by Darwinists, and that the task that now lies before us is to apply the test of exact investigation to the hypothesis we have laid down," but at the same time acknowledges its difficulty. It appears to him that of all properties of the animal organism variability is that which may be first and most easily traced by exact investigation to its efficient causes. This is no doubt the subject around which the strife of opinions is at present raging, and therefore one of general interest. The author has collected a wealth of material which he compresses into a digestable form and presents it in a manner to show its fullest significance. His freedom from dogmatism may be seen in his frank admission that "In all zoological investigations, as in almost everything else, a certain influence may be detected which may be termed the person element."

The book is filled with instances of the influence of changed conditions upon animal life, taken from his own and the investigations of others, and the variability of life in different situations seems to the author to be a vulnerable point in what is known as the Darwinian theory. He treats the subject very fairly and makes no claim to have pierced this point, which he only suggests exists, nor that he has by any means exhausted his subject—but he seems desirous of indicating paths for others to follow. He tells us that Darwin showed the possibility of discovering the path which nature struck out in order to produce her endless variety of animal forms, and of detecting the means she has employed in her task; and that under the influence of Darwin's views zoologists have begun to inquire into the true and natural affinities of animal types by the studies of comparative anatomy and embryology. They at the same time began to devise genealogical trees for the different groups, which is where the personal element comes in and renders the pedigrees doubtful.

Prof. Semper inclines to believe that the conditions which affect animal life are not of as great importance as have been attached to them, and claims that Darwin has partly modified his views on this subject. At times our author draws distinctions which require not only constant attention to enable the reader to follow him, but also a train of thought which may be called profound, such is his separation of the physiology of the organization of an animal from the physiology of its organs. Each chapter contains the conclusion which the author arrives at: "That no power which is able to act only as a selective, and not as a transforming influence, can ever be exclusively put forward as the proper efficient cause, *causa efficiens*, of any phenomenon." Among the influences which he considers as influencing animal life are food, light, temperature, stagnant water, a still atmosphere, water in motion, currents as a means of extending or hindering the distribution of species, influence of other conditions of existence, influence of living surroundings, and the selective influence of living organisms on animals, each of which is treated of in an entire chapter.

THE BERLIN MEDALS.—The medals and diplomas from the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin have arrived at Washington, and have been delivered by the Secretary of State to Prof. Baird for distribution. Those intended for the vicinity of New York will be sent to Mr. Fred. Mather, of the FOREST AND STREAM, where their owners can obtain them. The diplomas are beautiful, as we have seen, and the cuts of the medals which we have published show that they also must be elegant.

A NEW EDITION of Westwood's "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" is ready for the press. We have received proof-sheets which show that it will be a most valuable record of all books on fishing and fish culture in English and other languages from the earliest times to the present, with occasional notes on their value, etc. An instance of the thoroughness of the work is shown in the fact that twenty editions of Dame Juliana Berner's (or Barnes) "Boke of St. Albans" are given, dating from 1486 to 1880, and the notes occupy as much space as in two columns of FOREST AND STREAM. The new edition will contain much fresh matter.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SPRING ONCE MORE.

HARK! The blue-bird sends its carol
To the winter-wearied ear,
And the low-toned red-breast robin,
Tells us sweetly it is here;
Sings the ice-free, happy brooklet,
O'er its bed of pebble stones,
While Old Winter, his faint death song
Thro' the pines and beeches moans.

Hang the bells and robes of wolf-skin
In the darkened loft away;
Swing the skates and steel-shod coaster
Up above the land-up sleigh;
Get your creel and musty fly-book
Down and look them kindly o'er,
And those rods all grim and dusty
From behind the sanctum door.

For in the *Forest*, on the *Stream*,
Pleasure waits the knightly hand;
Those who worship God in Nature
Know His great creative hand.
Hear His music in the waters,
Find His shadow in the clouds,
And a pleasure, quiet, holy,
Never known to Fashion's crowd.

Brother sportsmen, Spring comes blushing
Like a maiden full of charms,
Soft and trembling, clad with flowers,
Full of sweet and soft alarms;
Let us up and manfully greet her
With our guns and rods in hand,
Thankful for the health that fits us
For the forest and the stream.

Eagle's Nest, March 22, 1881. NED BUNTLINE.

THE WHITE BUFFALO COW.

"AP-WE-CUN-NY," said Pe-nuk-wi-um to me one evening when we were camped near Black Butte, "the young men say that there is a white cow in the band of buffalo below here." A white cow! The words sent an electric thrill all through me, and I unconsciously passed my hand along the barrel of the carbine which lay close by my side. A white cow! One of those rare albinos, so rare that among thousands upon thousands of buffalo I had never seen one of them. For a long time I had hoped to come across one of these animals, but as time passed and the buffalo kept decreasing in number, I finally concluded it would never be my lot to chase one of them. Here was a chance. A white cow was close by, and I determined to kill it or kill my horse in the pursuit.

"Pe-nuk-wi-um," I said, "let us 'make medicine,' and you tell the sun I want to kill that white cow."

"Ah, that will be good," he replied, and accordingly unwrapped the sacred "medicine-pipe," filled and lighted it, and blowing a few whiffs toward the sky and the ground, repeated the following prayer:

"Oh, Sun. Oh, World-maker. Take pity. Not far off a white cow stops; it is with many buffalo. Take pity. We are not strong. You are strong. Long ago you went behind the mountains. Be quick and get up early to-morrow morning. One white man stops here. His name is Ap-we-cun-ny. Take pity. Give him *Nat-o-yi* (that of the sun). Give his horse *Nat o yi*, so he can kill the white cow. We will not eat it. We will tan the robe and hang it in a tree. The robe we will give to you. I have said."

As he concluded and passed me the long pipe I asked him why he would not eat the meat of the white cow. "Because," he replied, "because the sun owns the white cow. He sends it from way off in the sky. It is his and we must not eat it. We must give him the robe. We must tan it soft and white and hang it up where he can see it. Then he is glad."

Taking down a yellow and red painted "medicine sack," which hung over his head, Pe-nuk-wi-um emptied its contents into his lap—queer stones, little fossilized snails, etc. Singling out one perfectly round pebble he gave it to me, saying, "Keep it. I give it to you. It is the sun's, and we call it a buffalo rock. When you wear it your horse will not fall; you will shoot straight; you will kill the white cow."

Of course during all this I kept a perfectly grave face. For it is only by seeming to believe that a person can get an Indian to talk on these subjects. I had been so successful with Pe-nuk-wi-um that he thought I believed in his religion and legends as much as any one of his tribe.

"Well, Pe-nuk wi-um," I said, after a long silence, "tell me one short story and then we will go to bed."

"All right," he replied; "I will tell you a short one about the Old Man (Old Man: a mythical person who forms the chief subject of Blackfoot legends). Once the Old Man was taking a walk. It was night, but the moon and stars were all looking down, so it was not very dark. When crossing a little prairie he heard music, which seemed to come from a hole in the ground. 'Ha! Who can be in there, I wonder,' said the Old Man to himself, and looking in he saw a multitude of mice having a war-dance, some of them beating drums and others dancing about the fire singing and brandishing spears of grass over their heads. 'I would like to dance with you,' said the Old Man. 'Come in, come in,' replied the Mice. 'Poke your head one way and another and the hole will be large enough.' When the Old Man got inside the Chief Mouse said, 'Let's have plenty of fun—let's dance all night.' 'All right,' said the Old Man; 'we will dance all night, and the first one who gets sleepy is to have his hair cut off.' 'Good, good!' all exclaimed, and then the dance commenced, each one trying to dance the best. When it was almost morning the Old Man said, 'Now, all of you sit down and drum, and I will show you a new kind of dance.' The Old Man soon became interested in his dance and forgot all about the music till he was tired; then, looking up, he saw all the Mice sitting in their places fast asleep, their heads nodding like spears of grass in the wind. 'Ha! ha! You are all asleep, are you?' he said, and taking out his knife he went around and cut off all of their whiskers, singing:

'Ki-nus-ke-ni-yah.
I-tuk-pe-nuk-si.
Oak-se-eat-ee-yah.
Muck-stonk-ee-est-ee-yah.'

"Pipe is out, Ap-we-cun-ny," said Pe-nuk-wi-um, as he knocked the ashes out of the great red-stone bowl we had been smoking; and we turned in.

Next morning we were up quite early. Too excited to eat a regular breakfast, I swalled a few mouthfuls of boiled buffalo ribs while cleaning out my Winchester carbine and filling my cartridge belt. Then I examined the cincha and sewing of my "running saddle," made of buckskin filled

with antelope hair and devoid of stirrups—a buffalo runner wanting no such death-traps to entangle him in case of a fall. Soon the horses were driven in, and singling out my favorite I bid the woman saddle it. "Saddle a horse for me," said Pe-nuk-wi-um to his women. "Yes, saddle a buffalo horse for Pe nuk-wi-um, he is going to kill the white cow," I remarked. At this there was a general laugh, for Pe-nuk-wi-um is so heavy that the best horse in camp could not carry him and run a hundred yards. "No, no," he replied. "I am only going to the top of the hill where I can see Ap-we-cun-ny shoot the white cow." By the time we were mounted all the rest were ready, and together we started out toward the herd. Some three hundred men were to run that day, many of them as determined to kill the white cow as myself. When they saw me they looked disappointed. "Are you going to run?" said some one to me. "No," I replied. "I am afraid to run after the white cow." At this they brightened up considerably, and in less than five minutes the whole party understood that Ap-we-cun-ny, who had the fastest horse in camp, was only going to look on. Pe-nuk-wi-um, riding by my side, laughed, and quietly remarked that my horse might run away with me.

After half an hour's easy ride we came in sight of the buffalo, which were feeding on the edge of a high level prairie. A convenient "coulie" ran along close to them, and entering it, we carefully approached the band. Arriving within a hundred yards of them, we slowly climbed the hill, and then the horses, catching sight of the buffalo, made a simultaneous rush at them. Soon the firing commenced, many of the Indians having no hopes of catching the white cow and starting in at the outset to make a big killing. Way up at the head of the band we could see the animal, and, with about two hundred others, I started after it. Our horses seemed to fly over the ground. An occasional bull, coming too close, was dropped to clear the way. Past hundreds of shaggy, sharp-horned animals we rode, every nerve strained, and our hearts, seemingly in our throats, beating time to the thunder of a thousand hoofs. In the excitement we jumped ditches and mudholes which in calmer moments we would never have attempted, but would have preferred to go several miles around. But no one thought of danger. Several horses fell, throwing their riders far over their heads. No one looked back to see if they were hurt. We were now within three hundred yards of the white cow. It was time to make a dash, and hitting my horse several times with a heavy rawhide "quirt," I soon left all my competitors behind. But I found that the white cow was no easy animal to catch. It seemed to know that I was close in pursuit, and left the band in order to run faster. For a time I despaired of getting close enough to shoot; but my horse, perceiving what I was after, redoubled his energies, and before long I was within easy range. Bang! The cow dropped, and as quickly arose and ran. Bang! She dropped again and arose, but this time stood still. Bang again! She dropped, and with a quivering, rattling gasp, expired. Dismounting, I unsaddled the horse to roll and rest. Then I inspected the cow, which I found to be like any other buffalo, with the exception of light, dirty cream-colored hair; but it was a *white one*, and I had added another feather to my cap. After a time Pe-nuk-wi-um's women came up, and giving them charge of the animal, I resaddled my horse and slowly rode back to camp. The news had already arrived there, and I found the lodge full of men, waiting to hear the details of the run. Pe-nuk-wi-um was holding forth, talking excitedly. "Last night," he said, "we made medicine. I asked the sun to give Ap-we-cun-ny the white cow. I gave him a buffalo rock, and he wore it in his shirt. Is it not so, Ap-we-cun-ny?"

"Ah," I answered; "it is the truth. I knew I was going to kill the white cow. I heard a voice right over the lodge before I got up. It said, 'The white cow is Ap-we-cun-ny's—the white cow is Ap-we cun ny's.'"

"Ah," said Pe-nuk-wi-um, "I heard it too."

"Hi, hi, *hi-i-i!*" muttered the listeners. "Skoon-i-taps Nut-o-yi, Ap-we cun-ny"—Strong sun power Ap-we-cun-ny's. AP-WE-CUN-NY.

Upper Marias River, M. T.

THE NORTH SHORE OF THE BAY OF CHALEUR.

A FEW lines about the fishing in the above locality, and how to get to it, may be of some interest to your readers. The point to make for first is Campbellton, N. B., a station on the Intercolonial R. R. and the head of navigation on the bay. Within a day's drive of here are the Nouvelle and Escuminac rivers, both famed for the number and size of their sea trout, permits to fish them being obtainable from Mr. John Mowat, fishery overseer at Campbellton. The best place to make headquarters at Campbellton is at the Royal Hotel, and the obliging host, Mr. Sproule, keeps a capital team and is an enthusiastic sportsman himself. An attempt has been made to stock the Nouvelle with salmon, but so far, I believe, without success, owing to the poaching propensities of the people living on its banks. To reach the streams further down the bay it will be necessary to take the steamer City of St. John, which leaves Campbellton for Gaspi Basin every Wednesday and Saturday during navigation. The trip between these points occupies about seventeen hours.

After leaving Campbellton the first stopping-place is New Richmond at the mouth of the Grand Cascapediac River, grand indeed as a salmon river, but which, also, is reserved exclusively for the use of the Governor-General. A mile or two farther on the Little Cascapediac enters the bay. This is only a fair salmon river, but full of very large sea trout. It is not leased at present.

The scenery, which so far has been very beautiful, comparing very favorably with the Firth of Clyde in general appearance, now becomes rather uninteresting, and about dinner time the steamer stops at Grand Bonaventure, at the mouth of the river of the same name. This is a large stream, leased by Mr. Domville, M. P., of St. John, N. B., but for some cause or other the catch of salmon has never been very large. After leaving the next calling places are New Carlisle, the county town of Bonaventure, and Paspebiac, the headquarters of the large fishing firms of C. Robin & Co. and Le Boutilier Bros., the genial hospitality of whose agents is well known to all salmon fishers who frequent this coast.

After rounding Point Macquereau the steamer turns into Port Daniel, a Scotch settlement situated at the head of a small bay affording good and safe anchorage. Here are two good trout streams which are not leased, and no permits are necessary to fish them. Very comfortable accommodations can be had at neighboring farm-houses at reasonable rates. Sixteen miles further the steamer passes the Grand Rabos River, a beautiful stream, but, as far as salmon fishing goes, a failure, owing to the extreme clearness of the water and the stillness of the pools. It is, however, like all the rivers on this coast, a splendid trout stream. This river is leased to a Montreal gentleman. The Little Pabos comes next about six miles further. In this river are a few salmon and plenty of trout. It is not leased and permits may be obtained from the commissioner in Ottawa.

Twenty-six miles from Port Daniel the steamer stops at Grand River, a considerable fishing village at the mouth of the river of that name. This is a capital salmon stream, as it has been well preserved for some fifteen years. It is leased by two gentlemen from London, Ont. Turning Cape Despair the steamer next reaches Perce with its famous rock. This is the county town of the county of Gaspe, and is one of the most picturesque spots on the coast. A twelve-mile ride from here brings you to the Malbaie or Barochois River, a fine trout stream, in which there are also salmon, though not until late in the season. It is not leased and permits can be had from Mr. Vibert, fishery overseer at Gaspe. Leaving Perce the steamer reaches Gaspe Basin about midnight. The rivers running into Gaspe Bay—the Dartmouth, St. John and York—are all leased to American gentlemen. Leaving the question of sport out of the matter, the trip from Gaspe to Campbellton is well worth taking, the officer of the City of St. John most obliging, being quite willing to land you on any part of the coast you may wish, and there is a very comfortable boarding house in Gaspe Basin where a visitor in search of health can live almost in luxury and recruit his strength in as pretty a spot as can be found in North America.

VIATOR.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

MANY thousands of hard-worked, over-worked men are at this time asking the above question. Merchants, lawyers, editors, clerks, mechanics, all are looking forward to a holiday next summer, and all want to make the most of it. To get away from the heated streets of the city for a few days or weeks only to come back with a sense of lost time and money, not to say of being swindled out of both, leaves a misery on the mind where there should be only a pleasant memory.

I am led to these remarks by a letter published in FOREST AND STREAM under date of Jan. 27, requesting "Nessmuk" to indicate a pleasant and available route for a three weeks' excursion in the woods. The letter is from a Utica gentleman, who signs himself "H."

He was at Wilmurst Lake last season, and seems to have had excellent luck with the rod, but complains of land sharks, and did not find his excursion satisfactory.

"H." took in too much civilization. Wilmurst Lake is private fishing ground, and you pay for your fishing, or leave your fish at the "House." Don't do it! I would as soon go hunting tame deer as fishing in private waters. I want to go where the waters, woods, forest trees and mountains are free as the air I breathe; where I may fish, hunt, camp, paddle and cut timber, with none to molest or present me a bill.

I think I can lay out a route that will answer and will not be too expensive, while including as much solitude, with entire freedom and fair fishing, as a reasonable man can expect. I suggest the Brown's Track, Moose waters. Go in by Booneville, buckboard line, to Moose River; from there to the Forge House by buckboard, or foot it to Jones' Camp at foot of the Stillwater, and boat up the Stillwater. If you bring your own boat, and it is light, the latter route may be best, but it includes a heavy carry of over seven miles from the Tannery to Jones' Camp. The rest is easy. It is twelve miles up the Stillwater from Jones'; by the road it is thirteen and one-half miles to Forge House, foot of Fulton Chain. The first two miles, from the Tannery to the Herkimer County line, is the most execrable road I was ever on—or in—for it was between wading and swimming last summer, although $200 would have made a decent road of it; but the Pecksniffs who had charge of road matters refused to lay out a dollar. They said there were no Lewis County settlers beyond the Tannery, and they were not going to spend the county funds to accommodate pleasure seekers, ignoring the fact that there was a constant influx of visitors, who all left money at Booneville and Moose River; that these visitors kept up the Buckboard line, and consumed the supplies that were constantly going over the road to Brown's Tract via the Forge House, the money all finding its way to Lewis County, and that the guides, landlords and others who operated in the Moose River country belonged for the most part in Lewis County.

Plucky little Charley Phelps who ran the buckboard line worked like a beaver to get his parties through comfortably. This he could not do, but he did get them through safely with their multifarious traps, with no other mishap than an unavoidable coating of Browns Tract mud, which was soon cleaned off.

The road from the Herkimer County line was better. Men were at work on it all summer, and eleven and one-half miles of the road might be called quite passable. The other two miles will be very different the coming season. Jolly, energetic Tom Nightingale, of the Moose River House, has taken the matter in hand, and he assured me last September that tourists coming that way in the summer of '81 should find a respectable road to the lakes.

If you go to the foot of the chain by wheels you can hire a boat of Jim Barrett, landlord of the Forge House. If by the way of Jones' Camp hire a boat of Jones. Once at the foot of the lakes with a boat the route is all before you where to choose. I should stop a few days on Third Lake. It was the pleasantest camp and the most desirable lake of the chain to my taste. It is a salmon lake, and there is good speckled trout fishing within ten minutes' pull of the landing. Also it is within a hundred rods of Fourth Lake, which is the largest of the chain (1,970 acres), and is reputed the best for salmon trout, while there are many spring-holes along the shores that give fine fly fishing. Within a mile of Third Lake camp, and on the north side of Fourth, is the carry to the North Branch lakes. These are lonely enough, and afford fine fishing with excellent camping grounds. A week in this region would be little enough. Opposite Ed. Arnold's camp on Fourth Lake is the carry to Big Moose. One may spend weeks on and around this lake without overdoing it. But it includes four miles of carries to reach it from Fourth Lake passing two of the Branch lakes, on which there is good floating as well as fishing.

Having done Big Moose and the intervening waters come back to Fourth, row up to Fifth, which is a pug-hole of ten acres, carry from Fifth to Sixth, three-fourths of a mile, and if you are late enough for floating stop for a night or two on Sixth. It is an excellent lake for deer, but is sometimes overdone by floaters. From Sixth to Seventh, by boat, and you will find solitude enough on the latter lake to content a reasonable man. If not take the carry on the North (two miles) for Little Eagle and Bay Lakes. There you may fish from the rocks in fifty feet of clear, cold water, and, by laying bait over night and using caution, catch speckled trout of three pounds or more, with a tconly. The bait must be brought from Seventh Lake, as there are no minnows in Bug or Little Eagle. Three or even six weeks might be very pleasantly passed on the route indicated, with such digressions as information gained on the way might suggest. There are many other lakes easily accessible by this route. I have mentioned those I thought best and gamiest. Supplies may be had at the Forge House, at Third Lake Camp, or at Ed. Arnold's on Fourth Lake.

Third Lake Camp is being renovated and enlarged for next summer, and will be kept by Robert Perril of Boonville, Ky., fly maker and dealer in fishing tackle.

Ed. Arnold will probably keep the Jack Shepard camp on Fourth Lake. His charges are very reasonable, his people kindly and attentive, and he sold supplies at lower rates than common. He also is a guide, and one of the oldest and best.

Sam. Dunakin is another of the older guides and knows as many of the Adirondack routes as any guide I found there. Nearly all the Forge House guides are competent and faithful to their parties. Although I never took a guide and could not well do it, having a canoe with me that weighed only eighteen pounds, and that I would not leave behind, I found the guides intelligent, friendly and willing to give any information they possessed to one going through alone for the first time.

Last season there was a rush of tourists to the east side of the wilderness, and I found every camp and woodland hotel overcrowded. Also the Louisville route on the west side was well stocked with tourists, twenty being obliged on one night to seek lodgings in the barn at Fenton's (No. 4), on the Beaver. The only quiet section I found was on the waters of the Moose. I do not expect to find it so quiet next summer, but I can easily find all the solitude I want and all the trout I can use in the much decried Brown's Tract.

NESSMUK.

Natural History.

OUR UNIQUE SPOON-BILLED SANDPIPER.

[*Eurinorhynchus pygmæus* (LINN).]

THE U. S. Coast Survey party on board the schooner "Yukon," commanded by Mr. W. H. Dall, in whose company the writer made a voyage on the coasts of Alaska and Siberia last summer, was so fortunate as to obtain what is now the only specimen in any American museum of the curious little spoon-billed sandpiper. The skin is one of the treasures of the National Museum collection. Most of the great museums of the world are without it.

Up to the time of Nordenskjold's voyage around the north coast of Siberia but twenty-four of these birds in all were recorded as killed; how many of them are preserved is unknown. He found great flocks of them, but unfortunately the bird was not recognized, and only a few skins were secured, the great bulk of the birds having been served on toast without regard to their distinguished identity.

The form of the bill resembles that of the common spoon-bill so closely that Linnæus referred his type specimen to the genus *Platalea*, yet the bird is related structurally to the *Tringæ*, and appears like any common little sandpiper with the exception of its bill.

I copy the habitat from "Ibis," vol. v, 1869, in which is given a colored plate of the species: "Mouths of the Ganges, and east coast of Bay of Begal; Edmonstone's Id., Saugur Sand, Saugur Id., Chittagong, Arracan, Amherst in Tenasserim, Amoy, Behring's Straits, N. E. Asia (Barrow *teste* Sclater)." The species, therefore, is known from the extremities of the Asiatic coast. The exact locality of Barrow's specimen is not known. It is, therefore, interesting to have the bird from a well authenticated place. Ours was shot on the end of a sand spit on which is the Eskimo village of Port Providence, Plover Bay eastern Siberia; it was secured for us by one of the natives during the interval between our first and second visits to the Bay. On the same sand and gravel beach I shot *Actodromas minutilla* (?), *Pelidna alpina americana*, *Strepsilas interpres*, *Squatarola helvetica* and *Heteroscelus incanus*. During the months of August and September it is said that the spoon-billed sandpipers are occasionally seen on this spit and always about the same place.

While in Plover Bay on the return from the Arctic our bird was shown to Capt. L. C. Owen, commanding the steam whaler Mary and Helen. Capt. Owen at once said that the same bird was brought aboard his vessel by Eskimo at Point Barrow. As the bird is unmistakable, there can be no doubt that the species is a member of our Alaskan fauna, and Mr. Ridgway has so recorded it in his recent catalogue of North American birds on the strength of the statement made to us by Capt. Owen.

It is to be hoped that some of the parties who are to be sent to Point Barrow may collect additional skins of this curious bird as well as information about its habits. It is only necessary to remember it as resembling some of our common little beach snipe, but with a bill shaped like that of a spoon-bill. TARLETON H. BEAN.

U. S. National Museum, April 15.

WHERE THE BIRDS WINTERED—New York, April 15.—Your correspondent, John Neilson, Esq., of Quebec, one of the best informed ornithologists of Canada, in a late issue of your paper calls attention to the marked absence in all parts of Lower Canada of its customary winter feathered residents. As the weather there was not severer than in former seasons he fails to account for their absence.

Through the valuable reports of your many correspondents in the New England and Middle States I believe I can offer a satisfactory theory that will remove all cause for further speculation and set the matter at rest.

As we are all aware, the past winter in the States above mentioned has been the severest experienced for many years and the snow fall unprecedented. Attracted by this favorable condition of things the more Northern species of birds have been led to make a more Southern journey and residence during these congenial months of cold and snow. The numbers of these different species observed and their wide distribution through the sections before spoken of irresistibly lead me to this conclusion.

I myself in my snow-shoe journeys through the forests of northern New Jersey noted several species supposed to be

confined to a higher latitude, while there was quite a falling off in numbers of those native to this part of the country.

There is no doubt the migrations of birds are influenced to a great degree by isothermal conditions. After an early warm spring I have frequently found species of our more Southern birds nesting in New Jersey, attracted no doubt by the favorable state of weather beyond their customary habitat.

G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

A TAME GRIZZLY CUB.

OMAHA, Neb., April 9, 1881.

DURING the palmy days of California, from '49 to '56, when the miners' camp was destitute of that one essential feminine element that tends to gladden the heart of man and make even a log cabin a palace, pets of all kinds were exceedingly rare, and we were always ready to bestow our affections on anything that could be petted, from a kitten to a cub.

During 1853 and part of '54 I was camped on Squaw Creek, a tributary of Pitt River, in the northern part of California, and as it was one of those unusually dry seasons to which California is sometimes subject, thereby being unfavorable to mining operations, the most of my time was devoted to hunting During one of our tramps in the foot hills in the early part of February, my partner, Wm. S., from La Salle, Ill., as jolly a companion as could be wished for, was so fortunate as to kill an old she bear and capture one of her cubs, which he brought into camp as a present to me. It was a queer-looking thing, would weigh about eight pounds, and was more like an over-fed puppy than anything that I could compare it to. The question was what I should do with it. Could I tame it, and if so, how?

My first lesson was to teach it that I was its master This was a long and tedious operation, requiring about six weeks. Many were the hard fights we had. My course of feeding was mush made from corn meal, with a liberal allowance of sugar and cooked meats, making it a rule not to allow it meat unless cooked. Almost invariably when going to feed it I had to take a large switch with me, and only by a liberal application of the stick to its ears and nose could I touch it. Several times I was on the point of giving up, and with others saying that the *Ursus horribilis* could not be conquered; but success crowned my efforts at last, for one morning after an unusually hard fight, in which my leg and pants suffered considerably, I left him in the corner of his pen crying. On my return at noon, when going to feed him, I saw that a change had come over him, and such a change! You cannot imagine how I felt when I found that my imp of all ugliness had yielded to moral suasion, and at last I had a pet. After eating its dinner the little fellow crawled into my lap, crying much like a little child. After petting him a little I took the strap from his neck, took him in my arms, and went out to where the boys were smoking to show my pet and have him christened. By unanimous vote we named him Billy, after his captor.

From that time Billy was the pet of the camp, and in a short time had quite an extended acquaintance. He was like Mary's little lamb, for where we went Billy was sure to go.

Soon after the christening, and when Billy had been admitted to full membership of the mess, we moved camp over to the Sacramento River about five miles above Shasta City.

During the summer I had a fine opportunity to study his nature and habits. As he grew he tried to imitate us in all our ways. He soon learned to know when meals were ready; he would take his place as soon as the last dish was placed on the table, but you could not get him near until it was ready. At times sugar being scarce he would have to take his mush straight. Then we would have fun. After his first bite his charge on that mush pan was fully equal to that of the gallant Six Hundred. It was mush to the right of him, mush to the left of him, and mush above, below and all around until the last vestige had disappeared in the dirt. Another pan with a little sugar and the cloud would lift athwart his ugly visage, the usual smile assume its sway while a merry twinkle in his eye would say, "You may take your coffee straight, I will take sugar on my mush."

His greatest amusement was in tormenting a half-grown dog that we had in camp, in which he displayed a wonderful amount of instinct if not of reasoning faculties. His mode of attack was to throw himself across the dog, the cub's weight being so much the greater he could easily hold him down, then getting the dog's tail in his mouth he would give it a pretty hard nip which would set the dog yelping, and this seemed to be the height of Billy's ambition. You could see a broad grin spread over his face, and his whole body would shake with apparent laughter. This performance he would repeat two or three times during the day.

At night Billly must have a share of my blankets, and for five months I don't think that I passed a single night that my pet was not by my side. In sleeping as well as in everything else he would try to imitate our actions. Always on his back, his hind feet extended, his paws folded over his breast, and no-e pointing skyward, Billy would pass the night.

If Darwin could have seen him he would never have adopted his monkey theory.

I observed one very important fact in connection with the grizzly, that is their inability to determine objects that are not in motion. Frequently on approaching camp I would call Billy. He would take the direction of the sound running toward me. If I stood perfectly still he would pass within a few feet of me frequently so close that I could have touched him with my foot, and yet unable to distinguish me from other objects. After looking around he would begin crying and run back to the cabin. By calling him again he would repeat the movements, following the sound of my voice. He would pass to the point from which he thought the sound came, stop, sit up on his haunches and look all around for me. If I only moved a hand or foot he would come to me at once, otherwise, without seeing me move, he would, as before, run back to the cabin. This I think demonstrates the fact that they depend entirely on sight and not on scent.

I once had a fine opportunity of demonstrating this theory to my entire satisfaction. For while out hunting one morning I started a very large grizzly in a thicket. I was just on the outer edge of it and within thirty feet of the bear when I heard her grunt Stopping instantly I brought my gun to my shoulder, waiting for her to come out, which she did to my entire satisfaction. Soon her head was in sight, but not liking a quartering shot for the head I waited a moment longer, following every movement of the bear, with my gun to my face. Soon she cleared the thicket, and sitting up on her haunches she began an inspection of the surroundings to see what had disturbed her morning nap. I drew on her throat intending to break her neck. Click! and there I was, the gun had missed fire, and a huge grizzly within twenty-five or thirty feet of me. Then the study of my pet came in good play. Standing perfectly still with gun to my shoulder, looking the bear steadily in the face I had a splendid opportunity of taking the dimensions of her teeth as she opened her mouth and snapped her jaws. We probably surveyed each other for about two minutes (they were fearfully long ones) when her bearship dropped to all fours and turned from me up the ridge.

My partner Bill, coming up, we followed her for a short distance, when two more got up. He shot one of them in the shoulder. My gun again missed fire, when my old friend turned for us, and the man who says we did not make good time for tall timber is no judge. While in the tree-tops we mutually agreed that we did not want any bear meat that day, and so went to camp without any.

I kept my pet until he was about eight months old, and would weigh 130 or 140 pounds. From the time he first gave up until the day we sold him I never had an occasion to scold or strike him, nor did we at any time keep him chained up. In fact, he was as kind and well-behaved as the best settler in our land. To tell of his tricks and reasoning powers would require much time and space. My experience in this case has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that even a grizzly bear can be domesticated if taken when quite young and properly treated.

I have always thought that one great cause of my success was in not allowing the cub to have any raw meat. We all know the effects of raw meats upon dogs, and why is it not the same upon other animals?

JAY.

GROUSE BURROWING IN THE SNOW.

NEW YORK, April 14.

WHILE the information relating to game birds perishing during hard winters is being collected by FOREST AND STREAM the following note may prove interesting enough to induce sportsmen to keep their eyes open for similar occurrences:

During the autumn and winter of 1873 I was a student at Prof. Wiggins' boarding school in the little village of Nassau, N. Y Not far from the school was a patch of woods of a few acres' extent lying along the banks of "the crick." Through this piece of woodland I frequently passed on hunting or collecting trips at leisure times when school duties did not prevent, likewise at many other times when school duties should have prevented. Here a solitary male ruffed grouse was always to be found—a big, sturdy old fellow with very black ruffs and very broad tail, and who made a noise like the dumping of a coal cart when he sprang from under some mossy log or bunch of ferns close to my feet. This species was not at all abundant in the vicinity of Nassau and I knew of no other individuals within a long distance. The old grouse in question had the pleasure of hearing my gun go off on several occasions simultaneously with his flushing; but he was a proud bird and perhaps considered the noise to have been all made by himself No other effect ever followed my shot so far as I know. I always knew just where to find him, and finally contented myself with simply hunting him up and watching his movements.

One day, after a deep snow had fallen, I hunted everywhere for this bird, but could not find him; he was neither on the sunny south slope, where the young birches and poke berries grew, and where there were lots of warm, cozy nestling places under old logs, nor was he back among the big hemlocks and beeches where the brakes offered shelter; nor by the creek among the alders; but after leaving the woods I quite accidentally flushed him out of the snow where he had been hiding, quite a way from any cover. A few days later a heavy snow fell, followed by rain, which rapidly formed a very strong crust.

Nothing was seen of my grouse for more than a week, and I supposed, as a matter of course, that he had perished, being unable to get out of the snow before the crust softened. My fears did not prove true, however, for the old fellow was soon back in his old haunts as vigorous as ever. Where he had been during that week was a mystery, until one day in the following spring, while walking near the place where he had on a former occasion flushed from the snow, I found a large amount of his excrement deposited in a regular line along the ground. On every side, for a distance of several feet, the leaves of plants that remained green—cinquefoil, clover and two or three of the grasses—had been plucked so closely that the place was easily distinguishable. He had made a short path there under the snow, just as a musquash does, and had lived more comfortably than if he had remained under the crust.

That the ruffed grouse can burrow under the snow to a limited extent, and find food on the ground, I hope to be able to prove. Other correspondents can very likely report similar observations.

R. T. M.

OHIO BIRD NOTES FOR 1881.

Hudson, O., April 9.—The past winter has been the hardest for a number of years, a great deal of snow and very cold. In the fall there were a good many grouse and quail, and not many shot on account of the deep snow coming so early, but now the quail are about used up. I heard of a good many being found frozen and starved to death.

April 22.—Snowed and rained most all night; cold; wind blowing hard from southwest. Saw a robin (*Turdus migratorius*) to-day, the first I have seen this year except in the thick woods and gullies.

Feb. 24.—Snowing and blowing hard; very cold Was over to Tinker's Creek to-day; saw a crow (*Corvus americanus*).

Feb. 27.—Raining hard; cold; snow most gone. Saw a number of robins about the house to-day.

Feb. 28.—Snowing; cold. Saw a crow, one or two bluebirds and a large flock of robins. It is reported that a large number of pigeons were flying over south of town and in store, but think it was a mistake.

March 1.—Day warm. Saw the first killdeer to-day.

March 10.—Went fishing over to Aurora Pond to-day. No sport. The ice has not started yet. Saw a number of meadow larks, redwings, blackbirds and a few purple grackle. Also saw ten mallards flying over towards the creek. No ice in the creek.

March 12.—Rained all last night; snowing to-day. Saw a leveler bird to-day.

March 13.—There are a number of sparrows about; not sure of their first coming.

March 16.—Warm; rained this afternoon. Saw a number of killdeers and grackles. There were two or three large flocks of geese flying over to-day.

March 19.—Cold and raining; creek open; large number of ducks, mostly mallards. Hanson shot a pileated woodpecker (*Hilotonius pileotus*) on the creek bottom. Saw one or two more.

March 22.—Another "blizzard" struck us yesterday; sure to rain; wind blowing hard from southwest. A flock of white swan were seen flying over to-day. Saw a woodcock to-day.

April 2.—Began snowing on the night of the 28th; snowed steadily until Friday night, the 1st; about twenty-two inches of snow fell; hard on the birds that are here; large numbers are frozen to death. On the night of the 29th large flocks of geese and ducks were flying about town lost in the storm. There has been a number of leveler birds about the house for several days.

April 8.—The ice is broken in places on South Lake. A number of geese and ducks in the open places.

BUCKEYE.

THE SCHIPKA JAW.—The fragment of the human lower jaw, discovered by Prof. Maschke in the Schipka cavern near Strämberg in Moravia, Austria, is regarded with much interest by European men of science, because it is in many respects more apelike than any human remains that have hitherto come to light. The Schipka cavern contained bones of *Bos, Ursus, Elephas, Rhinoceros, Leo* and *Hyæna*, a number of stone implements showing rough workmanship, and some incisor teeth of Ursus which were somewhat cut away on both sides at the beginning of the crown, indicating perhaps that the people who cut them did not yet know how to bore a hole into the root. A great number of fragments of bones which showed the action of fire were found. The jaw above referred to was discovered buried in some ashes in a protected place in the wall of a side passage of the cavern, near a fire place, and was the only human bone brought to light by the exploration. The specimen consists of the front part of the jaw with the incisors, one canine and two premolars of the right side still in place. The three last mentioned teeth were as yet undeveloped, but, as the front wall of the jaw is wanting, they are visible. The great size of the jaw is remarkable, for, although the development of the teeth corresponds to the first year of life, the jaw and teeth are as large as those of an adult. As is the rule in man the first premolar seems nearest being cut, then follows the canine, and then the second premolar. The jaw at the symphysis is about one-quarter thicker than in the ordinary adult. The chin is retreating, and in fact may be said to be wanting. The hinder part of the symphysis is placed obliquely, as in the anthropoid apes, and in a less degree in certain savage races, but especially in the Naulette jaw which the present fragment much resembles in many particulars. The teeth are very large and stout, and the incisors bent convex in front. The prominences for muscular attachment are well developed, implying large, strong masticatory muscles. The great size of the canine tooth is a very marked feature of the jaw, it being much longer than the same tooth in the adult European. In only one instance out of fifty adult skulls measured was this tooth found to be fourteen millemetres in length, while in the Schipka jaw it is 13.5 millemetres.

The fragment in question would seem to have belonged to a child of extremely low grade, and presenting many decided pithecoid characters.

THE FLYING-FISH.—A writer in the New Orleans *Times* says: An extract from *Nature*, published in this paper on the 27th of last month, throws doubt on the pursuit of flying-fish by the so-called dolphin, the coryphene. As I was once a witness of such a chase, accompanied by a circumstance much rarer, I append an account: One afternoon, during a voyage on a sailing vessel bound to a West Indian port, while the ship was making some four or five miles an hour, a coryphene was observed gamboling under the bows, going ahead a little, as if to show its superior speed, and then returning to its frolics. While the sailors were fastening the harpoon to a line, the coryphene sighted a flying-fish. At once it stiffened itself; its whole body quivered as if with excitement; its tail was agitated from one side to another, and it started in pursuit, bounding over the surface of the sea with leaps of some fifteen or twenty feet. Although a stern chase is held to be a very long one, this lasted less than a minute. One of the leaps brought the coryphene right under the terrified flying-fish, which seemed to fall into its enemy's jaws. The latter returned to its "playground" under the bows, and was harpooned, brought on board and cut up within two minutes after its meal. The flying-fish was taken out whole, uninjured. The coryphene is the beautifully colored fish noted for the shifting and varieties of its tints when expiring It is commonly but erroneously called a dolphin, as in the well-known verse, "The dying dolphin's changing hues." Now, in regard to the flying-fish, I have watched them on many voyages, and I can confirm the observers who describe its motion as a leap, not an act of flying. It springs out of the water, gradually rising to the middle of its course, then falling, describing a parabola just as an arrow does in its flight. I have repeatedly seen them change direction during the leap, making a deflection amounting to about a half angle, never more. But I cannot agree with Mr. Whitman, who estimates the length of their leap to be as much as 800 or even 1,200 feet. I opine that about 200 feet is a pretty big jump for one of these fishes, and, instead of forty seconds, I calculate the time occupied in a long leap at fifteen seconds, which gives a velocity of nine miles and a fraction per hour.

THE NUTTALL BULLETIN.—The April number of the *Bulletin* opens with a very interesting series of notes on "Some Birds from Arizona with a Description of a Supposed New Whip-poor-Will." These notes are based upon collections made within the past year by Mr. F. Stephens and forwarded to Mr. Brewster for examination. The same writer contributes two other articles to the same number, one of them consisting of Critical Notes on a Petrel new to North America, and the other on the Affinities of Certain Pelloptilæ with a description of a new species. Both of these papers contain new points of very great interest. In the present number, reprinting from the Ibis of Mr. P. L. Sclater's important paper on the Present state of the Systema Avium is concluded. Under the name *Puffinus borealis* Mr. C. B. Cory describes a

new species of the family *Procellaridæ* taken last autumn near Cape Cod. Field Notes on the Birds of San Juan County, Colorado, is a pleasantly written paper by Mr. Frank M. Drew, and gives an extremely attractive account of the habits of some of our Western birds. Mr. W. D. Scott presents some novel and significant facts with regard to the migration of birds which deserve the close attention of ornithologists. How far it is practicable to proceed on the hints that he gives us it would be hard at present to say, but his observations have certainly the merit of being wholly novel, and it is possible that they may open up a wider field for observation than would at first seem possible. The departments, Recent Literature and General Notes, are full of interesting ornithological news, and the number as a whole quite up to its usual standard.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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MESSRS. CONROY, BISSETT & MALLESON will move May 1 into their new factory, a cut of which appears in their new and enlarged advertisement of this week. A largely-increased business renders this removal necessary. They have introduced many new improvements in the way of labor-saving machinery, which accounts for the low prices at which they are now furnishing the trade with reels, rods, etc. Notwithstanding the large force of men working over-time, the demand is greater than the supply. No machinery has been yet invented to take the place of skilled hand work on the finer grades of rods. These are entirely made by hand.

Game Bag and Gun.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHOOTING DISTANCES.

BOSTON, April 13.

IN your late issues I have at times noted the records of some remarkably long shots made by sportsmen, notably the killing of a goose at 85 yards with No. 5 shot. It would be interesting to know if the bird was on the wing, and if so, whether the distance was measured or guessed at, and whether it was to where the bird was struck or fell. I do not pretend that it was impossible, but improbable. In the course of quite an extended gunning experience I have myself made some remarkably long shots, and for the time being thought my gun (as almost every gunner is apt to think of his own) a very superior weapon, and as a consequence indulged at impossible distances to the profit of Leroy and Hazard. Subsequently I had occasion to test a great many guns for a manufacturer at 40 yards, and the conceit was fully taken out of me. In the first place every time I faced 40 yards measured it looked to me very much longer than I had anticipated; next, after making a handsome target, say 280 to 300 pellets, No. 80, in a 30-inch circle, I was surprised to see how many plover, life size, I could mark out on that target which would have escaped unharmed. If so (and doubters had best try it) how much less chance of hitting dead at 85 yards or 255 feet.

Comparatively few gunners really know what distances are until they have measured them. Let the doubter measure his stride (generally 30 inches) and pace off 60 or 80 yards, and then look back, and, my word for it, it will be to him a surprise. I illustrate by two personal experiences. Some years since, while in Western New York, I heard marvelous stories of a breech-loader owned by the hotel keeper of the place. I examined the gun, which was a 28-inch, 12-gauge, weight about 8 lbs., and saw nothing remarkable in it. By measurement it was a half and full choke, left and right barrels respectively. On one occasion I was told of a remarkable shot from this gun—namely, putting twenty No. 8 shot on the face of a half dollar from 1¼ ozs. at 40 yards. This was vouched for by quite a number of residents, and the silver piece was hunted for but not found, very much to my regret. My amusement roused the "Ebenezer" of the owner of the gun, who angrily bantered me to bet. My reply was a wager that he should repeat the performance, fifty cents a shot, firing until he should either win or lose ten dollars, but not to put twenty pellets on the half dollar, but one single one. My experience at testing guns at that distance and with that charge gave me confidence in what I was doing. The bet was eagerly taken, of course, and the meeting took place at once. When forty yards were measured off and the gunner wheeled on his position to face the half dollar which was on top of a post, his face was a picture to see. His first remark was, "It's the biggest forty yards I ever saw," but as he had measured it himself he had to accept it. His second remark was, "I can't see the half dollar," and neither could I, but it was in position. I advised him to shoot at the top of the post. He positively declined and showed every sign of "squealing." To prevent this I offered to take a sheet of paper, draw a pencil around the half dollar, blacken the centre, and then to allow any shot even touching the outside of the ring to count for him. Well, he fired twenty times, struck the centre once and twice just touched the rim. That settled it and he refused to carry out the bet, compromising at $8.50. I would add that on the paper we drew a thirty-inch circle, and on counting the targets found them a good fair average.

And now for number two. It was at Van Slyck's landing, Currituck Sound, N. C., and a goodly lot of gunners we had. Christmas Day was the time, year, 1879, and we had proposed a grand shoot for the day, but by 10 o'clock it was too hot for sport and we all returned to the hotel to pass the day by other means. A gunner's discussion started, each one extolling the respective merits of his gun. I arrived just in time to hear one of the party remark, "I consider a duck at eighty yards as good as mine." This convulsed my sense of merriment somewhat, and I offered to put up a fowl at eighty yards for the assembled crowd to practice at: ten cents a shot, Alonzo, treasurer. The offer was readily accepted, and it was proposed to measure from the step of the store up the lot. I protested, much to their amusement, that there was not room enough in the lot to do so; and my proposition to measure at an angle across the lot was accepted, and when eighty yards had been properly run, coming within ten feet of the further corner, the general expression was similar to that of the Western New York man previously mentioned. The limit was No. 5 shot, which is the usual number used in duck shooting at Currituck. Mr. M., of Marlboro, Mass., toed the scratch first with a beautiful Shaeffer gun. My memoranda before me gives the score: M. shot 9 times; K., of East Weymouth, Mass., 2 times; N., of Mass., 5 times; C., of Boston, 2 times; and after about ten more shots from natives, a lucky shot cut the throat, and the bird redeemed his chips—$1.80 in Alonzo's bank, and he happy. I put a second one up by solicitation for a new party, and the result I herewith give you: Payne, 5 shots; Dr. Holmes, 3 shots; Dr. Kibby, 2 shots; Herman V. L., 2 shots; Moony, 4 shots; Nash, 5 shots; Van, 5 shots; Hall, 2 shots, and 2 from natives—$2.80 added to Alonzo's bank, and both fowls sold at cost price. But few shots had been fired for the second fowl before it had been demonstrated that 5's at 80 yards was comparatively ineffectual, or rather, according to my idea, 80 measured yards was too much distance for No. 5's; and as the interest began to slacken I withdrew all limit, allowing BB (buck buffets), thread-wound cartridges—anything, in fact. Then the fusilade commenced anew and the air was filled with threads, while the ground looked like a fish seine; but the gunners got discouraged, especially those using Dittmar and 6 cent cartridges; and the bird was finally floored or rather grassed by P——, the Washington market light weight, who was advanced 15 yards and opened with his 8 gauge, 14 pounder, when the worthy President of the "Limbers" (a local organization) collared the game and administered the *coup de grace*.

Such was our experience at 80 yards, and it is unnecessary, after giving the foregoing names, to say anything regarding the quality of weapons they use. It is but fair to say they were, one and all, astonished at the distance of 80 measured yards. I always am, although accustomed to measurements: and when I hear of extraordinary shots at long range it brings to my mind the two instances illustrated above.

EVERETT.

A PLEA FOR THE SINK-BOAT.

I HAVE been a subscriber to your paper since it first started and would hardly know how to get through the week without my FOREST AND STREAM. There is one point, though, on which we do not agree at all. I notice whenever you have a chance you invariably berate the "floating battery" or "sink-boat," calling it "unsportsmanlike," etc. In the very interesting article on brant-shooting at Cape Cod, in FOREST AND STREAM, now lying by me, the writer speaks of "that abomination of all true sportsman, the floating battery," and then goes on to describe the potting of brant out of sand boxes, at least first cousins to sink-boats. Now, why the battery should be an abomination to this gentlemen, who does not consider it unsportsmanliks to huddle a whole flock of fowl on the water, let them swim in under the muzzles of five or six guns, then pour a whole broadside into the flock sitting, I fail to see, unless it is for the same reason that here in Maryland, and in this county of Talbot, some persons condemn the use of batteries (although I am happy to say that the prejudice is subsiding), and that is, on selfish grounds entirely. Years ago, when good shooting could be had from the shore, those owning points had the shooting all to themselves and could say who should shoot and who should not and, with a feeling too common to human nature, disliked to see the sink-boat introduced, as their control of the shooting was gone with its introduction, as everybody was placed on an equal footing. Consequently there was a great outcry raised against the "sink" and a law passed prohibiting their use. This was some eighteen or twenty years ago. Now, mark the result. In the course of the next ten or twelve years owing to various causes, such as the increased traffic on our waters, the numerous oyster boats and canoemen plying a boat, as well as the increase of sportsmen, the wild fowl changed their habits, just as other game birds do under like circumstances. They ceased to frequent our narrow waters in any numbers, and although thousands still visited us, they kept in our wide bays and large rivers, out of reach of the shores, so that for years few or none were killed and the old race of gunners gave up in disgust. Now, I, with several other gentlemen, realizing that times and methods must change in shooting, as well as in other matters, and seeing that it was a case of giving up our guns, decoys, etc., or of changing our ways of shorting, concluded to revive the sink-boat, and after getting an act passed by our Legislature allowing their use, we have been shooting out of them for the last five years, and so far from considering them "unsportsmanlike," we have come to the very opposite way of thinking, viz., that it is the most sportsmanlike way that ducks and all wild fowl can be killed. Remember, I am only now speaking for my own section; in other localities "the circumstances may change the case" entirely. When first-class shooting can be had from the shore no one would prefer battery-shooting, as in the latter case the sport can only be enjoyed by one, or at most two, persons (where a "double box" is used) at a time. The confinement is great, and it takes a man thoroughly "up" in all that relates to shooting, and indeed, to yachting, as in this shooting we carry our "sinks" and live in our yachts on our shooting expeditions, and as the waters we shoot on are one wide bays and rivers, and our best seasons for shooting are in December, January, February and March. It takes a "thoroughbred" not to get caught by the heavy storms incident to the season. He must be a thorough enthusiast about shooting and not afraid of any wind or weather. Given these qualities there is no more fascinating sport than fox shooting.

And now to compare it to other ways of killing wild fowl, and here I will say that in thirty years' experience I have tried all methods common to the sportsman of the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. First take "point" or "bar" shooting. Here very considerable skill is required if single ducks are shot at, but what is the usual custom in this shooting? Generally from three to half a dozen or more sportsmen are in one blind and shoot into the midst of the flocks passing, wounding and crippling two or three ducks for every one killed. The guns employed are young cannon (I have two or three celebrated "point" guns in my possession now) weighing from twelve to twenty-five pounds. Decoy shooting from the shore is better, but even then under the best circumstances you cripple more ducks in proportion to those bagged than in box shooting, have to use larger guns and the sport is much more uncertain. Now as to "hooby blind" shooting. Here you have a continual scare-crow for the ducks, as it is permanently erected on or near their feeding grounds, where the ducks can feed to-day right on the same spot where they were shot yesterday out of the "sink." Now, on the score of humanity, no sportsman that shoots but must regret the suffering incident to his sport in the wounding of more or less game this, I contend, is reduced to a minimum in box shooting. Single ducks are almost invariably shot at, they come within certain distance and, if struck, are almost always killed and not "crippled."

As to "tolling" and kindred ways of shooting it is too much like our Cape Cod friend's way of potting the brant well calculated to fill the bag, but as to sport, well—every one to his own taste. I would like to be there and assist, as I am devoted to it all, and in every variety, but think there is infinitely more sport in "taking in" a pair of canvas or redheads right and left as they "swing" to the box, dropping that gun, catching up the second and killing two more as they go off, than there can possibly be in shooting into a bunch of brant huddled together on a bar. As to the shelldrake, coots and old squaws or "soakers," as we call them here, the Maryland sportsmen pity our brothers of the New England coast who have no better game to shoot at.

We have them here by the millions, but we would almost as soon think of bagging turkey-buzzards. I have heard the opponents of box shooting, who probably were never in a "sink" in their lives, say "it is no sport," it is such easy shooting," the ducks come so close," etc. Wait my friend, "Get in the box and try." "Mark!" up comes a redhead or canvas, swinging slowly up to the foot of the box in the left side within fifteen yards; as he throws himself back to alight you rise on him. He is a dead mark and in another instant is lying dead in the water. You say, "I told you so, anybody can kill ducks that come that way," so they can, but mark again. There is but little wind, and this fellow is coming with it. Whiz, whirr, "What was that, why didn't you shoot?" "Oh, I didn't have time, he was off too quick;" exactly, but mark again. This time it is a pair of redheads; they are coming in on your right side, they come close enough. "Why didn't you shoot them?" "And what made you shoot only one barrel, and that about six feet behind the last duck?" "Why, confound them I thought they were coming to the foot of the box, but the instant I raised to shoot they darted over my head to the right at the rate of about two miles to the second." So it goes my friend, and after you have tried it a while I think you will agree with me in saying that, although almost any one who can shoot at all can kill the ducks that come singly and slowly up to the front of the box, the man who can take advantage of all the opportunities he has given him in the "sink" and can bag all or a large marjority of his "right hand shots," "darters," "down-winders," etc., etc., is a thoroughly first-class shot, and moreover he must be well practiced in this particular sport, able to shoot well off both shoulders and thoroughly quick in every way, and you will further agree that there is no kind of duck shooting that gives you a greater variety of shots, or one that requires more skill and judgment to make the largest bag possible from the chances given you.

In conclusion I will only say that I advocate the use of the boat (under the circumstances I have named: inability to shoot ducks from the shore) only as an amateur as I shoot solely for amusement and not for profit. SINK BOAT.

Easton, Md.

THE FLIGHT OF RIFLE BALLS. EXPRESS BALLS, ETC.

MT. FAIRVIEW, San Diego Co., Cal.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, "C.," in issue of March 17, in attempting to answer my questions about the effect of gravity on a bullet at the instant of its escape from the muzzle drifts away from the real question—a question that no one has yet attempted to answer. When the proper time comes I will give my real opinion on this question and what I consider the philosophical proof of it. But I first want to see some one else cudgel their brains awhile over it.

"C." says: "It is a well established principle of mechanics that when a body is acted on by two or more forces it does not follow the direction of any of them, but takes an intermediate course," etc.

If "C." had read my letter carefully he might have discovered that I had a little inkling of the laws of motion, the parallelogram of forces, resultant of forces, etc., etc., and that the question I raised was not what is the resultant of two forces, either constant or variable, but when does the effect of one force commence. I never denied that the ball was "acted on" by gravity at the muzzle, but whether or not that action can instantly overcome its inertia or whether force can instantly produce motion is a question that is not to be answered, either way by mere assertion.

He tries to prove it by the analogy of a person running his hand along the edges of a table, and at the same time pressing on it. He does not say that the hand falls instantly on reaching the edge. But he must mean this or there is no point in his argument. This is not the first time in history that a person has assumed a fact for the purpose of proving another exactly parallel. It is one of the neatest of all ways of begging the question and one that deceives the person using it quite as often as any one else.

Because the equilibrium of a body released from restraint before commencing motion is not apparent to the senses it does not follow that there is none any more than it follows that the first part of a ball's flight is a straight line because the senses can detect no curve. The equilibrium may last only one-sixteenth of a second, yet in that time a ball might travel seventy or eighty feet. It may even last one-tenth of a second, and yet to a person it would seem as if his hand fell instantly over the edge of the table. One-eighth of a second is probably as much as the most cultivated and practiced sense can take notice of, and very few could do that. And in one-tenth of a second a ball might be driven fifty yards.

A ball cannot be started instantly by any force except gravity. And if it can be started instantly by that it is only because gravity is acting on every molecule or atom at the same time, and no time is lost in the transmission of force from atom to atom. But can gravity overcome instantly the inertia even of an atom? And conceding that it can do this, is not as much time required for the transmission of the release from atom to atom as in the case of another force is required to transmit the force from atom to atom.

"Transmission of release" may be unphilosophical language, but there is such a thing, nevertheless. When the ball is by the barrel detained from its downward tendency each molecule or atom is detained by its neighbor. It cannot move until that neighbor is released. Such being the case, it is as impossible for me to conceive of an instantaneous release of every atom as to imagine an instantaneous transmission of force through every atom when the first pressure of the powder begins.

"C." says that "a power that is suddenly released after it has been resisted acts much more decidedly than one that takes effect gradually." I should like to see "C.'s" proof of this. Because a thing like a gun-hammer yields quickly to intense force we must not infer that its inertia was entirely cancelled; increasing the weight of it a few pounds would

quickly dispel such illusion. According to such a principle a locomotive detained by a rope and straining with all its force would shoot off at full speed when the rope was suddenly cut. Any one who has seen a tow line part on a steamtug, or had a rope break on which he was pulling with all his might, knows that this is not so. These cases are, of course, not exactly analogous to the action of gravity which acts on every molecule at once; but they are near enough to it to cast a shade of doubt on "C.'s" position on the release question.

I am sorry that "C." did not take more time, for I think he could have thrown some light on the subject. He has evidently written hastily and with too full confidence in the soundness of his position—a thing liable to make any one mistake the true point of any question. But I am much obliged to him for even attempting to answer it.

The questions are these:

1. Can gravity instantly produce motion any more than any other force?

2. Can release be transmitted from molecule to molecule any faster than motion can be transmitted?

One word about Express bullets. "Edmund G. K." need have no fears about Express bullets "reducing the inside of a deer to pulp; tearing a hole as big as a hat," etc. Of all objections to bullets calculated to spare animals unnecessary suffering, to spare the hunter frequent loss of his game and more frequent work in securing it, none proves on trial more baseless than the "spoil the meat" theory. Occasionally a deer is badly "mussed." But take an average of five, and there is not half the spoiling there is with chasing a deer half a mile with a dog, letting him lie down an hour or two and get sick, or shooting two or three more balls into him. In a deer killed and dressed at once there is not half the meat bloodshot and otherwise spoiled that there is in the other cases. The difference in the amount actually cut away by a large or expansive ball practically amounts to nothing.

There is nothing probably in hunting about which as much twaddle has been written as the effect of Express and explosive bullets. "Blowing open a grizzlie's head" as if it were a snuff box, "pulverizing a wild boar's head" as if it were a puff ball, "Express shock" as if it were a bottled-up stroke of lightning suddenly let loose, etc., etc., are only the least of their marvelous imputed effects.

It is astonishing that it never occurred to "Col. John Hills, of the Indian Army," quoted by "Nemo," that the dashing of a ball to pieces depended almost entirely on the size and shape of the hole in front of it, instead of velocity, and that the shock of a ball depends more upon its momentum and striking surface than upon velocity. If any one will run back the files of FOREST AND STREAM and other sporting papers they will find just such wonderful bullets as Capt. Hills speaks of condemned by other Indian hunters, and also by American hunters such as H. Batty, Ned Buntline and others who, it is safe to say, know what they are talking about. Read Capt. Williamson's experience with grizzlies in FOREST AND STREAM of two or three years ago and see his opinion.

The truth of all this is this: A ball that flies to flinders is far the best, provided it strikes the heart, lungs or kidneys. For those favored individuals who know how to make a deer pose for a shot and who can "put the ball in his heart" every time "on the keen jump," "at forty rods," etc., these balls are the best. But then for American game they don't need them. But "duffers" like myself, who have to take a shot just where they can get it who have to shoot at dark or brown spots in brush without waiting to see just where the heart is, who think they are doing tolerably well if they hit a deer at a long shot or when running any where in the body need a ball that has penetration quite as often as the other kind. Essential as expansion is, penetration is in the long run quite as much so. Such a ball as Captain Hills describes in "Nemo's" letter would make complete minced meat of the heart or lungs of a deer, but if it hit him in the haunch or stern would not kill him in one-fourth the time a Winchester .73 bullet would do it, and in the paunch would not be half as affective as if it flattened out and passed clear through without breaking. A ball that flies to powder will have no penetration where solid flesh or bone is to be met, and no amount of velocity will give it. To the penetration of all such balls there is a limit which cannot be passed any more than that of fine shot can. And this limit is a very short one too.

I think Major Merrill has made a mistake in his figures of trajectory. If he can get a long range ball into the centre at 100 yards on an intermediate rise of only two inches at the highest point he could do more than I ever could. He says the bore of a rifle so sighted will point nine and one-half inches above the centre at 100 yards. Unless the rifle throws downward from recoil, as is often the case, this ought to carry it at least four and one-half or four and three-fourth inches over at fifty-five yards. That is just about the rise I have always found, the drop at 100 yards being about ten inches with long range ball fired on a level.

Instead of fifty-five yards the point of highest trajectory for 100 yards will often be sixty-five yards with some rifles, and even a little over. The highest rise of my heavy rifle, with round ball sighted for 100 yards, is about sixty-eight or seventy yards, and is there one inch, and only about one-half inch at fifty yards; this with globe sights about three-fourths of an inch above axis or bore.

For the plains a rifle sighted over is all right, but for the woods and bushy ground, especially for quick shooting, running shooting, or downhill shooting, or in the dim light of evening or early morning, or with the sun on an actual front sight one that overshoots four inches at fifty to seventy yards is an abomination. Better sight every rifle level for all such ground, unless you know how to make your game strike a position and wait for you to calculate your distance—a valuable art that, judging from their writings, many seem to possess.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

SPORT ABOUT SAVANNAH.

SAVANNAH, Ga., April 11, 1881.

DURING the winter months the waters around Savannah are fairly alive with aquatic fowl of almost every description, especially on the waters adjoining the rice plantations. Among the numerous species are the canvas back, mallard, widgeon, raft-blue and green-wing teal, bard heads, bald pates, butter rail and a variety of other small ducks.

The most successful way of hunting them, in fact the only way (except by stooling), is to have a duck boat about 13x4, decked all over, save a cock-pit in the middle, and on the main deck a blind made securely of rice straw and cane tops. You sit behind this, and with your oars push the boat forward until you spy your game in the distance; then you take in your oars and lie on your left side, and by the use of a long scull oar that goes through a small hole in the stern you can scull right in their midst, especially in the early part of the season. Looking at the boat coming toward you it appears to be an old bush or bunch of trash floating down with the tide. The boat can be bought at a cost of from $25 to $75. In the early part of the season I bought a fine one of white cedar for $65, also a large 5-gauge duck gun weighing 20 lbs., together with a small breech-loader for cripples. Repeatedly I have returned to the city after a two days' hunt on the waters around the city with from 100 to 200 ducks of various species. The best waters are "Lonesometony," "Knoxborough," "Union," "Collis," "Abercorn" and "Fifemaker" creeks, also the back rivers, which are too numerous to mention.

The most successful hunt I had this winter was about the 10th of January. I put my duck boat on the steamer "W. T. Wheeless," which plies between this city and Augusta, and went up the river as far as "Parachuckla," about seventy miles from Savannah, and sculled all the way back, taking in a number of lakes and creeks, arriving in the city again on Friday evening after a hunt of about two and a half days. I bagged sixty-five mallards, twenty-four summer ducks, a few raft, eight wild turkeys and a small doe. Before reaching the city I had to take out my scull oar and stop up the scull hole to keep the water from running in my boat, it was so well loaded. One or two of the numerous professional gunners around here make a very fine living at it. One especially, a Mr. Westcot, who realizes, at his own account, from $2,000 $2,500 for six months, and I don't doubt it, for I have seen specimens of his success myself.

Some Northern men come South every winter to hunt for a living, but soon give it up, as the majority of them know nothing of the use of a gun, to say nothing about the skill in manipulating the boat, and are totally ignorant of the waters, which is a very great item in successful duck shooting.

In the spring there are thousands of snipe in the lowlands, especially when the ground is wet from rains or a freshet. Myself and a friend bagged 148 last Friday on Mr. Chisholm's plantation, and would have got more had our ammunition not given out. Quail are not so numerous in this immediate section, but a little higher up the country they are as thick almost as blackbirds. My dogs have repeatedly found eighteen and twenty coolies in a day in Jefferson, Burke or Richmond Counties, and in those counties there is little difficulty in killing them, as the shooting ground is excellent, and one has no excuse to miss a bird on ordinary occasions. The birds rise in old broom sedge fields, where there are a few young pines and stubble, also on the margins of the numerous little ponds in that section. With good dogs and a little knowledge of the country a good shot can bag easily from 75 to 100 birds in a day's shooting. It is best to hunt on horseback, as you can get over more ground in less time. I always find it the best, and never hunt quail any other way. You can very easily jump off your horse when your dogs "come down" if you don't wish to shoot them from the saddle.—R. W. A.

SPORTING SCRAPES.

THERE being a dearth of sporting news in this immediate locality, barring rabbit hunting, of which there is considerable, with fair success, it occurred to me that possibly two or three incidents which helped to embellish and relieve my rather monotonous boyhood life in the country, might be of interest, and at the same time a warning to some of your youthful readers at any rate.

By the way, that life must be an exceedingly stupid one which has not its ludicrous side, and that mind dull of perception which cannot discern and enjoy the ludicrous as it crops out now and then, here and there, in speech and act.

Our nearest neighbor was a tanner. Though his name was Washington Barcalow, a name very unlike that of the Galena tanner which has become so illustrious, yet by trade he could claim a sort of relationship to him, and by name to the Father of his Country. His son William and myself were about the same age. We had arrived at that delectable period in our boyhood when we were allowed, by the very reluctant consent of our parents, to handle firearms a little. Hence we used to practice target shooting together with an old flint-lock, hitting the bullseye once in twenty times at short range. His father was a good marksman and a fair huntsman.

His theory was, and he conscientiously practiced it, that all game should have a chance for its life; it should be taken in motion, either on the wing or on foot. A righteous theory, surely, and one which every true and honorable sportsman will scrupulously observe.

Pursuit is the cream of pleasure, and I fail to perceive how any one can find sport in stealthily crawling up, on a sitting rabbit for instance, and riddling it with shot. To my mind it is belittling to one's manhood. If it is not criminal, it is inexcusable butchery. It smacks somewhat of the "stab-a-man-behind-his-back" principle. It is anything but fair play, and as for the fun and fame that there may be in it, there is more by far in going out alone in the woods, pinning a white patch against a tree, and shooting at that. I did not think so when I was a boy. In boys, still shooting is tolerable, but not in men. Men are supposed to have outgrown the crude ideas of their boyhood, many of which savor largely of folly. I went out for rabbits Monday afternoon with a boy who was old enough and had hunted enough to know better. Though he had a double-barrel gun, with a shell in each barrel, happening suddenly on a rabbit, he jumped on him with his great cow-hide boots, instead of giving him a fair chance and shooting him in a sportsmanlike manner. He seized him by the hind legs and dragged him out from underneath his big feet, when I insisted that he should let him go and get him again fairly, or not at all. He let him go, and then discharged both barrels at him without effect, when my little single barrel breech-loader brought him to a halt. I found that one of his hind legs was badly broken, and the boy then told me that he did that jumping on him, and that was the reason why he let him go, for he thought that he couldn't get away anyhow; but even with his three legs he would have made his escape if the boy had been alone.

The unfeeling youth deserved much more than the plain lecture that I dealt out to him in anything but homœopathic doses, and I sincerely trust that no boy or man that may read this will ever be guilty of such a mean, unprincipled deed as that was. A great deal of game is never killed outright, where it is in the power of the sportsman to do so, but is miserably tortured to death, inch by inch, as if the game possessed no more feeling than the hearts of those who thus butcher it.

Apologizing for this digression I return to the episode with my neighbors. One cold, crisp January morning I wandered back to an old well on the farm, two fields away from the house. The well was almost full to the curb with water and as I looked over the curb into the well I saw a rabbit floating upon the surface. It looked as if it had not been in there long, so I climbed the curb, reached down into the well and took him out. He was yet quite limber. Right behind our house and barn there was a young peach orchard. I brought the rabbit down to the orchard and set him up as nicely as I could in the dead weeds and grass by one of the peach trees. He looked as natural as life. Then I called very excitedly to our neighbor's boy that there was a rabbit in the peach orchard behind the barn. He ran for his old flintlock, but when he emerged from the house, his father was with him armed with his own fowling-piece. I saw that my game was up. However easily the boy might be fooled the father could not be into shooting a dead rabbit. I stood my ground, however, long enough to point out the tree where the rabbit was. Mr. B. cocked his gun and, true to his theory, began to approach the tree nearer and nearer, waiting for the rabbit to leap forth. And somehow, curious as it may seem, the nearer he drew to the tree the further away from it I got, until, as he placed the end of the barrel underneath the rabbit and tossed him out from the tree a lifeless carcass, I stood trembling in my boots behind the barn squinting around the corner at the cool performance. Such a fire of indignation as burned in the orbs of that man and his son as they turned to look for the little practical joker was enough to squelch forever any boy of ordinary grit. For a long time thereafter it seemed to me the better part of valor to keep out of the way of both, and I did.

On another occasion while passing through this same orchard at nightfall on my return from a short hunting excursion I started a rabbit, fired and missed him. He ran under the barn behind which I hid in the other scrape. The barn rested on stone pillars and there was space enough between the floor timbers and the ground to enable a boy to creep under with difficulty. I loaded again and crawling under a short distance I saw the rabbit, fired and killed him. The burning wad ignited the hay and straw which had gathered there. I forgot all about my gun and game in my anxiety and eagerness to put out the fire, which I succeeded after a while in doing. I then recovered my rabbit and gun and went home, did my evening chores and retired early to bed as the custom is in country life. But I could not sleep. I kept wondering whether or no there might not be some fire still under the barn—some spark that I had overlooked. I sometimes imagined that I heard the crackling of flames. I endured my fear until almost midnight, when it became torture. In desperation I sprang from my bed and went out in the darkness and looked under the barn to assure myself that it was all right. These incidents enforce two lessons: First, never to play tricks on children that would be likely to involve the parent; second, never to be so over-zealous in any cause as to be regardless of probable evil consequences. HIX.

Batavia, Ill.

MY FIRST MOOSE.

I READ with interest and pleasure "Ned Buntline's Last Moose," in your issue of 31st March, and propose to tell you something about the first moose I ever shot or ever saw, although since that time I have killed a great many, at least between fifty and sixty, in the water and out of the water, in winter on snow-shoes and in summer in boats, as well as creeping them through tall grass and mud on the margin of lakes and rivers, and the shores of pokologans and cranberry bogs; and have called them out of the woods with a trumpet formed of birch bark, by imitating their call to their mates in the rutting season, in the early evening when they seek the low swampy feeding grounds to obtain the lily and other succulent plants, of which they are very fond.

It was in June, 1846, that an old hunter of the Rangeley Lakes by the name of Kimball (who has long since gone to the better hunting grounds beyond) and myself paddled up to the foot of Cupsuptuc Bog and camped for a canoe still-hunt in the evening. This being my first experience, the old man made me shoot at a mark with a bullet, seven rods, and I hit the spot on the tree to his satisfaction, and he said I'd do. My gun was an old single barrel—"Queen's arm," I believe he called it—a smooth bore, and carried about an ounce bullet, and, by the way, I used that same gun for many years after for all purposes—with shot for birds and small animals, and bullets for bears, deer, caribou and moose, and it seldom failed me.

We cooked our supper of trout and flap-jacks before night, so as to make all arrangements early for evening hunting, and about sunset started up the Cupsuptuc River through the bog. Our boat was a wooden skiff, just large enough to hold two persons, and the Captain, as the old hunter was familiarly called, took the stern and the paddle, and stationed me near the bow with my gun at my right hand, in the bottom of the boat, and his old rifle at my left. The plan was for the Captain to hit me with his paddle when we were near enough to shoot, and I was first to fire my gun and then catch up the rifle and give him a long shot as he made off, should we miss him at first.

We got well started up the bog before daylight left, moving very slow and still. Not a sound greeted our ears except the everlasting croaking of the frogs and the singing of the innumerable multitudes of mosquitoes, gnats, black flies, midgets and other winged insects, which swarmed around our ears, eyes and mouth, annoying me dreadfully, making the blood trickle down my face, although I had besmeared myself well with salt pork before starting. (Salt pork was then the only antidote known for insect bites.) My orders were not to move a hand or stir, but to sit up straight and not look around or whisper. This, I think, was the toughest experience I ever had—being eaten up alive without the privilege of resentment. I would have given five dollars in a moment to have rubbed my face well just once, but this could not be. The night was clear starlight, but no moon, and the captain propelled the light skiff steadily along without lifting his paddle out of the water, a feat that has to be acquired by long practice and much patience, so as not to hit the paddle against the boat, and all the way you could realize you were moving through the water was by the sound of the grass blades as they rubbed against the boat.

It had now got to be between nine and ten o'clock, and the flies still were punishing us dreadfully, when all at once the stillness of the night was broken by the sound of some heavy animal running into the water at the upper end of the bog. No electricity ever went through a body like this sound. I can only speak for myself, but I felt no more fly-bites after this. The unspeakable thrill this gave my senses I shall never forget. Captain just then turned gently the head of the skiff into a little creek and headed toward the plashing in the water. I slowly raised my old smooth-bore into an

easy position for an aim and pressed my eyes intensely through the darkness to try to discover something tangible, and presently saw what I took to be a bunch of bushes directly ahead, and soon after the bushes seemed to turn partly around. Then I knew it was a living animal, and at the same time the Captain touched my back with his paddle and I drew a bead on him and fired and instantly grabbed the rifle for the last chance; but the smoke of my discharge cut off all chance for a second shot, and I sung out, "Captain, we have lost him, for I cannot see or hear him." But Cap. pushed ahead rushingly now, and soon run the bow against a large moose wallowing in the mud in his death struggles, and after cutting his throat we paddled our way back to camp and rested until morning, when we went back and dressed him off and divided him between us. J. G. R.

Bethel, Maine, April, 1881.

DO CROWS REASON?

PORT ROYAL, Tenn.

IN your issue of February 24 "K. R. C." asks, "Do crows reason?" I think they do. I have watched the crow closely ever since I have been a shoofer, and I know him as well as he knows himself. Crows either reason or talk. If not, why do they always know what's up? A crow will sit on a limb and caw and caw and look saucily at you and allow you to approach very near him, provided you leave your gun behind; but just shoulder your gun and the argus-eyed black demon will take wing and keep out of range. Does he know what a gun is? As well as you do. And he appears to know what you intend doing with it too, as the following circumstance will show. A brother sportsman recently informed me, while discussing the cunning and sagacity of the crow, that he once attempted to "slip up" on a flock of wild geese in a field to get a shot at them; but a flock of crows got between him and the gun and, as he put it, "let me get right up on them. Never did crows let me get so near them before with a gun. Now, they knew my business in that field as well as I did—knew I was after larger game. "Do not tantalize me too much for I'll shoot, if it does make my friends mad who are approaching the geese from another direction." Bang, I went, and down came a crow and up went the geese, and then somebody was mad.

I have been amazed at the statements of some of your correspondents when they speak of the crow as the farmer's friend. With us, here in the South, they are nearly as destructive to young chickens as are hawks. They never tackle a grown fowl, but go for a brood of young chicks. The crow is a great epicure—nobody so fond of eggs as he; and he has such a hankering for young birds—will gobble up the last one he can find. But he is not a success as a depredator till spring comes and you plant your corn. Then he will take it up row by row. To shoot him is out of the question, unless you have a gun that will kill across a twenty-acre field. This is the way to deal with him then: Take hair from a horse's mane or tail, get a sewing-needle of machine size, "thread" a hair in it as in sewing, pierce a grain of corn with the needle, draw the hair half way its length through the grain and then tie it. Prepare a number of grains that way and scatter them where the crows frequent. If the crow swallows one of those grains he may swallow the grain, but he will find six or eight inches of horsehair not swallowed, but protruding from his mouth. Then you will see an energetic, lively crow—then you will see him cut tall shines. He will begin to scratch and pull and claw to get rid of that grain of corn and hair, which will attract other crows. Every crow that hasn't got a hair in his throat will be on hand, and when a large flock of them thus congregates, each one trying to see which can caw the loudest and longest, what a racket! Now that crow will have to fly—perhaps not like Prentice's "proud bird" that could

> "Soar through heaven's unfathomable depths,
> And brave the fury of the northern hurricane,
> And bathe its plumage in the thunder's howl"—

but he will have to keep on the wing, for his relentless pursuers will not cease till they have worried and picked him to death.—BIRDO.

BIRDS IN CONNECTICUT.

SOMERS, TOLLAND CO., CONN., April 11, 1881.

SPRING has surely come to us again, and with it has returned many of our birds, which make nature more complete. I am seated on the old barnyard gate, south of the barn, where the sun shines warm, and not any one to disturb the quiet seat I possess. The flies are buzzing, blackbirds are singing in the trees, robins are hopping among the cornstalk hills in the lot near by, and old Dan (I will not give his correct name, as he is known far and near) my setter, is enjoying their presence by working them up slowly and giving very good apologies for points. Here he comes now, with some of those pests of the setter which abound here in great numbers—burdocks. What is much worse to extract from the setter's fur than one or more of these dry things? All the snow disappeared from this locality some four weeks since, and since then the weather has been slowly improving. The earth is nearly settled and dry now, and we are looking for steady pleasant weather. Some few ducks have been seen to pass up the stream and stop at the head of the ponds a mile above. Last Friday two swallows made their first appearance and seemed to enjoy sailing, darting and dodging about the buildings. Saturday another was with them, and I also noticed a kingfisher sawing out his song on an old tree near the river. The presence of all these of the feathered tribe give us full assurance that spring is surely with us. We all are thankful for the change, as the winter has been a long, hard, cold one; and if we are grateful how much more so must be the poor partridge, quail and other game that has had to find food and shelter through all this long, cold winter. A good number of foxes and skunks have been trapped here this winter. I have taken no walks yet where the partridge and quail are to be found, therefore cannot tell how they have stood the winter. Some reports give us hopes of good shooting next fall. Chance, a few days since, threw me into conversation with a man that a year ago last fall made a business of trapping for the market. He said that a man came into their town, which is in this county, that had been in the business before, and told him what they could do, and proposed to go shares with him. He went in with him, and they commenced to build their hedges about the first of August, and by September 1st they had three hundred ready to set. The first month they made $106, or $53 each. They caught over 300 partridge, and sold what they could of the rabbits caught, and gave away the rest. He said they took six partridge from less than an acre of swamp brush one afternoon, where a man could not have bagged two of them with gun and dog. I don't know how truthful his statement is; I do know the locality he gave for their trapping to be one of the best about here for game. It is plain to see where our game is going. If trapping and vermin, which destroy our birds and eggs, were exterminated, we should have abundance of birds in spite of hard winters. Where are our men that can bag six or even four partridge per day with dog and gun, in our cover here and with our number of birds? I tell you they are few that can average it. I have always hunted partridge, and it is no trap work, I can assure you.

Those that have followed this swift, wily fellow know it is not. He will steal away from you every chance he has, and you and dog have got to work very hard to average four per day. You will have an appetite every night, and also appreciate your bed. The most partridge s I ever bagged in one day was nine, and these over Dan the day he was nine months old. But what a day that was. It never will be forgotten. I had hunted none for two years, and was badly "off;" Dan young, and had to be watched; but he whipped me badly, and where are the old dogs that can do much better? To be sure we found many birds that day, and had I done my duty I should have had nearer thirty than ten. Many men find fault with their dogs, when the dog will beat the gun two to one every day. I have been other days and worked just as hard, and had but my pair of partridge to show for it. I do not mention my good luck to boast, but only to compare with the snaring of these men. I am sorry to see the partridge so fast diminishing here. They are our best game birds. We all know they will take care of themselves during the winter, and are able to hold their own with the gun. I would say we always call our rough grouse partridge, so that no one will misunderstand my meaning. I have spun out much longer than I intended. ROCK.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."—My son Lew and his young friend Joe thought they would like to go a-gunning. Having secured the loan of a gun they trotted off for a marsh some three or four miles distant in the country, and calculated on having some sport shooting at marsh hens. Neither one of them knew a marsh hen from a turkey buzzard, never having seen one; but somebody had told Lew that the marsh was full of them, and as the mud there was not over knee deep, by wading through it he could find plenty of birds and have lots of sport popping away at them. Away they went, skipping along the road like frisky colts in their haste to reach the marsh. The morning was clear and beautiful and the exhalations from the foliage and clover fields would have been called delicious by their city friends. But what cared they for the sweet perfumes with which the morning air was charged! All such nonesense they left to those who could appreciate it. They wanted to shoot marsh hens, and had the air been as fragrant as the "perfumes of Araby" they should have enjoyed the smell of burned powder a hundredfold more. In due time they reached the marsh. As they walked along its edge a great blackbird suddenly rose up, and Lew, who was on the lookout, took aim and fired. Down came the bird, about thirty feet, but in the marsh, and out Joe waded after him. The mud was up to his knees, but he persevered until he recovered the bird.

"What is it, Lew?" Joe inquired.

"It's a marsh hen, Joe. Ain't he a thin one. What long legs he's got!"

"How strong he smells!" Do they live on fish, Lew?"

"I guess he's lived on skunks by his smell. But people say they're awful good eatin'! You carry him and I'll shoot."

They soon flushed another marsh hen, and Lew brought him down. This kind of game was plentiful, and by the time they turned toward home they had bagged about a dozen. Lew divided fairly with Joe, giving him about one-half of the lot.

On their way homeward they had ample time to examine their birds. They were all neck and legs, and, as Lew said before, "awful thin." The effluvia emitted from them was nauseating, but they hung on to them, thinking that the strong smell was caused by something in the marsh which had got on their feathers.

They entered the village with their birds flung out conspicuously, for they felt proud to exhibit such a magnificent lot of game.

Just before they got home they met Bill Somers.

"What kind of birds have you got there, Joe?" said Bill, taking Joe's bunch in his hands.

"Marsh hens, Bill. Ain't they thin?"

"Marsh hens, Joe? Phew! Skunks, you mean!" said Bill, dropping them quicker than he took them up.

"What are you going to do with them, Joe?" said Bill.

"Have them 'briled' for supper, Bill. Lew's going to keep his for a picnic."

Bill seemed lost in astonishment for a minute, and then he yelled out:

"I say, Lew, you old duffer; don't you know that them birds ain't marsh hens? *Them's pokes!*" E. MANNING.

UNTIMELY SHOOTING—Indianapolis, April 4.—A few days since I saw a man—not sportsman—walking along the street carrying a half dozen or more squirrels. This is enough to make one angry. I wish it was in my power to punish those fellows who shoot game out of season. Any man with common sense and a spark of humanity knows better than to shoot squirrels at this season of the year, especially north of the Ohio River. Every time a man shoots a squirrel now he runs great risk of starving a nest of young ones. For how can he tell whether it has not, before he brings it down, a nice little family, perhaps a week or two old in a hole in the neighboring oak ash? There should be a law preventing such fellows from carrying a gun at all. A man that will do it will shoot a farmer's ducks and chickens, and is a disgrace to the name of sportsman. The middle of May, better still the first of June, is soon enough to shoot squirrels in this section, for then the young ones are old enough to take care of themselves. If the single case that prompted this letter were the only one it wouldn't be so bad, but it is not. There are hundreds of "shooters" in every large city who take advantage of the first nice days of spring to shoot every squirrel they can find. Shame on them. Very few hunters, however, think the birds have suffered to any great extent. I noticed some time since in your Faitland, Ind., correspondent's item that he declared there were very few birds in his section. Would say for his and other's benefit that about the middle of last November a friend and myself raised nine good coveys with a single dog, and on a space not more than 100 acres within five miles of his place.—S. H. S.

IOWA DUCK SHOOTING—Hastings, Iowa, April 11.—We are located on the C. B. & Q. R. R., about thirty-five miles from Council Bluff. The West Nishnabotna River runs close to town. The duck shooting this spring has been very fine; they did not arrive till March 23, owing to the cold weather, but they came with a rush—red heads, sprig tails, mallards and teal, all at once. The river is out of its bank and spread over the bottom for a mile in width, so we can only get at them in boats as they come in from the fields and light in the river bends, among the willow and cotton woods. I bagged nineteen in two hours shooting, eighteen of them mallards; killed them all but one dead the first shot. It is almost impossible to secure cripples as the current is very strong and the brush and driftwood prevent a dog doing good work.

As soon as the river runs down we will have good shooting in the sloughs and river bends, and a little later at geese in the fields. I find 4½ drams orange ducking No. 4 and 1⅛ oz. No. 4 chilled shot make a good "duck call," with my gun, a 10 gauge, 10 lbs. We don't go much on 12 gauges here, as most of our shooting is duck and geese, although we have very fair quail and chicken shooting. The past winter was very severe on quail. Numerous crows have been found frozen.—M.

MINNESOTA NOTES.—Sauk Centre, Minn., April 9.—Following is the amendment to our game law passed last winter: "No person shall kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any woodcock, saving only during the month of July, after the third day of said month, and during the months of August, September and October, nor any prairie hen or chicken, nor any white-breasted or sharp-tailed grouse or prairie chickens, save only during the months of September, October and November, nor any quail or partridge, nor any ruffed grouse or pheasant, save only during the months of September, October and November, nor any aquatic fowl, save only between the first day of September and the fifteenth (15) day of May succeeding in any year." The foregoing will save our prairie chickens for a period of two weeks, and they will be much more difficult to kill, owing to the increased strength of their wings. This noble game-bird has received fearful persecution since the advent of the breech-loader and in a very few years would become extinct....."Old honkers have put in an appearance, and the breech-loader is in active service once more. .....We expect grand sport in the stubble the coming fall, for geese and ducks will be unusually plenty.—DELLÉ

EXTERMINATING THE HAWKS.—The Clinton County, O., Forest and Stream Association, with headquarters at Wilmington, offered a series of prizes for the destruction of hawks. The result of the endeavor is thus told: "The Forest and Stream Association of Clinton County on Thursday received and counted the hawks killed in the county and awarded the prizes as advertised. Arthur W. Johnson had twenty-two hawks and took the first prize, $10; Wm. Polk took the second of $5 with forteen hawks; W. H. Bailey third, $3, with ten hawks; Messrs. Lewis, Huddleson, Pickeral, Richardson and McGillery had twenty-seven, making seventy-three in all. The association paid eight and one-third cents each for the hawks in addition to the cash prizes. The scheme has been very successful and has resulted in the destruction of nearly 200 hawks. Our farmers and sportsmen are very anxious to rid this section of this pest and they are making strenuous efforts to secure the passage of the 'Grenier Hawk Bill,' which provides for the payment of fifty cents each, out of the surplus Dog-tax Fund, for each hawk killed in the State. There is a surplus of over $1,309 in the fund in this county, and our sportsmen and farmers, who pay this tax, very properly claim they have a right to some part of it for the protection of game, as they (the sportsmen) have no sheep, and numbers of farmers who are paying dog tax have no sheep killed, so the money lies idle while the hawks are busy. It is expected that our State Senator, Creamer, will support the bill."

LATER.—We learn that the "Grenier Hawk Bill" has passed.

CHINESE BIRDS IN OREGON—Portland, Oregon, April 15, 1881.—Hon. O. N. Denny, a former resident of this city, and now U. S. Consul at Shanghai, has sent to the sportsmen's club of this city, through Mr. A. H. Morgan, a fine lot of game birds. He shipped by the Otago 66 Mongolian pheasants, 7 Chifoo partridges and 12 Mongolian sand grouse. There were received 17 pheasants, 5 partridges and 11 sand grouse. The pheasants and partridges were placed in the hands of Mr. George Green, a thorough sportsman and bird fancier, who has a fine place twelve miles from the city, where he will turn them out. The sand grouse were sent to Clatsop beach and will be properly taken care of. They were fine birds, especially the pheasants, which were large, strong and very brilliant in plumage. If they live they will be quite an acquisition to the game birds of this State. I will keep you posted with regard to their welfare.—STANSEL.

TIM POND.—Kennedy Smith, of Eustis, Me., gives in substance the same report of the good fortune of ruffed grouse in his section of the country given by your correspondent, "Penobscot," of Newport, Me. He says these birds have wintered well from same reasons given by "Penobscot," and are unusually plenty, and if they are successful in their nesting there will be excellent sport about his Tim Pond cabins next September. For the first time the law has fully protected the trout in Tim Pond during the close season. Visitors will appreciate the fact the current season. Smith is making preparation for his guests, of which more anon.—J. W. T.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.—The prize committee have announced that, excepting cash, no prizes will be received after April 23, as the committee on printing must have all matter for the elaborate programme by that date. The Washington Gun Club have secured the following prizes: Emil Zeiller, of W. Sachse & Company, New York, donate two cases of Moselle wine and two of Rhine wine, valued at $50; C. W. F. Dare, N. Y., donates one baby carriage, valued at $50; John E. Lenz, Brooklyn, N. Y., a meerschaum pipe, valued at $25; Trans-Atlantic Fire Insurance Company, of Hamburg, Germany, donate through Charles H. Hibbs, assistant manager, $25 cash.

A FLORIDA LAWYER IN THE BUSH.—"Blackstone is thrown aside while the FOREST AND STREAM is consulted by the court since his return from Tampa; in fact, the *deer-skin* forms an admirable position in his library."

The editor of the *Key of the Gulf* indulges in the above, just because the United States district judge, attorney and clerk, recently went on a camp hunt from Tampa, Florida, and helped kill six deer in three days, ten miles from town, the judge killing his first deer. RIFLE.

ROCHESTER GUN CLUB.—The Rochester Gun Club has forty-five members, of whom twelve are lawyers. The officers of the club are: President, M. A. Stearns; Vice-President, J. W. Butts; Secretary, L. A. Amsden; Treasurer, Dr. C. R. Sumner. Executive Committee—H. L. Ward, M. H. Briggs, George D. Butler. Vigilance Committee—M. H. Briggs, Dr. R. A. Adams, A. Bigelow, Dr. H. S. Miller, F. L. King, S. G. Raymond, J. B. McMurrich. Delegates to the Coney Island Convention will soon be selected. The four clubs of Monroe County propose to have a tent in common at the tournament.

SUGGESTION TO WOODCHUCK KILLERS.—This woodchuck business is "none of my funeral." I take an intereresst in it only on the ground of cruelty. There is something utterly revolting to me in the murderous process of chasing an animal to death with dogs, and now that one "Jones" has struck the right chord, give him your ears. There are undoubtedly many ferrets kept for ratting purposes, at least there were some years ago. If the owner of one of these animals would take his gun (ferret) and start on a woodchuck tour through the Eastern States, charging each farmer so much a head for the dead "varmints," he would find it a better business than selling whisky at camp meetings.—DIDYMUS.

INDIANA NOTES—Cloverdale, Ind., April 11.—Snipe have made their appearance, but seem to be very wild. Was out a few days ago and managed to get three out of perhaps a dozen shots. Our quail are, I think, next thing to exterminated, caused by the severity of the past winter and by varmints. Rabbits and squirrels are numerous. A few evenings since I shot a red fox that was being teased by dogs not over two hundred yards from the house. These pests are particularly numerous, one dealer alone handling over fifty pelts the past season. Furs of all kinds have been plentiful and have proved profitable to the handler.—LA BELLE.

DO FOXES EAT APPLES?—Bethel, Me., April, 1881.—One of my boys saw a fox the other morning jump into an apple tree in my orchard and run out on a limb and take an apple that had hung on the tree all winter and jump down again and eat it at the foot of the tree and then make off. A few mornings after I tracked one from the same tree, which had probably been there to try and find another apple.
J. G RICH.

WEBSTER, MASS., April 15.—The Rod and Gun Club have elected these officers for the ensuing year: President, Henry Butterfield; Vice-President, T. F. Bigelow; Secretary, Victor Conant; Treasurer, A. E. Klebort. The officers are to constitute the executive committee. They are to have a practice Wednesdays. The club are to plant twenty bushels of wild rice around the lake for the purpose of inducing wild duck to frequent its shores.—J. B. ARLD.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salmo fontinalis.*	White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*	
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.	War-mouth, *Chænobrytlus gulosus.*
	Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*	Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*	

We also meet sometimes with the "Spick and Span" Angler, who has a highly varnished rod and a superabundance of useless tackle; his outfit is the most elaborate kind as regards its finish. He is a dapper, "well got up" angler in all his appointments, and fishes much in-doors over his claret and poteen when he has a good listener. He frequently displays bad taste in his tackle, intended for fly fishing, by having a thirty-dollar multiplying reel, filled with one of Conroy's very best retaid sea-grass lines strong enough to hold a dolphin. If you meet him on the teeming waters of northern New York, the evening's display of his catch depends much on the rough skill of his guide. The Rough and Ready Angler, the opposite of the aforenamed, disdains all "tomfoolery," and carries his tackle in an old shot-bag, and his flies in a tangled mass.—THAD NORRIS.

A CHEAP TRIP TO THE NORTH WOODS.

I WOULD say to your many readers that parties desiring a pleasant and economical trip into the Wilderness will find it a good plan to buy a ticket to Prospect, on the Utica & Black River R. R. From there they can get conveyance to any point they desire of the liverymen there, or by writing a few days in advance to J. E. S. Wilkinson or Griff Evans, of Wilmurt, Herkimer County, N. Y., either of those gentlemen will meet them at Prospect station and take them right through, and furnish guides at reasonable rates to visit any portion of the Wilderness with them.

Prospect is the best objective point for all the lakes making the West Canada Creek, viz., Jock's, Jones', Deer, Otter, Moose, Little Salmon, Metcalf, Spruce, Little Rock, Big Rock, G. Pine, Morehouse, Wilmurt (private) and the Canada Lakes, six in number; also North and South Lakes, at the head of the Black River, and many other lakes and streams, well stocked with the finest brook trout in the world.

The expenses of a two weeks' trip through this section need not be over five dollars per week after leaving Prospect, including carriage of self and pack as far as horses can travel. This would also pay for guide if the party numbered five or over. All of which goes to show that a fine time may be had in the woods by parties that are not blessed with a large bank account just as well as though they were millionaires.

This locality is receiving a good deal of attention from State Game Protector Dodge, who resides at Prospect. A. E. Jones and a party, who have just returned from a fishing trip to Jock's, Jones' and Little Salmon lakes, report the fishing good, and not a sign of a deer having been killed in that region during the closed season, which makes the boys believe that next August will open the finest season for deer-hunting known for a long time. And the main reason is that, with a few exceptions, the guides and resident hunters are in accord and willing to co-operate with Game Agent Dodge and see that the laws for the protection of fish and game are enforced. Occasionally a "smart Aleck" tries to get the best of the law, but sooner or later they come to grief. On the 30th of March Dodge seized a box containing forty-four trout in transit from Morehouseville to Fulton Market, New York. The trout weighed thirty pounds, which you see made them a nice average lot to reach New York April 1 and bring a fancy price.

But the "fancy price" will rather be on the other side now, I fear, as the shipper will have to come down with twenty-five dollars for each trout, which is a little higher than the best quotations even on the first day of April. The same week Dodge captured a fellow for "crusting deer" up in the South Lake region, took him before Justice Garlock, of Grant, and "squared him off" to the tune of fifty dollars, which satisfied the young man that he had got deer-hunting enough to last him until the season opened. This active and energetic work on the part of the State Game Protector is having a good effect. Many who have been quite indifferent to the game laws now come out strongly in favor of protection and show a willingness to assist in enforcing the law. All of which I believe will please the many readers of your valuable paper as well as ZAOK.

THE SPANISH MACKEREL.

(Cybium Maculatum.)

LOVELY with all their spangled dyes,
Fairer than flush'd autumnal skies,
With golden drops their sides aglow,
Tinted like the rain-cloud's priamy bow,
The gorgeous Spanish mackerel roam
The rolling, yeasty world of foam;
Now, glittering o'er the waves they skim;
Now, lost in deep abysses swim.

When fields are green and woods of June
Are vocal with the song-birds' tune,
When weeping willows, a fair group,
Full foliaged, o'er the meadows droop,—
When hazels their pale catkins ope
By rivulet edge and turfy slope,
Then swift those rovers of the deep
O'er all the Northern surges leap.

Far off the headlands of Montauk,
Above the hovering gull and hawk,
Far off the isles of Orient,
Where the Sound's breaking waves are spent,
And by the rough New England shore,
Where the vexed tides' incessant roar,
Their gleaning schools flash far and wide,
Disporting in the crystal tide.

Pursuing their erratic way,
Keen as a tiger for its prey,
They follow fast by isle and cape
The fish-school that hath no escape,—
Follow where'er the blue seas roll
By sandy spit and pebbled shoal,
In open bay and spacious Sound,
Where'er the dying prey abound.

Most beautiful in shape and hue
Of all that haunt the waters blue,
Fairer than plumage of the bird
Or fur of the wild forest herd;
Remorseless are they as the grave,
To all the tenants of the wave;
No speed or cunning may avail
When these marauders shall assail.

And yet a cruel fate prepares
For them its treacherous, wily snares;
The fishers, with their fleet of boats,
Outspread their meshes and their floats.
The yacht sweeps down with bellying sail
As stoops the sea hawk in the gale,
And glittering squid and trailing line
Tear them reluctant from the brine.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

THE TARPON.

"Harness me down with bands,
Curb me with bit and rein
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the lightning does the chain."
—CUTTER.

YOUR correspondent "Al Fresco," an esteemed personal friend, says I must make contribution to the columns of your wide-spread and valuable paper, as from the mouth of two or more witnesses is the truth established.

Once upon a time, passing along the wharves in the city of Jacksonville, Fla., a schooner in front of the Carleton House attracted my attention. She was getting ready for sea and had a goodly number of passengers for so small a craft, and as I drew near I discerned they were citizens of Jacksonville bound for the "snapper banks." "Al Fresco" was of the number. I was invited to join them. Nothing loth I sped to my boarding house to say good-by to wife and borrow a blanket, and within ten minutes was with them, having procured a proper line on my way from a friend at the "Club House."

The party, chiefly landsmen, consisted of the Rev. Mr. Tully, Judge Randall, of the Supreme Court, with merchants, lawyers, "Al Fresco" and myself, eighteen in number. We dined while in the river St. Johns *(en route)*. To meet the steward's requirements we divided into three parts, 1, 2 and 3 respectively, as the table would only seat six. First meal: No. 1 came to the first table, followed by No. 2, second table; then came No. 3, third table. Our next meal set, No. 3 was entitled to the first table, No. 2 second and No. 1 last. Our third meal, No. 2 was to come to the front, etc.; but the first meal was the only one the order was observed at. The second meal only six of all classes came to the call, and thereafter but three maintained their ground and their rations. Your correspondent, "Al Fresco," was among the first to succumb. As for the "Domine," before the vessel crossed the bar he with several others made up a purse of $50, begging and pleading to be landed; but it was no use—we started "to go a-fishing." Three or four times a day for three days did the "Domine" poll the party for a return (no majority each time). We reached the banks at midnight—first day out—and anchored. At daylight every line (save one) awaited the order (a prize purse awaited the captor of the first snapper) to cast, but it was no go. "Al Fresco" was somewhat excited; he took the lead and made a cast. In a moment all was explained; the schooner had drifted off the banks. We up anchor and by 11 A. M. struck a fine coral reef of thirteen fathoms. Our lines were all ready and into the water by the time the anchor was overboard. Within the first minute the deck of our little schooner was covered with the sparkling beauties, with scales of pearl covering a body of carmine, and eyes of purest pink. Such were the snappers, averaging about twenty-five pounds each. It was my good fortune to kill a thirty-pound grouper, a superior fish for the table. We had snapper chowder at once and black fish in abundance for the fry-pan. It was laughable and amusing to me to see "Al Fresco casting up his accounts and hauling up his snappers at one and the same time. He is an expert at both.

Our sympathies for the landsmen marred in a measure the full enjoyment of the "fish."

Mr. Editor, did you ever go in search of one of those "fabulous gardens of the great deep," where submarine plants grow in magnificent luxuriance and whose avenues are teeming with the "finny tribe?" Last June we formed a party of four "to go a-fishing" after snappers "Al Fresco" was accorded the leadership by common consent. Says he (to the Captain): "I can put you right on the banks. Your course lay nor' by nor'east from the light till you strike fifteen fathoms, distance about twenty-five miles. At that point the snappers are very large, and there is an abundance of submarine plants," says he to us—"tropical sea fern, sea coral, sea fans, etc., etc.; and as I have promised some specimens to a friend, will get them there." We were making about eight knots, casting the lead every thirty minutes for character of bottom as well as depth. Two of us, with six hooks each to our lines, sought for the "marine plants." We kept it up three days and three nights, eight knots and no stops. The "garden" (only one-quarter of an acre) was not struck. Went fifty miles seaward and cruised up and down. Thirteen fathoms was our greatest depth; still 'twas exhilarating, and we returned pleased with the trip.

Excuse this divergence. My subject was the Tarpon—king of all game fishes throughout the world. I am indebted to that true lover of the sport, "Al Fresco," for the information that induced me last August "to go a-fishing" after large game. I was residing temporarily in Jacksonville, and almost daily the doctor would call upon me. As the "mouth gave utterance to the fullness of the heart," the theme most frequent was "the gentle sport." I had frequently made mention of the enjoyment of taking black bass eight and one-half pounds each from my own wharf at Orange Mills, and "Al Fresco's" invariable reply was: "Why, man, you have been catching minnows." 'Twas provoking, to say the least of it, to thus have my game fish disparaged. "Go down to the mouth of the river and fish," says he. Toward the close of July I began preparation. "Al Fresco" assisted me in making some snoods. He frequently remarked that my hooks were too small (they were the size of butcher hooks and would support a whole beef), and that my lines were too small (I thought they would hold a mad bull). All being ready, I started alone for the steamer to take me to "the fishing" (my friend could not accompany me). Meeting a "sportsman" on the way, I wanted him to join. We reached the mouth of the river St. Johns 6 P. M. The tide being favorable, went immediately to fishing. My hooks were at once broken and my lines were as cotton thread. My companion's outfit was very different from mine, and loaned me a duplicate line ('twas like a bed cord, and the hook like an anchor). Our catch for the evening was four "red bass"—lightest, twenty-three pounds; heaviest, thirty-six pounds. Next morning at 4 A. M. was again upon the "fishing ground," and as the sun's rays made golden sheen of the ocean swells our fishing began.

After killing one thirty-seven and one forty-two pound red bass I felt—yes, 'twas touch and go. My hook was set, and, Mr. Editor, three hundred feet of my line went out like streaked lightning. My hands were badly burned. My comrade seized my line at the auspicious moment and aided me. Three hundred feet away I witnessed the most magnificent spring (10 feet) into the air that my eyes ever looked upon. "What's that?" I cried out. My comrade knew the fish. "A tarpon," was his reply; "watch your line—don't let it snarl—let me play him." He reached the water, head foremost, describing a parabola, and off again with lightning speed. An additional two hundred feet of line, and again that grand acrobatic spring into mid-air. With an angry shake of the head again he plunges into the water, and the maddening rush continues. Six hundred feet away we see him in his third spring, and he was checked, and his return was with like speed, undiminished, and with the same grand agility and power in his mighty leaps. At his fifth bound he broke my hook. Mr. Editor, words fail me to give adequate description of the might, power, agility, speed and gameness of this grand monarch, whose scales are from two and a half to three and a half inches in diameter and of purest pearl. Cutter's "Song of Steam," with which I have headed this article, seems appropriate:

"Harness me down with iron bands,
Curb me with bit and rein;
I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the lightning scorns the chain."

Or imagine a person in the wilds of Arabia, with lariat in hand. Making his cast a wild Arabian steed is lassoed. The noose fails to tighten. How puny his efforts to check his victim. Or conceive a party making a cast and fastening securely the rear car of a lightning express train. How utterly futile the effort to check the train. A locomotive under a full head of steam, with throttle wide open, on a down grade, is somewhat analogous in power to the grand king of game fishes.

Oh, how I did want a twelve-foot salmon rod made of split bamboo, of double strength and weight, with a Frankfort reel that would hold six hundred feet of 11-thread laid line. Methinks the music of the spheres would be discounted in the orchestra of sweet sounds thrilling from that reel.

Mr. Editor, inform your English sportsman that this great king can be had for the taking, and you can assure him that he is as far the superior of the salmon as the salmon is the superior of the perch. Here he is to be found, in this Italy of America, where the orange bloom exhales its perfume and where the fish most do congregate. "Al Fresco" and myself would take pleasure in adding pleasure to all lovers of the most loveable of sports.

Within an hour after my return (was gone eight days) "Al Fresco" called on me. He asked no question, but greeted me with, "Didn't I tell you that you had been catching minnows?" Yes, Mr. Editor, I acknowledged then and there that my eight-and-a-half-pound black bass were but minnows.
Putnam Co., Florida. J. P. POPE.

BETHABARA WOOD.—In your issue of March 31 I notice an inquiry from R. J. H., Harts Falls, N. Y., regarding the greenheart and Bethabara woods. Of the former I can say nothing, but of the latter I can speak with surety. I have a Bethabara wood 10 oz. rod, and have taken several large bass with it—have given it tests that would break any other wood rod I know of, same weight. The best and handsomest rods I ever saw are made by John McCubbin, Scotland, and I find they are made (with the exception of the butt) of this same wood, although it is known by a different name there. It is very elastic and will bear a great strain, and, if properly kept, will be perfectly straight at the end of the season.—G. P. KIMBALL.

It is also used for bows and called "Royal wood."

A TRIP FOR BASS IN KENTUCKY.

MOUNT STERLING, Ky., April 18.

THE skies are clear, but the signs are not "in the Neck." But a mysterious word passed from the Judge to Ticket Agent Parker, of the Lexington and Big Sandy Railroad, and from Coonie Jones, the jeweler, to the Doctor, that bass would bite. So the Doctor invited Grocer Thompson into the counting room as though he would pay his bill, and the same question was put and like answer returned, and in two hours the buck wagons were loaded with sundries of camp life, tent, mess chest, rods, etc. After a slight delay in repairing the minnow seine, we were off for Licking River, in Bath and Rowan counties. Nothing occurred to mar the ride through this fine Blue Grass country, covered with its greenest of green carpets, with short-horn herds grazing on every hillside. Here and there were plenty of plowed land, with hands planting corn or preparing the tobacco fields. We passed by the famous "Hamilton's Flat Creek herds," which contain some of the choicest blood of Europe and America's short-horn stock. Fifteen miles on our road and the scene changes. The country is very poor —plenty of oak timber of fine size, soil of an ashen color, grass thin and stunted. We soon came to the famous "Confedrit X Roads." Did not see anything of Isaacer McGavitt or Deacon Pogrum. Reckon they were resolved in solemn conclave to ascertain how to obtain a drink. We now turned down the river some miles to Giese's Dam, the only one in the Main Licking, which was constructed for a fish trap, but afterward put to grinding corn meal, "a more noble and glorious purpose."

We arrived at the Dam about 4 o'clock, pitched camp, and bought some eggs of a small boy at twenty cents per dozen. Upon remonstrating at such a price, the lad said they were worth more than that, as he had to "break up the old yaller hen to git 'em." He appended that "eggs was powful scace." While supper was being cooked we made valuable progress by adjusting our tackle and surveying the river, which tumbles over a low dam about a hundred yards long, placed at the head of a rapids, thus making some beautiful boils and eddies to catch bass and "salmon" in.

We were aroused at daylight next morning hastily, and dressing, we then gathered our rods and shoved the ferry scow into position and anchored, with a dug-out for a tender. All were eager for the first fish, which fell to the Judge, a ring-eye five inches long, then a ten-inch bass to Jones, then another to the Doctor, then another to the Judge. Breakfast was announced, but such fun could not be left, so we continued until we had eight fine fish, not large but fair size—and who but a hungry, enthusiastic angler can tell how good those fish tasted, killed and cooked to a turn inside of two hours!

The next day we divided, two of us going over in the dug-out to the opposite shore, where we found one of our long, gaunt mountaineers perched on the end of a projecting timber, with a long stout pole cut from the natural growth, with a chalk line attached, fishing as solemnly as a kingfisher waiting for his breakfast. He cast a look of pity upon us as we threw full fifty feet to some favorable looking eddy or swirl or smooth patch of water. Then reeling in and recasting he, hearing the alarm of our Meek's reels slowly unkinked himself, stuck the end of his pole into an empty auger hole, and proceeded to take a nearer view of our "trix," and relieved himself thusly: "Wal, I low it won't take much of a fish to break that buggy whip thing of yourn." I good-naturedly informed him the fish that broke that rod would have to be near as long as he, and just then I felt that well known savage jerk that all know so well, and the fun began. This way, that way, then out of the water two feet high, and the little rod swayed and quivered as if it would part in a half dozen places, but in two minutes I reeled in a fourteen-inch bass, whipped and subdued, as passive as a chip. Our mountain friend gave a low, long whistle, gathered his old coffee pot under his arm, pulled up his line, and somewhat imitated the Arabs upon a certain occasion. And right here let me say, of all rods I ever used (and they are many) a split bamboo is the best. I shall never look for a better. The cost is considerable at first start, but it is economy if one fishes twice a year, and then the comfort and assurance one feels with them in hand!

We caught sixty-two bass, and one red-horse twenty inches long. The bass were not large, but made fine sport. We had all we could eat and brought twenty home with us. Saw plenty squirrels, but the season is closed until May 15, and no member of Sterling Fishing and Shooting Club, I trust, will molest game in close season. VAN.

VERMONT NOTES—Ferrisburgh, Vt., April 2, 1881.—A Westport, N. Y., correspondent of our local paper stated a couple of weeks ago that game-protector Liberty, of Elizabethtown, had made a seizure of nets in Pennsylvania. From last weeks' issue of the same paper I cut the inclosed slip, by the same correspondent: "The suit brought against game-protector Liberty, of Elizabethtown, by Byram, of Peru, for seizure and confiscation of Byram's nets, was tried in Plattsburgh last week, and resulted in a verdict for plaintiff of $55 and costs." Cannot your old Keeseville contributor tell us how it happened that a game protector is successfully prosecuted by a violator of the laws? Why such things should be is a mystery to us, who are anxiously watching the workings of protection on your side of the lake. If it is impossible to frame a game or fish law without a hole through which the poacher may crawl out and get top of the heap, we might as well give up the good but losing fight first as last.

I inclose another slip from the same correspondent's items. What are the fish which have been caught near Valcour? I am very sure that our fish commissioners have never placed any land-locked salmon in Lake Champlain, and as sure that if anything of the salmon kind has been taken in the lake it must be the true salmon, the results of the planting of the salmon fry in the Winorski and Lewis Creeks in 1875. Later some land-locked salmon were introduced in some of the smaller lakes and ponds in the northern part of the State, from which they could not possibly reach Champlain. Perhaps the blue fish, salmon herring, etc., which from my drawing Mr. Hallock took to be of the salmon kind, have just reached the Valcour fishermen. I cannot learn that this beautiful and well-flavored fish had ever been caught in Champlain till within ten years, or twelve years at the utmost, and as far as I know is never caught now but in winter by fishing with a hook through the ice.—R. E. R.

THE slip which our correspondent incloses is as follows: Who can tell what they are? "It is reported that land-locked salmon of good size are becoming plentiful in Lake Champlain, several having been caught during the winter near Valcour. These waters were stocked with land-locked salmon five or six years ago by the Vermont State Fish Commission, and it seems that they may yet become one of the most valuable fish of our lake."

THE TENNESSEE FISH LAW.—Our Tennessee friends intend making their State, in the language of a valued correspondent, "the grandest angling Eden in America." The Nashville *Banner* says:

"One of the important measures passed by the General Assembly was the enactment of a general law for the protection and preservation of the food fish of Tennessee. For this great benefit to the State and its citizens they are much indebted to the tireless and potent endeavors of the Fish Commissioner of Middle Tennessee, Col. George F. Akers, who has worked faithfully to secure the passage of the bill."

The new law referred to provides that it shall not be lawful for any person to catch, kill, destroy, or take fish in or from any of the waters of this State by any means otherwise than by angling with baited hook and line and with trot line; provided that none of the provisions of this act shall hinder or prevent the Commissioners of Fisheries, or their agents, from taking fish from any waters, at such time and in such manner as they may deem proper, and to them only, for the purpose of stocking or restocking the waters of the State; and provided further, that this act shall not be construed so as to prohibit the use of a hand or minnow net in taking small fish or minnows for bait.

It shall not be lawful for any person to place any trap, of any kind whatever, in any stream, or in the mouth of any stream or in lake or pond which has any outlet to any stream either in high or low water, thereby preventing the free ascent and descent, up and down, to and from said waters.

It shall not be lawful for any person to molest, disturb or damage any fish during the spawning season, or to disturb any fish eggs or young fish in any of the said waters in this State.

Any person violating the sections of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined not less than five nor more than twenty-five dollars, and shall forfeit all boats, nets, seines, gigs, spikes, grab and snatch hooks, and all other contrivances used in violating the provisions of this act, which contrivances will be sold at public acution by the sheriff of the county in which the offense is committed.

CATFISH AS FOOD—Quincy, Ky.—Dr. Sterling wanted to hear from some of his southern friends on the above subject.

First, the doctor is badly mistaken in regard to size. The regular yellow catfish of the Ohio River grows to a very large size. The father of the writer once caught a yellow cat that was 6 feet long, weight 127 pounds. Last summer one was taken that tipped the beam at 115 pounds within a mile of this place, and one was taken about five miles above that drew 185 pounds was taken in the summer of 1878.

We also have the blue or channel cat, as we call them, but they do not grow so large; one was taken Feb. 27 that kicked the scale at 42 pounds; it was injured some way and was barely alive when taken.

The blue and black cats are the fish we catch the most of in our creeks. They are quite a game fish, make a hard fight and will take any kind of bait from the common eel worm up the scale to the fly. The writer while fishing last season for bass hooked a blue cat in very unexpected water. He was at the foot of a riffle fishing with very strong tackle, wire snood, etc., and was using a large sunfish as bait. All at once the line ran out at a very rapid rate, and after some further maneuvers he was finally landed—a five-pound cat. I never caught nor saw one caught in so swift water. They covet still, deep water, around old roots or logs, and prefer a mud bottom. They take the hook with ease and are caught in great numbers around here. They are one of our best table fish, being very free from bones, and are a rich, tender fish. They are cooked like other fish of the same size, but after they get above 25 pounds they are best stewed. I am sure if the doctor could get a dish of this fine fish, stewed by some of our Kentucky cooks, he would never say they were coarse and inferior again.—D.

THE GREENWOOD LAKE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION have arranged to erect a handsome club-house this season on the upper part of Greenwood Lake, Orange County, N. Y., where for some years they have owned a valuable property. Among the members of the association are Messrs. H. O. Havemeyer, W. O. McDowell, C. Olcott, A. S. Roe, H. C. Cooke, Daniel E. Starr, C. H. R. Doringle, P. M. Millspaugh, C. A. Olcott, H. Griswold, John Underhill, E. A. Wallis and the Rev. A. H. Young. For a number of years these gentlemen and their colleagues have enjoyed camp life, boating and fishing on Greenwood Lake, and so well have they become attached to the attractions of the locality that the erection of a commodious club-house has been decided upon. The building will be complete in all its appointments and architecturally attractive, and measures are to be taken for its immediate erection, so that it may be in readiness for use early in June.

A FISH WITHOUT AN ENGLISH NAME.—There is a fish in Pyramid Lake, and sometimes in the river, which the Indians call couyonie. They weigh about 2½ pounds and resemble the whitefish. They have been caught weighing as high as four or five pounds. They come up as far as Wadsworth in the summer to spawn. Alvaro Evans says the couyonie is the best fish in the river. Comparatively few people know anything about the fish. Pains will be taken to secure a few specimens for the California Academy of Sciences. Old anglers say they never saw a fish of the same kind in any other waters. It may be that the couyonie is a species of fish peculiar to the Truckee and its lakes. If some of the fish sharps in San Francisco get their eye on a specimen its true species may be determined.—*Reno, Cal., Gazette.*

When you have a fish with no name call it "trout," no matter if it is not a bit like a trout. It is the fashion, and you might as well be out of the world, you know. America suffers from Old World names applied to new things, and can't suffer any more; so don't be original and get a new one for a new fish when good old names, as trout, salmon, etc., are plenty.

OHIO FISH LAW.—The following was recently passed: "Under a penalty of a fine from $50 to $100 it is forbidden to catch any fish for salting, packing and selling from the 1st of June to the 1st of September. The fine goes into the Common School Fund. The owner of every dam across any river or creek in the State must keep a chute or way open for the passage of fish. When he does not do so, such passage may be made at his expense. Fishing by seine or net, or in any other way than by hook and line, except for minnows, is prohibited, except in the Mercer county Reservoir, Laramie Reservoir, in Shelby county, and Lake Erie. The penalty is from $10 to $50, or imprisonment from ten to sixty days. Fishing of any sort, except in bodies of water containing as much as a thousand acres, is prohibited during the spawning season—from April 1 to June 15.

SALMON NOW GOOD.—The *Pacific Life* calls the attention of all salmon lovers to the excellent condition of the salmon now in the markets. They are more delicious at this season than they are later on in July and August. In these latter months the salmon are ready to spawn, and the flavor of the fish has in a great measure been lost in the nourishment of the eggs. Just now they are in prime condition, and would be relished by all who desire to enjoy salmon at their best.

PROBABLE EXTINCTION OF GRAYLING IN MICHIGAN.—A correspondent writing from Bay City says: "I fear the grayling are all killed by anchor ice in the Au Sable and Manistee rivers. I saw one of the residents a few days ago, and he said there were millions of them dead. I shall go as soon as the weather will permit If you desire I will let you know the result."

Fish Culture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

[CONTINUED.]

THE SECRETARY then read the following paper:

HABITS AND FOOD OF CARP.

BY H. D. M'GOVERN.

IT is with pleasure that I place before you some of my experience with fishes, more particularly the carp, during the past year. In the carp I have taken great interest, and have been, I am glad to say, successful in developing their growth in our New York State waters My first mention willbe of a lot of eighteen-months-old carps, thirty-five in number, placed by me in a pond prepared for them. The pond was three feet in depth, there being a bottom of mud or fine loam of six inches. Some of my carp would turn the scales at two and a half pounds previous to placing them in the pond, which was constructed for observation and fed from springs. In the early part of January I kept an air hole open in the ice which had accumulated on the pond, and fed the fish by means of a wooden spout, one foot square and four feet long, inclosed in a large sheaf of cathead and closed at the opening with a wad of salt grass to keep the frosty air from entering the tube or shaft. When I wanted to feed my carp I would remove the wad grass and drop my food down the aperture, after which I would obscure the light from the opening by throwing a coat over my head, and would then be rewarded by seeing all fish within range of the opening at the bottom. By this means I could ascertain the food most relished by the carp. And here it is well to say that they disposed of oat meal dough and a dough of rye meal mixed with chopped cabbage more quickly than any other kind of food given them. My shaft worked well until the temperature fell to zero, for then, notwithstanding the covering of reeds or cat-heads, it closed up, and I was compelled to cut holes in the ice and remove all the particles remaining.

After the opening was cleared I would drop in food, and as the fish were not shy they would come to the opening and hover around after eating. Then suddenly you would see a fine carp turn over on its side and, as if attracted by magnetism, come to the under part of the ice and there stick fast. I extricated some few, which you will see on exhibition in the market, with my other fish on Mr. Blackford's stand. I could have saved more of them, but, to use an old fishermen's phrase, I could not see the point of wasting a mackerel to catch a sprat. Now, gentlemen, I am inclined to think that a carp pond should be at least four feet deep, with a foot of soft bottom, making in all five feet. I say this only for our Northern waters, and would not recommend feeding in the months of December, January and February as I think the fish I have mentioned would have gone in the mud and be safe now had I not given them the habit of being fed in frosty weather. They are a fish that I can assure you will withstand any amount of handling in moderate weather, and live longer out of water than any other fish I have ever handled. Some time ago I took an eighteen-months-old carp from my pond—its weight was about two pounds—folded it in a piece of wet bagging, brought it to my home, No. 288 Fulton street, a distance of four miles, and laid it on a slab, while I partook of dinner. I then started with it for New York, and arrived at Mr. Blackford's stand two hours and thirty minutes from the time the fish was taken from the pond. I placed the fish in one of the tanks, and in presence of many of the market men the carp swam off as if it had only been changed from one tank to another. There was no swooning nor cause for resuscitating. I would still further inform those who may have carp in their ponds not to be astonished if, after placing them in one pond, at the lapse of a month or two they find them in an adjacent one having no seeming connection with the first. The fact is, the carp will jump three feet, and then like an eel wriggle its way over damp grass, and make its way to other waters. This has been my experience, and having had, previous to its introduction from Germany by Professor S. F. Baird, but very little knowledge of the fish. I suppose some of my associates in this body are still in the same position of uncertainty in regard to the carp as I was in previous to my personal investigation.

Mr. ANNIN—My experience with carp has been that I received seventeen from Mr. Blackford and have only one left.

A MEMBER—I would like to ask if we have not had the carp in the Hudson River for years? I have heard of their being caught their quite often, but do not know if they are the same as the so-called German carp.

Mr ROOSEVELT—I have seen many hundreds of the carp in the Hudson. They seldom grow above a pound in weight, but in Ohio they have a carp which weighs several pounds, as high as seven, I think.

Prof. GOODE—The fishes spoken of are not the German carp which has lately been introduced. The latter are best for warm waters, especially in the southern States. In the national carp ponds at Washington there are now two hundred of the original carp brought from Germany some four years ago; many of them are so large that they cannot be put in an ordinary wash-tub. The smallest of them will weigh over fifteen pounds. So great has been their growth in America that the Germans have applied for some of the stock to improve their own. A carp sent to Texas when only a few inches long grew to eight pounds in one year.

Mr. MATHER—I collected all the accounts of the growth of carp in America and read them before the Central Fishcultural Society at its last meeting at Chicago. It was published in FOREST AND STREAM of January 27 of this year and will soon appear in the report of the Society referred to, of which I have the honor of being corresponding secretary, and I will be pleased to mail that report to any members of this Association who may apply for it.

Mr. ROOSEVELT—I forget what that large carp in Ohio is called. I gave some account of it in a book of mine, published many years ago.

Prof. GOODE—The President probably refers to some of the "carp suckers," which from their superficial likeness to the carp are so called. They are common in the Ohio Valley and occur in the great lakes. They were called *Carpiodes* by Rafinesque and belong in the family *Catostomidæ* or suckers, and not in the family

Cyprinidæ, where the carps are. There are half a dozen or more species, which are locally known as spear fish, moon carp, etc.

Mr. MILLER—We have quantities of Ohio carp here at times in Fulton Market. They are slightly red.

Mr. BLACKFORD—The fish referred to is the Lake Sheepshead, *Haploidonotus grunniens*, and not the one referred to by Mr. Roosevelt and Prof. Goode.

Mr. MILLER—I once had a Hudson River carp which lived two days out of water in the bottom of a barrel, and when put in an aquarium he swam off none the worse for it.

Mr. PHILLIPS—The fish which is called carp in the Hudson is simply an uncolored gold fish.

Mr. MATHER—Mr. Philips is correct. The mark which distinguishes the true carp from the gold fish is the fact that the former has a barbel or beard attached to each side of the upper jaw, near the angle of the mouth, while the gold fish has none. The Hudson carp has no barbels.

Mr. PHILLIPS—I once went up the Hudson to gather these carp for the Smithsonian at a time when it was claimed by some that there were good carp in the Hudson. A gentleman of color professed to be able to get them in quantity and I employed him. He brought in an ungraceful fish which, as he promised more, I threw away; but no more were forthcoming, and I was forced to return without the specimens.

Mr. MATHER—You will find the Ohio carp figured in the first annual report of the fish commissioners of that State for 1875 and 1876. It has the rays of the front part of the dorsel in exceedingly elongated.

Dr. HUDSON—Among the carp distributed by Prof. Baird are three varieties of one species. There is the scale carp, which is covered with scales; the mirror carp, which has a few large scales in different parts, or perhaps a row of them along the back, and the leather carp, which is naked. Mr. Hessel thinks the latter are best, and Prof. Baird thinks that all the carp in America are tending to the nude variety and will eventually become so.

Mr. ROOSEVELT—In Europe they have worthless varieties of carp as well as good ones.

Mr. BLACKFORD—If you will take a walk through Fulton Market some morning you will hear the cry, "Here is your German carp!" but so far there have been no true carp in the market. There have been several different fishes sold as the German carp here, among them the fish called "Buffalo" in the West. I have not eaten them and do not know how they would compare with the carp.

Mr MATHER—I have eaten both fishes, and while they are neither of them what we would call first-class fishes, the carp are the best of the two. I have eaten carp that were very good and carp that did not seem so good. The German often cook carp in beer or with a beer sauce, which no doubt is excellent to those who are accustomed to it, but did not strike me as being a delicate combination. The carp has a more solid texture than the Buffalo fish. The excellence of the carp lies in the fact that it grows in waters which produce nothing edible, and in the inland portions of the south and other parts where there are no good fish.

Mr. ANSIN—To what class does the Buffalo belong?

Prof. GOODE—It is also one of the *Catostomidæ* or suckers. There are two genera now, according to the latest authorities, the *Ichthyobus* of Rafinesque and the *Bubalichthys* of Agassiz.

Mr. MORGAN—Will the carp take the hook?

Mr. ROOSEVELT—We read of its doing so in Walton and the older angling books, modern ones do not say much about it.

REPORT OF THE OHIO COMMISSION.

THE fifth annual report of the Fish Commission of Ohio for 1880 calls attention to the lack of fishways on the streams, and insists that no one has a right to so obstruct the passage of fish by means of dams.* During the year covered by the report more attention was given by the commission to the propagation of whitefish than any other, on account of their commercial value. Six and a half millions were artificially hatched at the Toledo hatchery, in charge of Mr. E. D. Potter, last spring and planted at various points in Lake Erie. The testimony of the pound fishermen along the south shore of Lake Erie is, that the supply of whitefish, resulting from the several annual plants of millions of the young, is steadily increasing, and the catch of last year, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather for fishing, bears testimony to the value of the efforts to increase the supply.

A new hatchery was established last summer, and the estimate of the superintendent was that in each of the hatcheries, Toledo and Sandusky, there were no less than five million of whitefish eggs. In the report of Superintendent Potter to the commissioners he states that the hatch of the past year has resulted in the production of a hardier and more matured fish than they have had before, and that while in some seasons a loss has been sustained in the transportation of the fry there was none in the past year. Of land-locked salmon about 20,000 were hatched and distributed, and of brook trout 45,000. A few of the eggs of rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea*, were received from California and 1,000 fry placed in a small spring-brook near Toledo.

A chapter on the carp, its growth, spawning, making ponds, etc, concludes the report.

* The Legislature has just passed an act requiring fishways to be built where needed.

THE RACES OF CARP, THEIR HISTORY AND HABITS.*

By RUDOLPH HESSEL, Supt. U. S. CARP PONDS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I.—THE SPECIES AND VARIETIES.

THE carp, *Cyprinus carpio*, of the family *Cyprinidæ*, has a toothless mouth, thick lips, and four barbels on the upper jaw. In place of the usual teeth of the mouth there are a number of stout teeth on the pharyngeal bones, which are arranged in three rows. It has one single dorsal, which is longer than the anal. Both these fins have at their origin, on the anterior edge, a strong ray, which is serrated in a downward direction. The caudal is of semi-circular shape, and the natatory bladder is divided into two sections, with connecting air-passage. The scales have an entire edge, and the body is compressed on the sides. The general color of the back and sides is a dark olive brown, the abdomen of a whitish yellow or orange tint. The coloring depends, as with all fishes, partly upon the age and season, partly upon the water, the soil, and also upon the food of the fish.

Be it remarked that the carp, which has occasionally been compared to the buffalo fish, has no resemblance to it, with the exception of the similarity of their coat of scales; neither does the flesh of the buffalo fish ever come up to the excellence of that of the carp.

The carp was, in all probability, originally introduced into Europe from Central Asia many centuries ago, and is now common in most of the large rivers. In some parts of Europe, principally in Bohemia, Austria, Southern, Central and Northern Germany, it has become domesticated.

The carp is alleged to have been imported into England in the year 1504. In Austria, which possesses the most extensive carp fisheries in Europe, the culture of the carp can be traced as far back as the year 1227. The Emperor Charles IV. of Germany, by granting sundry privileges, favored the establishment of ponds in his dominions, and the monks were especially assiduous in the culture of fish in ponds. As early as the first half of the fourteenth century Bohemia had its first large carp pond, and the culture of this fish progressed in that country, as also in Poland and that district which now comprises German Austria; also in Upper Lusatia, Saxony, Silesia and Bavaria. A celebrated establishment for carp culture, with large, extensive ponds, was located, as early as the fourteenth century, near the town of Wittingau, in Bohemia, Austria. The first beginning of it may be traced back to the year 1367. At that time the Lords of Rosenberg called into existence and maintained for centuries these establishments on a scale so extensive that to this day they are the admiration of the visitor, the main parts having survived, while the race of Rosenbergs has long been extinct.

The manor of Wittingau suffered greatly from the calamities of the Thirty Years' War, and with it, in consequence, its fish culture. The latter only recovered the effects of it after passing, together with the large estate of a rich monastery of the same name, in the year 1670, into possession of the Princes of Schwarzenberg, their present owners. The extent which carp culture has reached on these princely demains will be seen from the circumstance that their artificial ponds comprise an area of no less than 20,000 acres. The proceeds amount to about 500,000 pounds of carp per annum. The ponds of the Prince of Schwarzenberg are probably the most extensive of the kind on the globe. They are usually situated in some undulating lowland country, where small valleys have been closed in by gigantic dams for the purpose of forming reservoirs. Similar establishments, though not equally extensive, are found in the provinces of Silesia and Brandenburg; as, for instance, near Breslau and Cottbus, in Peitz and Pleitz, which I visited last year. In Hesse-Cassel, Hanover, Oldenburg, Mecklenburg and Holstein there are also many hundreds of ponds, none of them covering more than a few acres, but almost every large farm possessing at least one of them.

It will be easily understood that after such an exclusive culture in ponds, continued through centuries, as also an existence in open water, where the *Cyprinidæ* were left more to themselves, a number of varieties or rather genuine species *Cyprinus carpio*, showing striking differences from the races, were developed, these races, though derived directly from the original type, just as with our domestic animals. They are divided into three chief groups:

1. *Cyprinus carpio communis*, the scale carp, with regular, concentrically-arranged scales, being, in fact, the original species improved.

2. *Cyprinus carpio specularis*, the mirror carp; thus named on account of the extraordinarily large scales, which run along the sides of the body in three or four rows, the rest of the body being bare.

3. *Cyprinus carpio coriaceus, sive nudus*, the leather carp, which has on the back either only a few scales or none at all, and possesses a thick, soft skin, which feels velvety to the touch.

The two last named are distinguished from the original form by a somewhat shorter and stouter, but more fleshy body. It is rather difficult to decide which of these three species is the most suitable for culture. There are some districts where only scale carp are bred and mirror carp are not valued, as there is no demand for any but the former in the market, as, for instance, in Bohemia, in the above-mentioned domain of Wittingau. Again, in other districts, as in parts of Bavaria and Saxony, etc., for the same reason mirror carp or leather carp only are bred. There is, in fact, no sufficient reason for making any distinction among these three varieties, for if they are genuine types of their respective species they are indeed excellent and desirable fish.

The assertion which has been made at times that the scale carp is better adapted for transportation than either the mirror or leather carp by reason of its coat of scales which would protect it more efficiently from the accidents incidental to transfer, as also against inimical or hurtful attacks in the ponds (the mirror carp having very few and the leather carp no scales) is not correct. In transportation scales are not only inefficient for protection, but they frequently cause the death of the fish, especially in transporting the so-called breeding-fish, for if a scale be torn off in part only ulceration will ensue, and the fish of course will die. Again, should any scale be lost the bare spot will very soon begin to fester or develope confervaceous growth and the consequences will be the same. On the contrary, the leather carp, which, oddly, enough like the frog, is destitute of covering, will bear a great deal more illusage and injury whether young or old than a scale carp. The smooth, slippery skin of the leather carp suffers much less from friction during transportation than the scale carp, and any slight wound will heal up more easily, as the epithelium will cover it immediately and the formation of a new skin can progress under its protection. I have often had the opportunity of making such scars upon the skin of the mirror carp and even more so on that of the leather carp. They are the effects of an injury from the sharp edges of the heron's bill, the bite of a pike, or some other hurt; and I never saw anything of the kind on a scale carp, for if one of these be wounded it almost invariably dies.

The carp will sometimes cross with some related species of the *Cyprinidæ*, for instance, *Carassius vulgaris*; and, in consequence, hybrids have been engendered, which certainly in resemble the genuine carp so much that it is often difficult for the student as well as for the professed culturist and experienced fisherman to immediately recognize them. Such fishes are valueless as food on account of their bad and very bony flesh. One of the hybrids mentioned in the *Carpio kollarii—Cyprinus striatus*, which was formerly regarded as a separate species. It is a cross between the carp and *Carassius vulgaris* (crucian carp), a very poor and bony fish, which, in Germany, is sometimes called "poor man's carp." Some varieties exist of this common fish. The latter has even been dignified by a specific name of its own, *Carassius gibelio*.

The spawning season of the crucian and the true carp coincide, and, where kept together, hybrid races may readily be formed; that period including the time from the month of May until August.

In order to determine this question, I myself managed to bring about such crosses by placing (1) female common carp with male crucian carp, and (2) female crucian carp with male common carp, in small tanks, constructed with this end in view; (3) I also put together female *Carpio kollarii* with male common carp; this for the sole purpose of testing the capability of propagation of the *C. kollarii*, which had been doubted. In the two former cases I obtained forms analogous to the *Carpio kollarii* sometimes approaching in appearance the true carp, at others the crucian carp. In the third case, however, having placed ripe *Carpio kollarii* together with *Cyprinus carpio*, I obtained a product with difficulty to be distinguished from the genuine carp. I took the trouble to feed them for three years, in order to try their fitness for the table, but their flesh was exceedingly poor and very bony, and could not be compared by any means to that of the common carp.

Considering, then, the whole extensive tract of country devoted to fisheculture in Central Europe, where crucian carp are to be found from Italy to Sweden and Norway, from France to the boundaries of Eastern Siberia, considering the many who cultivate on a small scale and the owners of badly stocked ponds, with their different doubtful productions, how often do we find in the markets or ponds very nice crosses which have been propagated through from three to ten generations and which are sold for carp! There are many small sheets of water in Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Holland and Belgium, and probably also in England, the proprietors of which imagine, in good faith, that they have stocked their ponds with good, genuine carp, which, in reality, through careless selection or ignorance, are hybrids which may even have been cultivated for two or three generations. In some ponds in Switzerland, near the Lake of Constance, some crosses of *Abramis brama* were found as late as twenty years ago.

2.—THE HABITS AND THE MODE OF REPRODUCTION.

The carp is partial to stagnant waters, or such as have a not too swift current, with a loamy, muddy bottom and deep places covered with vegetation. It inhabits now most of the larger and smaller rivers of Europe, particularly the Elbe, Weser, Rhine, Danube, Po, Rhone, Garonne, Loire, then the Bavarian and Swiss lakes, the Lake of Constance, &c., even salt water seems to agree with it very well. I have taken it in the Black Sea, where its weight often amounts to from fifteen to twenty pounds. It is also found in the Caspian Sea in great numbers, and is known there by the name of *Sassan*.

It is an advantage that the carp is able to live in water where other fishes could not possibly exist; for instance, in the pools of bog meadows or sloughs. However, it is not by any means to be inferred from this that the best locality for carp ponds of a superior kind could be in such situations. The presence of too much humic acid is unfavorable to the well-being of the carp, as we shall see presently in the chapter upon the establishing of fish ponds.

The carp lives upon vegetable food as well as upon worms and larvæ of aquatic insects, which it turns up from the mud with the head; it is very easily satisfied, and will not refuse the offal of the kitchen, slaughter-houses and breweries, or even the excrement of cattle and pigs. I propose to enter further upon the subject of feeding it when I speak of its culture in ponds.

In the moderate zone, that is to say in Central Europe, the carp will, at the beginning of the cold, season seek deeper water to pass that period in a kind of sleep. This will sometimes occur as early as the beginning of November, if the winter should set in early; and it is to be remarked that they will retire at an earlier period in ponds than in rivers. They do so always in groups of from fifty to 100 and more. They make a cavity in the muddy ground, called a "kettle;" in this they pass the time until spring, huddled together in concentric circles with their heads together, the posterior part of the body raised and held immovably, scarcely lifting the gills for the process of breathing, and without taking a particle of food. They do not take any food from the beginning of October, and continue to abstain from it, in some countries, until the end of March, and in colder districts even somewhat later. It will not answer, however, to depend on this habit when transporting them for propagation in the spring or winter time, more especially young carp one or two year old. The fish will arrive in a worn and hungry condition, and must be kept in a tank constructed on purpose for observation, where it has no chance to bury itself in the mud; here it will sometimes take a little food. At such times I generally make use of boiled barley, or rye flour converted into a kind of tough paste by the addition of hot water, and with this I mix a little loam and rye bread; but I continue the feeding only until I can judge from the looks of the fish that they have recovered. Of course, the food is followed with the carp which I imported from Europe for the purpose of breeding in the winter of 1876–77. It is a most striking fact that the carp, though it does not take any food during this winter-sleep in its natural retreat, does not diminish in weight, while, in the so-called "winter-chambers" it does so to a remarkable degree. These "winter-chambers" are large tanks, 1,000 to 5,000 square feet in size or less; they are sometimes walled in with masonry, sometimes they are constructed of wood. Fishes intended for sale are kept in them for a few weeks or months during the winter.

The carp does not grow in the winter. Warmth alone seems to exercise a favorable influence upon it and to promote growth. It only grows in the months of May, June, July and August, and does not appear to continue doing so in September. The slight increase in weight which takes place during the latter month seems to grow out of an accumulation of fat which is being deposited around the entrails. In ponds which contain plenty of food and healthy water, in an ordinary year, the growth and increase of weight in the year will be represented in figures as follows:

	Per cent. of original weight.	Per cent of growth.
May	10–15	13
June	35	31
July	36	34
August	20	18
September	6	4
Total	110	100

If the weather in the month of May be mild and warm from the beginning a better growth may be expected, amounting, as in June, to about 30 per centum. This month (May) is decidedly of great importance for the growth of the fish during the current year, for, in proportion as the fish has grown in the short space of one month, it will take more food in the following ones as the increase of its growth and consequent wants will demand. Culturists, therefore, consider the month of May as being the most important of the whole period of the carp's growth. The above-given calculations, of course, are limited to ponds in which no artificial feeding is resorted to, but in which there is sufficient food by reason of the good quality of the water and soil which produces it.

In small ponds, situated in parks or gardens, which possess favorable soil and river-water, the increase of weight will be even a little greater. Feeding is recommended, for such small ponds (covering only half an acre) cannot produce sufficient food themselves. On the whole, feeding is a make-shift, as will be seen presently, and which in very large ponds of more than from 20 to 1,000 acres should not be made use of.

The above calculations are only admissible for Central Europe, from the Adriatic to the Baltic and the North Sea; in countries further north, as in Sweden, the growth of carp is less, as, on the contrary, in more southern countries that Central Europe, for instance, in Illyria, Dalmatia, Southern Italy, Southern Spain, and partly, also, Southern France, the result is more favorable still. There is a milder and warmer climate, an early spring, a very warm summer and autumn and a late winter which, in addition, is mild and short, combine to exercise a favorable influence upon the thriving condition of the fishes.

In these warm climates the fish becomes lively at a much earlier season, if it does at all pass the winter in that lethargic state, without taking any food, than it does in the countries of the northern parts of Central Europe.

The pond-carp of Central Europe generally leaves its winter retreat when the rays of the spring sun have warmed the water thoroughly, while at the same time it begins to seek for food at a somewhat earlier period in rivers and lakes. At the beginning of the month of March the eggs have developed themselves considerably in the body of the fish, and it only needs a few weeks of warm weather in

they rise more often from the depths below to the surface. Two or three or more of the male fish keep near the female; the latter swims more swiftly on a warm, sunny morning, keeping mostly close to the surface, followed by the males. This is called "*streichen*"—running-spawning—and is more frequent in warm than in windy and rainy weather. The female prefers spots which are overgrown with grasses and other kinds of aquatic plants, such as *Utricularia*, *Nymphea* and *Alisma*. The male fishes follow close to the very water's edge, as far as the diminished depth will allow them. They lose all their timidity and precaution, so that they may be taken quite easily. They lash the water in a lively way, twisting the posterior portion of the body energetically, and shooting through the water near its surface with short, tremulous movements of the fins. They do so in groups of two or three males to one female fish, and forming an almost compact mass. This is the moment when the female drops the eggs, which immediately are impregnated by the milter. As this process is repeated several times, the female drops probably only from 400 to 500 eggs at a time, in order to gain resting time, so that it will require days and weeks before it has given up the last egg.

The eggs of the carp are adhesive, not detached, like those of the *Salmonid,e* these latter lying loosely on the ground, while the former adhere in lumps to the object upon which they have fallen. As soon as the egg has left the body of the fish it swells up a little, the mucus, which surrounds it, serving as a means to fasten itself upon some aquatic plant, stone or brushwood. Those eggs which have no such object to cling to are lost. I found numerous eggs on the reverse sides of the leaves of the *Nymphaea* and their stems, the *Phellandrium* and *Utricularia*, but the greater number of them I discovered on the *Festuca fluitans*, which among fishermen is known generally by the name of "water-grass." Its narrow, long, strap-shaped thin leaves spread softly over the water's surface, as also its numerous branches in the water afford to the fish the sought-for opportunity to deposit its eggs upon its tender leaves. The seeds of this grass are an excellent food for the carp. This may be regarded as a useful indication to be acted upon in the construction of ponds.

The eggs will develop themselves quickly, if assisted by warm weather. As early as the fifth or sixth day the first traces of dusky spots, the eyes, will be visible, and toward the twelfth, or at the latest the sixteenth, day the little embryo fish will break through its envelope. This rapid development takes place only in shallow, thoroughly-warmed ponds, or in such as were expressly constructed for hatching and called breeding ponds. If these ponds are deep, and consequently their water is colder, the hatching process may require as many as twenty days. In from three to five days the young fish has absorbed the yolks, and seeks its food. If the breeding-pond be productive enough to furnish the necessary food for so many young fishes these will grow very rapidly. I shall return to this subject hereafter.

I remarked above that the carp prefers stagnant or slowly-running water with a muddy bottom, and that it lives upon vegetable as well as animal food, aquatic plants, seeds, worms and larvæ of water insects; it is therefore no fish of prey. It does not attack other fishes, and has no teeth in its mouth, but only in the throat, and is, on account of its harmlessness, an excellent fish for the culturist, as well as for stocking large lakes and rivers in general.

3.—THE GROWTH AND SIZE.

Its growth differs, according as the fish inhabits cold or warm water, a river, lake, or pond, finding plentiful food therein, or being fed. An additional factor is the quality of the soil, whether muddy or stony. In cold water, or such as has a stony ground, the carp will not progress favorably. For this reason, the statements concerning its normal size, attained to in a certain given time, differ widely. Very naturally it will exercise an extremely great influence upon the thriving of the fishes, whether the pond contains a great number or only a few of them; whether it is over-stocked, as culturists term it, or whether there are only a proportionate number of fishes in it, according to its capability of producing food. Other considerations remain to be mentioned—namely, is the pond provided with supplies from brooks falling into it, or are the fishes to be fed? The latter course is almost indispensable in the culture of trout. The expenses incurred in this case diminish the income of the culturist; if not resorted to the result will be the same, as the value of the fish will be smaller. This feeding is needless with the carp, if it be cultivated judiciously in suitable ponds, and for this reason alone the culture of the carp is preferable to that of the trout.

In rivers and lakes it grows larger, although the same fish; for the reason, probably, that in a larger space, which at the same time yields more sheltered retreats, it escapes from the pursuit of man more easily than in regular, artificial ponds, and finds more plentiful supplies of food. The question of the species, or I would rather say the race, is of great moment, particularly in respect to carp-culture in ponds.

A favorable result may be expected from the culture of this fish wherever the necessary water is to be found, be it in the north or south, and that, too, as well in ponds as in open lakes and rivers.

The normal weight which a carp may attain to in three years, whether it be scale-carp, mirror-carp or leather-carp, is an average of from 3 to 3¼ pounds; that is, a fish which has lived two summers, consequently is 18 months old, will weigh 2½ to 3½ pounds after following. The carp may turn out to be even more favorable in a warm year, or if only a few fishes have been placed in a pond, as we shall see further on, in the chapter treating of pond-culture and the operations of the culturist.

Carps may reach a very advanced age, as specimens are to be found in Austria over 140 years old.

The increase in length only continues up to a certain age, but its circumference will increase up to its 35th year.

I have seen some common carp in the southern parts of Europe—in the lowlands of Hungary, Servia, Croatia, Wallachia, as also in Moldavia and the Buckowina—which weighed from 30 to 40 pounds and more, measuring nearly 3½ feet in length by 2¾ feet in circumference.

Old men, whose credibility and truthfulness could not be doubted, assured me and gave the most detailed accounts of the capture of this species of fish in former years, giants, which weighed from 50 to 60 pounds, and which they had seen themselves. During the Crimean war, in 1853, a French engineer officer, stationed at Widdin, on the Danube, in Turkey, killed a carp by a bullet-shot, some distance below the city; this fish weighed 67 pounds. I had some of its scales in my possession, of which each had a diameter of 2½ inches. Their structure indicated to a certainty that the age of this fish could be no more than 24 years at the most. It is a well-known fact that two large carps, weighing from 42 to 55 pounds, were taken several years ago on one of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg's domain in Northern Germany. They had been kept in some particularly favorable water, productive of plentiful food, and had been used as breeding fishes. These two specimens might, from their size, be calculated to be comparatively very aged fishes; it was proved that they were only fifteen years old. If we may credit the chronicles kept centuries ago by old families, and especially by the monks, who had taken possession of all the best localities along the banks of the beautiful Danube, then still greater giants had been caught, and that in the waters of the Danube itself. A chronicle of the monastery of Melk, in Austria, refers to a carp weighing 78 pounds, which had been captured on Ascension day in 1520. Another record speaks of a carp which had been taken in the third decennium of the present century in the lake of Zug, in Switzerland, and which weighed 90 pounds. These giants are certainly only wonderful exceptions, but still these facts are encouraging illustrations that it is possible for such large specimens to grow up in favorable water. All the countries, where these large fishes have been found and which are situated between the Black, the North, and the Baltic seas, are pretty nearly such as have a late spring and a long, cold winter. Near Widdin the Danube has been frozen repeatedly. There the carp passes from five to seven months in its winter sleep, during which it does not grow. If this fish thrives so well in the countries which have such a very cold winter (on an average they have the same winter temperature as Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and St. Louis), where the rivers have not enough food for these fishes by far, their level being regulated by dams, which are a subject of constant complaint of the fishermen, how much more could they thrive in the waters of this country, with their great riches of food? But if we take into account the rivers of the mild south and southwest of the United States, what success may not be expected for this fish in those regions?

If the carp finds food in superfluity it will grow much more rapidly than the above statement indicates. This gives an increase of from three to three and one-half pounds in one year and six months; but this is only a normal one, the food consumed being of an average amount. If the fish obtain food very plentifully it will grow more rapidly. In this case, again, it is to be considered that the waters of the milder climates of this country possess this advantage—scarcely to be judged of or estimated at its proper value as yet—that the fish may be able, during three-quarters of the year, or even the whole year round, to take food, and will omit the lethargic winter sleep conditioned by the cold winter. There is scarcely a comparison to be made so far as the carp are concerned between the rivers of this country, so richly supplied with food, which it will not be compelled to seek for under a constant strife for existence, and those of the much poorer waters of the Rhine, Elbe, Rhone, etc. In the waters of its native country, in Central Europe, after its first wakening from the long winter sleep, it seeks most diligently after the contents of the seeds of the *Nuphar luteum* and *Nymphea alba*, the yellow and white water-lily, the *Phellandrium aquaticum*, *Festuca fluitans*, etc. The waters of the United States abound in all these plants and numerous others, the seeds of which will serve the fish as food; for instance, the wild rice (*Zizania aquatica* and *Z. fluitans*), the well-known Tuscarora rice or "water oats" with its great riches of seeds, and many others, which will yield food profusely and which European waters do not possess, thus giving a great advantage to the American carp-culturist. And then there is the culture of fish in ponds. There are culturists in Central Europe who, wishing to see the fish grow more rapidly, take the trouble to feed them with soaked barley, which they occasionally throw out in different places, and by so doing they have had a very full success, the fish growing larger, that is, more quickly, than when not thus fed. By producing the above-named wild or natural water plants in carp-ponds they will be perpetuated, and the grains which have fallen to the bottom of the water will form an ample article of food for the first spring days, if we do not prefer to give them the almost worthless offal of the slaughter-houses. I do not advocate the so-called artificial feeding of this fish where the ponds themselves yield food in ample abundance, a consummation toward which the Tuscarora rice will largely contribute.

Let us once more consider the fact of its extraordinary increase of weight of about 110 per centum in the exceedingly short space of four months, for during the cold winter time, when ice thickly covers rivers and lakes, nature banishes it into its temporary tomb, which it chooses and digs for itself, to hold its winter sleep in. This fish needs fifteen or eighteen months of growth to gain, according to a low estimation, the weight of three pounds without being fed. But much more satisfactory results are frequently arrived at when favorable circumstances combine, and it will reach a greater weight. There are some culturists who obtain in the same space of time fishes of four pounds weight; of course they possess warmly situated ponds, which thaw very early in spring, and perhaps they assist nature in some degree by feeding the fishes. I have done so myself in two successive years which were exceptionally warm, when I fed the fishes with the almost worthless malt-refuse or "grains." They increased visibly and attained to the above-mentioned weight in the same space of time.

This fifteen to eighteen months of the actual time of growth transpires during a period of three years and six months, as intervening months of winter sleep are to be included during which the growth is interrupted.

I will not recur to what this fish promises to become in the milder regions of the South, where neither ice-bound water nor cold temperatures force upon it the lethargy of the winter sleep, or, may be, the whole year, including the mild winter, for the most vigorous and rapid development, not as in Europe, the sparingly allotted four or five months.

It is not to be doubted that the carp will arrive at the weight of from 2½ to 4 pounds in one year in those warm climates, when in colder regions it requires two years and six months. I do not think that I am mistaken in this; I am ready to stand by this assertion, which the future will surely verify.

I believe I have said all that is most desirable for the culturist to know concerning the carp and its natural history, and I will now treat of its culture in ponds, rivers and lakes, as also the construction of the ponds.

[This article will be published entire in succeeding numbers of FOREST AND STREAM].

HOW BLACK BASS SPAWN—Florida, April 6.—Your correspondent, "Gringo," in your issue of March 10, is right in his surmises as to how black bass spawn. This I know from personal observation: About three weeks since, near a small lake that I stocked with them some four years ago, my attention was attracted by a large bass throwing its tail and fully one-third of its body out of the water. After seeing this movement repeated I looked for the cause, and walking out on a tree that had fallen into the lake I got very near him, which was not at all alarmed at my approach. The water was about three feet in depth. Very soon a smaller bass came up to the other, and, heads together, they swam rapidly around in a circle directly over the bed which I noticed just under the tree where I stood. This they did several times and separated. The female lay on her side and floated or rose to the surface throwing her tail and body out of the water as I first described, sinking gradully again. The male now swam rapidly toward her with wide distended mouth, and grasping her body pressed her from the bed, which settled upon the bed. He then sank to the bed and ejected the milt, making a rapid motion across and over the bed as if spreading everything evenly. This operation continued, I should judge, for nearly an hour, and during that time he must have grasped her five or six times. I noticed that she finally shrank from his approach, acting as though she had been used too roughly. To me it was an interesting study, and I think it fully corroborates "Gringo's" ideas. I notice he offers to give his bass to any one who wants. I do not think he will get a better food fish, as I think I could have proved to him to-day had he been at my table where I had a six-pound fellow nicely baked.

My carp are thriving. They will be two years old in June. Do you think they will spawn this spring? The accounts I get in relation to them in this matter conflict. GEO. E. RIXFORD.

Very likely the carp will spawn this year. Please inform us of the result, and their size.

TENNESSEE.—Mr. James E. Warner bought 100,000 eggs of the brook trout from Mr. James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, N. Y., and has established a hatchery in Northern Tennessee, on a stream emptying into the Cumberland River. Mr. Warner says: "If the Legislature will not appropriate a small sum of money for the purpose of establishing fish hatcheries, I am willing to undertake the hatching of any variety of fish eggs for any individual or persons, at the *actual cost* of hatching them, as I have a good hatchery, well appointed with every requisite necessary for practical work, and it has a capacity of over two million eggs."

SMELTS IN FRESH WATERS OF FLORIDA—Jacksonville, April 6.—I see considerable said about smelts breeding in fresh water lakes. Would say they are very abundant in all our fresh water lakes down in Eastern Maine, also in New Brunswick, and in some lakes grow to a large size and they never go to the salt water. Appear to be the same species as those we take in salt water.—G. A. B.

TEXAS—Austin, April 5.—The Legislature has created the office of Fish Commissioner on a sound basis, making an appropriation of $5,000 per annum, and giving him a salary of $1,500 per year.—HASTINGS.

Balmy sleep, good digestion, rich blood, elastic step and cheerfulness in Hop Bitters.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building, Third avenue and Sixty-third street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, No. 138 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,500, New York City.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. L. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 1 at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

THE LAVERACK SETTERS IN AMERICA.

LEATHERHEAD, in his article on the Laverack setters in England, refers to but few of the purely bred dogs and bitches of this celebrated breed which have been imported into and bred in the United States. Mentioning Pride of the Border, Fairy, Petrel and Thunder, and one of the latter's gets, he gives no further account of the now quite numerous list, comparatively speaking, in the country. We fancy this array of Laverack setters in the United States will astonish our cousins over the water, especially the stock of Messrs. Higgins, Goodsell and Snellenberg, and the day may not be far distant when, as with a particular family of short horns, the English may come to this country for their Laverack blood. Without claiming that our list is absolutely perfect in minor particulars, it is in the main correct. A change of ownership of a few of the dogs may have caused us to err in this respect, and one or two of the younger ones named may have died. Of the Laverack imported setters they were as follows:

Pride of the Border from E. Laverack's kennel by C. H. Raymond.
Pedigree from E. Laverack's kennel by C. S. Wescott.
Pride of the Border II. from E. Laverack's kennel by C. P. Parker.
Aldershot from J. R. Robinson's kennel by E. A. Herzberg.
Don Juan from H. F. Grant's kennel by J. H. Goodsell.
Young Laverack imp. in utero, Fairy, from E. Laverack by C. H. Raymond.
Fairy from E. Laverack's kennel by C. H. Raymond.
Fairy II. from E. Laverack's kennel by C. P. Parker.
Magnet from E. Laverack's kennel by C. S. Westcott.
Pearl from P. R. Llewellin's kennel by L. H. Smith.
Petrel from P. R. Llewellin's kennel by "
Peeress from P. R. Llewellin's kennel by "
Victress from P. R. Llewellin's kennel by "
Ruby from E. Laverack's kennel by Dr. Gautier.
Pickles.

Of these, Pride of the Border, Pedigree, Fairy and Victress are dead. The list subjoined gives those of the imported ones alive and those bred in the United States, with the details, name, color, sire and dam, date of birth and name of breeder:

PURE LAVERACK SETTERS OWNED BY J. C. HIGGINS, DELAWARE CITY, APRIL 1.

Dogs—Young Laverack, L B, Blue Prince-Fairy, 1874, E. Laverack; Pontiac, B B, Pride of Border-Petrel, 18-8, J. C. Higgins; Not Named, B B, Pontiac-Fairy II., 1880 J. C. Higgins.

Bitches—Petrel, L B, Prince-Lill II., 1873, R. P. Llewellin; Petrel II., B B, Pride of Border-Petrel, 1875, J. C. Higgins; Petrel III., L B, Carlowitz-Petrel, 1879, J. C. Higgins; Princess Petuel, L B, Carlowitz-Petrel, 1879, J. C. Higgins; Countess Petrel, B B, Carlowitz-Petrel, 1879, J. C. Higgins; Fairy II., L B, Victor-Blue Daisy, 1875, E. Laverack; Fairy III., L B, Pontiac-Fairy II., 1880, J. C. Higgins.

PURE LAVERACK SETTERS OWNED BY J. H. GOODSELL, N. Y., APRIL 1.

Dogs—Carlowitz, L and W, Pilkington's Dash-Countess, 1873, R. P. Llewellin; Don Juan, B B, Tam O'Shanter-La Reine, 1879, H. F. Grant, Esq.; Duke of Beaufort, B B, Pride of Border-Fairy II., 1878, C. S. Westcott.

Bitches—Daisy Laverack, L B, Thunder-Peeress, 1879, J. J. Snellenberg; Carlena, L and W, Carlowitz-Princess, 1879, M. Von Culin.

OWNED BY C. H. GOODSELL, N. Y.

Dog—Planet, L B, Carlowitz-Petrel, 1879, J. C. Higgins.

OWNED BY A. H. MOORE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dog—Thunder, B B, Pride of Border-Fairy II., 1877, C. S. Westcott.

Bitch—Lady Laverack, B B, Thunder-Peeress, 1878, J. J. Snellenberg.

OWNED BY J. R. HENDRICKS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Bitch—Lora Laverack, B B, Young Laverack-Petrel II., 1880, J. C. Higgins.

OWNED BY COL. HUGHES, DALLAS, TEXAS; IMPORTED BY C. P. PARKER, PHILADELPHIA.

Dog—Pride of Border II., L and W, Blue Prince-Cora, 1875, E. Laverack.

OWNED BY G. W. LANDENBERGER, PHILADELPHIA; IMPORTED BY C. S. WESTCOTT.

Bitch—Magnet, B B, Victor-Blue Daisy, 1880, E. Laverack.

OWNED BY J. W. BLYTHE, BURLINGTON, IOWA.

Dog—Shatto, B B, Pride of Border-Petrel, 1878, J. C. Higgins.

OWNED BY A. C. WADDELL, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Dog—Laverack Chief, B, W and T, Pontiac-Fairy II., 1880, J. C. Higgins.

OWNED BY HERBERT F. DEANE, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Dog—Pride, B, W and T, Pride of Border-Petrel, 1878, J. C. Higgins.

OWNED BY JOHN GALE, OROVILLE, CAL.

Bitch—Lulu Laverack, B, W and T, Carlowitz-Petrel, 1879, J. C. Higgins.

OWNED BY MRS. VON CULIN, DELAWARE CITY.

Bitch—Princess Nellie, B, W and T, Pride of Border-Petrel, 1878, Mr. Van Culin.

OWNED BY THEO. MEYER, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Bitch—Rose Laverack, L B, Young Laverack-Petrel II., 1880, J. C. Higgins.

OWNED BY L. H. SMITH, STRATHROY, CANADA.

Bitch—Pearl B B, Prince-Lill II., P. R. Llewellin.

OWNED BY J. H. WHITMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dog—Charm, L and W, Pride of Border-Fairy, 1874, C. H. Raymond.

Bitch—Diamond, B, W and T, Pride of Border-Ruby, 1875, Dr. Gautier.

OWNED BY C. H. RAYMOND, MORRIS PLAINS, N. J.

Dog—Brough, L and W, Pride of Border-Fairy, 1875, C. H. Raymond; Roderick Dhu, B B, Pride of Border-Fairy, 1875, C. H. Raymond.

Bitch—Fate, L and W, Pontiac-Fairy, 1880, C. H. Raymond.

OWNED BY DUDLEY OLCOTT, N. Y.

Dog—Guy Mannering, B B, Pride of Border-Fairy, 1875, C. H. Raymond.

OWNED BY E. A. HERZBERG, BROOKLYN.

Dog—Aldershot, L B, Emperor Fred-Blue Cora, 1878, J. R. Robinson, Esq.

OWNED BY GEORGE B. CLASON, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Bitch—Pickles, Land W, Prince-Lill II., 1873, R. P. Llewellin.

OWNED BY J. J. SNELLENBERG, NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

Dogs—Dick Laverack, B B, Thunder-Peeress, J. J. Snellenberg; Mack Laverack, L B, Thunder-Peeress, J. J. Snellenberg; Prince Laverack, L B, Thunder-Peeress, J. J. Snellenberg.

Bitches—Peeress*, L B, Prince-Lill II., J. J. Snellenberg; Peggy Laverack, B B, Thunder-Peeress, J. J. Snellenberg; Pet Laverack, B B, Thunder-Peeress, J. J. Snellenberg; Lea Laverack, L B, Thunder-Peeress, J. J. Snellenberg; Comassio, B B, Thunder-Peeress, J. J. Snellenberg; Maple, B B, Thunder-Peeress, J. J. Snellenberg.

OWNED BY W. P. STEELE, PIERMONT, N. Y., IMPORTED BY DR. GAUTIER.

Bitch—Ruby, red, Cora, E. Laverack.

OWNED BY DR. C. A. STARK, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Dog—Count Noser, Carlowitz, Princess Nellie, Von Culin.

OWNED BY MONTVIEW KENNEL CLUB.

Bitch—Daisy Dean, L W, Pride of Border, Ruby, Dr. Gautier.

OWNED BY CHAS. S. LINCOLN, WARREN, MASS.

Dog—Planet, L B, Pontiac, Fairy II., 1880, J. C. Higgins.

There are two purely bred Laverack setters bred by C. H. Raymond, Esq., Pride of Border-Fairy dogs, of which we cannot procure the information we would like. One Ranger, is owned in Canada, and the other, a bitch, Etoile, once owned by Mr. E. Quimby, of Morristown, N. J.

The dog Penn, advertised in the stud as a Laverack, is not a purely bred setter of that name; his pedigree does not claim such, and is given as 13-16 Laverack and 3-16 Field Trial. He is out of Fussy 7,203, bred by G. Lowe, Esq. (Leatherhead) by Fletcher's champion Rock.

Ruby, of Dr. Gautier's importation, it is settled, we believe, is a purely bred Laverack setter. There was a dispute on this point not long after the importation of Pride of the Border and Fairy, but it is conceded now that she was bred by Mr. Laverack. We give her pedigree in full:

Ruby

Mystery			Cora				
Jett (b, w & t)	Duchess (blue)		Dash (blue)		Moll (b, w & t)		
					Sting (blue)	Belle (b w & t)	
Moll	Sting					Rock	Cora

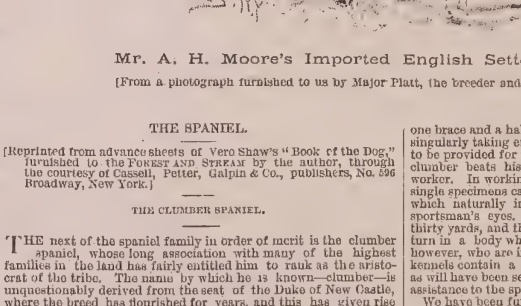
*Since the above was in type we learn that Peeress is now the property of Mr. Bailey Harrison, Tilsonburg, Ontario.

COCKER SPANIELS.

BY LEATHERHEAD.

VISITORS at shows during the past few years could not have helped noticing the beautiful spaniels at all times exhibited and, taking the Birmingham and Kennel Club shows of the last two seasons, there is a deal to indicate that the breeds have greatly improved in appearance at least, from what we can recollect of spaniels in earlier days. There are no breeds better calculated to receive development than spaniels, as, according to my ideas of breeding, there is no greater proof of a long-established breed than when we see it predominate over another breed when the two are crossed. For instance, a dropper between a pointer and setter will resemble the purest breed parent of the two, and, if the parents are both equally well bred, the produce will be more nondescript in appearance than if, for the above-mentioned reason, there was a leaning to one side The foxhound, the bulldog and the bloodhound are all remarkable for having the predominance in a cross, and their line is more difficult to work out than a strain of any other breed. This, I maintain, is accounted for by the fact that they have for a number of years been breed into their own lines, and, consequently, these lines are very strong. In my travels about, not particularly at shows, but through the country, I have been struck with the appearance of the spaniels in different districts, and, after a lapse of ten or a dozen years, I have thought it remarkable that the same sort of spaniel is seen about the streets of towns, as one can easily recollect, at earlier visits to the town in question. It returns to one's memory that the saddler of the town or his son had a spaniel that was generally seen basking on the pavement, a liver and white dog, flecked with a good, short, thick coat of silky texture, and with a fair amount of feather, but hardly like the show dogs in this particular. It also occurs to your memory that you could have bought the saddler's dog or any other spaniel in the town for about two pounds or fifty shillings, and in the same quarters you do not find them much more expensive than that now, while you can see the very counterpart of the saddler's dog doing about the same as he used to do, namely, basking on the pavement. Now, considering the results that usually follow when dogs are allowed the freedom of the streets, and that care and attention have a natural tendency to raise value, it is somewhat singular that these spaniels continue to reproduce themselves in their own likeness to a remarkable degree. One cannot believe that their blood has always been kept pure, but it would seem that the strength of the sort is so great as to stand a fair amount of mongrelising with no very marked effects. How would it be if some of the sorts I allude to, were taken up and carefully bred, and I refer more particularly to the Devonshire? Years ago they were very good, and many sportsmen kept teams of them. They were, of course, bred with every care and attention, and were medium sized, but very heavy dogs for their inches, and capable, by the force of their own weight, of pushing through covert of any growth or thickness. It was the most popular dog of a sport-loving country, but as battue shooting and such like innovations usurped the place of rough shooting, so have the teams or kennels of spaniels died out, and the breed has continued, as I have stated above, by mere hazard, as, for instance, by the saddler of the town having one, a neighboring farmer another and may be a sporting publican a third. They are always good ones for rabbit shooting in furze-brakes, and for the roughest sort of shooting, or the above individuals would not keep them, and from all I have seen of them I do not think the best of them are to be beaten for gamefinding, or for their untiring pertinacity in working for a gun. I was asked a short time ago by a gentleman in Alsace to get him a spaniel that had won prizes at shows, and that could work blackthorns and hillsides of strong cover in a style he had heard English spaniels could do. I asked whether the show or working qualities were to be of the greater importance, and the reply was in favor of work. I then recommended two Devonshire cockers, dog and bitch, that could be bred from, and I took good care from the quarter I applied to that they should be the best that could be bought for money. At Brussels show last year this gentleman almost wrung my hands off with thanks, and told me that the dog of the brace was the best to kill game over ever seen in Alsace. He was sent to me on trial, and by the style he set to work I could tell that he was a good one in five minutes; but he was a mannish-looking little dog, with no great amount of coat, at least it looked worn with work, a heavily-marked liver and white, rather short in the head, long ears well set, and the best part of him was his legs and feet. I have seen better-looking ones possibly quite as good, and I think that such extraordinary merit as these spaniels possess should be cultivated by the sporting people of Devon in the same fashion as that adopted by breeders of other strains of spaniels.

The beautiful Sussex spaniels and the very-attractive looking black ones may be quite as good as the Devonshire cockers for all I know, but I have never seen them at work, as I have the Devonians; and as I know that nothing can beat the latter for that utter disregard for brambles and thorns, so essential, according to my idea, in the character of a good spaniel, I have constantly recommended the Devonshire cockers when the requirement has been work. I think, too, that when the slipshod way in which they have been bred is considered they give indications of being a wondrously old breed, as one never sees anything but a liver, or liver and white, and there is a stamp running through them that cannot be mistaken. Something very contrary to this is perceptible in higher circles of spaniel breeding, as of late there has been seen a liver-colored one, a black one and a liver and white one taking prizes on the same day, and all belonging to the same litter; and there has also been an instance of a cocker and a water spaniel being shown in such respective classes, although they both belonged to the same litter. What does this mean? and are we to infer that this is the result of keeping up a breed or of manufacturing one? Either in breeding setters, pointers or other sorts it is well known that "Leatherhead" is dead against the manufacturing policy, as he believes that any breed can be improved and maintained from its own sources and more especially when such breeds show the preponderance of strength if they happen to be crossed with other sorts. I fully admit that the spaniels seen at shows, such as have been bred for points and beauty, are any amount in front of the Devon or Welsh cockers on the score of appearance, but I think it should be ascertained that the modern high breeding of spaniels has been all that could be desired for retaining the intrinsic merit of the spaniel such as we know him to be as a sporting dog. The Devon cocker is born with sport in him. He will hunt of his own accord when he is only three months old, and it seems so instinctively in them to hunt that I have known an old bitch take off her litter of puppies as soon as they are able to run, and teach them to hunt rabbits in a furze brake. I should like some one to tell me, from actual experience, his candid opinion as to the best breed of spaniels for work, and I think it would be a good plan if some sort of trials were established to test the question. It would help breeders, and it would guide show committees as to the right distribution of their classes, for at present I think the cocker classes are altogether on a wrong footing. It does not appear altogether clear what a cocker is. We have Sussex classes, black classes, and for cockers, and the latter division is allowed to comprise any liver and white spaniel. My idea is that some of the liver and white families are really more distinct and further apart than the Sussex are from the black ones, and, if so, is there any reason why they should not be separated? The Devonshire spaniels are, in my opinion, certainly worthy of more attention, and those who are fortunate enough to own some of the best representatives of the breed might do very well for themselves by bringing such a useful sort into notice. They might urge show committees, in their own county at least, to give classes for Devon spaniels only, to be no other color than liver or liver and white, and to have been bred in the county, from county stock. I commend this suggestion specially to both the Devon and Cornwall Chambers of Agriculture, as at their annual show dogs are made an adjunct, and some of the Devon and Cornish farmers are the best breeders of these spaniels. Very often one or two are kept on a farm purposely to hunt rabbits, and if they are not always the best broken ones, they are undeniable for work, and will face furze, brambles or thorns of any growth in quest of game. They will also keep on hunting from morning till night, and if they look a bit fagged at the end of a long day, the sight of a gun the next morning will make them, if anything, too lively again, as they are excitable to a fault, and no one could give a Devonshire spaniel too much work to keep him in good working trim.—*Bell's Life.*



Mr. A. H. Moore's Imported English Setter Dog "Darkie."

[From a photograph furnished to us by Major Platt, the breeder and former owner of "Darkie."]

THE SPANIEL.

[Reprinted from advance sheets of Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," furnished to the FOREST AND STREAM by the author, through the courtesy of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 596 Broadway, New York.]

THE CLUMBER SPANIEL.

THE next of the spaniel family in order of merit is the clumber spaniel, whose long association with many of the highest families in the land has fairly entitled him to rank as the aristocrat of the tribe. The name by which he is known—clumber—is unquestionably derived from the seat of the Duke of New Castle, where the breed has flourished for years, and this has given rise to the impression among sportsmen that the clumber spaniel owes his existence and origin to some early member of that illustrious house. This is scarcely the fact, however, as we learn on the authority of Daniels that the breed was imported into this country by a Duke of New Castle, who acquired them from the Duc de Nouailles many years ago. It is nevertheless equally certain that the breed was for a long time treasured at Clumber, and that it was extremely difficult for outsiders to gain possession of a specimen.

As regards his origin little can be said, as it is veiled in obscurity; but it may be remarked that certain authorities have argued in favor of there being a remote cross of the foreign basset-hound in the clumber spaniel, though as far as our experience goes the supporters of this theory have hitherto failed to substantiate their statements by an appeal to facts. However, this theory has found its way into print, and may therefore be given merely as a theory which has been propounded, and without any intention on our part to support it. A great deal might be said on the antiquity of this variety by those who are disposed to attach importance to the possession of this attribute, for Edmund de Langley, who wrote in the fourteenth century described the spaniel as coming out of "Spayn," and being in color white and tawny, with a large head and body. It therefore appears to us that it would require a very slight stretch of imagination to connect the ancient spaniel alluded to by Edmund de Langley with the solemn-looking but patrician clumber of the present day. Nor would this reasoning in any way detract from Daniel's statement that the strain of clumber has originated from some dogs procured from the kennels of the Duc de Nouailles. On the contrary, it seems to be a support to it, as it is extremely likely that his dogs would resemble in many respects the breed that, according to the "Maister of Game," existed in Spain in the fourteenth century. Many authorities, no doubt correctly, connect the clumber spaniel with the old setting dog, who was included by Dr. Caius, in his spaniel chapter, under the title of index or setter. In the present day, however, the duties of the clumber spaniel unquestionably lie more in the direction of covert shooting than driving birds in the open, especially as both setters and pointers can readily be found who can manage the latter business far better than the short-legged spaniels can.

In consequence of the jealously with which the clumber strain was formerly guarded by the Dukes of Newcastle, it was a difficult matter to procure a specimen years ago, and, therefore, indifferent clumbers fetched very high prices when in the market. Of recent years, however, dogs of this variety can be more readily procured, and their value has sensibly diminished. In addition to the high value which their rarity placed upon the clumbers, the fact of their being for years very much in-breed brought about the inevitable result, and signs of constitutional delicacy began to appear, which have remained characteristics of the breed ever since. It is not so much in the cases of the older dogs that this objection can be raised against the Clumbers, for a matured dog of this variety usually keeps hale and hearty to a ripe old age, and increases in sagacity and value as the years roll on. It is in their puppyhood that young clumbers are peculiarly susceptible to the ills to which puppyhood is especially heir. As a rule, they suffer terribly from the ravages of distemper, and most breeders of clumbers are on thorns until their valuable stock have safely passed through this ordeal. Fellows or jaundice they also are very subject to, and if it appears in an aggravated form the malady is usually fatal to the invalid. In spite, however, of the difficulty experienced in rearing dogs of this description, the clumber has always been a popular spaniel with sportsmen, and his character fully entitles him to the respect which he has won himself from the highest in the land. Following on the Duke of Newcastle, the names of Earl Spencer, the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Abingdon, the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Portland, have all been identified at one time or another with kennels of this breed. The latter nobleman has at the present time a large and unusually strong kennel of clumber spaniels; but, as they do not appear often at dog shows, the public have but slender opportunities of judging their merits, and comparing his Grace's dogs with those from better-known kennels. Mr. R. S. Holford, of Tetbury, formerly showed some excellent specimens of the breed, and Mr. Statman is also well known in connection with the ownership of many good dogs, nor must that old breeder, Mr. Foljambe, be omitted from the list.

In addition to his aristocratic associations, the clumber spaniel has much to recommend him to the general body of sportsmen, who, as a body, are more inclined to value a sporting dog on account of his own intrinsic merit than because he has been the recipient of patrician patronage. In covert shooting of a certain description the clumber is almost unsurpassed by any breed, and a peculiarity in the breed is that the pure-bred ones, almost without exception, hunt mute, which enables them to draw close up to their game without disturbing it. On this account clumbers are very frequently worked with bells attached to their collars, as by the help of these they can gradually drive the game forward, and the guns can more readily tell their whereabouts in the covert. These spaniels can be worked in teams of any number upwards of one brace and a half, and when this practice is resorted to it has a singularly taking effect, in addition to which good sport is certain to be provided for the guns if any game is in the covert, as the clumber beats his ground most thoroughly, being a very close worker. In working in teams they show but little jealously, and single specimens can readily be broken to retrieve and take water, which naturally increases their value very considerably in the sportsman's eyes. The range of a clumber should not exceed thirty yards, and they should be broken to down charge, or to return in a body when the shot is fired. It is not many sportsmen, however, who are in a position to work a team of clumbers as few kennels contain a sufficient number to enable them to do so, but, as will have been seen above, a single clumber spaniel is a valuable assistance to the sportsman engaged in covert shooting.

We have been furnished with the following notes by Mr. A. W. Langdale, who has devoted considerable attention to the clumber as well as to the Sussex spaniel, and has kindly sent us his ideas for publication:

"This beautiful spaniel is believed to be the oldest known breed of dog genus spaniel, and was preserved many years ago most strictly. The Duke of Newcastle's name has always been associated with the clumber, as it was from this nobleman's estate the breed took the name. Through in-breeding a few years back they almost looked like disappearing, but now, I am glad to say, that in the Duke of Portland's, Lord Arthur Cecil's, Earl Spencer's, and many other sportsmen's kennels, may be found specimens as good as, if not better than, ever were. They are often used for covert shooting in teams of nine, and being naturally mute when at work are of great value, as they can work up close enough to a pheasant to almost clutch him.

"As regards the various points, of course the head comes foremost; this should be decidedly heavy and at least seventeen or eighteen inches round, with a deep stop and a flesh-colored nose, a freckled jaw and lemon markings of such an even nature that you could not at first sight tell the off from the near side of the head. The lower jaw recedes, as in most spaniels, so as to give the appearance of being anything but square. His fore-legs should be short, strong and so put on that when, as is often the case, they descend or jump down steep banks or walls, they stand the shock it must give them from their weight; the feet must be large, and put together closer than that of his water brother. Length of body is a great point, but not less is the depth of his girth fore and aft, so many specimens do not see nowadays with good fore-legs set on nice and low and the hind ones decidedly lofty. The ears should be squarer than those of the Sussex, and should not be feathered below the leather; the stern, when at work, is carried about level with the back, but when going to covert or at exercise you cannot see a prettier sight than their flags carried at about the same angle as a lancer's pennon on the slope. The coat should be thick and smooth—curl is decidedly objectionable—and, lastly, the color should be white with lemon or very pale orange markings; the fewer of these about the body the better. Weight for dogs varies from fifty-seven to sixty-five pounds, but the bitches run much lighter, the heaviest I ever saw scaled being my own Libnah, and she pulled down fifty pounds."

The head should be large, long and massive, flat at the top, and with a decided occipital protuberance.

The muzzle wide and powerful looking. In this respect we differ from the views expressed above by Mr. A. W. Langdale.

The nose large and flesh-colored.

The eye moderately large, light hazel-colored, and rather deeply set.

The neck long though very powerful, and free from all throatiness.

The shoulders very strong, which gives a clumber a heavy appearance in front.

The ears should be large in size, and rather long, lying close to the head, wide at the top, but not lobe-shaped, like in the Sussex. They should be feathered slightly.

The body should be very long and well ribbed up with a deep chest.

The fore-legs should be short, straight, well feathered and immensely heavy in bone. In fact it is one of the chief characteristics of a clumber to be exceptionally powerful in his fore-legs.

The fore-feet should be large, moderately round and well feathered like the fore-legs.

The loins should be thick and powerful looking.

The hind-legs short, not much bent and heavy in bone.

The stern set on low and carried downwards, and should be docked.

The color lemon-and-white throughout, the latter color, of course, predominating. If a dog is marked as described by Mr. Laugdale it is naturally an extra advantage to him in competition.

The coat should be silky, but quite free from any curl, which is a most objectionable feature in a clumber spaniel's jacket. Though profuse the coat should not be too long, as it would interfere with a dog when at work in a covert

In general appearance the clumber is a slow, heavy-looking dog, though his expression betokens intelligence, and he has a thoughtful look which cannot fail to attract.

The specimens we have selected for illustration in our colored plate is Lapis, the property of Mr. T. B. Bowers, of Hunts Cross, Woolton, near Liverpool, though formerly owned by Mr. W. Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale, near Chesterfield. Lapis was bred by Mr. W. Arkwright in 1875, and measures as follows: Length of head, from tip of head to occiput, 10½ inches; girth of scull, 18½ inches; girth of chest, 29 inches; girth of loins, 25 inches; girth of fore-arm, 8 inches; weight, 60 pounds; height at shoulder, 18 inches. During his career upon the show bench Lapis has been successful in carrying off the following prizes: First and cup Chesterfield 1876; second Agricultural Hall, Bristol; and Alexandra Palace, 1877; first Blaydon-on-Tyne, first Bristol, first Crystal Palace, and first Darlington, 1878; first Burton-on-Trent and first Darlington, 1879.

Following our usual custom we now conclude with

STANDARD OF POINTS FOR JUDGING CLUMBER SPANIELS.

	Value.
Head, skull, muzzle and eyes	10
Ears	5
Neck and shoulders	5
Chest	5
Body and loins	10
Legs and feet	5
Color and coat	5
General appearance	5
	50

WESTMINSTER CLUB'S SHOW.—The promise for the coming bench show is of the most favorable character. The entries number over 1,000, and everything is progressing smoothly. The Moorefield Kennel, of Philadelphia, have entered twenty-nine dogs, including the champion English setters Leicester and Thunder, the champion pointers Lady Romp, Ruby, Rose, Banjo and Donald, the champion Gordon setter Bob, the champion Irish setters Berkley and Loo II., the champion pug young Scoty, the English setters Rosy Morn, Temple Bar, Lass O'Gowrie, Luna May and Lady Laverack, the pointers Ls Guy, Countess Bang and Guess, the Gordon setters Stella, Mona and Lady Rapid, the Irish setter Raleigh, the Italian greyhounds Pearl and Cream, the pug May, the field spaniel Dash, and the Skye terriers Scottish Queen and Jack. The St. Louis Kennel Club send the champions Bow, Faust, York and Clyth, and also Jessamine, Trinket Trap, Spanway and Lassie. The Toledo Kennel Club send the champion Gordon setter Grouse, the Gordons Chaug, Lang, Venus, January, Toot Tad and Sam, the spaniel Blondy, and the beagle rival. Mr. Edmund Orgill's will be represented by the champions Rush, Belle and Rue, and by Rocket, Rowell, Rhona, Rap, Rival, Rill, Riot Rowett, Random and Royster. The Lachine Kennel will send six cocker and field spaniels and Irish terriers. Among the first is the black cocker Benedict, by Champion Batchelor, out of Negress. Among the Irish terriers is Kathleen and her son, both of which have won numerous prizes in England and Ireland. Mr. J. C. Higgins, of Delaware City, has entered the English setter Dashing Monarch, which took second prize at the Eastern Field Trials last year, and the pure Laverack setters Pontiac, Petrel II. and Fairy II. Miss May Callendar, of Albany, will send the champion Irish setter Rory O'More, and Mr. Frederick A. Taft, of Dedham, Mass., has entered the Gordon setter Dorr, winner at the Nebraska Field Trials. Ex-Gov. Samuel J. Tilden, will show the mastiff dog Wallace, winner of first prize as a puppy at Birmingham, and the St. Bernard dog Askin, winner of first as a puppy at New York last year. Thomas Nast, Jr., has entered the greyhounds Flush, Nellie, Dunder and Blitzen. Mr. A. Newbold Morris has offered a solid silver fruit-stand of the value of $50 for the best foxterrier dog or bitch, the donor's Gamester not to compete. Another gentleman has given two silver collars and a silver coupling cham for the best trace of black and tan setters. Superintendent Lincoln reports that the arrangements for the well-being of the dogs, and the pleasure of visitors are to be much superior to those of any previous exhibition in this city.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—The Executive Committee of the Eastern Field Trials Club, held their regular monthly meeting Thursday afternoon. The following gentlemen were present: Messrs. Donner, Pentz, Connolly, Grainger, Hall. The committee on revising the running rules of club reported that they had drafted a set of rules, but it would take too much time to lay them before the Executive Committee at this meeting, and therefore they suggested that a special meeting be called for the purpose of discussing them. It was decided to do so, and also to have them printed, and a copy sent to each member of the club. A bushel of a peculiar kind of peas which are good food for quail was presented to the club by Mr. J. C. Rodes, of Alabama. Mr. Bates was ordered a vote of thanks. It was decided to plant a portion of Robin's Island either with sorghum or broom corn, and also to plant the peas, as they afford good cover as well as good food. A meeting of the club was then held. In addition to the Executive Committee the following gentlemen were present: Messrs. Ryer, Hamilton, Danforth and Spooner. Mr. James Watson was elected an honorary member. The following gentlemen were nominated for the position of Treasurer, the election of whom will take place at the next meeting: Messrs. R. C. Connell, George T. Leech and W. A. Coster.

DUKE, JR.—Newark, N. J. April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You make an error in your answer to "Jappin" in this week's paper, because Hamilton Thompson's Duke was not the sire of Lester's Bang, and Mr. R. Lister knows this well. The sire of Bang was a red Irish setter, Duke, Jr., which I sold to Mr. F. J. L. Lane, of Newark, who sold him to Mr. Batcholar, of South Orange. The full pedigree of Duke, Jr, should be in Arnold Burgess' Kennel Stud Book. Pedigree of Duke, Jr.: By Hamilton Thompson's Duke (Baug-Belle), out of H. Thompson's Bess, out of black and tan bitch, imported; no pedigree. I published the full pedigree of Hamilton Thompson's Duke in FOREST AND STREAM between 1876-77. Mr. Batcholar entered Duke, Jr., in the New York Bench Show catalogue as being out of my Belle when he knew that a black and tan bitch was his dam. I sold Duke, Duke, Jr., Dick, Belle and all the rest of Thompson's dogs as I bought half interest in Mr. J.'s kennel.—W. HUMPHREYS.

DEXTER—LITTLETON, N. H., April 11.—I send you with this a photograph of one of the best dogs I ever followed, and this is saying a great deal. For forty years I have followed the hounds, and listened to their music among our dear old mountains, and in that time have seen a great many noble dogs that I never can think of but with pleasure. This dog, Dexter, in the month of February, started on a hunt on his own account, and caught his fox and started home with him in his mouth, and would have brought him home, but a mischievous boy threw clubs at him and took the fox. He is the property of two friends of mine, and we have splendid times with him and Punch, a cross of a fox-hound and a beagle which belongs to me. They frequently bring in fifteen rabbits in an afternoon. This is the liveliest sport we have, and gives us the sweetest music under the sun, and at the same time beats a man's skill with the gun. B. W. K.

COCKER CLUB—Whitestone, Long Island, April 20.—The postponed meeting of the Cocker Club Committee will take place on Thursday, April 28, at 3 P. M. The place of meeting will be announced in FOREST AND STREAM of that date, as it is not yet known where a room can be obtained. Notice will also be given at the show. There will also be a general meeting of the members of the Cocker Club on Thursday evening at 8:30 P. M. Members whose names are on the published list, and who are unable to attend will please arrange for sending their proxies if they desire to have their votes recorded. At this meeting the Standard Committee will report, the committee for 1881 be elected, the club be organized and other necessary business be transacted.

GEO. D. MACDOUGALL, Secretary.

Whitestone, L. I., April 20.

KENNEL NOTES

**** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Daisy Scott—Mr. C. E. Scott, Schnectady, N. Y., claims the name of Daisy Scott for his one year old Gordon setter bitch pup, out of Thompson's Bess by Doan's Tom.

Scott—Mr. G. S. Thomnson, Foxboro, Mass., claims the name of Scott for one year old setter pup, out of Bess by Doan's Tom.

Lowell—Claimed by Mr. W. G. Root, McIntyre, Pa., for his Irish setter bitch, purchased from Mr. Blyth. Her markings are red, with a little white on tips of toes. Got by Joel from Gipsey.

Teresa Ann—Mr. W. F. Mickle, Onondaga Valley, N. Y., claims the name of Teresa Ann for his black and tan bitch, out of his Fan by J. Gladstone's Rex Nevis.

General Fry—Mr. B. D. Francis, Brooklyn, L. I., claims the name of General Fry for his black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped April 16, 1880, Rushmore's St. Laurent (Border Lily-Dr. Aten's Glen) out of Lawrence's Freal (Belmont's Fan-Sanho).

Don Bruno—Mr. B. D. Francis, Brooklyn, L. I., claims the name of Don Bruno for his black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped November 8, 1880, Rushmore's St. Laurent (Border Lily-Dr. Aten's Glen) out of Lawrence's Freal (Belmont's Fan-Sanho).

Jennerfield—Mr. B. D. Francis, Brooklyn, L. I., claims the name of Jennerfield for his black and tan Gordon setter bitch whelped April 16, 1880, Rushmore's St. Laurent (Border Lily-Dr. Aten's Glen) out of Lawrence's Freal (Belmont's Fan-Sanho).

Sir Wilfred Lacaster—Claimed by Mr. W. W. Taulman, Nyack, N. Y., for his Gordon setter dog, black and tan, whelped Aug. 15, 1881, out of Luther Conklin's Fan by Cortlandt's dog.

Count Gordan—Claimed by Mr. J. L. Valentino, Nashville, Tenn., for black and tan Gordon pup out of Mr. Martin's Gordon bitch Fanny, by a noted Gordon dog, private stock.

Zero—Claimed by W. H. Miles, Jr., for puppy recently purchased of Mr. Kirk.

Lord Wilf—Mr. Emerson Gaylord, Chicopee, Mass., claims the name of Faithful for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Dec. 9, 1880, by Goodman's Rattler (Ranger-Bess) out of Goodman's Zip (Snapshot-Fanny).

Cap Plunket—Mr. C. W. Patterson, Beaver Falls, Pa., claims the name of Cap Plunket for his dog pup.

Bess—Mr. Charles O. Woodbury, Methuen, Mass., claims the name of Bess for his dark liver and white pointer bitch puppy, whelped Dec. 30, 1880, by Sam out of Countess Nell, bred by Mr John L. Martin, Milford, Mass.

BRED.

Dot-Lofty—Mr. W. J. Embry's (Columbia, Tenn.) setter bitch Dot to Mr. Clarence K. Dean's Lofty (champion Prince-Leda).

Mollie-Coin—Mr. S. T. Mammond's (Springfield, Mass.) Ethan Allen setter bitch Mollie (Boss-Cosey) to Mr. Frank B. Fay's (Boston, Mass.) Coin (Leicester-Rose) April 12.

Elcho—The following bitches have visited champion Elcho: Lhian, owned by Wm. Z. W. Ripley, Rutland, Vt., 23d of March; Dr. Wm. Arvin's Gordon setter Noreen (1st at Dublin 1880), April 6; a bitch owned by M. Wadsworth, Bennington, Vt., April 8, and Dr. Wm. Jarvis' Rose, April 11.

Thorn-Flute—Mr. I. C. Bishop's (Monson, Me.) beagle bitch Thorn (Victor-Lucy) was bred to Mr. N. E. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) Flute (Rattler-Trip), April 14.

Baron-Sport—On 10th inst., Mr. Waycotte's (Toronto) Sussex spaniel Sport to Mr. J. F. Kirk's imported Sussex spaniel Baron.

Blue Belle-Dashing Monarch—E. W. Jester's setter bitch Blue Belle (Rattler-Waddington's Daisy) to Mr. J. C. Higgins' Dashing Monarch, April 11, 1881.

Belle-Rocket—Mr. Ed. Orgill's pointer bitch Belle (Flake-Lily) to same owner's Rocket, April 12.

Belle of Anchorite-Joe, Jr.—Mr. J. Louis Valentino's black, white and tan bitch Belle of Nashville to Mr. G. W. Campbell's champion Joe, Jr.

Gretchen-Kentuck—Mr. A. Winter's Gretchen (McLeod of Dare ex Brunhilda) to Mr. Kentuck (Berkley ex Kirby.)

Mattie Lyle-Jersey Boy—P. Healey's (Gloucester City, N. J.) setter bitch Mattie Lyle to same owner's Jersey Boy.

Scrap-Rory O'More—Mr. M. G. Evert's (Rutland, Vt.) bitch Scrap to champion Rory O'More, of Rory O'More Kennel, Albany, N. Y.

WHELPS.

Norah O'More—Rory O'More Kennel, Albany, N. Y., Irish setter bitch Norah O'More (Berkley-Tilley), winner of 1st prize at New York, 1880, whelped ten puppies, six dogs and four bitches, April 12, by champion Rory O'More.

SALES.

Ben, Jr.—Mr. J. C. Bishop, Monson, Me., has sold to Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., Ben, Jr., whelped Feb. 23, 1881, out of Belle (Fan-Chase) by Ben (Diana-Reno).

Leader—Out of same litter as above; sold to Mr. Henry Stevens, Guilford, Me.

Ray, Jr.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of April 7, in the report of sale of I. V. P. Hoxsie Ray, Jr., to I. L. Thomas is an error in should be O. T. Thomas. Yours respectfully, O. T. THOMAS.

Daisy—Mr. G. S. Thompson, of Foxboro, Mass., has sold to Mr. C. E. Scott, of Schnectady, N. Y., the Gordon setter bitch pup Daisy, one year old. Daisy is out of Bess by Doan's Tom. Bess is out of Thompson's Queen Bess.

Pete II.—Mr. Charles F. Kent, of Monticello, N. Y., has sold to Mr. George M. Tiffany, of Hartford, Conn., the black pointer dog Pete II. *Nellie*—Mr. Chas. F. Kent has sold to Mr. Edward Odell, of New Orleans, La., the red Irish setter bitch Nellie (Plunket-Carrie).

Dash—Mr. Chas. F. Kent has sold to Mr. Edward Odell the red Irish and English setter dog Dash (Doctor-Nelly).

Belle-Music Whelps.—Dr. A. McCollom has sold a brace of pups out of Dr. J. Symington's imported Belle by Dr. J. W. S. Arnold's Music to Geo. H. Everall; also one bitch pup to Chas. M. Wray, all of this city.

Pearl.—Mr. A. H. Moore, of Moorefield Kennel, has sold to E. W. Jester, St. Georges, Del., his imported Italian greyhound bitch Pearl, bred by Wm. Bruce, Esq., Bankside, Falkirk, Scotland. Pearl is by Deerstalker ex Spicy Queen. She took 2d to Mr. Moore's Cream, at Pittsburg, Pa., 1880, and is akin to Weetower and Daisy, noted winners in England and Scotland. Mr. Jester intends using her as a brood bitch. She is entered at the coming New York show by Mr. Moore, and is to be delivered to Mr. J. after it is over.

Rex-Italia Whelps—E. W. Jester has sold to Mr. T. H. Murray, Raleigh, N. C., three bitch puppies; also to Mr. Edward P. Kirby, Jacksonville, Ill., one dog pup out of Italia by Rex, Italian greyhounds, whelped Feb. 2, 1881.

Rose-Elcho Whelps—Of Dr Wm. Jarvis' (Claremont, N. H.) Rosa's last litter, whelped Dec. 6, 1880, by same owner's Elcho, Mr. Thos. Blyth, of McIntyre, Pa., has purchased a dog; Mr. F. G. Bixby, Boston, Mass., a dog; Mr. Leander Lee, East Saginaw, Mich., a dog, and Chas. S. Keller, of Washington, D. C., a dog.

Rory O'More-Magenta Whelps—From Rory O'More Kennel, Albany, N. Y., a pair of red bitches, six weeks old, by champion Rory O'More out of Magenta, to Mr. Wm. Canning, Georgetown, D. C.

Rory O'More-Queen Bess Whelps—From Rory O'More Kennel, a red bitch, eight months old, by champion Rory O'More out of Queen Bess, to Mr. Wm. H. Cox, Newport, Ky.

Frost II.—Capt. C. E. McMurdo, of Stadwell, Va., has sold to Mr. Macdougall, for a gentleman in Canada, the lemon and white setter bitch Frost II., by Gladstone-Frost, she by Leicester-Victress. Frost II. was broken by Capt. McMurdo, is a grand field bitch and very handsome. She was bred to Count Dan (Carlowitz-Queen Bess) before leaving Stadwell. Price was $250.

Budge—The Lachine Kennel Club, Whitestone, L. I., have sold their imported 4½ pound Yorkshire terrier Budge, by Cavanagh's Dreadnaught, to a gentleman in Memphis, Tenn.

IMPORTATIONS.

Cockers—The steamer Romana from Hull, England, which has just arrived in this port, had on board a brace of black spaniels consigned to Mr. E. B. Goldsmith, Forwarding Agent for the Kennels of Messrs. C. B. Cummings & Son, South Acworth, N. H. The following description of the brace has been kindly sent by Mr. Goldsmith, which, although rather long, we publish in full:

The dog Brush II. by champion Brush out of champion Rhea. Brush and Rhea are considered to be the best brace of black spaniels in England by long odds. Brush is illustrated in Stonehenge's book, "Dogs of British Islands," and is winner of over seventy prizes and cups. Rhea is winner of 74 first prizes and cups. Brush II. is of an intense ebony black color, not a white hair on him, and with the exception of weight (which is a little less) measures very near in his sires (Brush) inches. Flat coat, low build, long-headed dog of fine appearance, and as to his head, legs and feet, I have never seen them equalled. Blackie II. by champion Beau out of champion Blackie. Beau has won, since July, 1880, when he was exhibited for first time, ten first prizes and two second. Blackie is sister to Brush, and has won fifteen first prizes and cups, and is less than three years old. Blackie II. is somewhat smaller than Brush II., flat coat, long lean body, strong legs and feet, and such a head and ears as I would have made to order; and her color is the finest jet black, with a most beautiful polish. In fact she is a bitch of any amount of substance and of rare quality. The brace were bred by Mr. Arthur H. Easten, of Hull, England, one of the most successful exhibitors of black spaniels in that country. As the black spaniel is all the rage in England and fast coming in style in this country, this brace ought to prove a valuable acquisition to Messrs. Cummings & Sons' Kennels.

DEATH.

Quail—New York, April 11.—My setter dog Quail dropped dead yesterday without a moment's warning, being in apparently good health. I had, however, noticed during the past week a difficulty in his breathing in going upstairs or in jumping around in play. I think the cause must have been heart disease. Can you perhaps enlighten me?

F. O. DE LUZE.

Your surmise is probably correct. Nothing but a post-mortem could positively determine.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

128. W. M. G.—My setter bitch, sound in every particular, is annoyed by a continual jerking of the left fore-leg. Very nervous in same shoulder. Age. She has chorea—St. Vitus' dance. Careful attention to her general health with plenty of exercise in the open air may improve her condition. A pill of nux vomica, ½ grain; valerianate of zinc, 1 grain, and quinine 2 grains, given two or three times a day, will also aid her recovery.

129. WANNALAMIT.—The dog has mange, and should be treated accordingly. You cannot, however, cure him if deprived of proper exercise, and care in feeding and kenneling.

130. Doc.—I have a setter gyp 8 months old that sucks eggs. Can either you or any of your readers tell me how I can cure her? Ans. "Doctor" a few eggs with cayenne pepper, and leave them for her to suck.

131. E. G. C., Norwalk, O.—What is the best method to dry up a bitch's milk after having a litter of pups. Is it best or necessary to cut off the tip end of a pup's tail in order to have it straight and not curl. Ans. Rub the teats with camphorated oil twice a day, and gradually remove the puppies. Docking the tail is now out of fashion.

Use Hop Bitters once and you will use no other medicine. Test it.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SKIRMISHERS' PRIZE.—The conditions of the new Travers prize at Creedmoor, in accordance with the suggestions of Major Gen. Hancock, have been fixed as follows: Skirmishers' Match, to be shot at Creedmoor, during the ninth annual Fall Prize meeting of the National Rifle Association. Conditions—Open to members of the regular army, navy, marine corps, national guard, volunteers or militia of any country, State or Territory. Competitors to be in uniform (jacket, cap, trousers, belt and cartridge box or belt). Distance 600 to 200 yards; second-class targets. Weapon, any military rifle, except repeating rifles. Competitors form in single rank, in squads, in rear of the 600-yard firing point, opposite the targets to which they are assigned, each having his ammunition in his cartridge-box or belt, and to be numbered from the right. At command of the officer in charge, the man in each squad whose number is called advances to his firing point (600 yards) and loads. At the bugle call, or other signal, each competitor then assumes the double time and advances toward the target, taking his alignment from the guide designated until a second signal is sounded, when he halts, assuming any position he may, and continues loading and firing in his discretion until the next signal, which will be given twenty seconds after the command "halt," when he rises and again advances in double time until the signal "halt and commence firing" is again sounded. When the competitors arrive at about 200 yards from the targets the signal "skirmishers in retreat" is sounded, when they face about and return over the same ground, firing as before, the rifles to be carried on the right shoulder in retreating. Five halts are made in advancing and five in retreating, competitors firing as they please, not to exceed twenty shots in all, but must fire at least once at each halt. Upon arriving at the 600-yard firing point the signal to "cease firing" is sounded, when the markers examine the targets and signal the total number of hits upon each, as follows: 80 many bullseyes, centres, inners and outers. The practice is continued in this manner until all the competitors have fired. Five points will be deducted from a competitor's score for each failure to fire at least one shot at each halt, for each shot fired after a signal to cease fire has been sounded, or for each shot found on his target in excess of twenty. A competitor firing on a wrong target will be at once debarred from further competition. Entrance fee, 50 cents for each entry. Re-entries permitted to the extent that time and target accommodations will allow in the discretion of the Executive Officer in charge of the match. Prizes—1st, gold badge or other prize, presented by Mr. William R. Travis, costing $100; 2d and 3d, $30 and $25, respectively; 4th and 5th, $10 each, offered by General Hancock; 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th, $5 each, offered by N. R. A.; 15 prizes, cash and badge, $250.

MARKSMAN'S BADGES.—At their last regular meeting the Directors of the National Rifle Association, on motion of Judge Gildersleeve, adopted the following:

"WHEREAS, The decision of the military authorities of the State of New York to discontinue the further issue of marksmen's badges to its National Guard will result in so largely impairing the skill in rifle practice which they have attained as to call upon the National Rifle Association to do what it can to supply their place, it is, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the President be requested to ascertain from the Adjutant-General whether National Guardsmen, qualifying at their own expense in matches of this Association (as was allowed prior to 1880) will be recognized by the State as 'marksmen,' and whether, if the National Rifle Association should decide to continue the issue of the marksmen's badges to those so qualifying without cost to the State, it will be permitted to use the die for the purpose of having them made."

If it is made to apply to the whole State the offer of the N. R. A. is a generous one and should be accepted.

In accordance with this resolution the following letter was sent to Adjutant-General Fred Townsend:

General: The decision of the State authorities to discontinue the further issue of the "Sportman's Badge" to the National Guard of the State of New York, as regarded by the National Rifle Association as inevitably tending to greatly impair not only the interest in that important part of the soldier's duty, the use of the rifle, which it has sought to create among the National Guard, but

also, in its opinion, to largely diminish the military efficiency of that organization. The Association has, therefore, considered it to be its duty (if the State, from economy or other cause, withdraws the badge), to endeavor, if possible, to offer a badge of some description in its place on its own account. I would esteem it a favor if you would inform us as to whether, in case such a badge should be so provided, the State will recognize scores made by National Guardsmen in the matches of the National Rifle Association, or of any other regular Rifle Association at 200 and 500 yards, as qualifying them "as marksmen" in the manner allowed prior to 1880, it being understood, of course, that they be at their own expense for transportation, ammunition, &c. Also whether or not the National Rifle Association will be permitted to use the die now in the possession of the Department of Rifle Practice for the purpose of manufacturing marksmen's badges at their own expense. It is desirable, for many reasons, to keep up the Game badge, and if the State does not intend to issue them hereafter it would seem as if there could be no objection to the National Rifle Association undertaking to do so. I have the honor to be, General,

Yours very respectfully,
(Signed), WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, Pres. N. R. A.

To Major-General Frederick Townsend,
Adjutant-General N. G. S. N. Y.

BOSTON, April 16.—The spring shooting shows the result of careful practice during the winter, and the return of fine days does not show any of that rustiness which is to be met with in many ranges where the marksmen lie fallow all winter. The attendance to-day at Walnut Hill, light in the early morning, was largely increased by the midday train, and the pavilion had a fair showing of riflemen in the afternoon. In the early stages of the shooting the snow on the ground before the butts prevented good sighting and the participants complained of blindness. Later on the warm sun disposed of the white mantle. The wind at noon was blowing quite a little gale, although steady, the dial indicating, between 9 to 10 o'clock, west. The targets stood out boldly from the crevice of the fine a week ago, on a dark background. Later on in the day the wind changed several points and came in fitful gusts, requiring constant change in windage. The sky also became overcast and better work was accomplished. The following are the best scores from among a large number of entries:

Record Match (Massachusetts Target).

A C Gould	10	11	11	10	11	10	12	12	—77
E Bennett	12	12	10	11	10	10	12	—77
J A Gorham	11	9	11	11	12	11	11	—77
G B Frost	11	10	11	11	10	11	12	—76
H L Lee	11	12	9	11	11	10	10	—76
D Emerson	10	10	12	9	12	10	11	—74
J N Frye	11	10	11	12	12	9	9	—74
E Benson	11	12	10	9	11	10	10	—73
G A Curtis	10	11	10	10	12	9	10	—72
J Nason	11	9	11	12	11	11	8	—71
B Edwards	10	11	12	9	11	10	7	—69

Record Match (Creedmoor).

H L Lee	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	—47
A C Adams	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	—46
A C Gould	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	—46
C Appleton	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	—44
E A Borel	4	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	—44
I N Frye	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	—44
I Sebastian	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	—44
A L Burt	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	4	—43
E Emerson	4	4	4	3	5	4	5	4	—41
J Baldwin	2	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	—35

THE MAGNOLIA GALLERY, Boston, has been well filled day and evening and the best work of the season has been done. Cram still leads in the Badge match. In the Forest and Stream match Mr. G. C. Arthur has a lead of two points over Harris, who follows for 245. The Pistol match is still very popular, and Mr. Dunn leads. Mr. Williams is at champion's mantlet, while Ames is a good third. The Forest and Stream match will close this month and it looks now as if Arthur would be the successful winner of the elegant trophy offered for the best five scores. The week's summary in all the matches follows:

Badge Match.

Cram	49	49	49	49	49	—245
Drew	48	48	48	48	49	—241
Harris	48	47	48	46	45	—234
Mayo	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	—47
White	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	—47
Twiss	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	4	—46
Merrill	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	—45

Forest and Stream Match.

Arthur	49	49	50	49	—247
Harris	49	49	49	49	—245
Farnham	49	48	49	48	—241
Cummings	47	48	48	48	—229
Gilman	47	47	47	47	—225

Pistol Match (Ready-Measurement Target).

	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Totals.
C Dunn	5 7-16	6⅝	7⅛	19 7-16
J H Williams	7 15-16	7⅞	8	23 15-16
J Ames	8¼	8⅞	7 15-16	24 9-16
H Mayo	9⅜	9⅜	8½	27
J C McCoy	10 1-16	10⅜	10⅝	30 15-16
F Worth	11½	11 1-16	12½	34 9-16
T Tryon	11½	12⅛	9⅛	31⅞
T Brown	11⅝	10⅜	10⅛	32⅞
J Mead	12⅛	11⅜	9⅛	32⅝

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—Amateur Badge Match.—The work in this match has commenced in good earnest. The following are the best scores:

W Williams	35	36	36	37	37	—181
D P Holder	35	35	36	36	37	—179
C Leon	35	33	33	32	31	—164
F B Whitmarsh	32
S M Wiswell	31
J Wolff	27	29

Amateur Pistol Match.

W Williams	44	48	53	—145	C Edwards	27	23	47	—102
J R Scott	38	45	57	—130					

Limited Badge Match.

C Edwards	36	36	37	18	35	—162	C R Bartlett	36	36	37
W M Norcross	35	36	36	36	36	—179				

Forest and Stream Match.

W H Harrison	39	39	39	39	—195
D N Sherburne	39	38	38	38	38—191
N W Arnold	37	38

Experts' Pistol Match.

J H Williams	66	69	69	—204	W Gardner	52	55	60	—167
E Wilder	64	66	67	—197	W Harrison	47	57	64	—162

The shooting in both the above matches has been remarkably good during the week, Harrison has increased his score 3 points, D. N. Sherburne two points.

GARDNER, Mass., April 14.—The Gardner Rifle Club have elected the following officers: President, H. C. Knowlton; Vice President, C. O. Bent; Secretary and Treasurer, F. E Nichols; Executive Committee, G. F. Ellsworth, S. P. Hildreth. At the last shoot by the club, distance 200 yards, off hand, there were two scores to each man. An inch ring and Creedmoor target was used. The totals were as follows:

	R	C		R	C
J N Dodge	184	93	F H Knowlton	146	89
G F Ellsworth	168	92	A Matthews	142	87
H S Pierce	165	91	G G Goodale	142	86
J E Newton	152	88	C Merritt	121	83
S B Hildreth	150	88	Wm Austin	110	83

HOPKINTON, Mass., April 14.—The Sportsmen's Club have had a practice at their grounds on the Woodside road. A Card rotary trap, with an 18 yards rise, was used. The following is the score made: William G. Story 26 out of 55, Chas. H. Rose 26 out of 54, F. E. Tucker 29 out of 49, Nat Remick 9 out of 25, James Braithwait 8 out of 10, Fred Ward 26 out out of 25, C. E. Claflin 17 out of 35, S. A. Smith 15 out of 25, Elmer Temple 18 out of 29, E. R. Rose 5 out of 10. In shooting five pairs of balls between Smith and Stone, the latter broke them all. The contests for the season of shooting make the following order: C. H. Rose, W. G. Stone, F. Wood, 1st; F. Wood, C. H. Rose, F. E. Tucker, 2d; Elmer Temple, F. Wood, C. H. Rose, 3d.

AT Wakefield, Mass., Saturday evening, April 9, on an illuminated target, T. Baxter, of Stoneham, made the most remarkable shooting on record. Starting with two sighting shots, for which he received bullseyes, he made four clean scores of seven shots each, making thirty consecutive bullseyes.

THE spring meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association will probably take place at Walnut Hill June 16, 17 and 18. The opening long-range match will probably commence at Walnut Hill Wednesday, April 27.

NEW YORK, April 15.—The club Knickerbocker Club, Col. H. G. Litchfield, President, shot a match with the Brooklyn Amateurs' Club Friday night at the New York Ride Gallery, Capt. Rocke as captain of the ten men from Brooklyn and Capt. H. Oehl of the New Yorkers. Very good holding was done as the scores will show:

Brooklyn.		New York.	
Case	46	Joiner	45
White	47	Fenning	49
Anderson	47	Smith, jr	45
Hull	43	Miller	47
Naughton	42	Judson	45
Donaldson	49	Riggs	48
Taynton	45	Dodd	45
Hazzelton	46	Hall	32
Falco	46	Oehl	45
Rocke	44	Brown	46
Total	451	Total	457

ALBANY.—Three matches were shot at Rensselaerwyck range April 14. Whilst the condition of the weather was not all that could be desired, some remarkably good scores were made. Major Fitch showed that he still maintained his steadiness of nerve by winning all the matches. The scores are given below:

Life membership match—200 yards.

Wm E Fitch, Bal. S	5	4	5	5	5	4	4—32
Royal I Green, S. M	*2	4	5	4	4	4	4—32
James I Miles, Bal. S	4	4	4	5	5	5	4—31
Theodore Mosher, Bal. S	4	5	4	5	5	4	4—31
G H Charles, Bal. S	4	4	5	4	4	4	5—30
J Haugdon Wood, S. M	*2	4	4	4	4	4	4—30
William T Miles, Bal. S	4	3	4	5	4	4	5—29
A Thorne, S. M	*2	4	4	4	3	4	4—29
A Carpenter, Bal. S	4	4	3	4	4	4	4—27
C G Cheever, R. M	*2	4	3	4	3	3	5—27

Fifteen duplicate cartridges.

Breecher Gun Match—200 yards.

Wm E Fitch, Bal. S	5	4	5	5	—23
G H Charles, Bal. S	5	4	5	4	5	—23
J I Miles, Bal. S	4	4	5	5	—22
Royal I Green, S. M	4	4	5	4	—21

A Thorne, S. M.....4 5 3 5—21
Wm T Miles, Bal. S.4 3 5 4 4—20
A Lyre, S. M.....5 4 3 4 4—20

Reloader Match—200 yards.

Wm E Fitch, Bal. S	5	5	5	4	—24
J I Miles, Bal. S	4	5	5	4	—23
Theo Mosher, Bal. S	5	4	5	4	—23

G H Charles, Bal. S.....4 4 5 4—21
R L Green, S. M.....*1 3 4 4 4—20
W T Miles, Bal. S.....3 4 4 4—19

* Allowance to military rifles.

SCHUTZEN NOTES.—On Monday, May 2, a grand champion shooting match will take place at the Newark Schuzen Park, Newark, N. J., under the following conditions: Entrance $10, 100 shots each shooter, distance 200 yards, off hand, ring target, 23 centre. The first best receives 40 per cent. of the entrance fee, the second best 30 per cent., the third best 20 per cent., and the fourth best 10 per cent., open to all citizens. Shooters are cordially invited to participate. As it is expected that a great many shooters will come, the match will open at 11 o'clock in the morning.—A.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., April 9.—At the meeting of the Chautauqua Sportsmen's Association, on the Marion range, yesterday, some pretty good shooting was done for this place. Mr. H. V. Perry, the President of the association, has, of course, the best record, 100 shots each shooter, distance 200 yards, three scores of 10 shots, or 30 shots, to constitute the prize string; 10 shots each week and no re-entries allowed. Out of ten men who have shot yesterday, seven of them scored above 40 in the possible 50, as follows: S. N. Ayres, 48; A. Fresser, 45; R. H. Harris, 44; S. V. Fenner, 43; Dr. A. F. Ward, 42; Hon. W. S. Cameron, 41; H. W. Watson, 41—B.

NEW ORLEANS, April 10.—The first of the Denver prizes, a magnificently-mounted stag's head and antlers, having been the occasion of much good practice on the part of the New Orleans riflemen, a second gift has been received from the Denver shooters. It is a buffalo head and horns, a fit ornament for any sportsman's room. The last contest for it took place to-day on the New Orleans Rifle Club ranges. The distances were 200 and 500 yards—200 yards off-hand, five shots each man each range, military rifles, five men on each team and Creedmoor rules to govern. There were five entries—two from the Continental Guards, two from the Louisiana Field Artillery and one from the Washington Artillery. Battery C of the Louisiana Field Artillery was the winner, as the following score will show:

Battery C, Louisiana Field Artillery.

	200 Yards.					500 Yards.					
Weiss	4	3	4	4	—19	3	5	3	4	5—20	—39
Schwind	4	4	4	4	—20	4	5	2	2	4—17	—37
Guerin	3	3	3	4	—17	2	4	4	0	4—14	—31
Fortier	5	3	3	5	5—21	4	5	3	4	4—20	—41
Bercegeay	4	4	3	4	—19	3	5	3	5	4—20	—39
Team total											187

Company C, Washington Artillery.

W W Charlton	3	4	0	3	—13	3	3	4	3	—17—30
G W Charlton	2	3	4	3	—12	4	5	4	4	—20—36
Selph	4	4	4	4	—16	4	5	4	4	—21—37
Ames	4	4	3	4	—15	2	5	2	3	—14—33
Sporl	4	4	5	4	5—22	2	2	2	4	—14—36
Team total										172

Team No. 1, Continental Guards.

Henry	4	3	4	4	—15	3	0	5	3	—14—34
Howe	3	3	4	4	—17	9	4	2	2	—14—31
Franklin	4	5	4	3	4—20	3	4	3	5	4—19—39
Knight	4	3	4	5	4—20	0	0	4	3	5—12—32
Thomas	2	4	2	4	2—14	0	0	3	2	4—9—23
Team total										157

Battery B, Louisiana Field Artillery.

Salleng	3	3	4	4	—15	2	0	0	0	—2—29
Keating	4	3	3	3	4—20	2	0	0	2	4—8—28
Despommier	3	4	4	2	5—16	0	3	0	0	—3—19
Thompson	4	4	4	3	—19	5	5	5	5	—25—44
Montgomery	3	1	4	2	2—14	2	2	3	5	—16—49
Team total										129

Team No. 2, Continental Guards.

Maltby	4	3	3	3	2—15	2	0	4	3	2—11—26
Pierce	2	3	4	3	4—16	4	2	2	5	—15—31
Brown	3	2	2	1	0—8	2	0	0	2	0—4—12
Gilpin	3	2	3	0	2—9	0	0	2	2	6—4—13
Hasan	3	2	3	0	3—11	0	4	3	3	2—12—23
Team total										113

THE TRAP.

TOPEKA SPRING TOURNAMENT.—We are in receipt of the programme for a grand spring tournament at Topeka, Kansas, April 26, 27 and 28. Four prizes add up about $5,000 in cash, besides three guns and other prizes. We notice that there are not two prizes wherein the birds and rise, etc., are the same. Ground traps and English rules are introduced. We find purse No. 14 to be $1,000, 50 birds, 3 ground traps, English rules, entrance $100, open to the world. Entries will be made by Gwynne Price, Fred Erb, Jr., J. M. Hersey, W. H. Eller, Jos. Block, J. H. McGee, E. Werk, Bingham Davis, etc. Also purse No. 18, 50 birds, 21 yards rise, entrance $100. Entries will be such noted shots as Haworth, Fred Erb, Jr., Hersley, Eller, and many others. The special prizes are as follows: Parker Bros. breech-loading shot-gun, value $125; Fox breech-loading shot-gun, value $110; Baker breech-loading shot-gun, value $100; 12 cans Orange Lightning powder; 1 Osgood canvas boat; 1 Cook's & Bro. canvas boat

ling beyond the flanges, and to this wood the plank is fastened after the frames are faired thoroughly by the adze. The frames are spaced 20 in., and in wake of the lead intermediate ones are introduced timbers up to 3 tons-and-a-half stringer plate. The least freeboard is 3 ft. amp the rudder head 13 ft. forward of the stern. The mast is 52 ft., deck to hounds, and bowsprit 13½ ft. outboard. Hoist of mainsail, 28 ft. Total area of sail, 1,044 sq. ft., being nearly twice as much as that of some ten tonners she may meet, and even a third larger than the latest narrow-legged machine of only one season ago. Accommodations (the Evolution has about equal to a 24-ft. sloop; save in height, which is 7 ft. The cabin floor is only 2 ft. wide, and if the side lockers are turned into berths for the night there is only a few inches between. The length is limited by the "racing rule," which ends being too fine for any door at all. As a tonnage cheater and a good mechanical job the Evolution is without a peer. As a good serviceable yacht for the money she is simply grotesque. Yet there are many who insist that her room is the outcome of following natural laws, and are blind to the fact that her construction is due to nothing beyond a clumsy, silly-brained way of matching upon fictitious size by a rule utterly devoid of the faintest trace of sense. The day that such a logical rule of measurement is introduced in its place will also see the Evolution consigned to the mud to rot. We suggest as a fitting tribute to the memory of the noble band of 34 who have given such a housewarming a year's lease of life, a plate with their names engraved prominently affixed to Evolution's deck with this inscription:

Here lies the Evolution,
Thirty-four tons' contribution.
To our modern naval science
These wonders bid defiance;
They thought such a fool perfection
Became a national question,
Tonning twice the rest of the fleet,
'Twas after all nothing great she should beat.

THE NORSEMAN SCHOONER.

DURING the winter months the Pollion Bros., Brooklyn, have been busy on one of the few odd jobs in the way of yacht building undertaken in New York this year. Like shipbuilding, the business is confined to a few hands, and these have driven away from the neighborhood. Through whose fault we will not say, though exorbitant wages exacted by trades unions, the prevalent opinion that it is a duty to get rich on a single contract a year, a persistent neglect to conform to modern ideas concerning the model and fittings of yachts, and, we may add, the lack (with one or two exceptions) of any "practical" man who has made his mark at whittling out success-ful boats, all contribute their quota to sending orders away from home. Of contracts for half a dozen large schooners placed by New York owners this year, one solitary one has been secured to the city's water front, and that because the same parties last year built the Norna, a ship which pleased Mr. Goelet's fancy so that he preferred going to the same builders himself, though choosing to overlook the real source of Norna's model. It cannot be said that Townsend's proposals to combine the best points of other vessels, the results however not being very encouraging. His want of success is attributable to rather too much advice from many cooks, and could he but free himself from the dogmas of the light draft beamy school in his large schooners, give them less of the tub in shape and more ease all around by reducing beam, increasing depth, hanging some of his ballast outside and cutting down rig accordingly, the prospects of the Pollion's turning out something for the world to admire would be materially heightened. We are no counselling the building of "plank on edge," but would like to see preference given to a type not altogether box with the bilges dubbed away, but an easy ship, by far the superior of the customary clumsy affairs we launch as soon as any one speaks of cruising, and on the other hand are not much superior to a sandbag, long-nosed nondescripts like certain of our racing schooners, in many of which, knowing nothing better, we take such unwarranted pride. A foot or so less beam and one added to depth, with a 10 to 15 tons ballast outside, would have made all the difference in the world, a faster boat, better in a sea, snugger in rig and handsomer to the eye, while in practice no one would have missed the difference in beam, of which there is now more than practically available for an economic distribution of accommodations below.

It has been stated that the craft now launched bears resemblance to Dauntless, then again to Sappho, and so on. No such likeness exists. The Norseman, for that is her name, is manifestly an attempt to blend what her modeler took to be the best points of Intrepid and Norna, and similarly to Dauntless is apparent all over. The attempt, though, certainly seems to have miscarried, for the new schooner is not the equal of either of the two excellent ships which emanated from Mr. A. Cary Smith's drawing-table. Imagine a barrel-like mid-ship section carried fore and aft, giving a "plump body of breadth," or nearly so, a short, hollow bow, the turn of the bilge run clear up to the knight-heads, making a hard convex flare above; sit rather broad and ample quarters, running into a nondescript overhang, with the counter of a "down-Easter," a very long floor and, as a redeeming feature, a clear run; couple with all this a plump post, moderate rocker, gulpe fairly well cut away, a strikingly homely cutwater and a handsome sheer thoroughly spoiled by a straggtish rail, failing to rise correspondingly at the ends; give to the yacht spars which in their stepping and proportions might well be matched on for those of Intrepid; finish off in very plain style inboard, not forgetting paint-bedabbed bulwarks; sky lights very properly snug in dimensions, and a broad, clear deck platform—and you have this latest addition to the fleet of the New York Y. C., a schooner presenting nothing new or radical, very far from being a beauty, but withal a tolerably fair sort of ship for all-round work, like a great many others which have preceded; good enough, perhaps, and all that an owner not *au fait* in such matters may desire in his ends.

Ship there seems little to find fault with, though old-fashioned notions prevail in some minor points of fittings and finish, and the water-front artist has been indulged in his usual spurge of clumsily-conceived "curlyque" ornament about the bow. Perhaps this is hardly deserving of praise about this ship is her strong and well-finished job of rigging. Whether a round sum was paid for the work or whether the "boss" is a constitutionally honest man, his job will speak for itself wherever seen, and we do not hesitate to commend others in need of a rigger's services to give the Pollions their preference. Any one good to look at his neat leather eyes and his conscientious serving. There was no shirking or scamping while he was about, and no one can say that the Norseman shows Cheap John aloft. Let us hope she will fall into hands that know how to appreciate such honest work and how to keep it up to man-of-war standard.

The schooner is 131 ft. over all, 112 ft. water-line and 107 ft. keel, with a beam of 25 ft. and 11½ ft. depth of hold and drawing 11 ft. of water as expected, to carry 80 tons ballast on keel, mainly outside, 10, though that is still an open question, no one having figured either displacement or weight of hull, such matters being left to good luck. Keel, stem and post of selected white oak, the former 30 in. deep, below rabbet amidships. Frames of oak, 6x9 in. at floors, tapering to 6x7 in. bilge, moulds. Locust stanchions for the bulwarks above plank of oak, on sides 8 in. and on bottom 2½ in. Ceiling of yellow pine, 3½x6 in. Deck beams of yellow pine, 4x12 and 6x10 in., the deck being handsomely laid with 3x3 in. white pine, edge-fastened. Planking of yellow pine, 3 in. thick, of oak, 3½ in. thick. Bulwarks are 30 in. high and coamings and deck fittings of the usual mahogany. The interior decorations will be correct in style, rich, yet chaste, a fact which is very seldom to be observed in our large schooners of late years, when passengers incorporate their notions of unerretricious and inappropriate decoration, "slathered about loose," with longshore ideas borrowed from gorgeous hotel parlors and palatial barber shops. In employing an architect to design the interior lastity the owner of Norseman certainly took an intelligent view of the matter, leaving such matters to the clumsy and "loud" conceptions of a steamboat artist is all wrong, and the legitimate designer's work is always worth the money in the end, as the finest vessel may be spoiled in appearance by the bad taste of persons not up to the work of employing in the decorating of a mansion or house on shore. If Mr. Goelet had also called to his side a competent designer to shape Norseman's hull he would have obtained even more for his money. The spars of the new ship are of moderate dimensions, cruising rather than racing being kept in mind, as shown by the old-fashioned plan of ballasting adopted—only about 20 tons, we believe, to go between the bents, the rest in pig lead stowed high up on the floor. This makes an easier ship at sea, and for cruising under snug rig is actually preferable to outside ballast, a craft of so large a size. The masts are if the builders probably felt into this way of ballasting simply because accustomed to nothing else and too old to change their ideas in conformity with modern experience. The mainmast is 99 ft.; foremast, 90 ft.; both topmasts, 45 ft.—very fair sticks, it may be added, but ready to come down when not wanted aloft. Bowsprit, outboard, 20 ft.; jibboom and flying-jibboom in one, fitted to house, 18 ft. and 6 ft., with a short pole beyond to stow the jib-topsail. Mainboom, 74 ft.; gaff, 35 ft.; gooseneck, 32½ ft. and gaff the same. The masts are if and 29 in. in partners. Anchors, 600 and 800 lbs., with a galvanized Perley capstan to do the heaving. For steering a No. 4 Wells' power gear will be used. The canvas of Norseman is being stitched by a Provincial concern and it is to be hoped will turn out something better than a fair at for a whaler. Mr. Goelet will take his old skipp r out of the Haze, recently sold, and Capt. John Cauly will no doubt keep his new charge up to the mark in the way of white decks, taut rigging and clean brass work. The cost of the new schooner may be set down in the neighborhood of $55,000.

SMALL CRUISING YACHTS.

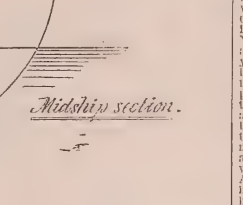
Editor Forest and Stream:

We sadly want an improvement on the existing catboat, and in my mind the wide keel-boats building in this section are no real advancement. No attention having been given to cutting down the inverted surface they require larger sails than the easier bodied ones drive them. Some time ago my attention was directed to these small boats, and for amusement I made a draft of a 20-ft. L. W. L. boat. I will briefly give you my reasons for the style I adopted. A 20-ft. boat under any circumstances will be used nine times out of ten for afternoon sailing, and it will be very seldom that the owner will care about staying aboard beyond a night or two. Now, in my mind cabin accommodations are not worth the loss of other qualities, which common sailing, etc., I don't want every boat to sail round me, but I want to hold my own with the best of them. You claim your boat will exceed them in a breeze, and so she will, but I want a boat to excel yours in rough work, and to beat them in light and yet to have an honest craft, unexcitable.

In my mind it is possible to combine these qualities, but the only way to do it is by making an easy boat to drive, and then by making her capable of carrying all the sail necessary. This can be brought about by moderate beam, but only by bringing the centre of gravity down by making the proportion of ballast to displacement very large. You will readily see that if I have a boat with her C. G. below the centre of buoyancy, I can on a foot less beam outcarry you in proportion to driving power required to produce a certain speed.

My feeling more less beam is offset by my boats having a ratio of ballast to displacement. Ballast divided by displacement, 0.40, while your boat is, ballast divided by displacement, 0.33.

This on a proportion of length to cube root of displacement of 4.75, while yours is 4.3. Increasing your boat to agree with mine on L. W. L., you have:



	Yours.	Mine.
Displacement, tons	3.25	2.39
Ballast	2,420 lbs.	3,583 lbs.
Boat	4,841 lbs.	1,500 lbs.
Area M. S.	10.53	7.46
Ballast: displacement	0.33	.70

I believe with proper care a 20 ft. boat, half decked, can be built and only weigh 1,500 lbs., including spars, which I should probably have made of paper by the compressed pulp process, and my idea be borne out by the opinion of one of the best builders here. This is the point I put all stress upon, and it is the only way to make a safe, honest, uncapsizable boat beat a centreboarder in any weather. The elements in my design are briefly these: Length, L. W. L., 20 ft.; beam, L. W. L., 5.3 ft.; beam, extreme, 6 ft.; draft, 3.75 ft.; freeboard, 19 in.; displacement, 2.39 tons; area, M. S., 7.46 sq. ft.; length of forebody, 10.70 ft.; length of after body, 9.30 ft.; radius of construction circle for cycloidal after body, 1.8; ballast on keel, lead, 3,580 lbs., and none inside.

I like the shape of your boat very much, and she should be an able, comfortable little craft. It is a great pity, however, that she has to be so heavy in her build. If something could be saved in weight there and added to ballast she would be wonderfully improved. I hope the people who are going to build from the lines will lighten her scantlings. CRUISER.

The remarks of our correspondent concerning the advisability of saving weight in hull and adding to ballast are sound. But in the design for small boat published in this journal recently, racing was not kept in view so much as cruising. By building lighter and using more thorough fastening a good deal might be gained in the direction pointed out without losing strength. We adopted heavier scantling than necessary in figuring the centre of gravity so as to be on the safe side. Our design was also intended as a cheap boat both as to ballast and frame.

QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB.—There is a good deal of life among Delaware yachtsmen and the leading spirits are pushing things in a way we like to see. The Quaker City Y. C. will make an extended squadron cruise to the southward in July and join the Baltimore fleet, and if is even said that a voyage to New York waters is contemplated. This, we hope, may come to pass. Of course the smaller boats will sail through decacy by mule power, but there'no owns many fine cabin sloops which should try the outside voyage much to the instruction of their crews in many ways and to the "glory" of their handsome club burgee. No doubt many of the club are well enough aware of the attractions of the Chesapeake for cruising, without our calling attention to the beauties of the rivers, bays, the broad-mouthed rivers, expanding estuaries, historic old towns, the teeming commerce picking its way up to the monumental city and the genuine swell of the sea heaving in past the roads and felt for many miles up the bay. There you can have river, lake and sea just as you choose, and rods and lines need never be dry nor guns allowed to rust. The Chesapeake is a paradise for tar and sportsman alike.

LAUNCHED.—Mr. Ogden Goelet's new schooner was launched from Pollion's yard, Brooklyn, April 20. She is 150 ft. long, 26 ft. beam and 11 ft. deep. Said to cost about about $30,000 complete.

INTREPID.—This schooner Mr. Lloyd Phœnix refused to sail in the Nice regatta on account of the old Y. R. A. rule of measurement being in force.

COOPER'S POINT YACHT CLUB.—The club now has a change of its length rule under consideration.

CANOES IN ENGLAND.—The London *Field* has the following in a recent issue: "That canoe sailing, apart from racing, is becoming increasingly popular may be inferred from the number of these craft which have been built during the last few years, and the fact that very few are 'for sale;' and it is not surprising that this should be so when we remember the varied use to which these craft should be put —namely, pleasure, sailing, match sailing, paddling, cruising on almost any waters, camping and sleeping in, fishing, shooting, &c., and working alone or in squadron. Their cost is comparatively small, and their 'keep' trifling.

"Their handling in a race is by no means mere 'boatmanship,' and it would take a crack yachtsman all his time to keep a canoe bottom downward and get her best speed out when first attempting to sail a sailing canoe in a club match."

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

THE ASSOCIATION BOOK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since last fall the Secretary of the American Canoe Association has enrolled nearly one hundred members who reside in widely separated localities of the United States and Canada. The West has shown great enthusiasm in the new impetus given to canoeing by the Canoe Congress which met at Lake George, N. Y., last August. The Cleveland, Ohio, the Detroit, Mich., and the new organized canoe club of Minneapolis, Minn., which has a membership at the start of sixty-two canoeists, have not yet been enrolled. These and the Toronto Canoe Club just organized and two or three other new clubs have yet to come into the Association. As the object of the Association of reuniting canoeists in perfecting the present association becomes understood applications for membership increase, and we hope to have a large addition to our numbers, as the time for the great gathering at Lake George approaches. The Racine boat Co.—Hoopes Kane & Co., of Chicago, Ill.—have notified me that they will contribute a beautiful canoe, which will be put up for a prize at the regatta, and Mr. J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., has informed me that he will send a prize canoe costing $100. Hoopes reports me that one or two Canadi n canoe builders are instructing canoes to be sent to the August meeting; others will send prize paddles, etc. A Canadian fleet of canoes will probably reach the Canoe Islands, lake George, about the 9th of August. The meeting will commence August 11 and the races will take place during the week of the meeting week. The regatta Committee is now being made up and will be issued as soon as the rest bbutors of prizes send in their written propositions to the Secretary.

The chief object I have in placing this communication before your readers at this time is to call their attention to the fact that the "Association Book," which is to contain the list of clubs and members enrolled in the American Canoe Association, will be issued within a few weeks. It is very important for the encouragement of this work of uniting canoeists in brotherhood all persons who desire to promote the pastime of canoeing that every true friend of the cause shall unite with the pioneers in this enterprise and join the association during the first year of its life and struggles. We are working hard to attain our object. We have nearly one hundred gentlemen's names on our list, all "good men and true." If the Canoe Congress lately organized in the West join our company our numbers will exceed two hundred. All this will have been accomplished within eight or ten months from the meeting of the first Congress. The American Canoe Association is an accomplished fact already. Those who may be holding back to see if this enterprise is to be a successful one before uniting with it need fear no longer, but they can now help on the work by joining us himmediately. The association's annual dues are but one dollar. There are no assessments levied upon the members. Any man of little pecuniary means can join us as well as the merchant prince. Ours is a thoroughly American institution. If there is any element of aristocracy in it it is only the element of its ecstability. Sporting men, precisely, will have no part with us. We encourage all that is del gthful and pure in the study of nature. We are a band of campers, cruisers and explorers. We draw our amusements from pure fountains which e tc ichings are enobling—not demoralizing. The rapid advance made in the last few years in canoeing as a gentlemanly pastime within the past year is surprising to the veterans. The builders are turning out craft which are marvels of gracefulness in lines and are wonderfully strong and durable. I sent to England for the catalogues of her canoe builders. The answer was, "there is not a canoe builder in Great Britain who publishes a catalogue or an illustrated circular." Yet there are seventeen hundred "Rob Roy" canoes on the Continent alone, besides the fleets of canoes in England and Scotland. Three years ago we were behind the Mother Country in the art of constructing canoes; just look at the American Traveling Canoe of Indiana, the beautiful craft of the Racine Boat Co., and examine W. H. Stephen's canoes, the young builder of Rahway, N. J. Send to each of the above builders for copies of their catalogues, each one of which is almost a work of art in itself. We are now in the infancy of our trans-Atlantic brothers in these matters. They admit it in the letters they send me. If all this has been accomplished in so short a time, what may we not expect from our builders in the near future, when they add a real "love" for their profession to the purely pecuniary interests which impels them to the work. We may be honestly proud of our American builders. When educated gentlemen go to the bench and handle the tools we may expect much from their intelligent efforts and, like shrewd business men, they advertise their craft all over the continent. When all the actually accomplished, let our ordinary canoe cruisers come under the flag of the American Canoe Association immediately, so that their names may appear in the first annual Association Book as pioneers in this enterprise. By inclosing the sum of two dollars in the form of a bank bill or money order to me the sender can become a member of the American Canoe Association. Of the above amount one dollar is the initiation fee and one dollar covers the first annual dues for 1881.

The Association circular, which contains the Constitution and By-Laws of the order, will be sent to any person desiring it, if he will address the Secretary at Lake George. NATHANIEL H. BISHOP,
Sec. Am. Canoe Association.

The above appeal requires no special indorsement from us, as we believe all canoeists will readily respond to Mr Bishop's suggestion. "In unity there is strength," and combined action is so much to the advantage of each individual of an association that we feel certain the next meet on Lake George will see one of the largest fleet of canoes ever assembled. Even last year the racing and camping were entirely successful and thoroughly well managed. With the experience gained the coming assemblage may be looked forward to without fear of failure, as it is no longer an untried experiment, but a well considered plan, indorsed by popular approval. A very fine lot of prizes will be contributed, making the races worth traveling for. Not the least agreeable will be the feature of sociability about the camp fire in the evenings, the swapping of yarns and experiences, the learning of kinks from each other, and a spread of that fraternal spirit essentially characteristic of a body of men engaged in furthering ends at once honest, moral and strengthening alike to body and mind. We therefore bespeak for the energetic Secretary of the Association favorable and immediate action upon his letter by all interested.

HARTFORD CANOE CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our organization was formed last year, and we open the second year with every anticipation of a successful season, and hope to make the river lively with our craft. Our officers are: Commodore, R. P. Way; Vice Commodore, J. H. Spangler; Secretary, A. W. Dodd; Treasurer, W. B. Davidson. Our constitution is as follows:

ART. 1. Name and Object.—This club shall be called "The Hartford Canoe Club," and its object shall be the promotion of health and pleasure.

Art. 2. Canoes.—A canoe in order to be placed on the club list and to be entered for races must be a boat sharp at both ends and not more than thirty-six inches in width on deck. It may be propelled by sail or paddle or both; but one must be capable of being efficiently propelled by a double-bladed paddle.

Art. 3. Membership.—Any person may become a member of this club who has been elected by a three-fourths vote of the members, and who has thereupon paid his initiation fee and annual dues for the ensuing year; none but canoe owners shall vote at club meetings or be eligible for office.

Art. 4. Officers.—The officers of the club shall be a Commodore, a Vice-Commodore, a Secretary and a Treasurer. They shall be elected by ballot, at private signal, at a meeting of each year, and shall hold office until their successors shall be elected.

Art. 5. Initiation Fees and Dues.—The initiation fee shall be $1.50, and the annual dues shall be $1, payable in advance to the Secretary or Treasurer.

Art. 6. Club Signals.—The club signal shall be a pointed burgee, fifteen inches long and ten inches wide, of blue ground, with the letters H. C. C. in yellow.

ART. 7. Private Signals.—Each canoe shall have a private signal, rectangular in shape, a drawing of which shall be filed with the Secretary. The club signal shall be carried at the mainmast head, and the private signal at the dandymast head

ART. 8. Amendments.—The constitution may be amended on the recommendation of the members at the annual meeting.

YACHTING NEWS.

NEW STEAM YACHT.—D. J. Lawlor has about finished the large new steam yacht for Com. F. H. Peabody, and owing to press of business has been obliged to refuse an order for a duplicate vessel. He has now contracts for a passenger steamer, a couple of large cruising schooners and much other work besides. Mr. Peabody's steamer is pronounced a very handsome model, and high speed is expected of her, although seagoing qualities have not been sacrificed seriously for this purpose. She is 92 ft. long, 16 ft. beam, and 8 ft. draft. Keel sided 10 in., amidships and tapered to 6 in. at ends. Both keel and keelson are in one length; floors are double, and selected timber has been used throughout. The workmanship is of Lawlor's best, frames

all planed smooth on faying surface, and great care has been taken in obtaining a fair ship. The engines are by W. Webb, of East Boston. They are compound 22 and 15, with 15 in. stroke. Boiler is of the tubular type, 7½ ft. diameter and 10 ft. high. The wheel is 9½ ft. diameter. A speed of 15 knots or 18 miles is expected. She is schooner rigged with the following spars, made by Bentley & Bailey: Mainmast, 48 ft.; maintopmast, 27 ft.; foremast, 44 ft.; foretopmast, 23 ft.; main boom, 39 ft., and gaff 34 ft. There is also a square yard, 40 ft. long on the fore. Lawlor has turned out models for a dozen yachts or more this winter, among them one for the new sloop of Mr. W. S. Eaton. He has also done a vast amount of overhauling and alteration jobs, and built several smaller sailing yachts, of which mention has already been made in the columns.

THE EVOLUTION.—Mr. W. Baden Powell writes very truly in the London *Field*: "The practical amateur yachtsman must view this design with mingled feelings of pleasure, alarm and hope; for it is indeed a pleasure to be instructed in the ingenious modes of construction developed in the design before us—a pleasure to see that the warnings sent forth by the amateurs who 'jumped' at the proposed alteration of the tonnage rule, and which were pooh-poohed by one or two 'authorities' as mere 'bogies,' are herein realized; alarm they feel lest Evolutions should increase and multiply, and create so powerful a pile of vested interests that alteration of the rule which fosters such craft would be impossible. And they hope that the Evolution may be successful, make a clean sweep of the prizes, and clearly demonstrate that, so long as the present rule is law, you have only to go on in one direction—length—for success.

But what must be the feelings of the professional yacht architect? Simply alarm; for the value of theories as to lines and pet midship-sections fades away as length increases, till the design and construction of a racing machine becomes a problem and work to be solved and carried out by the mechanical or practical engineer, who, with the assistance only of the sail-maker, will produce the latest idea in aquatic plows."

THE ANNUAL CANOE REGATTA.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: W. E. Welch, C. E., Surveyor of the Lake George Canoe Club, assisted by Messrs. L. Barber, R. E. Archibald, O. B. Lockhart and James Kirkpatrick, completed the survey of the regatta course of the American Canoe Association for August, 1881. This party of gentlemen volunteered their services for the work. A plan of the course will soon be drawn and sent to Commodore W. L. Alden, of New York. The survey was made upon the smooth ice of the lake, and will afford a correct distance course. N. H. BISHOP.

Lake George, N. Y. Secretary A. C. A.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—We learn that the club is considering a new measurement rule, and may possibly adopt a "three dimension" rule. Western clubs are evidently wide awake to the necessity of a change from the length rule, at least for cabin yachts. Hingston Bros., foot of York street, are building a steam yacht for Capt. Hutter, of Cleveland. She is 100 ft. over all, 16 ft. beam, and 10½ ft. deep; steel boilers and double direct acting engines. The Knobloch Bros. have in hand a steamer 80 ft. long for Erie owners, which they hope to launch in May.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—The following officers were elected for the year 1881: Commodore, C. H. Harrison, yawl Frolic; Vice Commodore, J. D. Spreckels, schooner Consuelo; Secretary, Chas. G. Yale; Financial Secretary, Frank Thibault; Treasurer, A. W. Follansbee; Measurer, Matthew Turner, sloop Nellie; Directors—H. R. Bowie, schooner Nellie; W. Letts Oliver, yawl Emerald; I. Gutte, schooner Chispa; J. A. Magee, Jr., John Rae Hamilton, sloop Clara.

FIXTURES.—As suggested in these columns, the Dorchester Y. C. has changed its sailing date to June 18, so as not to interfere with the Marblehead union regatta on the 17th, and the Boston Y. C. has selected the 16th for a similar reason.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. F. E. Peabody, the retiring Commodore of the Dorchester Y. C., has been presented with a token of appreciation by the club in the shape of a handsome yacht clock and barometer combined.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.—The colors adopted by the association consist of a pointed red pennant with horizontal white stripe through the centre carrying the letters A. C. A. in red.

HOLLOW SPARS.—Lawley & Sons are furnishing hollow spars for Mr. Paul Butler's sloop Wilful, a hollow topmast for Mr. Cabot's Madcap, and also several similar sticks for New York owners.

JULIA.—This sloop, 33 ft. long, built in New York nearly twenty years ago, has received a keel in place of her board, and has been sold to Boston owners for the very respectable sum of $650.

BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—Has now 225 members, 27 schooners, 52 sloops and 6 steamers. Prizes to the amount of $800 and over are offered for the June union regatta.

HUDSON RIVER YACHT CLUB.—The club have opened their new house, foot of Seventy-fourth street, N. R. They have fixed their annual racing for June 6.

SLOOP WANTED.—The attention of owners of small sloops is called to our advertising columns, through which a sale may be effected.

ALICE.—Mr. W. Lockhart's schooner Alice, now at Leighton's yard, East Boston, has been altered from a board to a keel.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.**

C. F. R., Lexington.—Your inquiry will receive early attention.

S. F., Hollidaysburg, Pa.—There is a letter for you at this office.

J. B. L.—For anemometer address J. Tagliabue, 66 Fulton st., N. Y.

A. B. T.—Your letter has been forwarded to the canoe builder in question.

E. F.—An article on light drafts and sharpies has been deferred for want of space.

O. W. F.—Nothing else published about catamarans than the paper recently sent.

W. H. B.—Plans for two-tonner delayed on account of previous orders. Have been sent.

CANTON.—For catalogue of engineers, guide books, etc, write to Van Nostrand, 27 Murray street, N. Y.

W. T. F., Danbury, Conn.—Write to Hartley & Graham, Maiden Lane, New York. They import the gin.

L. Q.—The patent does not seem of much practical value, though inventor is sanguine. Want of funds prevents introduction.

S. A. McL.—The contract with Brentano has expired. Kemp's Yacht Designing, $25. Kemp's Yacht and Boat Sailing, $10.

R. M.—No other publication makes a specialty of yachting all the year round. Brentano's Magazine is now devoted to chess only.

X. Y. Z.—Too late to do anything more than keep him quiet and prevent him from using the foot until healed. He will keep it clean by licking it.

E. C. F., Boston.—Mr. J. Matthew Jones, we presume, meant the common ferret. There is enough of spunk in the ferret to clean out the woodchuck.

J. D. H.—For model, engines, etc., address Peck & Snyder, Nassau st., below Beekman, or Hadfield, 73 Liberty st., for heavier material. Mention this paper.

T. E., Lawrence, Mass.—We know nothing of the party beyond having corresponded with him. You can learn of his trustworthiness by inquiring of his townsmen.

S. B., East New York.—You will see changes in the game law duly reported in our columns. We have no knowledge of such a law as you mention having passed.

G. G.—Think you can cannoe the Rappahannock from a village by that name in Fauquier county, easily reached by rail. Write to the P. M. for definite answer.

A. B.—There is ample testimony in favor of the boats you mention. Dry and stiff. You are safe in chosing either. Send to makers for descriptive catalogue.

BOY.—For Shadow canoe see cut and figures in issue of March 17. She is a decked boat belonging to the "paddleable-sailing" class. Good for cruising and open water.

V. A. T.—The yacht in question has three beams to length, has outside iron and is considered stiff and able. If you do not object to her draft, will suit your wants. She is very well built.

J. A. S.—Both boats you mention can be recommended for all that is claimed for them. It is a matter of individual preferences between them. They are extensively used throughout the West.

G. A. G.—Cannot recommend the plan of edge fastening outer plank instead of depending upon a regular frame. The article was probably not written by a practical person. Too heavy and too expensive.

H. and Others.—For cuts of canoes and sneakbox with dimensions see issue of March 17. Only book on boat building is Nelison's revised by Kemp. Send to Van Nostrand, 27 Murray st., N. Y. Price about $1.50.

H. R. S.—To give directions for building a boat would involve writing a small volume, and life is short. Send to Manning, 53 Beaver street, for Nelison's "Boat Building" Price about $1.50, or consult with local boat builders.

SNEAK.—For cut and dimensions of sneak-box see issue of March 17. Could not help you by further explanation, as it is a matter of handling tools. See Bishop's "Three Thousand Miles in a Sneak-box," Lee & Shepard, Boston.

J. M. S.—We have no designs of 30 ft. boats such as you want. Inquire of local builders. Think Mr. Clapham's boats might answer your purpose. Nelison's Boat Building is the only book on the subject. Price about $1.50. Can be had of Manning, 53 Beaver street.

M.—The book coming nearest to your wants is "Kemp's Yacht and Boat Sailing"—replete with valuable information and data generally on building, handling and care of small boats. Price $10. For Walton's "Model Yachts," send to E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y. Price about $1.50. Vanderdecken does not treat of building.

J. W. D.—Shadow canoe will come nearest your description, or one of the "paddleable sailing canoes" of builders advertising in this journal. Any style will last longer than you will probably have use for her with proper care. They are light, but tough. Do not like paper canoes. Not in the market now. Unremovable keel for windward work. Centreboard is in the way and leeboards not very efficient.

W. H. D.—The yacht would be drier and larger with a raking stem starting with the load-line as a basis to build from. Also involves shorter bowsprit outboard. Jib-topping mast would forward you can get along with a single jib and have larger mainsail. For bad weather use mizzen and jib only. Weight of anchors depends much upon service to be seen. Ordinary working anchor, say 25 lbs; best bower 40 lbs, and for extensive cruising a spare anchor stowed below, say 50 lbs.

A. J. S.—For waterproofing canvas the following is recommended: To 6 ozs. hard yellow soap add 1½ pint of water and when boiling add 5 pounds of ground spruce ochre, ½ pound patent driers and 5 pounds boiled linseed oil, or less quantity in same proportion. Another recipe is to take ½ pound sugar of lead and ½ pound of powdered alum, dissolve in bucket of pure water and pour off into another vessel. Steep the canvas in this, soaking well and letting dry naturally without wringing.

COMMODORE.—Yacht-racing in England is carried on according to different principles. Races are not mutual admiration affairs, confined to one club. They are open to all comers, almost without exception. They are public, the same as our "union regattas." Entries could easily be limited by specifying "recognized," or, to draw the line closer, "recognized Incorporated," or else publish list of clubs admitted. Limiting entries to a single club is baby's play, left us with many other old-fashioned features from the sport's youthful days. Time we progressed a little.

SUSQUEHANNA, Wheeling, W. Va.—Will you be kind enough to inform me of a mixture that will color silk-worm gut "mist color," for leaders or casting lines, so that it will not injure the strength of it? Also, the mixture to stain gimp? Ans. Take an earthen jar with a quart of cold water; put in it one dram of logwood and six grains of copperas. Boil about ten minutes, and, after allowing to stand two minutes, then immerse the gut two and a half or three minutes—not more—and throw it into clean, cold water to rinse; wipe it dry then, holding one end in the teeth and the other in the left hand; rub it with a piece of India rubber. All bad pieces will break if rubbed well; then stretch at full length in bundles and wrap in paper.

W. S., Sharon, Mass. 1 What kind of ponds do land locked salmon thrive best in? 2 What month to buy spawn? 3 What is their size at one year old? Ans. We have delayed answering this in order to get an answer from Mr. Charles G. Atkins, of the U. S. Fish Commission, Bucksport, Me, who is the best posted man in America on the fish in question, as he has taken their eggs for years. Mr. Atkins writes us as follows: Land locked salmon thrive best in deep ponds and lakes of very pure water with clear bottom and fed or drained by large brooks or rivers of pure water with abundance of gravelly rapids. 2 They spawn a little in October, but mostly in November. 3 Cannot tell size at one year old exactly, but in six months they get to be from two and a half to four inches long, and in eighteen months from six and a half to nine inches long. These are the sizes that I have found among the wild fish in their native haunts on the Schoodic Lake, Maine

H. H., Drummondville.—1. Is there any good trout fishing, fly only, to be had in Ontario? If so, where and in which month? 2. How can silk or hempen fishing lines, both worn and new ones, be waterproofed? Ans. 1. Plenty of it. We could not enumerate all the places. Try the vicinity of Peterboro, or streams emptying into Lake Simcoe any time between June and September. 2. Hempen lines we know nothing of. To waterproof a silk line the following is given by Norris: "To a quarter of a pint of a 'double-boiled cold-drawn' linseed oil, add about one ounce of gold size. Gently warm and mix them well, being first careful to have the line quite dry. While the mixture is warm, soak it therein until it is fully saturated to its centre, say for twenty-four hours. Then pass it through a piece of flannel, pressing it sufficiently to take off the superficial coat, which enables that which is in the interior to dry well, and in time to get stiff. The line must then be hung up in the air, wind or sun, out of the reach of moisture, for about a fortnight, till pretty well dry. It must then be redipped to give it an outer coat, for which less soaking is necessary. After this wind it again, but tightly; wind it on a chair back or towel horse before a hot fire and let it remain for two or three hours, which will cause the mixture on it to 'flow' (as Japanese term it) and give an even gloss over the whole. It must then be left to dry as before; the length of time, as it depends upon the weather and place, observation must determine upon. By this means it becomes impervious to wet and sufficiently stiff never to clog or entangle, the oil producing the former quality, and the gold size (which is insoluble in water) the latter, while the co-mixture prevents the size becoming too hard and stiff."

—Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—[*Adv.*

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished.
KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better, $1 per pair.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.
KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest.
KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate.
KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.
KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for $9.
KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for $6.50
KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union.
KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,
631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

J. J. KING'S PIGEON TRAP
(PATENTED),
With attachment for starting without plunging or touching the bird, can be seen at E. S. Harris' gun store, No. 717 Broadway, or at patentees, 132 West 35th st., where orders should be sent.

KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND,
POULTRY AND GAME
Nos. 280 & 290 Washington Market, N. Y

Spanish Silk Worm Gut.

THE GREAT REDUCTION in the quality of this article, and the increasing admixture of rough strands, has forced us to go into the manufacture of it for our own account. Our Mr. Imbrie has recently established in Murcia, Spain, where all the high quality gut is made, the most extensive and perfect factory of this article in the world. The grades named below will run at least 25 per cent. *better than those of any other manufacturers.*

	Per Thousand.		*Per Thousand.*		*Per Thousand.*
Corta	$1 00	Padron 1st Superior, 11a12 in	7 50	Regular Superior, 16 inches	13 00
Regular Ordinary	1 75	Marana 2d " "	12 00	Padron 2d " 15 "	13 00
Padron "	2 50	Marana 1st " 11a11½ in	20 00	Padron 1st " 15 "	15 00
Regular Superior, 11a12 in	4 00	Imperial " 11a "	40 00	Marana 1st " 15 "	50 00
Padron 2d " "	5 00				

DISCOUNT TO MANUFACTURERS.

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

ABBEY & IMBRIE, 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.
VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the **NERVE-GIVING** principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It **prevents** debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail. **F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.**

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES,

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB FENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.
Special prizes to follow others according to their value.

J. OTTO DENNER, President.

ROUDREN'S PATENT COMBINATION

Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP.



For NIGHT HUNTING Deer and other animals, SPEARING Fish. Indispensable on any Boating, Yachting or Camping Trip.

Not affected by Wind, Rain or Jolting. Burns Kerosene safely without a chimney. Throws a powerful light 100 feet ahead. As a DASH LAMP for CARRIAGES it has no equal. Fits on any shaped dash or on any vehicle.

PRICES.

Dash Lamp.....$5 00
Jack and Dash Lamp..... 6 25
Fishing Lamp..... 7 00

C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

WHITE M'F'G COMPANY,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE.
Price $1.50.
For Sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Wanted.

WANTED TO PURCHASE—must be cheap—a .40 cal., 26 in. bbl. Maynard Rifle, with plain sights; model of '78. Address W. C. S., No. 5 Dey St., Room 12, New York. Ap121,1t

FOX GUN WANTED.—A second-hand, 26 or 28 in. bbls.; weight 7 to 7½ pounds, 12 gauge; must be had cheap. Address HARRY D. STEPHENS, Riverton, Conn. Ap121,1t

WANTED TO PURCHASE, a centre-board vessel with roomy cabin; vessel must be sound, sails in good order and completely equipped; cash paid for a bargain; price must be within $600. Address A. BRIGHT, 607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C., giving full particulars as regards size, draft, age, equipment and place where vessel can be inspected. Ap121,1t

THE LESSEE of a Canadian salmon river would like to meet with a fellow-fisherman to share expenses this season. Address C. H., Box 766, Montreal, Can. Apr14,4t

For Sale.

Water Cress & Brook Trout.

AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cress in one-half peck baskets, cut fresh every morning, and delivered in New York city between 9:30 and 12 o'clock at any point below Twenty-third street, at 50 cents per basket. We have constantly on hand, in our ponds, Brook Trout, from the egg to three years old, all sizes, for stocking private ponds or streams. Can supply private parties, hotels or restaurants in New York to a limited extent with fresh brook trout in their season every morning, leaving our ponds at 6 A. M. and arriving at New York at 9:30 same morning. further information apply to

THOMPSON BROTHERS,
Aquetong Trout Farm,
New Hope, Bucks County, Penna.

Lake Massawiepie For Sale.

Mr. Addison Child, of Childwold (South Colton P. O.), New York, offers for sale 3,000 or more acres of choice natural forest land, flushed with deer and other game, embracing the above lake, stocked with salmon and spotted trout, and seven tributary ponds of 18 to 80 acres each, delightfully situated in the southern part of St. Lawrence County (see Colton's Atlas), and within thirty hours' travel of the cities of New York and Boston. Being the head waters of Grass River (itself a noted trout stream) they are under the absolute control of owner, and offer rare facilities for natural sport or multigenerous fish culture. Any party or club wishing to establish and preserve a park for sporting and social recreation may address as above for details.

ABINGTON.

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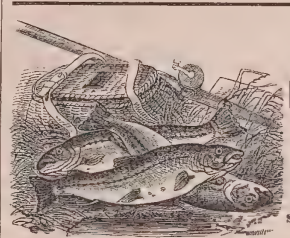
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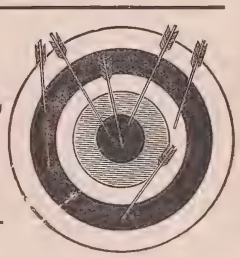
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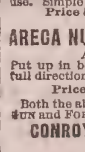
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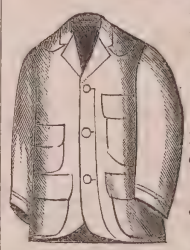
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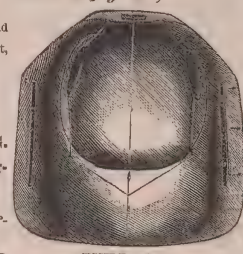
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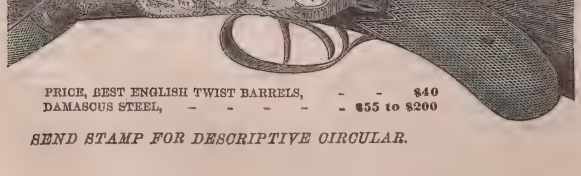
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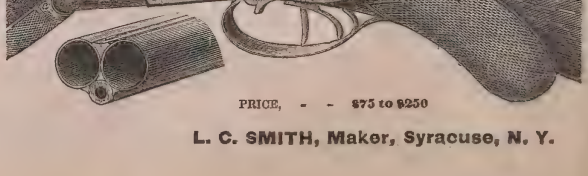
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1881.

Vol. 16—No. 13. Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, April 28.

A NEW NORTH CAROLINA CLUB.

THE quail grounds of North Carolina are to Northern sportsmen what the grouse moors of Scotland are to English sportsmen. The number of strangers who visit that State for sport is yearly increasing. If the people of North Carolina are wise enough to protect their own interests by restricting the excessive killing of their game, this influx of sportsmen tourists will be unabated, and the advantages accruing to the residents undiminished.

Among the game centres of the State one of the most inviting is Gaston, in Northampton County. Quail are abundant all about for an area of thirty miles, with other birds in goodly numbers, and ducks and geese on the Roanoke from October to March. Within that compass there is not a pack of hounds, and foxes and deer are in consequence numerous, and the pursuit of them successful. Our valued correspondent, Col. Goode Tucker, of Gaston, whose many fox chases in his hale old age have been recorded in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, proposes to organize a club of sportsmen, with headquarters at Gaston. Riding by the old Gaston Hotel one day, it occurred to him that here was just the spot for a yearly rendezvous of congenial spirits. The hotel is a substantial brick structure, with accommodations for fifty guests, and was built before the Greenville & Gaston Railroad collapsed. It is now unoccupied and somewhat out of repair, but can be put into good condition at a small expense.

Col. Tucker's project is briefly this: He wishes first to organize a social hunting association of twenty members, ten of whom shall be from the North and ten from the South, and our friend proposes to banish politics and political opinion entirely from the association. The shares are fixed at $100 each. The fund of $2,000 will be used to purchase the hotel building, with several acres of very productive land belonging to it, to make necessary repairs, build stables, dog kennels, etc. The preliminary labor Col. Tucker offers to assume himself, without charge, and the general management of the property, after the association is formed, also placing at the service of the club his pack of seventeen well-trained hounds. It is further proposed that the association shall be governed by a board of managers, to be elected by the members, and other matters to be determined by the will of the members.

This necessarily brief outline of Col. Tucker's plan is sufficient to show its inviting character. The opportunity to secure an excellent club house in a fine game district is one not often found, and we do not doubt that some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will avail themselves of the advantages offered. The names of gentlemen who wish to associate themselves in the enterprise may be sent to us, and we will gladly endeavor to promote the speedy formation of the Gaston club.

Col. Tucker is one of the best known sportsmen of the Southern States. His fund of field reminiscences, adventures and anecdotes is inexhaustible, and to gather with himself and comrades, after the sport of the day, to listen to the stories of men and things in the past would be to us one of the most enjoyable pleasures of a stay in the club house. This in itself would repay us for the trip.

THE KITTY HAWK BAY CLUB.

THE organization of the "Kitty Hawk Bay Sportsmen's Club" will be regarded by a large number of gentlemen sportsmen throughout America as a progressive and timely movement toward the preservation of our choicest varieties of wild fowl and the rarer species of game fish, which, if properly protected in the localities which they frequent during their migrations, would for many generations to come afford hunters and anglers rare sport, combined with opportunities for mental repose and bodily invigoration so much needed by the overworked in all our large cities.

The ruthless destruction of canvas back, redhead, black head and teal ducks in the waters of Currituck, Kitty Hawk Bay, North Carolina, during the month of October, 1880, by natives and market-shooters who employ batteries by day and fire by night, is a circumstance greatly to be deplored. During the period mentioned canvas back and redhead ducks were slaughtered by the thousands and packed in barrels, only to decompose before reaching market. Such a general and wanton destruction as this of our very choicest wildfowl is shocking to the sensibilities of every true sportsman, and cannot often be repeated without the most serious consequences.

It is plain that these shooting grounds must pass into the possession and control of well-managed club organizations, or a marked decrease and rapid extinction of game, now so abundant, will surely follow.

The various clubs heretofore organized in this section have found it difficult to secure legislation favorable to their interests, chiefly because the clubs themselves have owned comparatively little territory or shooting privileges. The Kitty Hawk Bay Club, owning as it does nearly fifty thousand acres of land and controlling a water frontage of over fifty miles, will, by reason of its vested rights, become a leading factor in obtaining such legislation as is now needed for the preservation and protection of game. We hardly need urge the importance of this matter, as judging from the character and standing of the gentleman projecting this club its success in every direction would seem already assured. Certainly, with telegraphic facilities already established at Kitty Hawk and the early completion of the Norfolk and Elizabeth Railroad, the matter of communication is most satisfactorily settled, and the distance from New York is now covered in about twenty-three hours instead of eighty hours as was formerly the case. The latter advantages will be greatly appreciated by members of the club living in New York, as they have rarely if ever before been combined with such unusual opportunities for really first-class shooting and fishing as are here offered. That the great future value of these vast acres of our choicest fowl and fish is beginning to be appreciated is attested by the very general inquiry and demand for these properties (since they were secured for the Kitty Hawk Club) by parties at the South as well as at the North. The variety of shooting ought to satisfy almost any sportsman, as it includes canvas back, redhead, black head, widgeon, teal and other kinds of duck. Swan, geese, brant and snipe, deer and bear are also plentiful, and the waters abound with bluefish, Spanish mackerel, mullet, sheep's head, sea trout, spot perch, striped and black bass, oysters and diamond back terrapin.

We have ever deemed the question of game preservation one of national importance, and have felt a growing interest in this region, whose very remoteness and inaccessibility, rather than the intelligence of its people, have combined to protect and secure from extermination its vast, varied and almost numberless flocks.

A CANADA ANGLING CLUB.

IT gives FOREST AND STREAM much pleasure to note the proposed formation of an angling club, which will have its headquarters at Lake St. Jean, at the head waters of the Saguenay, where most excellent winninish or land-locked salmon fishing may be enjoyed. The enterprise is projected by a gentleman well known to the anglers of Canada and of this country, who knows the country thoroughly, and whose enjoyment of the sport to be found there has prompted him to devise a means whereby others may share the same. The purpose of our friend—who has already, we believe, secured the land—is to build a suitable house for the accommodation of the club members while on the ground, and to put this in charge of a man who shall live there the year around, keeping a cow, poultry, etc., and cultivating a vegetable garden, all for the benefit of the club's table. There is room for from ten to fifteen rods, good sport being assured. The season extends from June to September 10, being best in July and to the middle of August.

The expenses of building the house, making roads and other necessary preparations, will cost from $1,000 to $1,500. There will be either ten or fifteen members, and if the latter number, the entrance fee will be $100; if there are only ten members, the fee will be $150. The annual dues for the maintenance of the property thereafter, $10. Each member will be allowed to invite one companion to accompany him. The fares from New York to the grounds will not exceed $60 for the round trip, and supplies can be obtained at Quebec. Besides the angling attractions of the country, there are several varieties of game in abundance and within a short distance from the club house. The surrounding country affords bear, beaver, martins, minks, cariboo and moose.

We commend this movement to the attention of our angling friends, being confident that they will avail themselves of the opportunity here afforded to secure—a share in the advantages offered. We may add that the enterprise is due to the efforts of Mr. J. U. Gregory, of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Quebec, a gentleman for whose many courtesies American anglers have been indebted in the past, and whose name is a sufficient guarantee of the success of the club. Further information of the conditions of membership in the club may be obtained on application to the Secretary, W. A. Griffith, Esq., Quebec, Canada.

AN EXAMPLE FROM THE SOUTH.

THOSE who supposed grit and enterprise to be absent among Southern sportsmen were completely taken aback by the bold, well executed and successful venture of a New Orleans yachtsman in sending his vessel two thousand miles and more in search of the best of her class to sail in the New York Bay regatta last year. Others who imagined that our friends from Dixie could teach us nothing in the way of mechanical contrivances of a nautical sort had occasion to modify their opinions when Mr. Israel's crack, Susie S., went over the line. There is, to the honor of New Orleans and Southern yachtsmen be it said, as live a spirit of the true sort, as much and more "go ahead," as good and better management, as keen and keener competition, as honest sailing, more method and far greater public interest manifested among all classes than in any city of the North. We are not surprised, therefore, at the offers made with liberal hand to induce a visit from the higher latitudes, and live in hope that the owners of some of the fastest and smartest of our "open boats" may find the time to ship their racers around to Lake Ponchartrain. Those who own craft of the second order may as well stay at home, for it takes a live ship, a quick crew

and a very fair allowance of good luck to keep abreast of a Southern flyer tooled by a native skipper and worked by a crew used to their waters. The dates for the races have been considerately left open to be filled in accord with the wishes of the strangers expected. The prizes exceed anything of the sort ever offered in the North, and apart from the credit attached to winning a well-fought match, are inducement enough to travel a long distance, and will cover the expenses of the undertaking. In the modeling of fast shifting ballast boats New York thinks she has taken the lead, and in our waters there is little or nothing to dispute her well-established fame. But it was a Southern-built crack that first "took down" our vanity, at least on Lake Ponchartrain last year, when Cydnus most unmistakably beat the smartest of the Northern importations, and we have a little score to wipe out in that direction. Unlikely to succeed in raising attractive purses for a public "Bay regatta" at home, will not some of those devoted to racing open boats show hitherto unseen colors among the fleet of the Crescent City this summer? They will have no cause to regret the trip from any point of view, and may bring home with them some conceptions of what a live and wide-awake yacht club owning open boats may be when animated by a sportsmanlike spirit and controlled by men of broad views and intelligence. We quote with pleasure a letter from Vice-Commodore Harris, S. Y. C., and commend a consideration of the matter to all interested:

The Southern Yacht Club decided April 18 to offer in the "Inter-State Regatta" under its auspices, to first-class boats (over 25 ft. and not over 28 ft.) a prize of $1,000, if one yacht from your city will compete; $1,200, if two yachts will enter and $1,500, if three or more will sail. We are anxious to have your fast ones down here and will fix the date of regatta to suit the convenience of intending visitors. Yachts in this class allow one another 5½ seconds per foot per mile. Arrangements for the transportation of yachts and crews can be made at advantageous rates, and you can guarantee a hearty welcome and every attention from our people.

EDWIN HARRIS,
Vice-Commodore S. Y. C.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

GOVERNOR CORNELL vetoed the appropriation for fisheulture last year, but fortunately the Commission has surplus funds enough on hand to bridge over by a severe economy the time when a new appropriation may be available. If it were not for this the results of former years' labor might have been entirely lost. Now that the season approaches when the subject is again brought before the Legislature, the New York *Times*, the *Sun* and the Brooklyn *Eagle* have taken up the question, and beseech the Governor not to repeat the veto. On this point the *Times* said:

The Governor took the ground that it was contrary to public policy to allow an appropriation for such a purpose to become a fixed annual charge on the State, and that as he conceived the purpose of the appropriation in restocking our depleted streams with fish to have been fully accomplished, there was no need for further prosecution of the work. In point of fact, the propagation of food fishes in the waters of this State, as of other States, is still in its infancy. There is not a State in the Union possessing any extensive habitat for fish which does not make an annual appropriation for fisheulture, and New York is the first in which any objection has been made on the score that the money cannot be profitably expended. Private enterprise will certainly not provide for keeping up the supply of shad in the Hudson River or for carrying on the proposed breeding of Spanish mackerel for the Long Island shore any more than it will do the work of the United States Fish Commission in distributing German carp by the thousand throughout the entire country. There are, it is true, private persons who breed their own trout, but the streams of the State will not be replenished by that agency. The entire business properly belongs to the State and national Governments, and we have yet to hear of any public protest in regard to the non-productiveness of the small amount of money which it requires.

It is not that the Governor had doubts as to the benefits which fisheulture has already accomplished, but he seems to think that after a stream is once stocked that should be enough. He should remember that our increased population requires an increase of nets, and that shad cannot be kept in the Hudson without artificial culture. The *Times* further says:

If an appropriation is to be made this year, it would be wise if a certain amount of the sum granted by the State should be used for fisheulture on Long Island. Long Island possesses certain natural advantages which no other portion of the State enjoys. The artificial propagation and rearing of trout has always been very successful here. Trout seem to find their natural food in the Long Island streams, and grow with wonderful rapidity. But it is not for trout alone that Long Island would serve as a nursery. Since the United States Fish Commission has found that Spanish mackerel can be reproduced without any trouble, the waters of the Sound could be made to abound with this excellent fish. Last year Spanish mackerel were almost entirely wanting in the waters adjacent to New York, their absence being attributed to the dumping of refuse in the Bay. In the Sound they were exceedingly scarce, the whole number of pounds of Spanish mackerel received last year in the wholesale markets of New York being only 235,130, whereas it should have been four or five times as much. From having on one side a protected shore line Long Island presents certain advantages for the construction and maintenance of experimental hatcheries for Spanish mackerel, and there are the best reasons to suppose that just as cod can be reproduced so can Spanish mackerel and striped bass be largely increased in numbers From Long Island all the southern and southeastern counties in the State could be supplied. With the appointment of a Fourth Commissioner, Mr. E. G. Blackford, it was distinctly understood that some efforts should be made toward fisheulture near New York City. For all these reasons, the principal ones being that money thus given by the State serves a useful purpose—that of giving food to the people—and because for every dollar expended the return is a thousand-fold, it is hoped that Gov. Cornell will not withhold his consent to an appropriation to be employed in such a legitimate way.

There are so many things to be said in favor of the good work done in the past by the able Fish Commission of New York, and so little against it, that we do not at all despair of seeing the Governor convinced that an appropriation for the purpose of increasing the food supply of the people is money well invested.

IT IS AN ENCOURAGING SIGN OF THE TIMES that a Western newspaper, long notorious for its scurrilous and abusive attacks upon gentlemen of unblemished character and reputation, has announced that it will no longer permit its columns to be made the vehicle of "personalities." The lame attempts at explanation and excuse by which this announcement is accomplished are so feeble that they might excite feelings of amusement were it not so pitiful a spectacle to see a person compelled to struggle and squirm in such a humiliating fashion as does the writer of the paragraphs in question. He assures his readers that he has "endeavored to publish a gentleman's paper," and tacitly asks their sympathy for him in his struggles to this end, and in his notable failures. It is certainly to be hoped that his efforts hereafter may be more successful than they have been. We cannot but feel a certain pity for one whose course has been such that he is now obliged to go about to the different individuals whom he has vilified and, humbling himself with cap in hand, to abjectly apologize for his unwarrantable conduct in the past. Though, to be sure, in such a case the humiliation is not so deeply felt as might be supposed, since long before such shameful attacks as those referred to could have been made or permitted, all self-respect and pride must have been lost; and it is a suggestive circumstance in this connection that the sudden determination to wash and be clean was not a voluntary resolution of the individual himself, but was, on the contrary, a tardy concession to the emphatic demands of numerous outraged subscribers.

We are glad, for the credit of American journalism, that the torrent of reckless abuse which has so long poured from this source is to cease, and we shall watch with some little curiosity the continuance of the endeavors to publish a gentleman's paper. That these efforts will be attended with any very marked degree of success is, under the circumstances, scarcely to be hoped for; but there is such abundant room for improvement that we may, perhaps, look for some change for the better.

FISHCULTURE AND EVOLUTION.—At a recent meeting of the Illinois State Natural History Society, Prof. S. A. Forbes made the statement that the time was past for arguing the truths of the doctrine of evolution; that scientific men substantially agreed that, if it was not in all cases proved to be truth, it in most of them approximated so closely that its entire truth could be safely assumed; and that they agreed that it was easier to believe than the theory of special creation. On every hand the naturalist found evidences pointing in this direction, and he instanced some of his own observations upon the development and anatomy of fishes.

In speaking of the development of fishes he referred to the work of the fisheulturists, and objected to the theories of some that all or any fishes could be indefinitely increased without regard to the numbers captured or to their competition for food with other fishes. He claimed that this was a contradiction of the accepted theory of natural selection, and that the protection of fishes was as important as their culture. He explained how the food supply of the fishes was diminished by the drainage of swamps, the restriction of the overflow of streams by dykes or levees and other works of man, and doubted if the supply could ever be made to equal that of the country before its subjection to civilization.

HON. W. B. WELLS, of Ontario, died April 8, in Toronto, of paralysis. Judge Wells was born at Maitland, in the County of Grenville, October 3, 1809, and commenced the practice of law in Prescott in 1832. He was actively interested in politics, and was three times elected to represent Grenville in the Canadian Parliament. In the year 1852 he was appointed Judge of Kent, and filled this position with ability and honor for twenty-seven years, resigning it two years ago, when he went to Toronto, where he has since resided. Up to within a short time he has enjoyed excellent health, and his death was sudden. He was struck down by paralysis on Monday and died the following Friday.

To the sportsmen of the last generation Judge Wells was known as a brilliant and versatile writer on subjects treating of the rod and gun. He was a frequent contributor to the old *Porter's Spirit*, and under the pseudonym *Cinna* contributed to the *British Whig* a series of interesting "Sporting Sketches." He was also the author of a book on field sports, which was highly thought of in England.

AS IF THE GAME OF NEW JERSEY had not suffered enough from forest fires last spring and bitter cold and snows last winter, fresh reports of destruction now reach us. Extensive forest fires are raging in Sussex county, New Jersey, among the pines, and it is feared that unless they are promptly checked by rains much game may be destroyed.

Nor are the fires confined to New Jersey, for in the mountains of Pennsylvania, near Port Jervis, the forests are on fire. There has as yet been no loss of life so far as reported, but much property has been destroyed and probably a large amount of game has perished.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE FRANKLIN CLUB AT REELFOOT.

IT has long been the custom of the "Franklin Hunting and Fishing Club" to spend a couple of weeks of every fall in shooting and fishing at Reelfoot Lake, situated in the extreme northwest corner of this State, and within a short distance of the Mississippi River. This lake is twenty-five or thirty miles long and from four to eight miles in width, with numerous arms or inlets extending in every direction, many of them to a distance of three or four miles. These arms are favorite resorts for ducks and geese, the water being shallow and their appropriate food abundant. Patches of tule and bonnets impede somewhat the headway of the sportsman's watercraft—generally a dug-out—but give many good stands for shooting the game in its flight, and here the best bags are generally made. The lake is studded with the remains of gigantic cypress trees, still standing straight as arrows, but limbless, and all showing more or less the effects of fire on their charred and blackened bodies. This feature is so constant and gives such a sameness of appearance as to make it necessary for the uninitiated to have guides. The depth of water does not generally exceed ten feet, and where it is only three or four feet in depth the bottom is covered with moss, furnishing vast amounts of food for waterfowl and such fish as live on vegetable diet, besides giving shelter and protection to the small and growing fish against their large and rapacious brethren. Sportsmen from St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville and all portions of Tennessee and Northern Mississippi meet here, some camping out, others finding accommodations at Carpenter's Hotel, kept especially for sportsmen, and furnishing comfortable quarters, good, substantial fare and kind attention, with guides and boats for all comers at a rate sufficiently moderate to be within the reach of men of modest means. On the opposite side of the lake from Carpenter's stands a beautiful and well-built club-house, the property of some Nashville gentlemen who, with their friends, make annual pilgrimages to this Mecca of Tennessee sportsmen.

We left Nashville at five o'clock P. M. Nov. 11 by rail, and the trip from Nashville over the Northwestern Railroad is always made pleasant by the courtesy and attention of the officers and employes, who extend every desired and proper privilege to sportsmen in the way of transporting and caring for baggage, dogs, minnows, and the hundred and one impedimenta belonging to a company on a camp-hunt. The road may be left either at Union City or Hickman, both of which places are provided with excellent liveries. We stopped at the former place, and, after a drive of twenty miles, reached the lake at 3 P. M., near Carpenter's Hotel, and immediately crossed in boats to a narrow strip of land known as "Long Point." Here we made camp, and before night had our tents up and our quarters made as comfortable as a house. Our camp was about thirty yards from the margin of the lake, looking southward, while toward the north and east we were sheltered by a dense canebrake protecting us against the biting winds whose visits were in store for us.

Every duck known to Western waters may be found here, and, in some seasons, in numbers almost incredible. It seems to be a favorite stopping place between their Northern habitat and their southern points to which they migrate. Their stay is sometimes a question of food, and sometimes of weather. Geese were very plentiful last fall, and large numbers remain here during the entire year, rearing broods of young. The native goose is much heavier than his migratory brother from Canada, and possessed of an amount of solid sense which, in the human being, would lead to fame and fortune. Swans are also found here, although not in great numbers, but here, as elsewhere, extremely shy and difficult to shoot. The water turkey (cormorant) is here in force, and is a fearful destroyer of fish. They work in concert, and with system and sagacity. Forming a long line, beating on the water with their wings, diving and making hideous noises, they drive the schools of fish toward the shallow arms of the lake, devouring such numbers as to make their name a synonym for gluttony. The bird of freedom, too, seems to like this spot as a home, and during the hunting season the great numbers of wounded ducks and geese lighten his labors in procuring food. In the woods wild turkey and deer abound sufficiently to repay those prepared to hunt them. Fur-bearing animals—the beaver, otter, mink, raccoon and muskrat—are taken in great numbers by trappers, who lead lives of exposure and hardship during the winter months.

The weather on the day following our arrival gave promise of good fishing, and after breakfast we set out for the "drift," some half a mile from camp. This is a portion of the lake in which there is an occasional live cypress growing, among which numbers of fallen trees and logs have drifted and become so wedged and woven in as to defy removal by winds and currents. They are sufficiently scattered to allow canoes to penetrate in almost any direction, and afford the fish security against every device except hook and line. There were four of us, and from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. we caught thirty-seven black bass, many of them going over four and none under two pounds. Although the next morning was much colder, we determined to fish again, and from 9 A. M. until 1 P. M. caught twenty-five—Capt. P. taking the largest, five and a quarter pounds. The weather was now getting colder every moment, our lines standing up from the corks like wire, and not a man with fingers enough to put a minnow on a hook. As we started for camp, Col. W. had a bite, and did not get off in company with the rest of us. The fish carried his line about the roots of a large cypress stump, and the Colonel, intent on the capture of his fish, stepped on to the stump, but after a short struggle his hook was released and the fish gone. On turning to enter his boat, imagine his feelings to find that the wind had blown the boat thirty or forty feet away, and it was still going. His first thought was to make a cast with his hook and sinker, and he landed them in the canoe and drew out his landing net. His next cast was more fortunate, the line lodging in a split on the edge of the boat and holding where the sinker had reached, enabling him to reel it in. The situation was suggestive to a man of a contemplative turn of mind—water ten feet deep, wind blowing half a gale, thermometer far below freezing point, and camp half a mile away.

The weather continuing to grow colder, our party gave their attention to hunting, with fair success. On the 17th of November Capt. P. and Jno. C. went up one of the arms a distance of two or three miles, to what is known as the "Huckles," a famous stand for ducks and geese. But few birds were seen, and by 12 o'clock they found the ice making so rapidly between themselves and camp as to render their

escape only possible through great exertions, and indeed men of lighter physique or less pluck could not have made the return trip. Shooting from boats was now out of the question; the ice too thick to force a boat through and not strong enough to bear the weight of a man. We were in for it, and had to wait for a thaw or for ice strong enough to bear us.

Most of the parties at Carpenter's Hotel had left for their homes, as had those encamped where wagons could reach them, but we were completely isolated and determined to bide our time. We discovered an air hole of some acres in extent about half a mile from camp and near the terminal point of our peninsula. By dragging boats over the strong ice and working through the thin places, Col. W. and John C. reached the further side of the opening where ducks and geese had congregated in large numbers, while Capt. P. and I remained on the shore. Here, by dint of perseverance and defiance of an amount of cold that would have congealed an Esquimaux Indian, we managed to bag fifty or sixty ducks and three or four geese per day, losing at least as many more that fell on the ice where we could not reach them. On the 23d the ice became strong enough to justify us in venturing across the lake with bag and baggage, and this we did. Our tents were pitched within a 100 yards of a trapper who lived in an old boat and plied his vocation for six or eight miles up and down the lake. To him we were indebted for much kind assistance in making our escape from our imprisonment.

He made us a sled upon which we moved our baggage that could not be packed in the boats, and when everything was loaded we presented rather an Arctic appearance as we strung out along the ropes with which we drew them over the ice, and I am able to record the solemn and still painful fact that the slippery side of that ice was uppermost and that it developed a wonderful dexterity in its motions. After great labor, much fatigue, innumerable falls and several breaks through thin places we reached a point within a 100 yards of the hotel shortly after nightfall, leaving everything on the ice until morning. After a supper at Carpenter's, we retired to clean beds and slept the sleep of the innocent. Wagons were waiting us early next morning and we left for Union City, reaching our homes in due time, and so far from being the worse for wear, feeling that we had gained in health, strength and vigor. Klem.

Franklin, Tenn., 1880.

ANTELOPE HUNTING IN COLORADO.

OUR starting-point was the ranch on the Fountaine, fifteen miles north of Pueblo. Our destination, Chico, a dry creek some thirty miles to the eastward, from the bed of which rise numerous springs called by the natives "water holes," where the antelope came to drink. Our outfit—blankets, provisions, rifles, ammunition, etc.—was packed in a large covered wagon. There were three of us in the party, Harry, who was to drive the mule team because he had seen service; Dan, a New England boy, who had been in the country long enough to learn the ranges and the manner of hunting, and myself, a "tenderfoot."

At sunrise we were on the move, Dan and myself leading off on the "broncos" as guides and advance guard of our "wagon train." It was quite necessary that some one should pick out the best path for the wagon, as the country was quite rolling, and we were to strike directly across it. The Fountaine Valley reminds one of New England. Its clumps of cotton-wood trees are similar to our silver leaf poplar, and and its groves of wild plum interlaced with huge grape vines much resemble our black alder swamps.

These thoughts were quickly dispelled, however, on mounting the opposite bluff and seeing spread out before us as far as the eye could reach, a brown and sere desert, not a tree nor even a shrub, except the clump of cactus and sagebrush, and patches now and then of prickly pear, and occasional tufts of buffalo grass about the color of an "old fog," and cropped closely by the fine teeth of the sheep. Huge turkey-buzzards wheeled in the air, watching with keen eye for the carcass of some sheep that had succumbed to age or disease, or, perhaps, for the remains of the coyotes' last night's meal. Cotton-tail rabbits scampered before us from cactus to cactus, while occasionally a jack-rabbit leaped out from beneath the horses' feet and bounded off with the speed of the wind until he had placed a safe distance between himself and our party. Now we came upon a prairie dog village with its hundreds of holes, each one resembling the frustrum of a cone, the entrance at the top being ten inches or a foot above the level of the ground. On the rim sat the dogs upon their haunches, chattering like so many magpies, ready on our nearer approach to dive into their holes.

All the morning we traveled toward a butte which seemed only a few miles from us at the start, but which was really only a few miles from Chico. This we reached about 1 o'clock, but seeing a cabin some distance further on we concluded to push ahead, for there we were sure of water for ourselves and beasts. No one thinks of locating in that country except by never-failing springs. Although the cabin was deserted we found the spring, and after quenching our thirst, and watering and picketing our animals we gathered dry sagebrush enough for Dan to cook our dinner, which we relished keenly after our ride of nearly thirty miles.

After lunching we drove down the Chico about three miles to an old abandoned "doby cabin," close by a number of water holes, which show signs of antelope, and here we concluded to camp for the night. We had heard before starting that there were plenty of ducks in some of the water-holes, and had brought along our guns hoping to bag a few. After tramping three or four miles and crawling up to numerous water-holes without seeing a duck or a sign of one, we at length came to a larger one, and following the same tactics, crawled up to it on our hands and knees, keeping between us and the pond a large cottonwood, and hugging the earth so that our buttons fairly plowed the ground. The pond was packed and we were within thirty yards. Dropping down, we laid two cartridges on the ground before us, and together poured six barrels into the thickest bunch of them. Such dashing and splashing, and such noise of whirring wings as the great flock rose straight in the air never greeted my ears before. Cramming in our other cartridges we gave them a parting shot as they were about separating into smaller flocks, bringing down a few more. The pond being narrow, all the birds were easily poled ashore, and we found on counting up that we had thirty-four of the largest and fattest gray ducks I ever saw.

The next morning we took our stands at different water holes. Dan in a crib, or foundation, of cottonwood logs, built cob-house fashion by some rancher; Harry fifty rods farther down the valley, behind a big stump, and myself about equidistant between the two, with an old bench from the "doby" for a blind. We had waited nearly an hour when a band of antelope made their appearance on the bluff some four miles away, their sides glistening in the morning sun like so many silver dollars. They halted ten minutes or more, seeming to take a survey of the situation, and then galloped toward us at a rapid rate. Every now and then they would stop short, throw their heads in the air, and gaze about them as if to assure themselves of their entire safety, and again dash forward at their old pace. Thus they approached until within three hundred yards of us, when they slacked up to a walk and I counted twelve in the band. They were making directly toward my stand. Keeping so low down that their horns were only visible until they were near enough to shoot, I carefully raised my head. Within fifty yards of me were twelve of the finest animals of the deer kind it was ever my lot to behold, each one seeming to dare the others to go near, as they walked round and round nearly in a circle. The end of my rifle all the while had been resting on the bench in front of me. Clutching it more firmly, and glancing along the barrel, at the same time making a short sharp whistle to bring them to a stand still, I singled out a large buck and fired. Down went a fine fellow, while the rest bounded toward the bluff. Three or four more shots at the running band only crippled one, which, however, led the whole band until they were out of sight. We carried the killed animal to the "doby," and had hardly regained our places when a band came over the bluff further up the valley and headed directly for Dan's place of concealment. When they were yet a thousand yards away, the report of a rifle rang out sharp and clear, and they wheeled and galloped back to the plains. It did not sound like Dan's gun, and appeared to be a longer distance off.

Although greatly surprised, I kept my place until it was repeated on the next band, and then went up to Dan's crib to find out the cause. Dan was walking back and forth in a towering rage.

"Did you shoot, Dan?" said I.

"Shoot! Do you see that cabin up there," pointing with his finger to a "doby cabin" some half a mile up the valley.

"Yes."

"Well, old Sykes and his two sons live there, and a meaner crew can't be found between Denver and the Spanish Peaks. The old man is in the calaboose for shooting a fourteen-year old boy in Colorado Springs, and the boys dare not show their heads in Pueblo. Every band of antelope that comes down from the west one of the boys goes out and shoots across, and turns back to the hills. Now if they do it again I'll show them a trick worth two of theirs, or my name ain't Dan. I'll put a ball so close to him that he'll think he has had a pretty loud call."

"Suppose you kill him?"

"Well, everybody in the country would be glad, and it would save the 'cow punchers' the trouble of hanging him to a cottonwood, which they will surely do if he stays in the country much longer."

Another band showed themselves in a short time, and while they were yet a long distance off one of the Sykes walked out a hundred yards or more from his cabin and sent a bullet whistling across them, sending them scampering back to the bluff.

"That's what I call a dog in the manger," said Dan, worked up to fever heat again.

Grasping his rifle and laying it across a log he blazed away, and down dropped Sykes.

"You have killed him," said I.

"No, I haven't, but he don't want any more; see him crawling on his hands and knees through the sage brush. He is all right."

And it proved to be the case, for when within fifty feet of his door he sprang to his feet and ran for dear life to cover.

"Now we have cooked him we will have some good shooting, for the day is hot and they will come in certain," said Dan. We kept our places until nearly two o'clock, when we had ten fine antelopes, making with the three fine bucks Harry had killed, thirteen. With these we loaded our wagon and started for home, where we arrived about midnight. Don't think that we needlessly slaughtered them, for the ranchers along the Fountain Valley were very glad to change their diet of corn bread and bacon for delicious, juicy antelope. J. M. B.

MINNESOTA SPORT.

AMONG the many happy hunting grounds, Clear Water Lake, on the branch line of the St. P., M. and M. Railway, sixty-three miles from St. Paul, Minnesota, is one of the best. The lake is an irregularly formed body of water about six miles long, and from one to two miles wide. It abounds in gravelly points and marshy bays, and each year from September 15 until the lake is closed with ice it is a favorite resort of the toothsome teal and its larger and warier brother the mallard.

Each returning year finds me there on some lone point which guards the passage between contiguous bays marking up and down that the leaden messengers of death within my faithful "Parker" may be sped at the adventurous duck that seeks a passage from one feeding place to another. Large bags of game do not always reward me for my visits there, but the place is quiet and retired, is almost unknown to the pot-hunter and good passes are abundant where the sportsman can see his game, a mere speck in the distance, can watch it increase in size until he can name the genus and species of the feathered balls which are shooting toward him, and can make his shot and know that whatever falls is due to his gun, and is a legitimate trophy of his luck or skill.

On an early October day last fall I piloted a party of three to this bourne from which no sportsman ever wants to return.

There was Pat B, the blushing, modest Pat, who says there is no sport in shooting glass balls (his average on the vitreous spheres is a fraction over one in ten), but who loves to shoot ducks (in a crowd). He has a first-class retriever that learned to steal from the half breed who first owned him, and Pat actually believes that every duck his dog brings him was shot by him and, therefore, that he knows how to shoot ducks—a decided delusion, but fondly hugged by him just the same. There, too, was Jim B., who has French blood coursing through his veins, and who is, therefore, a hunter by instinct, and there was the subscriber, as ardent a lover of a gun and dog, green fields and shady woods as ever lived. We left St. Paul at seven o'clock A. M., and after a three-hours' run on the cars reached Clear Lake section. Mine host, Blackburn, of the Clear Water Hotel, with his team of fat ponies, met us at the depot, and stowing ourselves, baggage and dogs in his commodious platform wagon, we started for the lake, thirteen miles distant. The day was a jewel, even among the many lovely days a Minnesota autumn brings to us, and we were a merry party as we bowled along the faultless natural road toward our destination. An occasional mallard in the little lakes along the way excited the sanguine Pat, but as our experience of him was that he was not very successful with ducks, we held him in the wagon and passed on that we might have an evening's shoot at the lake.

We had engaged accommodations at the farm-house of Mr. Ross, a veritable hunter's home, made so by the ever watchful kindness of his excellent wife and accomplished and pretty daughters. Arriving there, we were warmly greeted, and soon after, hunters' style, we were on our way to the pass, a ridge of land between two lakes, distant about a quarter of a mile from the house.

We found Frank W., a romancer (with all the name implies), a New Yorker, a spinner of tales, an initiated Col. Sellers, at Mr. Ross', and he said there were millions of ducks about the lake. Of course we knew there were not when he said there were, so we trudged along to the pass rather dispirited. The aggravating Pat sarcastically said, "This is a fine place to bring a man," and the quiet Frenchman sniffed in the air and forced it out again with a sound very much resembling "No ducks here." As luck would have it, just as we reached our stands a single mallard passed over rather high, and Pat scored an "unaccountable" by dropping it as prettily as one could wish. Then loudly blew he his horn, and smiled he his healthiest smile, and he said, "I told you so;" and, as Jim B. shortly after commenced his pile with a bronze-head we were a happy trio and thought we had struck 'em just right.

It was rather early for the evening flight and, as I had some doubts of getting any ducks while in the vicinity of Pat's dog, I took a skiff and rowed across the lake to a point covered with low bushes, where the unreliable W. said he had bagged nineteen mallards the evening before. I found it a darling point for a sportsman. The flight was mostly single mallards, but they came low, against the wind, and as they winged their flight within range they grew upon the vision until they appeared to be as large as geese. And when the little pellets which were hurled from my gun found a vital spot they came down into the clear water with a splash and a bound, as if they were hurled from some heavenly howitzer. I bagged seven mallards before dark. Then came the invigorating pull for home, the merry music of the waters as they dashed against my boat, and as the deepening gloom of night fell over the waters, blotting the shore from sight, the feeling crept over me that I was alone in the world. The inky waters of the lake glistened like the dreamed-of seas which the phantasy of nightmare sometimes conjures up; and the flapping mud-hens were demons gloating on my loneliness. But the shore was soon reached, and a few moments afterwards I was seated at Mr. Ross' hospitable board plying the knife and fork and listening to the romances of W——, vouched for by his "Old Bill Jones," the genial Pat, and laughed at by all the rest. As my companions together only secured five ducks I was accused of picking up the ducks they had wounded and lost. The penalty of greatness easily submitted to under the circumstances.

After supper, cards (old sledge) in which the ladies joined, and then bed with dreams of all the feathered tribe—they being the hunters and I the hunted, the only retribution the poor things can ever get with man.

The following day was clear and warm, and small bags were scored. Pat and Jim began to get anxious about their business, and started for home, leaving W—— and myself sole monarchs of the lake.

That evening the elements let themselves loose. Old Borens sought southern climes, and whistled and howled about the house in a manner quite ridiculous for an October visitation. The next morning the blizzard was upon us. A hurricane of snow filled the air with driving whiteness and all living things sought such shelter as they could from its fury. About three o'clock in the afternoon the storm lulled, and I started out through drifts of snow to my waist, for I knew the lee shores would swarm with ducks and that I could relieve my mind of the bloody thoughts which the howling winds had engendered by imitating its stealthy march, *sans* its bluster, and by dealing out destruction upon the unsuspecting mallards that would be feeding out of the reach of the wind. The noise of the elements and the snow-muffled ground favored the hunter and doomed the ducks. I made a bee line from the house to the lake, and peering over the bank felt the indescribable thrill of pleasure which the sight of a mob of bobbing mallards within easy range must ever give the sportsman. My first barrel surprised them in the water, and the second crashed through the startled swarm as they rose in the air. Three birds were bagged at this shot, and soon after Dan, Mr. Ross' son, and I got in four barrels at another flock, and bagged seven birds. Ten heavy mallards in less than half an hour satisfied me, and the load was a heavy one to pack home through the deep snow and against the strong wind.

The following morning furnished me the finest sport of the hunt. The wind had changed into the South, and I chose for my stand a little point near the house. I hardly had my blind completed before a green-head swept down upon the wind and was dropped sixty yards away upon the thin ice which had formed about the shores of the lake during the night. Now came the test of Pat's dog, and nobly he proved himself an all-weather hunter. Every foot he made toward the duck was gained by breaking the ice before him. Yet he never hurried back nor flinched the cold until he laid his duck at my feet. The noble dog repeated this ten times before I was signalled for breakfast, and you may be sure I rewarded him with a good square meal when we reached the house. A mallard is regarded as a very cunning bird, and they have to be hit hard to be retrieved in open water. On this morning I did not lose a duck, however slightly hit. When one of the beauties came down it broke the ice, but the rebound sent them forward on the solid ice, and then they were helpless. It was very ludicrous to see the old fellows frantically pounding the thin ice with their heads, no doubt wondering why they did not disappear beneath its surface.

Thus ended my fall hunt at Clearwater Lake for 1880. It combined several elements of true pleasure, pleasant companions, a hospitable stopping place, fine weather for game and a fairly filled bag. It furnished pleasant memories for the long winter evenings which followed, and it heightens the anticipations of the coming time, when stooping low behind my blind, with every nerve strained, with beating heart and bounding pulse, I shall watch again the coming flock until it passes within range, and the waiting fingers, responsive to the moment, presses the trigger and the shot is made.

Hunt.

Natural History.

NEW CATALOGUE OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

MR. RIDGWAYS' paper on the nomenclature of North American birds is by far the most important of the shorter ornithological works that has appeared in this country for many years. It is a complete revision of the last Smithsonian List, published in 1859, and is brought down, as nearly as such a work ever can be, to date.

Three catalogues of the birds of North America have been issued previous to the one now before us, and of these the only one which has had any general circulation even among ornithologists is that of 1859, which was based upon the work of Baird, Cassin and Lawrence, published as Vol. IX. of the Pacific Railroad Reports. Another one entitled, "A Catalogue of the Birds of North America," by Robert Ridgway, forms part of the proceedings of the United States National Museum III. This last is in fact the basis of the present one, which, however, has been much modified, and in many ways changed and corrected, and to which a new introduction has been written.

The present list contains no less than 226 species and recognizable races which have been added to the North American bird fauna since the year 1859, while sixty-two names contained in the old catalogue of that year have either been reduced to the position of synonyms, or have been removed from the list as not occurring within the region to which it refers. Of the remaining 698 names over 300 have been more or less changed orthographically and otherwise, so that in the present list only 395 of the 760 names given in the old catalogue are retained in the nomenclature of the day.

Only those forms which are regarded as distinct species are in the present catalogue distinguished by separate numbers, the races or varieties being marked by a letter of the alphabet—*a*, *b*, etc., under the number of the species. There are 764 numbers in the list of 1881, and 160 sub-species or races, so that the catalogue in reality contains 924 names.

North America, as understood in the present list, includes the entire continent down to the Southern border of the United States, Greenland, the peninsula of Lower California, with the outlying islands of Guadalupe and Socorro. The bird fauna of these two islands is essentially Nearctic in character, only two species of Neotropical birds being found on them. A number of species, known only from Audubon's description of them, are retained in the list, and reasons, which will commend themselves to every one, are given for failing to throw them out. One great difficulty encountered by Mr. Ridgway in the compilation of this catalogue consists in the adoption of trinomials for the designation of forms, which, while differing from the typical stock, has not yet become so differentiated as to merit a specific appellation. In other words, the determination of the question; when does a certain form cease to be a variety and become a good species; where shall the line be drawn between species and a sub-species, variety or race, is an extremely difficult matter, and one which has to be decided anew in the case of each different bird.

That this is a point about which individual opinions are extremely likely to vary is evident enough, and it is not to be supposed that all of Mr. Ridgway's decisions will be accepted by ornithologists, but all will feel sure that the work has been carefully done, and that the determinations have not been made without reasons which seemed good, and at the time convincing, to the author of the present list.

For the benefit of those of our readers who, while they are interested in birds and more or less familiar with the nomenclature of the older authors, do not keep up with the progress of ornithological science, we print below a few of the more important changes of the generic and specific names of our more common birds.

Hylocichla is substituted for *Turdus* in that section of the thrushes of which *Turdus mustelinus*, Gmel., is the type. *Merula* is substituted for *Turdus* or *Planesticus* in that section of the thrushes represented by *Turdus migratorius*.

Turdus nævius has become *Hesperocichla nævius*.

Helinaia has been changed to *Helonæa*.

Helmitherus has been changed to *Helminthotherus*.

Collyrio has been changed to *Lanius*.

Hirundo horrorum is now *H. erythrogastra*.

Cotyle has become *Cotile*.

Chrysomitris is changed to *Astragalinus* for that section of the American goldfinches of which *C. tristis* is the type, while the generic name *Chrysonitris* is applied only to *C. notata* and *C. pinus*.

Spizella socialis is now *S. domestica*. All of the Juncos heretofore regarded as mere varieties have been elevated to specific rank.

Melospiza melodia becomes *M. fasciata*; *Goniaphæa* becomes *Zamelodia*; *Cyanospiza* becomes *Passerina*; *Euspiza* becomes *Spiza*; *Corous americanus* becomes *C. frugivorus*.

Pica melanoleuca hudsonica is *P. rustica hudsonica*, while *P. nuttalli*, so long regarded as a variety, is given specific rank. *Cyanurus* has become *Cyanocitta*; *Chætura pelagica* or *pelasgia* is now *C. pelasgica*. *Antrostomus nuttalli* becomes *Phalænoptilus nuttalli*. *Picus albolarvatus* has become *Xenopicus albolarvatus*. *Otus* and *Brachyotus* are united in the genus *Asio*; *Strix* is changed to *Aluco*; *Syrnium* is changed to *Strix* for the barred-owl group, while the great gray owl is placed in a genus *Ulula* by itself.

In the *Falconidæ* there are some changes of name which we have not the space to enumerate, and in the herons we notice the adoption of a number of generic appellations long since proposed by Prof. Baird, but not generally accepted until the publication of Mr. Ridgway's paper on this group a year or two ago. Among the Ibises the white and scarlet species are removed to the genus *Eudocimus*, while the glossy and white-faced are called respectively, *Plegadis falcinellus* and *P. guarana*.

The rosy spoonbill is *Ajnja rosea*; the killdeer plover, *Oxyechus vociferus*; Wilson's plover, *Ochthodromus wilsonius*; the mountain plover, *Podasocys montanus*; and the Wilson's snipe, *Gallinago media wilsoni*. The old genus *Tringa* is separated into *Arquatella*, *Actodromus* and *Pelidna*, and certain of the specific names are changed, not only here, but among the godwits and other waders. The grass, gray or upland plover is no longer *Actiturus bartramius*, but *Bartramia longicauda*.

In the *Anatidæ* there are a number of changes. *Cygnus* has become *Olor*; *Anser* (in part) *Chen*; *Branta*, *Bernicla*; *Bucephala*, *Clangula*; the genus *Somateria* is separated into *Polysticta*, *Lampronetta* and *Somateria*, while the old term *Œdemia* now includes *Œdemia*, *Melanetta* and *Pelionetta*, and *Erismatura dominica* has become *Nomonyx dominicus*.

Among the remaining groups a number of important changes in nomenclature appear, most of which, however, are of interest only to the ornithologist, who will, of course, at once supply himself with a copy of the present work.

In a very full Appendix to this catalogue, Mr. Ridgway furnishes a condensed analysis of the changes which have taken place in North American ornithology since 1859. This extremely important portion of the work includes a list of species eliminated from the catalogue of 1859; a list of the species and races described or added to the North American fauna since 1859, with references to the first description or first North American record of each species; a list of North American genera, which have been described or added to the fauna since 1859, together with those whose names or orthography have been changed since that date; a list of the species included in the catalogue which have not yet (according to the records) actually been taken within the prescribed limits; a list of (chiefly) North European species which occur only as stragglers in Eastern North America, or regularly only in Greenland and adjacent portions of the continent; a list of Palæartic and Oceanic species occurring only in Alaska and other parts of the Pacific Coast; Palæarctic species occurring both in Greenland and Alaska, but not recorded from any intermediate point in North America; a list of tropical American species occurring only in southern portions of the United States; an enumeration of valid species described by Audubon and Wilson which have not since been met with, and of which no specimens are known to exist in collections; a list of untenable species and races of North American birds described since 1858; a list of exotic species attributed to North America by various authors apparently on insufficient evidence; a partial list of foreign birds introduced into the United States and those which have been captured after escape from confinement.

From the summary which we have given of the contents of the present paper it will be seen that there is compressed into a very small space a vast amount of information of the greatest value to the ornithologist. We have here collected matter which was originally scattered through hundreds of volumes, journals, proceedings of scientific societies and the like, and the service which Mr. Ridgway has performed in collating and arranging this material cannot be overestimated. The author of this list, too—standing as he does in the first rank of American ornithologists—was just the one to have undertaken this laborious task, for his name gives us the assurance that the work has been well done, and that a mature and ripened judgment has been brought to bear on all doubtful points.

BREEDING OF THE GREAT HORNED OWL.—The following slip is from the Cayuga (N. Y.) *Chief*, and is interesting. The local science of Cayuga is, however, at fault when it states that this species is supposed to "incubate later in the season." *Bubo virginianus* is one of the earliest birds to nest in this latitude, and the eggs are usually deposited by the middle of March. The extract is as follows: On Thursday morning C. K. Durbin, son of Thomas Durbin, taxidermist, while out on a hunting expedition, succeeded in capturing a large horned owl, while on its nest. Two little owlets were in the nest, which are the queerest creatures we have seen. They are evidently but recently hatched, and are covered with down, but destitute of feathers. They cuddle together in the nest, uttering sounds not unlike a young chicken when seeking the comfortable shelter of its mother's wings. The mother owl had evidently laid in a good stock of provisions for her young, for in the nest were found eight mice, a rat, a rabbit and a robin. The capture is quite important as a contribution to natural history, inasmuch as the species were supposed to incubate later in the season. The family are alive and may be seen at Durbin's greenhouse.

CANADA BIRDS—Bowmanville, April 14, 1881.—I send you a few notes on the winter and early spring birds observed by me in this section of this country during the past winter. I am inclined to ask with my friend, Jno. Neilson, what has become of them? Who can give the information? That we have had a very severe winter there is no doubt, but I do not think this accounts for the scarcity, as most of our Canadian winter birds, and especially those of the Quebec district, are of the most hardy kind and not likely to be distrirt, are of the most hardy kind and not likely to be district, are of the most hardy kind and not likely to be frightened by any amount of cold, as long as food was plentiful. I have seen but one solitary specimen of the woodpecker tribe, and they are usually one of the most common of winter birds, and but once have I observed any crossbills.

Below I give you a list of the winter kinds and the date of the first spring arrivals:

January 17, Shore Lark.
" 21, Hudsonian Chicadee.
February 24, Pine Grosbeak
March 3, Crossbills, Blue jays, Bufflehead, pintail duck.
" 4, Red-shouldered Buzzard.
" 5, Buldhead Eagle, Cedar birds.
" 13, Crows, purple grakles.
" 14, nuns, downy woodpecker, red-tailed hawk.
" 20, blue birds, robin.
" 25, hermit thrush.
April 9, song sparrow, ground or field sparrow.
" 15, wild pigeons, golden winged woodpecker, meadow lark.
" 16, peregrine falcon.

Most of my observations have been made under difficulties this winter, as we have no woods near the town, and my time is generally taken up by my business.—AU SABLE.

MIGRATING HERONS—Pawtucket, R. I., April 21, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday I was snipe shooting on Valley Falls Flats, in Rhode Island, and saw what I supposed to be a flock of geese flying very low, but soon discovered them to be blue heron; there were twenty in the flock. Now I have had a good deal of experience in shooting and have never seen them in such numbers before. Will you please inform me if it is not a very unusual occurrence for this part of the country.—G. W. PITCHER.

We saw once such a flock as this observed by you. It was in the gray of the morning in April, and we were rowing out to the ducking ground, when we observed twenty great blue herons, and about a quarter of a mile behind them nine more. The birds were coming from the South across Long Island Sound and were about half a mile from the north shore of the Sound when they were seen.

FLORIDA NOTES—Halifax Inlet, E. Florida, April 17, 1881.—We sometimes see the osprey or fish-hawk escape the pursuit of the predatory eagle by ascending high into the air. Apparently the eagle, *Haliætus leucocephalus*, cannot or will not ascend so high, for, at a certain elevation, she abandons the chase. The osprey only occasionally adopts these tactics. Perhaps only when the fish she carries is light enough to allow the upward flight, or it may be only the older birds, which have acquired by many contests this cunning.

A specimen of the marsh hen, *Rallus longirostris*, was brought in lately, with its bill caught between the shells of a clam; so imprisoned, the bird had been drowned by the rising tide.

Four specimens of the shell of the paper nautilus were brought in from this beach lately, after a storm. It has been doubted by some whether this species occurs on the coast of Eastern Florida, but specimens are found here every winter, sometimes containing the animal.—S. C. C.

TAME QUAIL.—Dover, N. J., April 20, 1881.—Last summer Elias Crater, living between Succasunna and Flanders, drove a mowing machine over a quail's nest. He took the eggs home and set them under a bantam. Nine were hatched. A cat killed one, but did not disturb the rest. The hen would wander with them in the daytime, but always brought them into the kitchen to sleep. I saw them a number of times when small. Yesterday I saw the only surviving two (males). They are fine, large, healthy birds, and are allowed their freedom and go in and about the house just as an ordinary fowl would.—A. C. C.

GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.—West Milford, W. Va.—On the 13th inst. I killed a great northern diver (*Colymbus glacialis*) on our mill pond, which measured thirty inches in length and three feet and nine inches from tip to tip of wings, and weighed eight and three-fourths pounds. I believe it is a very rare bird in this section. Will some of the correspondents of this paper state whether it is common in the northern part of the United States and what is the usual size of the birds.—B. D. R.

The loon is common in the North, especially on the sea coast, during the spring and fall migrations.

ALBINO ROBINS.—A milk-white, red-breasted robin is exciting considerable interest among citizens of Sewickley, Pa., where she has been discovered building a nest, assisted by a male robin of normal color, save that he has a white head.

MAINE.—Lincoln, April 16.—A fine specimen of a white-headed eagle (*Haliætus leucocephalus*), measuring eight feet from tip to tip of wings, was caught in a trap in this vicinity recently, and is now in possession of our local taxidermist. —F. C. P.

Game Bag and Gun.

"BLACK POWDER" EXPLOSIONS.

LAST Thursday morning there was a terrible explosion at the Dittmar powder works at Binghamton, New York. The buildings of the manufactory were shattered, and their stone foundations distributed over an area of half a mile. The trunks of trees were twisted off and others torn up by the roots; many thousands of panes of glass were broken in all parts of the city, and the shock of the explosion was felt for thirty miles around. And this tremendous explosion was that of "black powder which had been stored on the premises." Mr. Carl Dittmar told the reporters that the first and minor explosion was caused by the spontaneous combustion of a barrel of nitro-sugar; and then explained to them, as they in turn dutifully explained to the public:

"The Dittmar powder first took fire and was consumed in a slow blaze which reached the black powder in about five minutes, when the terrific explosion which startled the inhabitants for many miles around took place."

There is a flavor of simplicity and ingenuousness about that statement which leaves no room to question its entire veracity. Mr. Dittmar is now engaged in the manufacture of blasting explosives; the "black powder" part of the story reminds us of a similar curious circumstance attending the Park Place, New York, explosion last year. On the morning of the 30th day of last June a tremendous shock startled Park Place, and a dense volume of smoke was seen pouring from the Dittmar powder company's establishment. Amid the concourse of firemen, police and excited citizens, a news-

paper reporter of our acquaintance made his way into the smoke-filled building. The windows and doors were blown out, fragments of desks, chairs and other furniture littered the room, wall partitions had been demolished, and scattered about were the *dejecta membra* of an iron safe.

"What caused the explosion?" inquired our friend of one of the firm, the venerable presiding deity of the place.

"Explosion, sir!" was the reply; "there has been no explosion here."

That man had missed his destiny. He came into the world too late. The cans of "Dittmar Sporting" were so many ignoble snuffers of his genius. On the field of battle, his troops slain and the remnant in retreat, amid the carnage and disaster of the day, he would have achieved magnificent victory by a sublime and resplendently brazen negation of defeat.

But let us tell the story. Mr. Dittmar says that the disaster at Binghamton last Thursday was caused by the spontaneous combustion of nitro-sugar. Now it will be remembered that nitro-sugar entered into the composition of the so-called "sporting powder," and such particulars as we could gather of the Park Place explosion, seemed to us to point to a like spontaneous combustion of the "sporting powder" stored in the safe. We accordingly examined the depositions of the Dittmars regarding the affair, and found that here, too, the explosion was caused not by Dittmar powder, but by *black rifle powder!* The story as told to the officials (men being brought up to swear to it in due time) was briefly this: One Robert J. Howe, of Baychester, N. Y., on the morning of June 30 brought into the office of the Dittmar Company a keg of black rifle powder "containing nine or ten pounds," where he wanted to leave it until the afternoon, when another man, one Martin Sneider, was to come in from Rosedale, N. Y., whom Howe was to meet at a hotel and to whom he was to deliver the powder. An employee of the company took from the can, to carry home, a portion of this powder brought into town for another man; then he swears he put the can "in an iron safe and closed the safe doors nearly shut" and left the office, and shortly afterward returned to find a pile of papers on top of the safe on fire. "The burning papers fell off from the top of the safe between the door, which was partly open, and the inside of the safe, which contained the powder. When the fire had been burning about two minutes the keg of powder exploded." "This was the first time that Mr. Howe ever brought any powder in[to] said store." The outline of this account was sworn to by Andrew J. Parker, one of the firm, July 2. The porter, who put the powder into the safe, was produced to swear to that fact July 7, and the man Howe duly furnished his corroboration July 9.

"And did you accept this tale?" we asked the officials.

"Well," was the reply, "it was sworn to, and we had to accept it."

There is still another story of the Dittmar explosion at Neponset, Mass., some years ago, when a workman who had made a headlong aerial flight over the landscape was afterward shown not to have been fired out by the explosion, but to have been a flying-machine monomaniac projected into space by his own fatal invention. The explosion of Dittmar powder at the time was simply a coincidence.

When the Greek playwriters had put their hero into seemingly inextricable positions of danger, it was their practice to introduce a god upon the stage to help him out. It was the duty of one of the stage assistants at the appointed time to wheel on the deity. As such a deity-manipulator Carl Dittmar, had he lived two thousand years ago, would have achieved immortality.

A CALL TO REFORM.

I WISH to call the attention of the sportsmen of the country to the following lamentable state of affairs, and to earnestly inquire of them how long they propose to allow the dealers in game to dictate to our legislative bodies what laws shall or shall not be passed for the protection of our fish and game. Why, right here in the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts—and the blush of shame mantles my cheek as I write—it is utterly impossible to obtain the slightest concession from the clique who have organized for the purpose and by some means manage to control the votes of a majority of our very "Honorable General Court" when the subject of game protection is before the House. So powerful an influence does this clique wield that not a word or syllable that is inimical to their interest can be incorporated into any act or resolve. In vain do our most enlightened sportsmen, year after year, strive to obtain the legislation so much needed to restrict the selling of game to its proper season. In vain are their earnest efforts to put a stop to the nefarious traffic. They are defeated at every turn, and the ruthless destroyers—for they alone are the guilty ones—of millions of our choicest game birds not only smile at our distress, but flaunt in our faces from every huckster's stall the bloody corses of their victims. Again I ask how long shall this thing be? How long will the sportsmen of America submit to the wanton destruction of the noble game they profess to love so well? How long will they supinely fold their hands and allow these traders in the blood of our "slaughtered innocents" to dictate times and seasons for their unholy traffic, regardless alike of the threatened extinction of our game, the wishes of our resident sportsmen and the solemn protests of those of the Western States, upon whom the evil results must chiefly fall? I am in almost daily receipt of letters from the West urgently calling upon us to put our shoulders to the wheel and to move heaven and earth to secure the passage of laws that will prevent the sale of game out of season, for, as an old friend from Iowa writes, "so long as you of the East legalize the sale of dead bodies, just so long will there be found unprincipled marauders to rob the grave-yards, if need be, to supply the demand." I am exceedingly pained to say that the old Bay State is not alone in perpetrating this great wrong upon her sister States of the West. Therefore the greater need that her example—as oftentimes of yore—should lead aright, and I sincerely trust that the day is not far distant that shall see our sportsmen awake from their criminal apathy, and, united as one man, arise and sweep from our statute books these objectionable laws and place in their stead protective enactments that shall secure to our children's children the inestimable privilege of enjoying the healthful, ennobling sports of the field. I do not propose to enter into an elaborate argument upon this subject. In fact, argument is entirely out of place, for the only question at issue is: Shall we tamely submit to the dictum of these cormorants and allow their desecrating hands to utterly destroy the last vestige of our once bountiful supply of game in order that a few paltry dimes may be clutched within their [illegible]dy hands. God forbid that argument should be needed here. Brother sportsmen, the solemn responsibility of this great wrong rests upon you. Ponder well these words of warning and awake from your lethargy ere it is too late to save our beautiful forests from utter desolation and our broad fields from becoming a desert waste.

Springfield, Mass. SHADOW.

A HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

AS very few sportsmen do ever come whhere to hunt anything except deer and wild turkeys I have an idea that they think we have no partridges; but if so they are mistaken. On Wednesday of last week four of us made up our minds to go up the country about eighteen miles and stay a day or two for the shooting, not that we have not plenty of birds around here, but as we knew this ground pretty well, we wanted a change. So we started one morning about three hours later than we had agreed upon. I had my colt, Nat, had his horse and Tip and Jim got the wagon, or at least what was a wagon once, for it is now in its dotage. Then we had to take some dogs, and, as each man thought his dog or dogs were the best, we had to take them all, namely, Rover and Don, belonging to Tip; Dash and Bruno, belonging to Nat, and Grand Duke (who, by the way, has been mentioned in your columns before this), who belongs to the writer. After we had traveled safely for three miles the wagon broke down, which did not surprise me in the least; but as I was driving, of course the others said it was my fault, so I let Nat take the reins, but something else breaking in a very short time, he also resigned his responsible position and took a back seat. At last we arrived at friend Dick's, where we received a hearty welcome in true Virginia style. After talking hunt a good deal and helping a pretty girl to knit, the hum of the spinning wheels made me feel sleepy, so we all turned in, with the expectation of having a good day's hunt on the morrow. But, as the old darkey says, "Blessed am they who 'spects little; 'cause why—they ain't gwine to be disapp'inted."

When we opened our eyes after a sound sleep it was pouring, and we felt like using some of Bret Harte's favorite expressions, but as we were supposed to be very good young men we refrained from giving ourselves away, especially as our friend who had taught us knitting the night before was within earshot. After eating a tremendous breakfast out of spite for the bad weather, we strolled to the barn to see after the horses. But the weather soon drove us into the house, for the rain was coming down as if the prayer of the countryman had been answered who prayed: "Oh, Lord! take the stopper out of the bottle of the universe and pour down Thy blessings upon our heads. Amen."

Now we will draw a curtain over the proceedings of that day knowing you will not miss much. But the next morning being clear and beautiful, with a soft, blue haze lying on the distant mountains, and a crispness in the air which made one feel like a gallop over the fields, and our spirits having gone up in proportion, we started, after a great deal of time being lost in fixing our traps, which, by the way, should have been done the day before.

In front of us lay field after field, stretching away to the hills, and beyond these the high mountains of the Alleghany range towered up toward heaven losing themselves in the blue sky, as if God had opened the gates of heaven to let them enter. On we went drinking in the beauties of the scene till at last the dogs came to a stand, and then all other thoughts gave way to the excitement of the moment. After getting sixty birds our ammunition gave out, and we were forced to return home starting up covey after covey on the way. When we arrived at the house we found everything just as it was when we left. The pretty girl was still knitting, her mother spinning and the fire blazing brightly. It certainly was a picture that will live in my memory for some time to come. After supper one of the neighbors came in to know if we would like to go coon hunting, and as usual we entered into the thing with all our hearts. So we got some hounds belonging to our host and went out into the blackest night I ever saw, trusting to luck to find the right way; but, as we ran into first one fence and then another, we soon found it was "no go," and sent a boy back for some rich pine wood to be used as torches. After a little while we got a possum, but, as no coons were around, we were about to turn back, when the hounds suddenly started up a fox, and then we were all excitement. We ran and ran, but the dogs were much too quick for us, and as we were on the top of a mountain we built a roaring fire, knowing full well that the fox would double and come back very near, which was the case, as it passed not fifty yards from us; but the hounds were tired, so we sent off post haste two miles for more dogs, and while we were waiting for them I looked around me. The scene was truly grand; for, as Bret Harte says, "the roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted the ruddy tints of health" on all the hunters' faces who were gathered around, making a tableau few would care to miss seeing, while an old sportsman was telling a wonderful story of an adventure he had had in his youth. "But as he spoke, from clustering pine and cedar a silence seemed to fall, and the fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows, listened in every spray," while I stood as if it were all a dream, watching the torch of the man who went after the dogs appearing and disappearing in the distance like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. It certainly was like fairyland. The fire crackled, the blaze went up high above us, casting a weird light on the trees, while they in their turn cast queer looking shadows which lost themselves in gloom. The baying of the hounds grew fainter and fainter in the distance, till they died away altogether, only to begin again, coming nearer and nearer every instant, till, by the time they reached us, the other dogs had arrived, so we put them on the trail and soon had the fox cornered. The dogs stopped baying and we rushed to the rescue. There was another scene fit for any artist. The fox had run down a ledge of rocks till it could go no further, then suddenly turned back, as if to retrace its steps, but finding us too near for any chance of escape in that direction, he paused a moment as if weighing his chances of life, and without a moment's warning leaped into what appeared to us infinite space. We stood on the rocks holding our torches above our heads and peering down into the black darkness beneath us, and yet while we gazed, uncertain what to do, the voice of a dog arose in one sharp bark from the depths below. We held our breath to listen, "while a silence seemed to fall," but it did not last long, for in a moment the noise of a struggle among the leaves came up to us. A bark, a groan, and then all was still as death. While our torches flickered and glared in the darkness, throwing an unsteady light on the surprised faces of our party, there we stood looking at each other as if the earth had opened and swallowed up our fox, till one of our old hunters brought us back to our senses by saying, "Well, boys, we may as well try and get down in that ere hole or we will stand a good chance of going home minus a fox." So after a great deal of trouble we reached what seemed to me at the time to be a bottomless pit, but what turned out to be a kind of bear's den; not that there were any bears in it; oh, no, but there on one side lay a tumbled mass of fur which might have been taken for one. It was the dog and fox all in a heap, the former holding on to the throat of his enemy. We soon got him off, and while one of the party shouldered the fox we tried to find an easy way out. But it was "no go," so we scrambled up the best way we could and went home pretty well tired out. The next day it was raining very hard when we started for Berkeley, and we felt like again quoting from the countryman who prayed, after it had rained more than was needed, "Oh, Lord! When we asked you to take the stopper out of the bottle of the universe we did not mean for you to lose it. Amen." But in spite of the loss of the stopper we reached home in safety, and then began the fun of relating our adventures, without any regard for the size of the stories.

Berkeley Springs, W. Va. VICTOR.

METHODS OF TRAPPING BEAVER.

IN the fall of 1866, with one companion of congenial taste, I took passage on the steamer Wabuno (since foundered, as stated in the FOREST AND STREAM,) to the outlet of the Seguin River, thence by canoes to the numerous lakes and tributaries on the headwaters of that then unknown stream. Supplied with six months' provisions and the necessary camp equipage of hunters and trappers, we pitched our tent. This was made of poles arranged in the form of a rail fence, corner-thatched with hemlock boughs, a temporary protection for provisions and utensils. The location selected was between waters of the Seguin and Magvetawan Rivers.

We began operations by building a log cabin, dimensions about twelve feet square, roofed with troughs of hollow cedars, choosing trees six to eight inches in diameter. After cutting and splitting in lengths sufficient to reach across the roof we laid one cover with hollows up and the next with hollows lapping over the edges of first cover, thereby forming a roof which never leaked, and strong enough to bear any fall of snow with safety. We were now ready to commence our business of trapping; to illustrate some of the means resorted to will be my aim in this article. The beavers there were not of the domesticated kind; but the bank and house beavers which at that time were quite plentiful on the north shore, and there is no record of their cultivating the acquaintance of civilized people that I am aware of. If any readers of the FOREST AND STREAM should attempt to make a practical application of hints offered here, it is my sincere hope that the results may be more satisfactory than some tests I have made of so-called hints of trappers, who claim to make trapping easy to all. For trappers earn their bread, and perseverance is absolutely necessary to their success, as any man experienced in the business will testify.

Descriptions of beavers' dams and conical two-story houses, built in the shallow water near the head of the ponds, have been often given and are familiar. After finding fresh cuttings of timber near the dams, showing the presence of beaver, begin operations by cutting a channel through the dam one foot wide and the same in depth; take two sticks about two feet long and the size of the finger, and sharpened at both ends; plant them firmly in the trench, inclining up stream, the points about six inches apart and just below the surface. Set the trap opposite one point and one foot further up stream, six inches under water. If too deep, fill with stones to the required depth. The beaver, when visiting the break to repair it, will first attempt to swim through the channel, and, swimming against the sharp points, will involuntarily throw out all fours to stop further progress, and will be caught by the hind foot, which is directly over the trap.

Another method is to set the trap in the trails leading to fresh cuttings on the banks, or find where a tree is partly cut, setting the trap near the stump, as the beaver will usually finish his work the succeeding night. The trap should be set on the outside of the trail, as the feet of the beaver will be placed there in traveling, making two rows of tracks several inches apart. Do not use a green stick for a stake, as beaver will make short work of it, and you will thereby lose both game and trap. Use seasoned hemlock or tamarack, which will not be cut, or tie firmly to a stone with the inner bark of basswood.

Beavers cut their winter wood late in the fall, first felling small trees, usually of birch, and cutting in lengths from twenty to thirty inches, which wood is placed evenly on the bottom near the houses and furnishes food after the ice shuts them from the banks, and is carried into the houses, stripped of the bark and carried outside, where it is strewed around promiscuously, where it may be seen in the spring, or by cutting through the ice in winter.

After this food has become water-soaked and stale you may begin winter trapping. First ascertain if the houses are occupied, by looking down the chimney, as it is termed by trappers, which is the opening left in the top of the house for ventilation, and is thickly interlaced with twigs. The breath and warmth of the inmates keep it open through the snow, and it is covered in unoccupied houses. Approach carefully, and when satisfied that the family is at home you may stamp against the walls with your snowshoes, and by listening at the chimney as the frightened beavers take to the water you may count the number; then you will afterward know when all are captured. The beaver will then take refuge in other houses, of which there are usually several in each dam. In traveling to and from the house under the ice there will be a hollow space formed, which you may locate by pounding on the surface until it gives back a hollow sound. Cut a hole near this channel, and take three poles, one dry and two fresh, green birches, one inch in diameter; plant them firmly in the bottom in a triangular form, and one foot apart, projecting through the ice. Set your trap, placing the ring on the dry pole; lower the trap with hooked poles, allowing the ring to slide down with the trap to the bottom, placing the trap between the green poles. The beaver, when finding the fresh wood, will first cut them near the ice, and, finding them fast at the bottom, will attempt cutting there, which will end in his being caught, if the directions have been properly followed. I have caught beavers by this method in eight feet of water.

Still another method is by cutting into the channel near the house after driving the beavers out, and following them from house to house, making it impossible for them to return. Watch the openings in the swift water above until driven

there for air, when they may be shot or speared from the banks. This method to be successful must not be attempted when the ice is higher at the shore than on the surface, as that affords breathing places which will be taken advantage of in preference to the openings described heretofore.

Experiments, which were the results of long experience, and which have been successful, were always considered secrets of the trade and jealously guarded, but such secrets are of no great importance except to experienced hunters and trappers; for you may explain just how to cast a fly, or how far ahead to aim on a ruffed grouse, and then it takes years of practice and a natural tact and fondness for the sport to make the information of any practical use. H. C. W.

Wellsville, N. Y.

SHORE AND INLAND NOTES.

LEHIGH VALLEY, Pa., April 13.

I HAVE been summoned to the beautiful town of ———, in the Lehigh Valley, by a friend who is anxious that I should accompany him on a fishing trip to a stream not far distant, where he has always enjoyed good fly fishing quite early in the season. I am promptly at his side, but to-day it is raining in torrents, and I must content myself with looking out of the window at the dull clouds as they roll over the hill-tops, and be impressed with the not very good prospects for the morrow.

Before leaving Philadelphia and stopping in at Krider's to replenish my stock of flies, leaders, etc., etc., I met Capt. Bond, of Long Beach, N. J., and, anxious to learn anything of interest from Tuckerton Bay, questioned him regarding the fowl in his waters and the effect the freezing of the shoal places has had upon the feed of the ducks. The Captain tells me that when the ice broke up it carried off all the vegetable matter with it, pulling it up by the roots, and thus leaving no food for the fowl. "Geese and brant have been plentiful enough, but have not stopped long in Tuckerton Bay." The black duck shooting is being ruined, he states, by the night shooters and "pond watchers." "Captain Sam Shords and his boys and Captain Billy Gaskill and his boys following this sort of work every favorable night. The consequence is," said Bond, "the black ducks are yearly decreasing in numbers, and soon will not come into the bay to feed."

I found Captain Clay and Dan Wells just about starting on a yachting trip down the Delaware River to the bay for ducks and snipe. They will go down as far as Prime Hook and Slaughter Hook marshes.

Last week Mr. Geo Fitler had a shot at a swan, a short distance below Philadelphia, but it was a long one, and the bird was not killed. This swan is the second one that has been seen so near the city for many years. One of our river men killed several wild geese near Tinnicum's Island a few day ssince. This is considered a "ten-strike and a spare."

To break the monotony of the dull, rainy day your correspondent ran up to Mauch Chunk to inspect the trout ponds of Mr. Alex. Leisenring, and to pass an hour or two with the genial sportsmen of that place. At the Mansion House we were shown a very well bred red Irish setter belonging to the worthy landlord, Mr. J. S. Weibert. The dog, we are told, is of Capt. Silsbey's breeding. Mr. Weibert owns another very fine setter we once had the pleasure of shooting over when she (Kate) was in the possession of her former owner. We looked at a number of very fair native setters belonging to the sportsmen of the neighborhood. Some are famous for ruffed grouse, and their owners kill not a few of these noble birds every season, as the valleys and hillsides in this section of the country abound with them.

The quail of the Lehigh Valley have been completely destroyed by the snows of the past winter, but we are pleased to know that a few gentlemen have clubbed together and housed between one and two hundred birds, which will furnish the stock for the coming breeding season.

We were luckily present at feeding time, when we reached the trout ponds of Mr. Leisenring and witnessed the commotion made by two or three thousand hungry fish, as the attendant threw upon the water the minced liver with which they were fed. Mr. Leisenring has two ponds—in one there are twelve or fifteen hundred fish, at least fifteen inches long—in the other a like number, averaging eighteen to twenty inches. One of the fish we saw Mr. John Leisening stated was twenty-six inches from tip to tip—Mr. Blackfort should have this monster. The ponds and trout we understand are for sale and can be bought at a very low price.

To-morrow, if the weather will permit, we will try the trout in ——— Creek, but the prospect, as I look out of the window, is a forlorn one. HOMO.

GAME NOTES FROM MANY QUARTERS.

California.—Our quail season closed on the 15th of last month, and we have lots of them left for breeding purposes. I am glad to see that a war of extermination is begun against the hawks; they are a terrible scourge and I never miss an opportunity to kill one of them, although our California quail always frequent much heavier cover than the Eastern quail do.—H. M. B.

Colebrook, N. H.—The game of this part of the State has wintered unusually well. Some crust hunting has been done near the settled locations. Tom Chester writes that "around the First Connecticut Lake the natives are killling deer at a great rate, and the hotel men there are encouraging it to all appearances." Sportsmen will contribute to their own pleasure by increasing the price per day for Magalloway guides. The pork barrel began to look low, and a party of them ran down and killed one moose recently. Tom Chester in one of his excursions after fishers found where they had been digging in the snow. Investigation revealed an old bull moose that had died before snow came last fall. The horns measured 3 ft. 7 in. spread, and had a great number of points and brow antlers. F. J. Gamsby, of this town, has caught fifty-eight foxes since last October.—NED MORTON.

Weedsport, N. Y.—Woodcock, snipe and plover are coming in.—DON.

Osbornville, N. J.—Whole bevies of quail were found here frozen to death after the snow went off.—J. W. J. O.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 21.—Ducks are beginning to arrive on our rivers; some fair bags have been made. A few arrived within the city limits, but they did not stay long, as they came to the conclusion that they had found an unsafe place, as every gunner in the city almost was out after them.—N.

MINNESOTA—Camden, N. J.—I have just come in from a ten days' sojourn in Minnesota. What a grand State it is, with its rare and bracing air! Ducks and geese are very thick, and I found some very good gunning ground in a section of the State in which I had entered some land twenty-seven years ago, only to find the land—then a wilderness—now on the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, and near the former city. I came through with Gen. Gibson, of Montana, of the Regular Army. He told me of catching a nine-pound trout in the Missouia River, Montana. I took the liberty of telling him you would be glad to get his experiences by "flood and field," and he said he would gladly avail himself of your pages. —J. M. S.

STATEN ISLAND—Brooklyn, April 18.—A friend and myself made a flying visit to Staten Island last Thursday to try our luck. After a tough fag day, cold and windy, we found twelve birds, of which we bagged eleven. Birds very wild—only getting two points out of the lot. We hunted down wind.—SNORE.

WESTERN NEW YORK—Buffalo, April 17.—Spring is still very backward and fishermen are catching large quantities of the blue and yellow pike through holes in the ice, which still covers Lake Erie to the depth of nearly three feet, as far as the eye can reach. The first Wilson's snipe of the season was shot here on April 15 by Jake Swartz, an irrepressible pursuer of fin, fur and feather. A few specimens of the white bellied swallows have made their appearance, and the mountain ash trees in and about the city are alive with flocks of the cedar birds. Beyond this everything has a January-like aspect, with sharp frosts every night.—C. L.

WEST VIRGINIA—West Milford, April 19.—I seldom see any communications in FOREST AND STREAM from our State, and I am aware that our sportsmen are not so much interested in this section as in many other States, nevertheless we are taking more interest of late years than formerly. Our game laws are good enough, if enforced, and of late are generally observed in regard to fish and birds; no fish taken except with rod and line. Our river is pretty well stocked with pike, perch, catfish and a great variety of the sucker tribe. Ruffed grouse (here called pheasant) and quails are our principle game birds; grouse, I think have wintered well; quail suffered much from continued snows, probably 60 per cent. saved. We will have no shooting now for three years; expect plenty by that time, if the following winters should be favorable. We had no good shooting last fall, on account of winter setting in so early.—E. D. R.

WHO SHOT "OLD ALEX."—Confluence, Pa.—There appeared in the Pittsburgh *Post*, Sept. 18, 1880, an article signed "J. C. B., Confluence, Pa.," in which he stated that until within a couple of weeks a buck, familiarly known as "Old Alex.," roamed in the mountains near Confluence, Pa., defying the skill of our own as well as Pittsburgh's most noted marksmen. But by good fortune it fell to Mr. Ed. W. Watson, of Alleghany, to kill his buckship; and the writer of the article ends by saying that shot would settle all controversy as to who killed "Old Alex." Now I wish to correct the above by saying, "Give honor to whom honor is due," as we dislike very much to see any one wearing laurels not their own. At the above mentioned time "Old Alex." was not alive, as he was shot by R. T. C. Stephenson, of Burgettstown, Washington Co., Pa., with a rifle, distance 110 yards, the deer on the dead run at the time he was shot. He was killed in Fayette County, this State, on the 9th day of December, 1876, at 7:15 A. M., on the farm then owned by Silas Butler, but now in possession of Mathias McClintock. For the past two or three years before he was killed he was often seen pasturing on the farms of Squire Tice, Jonathan Butler, L. P. Shipley and Wm. Rickner, who are among the oldest settlers; and who, upon seeing him dead, pronounced him the famous deer known as "Old Alex.," and would testify to the same, if necessary. Stephenson has the horns and hide in his possession yet. We write this merely to show that Stephenson did shoot the old and only original deer known as "Old Alex.," and that Washington County is entitled to the honors of his death, and not Alleghany. If "J. C. B." will go back to the files of the ROD AND GUN, then published in New York City, in February, 1877, he will find an account of his having been shot by Stephenson.—G. C. BUTLER.

DETROIT NOTES.—This is the first day in which there has been felt a genuine touch of spring. Yesterday (April 17), witnessed a tremendous fall of rain, which began about 3 P. M. and continued unceasingly for a period of fifteen hours. When I came down town this morning the air was balmy, the grass between the curb and the sidewalk in the city parks and on private lawns had taken on a lively green, which twenty-four hours before was not visible; singing birds made pleasant music; the pavements were warm and dry, and there was in the city a kind of business quiver that made me think spring had indeed come at last. We of Detroit, in common with you of New York, have had a distressing winter. An old hunter told me not long ago that no such severe winter as that just ended had been known hereabout since 1841. The fall of snow was enormous—hunting was out of the question, except during the season of deer, and fishing through the ice was practically abandoned, even the most enthusiastic fishers having found themselves unable to brave the extraordinary severity of the weather.

I can look out of my window nowadays and see considerable flocks of wild ducks flying up the river Lake St. Clairward, though at this moment the river is chocked with ice floating Erieward. Shooting is going on rather lively.

It is reported that several Marquette sportsmen intend to erect a hunting box at Sixteen-Mile Lake. They could not select a better spot for such a purpose, as there is in that region an abundance of game and speckled trout. Trout fishing, says a waggish friend, is rather slim just now—the snow and ice darken the water so much that they can't see to bite. CHARON.

A LOON-Y PERFORMANCE.—Last Saturday afternoon we had a rather animated shooting tournament in this place. It was one of those impromptu affairs that succeed in drawing a large crowd without any preliminary advertising. It had been announced for several days that a fellow calling himself "Wild Jim." would on that afternoon give an exhibition of his marvelous dexterity with the rifle. Some time before the hour named for the show on "The Island," a solitary loon, (*Colymbus glacialis*) was seen in the river near the bridge. Immediately as many as a score of men ran for their guns, and the fun commenced. At least forty rounds were fired at him before he succumbed. The bombardment was kept up for more than half an hour from both shores and the bridge, which was crowded with spectators. There must have been four hundred persons attracted to the spot by the shooting. It was bang here, and bang there, and bang yonder, and sometimes several simultaneous bangs every time the loon's head broke the surface. Every miss was a signal for a succession of groans from the crowd, and when he was finally hit by some lucky fellow on the west shore, the shouts of applause were deafening. "Wild Jim's" shooting of glass balls and walnuts that followed this free entertainment was a tame thing in comparison.

Wild ducks and geese have been flying here this week in large numbers, and many have been shot along Fox River. There is hardly an evening but we hear the cackle of geese flying over our village. It gives one the "gun fever" to hear their monotonous cackle, and large coveys of ducks like the rush of mighty winds. HIX.

MASSACHUSETTS WILD FOWL SHOOTING—Pocasset, Mass., April 13.—Spring shooting affords us much sport at times. This bay—Buzzard's—lies in the way of many migratory fowl. The best shooting places are, "Back of Marshnee," "Hog Island Narrows," Cataumut Beach and some points on the western shore. Brant favor Cataumet Beach, and sometimes are killed "Back of Marshnee." "Back of Marshnee" is the passage between Marshnee Island and Toby's.' Coots, loons, shelldrakes and many other species fly up through this passage on their way North.

A party of three camped for a few days near Cataumet Beach. They were too early for the coots, but got some shelldrakes, and had a grand time notwithstanding the cold weather. In a week or two the coots will come, and though poor eating they afford fine shooting. In season I have seen thirty boats lying between Marshnee and Toby's islands. The coots fly in flocks ranging from a few pair to thousands. The time of shooting is from daybreak till an hour or so after sunrise. The afternoon shooting begins at about 4 P. M., and lasts till it's too dark to see. A southwest wind is best as the birds then try to cross over the cape—Cape Cast. If they fly too high then the gunner whistles them down. I have known them to pitch down to the water from a height of more than 200 yards on hearing the gunner's sharp whistle. At these times they often fly very close to one's boat and are quite difficult to hit. After they are whistled down they go up the bay a short way, and then turn and come out, thus giving two shots. In this way many are killed in one day. Loons give good point shooting, but they are tough in every sense of the word. Our winter ducks have left. MERGUS.

THE WAYS OF REYNARD.—Pittsford, Rutland Co., Vt.—I see in issue of Feb. 24 an article in regard to foxes relieving one another when hard pressed by the hound. My experience has not been the same as your correspondent's. On Feb 21 I was out and started one fox, and another was routed by the voice of the hound, and both foxes came over the runways on which I was standing at the same time and from different directions. I shot at the stray fox and he dropped in his track. I then attempted to serve the other likewise, but my second barrel missed fire, and on he went. When the dog came up he saw the fox I had killed, and made a rush for him to shake him as he always does three or four times before he is satisfied, but just as he opened his mouth to take him in he discovered it was not the fox he was after. He threw up his head and commenced circling for the other trail which he soon struck, and away he went in pursuit. This was conclusive evidence that this dog had a nose keen enough to discern the difference between the scent of the two foxes. In about an hour I killed the fox the dog was after, and found both were males. In all my experience in fox shooting, during which time more than 150 foxes have fallen to my gun, never to my knowledge has a stray fox relieved the one started by the dog, and never have I owned a dog that would not start and chase a pregnant fox as long and well as any other. We have nothing but red foxes here, with gray ones it may be different. With a dog that has not a keen nose no doubt such a change could take place.—E. S.

FIFTY-DOLLAR GUNS—Bowmanville, Ont.—I saw in the FOREST AND STREAM of some weeks ago (I cannot just call the number to mind) an article entitled "The Best Fifty-dollar Gun," in which the writer seemed to think that it is impossible to get a pair of Damascus or laminated steel barrels on a fifty-dollar imported gun. I am inclined to differ with him. I think that any imported breech-loader that is represented as having these barrels really has them. The barrels turned out in a factory are by no means uniform in quality nor free from flaws. The barrels of these cheap guns are, without doubt, genuine Damascus or laminated steel, but they are rejected barrels; and in some hundreds of these guns, that I have had opportunities of examining, I never remember seeing one without one or more flaws, either inside or outside of the barrels. This is the secret of their cheapness; not because they are stained imitations, as many suppose, for it is impossible to figure the barrels of a gun by staining to represent twist of any kind where the fraud is not apparent on the surface. If any one wants a good fifty-dollar gun let him patronize one of our own American gunsmiths, and he will get value for his money every time, not in Damascus barrels, however. AU SABLE.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—The Rockland, Me., *Express* reports that a pair of Messina quail have been seen in the west part of Brunswick where a portion of the flock imported last year was liberated. The same paper says that "Dr. Stevens has in his stable at North New Portland a deer that is a curiosity in that section. It was taken in the Dead River woods near Flagstaff. Woodmen and hunters who have seen it say they never saw the like. The ears of the animal are nine inches long, and its tail is like a young colt's. It completely answers the description given by books of the mule deer of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains."

Mr. Everett Smith writes to the Portland, Me., *Argus*: "The quails liberated and known to have bred in Maine last year, migrated south in the autumn, but may be expected to make their appearance here in May, and commence nesting in the fields in June. In reply to inquiries about these birds, which always nest on the ground, I will quote a paragraph from the report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game for 1880:

NOTE.—A quail's nest may be identified by the *number of eggs*, from 8 to 15 to each nest. None of our native field birds lay so many.

Farmers are requested, when finding nests in hay-fields, to leave a square yard of grass standing about it; or, if mowed over, to place some small branches around and over the nest, so that it may not be deserted. See article on Quails, page 36.'

"It is hoped as full a record as possible shall be kept of this attempt to introduce quails to the avifauna of our State, and I would therefore request that any observation of these birds be communicated to me at the above address.

A FORMIDABLE PIECE OF ORDNANCE has recently been submitted for our inspection. It is the invention of Mr. Fayette S. Giles, well known to the sportsmen of America as the founder and leading spirit of the Blooming Grove Park Association, and consists of a breech loading six barreled rifle, so contrived that one, two or three barrels may be discharged at once, or the entire six "turned loose" simultaneously. It is claimed that the arm will give the same pattern at 500 yards with bullets as that usually attained at 30 yards with shot from a choke bore, the penetration being equal to that of an Express rifle. The object of this polygastric gun is, in short, to provide the gunner with an arm equally fatal to the squirrel on a stump and the grizzly on a mountain peak.

THE WINCHESTER EXPRESS IN INDIA—Poonah, India.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having lately seen several let

ters in your very interesting paper on the subject of hunting rifles, and as inquiries are being continually made on the same subject in the columns of the *Asian*, our only sporting paper, especially one or two lately on the merits of the Winchester Express rifle, may I be permitted to say that from all accounts this weapon appears to me to fulfill nearly all the conditions required of a perfect sporting rifle. Its one defect, however—the smallness of its charge for the comparatively large calibre—will prevent its general adoption, I think, in this country. When that is remedied and the gun is made to take the usual English .500 Express charge of 120 to 160 grs. powder, and 340 to 390 lead, the days of the double rifle will be numbered, for in addition to the advantage of having a reserve of five shots in the repeater against one in the double-barrel, the price of a really good double rifle would buy several repeaters.—SEPOY.

A CUBAN QUAIL SNARER.—Havana, Cuba, April 9.—Our colored sportsman arms himself with a bag and a long cane pole with a lasso of horsehair at the end and a little dog to find and flush up the quail. As soon as flushed the dog runs after them, barking as if his life depended on it. The flock generally light in the first tree; then the dog keeps barking, and as soon as the negro comes up he joins in the bark, and with his pole he will put the loop over the bird's head and take him to bag, often catching most of the flock before they find out that it is not all noise. This style works best early in the season when the birds are quite young. In this way of catching the birds this season they have taken them all near the small villages. I wish that your game law could be enforced here.—J. W.

KITTY HAWK BAY CLUB.—Another large tract of land in Currituck and Dare counties, North Carolina, is to be taken up by a club for shooting and fishing grounds. The Kitty Hawk Sportsmen's Club has secured the purchase and lease of 25,000 acres of the far-famed sporting district on the Carolina coast where the shooting includes canvas backs, redheads, black heads, mallards, teal, brant, geese, swan, snipe and deer, and the fishing comprises black and striped bass, Spanish mackerel, sheep's head and mullet.

SEABOARD SHOOTING ASSOCIATION—Portsmouth, Va.—At a recent meeting of the Seaboard Shooting Association the following officers were elected for ensuing year: President, Dr. H. F. Butt; Vice-President, James M. Binford; Secretary, H. G. Williams; Treasurer, A. C. Freidlin; Executive Committee—Dr. H. F. Butt, H. G. Williams, E. V. White, A. C. Freidlin and James F. Carr.

BOWMANVILLE, Ontario.—Our spring has opened in earnest, and the duck shooting has commenced, but as yet the bags made are neither heavy nor many. I have seen no snipe nor woodcock, but expect them in very soon. Wild pigeons not seen so far this spring, which is a very unusual state of affairs as some always come in, though often in small numbers compared to what I have seen in years gone by.—AU SABLE.

WILD PIGEONS.—The wild pigeons are about seventy miles west of Atoka, Indian Territory, nesting; set in about one week ago. Large body of them reported.

QUAIL FOR SPRINGFIELD.—The Rod and Gun Club, of Springfield, Mass., have received and let loose two hundred and twenty of the four hundred and twenty quail purchased by them, and are in hopes that the balance will arrive soon.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

By the way, that reminds me—

APROPOS of the stories published recently in FOREST AND STREAM on squirrel shooting, I send you the following to find if anything similar has come within the observation of the fraternity.

One morning last fall, one of our gunners, armed with what "Byrne" would call a "woodchuck gun," was out in the bottoms west of town after squirrels. A number had already fallen to his unerring aim, when, observing a squirrel working toward him, he sat down on a log to wait. He had hardly seated himself when a noise in a tree behind caused him to look around. What was his surprise to see a big coon about ready to descend. Thinking this a chance to obtain the wherewith for a coon pot-pie, our Nimrod raised his rifle and fired. By the way the coon kicked he was evidently hard hit, and struggled to retain his grip on the tree. But his coonship was not destined to become a hungry man's meat, for immediately coon No. 2 came out of a hole above, and snatching his wounded brother by the wool, gathered him in to a place of safety.—ANON.

THIS comes from MACON, Ga.: I read with much interest in FOREST AND STREAM of March 31, a very good article on turkey hunting by "Splasher." He writes about killing four out of five turkeys at one shot. This calls to mind a story an uncle of mine told me some years ago. This uncle was from North Carolina, and was, when a young man, very fond of sports, and I have listened to some marvelous stories from his experience with the game of North Carolina. There was in his neighborhood a man who was notoriously trifling and lazy, disagreeable and offensive in many ways and, in fact, a "dead beat and a sponge." On one occasion he approached one of his neighbors and requested that he would allow him to use his gun for a day or two—stating that a large flock of turkeys were near his house, and he having baited them could kill several of them at a shot. His neighbor, thinking the opportunity to get rid of him a good one, readily consented; told him he would load the gun for him, and going into his house put in about three charges of powder and shot—enough, as he supposed, to burst the gun and kill the man. As the fellow shouldered the gun and marched away the owner of the gun congratulated himself on ridding the community of the vagabond. Several days after, to his amazement, the man came to his house with the gun, and in response to his questions about the turkeys entered into a graphic description of how he saw the flock approaching, how they came up to the trench, and he, taking aim, fired. "And did you kill any?" "Yes," said he, "when I came to, I picked up seven."—J. H. J.

[We wonder if that uncle could not be induced "to tell another."—Ed.]

The vigor of youth given to the aged and infirm by using Hop Bitters. Try it.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salmo fontinalis.*	White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*	
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostedium americanum, S. griseum*, etc.	Warmouth, *Chenobryttus gulosus.*
	Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*	Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*	Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*	

We have also the Literary Angler, who reads Walton and admires him hugely; he has been inoculated with the sentiment only; the five-mile walk up the creek, where it has not been fished much, is very fatiguing to him, he "did not know he must wade the stream," and does not until he slips in, and then he has some trouble at night to get his boots off. He is provided with a stout bass rod, good "strong" leaders of salmon-gut, and a stock of Conroy's "journal flies," and wonders if he had not better put a shot just above his stretcher fly.—THAD NORRIS.

SMELLING BLUEFISH AT A DISTANCE.

THE following letter from Dr. D. Webster Prentiss, Professor of Materia Medica in the National Medical College in Washington, to Prof. G. Brown Goode, of the U. S. Fish Commission, contains an idea new to us, and we hope to have a chance to verify the odor of a school of bluefish and locate them by the odor alone, when summer comes, without reliance on the leaping of the fish when feeding, or on the presence of screaming gulls. He writes:

PROF. G. BROWN GOODE: WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Sir—Visiting Nantucket last summer (1880), I was present on the South Beach when several fishermen came in with bluefish in their dories. In conversation with one of them I asked how it was on the broad ocean he knew where to fish. "We smell them," was his reply. I looked incredulous, and he added, "But strangers won't believe it." I certainly thought at the time that it was a "fish story." The next day, sailing up the harbor of Nantucket to Wauwinnet, I saw a flock of gulls hovering over a particular portion of water, screaming and diving into it. I asked the skipper what they were after and was informed there was a school of bluefish at that point feeding on the young menhaden, which they drove to the surface, and the gulls were attacking the small fry from above. Shortly after, passing near the spot, I noticed a peculiar fresh odor, something between the smell of cucumbers and watermelons.

On the return from Wauwinnet down the Nantucket harbor we again passed through a school of bluefish, and a line was cast and one caught. On board the yacht was a party of twenty-five or thirty ladies and gentlemen. Just after the fish was caught one of the ladies remarked, "I smell watermelons; where can they be?" I noticed the odor very strongly, and several others of the party also spoke of it and conjectured as to its source, coming to the conclusion that a sloop in the distance must be carrying a cargo of watermelons Such, however, was not the case. The day after this occurrence I joined a party for a trip—bluefishing—out to the "riffs" at the northeastern extremity of Nantucket. On reaching the fishing grounds the captain of our yacht called attention to a smooth surface on the water a short distance ahead and explained that a school of bluefish had recently been there feeding upon menhaden, the smooth appearance being caused by the oil liberated in chewing up the young fish. He further remarked, as we approached the spot, "If you will notice now you will smell 'em." In a few moments I perceived this same odor of watermelons. "Do the bluefish smell like watermelons?" I asked. "Yes, that is the smell, and we always know in that way when we are near a school of them."

After this, while beating back and forth along the "riff," I was reminded frequently of fresh-cut watermelons, and each time we had evidence of the presence of bluefish in the catch, either on our own yacht or another on the same course. Thus, from being utterly skeptical of the story of the South Beach fisherman, I became a thorough convert to the belief in the reality of a peculiar and easy recognized odor betraying the presence of schools of bluefish. This odor, as nearly as I can describe it, is as already stated, that of a freshly-cut watermelon and combined with fresh cucumbers. Whether it is an emanation from the bluefish, or whether it is produced by the mangling of the small fish which they make their prey, I am unable to say. The odor, however, is certainly not the same that the bluefish gives out after being taken from the water, and I am inclined to the belief that it owes its origin to the small fry upon which it feeds.

There are three ways in which schools of bluefish are tracked by the fishermen in their pursuit: first, by the flocks of gulls which hover over them, feeding upon the menhaden which they drive to the surface; second, by the spots of smooth water caused by oil escaping from their mangled prey (this, however, only indicates that the bluefish have recently been at that point); third, by this peculiar watermelon and cucumber-like odor. D. W. P.

WEIGHING VS. GUESSING.

AMONG the many departments of a paper like the FOREST AND STREAM there is hardly any more interesting to the angler than the advertising columns. He scans them closely from week to week, and in every issue his attention is sure to be called to some useful article pertaining to his craft. But for once, at least, there has appeared an advertisement against which we most earnestly protest, as it is so antagonistic to one of the most valuable pleasures enjoyed by the angler.

It says, "Weigh your fish on the spot." Great heavens! Mr. FOREST AND STREAM, when you knock Piscator's privilege of guessing at the weight of his fish, and guessing as high as he pleases, by producing a pocket scale that tells the exact truth, you are depriving him of one of his most inestimable privileges. Measuring was in a degree an infringement of his prerogatives, and he was obliged to resort to innumerable quibbles to circumvent its accuracy, one of which was insisting that the fish he caught made up in thickness what they lacked in length. He would say, "I do not doubt that the system of calculating weight by first finding the length might, in many cases, prove nearly accurate, but mark the unusual breadth and thickness of these fish. Why, man, the ordinary twelve-inch trout is a yearling in comparison to these nine-inch fish in my basket. You must invent a system that takes into consideration not only length, but breadth and thickness, before it approaches anything like correctness in all cases. Besides, did you ever feel a fish so firm and solid as this one?"

Measuring was bad enough, but against weighing, oh, shade of gentle, truthful Walton protect us! When we return from a day's sport and with radiant smile display the result of our skill—"Isn't that a beauty?" "What will he weigh?" Well, three pounds and a half. "Hardly," says Mr. Matter-of-fact. "Oh, yes, easily." Mr. M.-o-f. unfortunately is the possessor of a pair of pocket scales, and unceremoniously attaches them to the jaw of the fish in dispute, and the record is two pounds and a quarter.

"It's devilish queer," says Mr. Piscator, "but that is the biggest I ever saw to weigh so little," and he immediately proceeds to impeach the veracity of the scales. They have the stiffest springs, the appearance of the graduate is faulty, and they show no mark of ever having been officially inspected. No, it will never do to ring in on an old traveler such a plaything as that. It is not half as accurate as the old-fashioned style of weighing Western hogs, which was to take a rail, balance it across a stump, put the pork on one end, and in a basket attached to the other end place stones until the pork was hoisted; then guess at the weight of the stones, deduct the basket, and there you are, so much per pound.

These scales are robbers of the angler's reminiscences. They will dwarf a five-pounder into a fingerling quicker than the angler can fill his creel in his mind. For the dealer they may be necessary in order to protect his trade from any exaggerating tendency he may have to overstate weight; but so far as the angler is concerned they are an encumbrance and a nuisance that ought to be abolished.

He can tell no fish stories with a clear conscience and unblushing perversion of the truth, with the evidence of Scales staring him in the face. He is not so lost to all moral restraint as to misrepresent when he knows he is going to be smoked out. He is the most genial and unselfish person in the world. He will not keep secret a good place where the trout or bass may be captured, but he will brook no infringement on the cherished privilege of weighing his fish to suit himself.

A scale that will at least double the weight of the fish caught seems to us to be the great desideratum, and such a one might be made which would meet the approval of the angler and put money into the purse of the inventor. Its sale should be restricted to those who go a-fishing. But even then the demand would test the capacity of any manufactory. Some capricious people would perhaps cry out, "Leave the angler alone for over-estimating the weight of his catch. You cannot give him any points in that game." Very true, but fortify him with a pair of patent duplexers, and he will observe more strictly the commandment treating of this particular point. There is nothing mean about him, for he will let the scales do the lying for him, and attach the charge of perjury to the manufacturer.

Dr. Johnson's drive about a fool at one end of a rod and a worm at the other was ignorance, but for a vicious attack on anglers the scales promenade away with the sweetmeats.

E. E. M.

THE TROUT STREAMS OF CORRY.

CORRY, ERIE COUNTY, PA., April 3, 1881.

ACCORDING to law, trout-fishing began on Friday in Pennsylvania; but from the look of the landscape around here not a trout will be caught, or even fished for, for many a long day. With snow from twelve to twenty inches deep on a level, and the nights so cold that the morning sun, from sunrise to eleven o'clock A. M., doesn't even cause a drop of water to fall from the pendent icicles draping the eaves on the east and south sides of our houses, it don't look much as if any disciple of Walton would attempt to catch the speckled denizens of the sparkling (frozen) brooks; and if they were so rash as to wade through the snow, whether the fish would be visible is a mooted question.

We have here in our vicinity and near neighborhood some of the best trout streams in America; and an hour's ride on the railroads will bring us to brooks and streams literally crowded with trout, which are almost as anxious to be caught as the famous fabulous pigs of our childhood's days, which our nurses used to tell us ran about with knives and forks in their mouths, crying, "Eat me, eat me." Whether these streams will continue to be as numerously stocked with trout by natural production is a somewhat mooted question, as the catch is so very large annually, and the smallest is taken home as eagerly as the largest, and counting one in numerical luck and boasting equally with the larger ones. I often have wished, when I have seen the creels emptied by so-called sportsmen that there was a law forbidding the catching of trout of less than half pound weight. Then we should not only have trout in their prime, but every one could spend a day catching something of epicurean value.

In my boyhood days, when I used to "whip the streams" of grand old Kent (Eng.), and in the moonlight nights would see the pounders and such sized trout jumping up to the hackle, or the white moth, or whatever "fly" was in season, and occasionally land one of them. There was not only sport in it, but in the quietude of those summer nights, with no noise except the gentle hum of insects, the distant warble of the nightingale, or the rippling of some natural or artificial waterfall of a foot to four in height, there was a delightful communing with Nature and Nature's God, which did the heart good, and made those who could appreciate it better and happier men.

The season this way is very backward; not so much as to temperature, for our forest verdure does not begin to put forth generally till May; but by this time the snow is generally gone, and the roads alternate with mud and frozen roughness. But now sleighing is yet good, and logging and wood-hauling carried on with just as much vigor as as though it was mid-winter. Speaking about logs and wood, reminds me of the immense quantity of timber cut and hauled this winter, which will naturally give increased impetus to that army of workers who are continually prophesying a dearth of lumber and corresponding exorbitant prices. But I notice that each year as it passes brings no sensible diminution to the eye; and as one passes through the country, whisked along by the fast traveling railroads, there are still to be seen acres upon acres, miles upon miles, leagues upon leagues of forest and woodland, beautifying the sides and crowning the

summits of our mountains, bordering the banks of our streams, hiding from sight the otherwise miasmatic swamps, and dotting here and there the fertile valleys and plains, like oases on a desert plain. It will be many, yes, very many years before the supply of lumber will be so scant as to create a dearth; and long before that time something else will be invented so that we shall not have to depend upon it for our building materials. The heaps of sawdust will ere then be manufactured again into boards, and all refuse now thrown aside will be made valuable as the original log, without the trouble of resawing.

Up here, nestled among the summits of the Alleghenies, we residents fear no such famine, and contrive to build and saw, and clear our land; and fish (I was going to say clear—for the way they are caught would suggest it) our streams; and while in the spring's enjoyment of angling, the summer's pleasure of picnics, the autumn's appetizing over the luscious fruit, we are either thinking of the health-invigorating chase of the deer in his sheltered glen in the coming mid-winter's frosty time, or telling stories of adventures and hair-breadth escapes in the past, when, lost in the "big woods," ears were frozen and toes nipped, and but for the perseverance and friendship of companions we would have been sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. J. HOOK.

A VETERAN ON FISHING TACKLE.

OUR friend and correspondent, Mr. Alex. Mosely, editor of the Richmond (Va.) *Whig*, is an angler of long standing. It has become so much his habit to fish that he will probably do it as long as he can lift a rod. This is what he has to say of fishing tackle in the *Whig*, and its delivery must have been a relief from exasperating politics. He says: "It is a great comfort to an angler to be able to feel that all his tackle is perfect and can be relied on in all emergencies. But we know of no mode of acquiring this desirable conviction except by buying of those who are masters of their business and in all respects trustworthy. In these regards we know of no house superior to that of Abbey & Imbrie, 48 Maiden Lane, New York. They know by actual tests all the requirements—the necessities and luxuries of the fraternity. We do not mean by this that they are the only trustworthy persons engaged in supplying sportsmen's needs. Conroy we hold to be worthy of all confidence, and doubtless there are many others equally reliable.

"One has only to examine the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM to be impressed with the vast amount of industry, skill, talent, enterprise and genius, and *philanthropy* (emphatically) devoted to this task of supplying the needs and luxuries and augmenting the pleasures of the sporting community. We say *philanthropy*, with emphasis—for those who thus toil for the enjoyment and happiness of their fellow-beings cannot be enemies of their kind. But admit that self enters as an element of the motive; in an enlarged sense it may be truly affirmed that self—if not a virtue in itself, is next kin to it, and is the basis and prompter of all the virtues. A good man does good deeds because it makes him feel good, and promotes his happiness; the wicked man, from the same selfish consideration, does evil things, for his heart, as the willow to water, inclines to evil. But whatever the motive, all these successful workers for other people's happiness are entitled to high commendation and hearty thanks.

"No industrial art has made greater progress during the last three or four decades than that devoted to the wants and luxuries of sportsmen. Forty years ago Conroy was almost alone in New York, and his establishment of that day would, this day, be deemed not above twentieth rate. But while he has grown and expanded and kept abreast with the age, a host of other kindred and splendid establishments have burst into existence; and every article for sport on flood or field which genius can devise or inventive want suggest may now be had. The clothier and the shoemaker have come to supplement the gun and tackle stores, and, by their ingenious fabrics for excluding cold or wet, merit and receive the plaudits and thanks of the same admiring constituency. And to the good repute, profit and pleasure of all—producers and consumers—the taste and appetite of consumption keeps pace with and stimulates the genius of art—thus mutually aiding and benefiting all. Onward and upward is the order of the day—*Sic itur ad astra!*"

PROTECTION OF SMELTS AND ALEWIVES.—The following laws have recently been passed in the State of Maine and published in the Waterville *Sentinel:*

CHAPTER 67.

An Act to amend section eleven, chapter seventy-five of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, relating to the taking of smelts, entitled, "An Act to regulate and protect fisheries and the propagation of fish."

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

Section eleven of chapter seventy-five of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, is hereby amended by striking out the word "November," in the fourth line, and inserting in place thereof, the word "October," so that said section as amended shall read as follows:

SEC. 11. No smelts shall be taken or fished for in any of the tidal waters in this State, in any other manner than by hook and line, between the first day of April and the first day of October in each year, under a penalty of not less than ten dollars, nor more than thirty dollars for each offense, and a further penalty of twenty cents for each smelt so taken, and all weirs for the capture of smelts shall be opened, and so remain, and all nets of any kind used in the smelt and tom-cod fishery shall be taken from the water on or before the said first day of April in each year, under a penalty of not less than twenty, nor more than fifty dollars, and a further fine of five dollars per day for each day that any such weir or net remains in violation of law: but weirs which have catch-pounds, covered with net, the meshes of which are one inch square in the clear, or greater, shall not be subject to the provisions of this section. Provided, however, that dip-nets may be used from the first day of April to the twentieth day of April.

[Approved March 15, 1881.]

CHAPTER 77.

An Act for the protection of Alewives.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

SEC. 1. No alewives shall be taken, killed or fished for in any waters within the jurisdiction of this State, between the fifteenth day of July of each year and the first day of April following, nor at any time in non-tidal or non-navigable waters, by means of any net other than the ordinary hand dip-net, under penalty of ten dollars for each offense, and one dollar additional for each fish so taken or killed.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect when approved.

[Approved March 16, 1881.]

PROTECTION OF BLACK BASS.—Manchester, Iowa.—I notice in your issue of April 7 a communication from Chattanooga, Tenn., by H. H. Sneed, in which he speaks of black bass fishing, and, among other things referred to, says the best time of the year to catch the bass in this river is from April 1 to June 1. On the same page (193), from Savannah, Tenn., dated March 21, another says: "Bass bit well last week." And still another on the same page—"They are about to commence the bass fishing in the Potomac." I am not at all surprised that the largest bass are caught and that the black bass bite well in April and May. In our county and in Iowa these months are the spawning months, and any boy, with his basswood pole and a red piece of flannel on his hook, can take them off of their spawning bed. I believe that Iowa is the finest bass fishing State in the West, but it is because April and May are the close months and our bass streams are watched. Any man who is found with a black bass in his possession during these months (April and May) is fined ten dollars and stands committed until the fine is paid. In the Potomac, W. H. R., in his communication, says: "Any one wanting to have a good bass fish had better strike the falls." Yes, no doubt of it. They have gone there to produce their young and the falls prohibit their advance. The sportsman is invited to go and take them and destroy millions of the young. Iowa protects her trout, black bass, wall-eyed pike and all the fish in the lakes placed there by the Fish Commissioners, and in four years the increase has been many millions in the rivers of Iowa. The success of the trout in our county, Delaware, to which I called the attention of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM about October, 1880, still continues. The brood planted in our waters in June, 1877, now weigh three pounds, and have twice spawned. The fish batch of 1879, placed in the stream by Col. Shaw, are spawning now, and weigh one and three-quarter pounds.

The stream is about three miles long and is perfectly alive with trout. It is fed from large springs and is lined with water-cresses, which furnish food in the shape of insect life. But this is the eleventh day of April, and the snow is two feet on its banks, and is snowing hard, as it has been for twenty-four hours. S. G. VAN ANDA.

RESTIGOUCHE REGION, N. B., April 16.—When I tell you that there has been horse racing on the ice on the Bay Chaleur near Campbellton, within a few days, you will know that icy chill winter still clings to us, though further south the Nova Scotia rivers are free from ice, and a few salmon and trout have been taken there. The Miramichi and Nepisiquit rivers are but partly clear of ice. The Micmac Indians at the missions near Campbellton are bringing some fur and quite a quantity of small trout. The trout are caught through the ice at the lakes that lie back in the interior. The waters in the streams here are quite low, and will continue so until we have heavy rains, and unless these rains come abundantly we may expect another poor season's fishing. The letters of your correspondents who have been engaged in the late controversy over the salmon and trout fishing in the maritime provinces were, we should say, written by parties who spend but a few weeks here each season, who make what might be called flying trips through the country, and those letters, by resident sportsmen are regarded in the light that the practical farmer regards H. G.'s book "What I Know About Farming." Mr. J. R. Hamilton, M. P. P., for Bonaventure County, Quebec, is about forming a stock company to build a large hotel at New Carlisle, on the Bay Chaleur, and in immediate vicinity of good angling waters, which will be kept open for use of guests of the proposed hotel. There is also a fine beach for sea-bathing quite near.—STANSTEAD.

THE BEST FLY ROD.—An "Amateur" writes: "As it appears impossible to get an opinion as to which of the different trout fly-rods (except split bamboo) is the best, those in charge of the Fly-casting Tournament would confer a great favor upon fly-fishers in general by calling upon the different makers to send their best (wooden) rods to be tested by appointed judges, and their judgment published. In the meantime your judgment upon those you have used will be greatly appreciated."

"Amateur" asks too much. A rod which just suits one man's strength and style of work would be pronounced too stiff, long or weak for another. This is something which all men must decide for themselves. We think that rod-makers should allow a trial before purchase. If buyers demanded it they would do it as readily as gunmakers do. Our correspondent should get some angling friend to select for him at first until he knows just what he wants. We have seen elegant rods which did splendid work in other hands which were too limber in the second joint, or had some other fault for us. Write to our advertisers of rods, and get their views. Perhaps some will send several rods to select from.

FISHING IN GEORGIA—Decatur Co., Ga.—The fishing season is in full bloom. As our streams abound with succulent catfish of every variety, perch of all species, the largest of rock bass, the finest of chub and pickerel in abundance, the disciples of Izaak Walton can enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

The waters of Flint River, flowing at our very doors, swarm with the species of fish above enumerated, and when not too swollen from the heavy rains that are visiting us at this time one need not go elsewhere to enjoy the luxury of good fishing. West of us is Spring Creek, through whose limpid waters glide the largest of voracious pike, rock bass, chub, bream, yellow, pea, gold, warmouth, and speckled perch, suckers and cat fish. It is the happy fishing ground of the angler where he can choose for himself just the kind of fish he wishes to dine upon, and catch him too. This stream empties into Flint River twenty miles below us. At its mouth rock-fish are caught, weighing at this season from ten to fifty pounds. Set hooks are used, baited with suckers or bream. Now and then one is caught by bobbing. Here, too, bream, pike, chub, and the various perch family are caught more abundantly than at any other point on the creek. A catch of one to two hundred pounds a day can be easily made by one man.

We are organizing an expedition for that point now. In the sweet by and by I will tell you all about it.

O. G. GARRY.

THE RANGELEYS.—Rangeley, Me., April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season for fishing will be late. Two feet of snow still cover the ground, and the ice in the lakes is unaffected by warmth. Owners and superintendents of camps are hauling in supplies and making improvements anticipating an increase of visitors. The boat builders have turned out double the number of boats the past winter of any previous season. Samuel Farmer, of the Borden House, Phillips, has erected a wing to his previously large hotel to accommodate his friends whose name is legion. At his house all are made to feel at home, and charges are moderate. Mr. Farmer has had a large experience in the Rangeley region as hunter and angler, and can give sportsmen "points." Besides, he possesses literary talent of a high order, which it is hoped he may be induced to exercise for the benefit of readers of FOREST AND STREAM.—WAKEFIELD.

NOT FRESH—Chicago, April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed herein you will find a remarkable fish story, which appears quite fresh. Perhaps you may consider it worthy of space in your paper.—R.

Our correspondent will find the story published in FOREST AND STREAM of September 5, 1878, p. 101. It is "fresh" compared to some of the stories which are now traveling about the country, but hardly fresh enough for us.

WEEDSPORT, N. Y.—We are about one mile from Seneca River and four from Cross Lake. We used to have good fishing, but the fish pirates are taking them all in nets. I counted five fykes within a half mile.—DAN.

CALIFORNIA—Gilroy.—Fishing commenced on the first, and we have heard of some good creelsful being taken by the Messrs. Holloway, Paine, Cameron and others; but, as for ourselves, we have not had much luck as yet. John Holloway tells of a terrible fight he had with a nine-pound salmon trout, which only gave up after fifty minutes of hard struggle over one quarter of a mile of river. He was a beauty to look at.—H. M. B.

A LARGE SOUTH-SIDE TROUT.—Mr. G. Chichester, of Patchogue, L. I., with an eight-ounce rod, caught on the 13th a 2½ lb. trout below the flue at the west pond.

DR. HENSHALL'S BOOK.—In our notice we spoke of this as being a work on the "Fresh-water Bass," omitting the adjective "black" "before the bass." This has occasioned the Doctor many letters of explanation to show that he did not include all fishes called bass in fresh water. He confines himself to the two species called black bass and which are distinguished as "big mouth" and "small mouth" and other names in other localities. The book is now in press.

Fish Culture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

[CONTINUED.]

THE SECRETARY then read the following paper:

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE COMMERCIAL COD OF ALASKA.

BY TARLETON H. BEAN, M.D.

THE cod fishery of Alaska has nearly ended its second decade, yet we did not know positively until the summer of 1880 what species is the object of that fishery. Most writers have referred to it under the name of *Gadus macrocephalus*, which was created by Tilesius for the Kamtchatkan cod, the figure of which suggests that it was based upon a deformed individual. Cope, in 1873, described the young of the common Alaska cod as *Gadus auratus*, from specimens collected by Prof. G. Davidson at Unalashka. Steindachner, in the Proceedings (*Sitzungsberichte*) of the Vienna Academy, lxi., 1, 1870, adopts the name *G. macrocephalus* for a large cod taken in Decastris Bay; in this example the length of the head is contained exactly three times in the length of the extreme end of the pointed caudal peduncle. The same proportion may, however, be found in any place where large numbers of *Gadus morrhua* are taken, and it is only a matter of individual variation. The Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Prof. S. F. Baird, with a view to investigating the fisheries and the fish of Alaska, sent the writer to that territory to collect specimens and statistics during the summer of 1880. Thus, for the first time, an opportunity was gained for comparing the Alaskan cod directly with that of New England and of Europe, and for determining that the commercial cod of both oceans is the *Gadus morrhua* of Linnæus. I have not seen the species from Kamtchatka, but there is no probability that it is different from the Alaskan. It is a matter of daily experience to find long-headed and short-headed cod in the same school off the New England coast, the length of the head being one of the most variable characters. A series of cod, showing just such variation, has lately been received from Alaska by the National Museum.

Golden cod, red cod and other algæ forms are as well known at the Shumagin Islands as they are around Cape Cod and Cape Ann. Even the beautiful lemon-yellow fish, which occasionally are found in the Ipswich Bay schools, are duplicated in Alaskan waters.

Nor does the similarity between the commercial cod of the two oceans end with external characters which are taken into account in determining specific relationship, for we find a wonderful resemblance in habits and in their food. Thus the shore fish about Kodiak make their appearance in schools similar to ours—first, the "herring school;" next, the "lant school;" then the "capelin school," followed by the "squid school" and the "winter school." Besides these there is an abundance of bank fish, which are always larger than those previously named. All of the food-fish of the cod here mentioned are exceedingly abundant. The herring is not identical with the common sea herring of the Atlantic, but it is wonderfully like it. The lant is closely related to one of our New England species; the capelin is the same as ours. The squid has not come under my observation.

The cod come on the rocks in twenty-five to thirty fathoms about Kodiak to spawn in November and December, just as they do in the East, and these spawning fish will sometimes lie perfectly still on the bottom and refuse to take the hook. Young cod swarm near the shores, just as they were observed to do in Gloucester Harbor after the experiments of the U. S. Fish Commission with artificial propagation. On the 13th of July, 1880, our seine took young cod at St. Paul, Kodiak Island. We dredged numbers of them near our anchorage at Belkofsky, on the peninsula of Aliaska, July 23, 1880, averaging one and one-half inches in length. On the following day young cod of the same size were found in the stomach of a large one of the same species caught near Oleny Island in seven fathoms of water. On the first of October, in the harbor of Chernofsky, Unalashka Island, the cod fry were very abundant and had reached a length of inches. At Iliuliuk, on the north end of the same island, young cod of the same length were seined at various times from Oct. 6 to Oct. 18; they fairly swarmed around the wharves, eagerly biting at anything in the form of bait and readily fastening themselves on hooks intended for much larger fish.

The resemblance between the Atlantic and Pacific cod-fishing grounds is strengthened by the presence in Pacific waters of a genuine pollock—not the fierce, cod-devouring tyrant of the East, but a prettier, weaker relative, greatly loved and grievously persecuted by the cod. We have not yet heard of a haddock. (*Melano-*

grammus), hake (*Phycis*), or of a cusk (*Brosmius*) in Alaskan waters. The only members of the cod family definitely known are the true cod (*Gadus morrhua*), the tom-cod (*Microgadus proximus*), the polar-cod (*Boreogadus saida*), the "wachna" (*Gadus wachna*, Pall.?) and the pollock (*Pollachius chalcogrammus*). Wherever the true cod is found occurs also the halibut (*Hippoglossus vulgaris*), the same as the Atlantic species. These two prime fish are associated; they come almost to the doors of the fishermen and are present now around the shores of Alaska in the profusion which attended the infancy of the Cape Cod fishery.

DISTRIBUTION.

The cod seems to be entirely unknown as far south as San Diego, California. A circular sent by the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics to Mr W. W. Bowers, Collector of Customs at San Diego, elicited the following response: "I referred the circular to Dr. G. W. Barnes, the president of a society of natural history, and to various fishermen, but cannot ascertain that the codfish is known to exist in any of the waters adjacent to this port." On the Heceta bank, north-northwest from Cape Oxford, Oregon, cod are found. The Indians residing on that coast report this fish as quite abundant in the summer months, and they are said to be large, solid and delicious.

J. L. McDonald, in a book entitled "Hidden Treasures, or Fisheries Around the Northwest Coast," states that "cod are taken in very limited numbers off the Farralones; they are lean and very poor and resemble the jaundiced cod on the Grand Bank."

James G. Swan, in a report on the food fishes of Cape Flattery, Washington Territory, writes that "the cod of the North Pacific is not found in abundance at Cape Flattery; occasionally it is brought in, but it is by no means common. It seems to inhabit the deep water of Fuca Strait, and for that reason is seldom fished for, except occasionally some of the older fishermen will try during very fine weather to take fish in eighty fathoms. Further up the sound and in Hood's Canal and a few other localities the *Gadus* is taken, but it is small, evidently a young fish. Although its existence is well known to residents on Puget's Sound, it is not taken in sufficient quantities to be relied on as a food fish."

Mr. H. A. Webster, Collector of Customs at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, writes thus to the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics: "The cod, I believe, is always present in the waters of Fuca Strait and Puget Sound, but in such limited quantities that catching has not been pursued as a business, and the knowledge of their habits is very limited. Young cod, about the size of shad, have been somewhat abundant in Puget Sound during the winter months. Cod weighing from four to six pounds have been taken during the summer months by Indians at Nee-ah Bay ..... The presence of small cod in the winter months in Puget Sound and at the mouth of the Strait of Fuca in such status that large quantities may be found in the neighborhood of Cape Flattery—say west of Tahosh Light and south from Vancouver Island.....No efficient search has been made off the coast of Washington Territory for this valuable fish."

At Sitka Indians brought a few cod to our vessel in June, 1880. The cod were reported abundant and readily caught, but the halibut, the many fine "lass" (*Sebastichthys*, several species) and "rockfish" (*Hexagrammus*) seemed to have greater popularity Mr. A. T. Whitford told me that the cod spawn in the vicinity of Sitka in spring, and that they have a remarkable number of eggs. We bought a fine cod twenty-six inches long for ten cents here.

At Port Mulgrave, Yakutal Bay, we took but one cod in the harbor during the day spent there, this one was large but sick. Good fish are to be had in the deeper water outside. Nothing but handlines were used from the vessel.

Capt. J. Haley reports cod very abundant on the Hoochenoo bank in Chatham Strait. The bank extends from Hoochenoo Point to Point Santee. He also states that there is a bank off Peint Gardiner, and that there are banks on the east shore of Baranoff Island near Poghibshi Strait, also that small cod are abundant in Prince Frederick's Sound.

While on a visit to the Aleut village near Graham Harbor, Cook's Inlet, we were told by Mr. Cohen that cod are present there throughout the year. On the 6th of July on Refuge Cove, Port Chatham, Cook's Inlet, a great many fine young cod were seined. It was in Port Chatham that we first saw capelin schooling. Plenty of excellent cod were caught with lines from the vessel.

Around the island of Kodiak cod are very numerous. On the 9th of July while the "Yukon" was lying at anchor in the harbor of St. Paul schools of these fish were seen swimming about her. These were fine, lively fish, evidently the first of the summer run, which Mr B. G. McIntyre informed me had not yet begun. Young cod were seined on Wooded Island, July 13. Between Kodiac and Unalashka are the extensive and well-known banks Portlock, Seminoffsky and the Shumagins, which have furnished the great bulk of the cod so far taken in Alaska.

There are cod banks in the vicinity of Unalashka. We had no difficulty in catching all we wanted with a small trawl line or with hand-lines late in July. Native fishermen at Iliulink were bringing in bidarka loads of beautiful fish, most of which were very large, to dry them for use in winter. The wonderful abundance of young cod three to four inches long was a feature here in October.

Cod have been reported as far west as the island of Atka of the Aleutian chain.

Cod have been reported abundant in Bristol Bay; they appear to be uncommon in Norton Sound, though occurring again more abundantly further north as far as the ice line. The eastern portion of Behring Sea may yet furnish important supplies of cod in suitable depths, since there is an abundance of its favorite food—notably sand launce, capelin, smelt, herring and pollock, which last is probably the "whiting" spoken of by Seeman as occurring abundantly in Hotham Inlet, Kotzebue Sound

At the island of St. Paul cod are taken rarely, the fur seal having a monopoly of the catch.

At St. Lawrence Island Messrs. Maynard and Elliott caught cod on the 22d of August, 1874.

The great fishing grounds of Kamtchatka are in the Okhotsk Sea and the Sea of Kamtchatka.

We were informed by one of the whaling captains in Plover Bay last September that he has caught cod off the heads of Marcus Bay, East Siberia, in latitude north and about longitude west. Off Indian Point (Cape Tchaplin), East Siberia, a little further north than Marcus Bay, we were told by Eskimo, who came aboard the vessel, that they sometimes take cod at that point.

In the Arctic Ocean we saw no traces of the *Gadus morrhua*, its place being supplied to some extent by myriads of small polar cod (*Boreogadus saida*), which, like the pollock, has the lower jaw longer than the upper. On the 19th of August, 1880, in latitude 69 deg. 45 min. north, longitude 166 deg. 35 min. west, we saw great numbers of young *Boreogadus* from an inch to an inch and a half long swimming under the tentacles of a *Cyanea*-like jelly-fish.

COMMON NAMES.

J. G. Swan writes that the cod is called "Kadatl by the Makah Indians. The Sitkas call it "Sacht." A Kodiak Eskimo, to whom I showed one of the fresh fish, told me that they knew it as "Ahmo-doc." The Russian name for the species is "Treska"—a name pretty widely known in the territory. It is worthy of remark here that natives generally distinguish closely the "Wachna" from the "Treska." To the fishermen generally the fish is known as "the cod." Men who have come to the Alaskan grounds from New England have brought with them the terms "rock cod" and "kelp bangers" for certain individual varieties. "Rock cod" are the variously colored algæ fish, exactly similar to those known by the same name at Gloucester. "Kelp bangers" are shore fish that frequent the kelp, as their name suggests. "Wachna" is a term applied to several species, among them the tom-cod and a species very different structurally from this.

SIZE.

J. G. Swan reports that none but small cod occur in Puget Sound and Hood's Canal. I measured several fresh ones at Sitka which were bought from Indians; one taken May 30 was 562 millimeters long, two others secured June 12 were 435 millimeters and 542 millimeters respectively. Capt. J. Haley informed me that he purchased 10,000 fish in two weeks from Indians on the Hoochenoo cod bank which averaged three pounds each when dried. The largest he saw weighed thirty pounds. He saw a few young fish. A cod caught by us in the harbor of Port Mulgrave, Yakutal Bay, June 24, measured 870 millimeters. It was stout and heavy, but sick In Port Chatham, Cook's Inlet, two healthy fish among a lot taken July 5 measured 723 millimeters and 750 millimeters, and of these was a spent female. Off Marmot Island (Portlock Bank) on the 8th of July we caught with hand-lines in a very short time preceding dark twenty-six cod, fine, plump and healthy, averaging not less than twelve pounds. Capt. D. C. Bowen, who passed twenty-five years on the eastern fishing banks, gave me the following information about the shore fish around Kodiak:

First comes the "herring school," consisting of medium size fish, continuing from May 1 to June or July; then the "lant school," short, thick, well-meated, but not so large as the herring school, June to July. After this the "capelin school" of good-sized fish about equal to Newfoundland cod, July to September. Last the "squid school," averaging twelve pounds each. All of these are shore fish, the bank fish are always larger.

Capt. J. C. Caton, who is well acquainted with the Shumagin fishery, says that in 1867 the "Sanborn" took 60,000 fish averaging 2½ lbs. ready for market. Now vessels will average eighty tons (60,000 fish) of 2½ lbs. each. Capt. C. told me that none of the fish are so large as the George's cod. Capt. Andrew Anderson informed me that when he was master in the "Wild Gazelle" in 1873 she took on Seminoffsky Bank 93,000 fish in three months, averaging 2½ lbs. dressed. In 1874 she caught 97,000, averaging 3 lbs. Capt. H. R. Bowen, of St. Paul, Kodiak, gives the average of the shore fish there as six pounds, and says that the largest weigh fourteen pounds. Thomas Devine, in charge of McCollum & Co.'s fishing station at Pirate Cove, Shumagins, gives me as an average of the fish there something between eight and twelve pounds, the largest weighing fifty pounds.

On the 19th of July I saw many fish brought in to this station by dorymen One of the men had 157 for his day's catch, none of them being less than twenty-six inches in length, and many of them weighing not less than thirty pounds, the smallest weighed about eight according to my estimate. Prof. George Davidson, assistant to the U. S. Coast Survey in his report on Alaska states, that in north latitude 53 deg. 30 min., west longitude 164 deg. 10 min., in fifty to sixty fathoms of water, many cod were caught from his vessel, the largest being thirty-seven inches long; several reached thirty-six inches; the finest was thirty-six inches long, twenty-three inches girth, and weighed twenty-seven pounds, was very fat, etc., etc. In the New York *Times* of July 15, 1879, is found the following extract from the report of Capt. White of the United States Revenue Marine Service, who was on duty in the Alaska waters in 1878: "One day when sounding south of Kodiak, wishing to lay in a stock of codfish, I ordered the sails set back, and prepared twenty lines with four or five hooks to each line. Puget Sound clams were used as bait, and in two hours we caught 250 fish weighing thirty to forty pounds each."

From Dr. A. Kellogg, of San Francisco, surgeon and botanist of one of the Coast Survey's expeditions, I have the following memorandum: "I copy from my diary verbatim the very brief note made on the spot relative to the cod caught on board the 'Lincoln,' lat. 58 deg. 30 min. N., lon. 164 deg. 30 min. W.—cod eighteen inches girth, thirty and one-half inches length, fourteen and one-half pounds; twenty and one-fourth girth and thirty-four inches long, weight twenty to twenty-two pounds; three feet long and twenty-three inches girth, twenty-seven pounds.

We were in the harbor of Iliulink, Unalashka, from the 27th of July to August 3, and from October 6 to 18, 1880. Between the first two dates we saw native fishermen daily bringing in cod for winter use. The fish were caught near the village, and were uniformly good-sized, many of them of fifteen to twenty pounds in weight at least. Men were sent out from the vessel also to supply us with fresh fish. They generally fished on the ridge at the entrance to Port Levasheff, and never failed to secure a good supply of cod averaging fully twelve pounds each. There was no falling off in the supply, and the size was about the same. In deeper water further from the village we took larger cod.

I find in the notes of Prof. D. S. Jordan the following comparison between the Okhostk cod and that of the Shumagin Islands: "Okhotsk cod are larger and more numerous than Shumagin cod, but they are thinner, less fat and more pot-bellied, and weigh rather less when dressed—80,000 Shumagin fish, dressed, weigh 260,000 pounds; 80,000 Okhotsk fish, dressed, weigh 220,000 pounds. The latter are poorer perhaps because they are taken so early in spring. They are fatter in July; fishing, however, begins in June." For the dressed Shumagin fish this gives an average of three and one-quarter pounds each, and for the Okhostk two and three-quarter pounds. The average for the Shumagin fish agrees substantially with that given by most persons who have furnished information about the Alaska cod. Prof. Jordan's information was obtained from the foremost fish merchants in San Francisco, and mine from captains of fishing vessels.

SHAPE AND COLOR.

With reference to the Shumagin cod Capt. J. C. Caton informed me that most of them are black napes, but there are some white napes. Some of the fish we caught on Portlock Bank, July 8, 1880, had black napes and others white napes. Thomas Devine, who has charge of McCollum & Co.'s fishing-station at Pirate Cove, Shumagins, reports mostly black napes, some white or gray. Capt. H. R. Bowen, of St Paul, Kodiak, Id., says they "very seldom find fish with white napes—generally black." Capt. D. C. Bowen, of the same place, told me that white nape and black nape fish both are caught, black napes being most plenty. He says that white napes are generally young fish; the big ones are almost always black napes. Capt. J. Haley informed me that the Hoo-che-noo cod have black napes. These statements coincide with my own observations at various points along the coast of Alaska, and it seems to be true that black napes predominate among the Alaskan cod. Two large ones, measuring 722 and 750 millimetres, caught in Port Chatham, Cook's Inlet, July 5, 1880, had black napes. The same variations in the external colors of the fish exist as are known in the Atlantic; the shore fish are generally darker than the bank fish, and a reddish tinge is very common. Rock cod are as well known as with us. Mr. Devine states that very pretty yellow cod are sometimes taken. Capt. H. R. Bowen says that the deep water fish are generally light in color. Mr. Devine informed me that the winter fish are whiter than those of any other season. The same gentleman mentions peculiarities of shape among the cod, as, for example, "bull-eyed" fish with prominent eyes and "seal-head" fish with short snout and wide forehead. The shore fish which were brought to us by Indians from Old Sitka were always dark colored, with long heads and eyes far apart and with conspicuous blotches, in general appearance and resembling the small cod taken in shallow water off South Greenland—the *ogac* form of the common cod. There are no differences so far as general appearances go between Alaskan and New England cod; it would be impossible to tell one from the other if they were mixed in a tank without tags or some other means of identification.

DISTRIBUTION.

In general terms we may say that cod are found around the whole southern shore of Alaska and westward along the Aleutian chain as far as Atka, extending on the western shore not much beyond British Bay, though they have been observed as far north as St. Lawrence Island. They are said to penetrate far into Cook's Inlet. We caught several large ones in Chugachik Bay, but they were sick In Port Chatham, which is near the entrance to the inlet, we found them common and good. Mr. Cohen told me that cod are present all the year near Fort Alexander. In Refuge Cove, a small arm of Port Chatham, we took many young cod in brackish water. At Chernoffsky, also, on the island of Unalashka, we again found them abundant in brackish water associated with young *Oncorhynchus*, *Salvelinus malma*, *Ammodytes*, *Lumpenus* and *Pœtus*. Several small streams flow into Chernoffsky Bay at this point, and the young fish were taken in water varying from three feet to one fathom in depth close to the shore. Fish of considerable size (weighing several pounds) were taken from the wharves at Iliuluk during our stay. Cod are quite abundant close to the shores of the Kodiak group, the Shumagins and Unalashka Island. I have seen them taken in about nine feet of water at Iliuliuk, and at a depth of at least fifty fathoms off Cape Cheerful. Mr. Devine, of Pirate Cove, says they are caught as far as thirty miles off Seminoffsky Island as deep as forty-five fathoms, and that on the middle ridge, in sixty to seventy fathoms, the best fish are taken with hand-lines.

Captain H. R. Bowen states that they are caught in three feet of water sometimes at the village of St. Paul, but these are always sick fish. Wherever there are soundings good fish may be caught. The cod of the Shumagins are generally taken at such short distances from the shores as can be readily reached in dories. The fishermen go out in dories from their vessels, or from the fishing-station, in the morning, and return in time to dress the fish aboard or on shore in the evening.

MOVEMENTS, ETC.

MIGRATIONS.

Mr. J. B. McIntyre, Mr. D. C. Bowen and Captain H. R. Bowen all agree in stating that cod remain throughout the year around the island of Kodiak. They were scarce last winter on account of the extreme cold, and up to the time of our arrival at St. Paul (July 9, 1880) the customary summer run had not yet begun. Between that date and July 14, however, we saw schools of them around the vessel where she lay at anchor. According to Mr. Bowen they made their first appearance at St. Paul May 7, 1880. Captain Bowen states that they are always found in the same places. Mr. McIntyre said that they were so scarce about St. Paul last winter that the natives could not catch enough of them for their own use.

According to Capt. J. C. Caton, cod are present around the Shumagin Islands all the time, but at some seasons they are very scarce. The best fishing is in February, commencing about the 10th and lasting to March 10. Most of the vessels coming up get their best fish and best fare in July. Sometimes they do well in May. The fleet come up late in April or early in May and stay until the 15th or 25th of August.

Mr. Thomas Devine, who manages the permanent fishing station on Popoff Island, Shumagins, also informed me that cod are to be found all the year, but that they go into deep water in cold snaps and toward evening. He stated that the schoolfish leave in August or September and return in January and February. They seem to move off to the southward and to return from the southward and westward.

With reference to the bank, twenty miles east northeast of Seminoffsky, Capt. Andrew Anderson told me that the fishing is best in August and September. The "yellow fish," *Pleurogrammus monopterygius*, school there abundantly about the middle of August, and will follow the bait up to the top of the water. Cod will bite at this yellow fish in preference to anything else.

Mr. Marcus Baker has translated for me a note by Ivan Veniaminoff, on the marine fishes of the Unalashka region, in which occurs the following sentence: "Some of these, and especially the cod, in the winter go off shore into deep water, but in summer time they are found along the shores of certain bays and in shoal water."

SCHOOLING.

Mr. D. C. Bowen, of St. Paul, distinguishes various schools of cod about the Island of Kodiak, which vary in size and other particulars, and take their names from their favorite food during the time of their stay. He gives them in the following order: First, the "herring school," consisting of medium size fish, which come about May 1 and stay until June or July; next, the "lant school," feeding on sand-launce (species of *Ammodytes*), made up of short, thick, well-meated fish, not so large as those of the herring school, which are present in June and July. Then follows the "capelin school (the capelin is our *Mallotus villosus*), July to September; these are good-sized fish, about the same as Newfoundland cod. The "squid school" comes in August or September, and remains until October. The fish of this school average twelve pounds in weight. The schools so far enumerated are all shore fish, and they are always smaller than bank fish. From October there are winter schools in some places; these are generally short, thick fish.

Capt. J. C. Caton says that they catch males and females together in the spawning season, and that they do not school when spawning.

Mr. Wm. J. Fisher has furnished the following information concerning the schooling of cod around Kodiak which he obtained from Captain H. R. Bowen: Cod associate in schools generally from May to the middle of September, and they live independently the rest of the year, the severity of the winter having much influence. At different seasons and in different places there are different schools. Males, females and young are found in the same schools. The movements of the schools are affected by the presence of sharks, by the state of the tide, the fish taking the hook more readily at slack water.

Mr. Devine speaking about the Shumagin cod told me on the 19th of July, 1880, that they found the fish both in schools and independent. There were "picking fish" at the time, and there had been "no great flush" of school fish this year. Different schools are found at different seasons and in different places. Mr. Devine says that males, females and young are not found associated. The males go together at certain times and the females. At the spawning season there are more females than males. The movements of the schools are very much affected by sharks especially, and dogfish to some extent. Dogfish are not abundant, sharks are quite so. The dogfish is identical with our Atlantic spined dogfish. We did not get a specimen of the shark, but the National Museum has a couple of small ones from Sitka, which are very close if not identical with *Galeorhinus galeus*. As for the influence of the tides Mr. Devine says that fishing is best during the spring tides, and poorest in slack tides.

Sometimes the cod have such a superabundance of food that they refuse to take the hook.

My own observations at various points along the Alaskan coast seemed to indicate that young cod from two to four inches in length prefer to school near the shores in sheltered coves where the water is shallow, and often where it receives a large admixture of fresh water. At Iliuliuk I found myriads of such young fish playing about the wharves eagerly seizing the hooks baited for larger prey. Occasionally a larger cod of say sixteen or eighteen inches in length would be caught in the same vicinity, but almost invariably we found the small fry unmixed with older fish. The supply of food forms a very important motive for the presence of cod in particular places at certain times. When we were in Port Chatham, for example, capelin were schooling there abundantly, and we caught fine cod freely. On Portlock Bank again capelin were plentiful, and nearly every cod examined had its stomach filled with them.

At the Shumagins "England hake" or more properlypollock (*Pollachius chalcogrammus*) were abundant in July, and the cod were feasting on them. The "yellow fish" (*Pleurogrammus monopterygius*) is one of the finest of all baits for cod, and will play an important part in the future of the fishery. This "yellow fish" is said by Capt. Andrew Anderson to be very abundant about the middle of August on the off-shore bank, twenty miles east northeast of Seminoffsky, where they are found schooling, and will follow the bait up to the surface of the water. It is to be noted that August and September are the best months for cod on the bank.

The herring (*Clupea mirabilis*) also has a great deal to do with a prosperous cod fishery. Capt. J. Haley told me that herring are wonderfully plenty on the Hoochenoo bank at the fishing season, and that there are enormous quantities of fine herring in Prince Frederick's Sound where also small cod are abundant.

ABUNDANCE.

Before entering into an examination of the influence of modes of fishing and practices of the fishermen upon the abundance of fish it will be well to review the actual numbers taken at different times and places. Captain Haley secured 10,000 fish in two weeks from Indians on the Hoochenoo bank, and could have got many more. The Indians caught these cod with bark lines on barbless, bent iron hooks, two of them going off in a canoe and bringing in from twenty-five to fifty fish, which were quite enough to satisfy their laziness.

Mr. D. C. Bowen states that as many as five hundred have been taken in a day by one hand-liner on Portlock bank, and that the average catch of the whole season per man is seventy-five a day.

Here may be repeated the statement of Captain White, of the U. S. Revenue Marine Service, who reported the capture, south of Kodiak, of 250 fish weighing thirty to forty pounds each with twenty lines having four or five hooks each. This number was taken in two hours.

From the New York *Times* of July 15, 1879, I extract a sentence by William S. Dodge, formerly Mayor of Sitka, to the effect that: "At Kodiak Henry Richard and Thomas Bache, fishermen, caught alone, with hook and line, within the last six months, 22,000 cod."

Captain Andrew Anderson told me at St. Paul that with a crew of ten men, on Seminofsky bank, he has caught as many as 4,000 in a day, and that his average catch there was from 1,600 to 1,800 daily.

Mr. D. C. Bowen stated that John McCathrine and a man named Smith caught 1,700 cod in a day on one trawl (a 12-line trawl of 600 or 700 hooks) in Unga straits. Their average catch was 1,200 fish.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Post*, writing of the season of 1876, says: "One man on board the schooner Selma, which arrived the other day, had 13,000 fish to his credit," etc. These were caught during a season of four months.

Captain J. C. Caton, who has been familiar with the Shumagin fishery ever since the second year of its existence, affirms that fish are plenty enough to supply a large market when that is found. The evidence of all the fishermen goes to prove that the great want is not fish, but demand for fish. One such customer as Gloucester would whiten the Gulf of Alaska with hundreds of sails where now there are less than a dozen, and there is every indication that full fares will repay the venture.

As to the influence of fishing and its accompanying practices, we have information from only two points—St. Paul, Kodiak and Pirate Cove, Shumagin. Capt. H. R. Bowen, of the former place, says that cod are as abundant there now as they were when white man began fishing; that their haunts and habits have not been changed by the influence of man, and their numbers have not been diminished by over-fishing. Trawls have never been used in that vicinity. He regards the practice of throwing gurry overboard as injurious to the fishery; the cod, he says, will leave and their place be taken by sculpins.

Mr. Thomas Devine, of Pirate Cove, said that cod are scarcer there now than they were five years ago. He accounts for their decrease by the increased fishing, the injurious effects of trawling and of throwing overboard gurry from the vessels, and to some extent by the capture of the mother fish, which will sometimes take the hook freely. The lost gear attendant upon trawling has a bad effect upon the fishery.

FOOD.

The food of the cod in the Pacific is as plentiful and as varied as in the Atlantic. Most other fishes of suitable size are liable to suffer from its voracity, while certain species for which it has an especial liking are slaughtered in great numbers. There is a wonderful abundance of invertebrated animals, such as squid, shrimp, holothurians, crabs, marine worms, sea-bass, and, in short, just such forms as are well known to every fisherman on the eastern grounds. The waters of the Alaskan fishing grounds fairly swarm with this kind of life suitable to the wants of the cod. The fish which constitute in large measure the food of the cod are herring (*Clupea mirabilis*), capelin (*Mallotus villosus*), lant (*Ammodytes*), halibut (*Hippoglossus vulgaris*), whiting or England hake (*Pollachius chalcogrammus*), sculpins (*Hemilepidotus Jordani* and *trachurus*, also *Cottus polyacanthocephalus*), and yellow fish or striped fish (*Pleurogrammus monopterygius*). Sometimes young cod are swallowed by older ones. I have seen a species of *Liparis* from a cod stomach on Portlock bank. The yellow fish is the best bait for cod, according to Capt. Anderson and Capt. Caton. Another food fish of the cod is worthy of mention here, because of the interest which attaches to it's common name of "Cusk" (*Bathymaster signatus*)—a species very different indeed from the cusk which is so much eaten for cod in the eastern States.

Mr. Devine says that sick cod are sometimes seen feeding at the surface, and sometimes healthy fish will chase bait up. In this way yellow fish will attract cod to the surface and capelin will also. I have counted forty capelin in one cod taken on Portlock bank July 8, 1880.

REPRODUCTION.

According to Mr. D. C. Bowen, cod about Kodiak come on the rocks in twenty-five to thirty fathoms, spawning in November and December. Capt. H. R. Bowen, of the same island, states that cod, full of eggs, are caught in February; the eggs are very light straw color and about as large as number 12 shot. He says that eggs and milt sometimes run from the fish after they are caught.

Capt. J. C. Caton informed me that cod spawn around the Shumagins in February on sandy bottom in shore, and that they will bite freely when spawning. Mr. D. C. Bowen says that at certain times spawning cod will lie perfectly still on the bottom and not take the hook.

Mr. Thomas Devine tells me that the Shumagin cod spawn in from ten to fifteen fathoms of water in January and February; the size and color of the eggs are the same as in the Eastern cod. The wharf at the Pirate Cove fishing-station is sometimes covered with spawn which has run from the fish after they were landed. He says that during the breeding season the males are long and slim and the females are short and deep. The smallest codfish he has recognized as such were six inches long, and they appeared in May or June. The smallest ones seen by Capt. Bowen were, also, six inches long; they made their appearance about July, and were in company with the old fish.

On the 6th of July, 1880, we seined many young cod in Refuge Cove, Port Chatham, Cook's Inlet, where the water was less than a fathom in depth and was largely diluted by fresh streams.

At Belkofsky, on the Peninsula of Aliaska, young cod about one and one-half inches long were dredged on the 23d of July. On the following day, while lying on the west side of Deer Island, a cod one and one-half inches long was found in the stomach of a large one.

On the 1st and 2d of October we seined many young cod at the head of Chernofsky Bay, Unalashka; from the 6th to the 18th of the same month we saw them in great numbers swimming around the wharves at Iliuliuk, Unalashka, very active and wonderfully greedy. We may, therefore, say that from May to October at least young cod are found in shallow water near the shore, and that about the middle of the latter month they have reached an average length of four or five inches. At Iliuliuk, when a jig or a baited hook was let down into the water it would be at once surrounded by a throng of nibbling fry, not at all frightened by the presence and antics of numerous small boys. These small fish frequently succeeded in fastening themselves on the hooks, and were pulled out on the wharf, either to be eaten or used as bait or thrown away.

ENEMIES, FATALITIES, ETC.

DISEASES.

As a rule all large cod caught in harbors in shoal water are sick. On the 24th of June, 1880, one was taken in Port Mulgrave, Yakutat Bay, that measured 31½ inches in length, and was stout and heavy but sick and unfit for food. The gills were not bright red as in a healthy fish, but dull and faded; the colors of the body were also dull. Numerous parasites were present externally, and the abdominal viscera were infested with worms. A very unpleasant odor came from the belly when it was opened.

On the 2d of July, in Chugachik Bay, Cook's Inlet, three large cod were caught from the vessel, all of which were sick, their abdominal viscera being lined with worms and giving off a bad odor, yet the fish were quite heavy.

On the 5th of July a healthy cod 28 2-5 inches long and blind in both eyes was caught on a hook in Port Chatham near the entrance to Cook's Inlet. The fish was entirely free from parasites. Its stomach contained only the herring with which the hook was baited. Instead of the transparent aqueous humor in the anterior chamber of the eye there was an opaque white substance, the result, doubtless, of an old injury. A second fish taken here (about an inch longer than the blind one) seemed to be perfectly healthy, but there were numerous small worms on the intestines. In its stomach were an *Ammodytes*, a little wad of kelp and a pebble.

In examining a fresh fish caught near Sitka I found the inside of its mouth containing many lernean parasites.

Captain H. R. Bowen has never seen deformed cod in the vicinity of Kodiak, but diseased ones are common. He has frequently noticed ulcerated sores along the body, and especially on the head. Dead cod have never been seen to his knowledge.

Mr. Devine, of the Shumagins, has seen cod sometimes with their backbone broken, causing a deformity known as "rose bones;" but he has never seen dead fish in any quantity at or near Pirate Cove. In earlier years, he says, you could heave up hundreds of sick cod at the wharf; sometimes you would take cod long, thin and gaunt, and after taking out the bone you might "read the Bulletin through them."

PARASITES.

Mr. Devine mentions, as external parasites found on Shumagin cod, "cuttle-fish, whelks, worms and fish-lice." The commonest external parasites observed by me were small lernæans.

ENEMIES.

Around Kodiak seals and sea-lions prey upon cod, frequently taking them from the line, according to Captain Bowen.

Mr. Devine tells me that sharks are very abundant about the Shumagins and very destructive to cod; dogfish (*Squalus acanthias*) also prey upon cod, but they are not abundant. We caught comparatively few dogfish during the summer—one at Port Althorp, one on Portlock bank and many at Sitka.

THE DETROIT HATCHERY.

DETROIT, MICH., April 18.

OFFICIAL information has been given out that the building occupied by the State Fish Hatchery in Detroit is ill-arranged and so rotten that the Commissioners have determined to seek another habitat. The city Water Works demand pay for every pint of water used at the hatchery, and with that Shylockian fact to confront them they do not think it expedient to rebuild the present concern. It is said that Detroit is the only city in the United States which makes a charge for water used in fish hatcheries, and there are mutterings which seem to indicate the possibility of a removal of our hatchery to Port Huron, at the foot of Lake Huron, where water, ground and railroad transportation will be free. Detroit has obviously the best advantages for this kind of business, the one thing wanting being free water. The Fish Commissioners will soon hold a meeting here to settle the matter, and I suppose friend Kellogg will keep the readers of FOREST AND STREAM advised as to any important action which the Board may take. The present water tax is $200 a year, and a pretty liberal rental for the ground on which the shanty stands. In order to make the water go as far as possible for economy's sake, the Commissioners have been obliged to use it four times. Inasmuch as the hatchery is a public good I do not see why the city of Detroit should exact its pound of flesh for the water used *pro bono publico*.

FISHCULTURE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—At the recent meeting of the New Hampshire Fish and Game League, Mr. A. H. Powers, superintendent of the hatching-house at Plymouth, was called upon and gave a detailed report of the operations of the commission for the past year. He said that 138,475 salmon fry had been placed in the Pemigewasset River above Livermore Falls, and that 70,000 fry of the brook trout had been planted in various waters; 67,000 land-locked salmon, 2,000 California trout and some black bass have also been distributed. He further says: "I have in the hatchery at this time 3,000 California trout eggs; 124,000 Schoodic salmon eggs; 30,000 shad-waiter or Lake Winnipesaukee white-fish eggs now hatching. January 24 I received from Germany some 50,000 saibling eggs, a present from Prof. Baird, which have hatched, and I have some 35,000 or more young saibling to plant.

There were some 220,000 brook-trout eggs taken last fall, one-half of which were sent to Massachusetts, but it is safe to say I have 100,000 young trout. Sixty thousand salmon eggs were taken last fall, and I received from Maine 419,500 salmon eggs. It will be safe to say that I shall have 450,000 young salmon for the Merrimack River."

Mr Luther Hayes, of Milton, also one of the commissioners, was called upon. He reported that wherever he had been, the people were well pleased with what had been accomplished, and had spared no pains to further the plans of the commissioners and entertain them.

Fish Commissioner Webber spoke of the German fish, and furnished undoubted reports of the success which had been met with in introducing this fish into American waters. He stated that the greatest obstacle to fish propagation was the use of the spear and net on the spawning beds. If this can be stopped there can be no doubt but that we shall have plenty of fish. He believed that low water in the Merrimack last summer was the only reason why salmon were not seen in abundance, and with a fair quantity of water the coming season expected to see many of them. He suggested that the establishment of a branch fish and game league in every county would greatly assist the commissioners in their work. In closing, Col. Webber stated that the commissioners proposed to stop the catching of smelt, with which ponds had been stocked, and also to restore the lobster clause of the law which was quietly dropped out in the last session of the Legislature.

Dr. Fletcher suggested that the stocking of the waters of the State with whitefish should be mentioned in connection with the work accomplished by the commission.

FRANK BUCKLAND MEMORIAL FUND—34 Portland Place, London, W.—A proposal has been made by some of the friends of the late Mr. Frank Buckland to perpetuate by a substantial testimonial the recollection of his services in natural history and thereby and generally afford to the public an opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to his memory and appreciation of his life-long work. For this purpose a subscription list has been opened. It is intended to expend a portion of the sum subscribed upon a bust of Mr. Buckland, to be placed in the museum at South Kensington with the collection which he so generously bequeathed to the nation. It is further hoped that the amount collected may be sufficient to supplement the income of Mr. Buckland's widow by an annuity of £100. Should there be any surplus after the purchase of the bust and annuity, the committee propose that it should be applied to promoting the welfare of the fishermen of this country—an object which Mr. Frank Buckland had so much at heart. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Cox & Co., Bankers, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, and at the above address by T. Douglas Murray, E. S. Bridges (Lieut.-Col. Grenadier Guards), Honorary Secretaries.

HYBRID TROUT.—Worthville, Mich., April 13.—On the 25th ult., Mr. F. N. Clark took 524 eggs from two California trout, and fertilized them with milt from a brook trout.

He was unable to decide positively that impregnation had been accomplished when he was called away on the 11th inst., and requested me to drop you a line as soon as the result was definitely known. To-day the embryo, although very faintly outlined, is nevertheless plainly discernible. Mr. Clark said that crossing these two *Salmos* had not been done in more than one or two instances, and that an item in FOREST AND STREAM noting the success of this attempt would probably interest pisciculturists generally as giving additional evidence that hybridizing these fishes was possible.

Although ripe males of the *fontinalis* are rarely found as late as this, the one used in the present instance was by no means "stingy"—quite the reverse—the milt being somewhat thicker, however, than in the regular spawning season. Up to the present date (April 13) forty eggs have died leaving 484, of which undoubtedly ninety-five per cent. will hatch. SEYMOUR POWERS.

HATCHING THE SAIBLING—Plymouth, N. H.—The Saibling eggs have hatched. The first egg hatched Feb. 23, the last March 24. The loss has been quite large, but no more than I looked for. No doubt some of the eggs were chilled when they arrived here, still I have a good lot of healthy fish. Number of dead eggs when arrived, 5,000; died since, 6,515. Total, 11,515. I shall have 35,000 or more to plant in Newfound Lake, as that is the place they are to be planted as I understand it.—A. H. POWERS.

THE CULTURE OF CARP AND CONSTRUCTION OF PONDS.*

1.—ITS ADAPTABILITY TO ARTIFICIAL CULTURE.

THE conclusion from what has been said will be, that the carp is excellently qualified for culture in inclosed waters, as artificial ponds, and also for the stocking of open waters, such as rivers and lakes, for what is called "free fishing."

It is in the power of the culturists to produce, by means of artificial impregnations and hatching, as also by the natural increase of this fish, with its abundance of eggs, any amount of fry, as well for fresh water as most probably also for salt water, as the fact of its occuring in the salt water of the Black, and very frequently in that of the Adriatic Sea, will demonstrate.

There is no other fish which will, with proper management, be as advantageous as the carp. Its frugality in regard to its food, its easy adaptability to all waters, in rivers, in lakes and ponds, and even salt water estuaries, its regular, rapid growth, and its value as a food fish, are its best recommendations.

2.—THE LOCALITIES BEST ADAPTED TO A CARP POND.

I will try to describe, in the first place, the manner in which carp culture in ponds is conducted in Central Europe, and subsequently explain more fully its introduction in open waters.

If intending to establish carp ponds, it will be necessary to ascertain the following points before the execution of the plan:

1. Is there a sufficient quantity of water at hand for all purposes, for the summer as well as winter?

2 Is the ground, soil and water favorable for culture?

3. It is important to examine the land minutely, in order to find what are the components of the soil, for not every kind of soil is suitable for carp culture.

4. It ought to be decided from the commencement how large the establishment is intended to be, whether only for private use and pleasure, or whether wholesale production of the fish as an article of trade is contemplated.

If points 1 and 2 have been satisfactorily settled, then the ground must be examined, particularly whether it is so constituted as not to allow the collected water to penetrate, and whether the ground is sandy or loamy. Above all, it must not be neglected to measure the depth of the stratum which holds the water, and to be fully assured that it is sufficiently impermeable to withstand the pressure of the water and to hinder its oozing through, so as to prevent the consequent drying up of the pond.

A rocky, gravelly ground is not appropriate for carp culture. Sandy ground, without a considerable mixture of loam, clay and humus, is of small use. I speak here of large ponds of considerable extent. Small ponds with a sandy bottom may be improved by supplying them with loam, as it is frequently done in agriculture.

Loam is a mixture of a small per centum, of sand and a larger quantity of clay, and is suitable for ponds. If such ground contains some marl, or, better, some little elements of humus, it is of the greatest advantage for fishculture. These constituents of humus, if dissolved, give the water a yellow, muddy color; and this water supports by its ingredients a profuse number of microscopic beings, which again form the support of a larger class of creatures, and represent therefore the productiveness of food of the pond, on which, in its turn, the carp depends for its sustenance. Too much humus or dissolved peat is injurious. Water which runs through bog meadows or oak woods is not of much use, because it contains too much humic acid and tannin; these impart a moldy taste to the fish. A too considerable amount of gypsiferous earth, carbonate of lime, or sulphate of lime is injurious also. Should any mineral springs fall into a pond they must be turned off. The most favorable water will always be that which comes from rivers and brooks. Ponds might be constructed which would fill themselves with rain-water during the winter or at any other time, but such water takes a moldy taste easily, which it will communicate to the fishes, as does the water from bogs also.

In Europe, experience has shown that water coming from fertile fields and meadows, carrying with it particles of offal from villages, is best adapted for carp culture.

Spring water direct from the ground is not favorable, and ought to be conducted for at least a few hundred yards through wide, shallow ditches, in order to receive more nourishing components from the air as well as the earth, and above all to be warmed to some extent by the sun and warm air.

A tract of land, such as above described merits the preference as a site for a pond, if in other particulars the ground is favorable and has not too great a fall. If this were the case, very high and strong dams would be required for the collection of water. Such dams cost large sums if constructed of good waterproof material.

A low undulating country, with only slight elevations or hills, where the small valleys are easily closed up by dams for the purpose of forming reservoirs, is favorable, the construction of these dams involving comparatively trifling expense.

3.—THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PONDS.

Ponds must not be too deep, as the water will be colder and will harbor fewer insects, larvæ and worms, which form part of the carp's food; besides, this fish does not grow quickly in cold water. A depth of three feet in the center of the pond is sufficient; toward the outlet-sluice it may be from six to eight feet deep, but only for an area of from 200—1,600 square feet. In the depths of this "collector" the fishes seek their resting-place for the winter, and also in summer, when the water is too warm near the edge. The outer part of the pond should not be deeper than one foot for the distance of about 50 or 100 feet, so that the water there may be warmed more thoroughly by the sun.

Toward the center of the pond, and in accordance with its size, a cavity of from twenty to fifty feet in length and two feet deeper than the rest of the ground should be dug. This will serve the fishes for a resting-place in summer and winter. This cavity is sometimes called a "kettle," though the appellation varies in different localities.

From the entrance of the pond to the other end, where the "collector" and the outlet-sluice are situated, two or three ditches of two feet in depth and four feet in length must be made, which cut the deeper "kettles" transversely as far as the collector. These ditches are intended to carry all the fishes into the collector when the pond is being drained. The collector is nothing but a place of from twenty to forty feet in length and breadth near the outlet-sluice, one foot deeper than the remaining bottom of the pond. In ponds of superior construction it has generally a wood flooring, and must be cleaned of the mud every year, so that the fishes may not become too much soiled by the mud.

In speaking of the erection of a breeding-establishment for carp† I have in view a water-course of at least thirty-five to seventy acres area, which in Central Europe would be considered an establishment of about one-third magnitude.

The inflow of water into the pond should never be allowed to be direct; as, for instance, a brook falling into it. This often causes the water to rise at an inopportune time, carrying into the pond other fishes, especially the rapacious pike. The carp also has the disposition to swim toward the inflowing water, by which means it is drawn away from its proper feeding-places. The water should be conducted into the pond sideways from the stream; and if it should be a small brook only, it may be turned off entirely and carried alongside the pond, from which point the latter can be easily supplied with water.

The inlet-sluices from the stream must of course be of a strong and practical construction, so that an overflow is impossible, and they ought to be provided with gratings to prevent other fishes from intruding.

It is an indispensable condition for the culture in ponds, according to established rules, that they be so constructed as to allow of being thoroughly drained, so that the fishes may be taken out without any difficulty. The bottom of ponds should be of such a description as to permit their being dried up for agricultural purposes if necessary.

* To the Carp and its Culture in Rivers and Lakes, and its Introduction in America," being Part IV. of the Report of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1875-76.

In Europe ponds of from 10 to 2,000 acres extent are frequently to be found, which, after having been used for fisheulture for a time, are dried up, and sometimes grass, oats, wheat, etc., are planted on the ground. This improves the soil exceedingly for fisheulture. I mention this simply in order to show that the soil gains by this manipulation not only for fisheulture but also for agriculture. If the soil at the bottom of ponds has been freed from the humic acid by vegetation, after being plowed and exposed to the air thoroughly, fishes will thrive incredibly well in them. This I intend as a suggestion particularly for farmers, who would wish to establish a small pond of perhaps five or six acres size, to show that the soil of their land would not lose, but rather gain by doing so. Agriculture and carp-culture go hand in hand in some Central European countries and form a kind of complement to one another. To-day a piece of ground may be a field or fertile meadow; next year it will be found to be a productive pond, to serve again one or two years later its first purpose.

If the size of the principal and supplementary ponds has been decided on, the height, depth and width must be measured, and the levels of the ground and dams, if such are needed, should be carefully taken. The leveling of the bottom is required to assist in the determination of the depth of the ditches, "kettles," collector, and outlet to be dug in it.

In the erection of the required dam it is most important that it be constructed of the very best material, so as to make it secure against the destructive influence of the water. It ought to be three times as wide at its base as it is high, and at the top the width should be the same as the height. The interior or water side should be less inclined than the exterior one.

Before the foundation of the dam is laid, the ground where it is to stand must be dug out to a depth of two and a width of from four to five feet throughout the whole length of it. If the ground does not consist of loam it must be filled up with it about one foot deep, and this must be tamped down hard. A second layer follows and is disposed of in the same manner. This is repeated, the clay being moistened every time if required, and then beaten down solidly. This lower stratum is but the foundation of the dam, which is formed from the earth dug out of the pond or its vicinity. This is continued until the dam is completed. Care must be taken, however, that the construction and tamping down of this lower stratum be done in layers and that nothing but good clay be used. In this manner the material of the foundation will become a very tenacious mass, which will not allow any water to penetrate. The completion of this laborious task will be a source of ultimate satisfaction, as many disadvantages, which might arise after the filling of the pond, will be done away with through its agency. The dam should not be made entirely of clay, for in midsummer, during the great heat, it would dry out too much on that side most exposed to the sun, and consequently it would become full of fissures, through which the water would escape, and this might become disastrous for the establishment.

On account of the required outlet-sluices, etc., the fact must be kept in view, that such newly constructed dams will sink 10 per cent. after a lapse of time of little more than a year, with the exception of that portion which has been solidly made. The dam should be sodded. For the draining of the pond, at the "fishing cut" season, it should have an outlet at the lower end, if no other advantageous arrangements can be made for the purpose. The use of wood-work for the channel should be avoided, its durability not being sufficient. The most desirable construction would be that the outlet channel consist either of masonry-work or water-pipes, which may be made either of clay or iron. This channel or pipe must be so made that it can be closed tightly or opened again readily if needed, and must be provided with two or three-fold gratings to prevent the escape of the fishes upon the opening of the sluice. At the same time there should be an outlet-channel, several feet in breadth, at the side of the pond, to allow the water to run off. This must also be secured by grating, but should be kept open always, so that in case of continued rainy weather or sudden and violent showers of thunder-storms no overflowing of the banks or dams may be possible through the unexpected rising of the water in the pond. Large fish ponds of several hundreds extent (some have a surface of 1,200, 1,500 or 2,000 acres) have generally and according to their size two or three outlets I have described, and which pass underneath the dam. The outflow from these is usually regulated by adjustment of the floodgates from the top of the dam.

The so-called "Monche" (monks) are wooden boxes, which stand in the pond at a distance of a few feet from the dam. They are perforated like a sieve, or are provided with small adjustable boards, and wooden pipes run from them through the dam. In Bohemia they are called "carp houses." They are, however, rarely used in large establishments at present, only such culturists making use of them who have but small breeding-ponds at their command and carry on culture on a small scale. These locks suffer too much from the water, air and sun, as also from the pressure of the ice in winter, so that they require considerable repairs at an early date after their first construction; but they serve their purpose fully in small ponds, especially in smaller ponds, which are intended for pleasure or experiment.

There are so many different ways of constructing these subterranean sewers, that I may as well pass them over; they belong more particularly to the departments of hydraulics. It is the province of the culturist to find for himself that which will be the best and most practical method in the construction of outlets.

If it be desired to make use of natural ponds, of which there are numbers in every State of the Union, it is necessary to ascertain whether they can be put into the proper condition for regular culture. This can only be done if the influx of water can be regulated and the entire drainage of the pond made possible. An intrenchment will be required with such ponds in order to make them dry. Trunks of trees should be taken out of them; and where they are too deep they should be filled up, or, if this cannot be done, they should be brought into connection with the above-described sewers on the bottom of the pond. If this is not done too many fishes will remain embedded in the mud when the pond is being drained, and this lessens the profits to a great extent.

Should any brooks fall into such ponds, as is often the case with large ones, they must be kept under strict observation on account of possible overflows which might occur. If it be practicable the brook had best be turned off and conducted alongside the pond, when the latter can be supplied with water if required.

Such brooks, coming from a neighboring hilly territory or from mountains, will frequently occasion an overflow if either a thunder-shower or sudden thawing of snow and ice should set in; in the latter case the ground might be too hard with the frost to allow the water to run off readily.

If the overflow should even be inconsiderable it would still exercise an injurious influence upon the fishes, as the influx of so much water, which in all probability would contain unfavorable substances, would be apt to drive them from their winter retreat.

In summer, sudden, violent rain-showers may cause an overflow within a few minutes, which will carry off the fishes, and eventually may destroy all the ponds. To secure against this, the construction of reserve-sluices, such as are contrived in artificial ponds, and a wide reserve-ditch alongside the pond, which is destined to carry off the threatening high water, are recommended. A small dam between the pond and brook, instead of the reserve-ditch, will sometimes answer.

Great caution is necessary in the selection of the site for a pond or the natural pond, which is to be converted into a carp pond.

Overflows not only injure the ponds and fishes, but may result in a still worse disaster, that of carrying away the fishes into strange waters and destroying the ponds.

The fundamental rule in carp culture is that the water be of the same depth in summer and winter. If the supply of water is too plentiful, great quantities of mud are carried into the pond, embedding the grass which grows in it and on its banks; this, in consequence, will rot and poison the water. The carp immediately desert such water on account of its offensive odor and retire from their proper feeding-places to depths deficient in the production of food.

The mud, which is being consequently reproduced, consists of the remainders of plants. From these different gaseous compounds develop themselves in midsummer, and the fishes become sickly in consequence. In this case, especially if they rise to the surface seeking for air, more water must be supplied through the inlet sluice, when they will recover by degrees. A casualty of this description may occur in very large ponds, though no overflow may take place.

Pernicious gases develop themselves from the mud even in winter, but they rarely have any bad effects, being injurious only if the water is covered by ice, when the fishes die from suffocation. For this reason large apertures are cut into the ice for the supply of fresh air.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

ALEXANDER'S GAME BIRDS.—I see in your last "Answers to Correspondents" that one has asked about "Game Birds," by Thos. Alexander, formerly published in the "Lakeside Library," which is now out of print. Thos. Alexander's books on "Game Birds" and "Fish and Fishing" are published in "Seaside Library." "Game Birds," No. 571, 20 cents; "Fish and Fishing," No. 567, 10 cents.—G. H. S.

MAJOR HENRY VAN WART.—Iam very desirous to learn the address of Major Henry Van Wart, who came to the United States from Birmingham, England, many years ago, resided awhile in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and afterward returned to England. Any one who can give any information of him will confer a great favor by addressing EVERETT SMITH, Port land, Me., U. S. A.

Will the owner of Highland Lass, a red Irish setter bitch, once owned by Col. Wright Reeves, of Washington, D. C., please send pedigree to this office?

AN OLD MASSACHUSETTS LAW.—In the early records of Plymouth, Mass., is found the following resolution, adopted at a town meeting "held att the meeting house att Plymouth the 22 cond of Aprill 1673": "Att this meeting the Towne ordered that euery man in this Towne shall procure Twelue blackbirds heads six of them by the first of June next and six of them by the first of October next on paine of paying a fine of two Shillings for euery defect to the use of the Towne or 2 pence apiece for see many as shallbe wanting of the Dozen and if any kills more than a Dozen then to haue pence apecee for them out of the Townes stock and that the said heads be brought in by the time prefered unto Will am Crow Jabez howland Will am barlow and Will am Clarke."

DUDLEY'S POCKET LOADER, in its newly improved shape, is a most complete and satisfactory tool. We have tested its working and have been much pleased with it. It extracts the cartridges, removes the cap, recaps, rams the wad home and crimps the shell. It is a great improvement on the same manufacturer's old style of reloader, and now fills the bill.

BERNHARDT and her party have been traveling about the country in the famous hunting car "City of Worcester." She chartered the car last December.

THE OLD CONTROVERSY about the manner in which a trout strikes a fly is still unabated. One man has the courage to stick to his opinion, and he illustrates his belief by keeping a woodcut in our advertising columns. His name is C. F. Orvis, he makes tackle, and his motto when fishing is, "Heads, I win; tails, you lose."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

See adv. of C. D. Fredricks, Game Birds of America.

Would call attention to adv. of Flying Clay Pigeon in this issue.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind

More than eight thousand men, women and children, visited the retail warerooms of Baldwin the Clothier last Saturday.

THE DIET CURE; The Relations of Food and Drink to Health, Disease and Cure, by T. L. Nichols, M. D., Editor of the London "Herald of Health."—There have been, from Hippocrates to Dr. Gull, many sensible physicians and some of the best of them are quoted in "The Diet Cure," which teaches that pure food makes pure blood and pure blood builds up a healthy body. M. L. Holbrook, publisher, 13 and 15 Laight street, New York. Price, 50 cents.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, at New York City.—Westminster Kennel Club Fifth Annual Bench Show, American Institute Building, Third avenue and Sixty-third street. Entries close April 11. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, No. 128 Fulton street, or P. O. Box 1,700, New York City.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

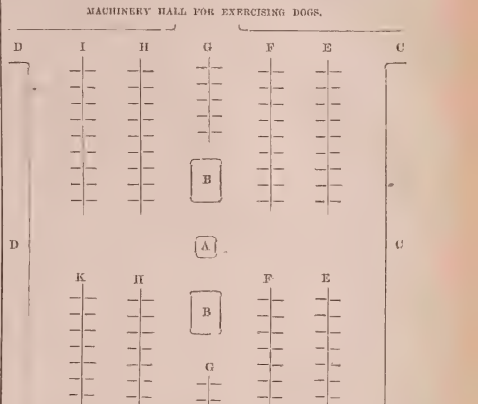
October 1 at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

FOR the first time since the Westminster Kennel Club instituted its annual bench shows the place of exhibition has been changed, and the fifth of the annual series has found a habitation and resting-place at the American Institute building on Third Avenue, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets. The up-town march of residents does not make the Institute so much out of the way as many imagine who a year or two ago looked upon the "Rink" as being quite out of the city. Now the elevated railroad makes it as convenient a place to reach if not more so than the Madison Garden, and it is not at all likely that the latter building will be your selection. During the first day the attendance was good, and in every way as fashionable as anything seen at Madison Garden, so that all fears on that account proved groundless, and even if it had not come up to the mark another year of uptown drifting and the Institute would be closer to the best parts of the city than the old place. The building itself is vastly also superior for the purposes of a dog show, the hard asphalt floor being an improvement on wood, and there being no amphitheatre of seats to prevent a free circulation of air about the building, the ventilation is of the best, and the air devoid of any taint or smell from the dogs.

For over a month the members of the committee, and the Superintendent, Mr. Chas. Lincoln, have been kept close at work perfecting all arrangements, and the result, as witnessed by the smoothness with which everything ran on the first day must have been gratifying to them. The business of receiving and benching the dogs proceeded without a hitch, and by the time the judging hour arrived on Tuesday morning a commencement could have been made if necessary. The benching was well done—we mean the laying of the plan of the benching—and a good idea can be obtained from the following sketch:

MACHINERY HALL FOR EXERCISING DOGS.



THIRD AVENUE ENTRANCE.

A—Superintendent's office.
BB—Judges' rings, each 45 feet by 34 feet.
CCC—Large dogs, from No. 1 to No. 50—mastiffs and St. Bernards; no partitions between.
DDD—Large dogs, No. 51 to No. 100—Newfoundlands, Siberians or Ulms, greyhounds and deerhounds.
EE—Dogs from No. 101 to 300—pointers, champion and imported English setters.
FF—Dogs from No. 301 to No. 500—native English setters, black and tan setters and champion Irish setters.
GG—Dogs from No. 501 to No. 600—Irish setters, Irish water spaniels and field spaniels.
HH—Dogs from No. 601 to No. 800—Cocker spaniels, field spaniels, foxhounds, beagles, dachshunds, fox terriers and collies.
I—Dogs from No. 801 to No. 900—bulldogs, bull terriers, Skye terriers, pugs, rough-haired terriers and black and tan terriers.
K—Toy and small dogs and miscellaneous classes.

At the northwest corner of the building the club dogs were benched with old Sensation at the head of the group. He was not looking up to bench condition, and a hump on his side, caused by a bite, did not improve his appearance. Next to the W. K. C. dogs came the mastiffs, and all along the northern and southern walls of the building the large dogs were placed. Pointers began again at the northwest corner of the parallel rows of double benches on the centre floor, and the numbers ran in regular rotation up one side and down the other, winding up at the southeast corner with toy and little fancy pets. This year there was little display of fancy decorations in the stalls, and we think it would be well to have all shows alike in plain stalls for straw beds, and let the dog speak for its quality without the help of outside attractions.

From what we have seen in the ring and also by walking around the benches we are thoroughly of the opinion that this is the best collection of dogs ever seen here. Numbers are fewer than last year, but that is more than compensated for by the absence of three or four hundred dogs with no possible chance of success, and now we have classes made up of dogs of quality instead of mixed and ragged looking groups. The judges selected had to do their duty single-handed, and the classes were divided as follows: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Siberian or Ulm dogs and deerhounds, Mr. Paul Dana, of New York City; greyhounds, black and tan setters, foxhounds and miscellaneous class, Hon. John S. Wise, Richmond, Va.; pointers, Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass.; champion, imported and native English setters, Irish setters and beagles, Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky.; spaniels (all classes), dachshunds, fox terriers, collies, bulldogs, bull terriers, Skye terriers, pugs, rough-haired terriers, black and tan terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Irish terriers, Yorkshire toys, King Charles or Blenheim spaniels, Japanese spaniels and Italian greyhounds, Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ontario.

Mr. Dana and Major Taylor began their duties about half-past eleven o'clock, and the former was through early, having fortunately very light classes to adjudicate upon. We say fortunately, because his work was done in such a manner as to leave but one opinion as to his capacity for the office and knowledge of dogs. We shall speak our mind very freely on his awards. Major Taylor is a gentleman who is in every way qualified for the duties he undertook and gave the greatest satisfaction, and Dr. Niven is another gentleman who knew what he was about. The classes judged by Mr. Dana were finished first, and will be first noticed.

MASTIFFS.—The best were in the open classes, Turk and Leat being the only entries in the champion classes. Salisbury is the best dog of the breed we have ever seen, a typical head, legs of the best and a good tail, but a poor, thin-muzzled dog called Grim was given first prize. Gruth, the second, was better than first, and Salisbury—well, it was like comparing a thoroughbred and a Canadian pony—a shocking decision. Creole was the only good bitch, and she also was given the special offered by Mr. Moore for the best mastiff. Salisbury, of course, should have been first in dogs, and got the special.

ST. BERNARDS.—Very ordinary classes of this grand dog. Don is smooth-coated and Turk (second) rough-coated, being in the best in their subdivisions. Barry, the winning dog, does not look like a pure St. Bernard.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Mayor of Bingley, the best dog seen in America, won from three poor specimens; and only one bitch, Flora, being entered, and she very moderate, first prize was withheld.

SIBERIAN OR ULM DOGS.—Caro is a fine, large dog; Lyon is not a good one, but Rex is, and Mr. Dana must have overlooked him entirely.

DEERHOUNDS.—Haco, a very good dog of seventeen months, won easily from Sir Walter.

Major Taylor finished all the English setter classes, except the bitch puppies, and, as already stated, his duties were admirably performed.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Leicester never looked better, and as Mr. Moore states this is his last exhibition, we were glad to see the old dog retire a champion. St. Elmo was not looking as he usually does, and Coin showed the effect of his washing in the morning. Thunder was Leicester's most formidable rival. The struggle in the bitch class was between Lizzie Lee and Spark, decidedly the best two shown, and Spark won—a close thing between them.

The imported dog class was a very difficult one, a dozen dogs, being magnificent dogs. Finally Major Taylor got Duke of Beaufort and Emperor Fred together, and muscle carried the dog over beauty of conformation. We do not doubt Emperor Fred's claim, but he is not a dog of quality, compared with the second or third. Pontiac was in splendid trim, and also Dashing Monarch, the latter's coarseness keeping him back. Temple Bar looked as handsome as anything in the ring, but a description of all the good ones is out of the question. Mr. J. C. Higgins won in the bi ch class with Petrel II, a sweet bitch. But we sadly missed Mr. Moore's pair—Luna May and Lass o' Gowrie, who had not come on from the South. Daisy Laverack is slightly undersized or she would have taken a little higher than third. Blue Bell is a well-shaped bitch and was shown in excellent trim.

Native dogs were a hard class to judge, but the best were finally selected. Count Zos, a good one for his age, was, we thought, a little better than the winner, who was not looking well. Racket, at third, was a good choice, and Mr. Goodsell's Royal Carle is a handsome blue Belton. Blue Dan, a taking dog of the same color, was equally well taken care of.

Taking the class of the noticed dogs it was as good as anything seen before, and Afton, second last year, was this time only highly commended. The native bitch class was not a large, but it was a good one. Donna, the winner, is a bitch of great merit, but if she had only been second it would have been no hardship, as Flirt is a genuine good one, beautifully proportioned. Maida, we regret to say, was an absentee. Lady Laverack, like her sister Daisy, is small, but a good one. The dog puppies were not so good as we should have expected, and beyond Royal Dale and Doc there was nothing to call for any mention. The former was decidedly the best, and does credit to his dam, Daisy Dale.

Dr. Niven began his work in the afternoon with spaniels, and got through them and fox terriers before six o'clock.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Mike, a fine dog, won and deserved his blue. Judy, the next best, taking second, and Limerick, a credit to Barney, was given a very highly commended mention.

FIELD SPANIELS.—A large class of various kinds. The question was at last reduced to Dash and Benedict, both of the Jacob's strain. Dash was beaten by his younger relative. Jenny, more of a cocker stamp, was placed third, and a daughter of hers, Jessie, secured v. h. c.

COCKER SPANIELS.—The dogs were pretty fair; Brag, decidedly the best, being first, with the liver and white Teddy second, and the well-known Music third. Music is hardly a working cocker. The bitches were not so good as dogs, and there was nothing in the class as good as Queen Vic. Busy was in bad condition or she would have won. Beatrice was the only good puppy.

FOX TERRIERS.—Dr. Nivens began by selecting the chunky-built Bowstring as the champion dog—a sound and justifiable decision. Tipsey was not of the same stamp, however, and Mr. Rutherford should have been first here also. The open dog class was an extra good one, and Moslem II. had all he could do to come in ahead of Royal. Notts is a hardy dog with not overmuch quality, and we do not think Tartar should have been where he was. Mr. Mason was again in front in the bitch class, and the decision was sound, Mr. Rutherford again hunting him home with the smart Salley and Tricksey. Joker made up somewhat for disappointments by easily winning in the dog puppy class. He should make a good one. The bitch puppies were very poor, winner the best.

The remainder of our comments will be concluded next week.

FULL LIST OF AWARDS.

[V. H. C., very highly commended; H. C., highly commended; C., commended.]

Class 1. Champion Mastiffs: Dogs, silver medal, C C Bulls' Turk, New York.

Class 2. Champion Mastiffs: Bitches, silver medal, M. Rathbun's Leah, New York

Class 3. Mastiffs: Dogs, first prize, $15, C P Fraleigh's Grim, Brooklyn; second, $10, C C Goodward's Gruth, Zanesville, O; third, silver medal, J H Mason's Quarry, England.

Class 4. Mastiffs: Bitches, first prize $15, C H Mason's Creole, England; second prize $10, Miss S C Hewitt's Brenda, New York; third prize, silver medal, R. Lehmann's Juno, Brooklyn.

Class 5. Mastiff Puppies: First prize, $10, Miss S C Hewitt's The Amel; second prize; silver medal, Miss S C Hewitt's Frou Frou; v h c, W R Hobart's puppies, Newark.

Class 6. Champion Rough Coated St. Bernard Dogs: Silver medal, Mr D. P. Foster's Turco.

Class 7. No entries.

Class 8. Rough Coated St Bernard Dogs: First prize, $15, H Clawsen's Barry, New York; second prize, $10, H H Baxter's Turk, New York; third prize, silver medal, H H Hoar's Rover, New York.

Class 9. Rough Coated St Bernard Bitches: First prize, $15, A E Godefroy's Braunfels, Guymard, N Y.

Class 10. Champion Smooth Coated St Bernard Dogs: Silver medal, J P Haines' Don, Tom's River, N J

Class 11. Champion Smooth Coated St Bernard Bitches: Silver medal, J P Haines' Judy, Tom's River, N. J.

Class 12. Smooth Coated St Bernard Dogs: First prize, $15, Hon. Samuel J Tilden's Ashdin, New York.

Class 13. Smooth Coated St Bernard Bitches: First prize, $15, J P Haines' Vix, Tom's River, N. J.

Class 14. St Bernard Puppies: First Prize, $10, John P Haines' Guard, Tom's River, N J; second prize, silver medal, J P Haines' Cato, Tom's River, N J; v h c, John P Haines' Toper, Tom's River, N J; h c, J P Haines' Dirk, Tom's River, N J.

Class 15. Newfoundland Dogs: First prize, $10, C H Mason's Mayor of Bingley, England; second prize, silver medal, A U Dbberson's Bogasinus, New York; v h c, E S Wheeler's Carlo, New York.

Class 16. Newfoundland Bitches: Second prize, silver medal, E E McCormick's Flora, New York. First prize withheld

Class 17. No competition.

Class 18. Siberian or Ulm: First prize, $10, A Field's Caro, New York; second prize, silver medal, G F Keller's Lyon, New York; v h c, F C Wilson's Mous, Englewood, N J.

Class 20. Deerhounds: First prize, $10, W W Sherman's Haco, Newport, R I; second prize, silver medal, W Renkin's Sir Walter, New York.

Class 31. Champion English Setter Dogs: Prize, $30, A H Moore's Leicester, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class 32. Champion English Setter Bitches: Prize, $30, D C Sanborn's Spark, Dowling, Mich.

Class 33. Imported English Setter Dogs: First prize, $25, J R Robinson's Emperor Fred, Sunderland, England; second prize, $15, J H Goodsell's Duke of Beaufort, New York; third prize, silver medal, J C Higgins' Pontiac, Delaware City, Del; v h c, C Murray's Jenius, London, Ont; H W Gause's Warwick, Wilmington, Del; A A Moore's Temple Bar, Philadelphia, Pa; h c, Gov Moore's American Ranger, Pittsburgh, Pa; J H Higgins' Dashing Monarch, Delaware City, Del; c, J H Goodsell's Don Juan, New York; L J Gaines' Blue Blood, Meridan, Conn.

Class 34 Imported English Setter Bitches: First prize, $25, J C Higgins' Petrel II, Delaware City, Del; second prize, $15, W H Beebe's Blue Bell, New York; third prize, silver medal, J H Goodsell's Daisy Laverack, New York; v h c, J C White's Lou, Pittsburgh, Pa; h c, N Hathaway's Opal, Fall River, Mass; c, L Sauster, Jr's, Cornelia, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class 35. Native English Setter Dogs: First prize, $25, B F Wilson's Spot, Pittsburgh, Pa; second prize, $15, W Wagner's Count Zos, Baltimore, Md; third prize, silver medal, J H Goodsell's Racket, New York; v h c, J H Goodsell's Royal Carle, New York; N D Hathaway's Blue Dan, Middleboro, Mass; C H Dayton's Young Belton, Peekskill, N Y; h c, F Swarthout's Afton, Pawtucket, R I; Sportsman's Kennel's Blue Drake, Geneva, Iowa; D Plock's Satan, New York; J C Higgins' Lincoln II, Delaware City, Del; c, G R Watkins' Tom, Brooklyn; W H Beebe's Cona, New York.

Class 36. Native English setter Bitches: First prize, $25, C Moran, Jr's Donna, New York; second prize, $15, Sportsman's Kennel's Flirt, Geneva, Iowa; third prize, silver medal, A H Moore's Lady Laverack, Philadelphia, Pa; v h c, Sportsman's Kennel's Highland Lassie, Geneva, Iowa; N D Hathaway's Bow Bells, Middleboro, Mass; h c, M Bacon's Lou, Lenox, Mass; A Buckingham's Maid Marian, Norwich, Conn; G R Watkins' Crook, Brooklyn; c, J White's Daisy, Bridgeport, Conn; L Willy's Tambazine, Baltimore, Md.

Class 37. English Setter Puppies: First prize, $10, J. De T. Blackstone's Royal Dale, Newcastle, Conn; second prize, $15, Sportsman's Kennel's Betty's Dog, New York; v h c, Hon John S Wise, Ham Richmond, Va; h c, H W Livingston's Peter Schlemihl, New York; c, L Sauster, Jr's Chelten D, Philadelphia.

Class 38. English setter Puppies, Bitches: First prize, $10, N M Drake's Item, Trenton, N. J.; second prize, silver medal, Theo. Moyer's Rose Laverack, Jersey City, N J; v h c, Hon R Ray Hamilton's Diana, New York; h c, H W Livingston's August Flower.

Class 45. Champion Irish Setter Dogs: Prize, $30, A H Moore's Berkley Phil d'elphia, Pa.

Class 46. Champion Irish Setter Bitches: Prize, $30, A H Moore's Loo II, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class 47. Irish Setters—Dogs: First prize, $25, Max Wenzel's Chief, Hoboken, N J; second prize, $15, A H Moore's Raleigh, Philadelphia, Pa; third prize, silver medal, S D Ripley's Spy, New York; v h c, C Denison's Sain Pedro, Hartford; h c, C S Lincoln's Duncan, Warren, Mass; c, W T Cameron's Grouse, New York.

Class 48. Irish Setter Bitches: First Prize, $25, Dr W Jarvis' Noreen, Claremont, N H; second prize, $15, B F Clark's Meg, Manchester, N H; third prize, silver medal, R H Dulany's Kate, New York; v h c, Dr Wm Jarvis' Larna, Claremont, N H; c, W H Pierce's Maid Rose, Deerfield, N H; Mrs Meeta, Wilmington, Del.

Class 51. Irish Water Spaniels: First prize, $10, Excelsior Kennel's Mike, Chicago, Ill; second prize, silver medal, D D Lawlor's Judy, Mount Vernon, N Y; v h c, H D Gardner's Limerick, Milwaukee.

Class 52. Cocker or Field Spaniel Puppies: Prize, silver medal, Lachine Kennel Club's Beatrice, Whitestone, L I.

Class 53. Cocker Spaniels, Dogs: First prize, $10, Lachine Kennel Club's Benedict, Whitestone, L I; second prize, $5, A H Moore's Dash; Philadelphia, Pa; third prize, silver medal, R M Lindsay's Jenny, Scranton, Pa; v h c, D O Frank's Jessie, New York; h c, H S Jaffray's Cubbs, New York.

Class 54. Cocker Spaniels, Dogs: First prize, $10, Dr J S Cattanach's Queen Vic, New York; second prize, $5, E Tinsley's Busy, Hamilton, Ont.; third, silver medal, C V Sewell's Lou, New York; v h c, A E Godefroy's Flirt, Guymud, N Y.

Class 55. Cocker or Field Spaniel Puppies: Prize, silver medal, Lachine Kennel Club's Beatrice, Whitestone, L I.

Class 60. Dachshunde: First prize, $10, W H Goulding, Wodan, New York; second prize, silver medal, J A Stovel, Marguerite, Philadelphia, Pa; v h c, W Schaefje's Dave, New York; c, W H Stellman's Bergmann, Baltimore, Md.

Class 61. Champion Fox Terrier Dogs: Silver medal, L and W Rutherford's Bowstring, N Y.

Class 62. Champion Fox Terrier Bitches: Silver medal, R Gibson's Tipsey, Ilderton, Ont.

Class 63. Fox Terrier Dogs: First prize, $10, C H Mason's Moslem II., England; second prize, $5, L and W Rutherford's Royal, New York; third prize, silver medal, C H Morrison's Notts, New York; v h c, C H Mason's Tartar, England; h c, A Boote's Tusseli, East Orange, N J.

Class 64. Fox Terrier Bitches: First prize, $10, C H Mason's Twilight, England; second prize, $5, L and W Rutherford's Salley, New York; third prize, silver medal, J M Waterbury's Contralto, New York; v h c, L and W Rutherford's Tricksey, New York; h c, C H Mason's Moonlight, England.

Class 65. Fox Terrier Dog Puppies: First, silver medal, L and W Rutherford's Joker, New York; v h c, W R Hill's Trouble, Albany, New York.

Class 66. Fox Terrier Bitch Puppies: Silver medal, J M Waterbury's unnamed puppy, New York.

Class 67. Champion Collies—Dogs: Prize, silver medal, Scotland Kennel's Lassie, Newmarket, Md.

Class 68. Champion Collies—Bitches. Prize, silver medal, Scotland Kennel's Lass o' Gowrie.

Class 69. Collies—Dogs. First prize, $10, J Lindsay's Ayrshire Laddie, Jersey City; second prize, A S Apgar's Nelson, New York; third prize, silver medal, C Morgan's Punch, Bordentown, N J; v h c, Scotland Kennel's Prince, Newmarket, Md.

Class 70. Collies, Bitches: First prize, $10, A S Apgar's Isie, New York; second prize, $5, A S Apgar's Daisy, New York; third prize, silver medal, J L Munn's Sheila, East Orange, N J; v h c, J W Burgess' Bess, New York; h c, F C Sayles, Jr's Daisy, Pawtucket, R I.

Class 71. Collies, Puppies: Prize, silver medal, Scotland Kennel's Meg Merrilies, New Market, Md; v h c, Scotland Kennel's Bliss' Fun; h c, J W Burgess' Sport, New York.

THE SAN FRANCISCO DOG SHOW.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, April 12, 1881.

THE first bench show given by the Pacific Coast Kennel Club closed here last night and was, in every respect, a highly successful exhibition. The need of such a show has long been felt here, as the amount of ignorance existing among the sportsmen of the State of California in all matters pertaining to the breed and excellence of dogs, outside of greyhounds, was simply monumental. Men who could bet on killing ten mountain quail—the hardest bird to shoot that flies—out of twelve shots would tell you with the utmost assurance that the wretchedly-bred, though well-trained, cur that accompanied him, was a thoroughbred Lavarack setter or, perhaps, would gently insinuate that a coarse, heavy, long-eared, short-legged cross between a hound and pointer was a purely-bred foxhound. Of course there are many gentlemen in this State who were born in Great Britain or the Eastern States, who are as well posted on canine matters as any gentlemen in the world, and it was by their efforts that the Pacific Coast Kennel Club was formed and the Bench Show given. The most prominent among the well-informed lovers of the dog in this State are the coursing men who have no less than twelve coursing clubs in active operation, and the majority of these gentlemen have imported from England that the breed on this Coast is equal, in general excellence and purity, to that of any part of the world and, perhaps, a trifle superior in point of wind and bottom, as the bounding expanse of prairie-land over which the coursing matches are held, and the immense speed of the hares, falsely called Jack Rabbits, require no ordinary amount of speed and game to secure a kill, and it is rare indeed to see a hare killed until it has led its pursuers a merry chase of at least a mile, a distance frequently doubled and trebled. This being the state of affairs, it required more than ordinary courage for the part of the little band of canine experts that formed the kennel club to commence the arduous work of conducting a bench show, and the success it attained on their account reflects great credit on them. The exhibition was given in the Mechanic's Pavilion—an immense building situated about half a mile from the business portion of San Francisco, and within a stone-throw of our municipal elephant known as the New City Hall which has already swallowed two million dollars and will eight millions of dollars, and is one of the most magnificent ruins in America. A good idea of the size of the Pavilion in which the show was given can be formed from the fact that at a recent walking match held in it a track was laid one-fifth of a mile in circumference. As the main floor of the building afforded much more space than was needed for the accommodation of the dogs entered, and to enable the spectators to get a good view of the entire show at one time, several raised tiers of seats were built around the floor in an amphitheatre form enclosing a space of 68x138 feet, which was devoted to the benches, which were built in parallel rows along its full length with occasional passages at right angles to them which marked the different classes of dogs. The Pavilion was tastefully and tastefully decorated with flags and streamers, hung from the arched roof which is about sixty feet from the floor. For the purpose of general arrangement, the dogs were divided into three classes, viz: Watch dogs including great Danes, St. Bernard's, New Foundlands, Mastiffs and Russian terriers; sporting dogs including all classes of dogs used as an adjunct to shooting, and toy-dogs including bull-dogs and terriers, and nondescript dogs of all kinds. The officers of the show and judges were as follows: President, Clem Dixon, of Cumberland, England; Secretary, Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, of San Francisco; Superintendent, Thomas Tunstead, of San Francisco; Vice-President, Dr. Meara, health officer of San Francisco; Business Manager, D. R. McNelle, late of Edinborough. The judges were as follows: All sporting dogs except greyhounds—J. Lenswelay, late of Lancashire, England, at present residing in Gilroy, Cal. Greyhounds—Judge Mee, of Alameda. Terriers and toy-dogs—P. Quinlan, Esq., of San Francisco. Shepherd dogs—Thomas Farley, Esq., of San Francisco. Coach-dogs—Captain B. Harris, of San Francisco. Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, mastiffs, Great Danes or Ulm dogs and Russian terriers, T. T. Williams, Esq., late of Hammersmith Gate, London. The awards made by these gentlemen gave the utmost satisfaction to all who could be considered judges of dogs, and so popularized the Pacific Coast Kennel Club that any future exhibitions they may give will be even greater successes than this one was. The prizes consisted entirely of handsome silver cups manufactured expressly for the club by the Meriden Company and ranging in value from $120 for first prize in the large classes to $25 for second prize in the small classes. The entrance fee for all dogs, including a season ticket to the show, was $3; and the general admission price fifty cents. The greyhounds were the largest and best class of dogs exhibited and included some forty entries, all of which, with one exception, were bred in California. That exception was the first prize winner, Joseph Franklin's bl. d. Speculation, imported from England in 1877; sire, Baffler; dam, Memiss; valued at $1,000. He is as nearly a perfect specimen of a greyhound as could be found in any country, and, though fully nine years of age, is still available for stud purposes. He is a large, upstanding, short-coupled dog, with a splendid chest, powerful loins and perfect limbs, and in condition would weigh about 64 pounds. His get have gained a splendid reputation in the coursing field here, no less than four of them taking prizes at the last open meeting. The second prize winner was J. F. Carroll's Paul Jones, by imported Gentleman Jones; dam, Branch; her sire imported Spot; dam, Minetta. Paul is a smaller dog than Speculation, and in the field one of the fastest dogs ever slipped, having only once been led to his hare in the fifteen courses he has run in public. Branch took the first prize for bitches, the second going to Con Mooney's black bitch Kitty Clover, by Plumville out of Belle. Kitty has twice won first prize in open meetings and, besides having the honor of winning every course she ever ran, is admitted by the best judges here to be the closest worker and best killer in California, though her short, arched back and narrow chest relegated her to a second place on the show bench. The puppy prizes were won by Dr. Meare's Monarch II. and Joseph Franklin's Lady Franklin, both year-old pups by Monarch out of Branch; Monarch by imported Speculation. The next class in number and importance was the Laverack setters, among which Charles Miller's Sam took first prize and his Joe second. Both dogs were extremely handsome—black and white dogs without any of the popular tan markings. Their pedigree goes back to Moll and Ponto. Among the Laverack bitches Tristam Rurgess' Queen Mab took first prize, as she richly deserved. Mab is a beautiful black, white and tan marked bitch by Dan, dam, Nelly, owned by R. L. P. Llewellin, of Ashby de la Zouch, England, and had previously taken the following prizes:

First, Champion, Dublin, Ireland, 1876; first and champion, and special for best brace with Druid, St. Louis, 1878; also at Detroit in 1879 and St. Louis in 1879. In addition Queen Mab took the special prize, a handsome gold vase, for the best dog of any class in this show. Mr. Leaveley, the judge, having awarded her the maximum 100 points. Dr. T. C. Jessup's Dolly Varden took second; she is by Belton, dam, Dimple II. The puppy prize went to Isaac Upham's Grouse, black and white by Dan out of Sybyl. Dan by Llewellin's Prince out of Dora.

The Irish setters were a fine class, the first prize being won by Calvert Meade's Dick by Sport out of imported Belle. Dr. C. G. Foland's Whiskey took second. The exhibit of field and water spaniels was very poor in quality with the exception of three beautiful liver and white cockers shown by Mrs. W. T. Ladd, and which carried off all the prizes in that class, being as near perfection as is possible to conceive. The Gordon setters were a very medium class. Chisholm's Dash, Sure Shot; first for dogs and bitches, and John Newell's Roy second. Charles Franz's Myrrha by imported Monarch took first prize for Gordon bitches. No prize was awarded the puppies, as they were not up to even the moderate standard laid down by the judge.

The bloodhounds were well represented, though J. A. Bauer's black and tan dog, Sultan, that was awarded first prize should have more properly been classed as a sleuth or trail hound than as a bloodhound. J. F. Carroll's Wallace, first prize bull-terrier, was a perfect specimen, and would have been favorably noticed in that topmost altitude of a bull-terrier's ambition—a Birmingham Bench Show. The bull-dogs, black and tan, Dalmatians and toy-terriers, were simply a lot of mongrels, some of the latter representing every strain of animal from a giraffe to a Norwegian rat.

The English setters, which were made a class separate from the Lavaracks, were all lemon and white, and a fair to middling lot. John De Vault's Bell and Beauty took first for dogs and bitches. The so-called English retrievers were a lot of mongrel spaniels beneath criticism. The winner being a miserable, long-eared, mixed-coated little rust, weighing less than forty pounds and looking for all the world like a cross between a black poodle and a Newfoundland. The fox-hounds were all crossed with blood-hound or Spanish pointer blood, and though doubtless possessing good noses, were very ill-formed. As they are entirely used in this country for tracking elk, deer or bear, speed is not so much an object as it is in England, where twelve miles an hour across country is not considered too fast.

The boys here did get up a fox hunt on Coyote Creek about a year ago, but the California broncbos they rode behaved so badly at the first gulch, which was only six feet wide, that they abandoned that sport for the more congenial fun of lassooing cattle. The only entry in the mastiff class had a pedigree that announced his descent from champion Turk, but if Nicholas or Miss Agliombye lived in the neighborhood of the exhibition, and saw that nondescript brute, they would have the compiler of that pedigree arrested for canine miscegenation or libel in the most intense degree.

The judges said that it was a cross between a St. Bernard and a Maltese cat with a strain of prairie dog and salad oil in its composition, while another irreverent spectator said it was a cross between Beecher's ideal of the devil and a Democratic ward politician.

The Newfoundlands were a splendid lot, and would have received first honors in any company. Flora, winner in the bitch class tallied 93 points out of the 100 laid down by Stonehenge according to the judge in that class, who was severely critical. Her only fault was a lack of length in the neck, though not to such an extent as to spoil her beautifully symmetrical shape. She was a pure glossy black, with just a few white hairs on her chest, stood 24½ inches at the shoulder, and weighed 125 pounds. Carlo, winner in the dog class, stood 26 inches at the shoulder and weighed 160 pounds, had a fine, broad, flat, intelligent head, good muscular back, clean neck and splendid limbs, but his coat was rather rusty and his tail carried a little too high.

The pointers were a poor, impurely bred class, a majority having double noses, which in this benighted region is considered the highest proof of the aristocratic breeding of pointer ancestry. A fine Wellington pug, bred by Sir William Simpson and imported by Mrs. Isabel Strong, deservedly earned off first prize.

The Russian terriers were as grand a class as was ever got together in one show. Sabbak, the winner, had a splendid silver-gray coat, stood 24 inches at the shoulder, measured 21½ inches round the head and weighed 130 pounds. He was clever and good-natured, and would do almost every trick ever taught to a dog, in addition to standing a quail like a setter and following a

cold scent like a bloodhound. Lion, the second prize taker, weighed 145 pounds, was dark gray, black and white, and stood 25 inches high, with a 22½ inch head. His fault was weak hindquarters. J. F. Carroll took a first with Spray, a fine-looking imported Scotch deerhound. The shepherd dogs and collcys were a poor, half-bred, under-sized class.

One of the finest classes in the show in point of quality were the great Danes, among which J. P. Ames' blue and Maltese dog Nero took first prize. Colonel Stewart M. Taylor's Bruce came second, owing to a slight defect in coat and legs. Bruce also took the special prize for the biggest dog in the show. He stands thirty-two and a half inches at the shoulder and measures seventy-four inches from tip to-tip. R. W. Theobald's Gelert took first among the Landseer Newfoundlands. He is a splendid specimen in every respect excepting that his ears are a little too small. There were sixteen St. Bernards entered, all dogs, and all thoroughbred ones, too. J. W. Schaffer's Major, the winner, was a huge black and tawney dog thirty inches high, seventy-two inches from tip to tip and weighing in condition 185 pounds. His head, coat and limbs showed the perfection of the breed, though his black coat was thought by some to indicate a Newfoundland cross, and a few on this side of the big river would like some English expert like the Rev. Macdona to say through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM if it is possible for a purely bred St. Bernard to be nearly all black of a reddish tinge. A rather small specimen there received favorable mention and had the most perfect head markings that any San Francisco experts had ever seen. He was tawney and white with a perfect white line up the pole, but his head was too flat and small and his body so poorly shaped that with all his advantages of coat and color he failed to secure a prize. Upward of $6,000 was taken in at the gate during the exhibition, but that only just paid for the prizes given and other necessary expenses. Another show will be given by the club next year.

STOLEN DOGS.

NEVER before was there raging such an epidemic for stealing dogs as there is at present, in both town and country, and it is full time that there was a stop put to the nefarious practice. To advance words of caution seems to be simply useless, for our exchanges from all parts of the country continue to cite cases of the disappearance of the canines, which, as far as we know, are seldom returned to their owners. Nor does the system of offering rewards seem to produce the desired results, for, in many instances, we have seen more than twice the value of the lost animal offered by a fond master or mistress, and yet no prodigal returned. Although a great number of these dogs are lost, yet a far greater number are stolen. There are few dogs of value that do not have on a collar, bearing the name of the owner and his address, and in our cities a dog worth keeping has always a collar about his neck. The stealing of dogs is a business just as distinct from the other branches of crime as pocket-picking is from masked burglaries. There are a dozen expert judges of dogs in our metropolis who prowl about with no other object in view than to steal the best looking subjects they can find. These professionals at once "spot" a dog of quality, follow the animal and his owner to his residence and, by awaiting their chance and by frequently using a bitch in season, the dog is spirited away, and after being cooped up for a while his hair is clipped, his color changed by artificial means and the dog shipped to some confederate in a far-off city, where the dog is placed on the market, with a considerable amount of safety and a fair amount of profit. The sporting dogs are, of course, the most difficult to handle, as almost every setter and pointer has some recognizable marking; but in the non-sporting classes, where so many animals of the same breed so closely resemble each other, and their size enables the thief to secret the victim in his pocket, it is no very difficult thing to understand why so many fashionable dogs, such as pugs, Skyes, etc., are constantly disappearing. It was only a few months ago that a dog thief was pointed out to us, and upon entering into conversation with him he produced three Yorkshire terriers, *a la* Hermann, from an inside skirt pocket, where he confessed in a very unprestidigitatorial manner to have previously secreted them. Differing somewhat from a light-fingered colored brother of his, who was once discovered in a chicken house, which history tells of as follows: "After being searched and not even a nest-egg being found on the premises, a young stagg was distinctly heard to crow in the neighborhood of the gentleman's wool; on removing a high-crowned hat which decorated the darkey's pericranium, a fine rooster fluttered out much to the apparent astonishment of the owner. 'Bress de Lor', said the darkie, 'How did he get tar? Why, he muft a-flewn up my trousers' leg.'"

Punch, years ago, pictured the dog-stealing art in a rather striking way. In was in the time of the Crimean War. A dog-fancier refuses to sell to an officer going abroad a brisk-looking Skye, because the dog is worth two pun a week to the hawker if sold only in London. This trade is now being carried on on this side of the water.

It is much easier to find a complaint than it is to find a remedy; but as long as rewards are offered by those who can afford to pay them, and thefts are committed, we will continue to read notes of dogs that have been lost, when the owners know that they have been stolen, to the end of the chapter. At all times, however, our friends would do well to promptly notify us of their losses and we will aid them as far as publishing a description of the dog and the circumstances of his disappearance without charge.

Before us is a letter from a correspondent in Hartford, Conn., who recently lost a native-bred setter dog with black head and ears, white star on forehead, one large black patch on right side, back of fore-shoulders, rest of body spotted black and white. He was taken from his home on February 19, carried to this city on the fast express, N. Y. N. H. and H. R. R. The dog was taken to Trenton, N. J., and there offered for sale, but not purchased, and here the clue ends. The dog has seen his best days and was cared for more for what he had done than for what was expected of him in the future. A liberal reward was offered, but as yet no sign has been made. We purposely avoid giving the names of dogs in these cases, and would advise our friends to omit publishing them in their notices. We sincerely trust that ere long some one will detect a miscreant in the act of stealing his dog and that he will make an example of him in such a way as will have a demoralizing effect on all creatures of his kind.

FAST AND SLOW DOGS—A PORTABLE KENNEL.

I THINK your idea of presenting a cup for field trial competion among dogs handled by their owners is an excellent one, and about hits the nail on the head. It is absurd to suppose that anything but a very small percentage of the good field dogs are ever represented at the trials, and it is an undoubted fact that many men owning first-class dogs are deterred from entering them, because they are either unable or unwilling to place their dogs in the hands of professional breakers for the purpose of running them; and do not care to handle them themselves against men who make it their business, as they would be heavily handicapped by want of knowledge of just such "tricks of the trade" as were developed by the late Robins Island trials.

Besides, who would care to do their shooting or break their dogs after the manner of the ordinary "devil take the hindmost" style of field trials.

Speed and style are no doubt desirable qualities in a dog; but don't it it just strike you that in cultivating those very qualities to the pitch of the present required—or at least prevailing—field trial standard, another and very important factor—namely nose, has been sacrificed. As almost every one can testify who has shot over setters or pointers, the steadiest and most reliable dogs are generally those fellows who strike into an easy, swinging, all-day hand-gallop; just fast enough to be checked at the first whiff of scent, without imbibing head over heels into the middle of the bevy. They are the dogs he has bagged most game over in a day, with the fewest mistakes and the most pleasure; for they are always cautious, rarely pass a bird, and consequently are less speedy than their more showy companions. As a general rule high speed and caution don't go hand in hand. Let it be understood I am not advocating the cur-e of the potterer, than which nothing is more abominable. But with all the-e good qualities which go toward making up a first-class sportsman's dog, what chance, I ask you, would such a dog have when put down with an animal of the present racing type of character—broken, probably, with an eye expressly to field trial form, as we have had it. So, therefore, by all means let the experiment be tried of owners running and handling their own dogs in something like the sportsmanlike manner one would like to see his own hunted in an actual day's sport, and free from the hippodroming which has heretofore too frequently characterized field trial exhibitions. It will be refreshing.

And now let me give you a kennel note or two, to speak in an entirely literal sense. There are, no doubt, many of your readers, who, like myself, keep but one dog. At first sight it does not seem as if the kenneling of a single dog should be worth mentioning, and I suppose it isn't to those worthies who stable their dogs with their horses, or cramp them in an old sugar hogshead; but if we can provide a kennel which combines cleanliness, comfort and easy locomotive qualities at the same time and with little expense, why not adopt it? My excuse for giving you the benefit of my experience is that I have never seen anything of the kind in my own, which any one with the "taste taste" of the carpenter in his anatomy can make for himself. Mine is an ordinary single kennel 48 inches by 33 inches, with an A roof, but—and here the patent comes in—with a detached bottom of the same size as the outside ground measurement of the kennel. This bottom is hinged by two stout strap iron hinges to the side of the kennel, and is provided with two wooden axles, to which are fitted four wooden wheels, say four inches in diameter. When closed it looks like any other kennel on wheels. It can be easily moved by one person from damp spots, etc; and by turning the kennel back upon its hinges the bedding can be daily sunned and aired and the kennel washed and purified without trouble. The wheels also serve to keep the bottom clear of the ground, and allow of a free circulation of air beneath. While it may seem a laughable idea to see a kennel on wheels, yet made as above, its handiness is indisputable.

W. W. B.

DICK, THE BLIND CUR DOG.

IF I may speak from my own experience in partridge-shooting in the woods of Maine with a dog, I should give a most decided preference to the common cur over and above all others. I have owned and shot over pointers, setters and cockers; and while I would not undervalue these beautiful and high-bred dogs, I do not think them a match in the woods to the small, yellow-haired, pricked-eared cur. I must not be understood as claiming this superiority for every cur; on the contrary, he must be to the "manor born," and have a natural taste for the business. The nearer a cur dog resembles a fox in size and color the more useful he will be. I have always observed, when hunting partridges in our woods, that when they are put up by a large-sized dog or any dog that has not a foxy appearance, they are apt to fly to a great distance into some high tree, where they will sit close to the trunk, or else, alighting on the ground, will run and hide. Now this seldom or never happens when they are put up by a small yellow cur, for, taking him to be a fox, which they may have often seen, they fly to the nearest bush or tree, just high enough to get out of his reach.

In this connection I will mention an instance of intelligence and acute scent in a cur which was actually blind. I did not own him, but borrowed him from a man who said he was "good for partridges." His owner did not tell me that the dog was fourteen years old and blind, but left it for me to find out. I was looking for partridges on the Fish River road, in the woods of Northern Maine, when, leading the dog with a string, I saw in the road a small covey of partridges which were in plain sight of the dog and within shooting distance. I instantly released him and waited for his action, but to my surprise he did not appear to see them. I thought him stupid, and suspected his owner of playing a trick on me, but I soon found my mistake. The partridges had crossed the road and entered the bushes out of sight; but when the dog had come to their tracks he suddenly stopped, wagged his tail, sniffed the air, and rushed furiously into the bushes, and in less time than I can tell it had every bird in a tree. I did not at this time suspect his blindness, but as he continued to act ever after in the same manner, I saw what was the cause of his strange conduct, and that he had a film over each eye. I do not think he made a single mistake or failed to put up a bird where the track was in any fair degree fresh. With this dog I shot one hundred and one partridges in less than ten days, not losing one through any blunder or fault of his. When I returned him to his owner I remarked that he was blind. He said, "Yes, but it made no difference, he was sure pop every time;" and so I had found him. I engaged him for the next fall shooting, but when the time came poor "Dick" was dead.

J. C.

Bangor, 1881.

"WHEN THE SPRING TIME COMES."

CLINTON, CONN., April 20, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dogs are so numerous, and, whether we like them or not, we meet them so frequently that their habits must be of interest to all. Dog-fanciers and those who like to have a "blooded" dog about them, are often distressed, I may say, mortified, in the spring of the year at seeing their aristocratic canines returning with very bad taste of eating carrion, and often rolling in it and thereby making themselves extremely offensive. The true reason why dogs show this disposition may not be generally known, and I write this to inform your readers why dogs act in this way, and how they may be prevented from doing it.

In the spring they, like all other animals, feel the need of a purgative. Decomposing animal matter serves as a cathartic. It is very easily digested, and carnivorous animals in their wild state often bury portions of their food so that it may be partially decomposed, because the process of decomposition is really a cooking process, and cooking food, as a rule, makes it tenderer, as every one knows. Again, in the process of decomposition of animal matter, sulphuretted hydrogen—the gas that makes the odor of bad eggs so offensive—is largely given off. The sulphur in this attenuated form is the active principle that makes decaying meat so powerfully cathartic. This is to a great extent what the dogs are hankering after.

Now for the remedy. Give dogs meat that has been cooked, and also give them some sulphur on it. The sulphur can be put in the meat so that they will not hesitate to eat it.

C. W. R.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S DOGS.—The following pleasant chat about Kingsley and his animal friends is from an English exchange: The picture of Charles Kingsley at home would show a serious gap if his dogs were not in the foreground. His love for them, and for animals generally, was strengthened, it appears, by his belief in their future state—a belief he shared with John Wesley and other historical names. Kingsley had a wonderful power of attracting the affection of dumb creatures, and likewise of quelling their fury. He was known to have more than once driven large savage dogs, quite strange to him, back into their kennel by nothing beyond eye, voice and gesture, bowing them with his look as they growled and moved uneasily from side to side, and on one occasion, after having thus forced an infuriated brute to retreat into his lair, he even pulled him out again by his chain. Muzzle was his dog at Magdalen, a clever, sedate-looking gray Scotch terrier; Kingsley was devoted to him. We hear of Dandy, Sweep and Victor at the Eversley Rectory. Mr. John Martineau, who spent eighteen months at Eversley as Kingsley's pupil, thus concludes his description of the study: "On the mat, perhaps, with brown eyes set in thick yellow hair, and with gently agitated tail, asking indulgence for the intrusion, a long-bodied, short-legged Dandie Dinmont, wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of his race." How well established was the position of Dandie in the Kingsley household may be gathered from the reminiscence of an American visitor: "Still I see Dandie lying lazy, smiling and winking in the sun." He was Kingsley's companion in his parish walks, attended all the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was his and his children's friend for thirteen years. Victor, a favorite Teckel, given him by the Queen, had Kingsley for an unsleeping nurse during the last two suffering nights of the little creature's existence. Sweep, a magnificent black retriever, finds a niche instinctively in the surroundings which young Mr Kingsley recalls after his father's death: "I can see him now on one of those many summer evenings, as he strode out of the back garden-gate with a sorrowful 'No, go home, Sweep,' to the retriever that had followed us stealthily down the garden walk, and who now stood with an ear cocked and one paw up, hoping against hope that he might be allowed to come on." And there he the dogs, buried side by side under the greatest fir trees on the rectory lawn—Dandie, Sweep and Victor—with the brief but telling inscription on the head-stone, "*Fideli Fideles.*"

N. A. K. CLUB DERBY.—*Columbia, Tenn., April* 19, 1881.—The following are additional entries by the St. Louis Kennel Club to the second annual Derby. The exact date of Mitre's birth will be furnished as soon as received from England:

St. Louis Kennel Club enters Maxim, liver and white pointer dog whelped April 26, 1880, out of Jilt by Garnet.

St. Louis Kennel Club enters Meteor, liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 26, 1880, out of Jilt by Garnet.

St. Louis Kennel Club enters Mitre, pointer bitch, whelped since April 1, 1880, out of Dot by Garnet.

JOS. H. DEW,
Secretary N. A. K. C.

[The above list was received too late for publication in our issue of April 21; it is in addition to the list of forty-eight entries which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM April 14, and increases the number of entries to fifty-one in all as against one hundred and fourteen last year.]

RORY O'MORE.—We learn from Mr. W. N. Callender, of Albany, N. Y., that his champion Rory O'More winner of first prize at the New York show in 1877, of the championship at the New York show in 1879, and of the gold necklace at the New York show in 1880, will make his appearance in the city again at the coming show.

A FORTUNATE CURE.—The celebrated Laverack setter dog Don Juan, owned by Mr. James H Goodsell, of Orange, N. J., which was taken seriously ill some few weeks ago has, as has been seen at the show, completely recovered under the skilful treatment of Dr. A. H. Dancer, of East Orange, N. J. Mr. Goodsell in writing us about the case, in which we were much interested, says: "Dr. Dancer really deserves great credit. He was very attentive, and when he took hold of the case, late at night, the dog was almost in a dying condition, so that I can truthfully say that Dr. Dancer's treatment was very successful."

LAVERACKS IN AMERICA.—We should state that the list of pure Lavcracks in America, published in our issue of April 21, was printed without the supervision of our kennel editor. Owing to his absence several errors crept into the article which should be corrected. Mr. Llewellin's initials are R. LL. P.; C. P. Parker should be C. P. Tasker. Other important errors are so obvious as to need no special mention.

The dog hanger w. and liv. by Pride of the Border out of Fairy, born in 1875, is now owned by Mr. Frederick Austin, of Ottawa, Canada.

DEAF AND DUMB.—The Sacramento *Bee* describes a deaf and dumb dog, unable to bark or bear. He has a head like a coyote, and white in color, making him easily known from the other canines. Where he came from or who he belongs to nobody knows, though he looks like an Indian dog. He seems to be a lunch fiend and lives upon what he can beg or steal. Owing to deafness he has narrowly escaped being run over on different occasions.

THE COCKER CLUB.—Philadelphia, April 22.—Please publish in your next issue that I have resigned from membership of the Cocker Club.—A. H MOORE.

COCKER CLUB.—The Westminster Kennel Club has kindly offered the use of a room at the Rink for the use of the Cocker Club Committee and Cocker Club on this Thursday afternoon and evening.

KENNEL NOTES.

**** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prince Rake—Mr. D. C. Bergundthol, Indianapolis, Ind., claims the name of Prince Rake for dog puppy, white, black and tan, by Rake out of Phyllis, whelped Feb. 1, 1881.

Patsy—J. Marill, M. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., claims the name of Patsey for his Irish setter puppy, whelped March 8, 1881, out of Gussie by Chief, purchased of Mr. W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y.

Clifton—Mr. Wm. Short New Albany, Ind., claims the name of Clifton for pointer puppy out of Devonshire Lass by champion Faust, purchased of Mr. A. J. Esly, New Albany, Ind.

Royal—Mr. B. F. K. Jennings, Springfield, O., claims the name of Royal for red and white setter puppy whelped Nov. 13, 1880.

Fannie—Mr. George T. Wells, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Fannie for red Irish setter bitch out of Bridget Hunket (Plunket-Stella) by Dick Hatterack (Elcho-Nell).

Budd—Mr. Abner Fuller, Jr., Pine Bush, Orange Co., N. Y., claims the name of Budd for his liver and white ticked English setter puppy whelped July 15, 1880, out of Lady by Oakley's Frank.

Venture—Mr. James Page Stinson, Leavenworth, Kansas, claims the name of Venture for fox terrier bitch whelped August 10, 1880, by Viper out of Lily.

Phyllis—Mr. James Page Stinson, Leavenworth, Kansas, claims the name of Phyllis for fox terrier bitch whelped Sept. 17, 1880, by Buff II. out of Judy.

NAMES CHANGED.

Nelly to Thorndale Nellie—Mr J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., changes the name of his cocker bitch Nellie to Thorndale Nellie, she by Bob out of Jenny, champion Brush (3371) champion Rhea (2228).

BRED.

Maude Morelle—Rake—Mr. J. H. Rhodes' lemon and white Laverack bitch Maud Morelle to Mr. D. C. Bergundthol's imported Rake.

Princess Peg Rake—Mr. O. F. Glidden's Llewellin's setter bitch Princess Peg (Druid-Peg) to Mr. D. C. Bergundthol's imported Rake.

WHELPS.

Queen—Mr. J. F. Kirk's (Toronto, Ont.) black cocker spaniel bitch Queen whelped four puppies, two dogs and two bitches, by his Baron.

Maud—G. E. Osborn's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Maud (Fancy-France) whelped eight puppies, 6 dogs and two bitches, April 25, by R. L. Coverdill's dog (Rver's Belle-Gue Eyed Sancho).

Kit—Mr. H. B. Wygant's cocker spaniel bitch Kit, Peekskill, N. Y., whelped on Wednesday, April 20, three dogs and three bitches, by Dr. J. W. S. Arnold's music.

Kit—Mr. J. P. John's (Haverhill, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Kit whelped April 24, five puppies, four dogs and one bitch, by his Gordon dog Lock, all black and tan with white on breast, and doing finely.

SALES.

Gus—Mr. D. C. Bergundthol, Indianapolis, Ind., has sold to Mr. W. H. Durgin, Bangor, Me., his Llewellin setter dog Gus, by Gladstone out of May II.

Rake-Phyllis' Whelp—Mr. D. C. Bergundthol, Indianapolis, Ind., has sold to Mr. Jno. W. Boilday, Aberdeen, Miss., a dog puppy, white, black and tan, by Rake out of Phyllis, whelped Feb. 1, 1881.

Ricel—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., has sold to Mr. Frank H. Jermyn, Scranton, Pa., imported fox terrier Rivet (Forger-Maggie).

Luke Schoolcraft—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., has sold to Mr. E. Knell, Moline, Ill., the bull terrier Luke Schoolcraft (Bill Sykes-Gripper).

Elle Kirke—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., has sold to Mr. E. Knell, Moline, Ill., the cocker bitch Elle Kirke (Don-Gypsy).

Jim-Jack—Mr. E. N. Jester, of St. Georges, Delaware, has sold to Mr. T. D. Miles, of Ironton, Ohio, the orange and white setter puppy Jim-Jack, by Gart out of Nell.

Pedro—Mr. E. N. Jester, of St. Georges, Delaware, has sold to Mr. Jake Engle hart, of Cincinnati, the Italian greyhound dog Pedro.

Trump—Dr. H. B. Wygant, of Peekskill, N. Y., has sold to Mr. J. E. Kline, Newport, R. I., his cocker spaniel dog Trump, out of Fly by Musid.

IMPORTATIONS.

Ayrshire Laddie—Mr. I. Lindsay, of Jersey City, has added to his kennel of Scotch collies Ayrshire Laddy, which arrived on the 19th, by steamship Ethiopia, purchased from John Howill, Esq., Newton Newmills, Ayrshire, Scotland. By Lord Mar's Yarrow out of Mr. Aird's Flossy. Yarrow by Champion Mec (K. C. S. B. 957) out of Lord Mar's Tweed. Flossy by Mr. Roger's Clinker out of Fly. He is a very fine specimen of the breed, having won a large number of first and special prizes in Scotland. He is entered in the Dog Show.

DEATH.

Carlo-Hills Kirke Whelp—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., lost on April 8 cocker dog puppy by Carlo out of Elle Kirke, by distemper.

[Lack of space obliges us to leave over a number of Kennel Notes.]

Parents, do not use vile drugs or nostrums in your families, but use pure Hop Bitters.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MAGNOLIA GALLERY—Boston.—Without exception the best work has been done at the Magnolia Gallery during the past week ever recorded The scores of O. C. Arthur are particularly brilliant. Five full scores at 10 feet on a bullseye measuring only one and a quarter inches has never been accomplished before in this city. Mr. Harris also calls for especial mention for having succeeded in putting in five 49s, being only five points behind the full possible 250. All this work has been done in the Forest and Stream match. The summary gives the details:

Badge Match, 5 Scores, Possible 250.

E J Cram	245	J Ames	234
M Drew	241	D P Holder	231
E Harris	240	O A Gross	230
S Fogg	234		

Forest and Stream Match.

Arthur	50 50 50 50 50—250	Williams	47 46 47 47 47—234
Harris	49 49 49 49 49—245	Wright	46 47 46 47 46—233
Farnham	49 48 49 48 47—241	Starnes	46 45 46 46 47—230
Cumings	47 48 48 48 48—239	Charles	45 45 46 45 45—227
Gilman	47 47 47 47 47—235	Lawrence	45 46 46 45 47—227

Pistol Match (Ready-Measurement Target).

	Holes.	Inches.	Holes.	Inches.	Totals.
C Dunn	5	7-16	6⅝	1⅝	19 7-16
J H Williams	7	15-16	7⅞	8	23 13-16
J Ames			8⅝	7 15-16	24 9-16
H Mago			9¼	8⅜	27⅝
T Tryon			11⅝	12½	31⅛
T Brown			11⅜	10⅜	32⅝

BOSTON, Mass., April 23.—During the early part of to-day the riflemen on Walnut Hill encountered a changeable wind, which gave considerable trouble, but later on it settled down to the southeast and excellent records were had. Hubbard succeeded in making 51 on the Mass. target, the highest score made in this match. The score:

Record Match (Massachusetts Target).

L S Hubbard	12 12 11 11 12 11 12—81		
H Lee	11 12 10 12 10 12 12—78		
Lewis Hudson	12 12 10 12 11 10 11—78		
O M Powell	12 10 11 10 10 12 12—77		
E F Richardson	11 12 11 11 11 11 11—77		
R G Wood	12 12 10 12 12 5 11—74		
E F Brooks	12 10 11 10 10 9 11—73		
R Batchelder	12 8 10 9 11 11 12—73		
R Davis	10 11 11 10 11 11 7—71		
A L Burt	10 9 10 11 12 12 6—70		

Record Match (Creedmoor).

A C Adams	5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5—49	B Francis	5 4 5 5 5 4 5 4—47
G Appleton	5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4—47	J Fellows	5 4 4 4 5 4 5 4—45
E Bennett	4 5 4 5 4 4 5 5 5—46	C Richards	4 5 5 4 5 5 4 4 4—44
F Rabbeth	4 5 4 4 5 5 5 4 5—45	H Angell	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5—41
J S Bennett	5 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4—45	E A Bovel	4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4—41

Amateur Match.

Williams	4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5—47	Henderson	4 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 4—44
Johnson	5 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 4—45		

Badge Match No. 3.

M E Baird	5 4 4 5 4 4 5 5 5—46	W Gleason	5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 4—44

The following announcements or changes in rules and new matches at long range, etc., have been made at the Hill.

Shooting rules—Double shots are prohibited, n shot being allowed to count in more than one match (except in ca of team matches, where only one such double entry may be allowed).

No sighting shots shall be allowed except on targets specially designated for that purpose by the executive officer, and in no case on targets on which a match is in progress, unless in case of emergency.

Sighting shots shall not be allowed to competitors while completing a score.

Unfinished scores at short range shall be considered worthless, after having been withdrawn from the scorer, and no shots can be claimed under or by virtue of the same after having been so withdrawn.

At short range, sighting-shot tickets, good until used, shall be sold. The record matches now in progress will both be closed on Saturday, April 30.

The Canadian long-range team is to be invited to shoot a match with the long-range men of Walnut Hill some time during this summer.

A preliminary long-range match is to begin Wednesday, April 27, at 12 o'clock M., 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. Fifteen shots at each distance. Entry fee $1, unless less than seven competitors enter, in which case each man shall pay his proportionate part of $7. One prize, value $8, to be given to the person making the highest average in two competitions. For each prize won a handicap of .05 points shall be imposed on the winners per shot average, in order to make him eligible for the next match in the series, if the same shall be shot. Match to close at end of that day on which the aggregate entries equal the expenses of the match and the value of the prize.

BOWMANSVILLE, Ont., April 15.—Match for rifle presented by Scott Russell, Esq., Creedmoor target, 200 yards, any rifle, two sighting shots; 7 shots to score; Wimbledon rules:

I Evans	0 2 0 0 0 2 4 2 3—10	S Botrell	5 2 5 2 2 2 3 2—18
E Coleman	4 2 2 3 3 4 2 5 5—27	C G McLean	2 2 3 3 4 4 2 3 4—28
R Bennett	5 2 4 4 3 4 2 3 5—23	M H O'Dell	2 0 2 2 3 2 2 4 4—16
W J Woolf	3 5 2 3 4 5 5 4 4—27	W R Pigyott	3 5 4 5 4 3 5 5 5—29
W C King	4 3 3 3 4 3 3 5 5—28	J W Dutton	2 5 5 4 5 5 3 3 3—28
J M Heard	0 2 0 0 0 3 0 0 3	J Heager	0 2 0 0 0 2 0 4—6
J Mitchell	3 4 4 3 2 4 3 2 4—25	H Gilbert	3 3 2 3 4 5 2 5 5—24
J Graham	2 3 0 0 2 2 0 0 2—6	S Nowell	2 2 4 4 3 4 2 2—21
Chamberlain	2 0 0 2 2 2 2 1—10		

Sweepstakes:

Sando	3 4 5 4—16	Mitchell	2 2 2 4—10
Russell	3 2 0 2— 7	Chamberlain	2 3 3 0— 8
Botrell	0 4 4 2—10	O'Dell	0 2 3 4— 9
Dutton	3 5 5 5—18		

Dutton won first money, Sando second, Mitchell third, Botrell fourth.

Second sweepstake:

Russell	3 3 3 4—13	Sands	4 4 4 4—16
Hearn	3 3 2 2— 9	Mitchell	2 3 2 2— 9
Botrell	3 2 2 2—11	Chamberlain	2 2 0 0— 4
Dutton	2 4 3 3—14		

Sando first money, Dutton second, Russell third, Botrell fourth. The day was bright and fine but very windy, making the shooting difficult, especially with the very small bores, thus accounting for the poor scores of some of the boys.

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—Limited Badge Match.

C Edwards	37 37 37 38 38—187	C R Bartlett	35 35 36 36 37—179
W M Norcross	36 37 37 38 36—186		

Amateur Badge Match.

W Williams	37 37 37 38 38—187	R Burlingame	36 36 36 36 37—181
D P Holder	35 35 36 36 37—179	O Leon	35 35 35 34 34—173

Amateur Pistol Match.

W Williams	61 61 67—189	J R Scott	51 51 57—159
S Chase	54 56 59—169	C Edwards	40 47 51—138

Experts' Pistol Match.

F J Rabbeth	75 73 81—227	J Ames	60 63 70—192
J H Williams	69 69 73—210	W Gardner	52 55 60—167
E Wilder	64 66 67—197		

Forest and Stream Match.—Mr. W. H. Harrison has showed himself to be one of the finest gallery shots in the country, by having made the remarkable score of 197, thereby placing himself ahead of all previous records since the target was changed last July. The following are the leading scores:

W H Harrison ..39 39 39 40 40—197 D N Sherburne..39 38 38 38 38—191

The shooting in all of the matches has been remarkably fine during the week. F. J. Rabbeth has made the best pistol target ever made in the gallery, his target netting 81, possible 96. Rifle range, 150 ft.; pistol range, 50 ft.

BEACHMONT, Mass., April 19.—The meet of the Shutzens at Beachmont to-day was well attended by both riflemen and spectators. With the exception of a rather strong West wind, the conditions were fairly good. The score stood: Massachusetts target; possible 120. G. H. Wilfert, 101; C. Abe, 100; H. Wolfson, 98; L. Schanecki, 98; C. M. Gueth, 97; John Kalbskoff, 95; A. Carson, 91; George Smith, 77. Massachusetts target (off-hand). H. Max, 93; C. M. Gueth, 55; H. Schanecki, 66. On Tuesday next this corps hopes to shoot on its new ground on Winthrop Head.

MEDFORD, Mass., April 20.—Bellevue range was visited by a large number of sportsmen this afternoon, and the weather conditions being all that could be desired, they blazed away at the target for six hours; 10 shots. The summary is as follows: E. F. Richardson, 49; R. L. Eaton, 49; E. Folsom, 48; F. Rich, 48; W. Charles, 48; A. C. Adams, 48; F. B. Going, 48; C. H. Russell, 47; K. Elliot, 47; A. J. Green, 46; J. R. Teel, 46; F. L. Claflin, 46; A. W. Webb, 45; J. Richardson, 45; F. C. Lee, 44; C. Hartwell, 44; L. Clayton, 44; A. Whitney 44; W. A. Pollard, 43.

FARES TO CREEDMOOR.—Notwithstanding that the rates of fare over the Long Island R. R. have been increased to all points upon that line, the company recognizing the necessity of continuing rifle practice and desiring to co-operate with the National Rifle Association in maintaining the range has very generously reduced the fare between Hunter's Point, Brooklyn and Creedmoor to thirty cents excursion to members of the association, and to members of the National Guard or other military organizations in uniform Trains will run to Creedmoor on each Wednesday and Saturday commencing May 4. Leaving Hunter's Point and Brooklyn at 8:05, 10 and 1:35 P. M. Returning, leave Creedmoor at 4:25 and 5:30 P. M. The regular trains to Queens, will, of course, run daily.

STOCKTON RIFLE ASSOCIATION—April 20.—Match at 200 yards, off hand, standing, best possible 50: Joseph Howell, 45; Geo. Fox, 45; A. J. Mellette, 39.

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB—New York, April 23.—A friendly match took place between members of this club last Tuesday, which proved to be a very closely-contested one. The following are the scores:

Capt. B. Zettler's Side.		Capt. D. Miller's Side.	
B Zettler	49	D Miller	45
M L Riggs	47	P Fenning	49
J H Brown	47	C Judson	47
Jake Lutz	47	A Sevenoaks	36
Chas. Reckle	45	T Kilsenah	46
H Hunziker	43	S O'Neil	40
Geo Connors	35	F Fabrious	42
Dan Patterson	43	G Schurman	46
Frank Patterson	39	J Duil	47
N D Ward	43	M Dorrier	47
Dan Culhane	44	J H Grohman	43
R Zimmerman	46	Wm Klein	46
C G Zettler	49	M B Engel	47
Total	576	Total	580

N. D. W.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 17.—The second competition for the Denver trophies—the battalion match for the elk horns—was shot at the New Orleans Rifle Range this afternoon, and resulted in a victory for the Louisiana Field Artillery team by a score of 220. Though the weather was exceedingly pleasant, the contestants labored under the disadvantage of shooting in a brisk and shifting breeze. Mr. Miller, of the Washington Artillery team, was unable to be present. The following is the score:

Louisiana Field Artillery.			Washington Artillery.		
	200 yds.	500 yds.	Tl.	200 yds.	500 yds.	Tl.
Schwind	22	24	46	Arms	21	24	45
Guerid	20	19	39	G W Charleton	22	22	44
Thompson	18	20	38	Manion	20	16	36
Beregaay	19	18	37	Wilkins	14	30	54
Montgomery	16	20	36	Selph	20	13	33
Weiss	17	18	35	Sporl	17	14	31
Fortier	20	10	30	Leaumont	19	11	30
Gormah	15	14	29				
Team total			220	Team total			253

Continental Guards.

	200 yds.	500 yds.	Tl.		200 yds.	500 yds.	Tl.
Franklin	18	20	38	Knight	22	14	36
Doolittle	19	14	33	Henry	15	17	32
Pierce	17	11	28	Schappert	9	13	23
Hasam	16	9	25				
Howe	16	6	22	Team total			242

THE STATE RIFLE PRACTICE.—Gen. Townsend has replied to the letter of Gen Hancock that it is the intention of the Commander-in Chief that rifle practice shall be pursued in the National Guard along with instruction in manœuvres and the other duties of the soldier. He is not averse to the organization by the State of a limited number of medals or other mark of distinction to each regiment, battalion and company for the best shots therein respectively, nor to similiar marks of distinction for perfection in drill, etc., and until the proper system of rifle practice can be inaugurated in the National Guard he does no reason why members of the Guard may not receive medals for proficiency in shooting from the National Rifle Association or any other similar association in the State, but he respectively declines to militarily organize competitive scores made by National Guardsmen at the matches of the National Rifle Association, or of any other ride association, in the manner allowed prior to 1880," and also respectfully declines to assent to the use of the State die.

In other words, the Adjutant-General is just foolish enough to push away the last plank that was thrown out to save the rifle practice of the State. The General evidently sets great store by those encampments of his from the opportunities they will give for strutting about.

A DENVER CHALLENGE.—The Taber Sharpshooters, of Denver, Col. have challenged the New Orleans riflemen to shoot with military rifles, 20 shots each, off hand, 500 yards, Creedmoor rules to govern, on May 1, 1881. If the challenge is accepted, we will put up a first-class representative of colorado in the way of a largest size mounted elk head, valued at $125, against a hogshead of Louisiana sugar, of prime quality, largest size. Freight paid each way by the losers. If this challenge is accepted, telegraph us on or before April 30, 11:59 P. M."

THE TRAP.

RUPERT, Penn., April 23.—Glass-ball match to-day, 20 balls, Card rotating trap, 18 yards rise:

W G Letter	11000 11001 0 w — 5
Wm Eyer	10110 11111 11010 11101—16
G W Heifsnyder	01111 01101 01110 11011—15
A W Stadler	01101 11111 01110 11110—15
H B Aldrich	11111 11110 11111 11111—19
Wm Bodine	11011 11141 01001 01100—13
F Mallory	11111 11000 w — 7
Con Hailey	11111 11101 11111 10111—18
W R Tubbs	00010 w — 1
A Thoma	10101 01111 11111 10011—15
Geo Waters	11110 11111 10101 11110—16
Perry Waters	11111 11111 11111 01101—18
B T Laycock	01111 10101 11111 11111—17
U H Ent	01111 11111 11111 11011—18
David Jones	10111 10100 1 w — 7
C M Barker	11000 0 w — 4
John Gibbs	00100 w — 1
Tom Harders	11111 10101 11111 00011—15

WALLINGFORD, Conn., April 22.—There was a lively shoot here this afternoon by two of the crack shots of this place, for the championship of the town; 100 balls a side from a Card rotary trap; strictly according to Bogardus rules. Following is the score:

J B Brogden..... 11111 11111 11111 11001 01111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 01111 11111 11111—95

A Hall..... 11111 11111 11101 11110 11001 11011 11011 01011 10111 11111 11111 01111 11011 11011 11111 01101 11111 11111 11011—89.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Match at club grounds, Coney Island, April 23; Fountain Gun Club rules; birds; King's patent trap, with bird-starter. The first team were handicapped as follows: Ravenhall, 21 yards; Dixon, 25 yards; McLaughlin, 21 yards; Shevlin, 21 yards, George, 21 yards; Delmar, 21 yards; Williamson, 23 yards; C. L. Madison, 21 yards; Walton, 24 yards; Smith, 30 yards; Alston, 23 yards. They scored:

Ravenhall	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7	Dixon	1 1 1 1 1 1 0—6
McLaughlin	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7	Shevlin	1 1 1 0 0 1 1—5
George	1 1 0 1 1 1 1—6	Delmar	0 1 1 1 1 1 1—6
Williamson	1 1 0 1 1 1 1—6	Madison, Jr	1 1 1 1 1 0 1—6
Walton	1 1 1 0 1 1 1—6	Smith	1 0 1 1 1 1 1—6
Alston	1 1 1 0 1 1 1—6		

The second team were handicapped as follows: H. Brown, 21 yards; Captain Bill, 23 yards; M. Murray, 21 yards; W. Babcock, 21 yards; E. Furey, 25 yards; Harry Miller, 21 yards; Charles Clewen, 23 yards; Frank Pike, 25 yards; Defrane, 25 yards; Duke, 21 yards; Blachmacher, 21 yards; Livingston, 21 yards; Kearney, 24 yards; Howe, 21 yards; Lemington, 21 yards; Grace, 23 yards; Barnard, 21 yards; Burns, 21 yards; Beaman, 21 yards; Hunter, 23 yards; Hyde, 21 yards. They scored:

H Brown	0 1 1 0 1 0 1—4	Captain Bill	0 0 0 1 0 0 —1
M Murray	0 1 1 1 1 0 1—5	W Babcock	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7
Furey	0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1	Miller	1 1 1 1 —4
Clewen	1 1 0 1 1 0 1—5	F Pike	1 1 1 1 1 0 0—5
Defrane	1 1 1 1 0 1 1—6	Duke	1 0 1 0 0 0 0—2
Blachmacher	0 0 0 1 1 1 1—4	Livingston	1 1 1 0 1 0 1—5
Kearney	1 0 0 0 0 1 1—3	Howe	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7
Lemington	1 1 1 1 0 1 1—6	Grace	1 1 1 0 1 1 1—6
Barnard	1 0 1 1 0 1 1—5	Burns	1 0 1 0 1 0 1—4
Beaman	0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1	Hunter	1 0 1 0 1 1 1—4
Hyde	1 0 0 0 1 1 1—4		

Ties were shot off, miss and out. Mr. Howe, not being a member of the club, did not compete. Ravenhall, Jr., 2; McLoughlin, 3; Babcock, 3. McLoughlin won second. with 2 to Babcock's 1.

BRIDGEPORT GUN CLUB—Bridgeport, Conn., April 15.—First meeting on the new grounds, where shooting-house has been erected and fitted up for the accommodation of the members:

H Nichols	11110 01111—8	G Gaether	11111 10001—7
A Dean	01001 10111—7	C Adams	11111 10111—9
T Williams	01101 10111—7	F Lymington	11111 11010—8
D Scott	10101 01111—7	C Curtis	00011 11111—7
J Brougton	00010 11111—6	G Link	10011 11011—7
G Machlowsky	11101 10011—7	J Scott	11011 00111—7

A series of sweepstakes followed, the first being won by Langdon; second, Adams; third, Adams; fourth, Nichols; fifth, Adams; Sixth, Adams; seventh divided by Nichols and Brogdon; eighth, Adams.

DEXTER PARK, Long Island, April 20, 1881.—Shooting match at pigeons for the price of the birds and a gold badge, 25 birds each, from five traps:

W Wesley	2[6 yards..... 1101001111111111111111w—21
E M Hammond	25 ..... 1111011110101111111010w —18

Match at 25 birds each for price of birds and an *objet d'art*, 25 yards rise, five traps:

Mr Lawrence	0100111111101111000110 —15
Mr Tait	0110011001111110000100w—12

NEWTOWN, L. I., April 14.—Seventh monthly contest of the Audubon Gun Club for the club badge; 21 yards rise, 10 balls each, Card's rotary trap:

Blackwell	1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 0—6	Twing	0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0—3
Heming	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—7	Andrews	0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—6
C W Field	0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0—6	Post	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1—8
L B Field	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—8	Rice	0 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1—6

Post won the by breaking two out of three, thus entitling him to the badge until the next monthly contest. H. M.

MILLERSBURG, Pa.—March, 25 birds a side, shot April 15, at Millersburg, Pa., between Thomas Fields, of Wyoming, and James Hand, of Williamstown; Bogardus rules, ground trap, 21 yards rise, 60 yards boundary, Rice winning with ease and grace, neither man having called bird or foul. Following is the score:

Rice	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—15
Dando	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1—12

PEAK'S ISLAND, April 21.—The club badge was up as usual for the best individual score, while the shoot itself was between sides chosen by Bert Jones and Ed. Trefethen (two of our youngest members) for an oyster supper. Considering the fact that the club has had no shoot since last Christmas and members consequently entirely out of practice, we think some of the scores very creditable. 20 balls from Card's rotary trap, and 5 pairs of doubles, thrown straight away, 18 yards rise:

Jones' Side.	Singles.	Double.	Totals.
H A Jones	18	9	27
W S Jones	20	10	30
W S Brackett	20	8	28
J H Jones	16	5	21
J W Sterling	10	3	13
A W Parsons	16	9	25
G L Brackett	17	4	21
A Y Ackley	4—139	4—52	18—182
TREFETHEN'S SIDE.			
Geo E Trefethen	17	7	24
A G Sterling	19	8	27
H Trefethen	13	6	19
C S Stevens	13	7	20
E G I Brackett	8	4	12
H H Trefethen	8	4	12
H E H Brackett	12	4	16
E T Holbrook, Jr	11—105	3—45	14—150

W. S. Jones takes club badge on clean score. Trefethen's side had to pay for the oysters, but when they came to the table any looker-on would have said they got their money's worth. Following the club shoot came the challenge contest for the State championship badge, held by A. G. Sterling, of Peak's Island, and challenged C. F. Nason of Auburn. The conditions were: 20 singles from a Card rotary, and 10 pairs doubles straightaway, 18 yards rise. Appended is the score:

C F Nason	11111111111111111111—20 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—18
A G Sterling	11111111111111111111—20 11 10 11 10 11 10 10 00 10 10—12

On the doubles Mr. Sterling complained that the smoke from his first barrel prevented his seeing the second ball. Mr. Nason may well claim the championship of the State, having shot for this badge no less than seven times and been beaten only once.

KENTON COUNTY CLUB.—There will be a glass ball shooting tournament at Covington, Ky., under the auspices of the Kenton County Gunning and Fishing Club, May 17, 18, 19 and 20. Purses, $4,000. Particulars may be obtained of E. S. Stoddard, Covington, Ky.

That furred tongue, bad tasting mouth and miserable feeling, says you need Hop Bitters.

Yachting and Canoeing.

THE AMERICA CUP.

IN certain poorly informed quarters flippant objections have been raised against meeting a challenge from a member and yacht owner of the Bay of Quinte Y. C., Belleville, Ontario. We do not believe the members of the New York Y. C. subscribe to the ideas which have been set forth as theirs, at least not that portion of the club which is acquainted with its own affairs. Esteemed contemporaries whose main understanding of an international match and of the sport of yachting in general is a "grand hurrah" and "high times of excitement" may take pleasure that the sailing public has certain rights in the matter of challenging for the America Cup, and that accepting an offer to sail is not a favor to be graciously dispensed at the supreme will and pleasure of the New York Y. C. at all, as one might infer from expressions in some quarters. Of this the members of the club are probably well aware, and our remarks are addressed to those who constitute themselves a volunteer mouthpiece without authority, and claim to echo the opinions of "prominent members," placing the New York Y. C. in a false light, and certain to be repudiated by it. When the committee having the conditions of challenge for the cup under consideration report the result of their deliberations to the club the matter will be set at rest beyond dispute for the future, and we refrain from further remarks until then, hoping that those critics will agree with us as to the necessity of an early, definite and comprehensive summary of the whole question. We quote in the mean-

time from the *Belleville Intelligencer*, a journal quite able to cope with the flippancy of metropolitan "penny-a-liners" on yachting matters without aid from us. Referring to an "interview" reported in a contemporary it says:

"This is a new and, to say the least, a curious view of a subject as to which there ought to be, and is to be hoped will be, no difficulty. However, as they contain a misrepresentation and a serious error and will be widely read, they call for a reply. First as to 'recognized' yacht clubs. A letter sent to the New York Yacht Club in 1857 by the original owners of the America contained the terms upon which those gentlemen consented that the cup which they had won at Cowes, in 1851, in the custody of the New York Yacht Club, as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries. A copy of that letter, under the terms of which the cup has been twice competed for, and three times won, is now before us, and has not been previously published. Is now before us. It may surprise the journal and the shoddy individual whom it quotes approvingly to learn that the word 'recognized' does not appear in the document. The true sportsmen who drew up these rules prescribed that 'any *organized* yacht club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, during any term or more of its members, to claim the *right* of sailing a match for this cup with any yacht *or vessel* of not less than 30 or more than 300 tons, measured by the custom house rule of the country to which the vessel belongs.' So that as the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club—small as it may appear to the eyes of metropolitans—is beyond denial an organized yacht club, and has been so for six years, and as its challenge will be issued as a matter of right under the rules laid down by the donors of the cup, on behalf of a yacht of more than thirty tons, the journal and its snobbish friend are altogether lacking in matter for their supercilious sneers. The holders of the cup are bound to meet any challenger who complies with the simple rules which govern, or in equity to return it to the party offering them whose case it puts in title to its retention, as made known in the letter above referred to as drawn up by them, are of the most sportsmanlike character. This disposes, for once and for all, of this part of the subject.

"What the social standing of the members of a challenging club would have to do with a challenge for the coveted trophy we leave it to the combined intellect of the *Spirit* and the spiritless individual who broaches the subject to explain, as the donors of the cup do not mention that which seems a great essential to them. However, the higher-toned public may satisfy itself easy on this point. Should he ever find himself in the company of the members of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club he would not find it necessary to guard his pockets very closely for fear of their being picked, nor, should he entertain the journal's opinion that silver spoons are scarce, to secure to adorn his table. Perhaps inquiry on the point would remove his

"The other grounds of objection taken—namely that only two of the doubts.

yachts belonging to the B. Q. Y. C. are of sufficient size to be enrolled in the New York Club, and that the members of our local club are having a 'joint-stock racing machine' built by Capt. Cuthbert to compete for the cup—are equally nonsense and devoid of foundation with those already disposed of. As a matter of fact there are three—not two—of the fleet in the B. Q. Y. C. which measure over 30 tons, and are therefore large enough to be enrolled in the New York Club—namely, the Atlanta, Nora and Dauntless. The *Spirit* so mangles the tabulated list by crediting the Gracie's measurement to the Dauntless, leaving the latter 10 tons short and thereby transposing the whole list, that we give it in a correct form below. It is, in reality, nobody's business as to whether the Atlanta is a "joint-stock racing machine' or not, as the rules do not provide that the challenging vessel shall be the property of one or more individuals. In fact, they speak of 'owners,' and do not specify which their number shall be. Neither do they provide that the competing vessel shall be 'a yacht for any one gentleman's pleasure.' The language used is explicit: 'a yacht or other vessel,' so that a trader, a pilot boat or a canal boat might be sailed in a contest for the cup, so long as the challenge was issued in behalf of a member or members of any organized yacht club. It is not even provided that the vessel on whose behalf the challenge is issued shall be the property of a member or members of the club, the rule on this point having been—and evidently purposely—left so wide as to include anybody's vessel, authenticated in the proper manner. Otherwise the cup would not be what it is—namely, the championship emblem of the world for sailing yachts or other vessels within prescribed dimensions.

"Although the insinuation as to the ownership of the Atlanta is a piece of impertinence, we may state, in order to dispose of the matter, that Capt. Cuthbert is her sole owner. The Captain says that he had enough of joint-stock craft in the unfortunate Countess of Dufferin. He will race his craft as he chooses, but not to such an extent as do the owners of the Vanduara and Samoena, which were built for racing machines and nothing else, as their time is occupied during the season in going from port to port where there are races for sailing in races wherever money prizes sufficient in amount are offered. Yet these are the sort of craft which a 'prominent club member' would welcome in preference to a Canadian sloop which would sail her round the world's championship.

"We hope and believe that the great majority of the members of the New York Yacht Club utterly repudiate such nonsensical and offensive views as those above commented upon—in fact we feel assured that such must be the case, as the body of gentlemen who have animated by snobbery so thoroughly mean, contemptible and offensive to a body of gentlemen in this city who have done nothing and will do nothing to warrant such aspersions, unless it be an offence to contemplate issuing a challenge for a contest, to which the whole world is invited in a sport hitherto regarded as belonging exclusively to gentlemen, and to engage in which the representative of their organization must travel nearly or quite 1,200 miles, thus showing a determination and a reliance on his skill which certainly ought not to be met with open insult and impertinent comment and unfounded innuendo.

"The correct list of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club's fleet is as follows:

Name.	Owner.	Sloops, Cb.	Length ft. in.	Beam ft. in.	Tons.
Atlanta (building)	A. B. Cuthbert	C. B.,	63 0	16 0	84
Nora	R. J. Bell	"	37 6	16 10	55
Dauntless	D. Piccadilly, *et al.*,	"	37 0	14 0	24
Gracie	R. M. Roy	"	27 4	11 4½	11
Katie Gray	W. H. Campbell	"	26 6	9 6	8½
Kathleen	A. Cuthbert	"	27 6	10 6	10
Surprise	J. R. Cumming	"	....	....	11
Emma	G. Offord, Jr	"	29 3	10 0	11
Enid	D. R. Leavers	"	29 10	10 10	10
Sylvia	W. Pike	Keel	31 0	9 4	10
Zephyr	S. T. Greene	C. B.,	....	....	7
Iris	G. P. Reid	"	....	....	5
Pinafore	S. Clarke	"	....	....	6
Mabel	Thos. Cook	"	....	....	5
Minnie A	John Addison	"	....	....	4½
Amorette	A. R. Lee	Open.,	....	....	3
I. N. L	"	"	....	....	3
Whisper	Ralph Purdy	"	....	....	..
Catamaran	J. B. Flint	"	....	....	..

"The above list includes, it may be said, the fastest yachts on the lower lakes, and is excelled in number and tonnage by that of but one club in Ontario."

FAIRY TALES ABOUT STEAM YACHTS.

OF the entire fleet of new steam yachts added during a year or two past, not a single one excepting the Gleam and Leila, built by the Herreshoffs, of Bristol, has been put over the measured mile and undergone a severe and conscientious examination of performance, nor has any builder or owner vouchsafed us anything more than the most windy romancing concerning the speed developed. As long as building steam yachts was confined to provincial cobble shops, nothing else could have been expected. But from such establishments as that of the Herreshoffs and Cramps Philadelphia one might have looked for something honest and reliable in the way of a public test under the supervision of competent and disinterested experts. We all remember how such an experiment by government engineers put an end for all time to the long drawn out romancing about the Anthracite's economy, and we imagine that similar disinterested testimony would very materially reduce the fanciful fairy tales boasting about concerning the late additions to our steam fleet. The reputed speed of the Vesper is 18 knots. Her actual speed, so far as anything trustworthy can be obtained, is 18 knots under the most favorable circumstances. Corsair and her sister, Stranger, are reported by the romancers as 15-knot ships, but 12 will be much nearer the mark. A silly story was published in Philadelphia some days ago to the rounds of the press. Born originally in a daily, it has been appropriated and inflated by sundry irresponsible journals until the Rhada has reached the speed of 15 knots or 18 miles without even working up to her best, and her owner, so says report, considers she has got an 18-knot yacht! One would suppose that owners would not be satisfied with a wild guess as to distance between two towns, overlooking tides, winds and diagonal observations, and that they would want something more definite than a glance over the stern by the skipper, and a "Reckon she's a-goin' all of eighteen mile, sir." Knots and miles being confounded into the bargain. We have it on excellent authority that the Rhada's maximum is so far only *eleven* knots, and competent engineers have informed us that she will never be likely to reach more than twelve. Now, to any one who knows that the power required to drive a vessel increases as the cube of the speed, the difference between the truth of eleven knots and the fairy tale of eighteen will be strikingly illustrated in the proportion of 1,331 to 5,832. In other words, romance credits Rhada with *four* times the power she really employs, a sufficient departure from the truth to raise doubts as to the value of unsubstantiated reports even in the minds of "lambs" who may not be able to tell cylinder from steam chest. What we have written concerning Rhada applies with equal force to numerous yachts now building. Fairy tales concerning their speed can serve no good ends either to owners, skippers or builders. Every body can have as vivid an imagination as anybody else, and all steam yachts are good for eighteen knots if the "lambs" could only be believed. Will not some one pocket his false pride and put his steam yacht through a series of trials for speed, efficiency and economy, thereby setting an example the mediocre crowd is sure to follow? Or are we forever to live in the realms of lightness, and are steam yachts to remain nothing more than luxurious means of dawdling away superfluous time? Why should not their owners master the mechanics of the machinery they have paid for dearly, and why not compel from builders a fair trial by experts in place of a worthless "guaranteed" before the keel is laid, or a windy assurance on a letter-trip, when paper dietetic rules many good citizens see things swimming by faster than they ought?

FIXTURES.

May 14.—San Francisco Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
May 14.—Pacific Y. C. Cruise to Vallejo.
May 23.—Southwark Y. C. Annual regatta.
May 23.—Cooper's Point Y. C. Annual regatta.
May 26.—Jordan Y. C. Challenge cup.
May 27.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Vallejo.
May 28.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Napa.
May 30.—Knickerbocker Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—South Boston Y. C. Opening cruise, City Point.
May 30.—Atlantic Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—Cape Ann Y. C. Spring regatta.
May 30.—Seawanhaka Y. C. Opening cruise
June 4.—Harlem Regatta Association. Canoe races.
June 5.—East River Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 5.—Hudson River Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 6.—Quaker City Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 11.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Martinez.
June 11.—Atlantic Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 11.—Pacific Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
June 15.—Newburyport Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—New York Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—Boston Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 17.—Lynn Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 17.—Marblehead open regatta.
June 18.—Dorchester Y. C. Nahant regatta.
June 20.—East River Y. C. Annual regatta
July 1.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Monterey.
July 9.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Swampscott.
July 12.—Pacific Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 16.—Dorchester Y. C. Club house regatta.
Aug. 6.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Nahant.
Aug. 6.—Pacific Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 6.—San Francisco Y. C. Annual regatta.
Aug. 11 to 14.—American Canoe Association. Lake George meet.
Sept. 3.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Drake's Bay.
Sept. 3.—Dorchester Y. C. Fall regatta.
Sept. 10.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Marblehead.
Sept. 17.—San Francisco Y. C. Corinthian matches.
Sept. 24.—Beverly Y. C. Special regatta, Swampscott.
Oct. 8.—San Francisco Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
Nov. 5.—San Francisco Y. C. Closing cruise.

[From the preceding list it will be seen that already several matches in neighboring waters have been set down for the same date. It would be advisable if clubs would make it part of their routine business at their annual meetings in April to select dates in such a manner as not to conflict with each other. Before long certain dates would become invested with recognized proprietary rights as belonging once for all to certain clubs, and "making the rounds" would thus become impossible. It is possible that owners should be given all the chances possible. This applies more especially to the East where yacht racing is carried on in a much more spirited and business-like manner than in any other American waters. A little give-and-take in dates would further matters much. This conflict of dates shows the necessity for some central organization and common action which must come sooner or later, and might as well be set on foot at once. The lake clubs should also take notice of the above. Reports wish to secure "foreign" representation. By forwarding fixtures promptly to this journal much annoyance may be avoided.]

CASTING A LEAD KEEL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The lead keel has been cast for Dr. Dawson's boat, and marks an era in lead ballast as applied to keels. The lead keel measures 27 feet 6 inches long, 1½ ft. wide, 4½ in. deep; weight 6 50-100 tons (long). The wooden keel was placed upside down and a yellow pine plank was sprung around the sides of the keel to form the mould. As the keel was well rockered the top was covered to keep the molten metal in place.

The bolts were all in position, one pair between each pair of frames, one bolt on each side of keel. The lead was then run in under the supervision of Dr. Dawson. When the planks were removed the lead was in one smooth piece—not a bolt to be seen, and all that remained to be done was to plane the keel off and turn it over, and the thing was complete.

This is the first instance of a casting being made in this manner, and it solves the problem of lead keels. The great trouble has been that a casting must be made, then unsupported at great expense, delivered all out of shape, and put on at great trouble and cost. Very few yards have the appliances to handle a casting of nearly seven tons. Yachtsmen will find themselves repaid for their trouble by going down and seeing it.

The days of bale bay, cobble stones, copper dross, gravel, and other favorite compounds of the old school are evidently numbered.

YOTMAN.

NOT RESPONSIBLE.

THE unwarranted attack upon the standing of the Bay of Quinte Y. C. is justly calling forth indignation in our Canadian contemporaries. We must ask one thing of them, however, not to visit the sins of a hasty newspaper scribe upon the innocent heads of the New York Y. C., which is very far from responsible for the squib in question, much less responsible for it. They know that when the America sailed for England, in 1851, the N. Y. Y. C. cut but a beggarly figure compared to the Royal Yacht Squadron; in fact few in England knew that there was such a thing as a yacht club outside of their own country until the America made them stop and think.

YACHTING NEWS.

MEASUREMENT ABROAD.—We extract from an article by Mr. Landseer Mackenzie in Hunt's Magazine, the following very plain and indisputable logic, which tallies with our own writings upon the matter: "Yacht measurements is a 'means.' The end is to compensate a small vessel for her deficiency of bulk, as compared with some other vessel, often a considerable one, of similar lines in all the remarks, but bulk is frequently detrimental to a vessel's speed; why should she allow time to another for what she would be better without? But that obviously concerns the yacht designer, and not measurer, since bulk properly placed is as regards speed, as bulk improperly placed is detrimental when improperly placed. We should only seek to tax speed when it is due to bulk.

"If a five-tonner can 'sail round' a ten-tonner, notwithstanding that the former has the best speed, that latter should allow time for her difference in bulk, or their respective designs cannot be fairly compared. The cause of the superiority of the large vessel, compared with the small, is due to bulk increasing in a greater ratio than circumscribing dimensions, or containing surface. Thus a cubical box two feet each way four times the surface, but eight times the bulk, of a cubical box one foot high; referring them both to a standard of weight, the large box would weigh eight times the amount of the small one, and weight gives impetus. And this is equally true for points of shape, and the best relative proportions of shape.

"In this case, then, of two vessels, the density of the water will be proportionally the same for both, but the impetus of the larger vessel, will be greater in proportion to her surface frictional area, than that of the smaller, and hence the inertia once overcome, she will have superior speed. That is to say she will sail farther in a given time, or faster in a given distance. * * * *

"Making an allowance of time, to the vessel of less speed, disregarding size, in order to put her for the nonce, on a level with the vessel of greater speed, is a 'handicap,' and the result of systematically handicapping would be to put a premium on bad design. But it is, unfortunately, the case that the object of a measurement rule and that of a 'handicap' are not kept separate and distinct in the minds of most yachtsmen, there is a tendency, on the contrary, to blend them.

"Most measurement rules, through failure of their original intent, are really nothing but bad handicaps. It is manifest, then, that the only truly logical measure is bulk as bulk must be an actual measure of bulk."

YACHTING IN CALIFORNIA.—The little keel yacht Violet has received a new cabin, and comes out as a yawl this season. At Navarro River, a new keel yacht of 30 ft. is building. She will also be yawl rigged and have lead on her keel. Purvis has his schooner nearly finished at Oakland. She is 56 ft. water-line, 45 ft. over all, showing more overhang than most of the fleet. Yale has designed an able cruiser for single hand of which we will soon give plans. She is 22½ ft. on deck; 20 ft. water-line, 8 ft. beam, draft without board 2 ft., draft of cabin 4 ft., area of sails 317 sq. ft., ballast 1,600 lbs.; inside iron. Stone has finished a light draft centreboard sloop for the last season. Stockton, Campbell & Co. and the same builder has also shipped several racing boats to Western owners. Wallin has about finished a good-looking cabin sloop for Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham. She is 35 ft. 3 in. over all, 23 ft. water line, 13 ft. beam and 4 ft. 4 in. deep, with 5 ft. 8 in. height in cabin. Mast, deck to hounds, 32 ft.; boom, 34 ft.; gaff, 19 ft.; bowsprit outboard, 14 ft. 6 in.; topmast, keel to truck, 15 ft.

QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB.—The Pauline and Gallagher open boats have been added to the fleet. Mr. A. F. Bancroft has resigned from several of the club committees, much to the regret of his many friends, very appropriated his post as captain of the club. Mr. Austin will be his successor on the committees. Vice-Commodore Robert S. Austin is an artist of no mean order, and has just finished a life-like painting of the sloop Coquette, which is much admired by visitors to the club rooms. The paintings will be offered as a prize in the June regatta.

LENGTH ON THE DELAWARE.—Here is an item from *Afield and Afloat*: "We have talked with the most visionary extremists, and men of fixed prejudices handed down from father to son for centuries, and they all have to admit that 'something should be done,' and that a fair and honest rule of measurement is required. The 'kickers' are really those owning yachts of questionable dimensions, whose breadth of canvas is protected by the old rule, who now dread the consequences of reform. The time is speedily coming, however, when the overgrown will have to pay for their bulk, and then—well, all hands will be happy."

TOO OFTEN TRUE.—The *Troy Press* gets it about right in many cases in the following: "Is that a yacht?" we inquired of a long, gaunt codder who was lounging about the wharf, and we pointed to a small steam vessel coming in. "No," was the reply. "Is that a yacht?" we inquired again, pointing to another sort of craft that we thought might be a yacht. "No; that ain't no yot, neither," was the answer. "Well, what is a yacht?" was our next inquiry. "Well's a yot?" said the fisherman. "Well, you get's any sort of a craft you d—d please, and fill her up with liquor and sees-g-vars, and get yer frens on board and have a yot of a time—and that's a yot!"

CAPE ANN YACHT CLUB.—The following officers for the year have been elected: Commodore, Bennett Griffin; Vice-Commodore, F. H. Gaffney; Treasurer, W. F. Parsons; Secretary, H. F. Sanford; Fleet Captain, J. F. Bickford; Measurer, J. M. Cook; regatta committee, Aaron Brown, William McKenzie, I. H. Higgins, George H. Baker, Frank S. Mason, Edwin Haskell and Howard Graham. The spring matches are set down for May 30. The club's fleet includes twenty-four yachts and six new boats building. Membership has increased to seventy-five.

COOPER'S POINT YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Charles Cohill, Commodore; R. G. Wilkins, Vice-Commodore; Measurer, Alexander King; Secretary, Jacob Schuck; Treasurer, H. Keefer; Regatta Committee, Jacob Schuck, Clay Funk, H. Keefer. The annual regatta is set down for May 23. Course to Chester buoy and return. At the last meeting of the club the measurement question was discussed, and although nothing definite was decided it was conceded that length should be abandoned.

NEW STEAM YACHT.—We learn that Mr. S. Clair Byrne, well known as the designer of Mr. Hussey's Sachem, Mr. Thos. Hukell's Lancashire Witch, and a large number of English steam yachts, will give his attention to the new seagoing steamer building for Mr. James Gordon Bennet by Ward & Stanton. Mr. Bennet is certain to obtain a fine, complete and fashionable ship this time. She will seem as a matter of course first of her class.

SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.—A most liberal string of prizes is offered by the Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, as will be seen by reference to our editorial columns. The hope cherished that some Northern yachts may turn up at the line is one we could wish to see gratified. The inducements offered are certainly very far ahead of those offered by any yacht club in our Bay regatta, but which were nevertheless fought for so gallantly by a ship and crew from New Orleans.

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB.—The burgee of the club is a bobtailed rag with blue diamond. The club will occupy new quarters alongside of the Columbia Boat Club, Harlem River. Boat builders on that river would keep canoes for hire if they were half awake. A canoe race-trip brigade would take more money in paddling than pulling about in the clumsy tubs kept for hire, which frighten off more money than they bring in.

PHILADELPHIA YACHT CLUB.—This organization will probably be maintained, and some limit to sail area will be set, as Delaware yachtsmen are getting well sick of the machines produced by length measurement. Officers for the year: Commodore, John Sidebotham; Secretary, Chas. Shepard, and Treasurer, Israel Jones.

A SOUND EXPONENT.—More pretentious but less meritorious journals give up valuable space to fanciful wood cuts of yachts, the sound views set forth in *Afield and Afloat*, of Philadelphia, a journal giving fair space to local yachting news, and, we are glad to say, thoroughly sound on the questions of measurement, type, rig, ballast, cruising, and Corinthian rules.

PROVIDENCE YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, Benjamin Davis; Vice Commodore, Robert W. Jenckes; President, Benjamin Stallwell; Measurer, Henry E. Thompson; Secretary, Charles I. Manchester; Treasurer, Arthur M. Black; Trustees, Benj. Davis, E. J. Anderson, Simon Cameron.

DEEP SLOOP.—Phil Ellsworth was one of the first modellers in New York to recognize the value of depth. His sloops are the deepest in New York, and his latest model surpasses his former efforts. She is building for the Secretary of the Jersey City Y. C., and will be 23 ft. 3 in. over all, about 22 ft. water line, 9 ft. 9 in. beam and 3 ft. 9 in. deep.

AN ABLE CRUISER.—C. H. Thomas, of Duxbury, has launched his new keel sloop, 24 ft. on deck, 21 ft. water line, 10 ft. beam. These little Corinthian fellows are becoming as thick as flies in the East, and in New York we have not half a dozen!

NEW CUTTER.—Mr. Kirby, of Rye, is building a keel cutter for New York owners. She is to be 28 ft. over all, 24 ft. water line, 8 ft. 8 in. beam, 4 ft. 2 in. depth, 4 ft. water, and will have a ton of iron on the keel.

PROSPERO.—The Prospero is to have racing spars and a flying jibboom, new sails from a whaling loft on the Connecticut shore, and her keel tinkered with under the charge of her sailing master.

BOOM IN CANOES.—Mr. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., has been obliged to double his working force and rent another shop, and is still barely able to keep up with orders for new canoes.

A GOOD RIGGER.—We have been informed that the rigging of the new schooner Norseman is from the loft of H. S. Williams, of Brooklyn. Williams will rig our yacht some day, we hope.

CRUISING ABROAD.—The schooner Dauntless, Vice-Commodore Walker, R. N. Y. C., is cruising in Southern waters, and may touch at the Bahamas before returning.

BIG STEAMER.—Mr. St. Clair Byrne, of England, has made propositions for a steam yacht 216 ft. on load line, 95 ft. beam and 1,000 horse power.

WANTED.—A steam launch under 30 ft. Coil boiler preferred. Owners may find a purchaser at a low figure by addressing this office.

OSWEGO YACHT CLUB.—The yacht owners of Oswego contemplate forming a club. There is enough material for a good one.

THE VALUE OF DRAFT.—Sloop Sunbeam, of Boston, winner of 40 prizes, is to have 8 in. more keel to keep up with the times.

VEDETTE.—This handsome steam yacht has become the property of Mr. E. S. Jaffray.

Hop Bitters are above and beyond all as a nutritious tonic and curative,

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

H. T. H., Freeport, Ill.—See game laws.

W. C. B.—Mouth of drag for ten-tonner about 2 ft.

J. L. C.—Write for circulars to the postmaster at Rugby, Tenn.

R.—The American holly (*Ilex opaca*) is found as far North as Maine.

S. R. Hooley, Plainfield, N. J., wants a pair of quail to breed from.

J. H. J., Bethelem, Pa.—No more quail can be procured this season for restocking.

J. H. D., Lowell, Mass.—Write to P. T. Barnum. We do not keep a record of circus feats.

A. W. M., Farmington, Me.—We believe the practice to be as injurious as it is inhuman.

W. A. J., Philadelphia.—No, but later on some of the dogs will be represented in our paper.

C. A. J.—Possibly an advertisement in this paper may secure you the kind of yacht you want.

C. S., Bradford, Pa.—You can secure the hammock through any of the New York dealers in sportsman's goods.

J. R., Boston.—For list of secretaries of Cricket clubs apply to Mr. O. A. Kulpe, editor *American Cricketer*, Philadelphia.

I. F. S. K., Port Robinson, Ontario.—You can perhaps obtain the birds you want from Chas. Reiche & Brother, Chatham st., New York, City.

CRUISER.—You will not find so small a cabin yacht to suit you here. Better try Boston. We have heard of several smart ones 20 ft. water line for sale there recently.

BOAT.—Skiffs and small boats in issues of July 26, Aug. 9, 30, Sept. 20, 27, Nov. 1 and 8, 1877. Build with a flat bottom. Easier and serves your purpose; also stiffer boat.

J. M. B., Boston.—At Prince Edward's Island you will find curlew, plover, black ducks, wood ducks; trout fishing. A Chesaueake bay dog would answer your purpose best.

J. G. M.—Secretary National Yachting Association is John Frick, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y. The association has fallen through from want of leaders and premature action.

WILD, Red Bank, N. J.—Address Mr. A. J. Kelly, Anderson P. O. Howard Co., he will give you the information you want. Mr. Kelly has charge of the Baltimore Kennel Club dogs.

F. B. T.—To color the canvas of your canoe a muddy green boil canvas in bath of 2 lbs. ferrocyanide of potassa, wring out half dry and then boil in solution ½ lb. sulphate of copper in 10 gallons of water.

G. C. W.—We can send you covers for filing FOREST AND STREAM. Price $1.50; will hold twenty-six numbers. We cannot supply complete set of back volumes. B. C. Kirk, No. 38 Swan st., Albany, N. Y., has a set for sale.

A. B., South Boston, Va.—Apply to your Fish Commissioner, Col. M. McDonald, Lexington, for black bass fry for stocking streams; or, as they are plenty in the James and Potomac rivers you can get them from fishermen there.

A. M. D., New Haven, Conn.—The FOREST AND STREAM discontinued its cricket column last November. We return subscription and advise you to transfer it to the *American Cricketer*, published in Philadelphia, P. O. Box 1,950.

C. F. L., Cincinnati.—We advise every one to see the dog they are buying before they pay for it. It is not so much a question of the honesty of the breeder as it is of the buyer's own personal estimate of the merits of his purchase.

CHASSEUR, Montreal.—Limit of range of the Winchester's model of 1866 is 300 yards. The choice between octagon and round barrel is not one of superiority, but simply of taste. The model of 1876, 45-60, or 45-75 would probably suit you the best.

LIVE QUAIL.—Several inquirers are informed that the demand for live quail has far exceeded the supply; and we are unable to refer them to parties now having birds for sale. Those who advertised birds in this paper could not meet all the orders which poured in upon them.

J. ZICKLER.—You neglect to give your post office and so we cannot say where you will find good fishing within forty miles of the city, not knowing what city you live in. Post marks are not to be trusted to. They are not only illegible, but are never sent to the Editorial rooms. Please write again.

L. W. F., Middletown, Conn.—Will you please inform me if there is any good trout fishing in the southern portion of Cheshire county, New Hampshire and if so what part and the name of the parties who could post us in regard to streams? Ans. Write to Mr. Samuel Webber, Commissioner of Fisheries, Manchester, N. H.

J. M., Poughkeepsie.—Your letter is not clear, but we presume you wish to enter your dog in volume II, of the N. A. K. Club Stud Book; this you can do by addressing the secretary of the organization, Mr. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn, who will furnish you with entry blank. Cost for single dog entry twenty-five cents.

S. S., New York.—Do snipe (English) fly only on moonlight nights, or, in other words, would the flight continue (the weather being favorable) without a moon? Ans. The birds are believed to fly best on moonlight nights, but they would no doubt continue to move even if there were no moon.

SINGLE HAND.—It is not the vertical distance of centre of gravity relative to centre of buoyancy, but to meta centre which gives an estimate of stability. Boats with c. g. above c. b. are often stiffer than those with very low c. g., owing to their c. b. shifting out to leeward faster and giving higher meta centre. Our design was very stiff without being hard and uneasy in rough water.

F. W. jr., Sullivan, Me.—I inclose head, one wing and legs of a bird which I shot this morning. Can you tell me in your next issue what bird it is, as I have never seen one unless it is a pig on, but its flight and run was more like a quail, although I never saw one like this. Ans. The bird is a turtle dove, *Zenaidura carolinensis*.

CABALLERO.—The law compelling the display of lights applies to all boats, rafts, canoes or anything else. It is both impracticable and ridiculous, but as long as it is a law you should comply as well as possible. It was sprung upon a Congressional Committee by steamboat lobbyists several years ago, but has hitherto been a dead letter and is likely to remain so.

C. H., New York.—How early in the spring are striped bass taken at the Falls of the Potomac, and what kind of bait and tackle is used? Ans. Usually in April or May. Probably later this year than usual on account of the spring being so backward. A stiff twelve-foot rod with multiplying reel, with a hundred yards of good linen line. Different baits, as live minnow, pearl minnow, etc., are used.

P. C., Lynn, Mass.—Please give me the address of some person from whom I can obtain a few pure bred black ducks (*Anas obscura*), also the price per pair. I should not want to send farther than New York for them. How much would it cost to send a couple of pairs from New York to Lynn? Ans. We are not able to hear of any one now who has what you want. Possibly some of our correspondents may be able to furnish them.

W. H. J., Philadelphia. Will you be kind enough to say what sort of rod is considered best for bait fishing for black bass? What line and what reel? Can you put me on the track of a first-class rod-maker, either in Philadelphia or New York? Ans. A ten to twelve-foot rod moderately stiff, a stout trout rod will often do. Use multiplying reel with 150 feet of linen line, if you use bait or fly, and 400 yards if you troll with spoon or minnow. Yes, we put you on the track of a first-class rod. Write to each one of our advertisers and choose what pleases you best.

ANY subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—[Ade.

Miscellaneous

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

TATHAM'S

Selected Standard

Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz.,	338	472	668	1056 Soft.
" " " "	345	495	716	1150 Chilled

TATHAM & BRO'S,

82 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c.

SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.

KEEP MANUFACTURING CO.,

631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

BOUDREN'S PATENT COMBINATION

Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP.



For NIGHT HUNTING Deer and other animals, SPEARING Fish. Indispensable on any Boating, Yachting or Camping Trip.

Not affected by Wind, Rain or Jolting. Burns Kerosene safely without a chimney. Throws a powerful light 100 feet ahead. As a DASH LAMP for CARRIAGES it has no equal. Fits on any shaped dash or on any vehicle.

PRICES.

Dash Lamp.....$5 00
Jack and Dash Lamp..... 6 25
Fishing Lamp..... 7 00

C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

WHITE M'F'G COMPANY,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



Highest Quality Flies.

Small to medium Trout, reversed wings	$1 50	Per Doz.
Large Maine " " "	2 00	" "
Small Black Bass, " " "	2 00	" "
Large " " " "	3 00	" "

Any of the above flies tied with jungle cock shoulders and golden pheasant crest tails at 50cts. per dozen extra.

Salmon flies according to pattern, - - - $3.50 to 7.50 per doz

The celebrated "Corduroy" (silver or gold) trout and bass flies, $3 00 per dozen.

We have over three hundred patterns in stock, and can tie any pattern to order. Prices are given per dozen; we do not sell less than one dozen, but will give any assortment in the dozen. All our flies are tied on our celebrated Spring Steel Sproat Hooks.

Discount to the trade only. Orders received from persons residing in cities in which dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,
48 Maiden Lane, New York.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PEconic or all-aged stakes,

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.
Special prices to follow others according to their value.

J. OTTO DONNELL, President.

WM. R. SCHAEFER,

61 ELM STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

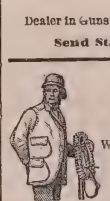
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HAMMER AND HAMMERLESS

Breech-Loading Shot-Guns to Order.

Dealer in Guns and Rifles of various makers.

Send Stamp for Catalogue.



HOLABIRD

Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to

UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,

VALPARAISO, IND.

Important Notice to Gun Clubs.

Before ordering glass balls or traps investigate the new, equally cheap and wonderful invention

THE FLYING CLAY PIGEON

and Trap. Ready about May 15. Send for circular to GEO. LIGOWSKY & CO., 33 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

For Sale.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, hennery, etc.; two acres lawn; fruit and a shade tree. Price $6,500; cost $11,000; $1,500 cash. For sale or to let, house 173 Griffith St., Jersey City Heights. For sale six acres near two railroads, Closter, N. J. For sale 9 acres on western slope of the Palisades, Tenafly, N. J. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBUR, 40 Fulton Street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Mar10,4t

FOR SALE.—Keel sloop "Comfort," built by Wallin & Gorman, and launched May, 1880; 36 feet on deck, 5 feet 8 inches draft, 12 feet beam; completely fitted throughout in hard wood; fast, able and sound; built and furnished complete in every respect; is in perfect order and requires nothing. Sold only on account of want of time for use. Price reasonable. At in every respect. Apply to THOMAS LORD, 889 Broadway. April7,4t.

FOR SALE—Remington (new) 12-gauge, pistol-grip, decarbonized steel barrels, with 20 shells $31. M. WOLCOTT, Ridgewood, N. J. Apr28,1t

FOR SALE—Four live deer. A buck and doe four years old, a doe two years old and a doe one year old. The two oldest does in kid. Address EDWARD THAYER, Box 705, Pawtucket, R. I. Apr28,4t

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

For Sale.

Water Cress & Brook Trout.

AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cress in one-half peck baskets, cut fresh every morning, and delivered in New York city between 9:30 and 12 o'clock at any point below Twenty-third street, at 50 cents per basket. We have constantly on hand, in our ponds, Brook Trout, from the egg to three years old, all sizes, for stocking private ponds or streams. Can supply private parties, hotels or restaurants in New York to a limited extent with fresh brook trout in their season every morning, leaving our ponds at 6 A. M. and arriving at New York at 9:30 same morning. further information apply to

THOMPSON BROTHERS,
Aquetong Trout Farm,
New Hope, Bucks County, Penna.

Lake Massawicpie For Sale.

Mr. Addison Child, of Childwold (South Colton P. O.), New York, offers for sale 3,000 or more acres of choice natural forest land, flushed with deer and other game, embracing the above lake, stocked with salmon and speckled trout, and seven tributary ponds of 15 to 50 acres each, delightfully situated in the southern part of St. Lawrence County (see Colton's Atlas), and within thirty hours' travel of the cities of New York and Boston. Being the head waters of Grass River (itself a noted trout stream) they are under the absolute control of owner, and offer rare facilities for natural sport or multi-generous fish culture. Any party or club wishing to establish and preserve a park for sporting and social recreation may address as above for details.

ABINGTON.

AT PUBLIC SALE, ON THURSDAY MAY 19, 1881, THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ESTATE IN VIRGINIA, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON CITY.

This superb estate, consisting of four hundred acres, with mansion house, superb park of ten acres, terraced grounds, fine fishing shore, only one mile from the National Capital, will be sold at public auction May 19, 1881.

To market-gardeners, stockmen, livery stablemen, and especially capitalists seeking investments, as well as wealthy men desiring the grandest country seat in all this section, Abington offers a wonderful chance. It will go dirt cheap.

For particulars, terms and pamphlet, address THOS. J. FISHER, Real Estate Agent, No. 1223 F. St., Washington, D. C. Circulars can be had of FOREST AND STREAM. April4,3t

FARRAR'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of the entire Richardson-Rangeley Lakes region. Large size, each 25 cents. Send for catalogue. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Wanted.

THE LESSEE of a Canadian salmon river would like to meet with a fellow-fisherman to share expenses this season. Address C. H., Box 766, Montreal, Can. Apr14,4t

WANTED—A second-hand steam launch under 25 feet long, sound in every respect and a good traveler. Must be a decided bargain. Address H. E. D., Box 15, Rutherford, N. J. Apr28,1t

The Kennel.



OR THE

Cocker Spaniel Kennel

—OF—

M. P. McKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y.

I keep only Cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz.: Liver with white ruffle in bosom, even liver and white, and beautiful black with white ruffle in bosom, are now open for service; fee $15; usual conditions. Correspondents inclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs.

A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON To DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sifting pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS.

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per Box by mail.

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HENRY C. SQUIRES,

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Imported black field spaniel, at the Stud. FOREST AND STREAM, March 3: "A remarkably fine dog of his breed." His brother, Kaffir, is illustrated in Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog." The winning blood in England to-day. Limited to ten bitches; fee, $25. A few well broken setters and spaniels and pups of each breed. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I.

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RECEIVES AND FORWARDS Dogs, Fowls, etc., to any destination. Kennel Clubs, Sportsmen and others, intending to import dogs from Europe, should have their stock consigned to him. Information furnished in regard to the best methods of importing, shipping, etc



DOG BRUSHES,

50 cents each;

By mail, post-paid,

60 cents each.

MILES BROS. & CO.,
Ap121,4t 102 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Hare Beagle Kennel.

For sale, the produce of animals that have been hunted during the whole of last season, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Penn. Mar3,tf

BEAGLES FOR SALE.

To secure increased accommodations for our large pack of foxhounds we decided to sell out our kennel of Beagles. They are very superior stock of our own importation. Address ESSEX COUNTY HUNT Montclair, N. J. Apr28,2t

DOGS FOR SALE—A fine red Irish setter dog pup about 6 mos. old, out of Highland Lass by Champion Elcho. Also an orange and white ticked pup 4½ months old, out of fine partridge stock, and by Cowell's Jocko (Heyer's Bell-One-Eyed Sancho). For prices and further particulars address G. E. OSBORN, P. O. Box 673 New Haven, Conn. Apr28,3t

FOR SALE—Orange and white bitch, red Irish and Laverack strain, nine weeks old, full pedigree, $3. R. M. P., P. O. Box 486, N. Y. City. Apr28,1t

FOR SALE, fine-bred Foxhounds, English and Virginia stock. A. D. NORCROSS, Monson, Mass. Ap121,2t

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "camp life" indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

Our New Black Bass Rod.

MADE ON THE HENSHALL PRINCIPLE.

Ash and lancewood, with extra tip, brass mounted,	$8.00
" " " " German silver,	10.00
" greenheart, " " " "	14.00

THE ABOVE ARE BEST MAKE AND GUARANTEED EQUAL IN QUALITY AND FINISH TO ANY ROD MADE. ABOVE RODS SUITABLE FOR ANY STYLE OF BAIT FISHING FOR BASS.

MIST-COLORED LEADERS.

Trout, with loops for droppers, 3 ft., 15c.; 6 ft., 30c.; 9 ft., 40c. each. Bass, extra heavy, 6 ft., 50c.; 9 ft., 75c. each.

BEST REVERSED WING TROUT FLIES, ALL THE LEADING STYLES IN STOCK,	$1.25 PER DOZEN.
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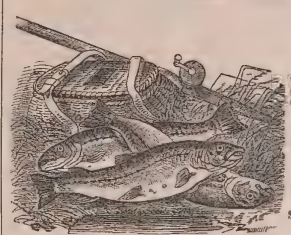
OUR NEW INVISIBLE LEADERS, made of very finest gut, 6ft. 35c.; 9ft with loops, 50c.

VERY SMALL FLIES, SUITABLE FOR INVISIBLE LEADERS, $1.25 PER DOZEN.

ABOVE SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

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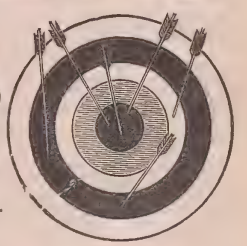
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Sole Agents for THOMAS ALDRED, London, Manufacturer of the Finest Archery in the World.



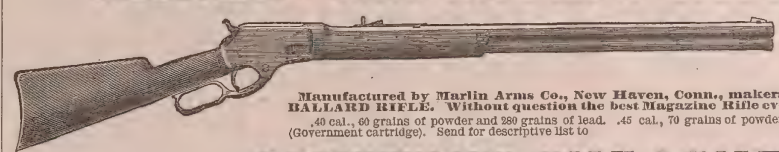
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THOMAS ALDRED'S Yew Bows, $25 to $75. RICHARD DAFT'S Cricket Goods. J. B. CROOK'S Hexagonal Bamboo Fly Rods, Solid Reel Plate, $10. J. B. CROOK'S Lancewood and Lemonwood Bows, $7.50. J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rods, suitable for Trolling and still Baiting for all kinds of salt water fishing, eight to nine feet, German Silver Mounted. Pepper Cane second joint and two tips, $15.

Send 25 cents for Illustrated Catalogue for 1880, giving Hints on Archery and Rifle Shooting and the Rules of Cricket, Foot Ball, Lawn Tennis, Glass Ball Shooting and a Synopsis of Fishing, giving a description of Fishing, when to go and what tackle to use.

N. B.—Nothing but first-class goods sold at this Establishment.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE.



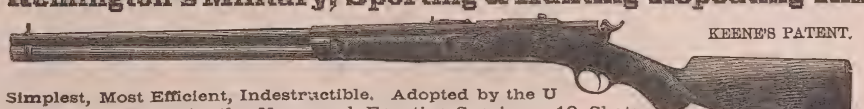
Manufactured by Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., makers of the celebrated BALLARD RIFLE. Without question the best Magazine Rifle ever produced.

.40 cal., 60 grains of powder and 280 grains of lead. .45 cal., 70 grains of powder and 405 grains of lead (Government cartridge). Send for descriptive list to

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

P. O. BOX 3,170. 84 and 86 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.

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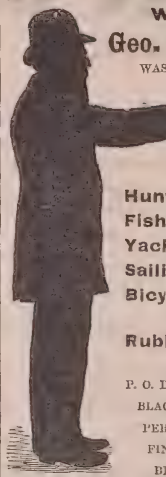
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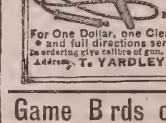
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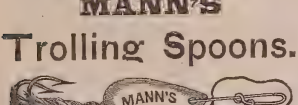
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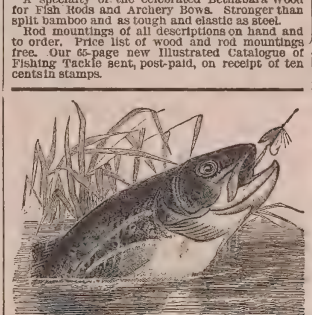
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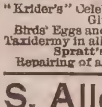
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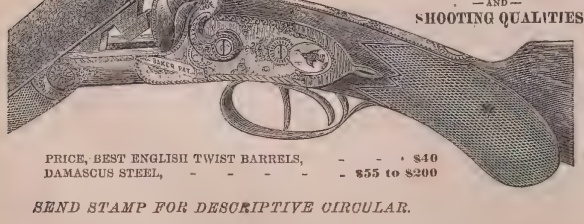
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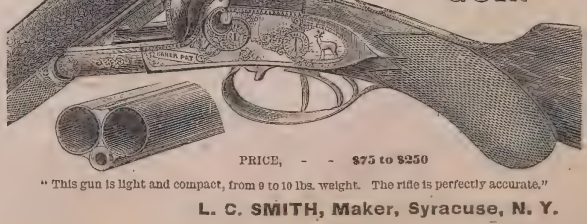
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, May 5.

THE BENCH SHOW.

THE show held last week was certainly, from the point of view of an outsider, a decided success. At no show previously held in New York has the quality of the animals exhibited been so good, and never has there been so little trash exhibited as this year. The English setters, the pointers, both large and small, the collies and the fox terriers were exceptionally good. Among the black and tan setters and the red setters there were some poor specimens that should not have been sent to the show, but on the whole the classes were good throughout.

The very large number of entries in the beagle class show, perhaps, better than anything else could, the rapid strides which this merry little hound is making in public favor, and we have no doubt that before very long hare-hunting with beagles will in many localities take the place of bird-shooting. It is a noteworthy fact in this connection that the entries for the special prizes for the best beagles, straight and bench-legged, in the show were more in number than those for any other special prize offered.

It is not often the case that an exhibition of this kind passes off without some protests on the part of exhibitors who, while fully alive to the excellence of their own animals, are somewhat blind to that of the competing dogs. Such protests are always annoying and almost invariably useless, for the importance of supporting the decision of the judges is appreciated by the managers of all shows. The present year has been unusually free from such evidences of dissatisfaction, and we have scarcely heard of a serious complaint in relation to judging. The advantages of the single-handed system were clearly shown, and we presume that in future the Westminster Kennel Club will always adopt this method. It is said that the exhibition was pecuniarily successful, and if this be the case there is no cause for anything but congratulation in regard to the show.

ENGLISH ZOOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.

THE lamentable confusion which exists in different parts of the country in regard to the common names employed to designate our various wild animals is extremely perplexing to every one who is not to some extent familiar with the local names employed in different sections. The same bird, mammal or reptile, as the case may be, has a name for each section of the country where it is found. The most familiar example of this confusion is of course found in the two birds, *Bonasa umbellus* and *Ortyx virginianus*, which occur almost every where through the Eastern and Middle United States, and are variously called ruffed or ruffled grouse, partridge or pheasant for the first, and quail, partridge, Virginia partridge and colin for the second. Among mammals we have the two deer, *Cariacus macrotis* and *C. Columbianus*, each of which is called in its own range "black tail," though the name belongs properly to the latter alone. Similarly there are two distinct species of hares, *Lepus callotis* and *L. campestris*, which are called indiscriminately jackass, or jack, rabbits.

The utter and hopeless absurdity of some of the names that are applied to certain of our animals need not be dwelt on at any length. What can be more improper and out of place than to call a grouse a pheasant? One would say that in this case the extreme had been reached, and yet at some points along the Atlantic coast the pintail duck, *Dafila acuta*, is called pheasant.

It is true that in applying these local names those who acted as sponsors at the christening have in many cases seized upon the salient characteristic of the animal to be named, and that in many cases the appellation is an extremely fitting one; but this does not help us at all in attempting to straighten out the tangle which now exists in this matter. If any one, who had never before heard of the name, were asked what a "nigger goose" is, we think that he would guess a long time before hitting on the correct answer to the conundrum. Yet we have seen old sportsmen who have shot hundreds of geese, but had never seen a cormorant, take a flock of the latter for Canada geese, judging by their mode of flight, and express profound astonishment at the fact that "those geese were all black."

This confusion of names has been brought to our mind again by a series of questions addressed us by an esteemed Canadian correspondent, who says: "Is it correct to call *Tetrao umbellus*, ruffled grouse, and *Cervus virginianus*, Virgian deer?

"Is elk the correct name for what is known in this Province as moose?

"Is the hare which is common in this and other parts of the Province of Quebec the 'Arctic' hare?

"The above names are applied to the birds and animals mentioned by our local authority on natural history matters, *The Canadian Sportsman and Naturalist*."

It is almost impossible to give a categorical reply to questions like these. In such matters it is usage that governs, and what is custom in one part of the country is, or may be, not at all customary in another. The nomenclature of science is regulated by certain fixed rules with which every one must comply who wishes to have the name which he has applied to any animal adopted by naturalists. This of course is not, nor can it ever be, the case with popular names, for the masses will continue to employ those errors which they have been educated to make use of. It is, however, very important that we should all endeavor to impress upon those with whom we shoot and fish the desirability of calling things by their proper names, for it seems a pity that the sportsmen of different States should have to speak different languages. Surely there ought to be a common tongue for the craft.

The importance of the subject would certainly warrant us in preaching a very pretty little sermon on it were the space at our command. As it is, however, we must turn to our correspondent's questions and reply to them. A reference to "Webster's Dictionary" shows that ruffed grouse is the proper English name of *Bonasa umbellus*, but under the head "grouse" we see enumerated several European species, and also the ruffled grouse, *B. umbellus*. Still, ruffed grouse is no doubt the best as it is the shortest term to employ in designating this species. The common red deer of the East is spoken of by some older authors as the Virginia deer, but we do not remember to have seen the adjective Virginian applied to it.

What we call Moose is the elk of Europe, the latter being a word of Anglo-Saxon derivation, while moose is a corruption of an Indian name. In this country, however, *Alce americana* is universally known as moose, while the name elk is always applied to *Cervus canadensis*. What is an elk in Europe, therefore, is an entirely different animal from the Elk of America—just as the partridge of New England is different from the partridge of Virginia.

The hare common near Montreal and Quebec is not the Arctic hare, *Lepus timidus glacialis*, but the varying hare, *L. americanus*. The range of the Arctic hare does not extend much, if any, south of Labrador.

We are sorry that we cannot give more definite and precise replies to the inquiries of our correspondent, but hope that we have at least made clear some of the difficulties of the case. It is really important that there should be one settled and distinctive name for each bird and mammal of the country. But, unfortunately, each local name has a number of warm adherents who will not give it up, but would fight for it to the death. Still we are glad to see that some attention is now being given to this subject, and that some associations—notably that of Michigan—are striving to work a reform in the matter of local nomenclature. If any such reform is to be attempted it will require the influence of the best sportsmen of the land to be successfully carried out.

INSPECTION OF THE DELAWARE RIVER SHAD FISHERIES.

THE annual tour of inspection of the shad fisheries of the Delaware River, by the New Jersey Fish Commission, took place on Thursday, April 28. Mr. Hamilton Disston very kindly loaned his handsome steam yacht Mischief for the trip, and Commissioners Dr. B. P. Howell, E. J. Anderson and Theodore Morford, with about twenty guests, mostly newspaper men, started from Camden at 10 A. M. A stop at Gloucester was made, and they learned that fishing was good, that it had been backward, as upon all other Nothern rivers, but that the shad were now coming in good numbers, which were increasing; that their size was good and quality as fine as ever. The river was filled with drifting gill nets, and on the return at night it was a pretty sight to see it dotted with the lanterns of the fishermen, one in the boat and another on a float at the farther end of the net. These gill nets are sunk deeply, the floats being connected by lines ten to twenty feet long, experience showing that the shad swim in the channel, near the bottom. Hence it not only economizes time and labor in making the net, but is much easier to handle.

The principal places of interest were Howell's Cove, Eagle's, Thompson's, Old Man's, Finn's and Eisenborough's Points. The estimates made show that over $100,000 are invested in the shad fisheries here on the New Jersey side alone. Thirty-five hundred men are engaged in drift-net fishing, and their nets, if placed end to end, would reach three hundred miles. The shore fisheries are controlled by eleven men, who employ from twenty-five to thirty men each, as well as numbers of horses.

As point after point was passed, Dr. Howell, whose memory runs back more than half a century, gave the history of the river and pointed out the places of interest. The Doctor says that in the olden time a ten pound shad was not a rarity, and that in his youth there was believed to have been one of sixteen pounds taken. For the ten years previous to the practice of fishculture in the river the shad had been getting small, and the meshes of the nets had to be made smaller in order to take them. A shad of four to five pounds was a large one. This was no doubt caused by continually taking the larger fish and allowing only small ones to ascend to the breeding grounds—a course which would be apt to influence the size to a very great extent. Now, however, the eggs of fish which are destined for market are saved, and they are of course the best shad. For the past two or three years the fishermen claim that the size is increasing, and shad of six and seven pounds are often taken.

The trip was a very pleasant and instructive one, and from the conversations with the river men the guests were convinced that the Fish Commission of New Jersey have done

much to increase the food resources of the State as well as to educate the men of the lower counties, who were so much opposed to all restricting laws, to the knowledge that the commission was working for the interest of the fishermen, as well as for the public in general. The fishermen now very generally observe the law which compels a close time from Saturday midnight to Monday morning, which is six hours longer than the Pennsylvania law, which allows fishing at midnight of Saturday.

An ichthyological student on board interested the company in the dissection of a young sturgeon. The fish was a young "sharp nose," *Acipensir oxyrhinchus*, called "mamoose," by the fishermen who claim that they do not grow to be over a foot in length. The ichthycus said that in later life the nose lost the extreme sharpness of youth, and that it did grow large. He also dived into the secrets of its digestion, and showed how its mouth was capable of extension and of sucking up infusorial mud; how the barbels beneath the nose felt of the bottom near the mouth which the eyes could not see on account of the nasal projection; how its stomach contained straws, grasses and minute worms and snails; and how the digestible portions were used and the great intestine, filled to repletion, carried away the refuse, and then went into the vertebral structure and showed how the back bone ran into the upper lobe of the tail like the old ganoid fellows.

And the sturgeon died.

An artist of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* accompanied the party and sketched points of interest for publication.

THE LAST ACT IN THE AQUARIUM.

ON the 26th of April the New York Aquarium presented a sorrowful spectacle to those who had known it in its days of grandeur. The great tanks were torn down, and piles of brick and mortar only remained to mark their location. The large slabs of inch-thick plate glass were removed, and stood on edge in the hall-way. The pipes, pumps and table-tanks were set apart, and an auctioneer was just knocking down the great stuffed Anaconda as we entered. Next he offered a lot of statuary of life and heoric size, including the Venus of Milo, the Dancing Fawn and the Laocoon, which were bought by Mr George Bunnell, of museum fame. A small Octopus, which had once been in alcohol, a big pile of chairs, a stuffed Sloth and the table-tanks went to as many different bidders, the dime museums getting their share.

About one thousand square feet of plate glass one inch thick, in plates five feet high by two and one-half feet wide, were bought, after a spirited competition, by Mr. E. G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, who also bought the smaller plates, some of the table-tanks and all the wood-cuts belonging to the Aquarium, which had been used to illustrate the catalogues, etc. An acquaintance asked Mr. Blackford if he was going to build an aquarium: "No," said he, "but it is handy stuff to have in the house." The cat roamed about disconsolate. She was not sold. We would have purchased her if the crier had put her up. We have some stock in her in the shape of a valuable mocking-bird, which she ate in 1879, and would like to own her for a half minute. Half of a brick lay on the floor within convenient reach, but pussy kept in front of the glass, and thus vanished another of life's opportunities.

The giant "devil fish" goes to Europe. It is fearfully dilapidated. Two seasons on the road with a circus has demoralized it. The bumpkins believing it a fraud (which it was not) often broke the glass and cut pieces from its tentacles.

Farewell "The Great New York Aquarium." An opportunity to establish a good institution which would have paid a moderate rate upon the investment has come to grief through mismanagement. The greed of present gain permitted all kinds of shows to invade it, and the class which once supported it in good style left it. There is still a chance for a meritorious, prudently managed aquarium in New York to illustrate the wonders of the vasty deep.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS WILL DINE.

THE invitations are out. The monsters are being caught, and the *bon vivants* of the famous Ichthyophagous Club, of New York, are preparing to astonish their stomachs with new problems in ichthyophagy. The committee have letters out for untried dishes, such as "hellbenders" (called "alligators" in Western Pennsylvania), beaver tails, the proteus, or lizard, of the Great Lakes, sea-robins, toad-fish, etc. We wish that our readers living where such things are plenty would communicate with us, and then send us some of these things. Soft-shelled turtles from the West would be acceptable as an unusual thing here.

The club is a social institution; and, while it enjoys itself greatly on these occasions, when wit flows at the suggestion of the strange viands, it is really a philanthropic society and has done good in teaching the people of New York to eat the d spis d skate. This fish was not eaten, simply because our grandfathers did not eat it; and this is the only reason why many other things are proscribed. Skates are eaten in Europe, but tons upon tons were daily thrown away by our coast fishermen without reason, until the Ichthyophagous Club ate them, chronicled the fact that these adventurous spirits not only declared that they were good, but that not a man was lost in the charge upon prejudice. Not even a pang under the waistcoat of the hungriest of the Ichthyophagi was felt after the insertion of skate beneath its ample folds. And the coroner was disappointed.

This year Mr. John H. Starin does the honors and offers his hotel and steamer to take these ichthyic crusaders to Glen Island. It is even whispered that the President and Vice-President of the United States will be present to see what virtues may be hidden under the forbidden exteriors of certain fishes now despised only because they are not handsome. New members are welcomed by the club and will be instructed how to take the wrinkles out of their stomachs by the elder brethren, without money and without price. No dues are claimed; the purchase of a ticket invests the new member with all the privileges and rights; and if he is a little weak on the question of tackling an alligator steak or the limb of a lizard made in a ragout with bat's wings, he can always order a fillet of sole or of beef, and trust to time and the example of the case-hardened ones about him to bring his rebellious stomach to the scratch.

At the dinner of last year the man who consumed the vast quantity of razor-clams carried off the honors gastronomic. He still lives and will feel his mouth water, even in retrospection, as he reads this.

The following is the invitation:

NEW YORK, May 1, 1881.

Dear Sir—THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB will give its Annual Dinner at Glen Island on Friday, May 27, at 6:30 P. M.

The objects of the Club are to reveal to gourmets the unsuspected excellence of many neglected varieties of fish food, and to make manifest to the people at large the still untried capacity of sea, lake and river to yield the materials of human nourishment. There will be submitted to the Club numerous kinds of fish and mollusks, specially provided for the occasion, which are not commonly eaten, in addition to some of the usual accompaniments of such a feast. The dinner, though partially experimental, will include enough familiar components to satisfy the least adventurous taste.

Tickets Five Dollars each, to be had of the Treasurer, Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market. JOHN FOORD, President.

Eugene G. Blackford,
Barnet Phillips,
Fred Mather,
} Committee of Arrangements.

A steamer will be provided to convey the party to the island, without charge, of which due notice of the time of sailing of which will be given.

OUR PIPES.—With the opening of the present week the contests which have been going on for four months past in two of the most prominent of the Boston galleries, for the possession of the elegant pipes offered by the FOREST AND STREAM, came to a finish. The prizes were worthy of a special effort, and so keenly have the marksmen pushed each other that one of the trophies was taken with a perfect score, while the other is but a trifle short of it. The meerschaums represent the best workmanship of F. J. Kaldenberg, known throughout the country as one of the leading artificers in that material, and they are well worth the $50 valuation placed on each of them. We are eminently satisfied with the results of the competitions, and believe that the contests have been fair and open, and that the best man has won. While gallery practice is pooh-poohed in some quarters and regarded as child's play; such treatment merely displays the ignorance of the scoffer. There has been, within the past two years, a wonderful advance in the quality of our gallery arms, and many who are prevented by circumstances or who have not the inclination to visit the out-door ranges find an excellent drill in the efforts of the galleries. The eye must be as accurate and true, and the arm as steady to gain a place under cover as to win prizes over the green sward. Besides, the emulation is as keen in one place as in the other, and already the makers of the .22 calibre rifles report a larger sale to parties who find a cheap, healthful home amusement in private ranges. There need be no danger in such a sport, and a proper knowledge of firearms would be the best preventive of the many mishaps that now occur from their careless handling.

FISHING ABOUT NEW YORK.—We have made arrangements by which we hope to secure information which will be of great value and interest to our angling friends. Our plans are now so far completed that we are able to furnish the names of a number of localities within one hundred miles of New York where fair fishing can be had. This information comes from correspondents whom we believe to be reliable, though of course we do not vouch for the accuracy of all the statements made. To any one, therefore, who may desire fresh water fishing, such as trout, bass or pickerel, we shall be pleased to supply such information as we have. This will include the name of town, the kinds of fish to be had, the fare and distance from New York city, the character and price of the hotel accommodations and the distance from the station at which the fishing is to be found.

No inquiries on these points will be answered through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and those who desire to have their questions attended to must apply personally or accompany their written inquiries with an envelope stamped and addressed.

TROUT FISHERMEN will do well to kill all the watersnakes that they may see in the streams during their fishing. These reptiles destroy great numbers of trout, and any one may, by opening one of those killed, demonstrate that they are fond of the fish, and that at this season these form a very considerable portion of their food. Every snake killed means a number of fish saved, and hence better fishing in future.

"THE GUN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT."—Just as we go to press we are in receipt of advance sheets of this elaborate work on gunnery and shooting arms, forwarded to us from Mr. W. W. Greener, through his American agent, Mr. Henry C. Squires. A hasty inspection of the volume shows it to be a most noteworthy contribution to the literature of the subject; and at an early day we shall give an extended notice of its contents.

WE NOTICE that the *New York Clipper* has changed its form and now appears as a folio paper. This is a great improvement and the editors and readers both must be gratified at the change. Our trans-Atlantic contemporary, the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, comes to hand with a newly adopted cover, an addition which will be appreciated by all readers of that excellent publication.

DARWIN'S NEW WORK on the "Habits of Worms" is nearly ready. We anxiously await the special chapter on angle-worms, and their habit of squirming through the hole of the small boy's pocket and wriggling down inside the leg of his pants.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND ITS FIELD SPORTS.

A WILD and tumbling sea of land—a land of rolling green plains, towering mountain peaks and tree-filled canyons—a land of hillsides blazing with all the soft colors of the rainbow on a background of soft, warm green—a land stocked with game, where one is able to travel in almost any direction with a buggy or saddle horse; where one may stroll beneath soft, clear skies over green sod and flowery hillsides, with no mud to flounder through, no briars nor saw grass, with no chilled fingers, wet feet or mosquito riddled face, and in two or three hours have all the shooting that a man should desire; where one may lie down in the cool night air with no tent but the starry blue or the glistening moonlit leaves of some royal oak—a land where the winter sun rises soft and clear—a land of bees, birds and rabbit-fed bachelors—a land where even the legend "No Shooting Here" carries no fear to the gunner's heart—a land where everything is slow, life, death, railroads, debtors and all, and the presumption is strongly in favor of the slowness of the gunpowder—a delightful indifference to the flight of time—a land where nothing is certain but death, and even that is a remote contingency;—this is Southern California as it is pictured in a charming volume now before us coming from the pen of Mr. T. S. Van Dyke.*

The vast area of this great land of America is so extended, its boundaries are so wide, that one extreme is a *terra incognita* to the people of another section. We venture to say that the average American knows more about Constantinople and the Golden Horn than he does of San Diego and its fair harbor. The trans-Atlantic steamers are just now bearing multitudes of summer tourists to the mountain lands of the Old World; but of all those excursionists how many know that in the southwestern corner of their own country rises a mountain 11,000 feet above the surrounding plains, and affording a view from its summit of two hundred miles? We fill our libraries and museums with memorials of the extinct races of foreign lands, unmindful that within the limits of the United States are moss-grown walls, crumbling colonnades, fretted arches, cactus-grown church tower, and time-rent cloisters, each in their ruins eloquent of a faith and heroism of life, about which has gathered the glamour of time, and which only awaits the touch of the master-hand to develop its romance and pathos.

Mr. Van Dyke writes of an out-of-the-way corner of the United States, which, by reason of the neglect of railroad projectors, is to nine-tenths of the readers of this paper practically as unknown as the plains of Thibet; and because these pages tell us a great deal about California we could hope that the book might have a wide reading if for no other purpose than to make Americans more familiar with one portion of their own land, its natural characteristics and advantages, its people and their ways, and the fascinating history of its past.

To the sportsman, however, the attractions of California as a game country are, in a general way at least, well known, and it is to a faithful description of the game birds and animals that Mr. Van Dyke's book is chiefly devoted. "Flirtation Camp," we take it, is the title given to the book by the publishers. The romance which runs through the pages is happily conceived and is sufficient, perhaps, to justify this title; but, as the author explains, "it occupies far less space than in many sporting works is devoted to getting the hunters waked, dressed, fed, armed, 'liquored up' and into the field."

California is famed as a game country. A book, written by a competent hand, descriptive of its game and fish and the various methods of pursuing them has long been awaited. Such a book is now given us in "The Rifle, Rod and Gun in California." Its author is a practical sportsman of long and varied experience in hunting the game of different localities in America; and he is as good a master of the pen as of the rifle. Mr. Van Dyke has long been known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as a man to whom they might look for plain statements of facts determined by himself rather than for the parrot-role repetition of theoretical speculations advanced by others. A careful reading of his book shows us that the characteristic adherence to the facts in the case has been the rule in his preparation of the volume. Lower California and its varied charms are here pictured in a most enticing manner; a volume prepared with the sole purpose of

*Flirtation Camp; or, Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. A Sporting Romance. By Theodore S. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 1881. Price, $1.50.

attracting the pleasure tourist could not have set forth the natural advantages of the country more strongly; and yet there are passages here and there throughout the book which inspire confidence in the author as one not given to violet ink and rose-colored spectacles.

Black brant, Belleville—who, we take it, expresses throughout the opinions of the author—thinks the finest of American water fowl; and "although quicker far than any other kind of goose, they are still slower than a duck. But they shed shot as subscribers do editorial appeals to pay up," and can bear off a good load of lead without succumbing. The brant shooting as it is described in the first chapter of the book is such shooting as it would repay a man to go far to enjoy. Following chapters are devoted to Inland Shooting and to Coursing Hares, a most exciting sport, when the hare skims over the ground like a low flying grouse and dogs and riders follow in hot pursuit. The valley quail, we are told, here runs so fast that they will spoil a dog unless he is kept back until they are thoroughly scattered and scared, so as to make them hide and lie closely; and one can get all the shooting he wants without any dog at all; and when a dog is employed the birds are so plenty and so strong of scent that it does not require such careful working of the dog as on the Eastern quail. To successfully bag the birds in the shooting here described calls for the highest skill with the gun; they are gamy and die hard; unless fairly struck with the centre of the charge they are apt to get away. The proper shot for them is No. 10, with heavy charges of powder. Even after bringing the birds to the ground the sportsman is not sure of them. It requires a well developed bump of locality, a keen eye and a quick judgment, or the shooter will never pick up two-thirds of the birds he kills. In the autumn the valley quail pack, sometimes all the birds bred during the season in two or three thousand acres being found in a single band in the little valleys.

Among the various devices described for circumventing the wild goose is this: A looking-glass is fastened to the front of a small skiff, the glass hanging down to the water and concealing the boat behind it. A bit of looking-glass is then fastened to a split stick and lashed to the boat so as to project sidewise from the bow, and just beyond the line of the edge of the glass in front, giving to the occupants of the boat a view of everything ahead, and the skiff is paddled noiselessly down upon the unsuspecting birds, who are not so silly as to fear their own shadows in the mirror.

Deer shooting in Southern California, our author thinks, is one of the severest tests of a man's skill with the rifle. This deer, the "black tail," or, according to Judge Caton, a variety of the mule deer, is smaller than the Virginia or common deer, but superior in activity. "There was no gentle canter, no rapid run, no hugging the earth like a greyhound, nor anything indicative of effort to absorb space. Nevertheless the noble fellow bounded, not ran, as though the ground were India rubber and his legs steel springs, his four feet grouped close together, all striking the hard ground at one blow, and glancing from the touch like the *ricochet* of a cannon ball." And this bounding the sportsman finds something altogether novel, bewildering and baffling; the height of the rise from the ground is not appreciated even by those most familiar with it, and it keeps up this style of traveling "up hill and down hill, through brush, over brush, among huge boulders, rocks and shingle, with such astonishing speed and endurance that it is always worth half a day's work just to see one run." San Diego, though not a deer country, still affords abundant sport to the man who knows how and where to hunt this game; and in the autumn Mr. Van Dyke thinks it doubtful if any country in the world can give easier and more pleasant still-hunting than this. But we must not encroach too much upon our author's patience by transferring his entertaining and instructive chapters to our columns, nor would we mar the reader's pleasure by anticipating. Five chapters of the book treat of the various modes of hunting deer, and are well worth a careful perusal. The novice will find them instructive and helpful, and the veteran deer hunter will find equal satisfaction in the realistic pictures of the unequal fortunes of his days on the trail.

Mr. Van Dyke can tell a story concisely and pithily. Here is one of the "Goose Cavalry:"

"Pretty liberally sprinkled with mud-hens," said Belville; "still there are some ducks there. And, as sure as I live, there is a flock of geese on that flat!" he added, pointing to a distant line of dark-gray birds standing on the green sod across the pond. "If I can borrow that horse of that fellow I'll try a charge on them. It's the only way to get a shot."

So saying, he hailed a young Mexican who was coming behind them on horseback, and, pointing to the geese, asked him in villainous Spanish to lend him the horse.

The Mexican dismounted with a smile, perhaps at the Spanish, perhaps at the geese, possibly at neither. We shall see. Belville mounted and nubled down to within two hundred yards of the geese, on the windward side. Then, on a gentle canter, he rode on a slanting course toward one side of the flock. He did not look at them at all until he got within about one hundred yards, when he suddenly wheeled the horse and charged directly at them on a full run. They waddled and looked and looked and waddled, until the "cavalry" got within sixty yards, when they concluded it was about time to clear the track. Being compelled, however, to rise against the wind—geese *can* rise down wind, but *prefer* up wind—the cavalry, in its rapid career, was within thirty-five yards before the heavy birds got fairly started from the ground. The confused bustling huddle of black necks, white collars, dark-gray backs, together with the sound of heavily-beating wings and the rapidly-recurring "onk-k-wonk—onk-wonk—honk—k-wonk-onk," caused the horse, a mere colt, to sheer a little. But the target was so large that a snap-shot, the only kind possible from a running horse, could hardly miss it, and, with the report of the first barrel, two geese sunk heavily to the soil.

So did Belville at about the same instant. As though a keg of powder had exploded beneath him he left the saddle, as the horse, springing high in air, struck ground stiff-legged and with arching back. Belville sat for a moment, half dazed by the jar, but finding no bones broken, picked himself up, took an affectionate gaze at his swiftly retiring charger and indulged in some highly philosophical observations upon mustangs and their skill in the art of "bucking."

He did not smile very much as he approached the wagon and thanked the owner of the horse. But the owner did—a smile fully as deep as politeness demanded. Then he borrowed a bunch of matches and some tobacco of Belville and bade him good-bye in a tone and with a smile that said, as plainly as words, "If my horse can be of any service to you next time, he is entirely yours."

We have not attempted to outline the wide field of California sports depicted in the book before us. All the game of California is in turn discussed, its habits set forth, and the methods of its capture explained. This volume is full of hints which are drawn from the author's own practically acquired knowledge. It is at once a powerful plea for the climate and scenery of Southern California, a book of instruction about game, and enough of a romance to justify its leading title, had that title been made subordinate. We predict for Mr. Van Dyke's volume a most pleasant reception among sportsmen, and heartily indorse it as more deserving in merit than the ordinary contributions to American sporting literature. It will justly enhance the author's reputation as a writer thoroughly versed in the subjects of which he treats. The tone of the book is high, its sentiments are healthful and elevating. The book is dedicated "To those kindred spirits to whom the count of game and the sizzle of the frying-pan are the last and lowest of the pleasures of the field and stream;" and this same feeling finds frequent repetition throughout the book. We quote, as one of the many good things, this racy sketch of "The Great American Trout Swine:"

The Indian, the Mexican and the Spaniard long held this land of which we write, yet the game increased in their time rather than diminished. The antelope slept within sound of the fandango, the elk flourished among the rancheró's cattle, the trout flashed in the brook by the Indian's *rancheria* and the deer drank by his *temescal*. Say not that these men knew nothing of the chase or were too lazy to follow it for pleasure or for food. This can hardly be said of men who could outride the elk or the antelope on the plain and lasso and bind the grizzly in his rugged hills. They were ardent enough hunters in their way. They lacked only the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, who go to work at the game of the country like a drove of swine at a pile of grain, beginning at the top and trampling and destroying ten times what would suffice for their real wants.

Why is it that even here, in this far corner of our country, amid these beautiful and abundant streams, it is necessary to toil for miles over great boulder-washes and penetrate the very heart of the mountain to find plenty of trout? And why, even here, are they fast fading from the places that knew them? Let the great American trout-hog answer, for here he comes.

We see a rabbit-like complacency of countenance, corn-silk locks, caterpillar mustache, butterfly necktie, *functus officio* paper collar and lark-heeled boots. He has a small champagne basket strapped on his back, a quart oyster-can of grasshoppers and worms, a line with two or three hooks on a pole and half a dozen extra ones in his pocket, a soul that would rattle in a dried hoa-skin and an abysmal stomach that yearneth forever for trout.

He has already over fifty trout in his basket—twice as many as any *man* should catch in one day; more than would satisfy the most exacting of his four-footed brethren. Yet he skips along from pool to pool and from riffle to riffle under the elastic impulse of the only love he ever felt, the love of a poor little trout, debased to the worst and last use to which game can be put—*cooking*. He tosses in his line with countenance eager as a cat's at a mouse's hole, and his face is radiant as a newly-made bridegroom's when a little fish, a finger long, comes shimmering out of the water with feeble struggles.

But, surely, he will put that back?

Of course—back into the hole in the basket! Doth it not *count one?*

Soon another comes out only a trifle larger. Too small yet even for him who was made only a little higher than the brutes, instead of (as has long been erroneously supposed) "a little lower than the angels." But not too small for the *porcus*. Joy elevates his snout as he slides the fish through the hole in his basket.

But what good is such a fingerling?

Go to! thou ignoramus! Doth it not *count?* Are not its feeble bones tender? Will it not, in the frying-pan, sing celestial music to his soul? And so, the live-long day, he skips from pool to pool with tireless sole, as if the great problem of life were to see how many of these beautiful creatures could possibly be destroyed in one day. What to him is the *allegro* of the swift-rushing stream, the *maestoso* of the boiling pool, the *andante* of the wind in the pines above! He is deaf to all music but the spluttering expostulation of a poor little trout in the frying-pan.

What cares he for the ice-cold stream of crystal, dashing itself into sparkling spray as it leaps down that cliff from its high mountain home, then foaming away through long ranks of stately alders, whirling around white boulders, boiling in deep pools of green and white, glancing through narrows, shimmering over shadows, plunging down steep rocks! Excuse me; he does appreciate it, too. It's quite convenient to wash his fish, to water his horse, to make his coffee!

What to him are the stupendous slopes above, the turreted battlements and granite castles, floating like silver islands in the translucent, dissolving clouds or burning with purple fire in the evening sun! Or the grand old forests so refreshing to the denizen of the sun-baked plains; the pure, cool morning air or the view down the great falling valley as the sun floods it with his last beams! His eyes are blind to all but a "nicely-browned" trout.

The morning passes and he has *ninety* in his basket. He meets his fellow, who has about eighty. And now, surely, they are done, for the prince of swine could ask no more than this. And see, too, they are taking off their baskets and winding up their lines.

Yes, they are done. *Done with such slow work as this!* Not thus can proper homage be paid to the idols of the great American *porcus*—the palate and the store! The stream shall be turned, for trout must be had quicker and with less work.

And now, mark how they dam up the stream and turn its current aside; and see the halo of delight that enwreathes each snout when the old channel is nearly dry and the sordid fingers grab up the poor little flopping silver-sides! And see how they gloat over the struggling opalescence and writhing green in the basket, while their palates throb with joy as happy fancy hovers over the sizzling frying-pan! O Nature! why dost thou not whip such wretches around to thy kitchen door, instead of allowing them to root in thy drawing-rooms!

We publish the following communication from Mr. Van Dyke, as it entirely relieves him from a criticism which we have heard several persons advance upon his references to that villainous compound, the Dittmar sporting powder:

MR. FAIRVIEW, San Diego Co., Cal., March 10, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first criticism that comes to hand on my book on California field sports is from a valued friend, valued all the more for his frankness, and is that the first chapter looks "too much like an advertisement of Dittmar's powder."

Had he said an advertisement to Eastern honey dealers of Reche's apiary, I could not have been more surprised. But, as others may think the same thing, I hope you will pardon a few words.

That book was written only to entertain—not to instruct—except as to habit of birds and animals, and modes of hunting and the character of the background for our field sports. To enlighten the sportsman on a subject which, so far as books are concerned, is entirely new, and do so without wearying that fastidious chap known as "the general reader" has been my aim. I have tried also to show that "a sportsman" is not necessarily an insatiable pig let loose in nature's flower garden. And this is all, and I do not anywhere intend to indorse or recommend any persons, places or things.

In doing this I have spoken of things as they were considered generally, and not by myself, taking care not to obtrude, except upon waste of game, etc., my peculiar views. In so doing I have sometimes even run against my own views. My views on the subject of small bored rifles for hunting deer are well known to your readers, yet I put one in the hands of the main character. I think the use of the shot gun for deer, unless accompanied by good dogs to catch cripples should be punished by at least ninety days' hard labor on a diet of cucumbers and water, yet I put one in the hands of another character. This is because the general opinion is against mine, which I admit to be extreme on all points relating to the waste or heedless torture of game. In like manner I call on page ten, what I think a variety of flamingo, a curlew, because they are called here "the black curlew."

Now, when Belville is trying to persuade Norton to try the medicine of the field he does it, among other ways, by telling him of the modern improvements in sporting implements and the greater ease and comfort of shooting than was known when Norton hunted as a boy.

At the time this book was written I had never seen a grain of Dittmar powder, a hammerless breech-loader or a gram of chilled shot, and the only choke-bore I ever saw I with my own hands cut the choke out of on account of the fouling in our dry air. Yet all these things were supposed at that time to be improvements, Dittmar powder standing high in the estimation of prominent sportsmen and in the advertising columns of this paper. I knew, of course, that it had been questioned, and so had the safety and utility of hammerless guns, but the better opinion seemed in their favor. And I there speak of Dittmar just as of the other three—as they appeared to be, and not as they are. I no more intend to convey scientific information than the Bible does when it speaks of the "rising and setting of the sun," or "the four corners of the earth." When I intend to convey any information as to hunting implements I will do so by a didactic work for sportsmen alone, and not in one intended both for sportsmen and the general reader. And I want it distinctly understood that I do not in that book recommend anything except hunting as the best and purest means of restoring shattered health. And in Chapter VI I have taken special pains to guard against Nordhoffism.

In conclusion I would say that the book contains some trifling errors, owing to the impossibility of my seeing the type proofs, the failure of a large number of the plate proofs to reach me, and the expense of alterations in those that did reach me. The MSS. has been in New York since last May, and the plate proof of first chapter was corrected and returned before your exposure of Dittmar.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

P. S.—It is plain enough from the frequent use of "cloud of smoke," "rolling report, etc.," throughout the book and also from page 111, that they are all shooting black powder.

DUCK HUNTING IN A STEAM LAUNCH.

MY brother and I concluded to make a run up into Old River, above Vicksburg to interview the ducks we heard were abundant in a small lake lying back of a tow-head some five or six miles above the junction of Old River with the Mississippi, and about twelve or fourteen miles, all told, from the city. As the current was rather stiff, and the distance too great for a pull in our skiff, we made up our minds to perform the journey in a small steam launch, a screw propeller, about thirty feet in length and seven in breadth, drawing three feet nine inches when coaled and laden with our traps. Neither of us had had any experience in navigating a steam vessel, but my brother being a kind of genius touching machinery thought he could do the firing and manage the engine, while, with some hesitation, I agreed to steer the craft. So one dark, damp, chilly morning in November, at about 11 o'clock, we steamed out the harbor at Vicksburg, and soon began in a small way plowing up the Father of Waters.

For a reason we did not know at the time, we were unable to get up a high pressure of steam, and at no time did the indicator go above 60. For this reason it stood us in hand to avoid the current and hug the bars as much as possible, and the pilot did this so thoroughly that every five minutes the fireman and engineer would sing out, "If you don't stand further out you'll ground her; the bar is flat here! Keep an eye ahead! Don't you see that low point running out there!" And over would go the lead. "Scant four feet! Turn her out!" And out she would go till the current was encountered, and our speed reduced to that of a pair of lovers on a limited stroll, then back again till the warning cry of "Keep her out!" was repeated. And in this way we wriggled about like a serpent until we had passed the bar and struck the stiff current along the bluff shore. Here the fireman stirred up the fire, stuffed in more coal, and then run back and threw the throttle wide open, and stood sighting at some object on the shore to see if the Gentle Savage—for that was her name—was making any progress. She was not "flying," nor was she "skimming the foaming billows" to any alarming extent, but still she moved up stream slowly, and the reaching our destination was only a question of time and whether our coal pile would last that long.

After a while we came in sight of the mouth of Old River, and soon thereafter dropped into the shoal water lying outside the current. We had scraped one or two points in hugging the shore, and got a jolting and came near sticking on a sunken log thus far. We had both gathered up some confidence and had begun to feel that running a steamboat was no big thing after all. As we neared the mouth of Old River a cast of the lead—the combined engineer and fireman was great on the lead—showed eight feet, and we thought everything lovely, when in two minutes thereafter the craft gently glided upon a bump and quietly settled there. Getting into our skiff and taking a few soundings to find the deep water, we worked her forward and backward alternately, stirring up a sight of mud with the screw, but still sticking to the bump like a leach. A negro who kept the Government light on the point, passing in his skiff at the time, was hailed and came to our assistance. We didn't know just what good he could do, but felt that he would be company anyway and report us to our friends as stranded in case of failing to get off. But while waiting for him to pull up, enough steam had accumulated for us to syphon out. The vessel leaked badly and the syphon had to be employed often. This could only be done with steam at forty and above. As soon as we got her up to that point we put the water in her hold outside and at once floated off the bump. Thenceforward we carried a goodly supply of water for this very purpose.

The Mississippi River was quite low, while the Yazoo, which flows into it through Old River, was swollen from rains at its headwaters. This gave us a current almost to rapids for a mile or more from the mouth up, but by keeping close to the shallow shore and behind the points we managed, after a long pull and sticking on two more bumps, to get into the broad waters of Old River in comparatively dead water. But for the life of the fireman, with all the advice he got from the pilot, he could not get up steam enough to talk about. I think about this time the maximum was twenty-seven. Now, I would like to know if one going a-ducking in a steam vessel, with big expectations, would not feel discouraged at twenty-seven pounds of steam? A cold north wind began blowing, bringing with it a nasty rain, and the crew began to get wet. We could not run with the curtains down, as the wind being dead ahead and our motive power light, we would have been blown down the back track and into the Mississippi. So, running up to a big snag, we tied up, put on our rubbers, accumulated some steam and plowed away again. In an hour or so we sighted the tow-head, through the rain and mist, about three miles away, but after fuming and fretting for an hour or more, and the steam dropping down to 15, we concluded to cast anchor for the night two miles below the tow-head and hold a council of war. Here we had been out from home nearly six hours and made only twelve miles.

It was very discouraging. Duck hunting by steam seemed at first glance to be a fraud. With our magnificent skiff and two pair of oars which had been dragged after this creeping steamer, we could have made the trip in half the time. It was too late to row up to the tow-head in time to get any shooting before dark, so we made ourselves wet going across the narrow strip of land separating us from a chute of the main river, around Paw Paw Island, and there saw no ducks. Rain set in hard about dark and the wind blew a gale. The leaks in the roof increased and the side curtains flapped and blew in and conducted their water upon the seat running around the sides of the hull. Water fell upon us or spattered upon us in any place we took. After sitting up and dodging about as long as we could endure it we made down our bed. We hung up buckets under the main leaks over the bed, put our oilcloth and rubber coats over the bedding, and turned in. For a long time sleep was out of the question—spatter here, drop there, while we lay there waiting for it to come through, and in mortal fear the buckets would get full, break the nails they were swung upon, and, falling, break our heads. One stream came down directly upon the pilot's head. He put a large comforter, in the shape of a ball, under the drop. It acted like a sponge for a while, and held the water, and the pilot dropped into an uneasy slumber. Directly he awoke with his uppermost ear full of water and his head soaking wet. The engineer fared no better. He was treated to several leaks, the chief one also in his face, but he slept through most of it. His double duty that day had about worn him out, and I think he would have slept some out in a hail storm.

But it can't rain always. This time it ceased some hour during the night—we never knew—and in the morning when we awoke at six it was only cold, damp and foggy. We were on a royal disgust, and at first dec ded to raise steam and go home, but after eating a hearty breakfast we changed our minds and pulled up to the tow-head, carrying with us a dozen and a half of our decoys. Reaching there, and walking across the tow-head, we found a shallow lake about half a mile long and three hundred yards wide, surrounded by quite a stretch of marshy, boggy lands, with grass, but not a tree or shrub for cover within range of our guns in any direction. The lake was not "literally black" with ducks, but there were a great many flocks of teal and mallard upon it, and these were not wild. After making many wild shots out upon the open ground, and driving most of the ducks away, we carried our decoys across the tow-head to the lower end of the lake, from which a narrow stream of water flowed through the flat into the river, and cut and dragged down willows upon which the leaves were still green, and made a rude blind. From this we got some shots, and killed some ducks, being able to retrieve nineteen and losing others that fell where we could not wade to them on account of bogging, or that were only wounded and swam out of reach. In addition to this we bagged about twenty snipe and plover, making what we considered a good job for the work of an hour and a half. We were due at home that afternoon, and remembering the speed of our vessel the day before, thought best to start in time.

We reached the launch at 1 o'clock, and after eating a big lunch started a fire under the boiler. From the start the thing wouldn't draw. We nursed the fire, we coaxed it, may be swore at it once in a while, but all to no purpose. The best we could do was to get up a terrific smoke, the smallest part of which came out the chimney. We took the powder from a few cartridges and tried to blow her out, but it wouldn't blow worth a cent. At last we concluded to clean out the flues. How was it to be done? They were inaccessible from the top, but in the end we fell upon the idea to clean them from the fire-box. Going ashore we got a lot of long, green twigs, which enabled us to do the work. We had to haul out the fire, but couldn't spare the time to wait till it cooled off, so the fireman took a pair of wet socks for gloves and began the work. The engine was an upright one, and the job of crooking the stick in the fire-box and inserting it into the flues was tedious and, oh! so dirty. But the first twist inside of the first flue told the tale of low steam. It was literally choked up with soot. When he had cleaned about forty flues it was late and he quit and fired up. She drew as if she knew how to do it, and we soon had her under way, homeward bound. Night came on before we got into the Mississippi, and the raw pilot could barely distinguish the outline of the trees on shore. Just before reaching the mouth of Old River we met a Yazoo packet coming up in the narrow and swift part of the river. A heavy fog had come on and the boat looked as big as a mountain. In trying to give her a wide berth the pilot of the Gentle Savage ran his vessel upon a bump near shore, while under full headway, and stuck fast. The skiff broke her chain, but swung around against the side of the launch, and the engineer caught her. The steamboat passed so close to us that her waves came near rolling the little launch over. When she gave her biggest lurch the engineer cried, "By George, she is gone!" and sprang like a leapfrog into the skiff. The pilot stood upon the edge of the launch, hold of a stanchion, also ready to leap. But the little fellow stood the tossing and soon righted herself. Our lantern, however—the only light we had—had gone overboard and left us in utter darkness. This we remedied, in a measure, by using some pine sticks we had for small torches, and splitting up our broom handle when these were gone. It was essential that we watch the water in the gauge and keep an eye on the state of the steam. It kept the combined fireman and engineer busy poking his stick in the fire and then running backward and forward to look at these. Syphoning out once more the steam and the current together carried us off the bump into deep water, but just as this was done we heard the chain with which our skiff was fastened to the launch dragging over the side of the vessel, and we knew the skiff had broken loose. The engineer sprang back there, but barely in time to see the dim outline of the skiff before it disappeared in the darkness, hurrying with the current down stream, with all our game, the decoys, the engineer's auxiliary rifle, the ammunition and sundry other valuable articles. There was no use hunting for the skiff. It could not have been seen ten feet away, so we put the government light on the point behind us and struck out for what the pilot thought was Vicksburg. Getting down there after a while and vainly trying to find our landing, we at last discovered we were only down to the Town of Delta, in Louisiana, and still three miles from home. We got at home at last, but in trying to run up to the fish dock, where the Gentle Savage rested when not in use, we grounded, tight and fast, on a miserable bar, and had to yell to the fisherman to bring his skiff and take us off. The next morning a tug pulled our launch off the bar. And we found that during the night our skiff had drifted down the river and blown into the harbor alongside a steamboat, whose watchman had taken care of everything, and such good care of the game we never saw anything of it. But, as he claimed no salvage, we were glad to call it even. Since then we have never failed to securely fasten our skiff and to see that the flues of the launch were clean. On a subsequent trip we made the run from the tow head to Vicksburg in an hour and a quarter. BUBE H. POLK.

Vicksburg, Miss.

Natural History

DOMESTICATED QUAIL.

RARITAN, N. J., April 20, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I believe that I am the only person in the United States that has succeeded in domesticating the quail; the only one who has raised these birds in close confinement. There is a wide difference between a wild bird finding its own food, and its being fed in close confinement by a person who is caring for it. My quail get nothing but what I give them. When the birds began to nest, last spring, I went into their cage and made their nest. The birds were about as tame as chickens would be. The four females laid a little over two hundred eggs.

The attempts to domesticate quail remind me somewhat of the efforts of a person to invent a piece of machinery; after the first machine is made it is easy to make another. But it has been hard work to domesticate quail.

In the month of December, 1876, I shot a female quail, breaking its wing; and capturing it, brought it home. In the spring of 1879 I procured a male bird from Morris County and mated the two. After the female had laid twelve eggs she commenced to sit, and ten days later died on the nest. The male bird had sat with her on the nest for a part of the time, and after her death he remained on the nest, and August 19 brought off six young. These birds he cared for from that time until they were fully grown, as carefully and attentively and with as much affection as the female could have done had she lived. Of the six quails hatched at this time two were males and four females

I have raised quail as far as the third generation, and believe that if I resided in the country I could breed them as easily as turkeys, but as I live in town, I have but little room for them, only about twenty-four feet square, and consequently labor under great disadvantages.

Any one who attempts to domesticate quail will find it uphill work, for a while at least, but with patience and perseverance I believe that it can be done. A number of my friends have tried their hands at this, but their birds have all died. I think that in time the domesticated quail would change their color as some of mine have commenced to show white feathers in their wings.

I have had bad luck with my quail this winter, all but two having been frozen to death during the extreme cold weather. The two that I now have I saved by keeping them in the house.

I think the importance of domesticating quail is not sufficiently appreciated, but if the game continues to grow scarce, every one must recognize the necessity of some such step. I should be glad to show my birds to any one who cares to see them. HENRY BENBROOK.

Accompanying the above letter was a photograph of four of the quail raised by Mr. Benbrook in confinement.

A NEW HORSE.—A pamphlet recently published by the St. Petersburg Geographical Society contains an account of a new species of *Equus* described by M. Poliakoff. The specimen from which the description was taken, was killed by hunters near the post of Zaisan in Central Asia, and its skull and skin sent to the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences. The describer of *Equus Prjevalski* compares it with the modern horse, and illustrates his memoir with drawings of the new species, and of its anatomy.

AN ASTROPHYTON FROM THE NORTHWEST COAST.—New Westminster, British Columbia, March 4, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A fisherman of my acquaintance, by name Thomas Kinkade, while fishing for dogfish in Howe Sound, caught two strange marine animals, which, so far as I can ascertain, are new, at least in this part of the world; and I am unable to find any mention or description of them in any work to which I have access here; and, therefore, send on to you by to-day's mail for the purpose of having them identified. If they should be known to scientists please let me know their name and give a short description of them, or mention where a description of them may be obtained; if unknown species, I will then take pleasure in furnishing all information possible to be obtained concerning them, which, of course, would only be of any value in the latter case. Howe Sound, I may state, is an arm or outlet of the Straits of Georgia, which said straits are the waters lying between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia.—MOWICH.

Your specimen is an *Astrophyton*, a marine animal belonging to the *Radiata*, the group which contains the Echinodermata, the Jelly fishes and the Polyps. *Astrophyton* belongs in the class *Echinodermata*, with the Holothurians, or Sea Cucumbers, the Echinoids, or Sea Urchins, the Asteroids, or Star fishes, and the Crinoids, or Sea Lilies. Although regarded as belonging to the order *Ophiuridæ*, the *Astrophyton* bears considerable superficial resemblance to some of the free crinoids.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A FISH.—Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Rainier is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining sands, through birch-woods and belts of dark firs to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia

This river is the Cowlitz, and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half-buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but, like the philosopher's nomads, each one had in it the promise and potency of an active life In the water above them little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins were straining their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their scientific curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling.

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlits said over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish, a curious little fellow, only half an inch long, with great, staring eyes which made almost half his length, and a body so transparent that he could not cast a shallow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon, but the water was good, and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. And there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole, for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose" was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into one larger one, and the process of "addition, division and silence" still went on.

By and by, when all the salmon were too small to swallow the others, and too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless and to sigh for a change. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and one of them suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course—PROF. DAVID S. JORDAN *in Popular Science Monthly.*

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. Part III. of the proceeding for 1880 (October to December), contains a number of very interesting biological papers. Among these are two papers by Dr. Harrison Allen, one on The Phalanges of Bats, the other On the Temporal and Masseter Muscles; botanical notes by Mr. Thomas Meehan on Sexual Variation in Plants, on Rain Trees and on Dicecism in *Andromeda Catesbæi*. Mr. Edward Potts contributes a note On Fresh-water Sponges. Rev. H. C. McCook has two very interesting notes on Ants, and Mr. Angelo Heilprin describes some New Lower Eocene Mollusca from Clark County, Alabama, and gives some information as to the stratigraphical position of the beds containing them. Mr. I. C. Martindale's paper on Sexual Variations in *Castanea Americana* is concluded from Part II. of the Proceedings.

The reports of the officers of the academy for the year ending November 30, 1880, indicate that this, one of the foremost our American scientific associations, is in a flourishing condition.

Copies of the proceedings of the academy can be furnished to those desiring to obtain them at $6.25 per volume.

TAME SQUIRRELS.—Cartland, N. Y.—As many articles have been written of late for the FOREST AND STREAM as to the mode of hunting, habits, the variety of color, etc., of squirrels, I would like to bring to notice two white squirrels, albinoes of the black or gray, that I have owned at different times.

It would seem they were both of one litter, as also were two others that were shot, taken to a taxidermist, preserved and mounted. The four were all caught or shot in the same vicinity. The first one taken alive was caught in a box trap, the second one by being run down in the snow, and I could not ascertain that any others had ever been sighted before or since that time, so I infer they all came from the same nest. Dick, the first one I owned, was perfectly tame when he came into my possession. I had, at that time, a black and tan puppy that became so friendly with Dick that I would at any time allow them to play a spell together, without fear of harm to the squirrel. He would come at my bidding from the trees, where I often permitted him to go, of course keeping watch that he did not get out of hearing of my voice. After losing Dick I heard of the second one being caught, which I soon bargained for. When I brought him home he had only been caged a few days and was very wild. I had great difficulty in making friends with him, but finally had the satisfaction of seeing him so he would leave his cage, run up my arm, and sit upon my shoulder. But he would always, if I went too far with his squirrelship, give that warning chipper that I knew meant mischief. Fred was finally sold to Mr. Geo. Chidsey, of Elmira, to mate one that he had. They were bargained for, and were to be sent to a gentleman in England, for quite a sum of money. Unluckily, Fred was found dead in his cage a few days before the date for shipping. MIC.

YOUNG BUBO VIRGINIANUS.—Elmira, N. Y., April 29.—While trout fishing two weeks ago I came across a young owl on the ground directly under a tree in which was the nest. The young bird is covered with down, and is about the size of a common foot-ball. That is, the feathers and down make it look nearly round. I am feeding it on raw meat. Can you inform me if that is a suitable food for so young a bird, and also how often to feed; am pretty sure this is a horned owl as the feathers commence to grow out on the side of the head and look like horns.—A. H. W.

Feed meat three times a day, but do not give it too much.

INTESTINAL PARASITES IN A WOODPECKER.—Boston, April 29.—A day or two since when stuffing a woodpecker (yellow hammer or flicker) while examining the inside of the body I came upon two worms—one about four and one-fourth inches and the other a trifle over two inches. The larger of the two was entirely white with the exception of a dark streak through part of the body which I took to be the food of its intestines (?), the other white and apparently mottled by grayish black spots or rings. Never have seen anything of the kind before. Do you think they might be tape worms, or do birds have that sort of parasite? The bird had been shot about twenty-four hours, but could not see any trace of life in either of the worms. They were found in the belly of the bird and close to the back—not in the intestines. Would you kindly answer what you think, if not too much trouble?—H. J. T.

The intestinal parasites which you found were not tape worms if they were not in the intestines. If you still have the specimens better send them to Dr. A. S. Packard, of Brown University, Providence, R. I., the authority on such matters in this country.

CAT NURSING SQUIRRELS—Oskaloosa, Iowa, April 18.—At Auburn Post Office in this, Mahaska, County Mr. Stephen Foster has a common house cat of the female persuasion, that has a litter of kittens. There is nothing remarkable about that, of course, but there has been an addition to this family that is rather strange to me. Mr. Foster's boys recently caught some young squirrels, and took them to the house and placed them on the floor near where the old cat kept her family. No sooner was this done than old tabby claimed them as her own. She carried each one into her

box where they have been for over ten days, receiving a great deal more attention than the balance of the family. The old cat will allow her kittens to crawl out of the nest, but she will not allow the squirrels outside at all. A good many of our citizens have visited Mr. Forster on purpose to see this, to us, new and strange family.—W. L.

A TREE CLIMBING SNAKE.—Twin Lakes, Fla., April 20. I saw, while hunting, not long since, a water moccasin lying on the body of a six-inch pecan tree which might have leaned a trifle from perpendicular, only a trifle, though. His head was down, and body laid straight as an arrow up the tree, which was smooth and straight. His neck (if snakes have necks) was bent to one side two or three inches back of his head, rest of body perfectly straight. Did he crawl down the tree in this position, or how did he take it? It was certainly very odd and new to me.—S.

ARRIVAL OF BIRDS AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.—Song sparrows, arrived March 7; meadow larks, 13; robins, 15; cow blackbirds, 15; bluebirds, 16; cherry birds, 23; crow blackbird, April 6; redwing blackbirds and mourning doves, 7. Snipe have not made their appearance yet.—W. P. D.

DEATH OF AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.—Lieut. Karl Weyprecht died March 29 of consumption at the age of forty-three. He was, with Lieut. Payr, the discoverer of Franz Josef and in the Austrian Arctic expedition in 1872-4.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—One white-haired porcupine, *Erethizon dorsatus*; one red-shouldered buzzard, *Buteo lineatus*, and one rough-legged buzzard, *Archibuteo lagopus*—were purchased. one white weasel, *Putorius ermineæ*; two opo-sums, *Didelphys virginiana*; one virginia deer, *Cervus virginianus*; two rabbits; two raccoons, *Procyon lotor*; one skunk, *Mephitis mephitica*; three screech owls, *Scops asio*; three red-tailed buzzards, *Buteo borealis*; one Carolina wren, *Thryothorus ludovicianus*; one sulphur-crested cockatoo, *Cacatua galeritis*; one red-shouldered hawk, *Buteo lineatus*; one turkey vulture, *Catharies aura*; one canvas-back duck, *Fuligula vallisneria*, and one duck hawk, *Falco communis anatum*—were presented. One rat kangaroo, *Hypsiprymnus rufescens*; one great kangaroo, *Macropus giganteus*; one dingo, *Canis dingo*; one zebu, *Bos indicus*; one Bactrian camel, *Camelus bactrianus*, and one raccoon, *Procyon lotor*—were born in the Garden.

Game Bag and Gun.

HOUNDING VS. STILL HUNTING.

WE begin the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. The particular points of the inquiry were as follows:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?

2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?

3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?

4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and its effects.

5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?

6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?

7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?

8th. What is the open season for deer?

9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

In addition to the following communications, we have on hand, and will publish from week to week, letters from J. P. F., Hunter, Still Hunter, Edw. Norton, Rifle, S., J. W. S., C. Fenton, G. F. W., H. B. Roney, D. F. McD., G. R. B., Adrian Ondack, A. C. C., The Whooper, and H. G. These writers are scattered over the country, and the mass of testimony thus furnished is of corresponding value.

MAINE.

Having visited and thoroughly explored a tract of country lying between the headwaters of the Passadumkeag, Narraguagus and Union rivers, this fall, during the hounding season, I will endeavor to give your readers the benefit of my observations.

The tract alluded to is bounded on the west by Brandy Pond, north by Nicketonas Lake, east and southeast by Eagle and Alligator Lakes, and south by William's or Great Pond. It comprises a tract of land which may be roughly computed as six by twelve miles square. Nine-tenths of this tract is "old burnt land," part of it densely and part sparsely covered with a second growth of poplar, birch and maple; and scattered throughout the territory are small unburnt swamps, so thick as to be all but impassable, into which the does and fawns retire at the approach of the rutting season. On the east side of the tract there is an extensive ridge of old-growth, hardwood timbers. No better cover or feeding ground for deer exists in this State. It is safe to say that no season has passed, for twenty years, that has not witnessed hounding in some, and frequently all, of the lakes above mentioned, and my surprise was boundless when I found twenty deer to every one which was to be found there when I visited the place ten years ago. It is needless to state that this was not *because* of the hounding, but *in spite of it*, and wholly owing to the splendid facilities for cover made by the growth of the timber during the ten years of my absence, it being too small to afford the necessary protection at that time.

There were gangs of men and hounds at every one of those lakes this fall. Twenty-four deer were killed in Eagle Lake, presumably twice that number at Nicketonas, and very few at the others. The fact that deer abounded throughout the entire length and breadth of that tract furnishes an unanswerable argument in favor of those who hold that hounding deer does not drive them out of the country, and, I must confess, completely revolutionized my ideas on the subject. The music of the hounds could be heard in almost every direction, and yet the deer appeared totally unconcerned, and we obtained two nice bucks which jumped up ahead of a small Irish setter which accompanied us.

Hounding in this section is practiced as follows. From one to four canoes are placed in the lake (according to its size) with usually two men in a canoe. They lie concealed near the runways, where experience has taught them the deer usually take water. Perfect silence and quiet is necessary when the deer approaches the beach. If he strikes boldly in and swims away from the shore, his return is cut off and his capture certain, but if he courses along the shore, in shallow water, in a direction opposite to that from which the hunters are concealed, he escapes for the time being, and has to be given another run; and some of them are so wary in this respect that their capture is a matter of no little difficulty. Perhaps I ought to state that there always has to be a spare man to put out the hounds, and when all are canoeists they usually take turns. Some hounds can be turned loose and will scour the forests till they start a deer, paying no attention to any but the freshest track, others will potter for half a day on an old one, and have to be led till a fresh track is found. Formerly ten deer were killed in this State by still hunting to one by hounds, but as the deer grew scarcer the proportion killed by hounding increased, until these figures have become nearly reversed. More are killed in this manner by nonresidents than by residents, but the numbers killed by visiting sportsmen (properly so called) are comparatively few.

There is, as is well known, a law prohibiting hounding at any and all seasons in this State, but it is not enforced, and I doubt the propriety of attempting to do so, as the great majority of our business men stand about the same chance to kill a deer by still hunting that a camel does to go through the eye of a needle, or a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. It would be better to repeal it, as the way it stands at present any gentleman who has got a deer during the season, with hounds, feels a moral restraint which prevents him from complaining of the man who butchers them when they are floundering helplessly in the crusty snow. But there is a strong feeling against the use of hounds in Washington county and the eastern part of Hancock county, which is fully shared by their senators and representatives, and a repeal is not practicable.

As for still hunting, there are two ways of following up a deer on light snow. Both have strenuous advocates, and both are equally successful when practiced by a master of the art. The most common mode is to creep on the track with all the silence and softness of a cat, to avoid the breaking of a twig or the crushing of a stick under the feet, and to act at all times as though the deer was within half a gun shot, watching for the hunter, with every sense alert. The other, and more rarely adopted method is to travel at the highest rate of speed which the hunter is capable of sustaining through the day, trusting to his quickness of hand and eyesight to beat the deer at his own game. I have seen this method followed, with great success, by a few who were peculiarly adapted for it; and it has this great advantage, that in noisy, crusty hunting, one will have decent success under this mode, when it is impossible to get a deer by creeping. A law permitting hounding, but prohibiting shooting in the water, would not be practicable here, as shooting deer on their runways is almost unknown, right royal sport though it be.

About the middle of December, at the close of the rutting season, the older bucks retire to the most impenetrable swamps, there to remain till their antlers drop off, no matter how shallow the snow may be, while the does and fawns herd together, usually selecting their feeding grounds on the heads and along the banks of small brooks, the extent of their travels being wholly regulated by the depth of snow.

In conclusion, I would state that it is my unalterable conviction that deer will increase and multiply no matter if they are hunted in all and every manner known to man, provided that none are killed in any manner between Jan. 1 and Aug. 1. Jack and crust hunting should be relegated to savages, or the still meaner white man who has none of the instincts of the hunter except the desire to eat when he is hungry.

PENOBSCOT.

ONTARIO.

The very able defence of "hounding deer," by "J. C. H.," in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 24th February, hits the nail squarely on the head, and I am sure will be read with pleasure by the hundreds of gentlemen sportsmen who take an annual "outing" in the backwoods of Ontario, seeking health and recreation and very necessary rest from the excessive brain work of the other forty-eight or fifty weeks.

My experience extends only to the Muskoka and Nipissing districts, the counties of Haliburton, Victoria and Peterborough, but I have, in company with a few friends, paid that section a visit every fall for the last sixteen or eighteen years, doing a little hunting and fishing, having a good deal of canoeing and camping out, and returning home in better health and spirits, and in better humor with ourselves and all mankind. We go ostensibly to hunt deer, which being something to look forward to, carries us over many trials and hardships. Some of our trips extend seventy-five or one hundred miles into the wilderness, in canoes, with fifteen or twenty "portages" or "carries" of from one hundred yards to three miles in length, and varying from a good Indian trail through a clean, dry and comparatively level hardwood forest, to a climb over a rocky ridge four or five hundred feet high, and any amount of fallen timber, or through an almost impassable cedar swamp, full of roots to trip one at every step, and sink holes which have even a greater tendency to send one headlong, especially if he has a fifteen foot canoe on his shoulders, and his hands occupied with rifle, etc. These inconveniences are passed over lightly, and are forgotten in anticipation of soon hearing the exhilarating music of the hounds.

On returning to camp in the evening, the following and similar remarks are frequently heard: "I never heard a sound of deer or dogs all day. *If I could have only heard the dogs giving tongue for awhile*, I should have been quite satisfied!" The country is principally composed of granite ridges, cedar swamps and small lakes, with an occasional stretch of hardwood. The lakes are so numerous that there are said to be no less than fifty-two in one particular township, therefore the only possible method of hunting deer in the fall is by hounding them, and they can hardly run a mile in any direction without coming to a lake or river. Some few are shot in the woods, but rearly all after they have taken to the water.

My experience goes to show that shooting on runways is pleasant sport for the hunter, if he be a good and quick shot, but it is rather the reverse for the poor deer. It is no exaggeration to say that not one in twenty are "killed in their tracks," that we so often read about, perhaps 60 or 75 per cent are wounded; a few may not go more than two hundred or three hundred yards, and can generally be found, the greater number can travel for miles before being overtaken by the dogs, and worried to death, or being left to die by inches, in either case the hunter never hearing any more of them.

The other method, shooting them in the lakes here, calls for no little skill and judgment. The lakes are mostly small, the larger ones being long and narrow. A deer can swim them almost before the hunter dare show himself, and when pushed they swim almost as fast as a man can paddle a canoe. In proof of this I know it to be a rare thing in our country for a party of five or six gentlemen, with as many guides, to kill more than eight or nine deer in a two weeks' trip. It being a common occurrence for one or two members of a party to never see a deer on the whole trip, except those brought to camp by their more fortunate companions. Your correspondent, "Adrion Ondack," is about right when he says "Deer have many ways of fooling both dogs and men." If some of those gentlemen who talk of "being paddled up to a deer to slaughter it in the water," would learn to "paddle their own canoe," and rely on their own resources to get the deer, and leave their guide at the camp to have dinner ready on their return, or make himself otherwise useful, I rather think there would be less of this kind of talk, unless it came from some of the disappointed ones! When a man does get within easy shooting distance of a deer in the water, the deer is almost always killed, preventing future suffering to the animal, and making it of service as food.

Still hunting is practiced here after the first snow fall, which usually occurs about the end of October, away into the close of the season, by both settlers and pot hunters, the latter killing them by wholesale, and selling the meat to the lumber shanties at four cents per pound. When it becomes a drug there they ship it to a market, or as much of it as does not spoil! I have known two men to kill more deer than a lumber gang of fifty men could be induced to eat. It is considered poor work indeed if each hunter cannot average one deer a day, Sundays included. In one case, in the back part of the county of Peterborough, one still hunter killed nine deer in one day.

It is a very rare thing indeed to hear of sportsmen still hunting in this section of the country. The weather is so very changeable, the country so very difficult of access when the lakes are partly frozen up, and life in a tent not very pleasant just then.

Deer have a worse enemy than the pot hunter in our country. Wolves probably destroy more than all other agencies combined. With a crust on the deep snow, the poor deer are completely at their mercy. We have a Government bounty of four dollars, which is sometimes supplemented by a township or county bounty of two dollars, for the scalps of wolves.

In reply to your fifth question, I can safely say ten deer are killed by settlers and pot hunters to one killed by sportsmen.

Sixth.—The game law of Ontario has been amended so that it is now lawful to hound deer only between the 1st of October and the 15th of November.

Seventh.—A law permitting hounding, but prohibiting killing deer in the water, would be useless and impracticable.

Eighth.—The open season for deer in Ontario is from the 15th of September to the 15th of December, with two weeks to market venison in.

Ninth.—Deer congregate or herd in "yards" during the continuance of deep snow, in the winter, in the lumber woods, where there is plenty of fallen timber to browse on, or until dispersed by two-footed or four-footed wolves.

They seem only to diminish on the approach of the settler, there being as many to-day as there were twelve or fourteen years ago on some of our old hunting grounds not as yet invaded by the advancing footsteps of civilization. It is a noteworthy fact, in this connection, that after the lumbermen have culled the best timber off from a section, and have moved farther on, deer have again become plentiful.

In conclusion, if it were made unlawful to hound deer in the section I am writing of, it would put a stop to deer hunting, as far as sportsmen are concerned, and would be a benefit only to the pot hunter, the settlers being quite willing to see a party of gentlemen hunters come among them and engage them at two or three dollars a day, each canoe and dog fifty cents per day extra. I could name a party, partly New Yorkers and partly Canadians, whose expenses on a two weeks' trip to Muskoka, last October, exceeded one thousand dollars, after leaving Toronto. Settlers get all the venison they want, and do not begrudge the few deer killed by the sportsmen, for which they are so well repaid by having these little extras thrown in their way. G.

WEST VIRGINIA.

In calling for information upon this subject, the FOREST AND STREAM has taken a wise step toward the solution of a much vexed question. To the minds of many sportsmen, however, it is already solved. With a bigotry and unfairness which, happily, is not characteristic of them, they see but one side. Having made up their minds that hounding is reprehensible, they would stop it by any means, even shooting down the poor dogs whenever a safe chance presents itself. But the man who undertakes, in this manner, to redress what he conceives to be a wrong, can hardly be classed among sportsmen.

If our legislators would recollect what an important part game laws played in the early history of England, perhaps some of their now latent wisdom might be aroused. The abrogation of the Forest Laws was an important step toward that freedom of which we are the heirs. In those early days, to hunt with hounds was a courtly pastime, while still-hunting was followed by poachers and pot hunters. Time seems to have reversed matters, and we now find the still-hunter seeking to put himself in the position of the ancient nobles—no one must hunt except as he dictates.

As yet we can have no national game law, and it will be well if centralization never reaches so far. Our game laws can be adapted to the necessities of localities, and we think that some localities may properly admit of hounding. In West Virginia, where I have hunted for a number of years, the death of a valued hound is often followed by an unpleasant occurrence—a cracked head, for instance. Let us look for a moment at the results of hounding in that country. One bright morning, several years ago, I went out with an old darkey guide to start the hounds. Our ground had been run over all the season, and when we reached it several packs of dogs were making the woods ring with their harmony. A still-hunter would have sworn that not a deer was left in the woods. I thought differently, however, and climbing slowly up the mountain, I uncoupled five hounds, one at a time. In less than ten minutes I had four bucks running, and might have as easily started a dozen. In conversing with an old resident that day, I inquired how long hounds had been run upon this particular mountain. "You must ask some one older than I am," said he, "they were run there before I was born." Here, then, is a piece of deer forest in which the deer have been hounded for at least a hundred years. Of course the deer have become scarcer, but they seem to be in goodly numbers yet. After the ground had been hounded over all last season, a party went out still hunting in the snow, and reported tracks so thick that they could not follow the deer.

Does any one suppose that all the deer within the sound of a hound's voice get up and flee? Not a bit of it. Indeed, even after they discover they are pursued, they will dodge around for some time before leaving their native woods. The popular belief is that deer are always sure to be killed when once started. I have hunted with hounds for twelve years, and during that time have seen many escape. I feel perfectly sure that out of every three deer started two escape, and once free they are as sure to return to their old haunts as the bee to his hive. It would be well to pass a law prohibiting the killing of deer in water, for here they have less chance of escape.

The deer's feet are its best protection, and in the economy of nature they were surely meant to be hounded. My observation has led me to believe that ten times more deer are killed by still hunting than by hounding. Many things besides bad shooting aid the deer in escaping when run by hounds.

Hounding is condemned on the ground that it is "unsportsmanlike." If we could get some one to define "sport," we might get at this charge. If the example of past ages were followed, hounding would rank as the highest sport. But, after all, the amount of skill required is the best test of the sport in shooting. Frank Forester tells us that he would as soon stand on Broadway and shoot omnibus horses as to shoot deer on a runway. This was doubtless very gratifying to that class who condemn everything they don't indulge in, and also to the class who affect sporting ideas. At best this assertion is but a piece of nonsense.

The skill required on the runway, to hit a deer, is equal to that of the still hunter; the excitement is greater. But let us not waste words in fruitless argument. Every one to his taste. We prefer the joyous music that makes the welkin ring, and the noble greyhound that springs from the leash with eager bounds. If the still hunter prefers to crawl upon his victim and shoot it down, perhaps in its very bed, we do not object. We insist, though, upon being let alone.

Not long since these columns informed us that Canada had passed a law permitting any one to kill a hound found running deer. This is the noblest manifesto we have yet had from the advocates of still hunting. Is it not barbarious? Killing an innocent brute, set on by its master, and following its best instincts. Suppose we wished to protect quail, and a law was passed licensing any one to kill a pointer found standing a bird. The cases are similar—who will justify either of them? SYCAMORE.

GAME IN WESTERN FLORIDA.

MONTICELLO, FLA., April 16.

THIS is an excellent point for visiting sportsmen to adopt as their headquarters. The western coast affords splendid fishing—sheepshead, weakfish, channel bass and all fine salt water fish. Excellent duck shooting can be had at the same time.

In the lakes plenty of black bass, perch, pike, etc., can be found in any number, some of the bass weigh fourteen pounds. Those desiring to try their hand at larger game can, in this vicinity, hunt bears, wildcats, possums, raccoons, deer, turkeys, etc. The country here is high, slightly rolling and very healthy. The scenery is beautiful. Most of the sportsmen seeking good sport miss it by going to Jacksonville. The fare here from New York by steamer is $30. I left New York on January 15 and arrived here, in Monticello, Fla., on the morning of the 19th. I had six dogs, and it cost me $3 per dog by steamer to Savannah, Ga. The dogs were in a comfortable place in the lower deck. I took the precaution to provide them with a bundle of straw each. I had them chained in a space about forty feet square; this made an excellent place to exercise them in, and instead of being tagged out when they reached Savannah they were as fresh as when they started. I then bought a through ticket to Monticello, *via* the Atlantic & Gulf Railroad, which cost me $2 per dog. The dogs thus cost me $30 for fare and about $5 more bonus to baggage master. I left New York on Saturday 15, on Wednesday 19 killed forty quail, and for two months I have had just such kind of shooting. Board here, at first-class hotels—can be had for $20 per month. The town of Monticello, or rather city, for it is incoporated—is a beautiful place; the roads are well kept, and there is a first-class livery stable. Here, instead of high prices, as at Jacksonville, the visitor will find reasonable rates for everything. Tallahassee is thirty-two miles from here; Jacksonville one hundred and ninety miles. The people are polite and hospitable to visitors. W. W. T.

THE EVOLUTION OF A WING-SHOT.

NORTH ANDOVER, Dec. 16.

THE first fifteen years of my life were spent in Maine, where game was quite plenty, and my love for field sports began, if not with my existence, very soon after, and now, as I write, my mind goes back to those happy days of youth, and in imagination I climb the beautiful old hills as of yore. At first my arms were a wooden gun with a cross bow, and the trusty dog was brown and white, with a curly tail; his pedigree was—well, for short, let it be called a cross between a hunter and a findit, and his training was carefully done by nature, and does so well that the dog never failed to find game. Besides the bow-gun and dog, I used a steel trap and box trap, the former's spring, being too much for my weight and strength, had to be set at home by placing the spring under a heavy wagon wheel, then, by swinging the pole to one side, the wheel would roll on and press down the spring, when I would set the trap, and swing the carriage pole back until the wheel would roll off the spring, leaving the trap ready to be carried perhaps miles away, and concealed in some place which experience had taught me was frequented by game. As I grew older, a shot gun took the place of the bow, and my field of operation increased, and I became quite an expert pot hunter and snarer.

Although skilled enough to behead a stationary barn swallow with a little muzzle-loading pistol, and to seldom miss a sitting shot with the shot-gun, wing shooting never occurred to me as among the possibilities. No one then did it in that vicinity, and I had never seen it done. But one day I was fortunate enough to fall in with some sportsmen from Connecticut, who took an interest in me, because I was thoroughly acquainted with all of the best game districts in that section, and they presented me with a copy of the *American Sportsman*, which was the first I had ever seen. It was read and re-read, for although it did not contain so much valued information as grace the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, yet it was valuable indeed to me. It contained a few hints on wing shooting, and well do I remember my first attempt. I went alone, with my gun and an old tin coffee pot, to a back lot, where my practice would not be broken by spectators. Holding the cocked gun in the left hand, the coffee pot was thrown into the air, with all my strength, with the other, and bang went the gun before it touched my shoulder. A race to the tin pot told me it was a failure, ditto the next, and so on until my supply of shot failed. But I was not discouraged. I knew what experience it cost to learn what little I knew of pistol shooting, and I looked upon wing-shooting as far beyond anything I had ever seen, and I expected to be obliged to practice long and patiently, and so was quite astonished when, at my next practice, the old coffee pot was knocked quite out of shape at nearly the first shot. I had got over the first excitement, and not knowing how much allowance to make for the motion of my target, was determined to find out for myself; so I commenced by shooting several feet ahead, lessening the distance each time until no allowance at all was made, when, as they were straight away shots, the result was a success. After a little more practice I could hit with a degree of certainty. My next step was for a public exhibition, and finding a playmate I proposed to throw up my hat for him to shoot at, if he would do the same thing with his for me. He agreed, and the result was that my hat was untouched while his was riddled, and my reputation for shooting on the wing was made without my ever having shot a single bird on the wing. Yet the key had been touched, and soon I could do tolerably good work. I could not shoot "five or six ruffed grouse in succession," and I am not ashamed to say, without an apology, that I cannot do it now, and I do not know of any one who can do it without picking the shots.

The writer thinks that our whole sporting community is covered with an illusion caused by the unscrupulous exaggeration and bragging of many would-be sportsmen, who, wishing to make themselves appear very expert, not only tell all they can of their own success, but can collect of those they meet on their trip. We are extremely fortunate in having so reliable a medium as the FOREST AND STREAM in which to record our experience for the benefit of others, and I say let us not be trying to drag to the front rowdyish bragging or attempts to cap off every difficult shot or feat with a pull at the flask. And just here I come to what I most particularly wish to say. To protect our game we must stop this tinkering on our game laws, for we already have more law than sentiment, and the word sportsman is so mixed up with drinking, gambling and so many other evils that our honest farmers can see nothing else; nor will any undertaking succeed as long as we allow so many gambling rowdies to break in and corrupt and dispel our rifle matches, our field trials and every other laudable undertaking. My idea is that to protect our game we must make sportsmen of those snarers and pot hunters, instead of hurling all sorts of damaging missiles in their direction. Instead of condemning them for setting a snare and catching a bird, because they have sportsman's blood in their veins but have not sufficient skill and knowledge to bring the bird to bag after it has sprung from its hiding place and is speeding away with that ever-to-be-remembered whirr. Perhaps a few instructions and a little encouragement would fan that spark, which lies nearly buried in that young snarer, to a perpetual blaze, and warm his ambition to make a skilful, expert sportsman. There is much good nature throbbing in the great rural heart, and much enjoyment for those who know how to draw it out. Let those who are gentlemen conduct themselves as such. Let us remember that the farmer on whose land we shoot will judge us by what he sees of us. Let us remember that a gentlemanly deportment is necessary to command respect, and if we receive much enjoyment and good treatment, let us return something for it. Appreciation will be much better than nothing, and is all that will be received in many cases. G. W. E.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

AT last the uncommonly stiff back-bone of our worst Michigan winter since 1841 is broken, and the heart and stomach of the sportsman is proportionately gladdened. I can give readers of FOREST AND STREAM certain facts concerning recent operations hereabout which will open their eyes, but I beg them not to suspect me of romancing. The sober truth is remarkable enough to make it worth while to put it on record. Thus, a few days ago, R. S. Fay, of Boston; H. H. Brown, of Cleveland, and Hon. Andrew Jackson, of Sault Ste Marie, went down to Point Mouille to shoot ducks. Inside of two weeks they killed upward of a thousand canvas backs, red heads and blue bills, but (and now look out for the big figures) seven hundred of the thousand and more were dropped by these bold warriors from Saturday to Thursday. Think of that destructiveness, ye mewed up men of business to whom fare and tret is the *bete noir* that stands ever in your path with fierce and wide open jaws, waiting to devour you! Can you imagine a five days' gunpowder revel like that on "grounds that may show even a greater record before the Spring packs up its carpet sack?"

Congressman Lord took a guest's run down to the same marsh the other day, where the boys gave him some of the finest shooting he ever had. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, a member of the North Channel Club, and an unerring shot with rifle or shot gun, equally at home with big and little game. Mr. Fay, the Boston enthusiast, of whom I spoke in the opening, says he belongs to many clubs, and has shot over most of the crack places on two continents, but his recent experience at Point Mouille discounts anything in his previous achievements of that kind. He assured me this morning that it was the best shooting he ever knew. Friend Banks can indorse his estimate, I do not doubt, for did not he pilot one of the famous Irish rifle team to that identical spot once upon a time within the memory of the present historian? That same Mr. Fay, in partnership with H. H. Brown of Cleveland; L. B. Jewell, of Hartford and Ed. Nichols, of Battle Creek, in this State, is building a private cabin at the Point (they are all members of the club, you must know). The new ranch is to be 20x40 feet on the ground, containing four bed-rooms, and a large sitting, reading or reception-room running the whole length of the structure through the middle of it.

I have information that the Indians are spearing immense numbers of black bass at the St. Clair Flats and selling them for the Detroit market, where they command on sight ten cents to a shilling a pound.

Migratory ducks have practically left us for a more northerly latitude, though mallard, teal and wood are still with us, of course. Still they have not shown up in anything like their numbers last year, a fact which is attributable to their feeding places being so long frozen up. Snipe are extremely scarce for the same borealic reason. You could not get one for your supper though you should offer a kingdom for it. I have not heard of any around here though I have made repeated and searching inquiry.

Geese are on the wing in millions, to speak within bounds. Old observers say no such spectacle has been seen here before within the period covered by the utmost stretch of their recollection. To me it is certainly a wonderful sight. Down at the mouth of the river and far out in Lake Erie wild swan are also gathered in surprisingly large numbers. I do not quite know what this argues, but I dare say most persons who read this letter can tell me all about it.

SPRING-TIDE.

TWO RATS—ONE TRAP—Ways Station, Bryan Co., Ga., April 24.—The following extraordinary thing happened here a few days since, viz., two full-grown rats were caught at a time here the other day in a small steel trap, one by the hind leg and the other by a front leg. Now, as the trap was set by a hole, said rats must have been in a great hurry to say the least. I never heard of a similar case. There are also very few rats on my place, which makes the affair all the more strange.—GEO. L. APPLETON.

SPRING GAME NOTES.

Coon Rapids, Iowa, April 18.—The geese and ducks have come in thousands. I was out three days ago, and in two hours had four mallards and two geese. I have just had an invitation from a farmer (he has about fifty acres of corn out yet) to go to his place and shoot the geese, ducks and cranes out of his field. He says he will build me a blind and board me until they are gone if I will keep them out. I will do it or burst the gun. We have had prairie chickens in thousands around all winter. I can't find any quail; think they are all dead.—W.

Bedford County, Va.—Snipe have been fairly numerous in their usual haunts this month, and several duck have been shot. I hear it reported from the mountains that there is a very large stock of trout in the streams this year, as was anticipated there would be. Before two weeks are out I hope to have tested that fact in person. In a letter of mine some weeks ago in which I mentioned that "old bar's" were in their usual abundance and that schoolboys had had big times with them in the snow, a typical error made me write "old bars," which, with the context, must have appeared a somewhat startling statement to those of your readers who are credulous as to Southern matters.—RINGWOOD.

Haverhill, Mass., April 22.—Woodcock have returned in fair numbers, and if they are not molested we shall have something to shoot at next fall. I have heard very good accounts of quail and think there will be more in this section next fall than for years, as there are more to start with. A few snipe have been seen, but not enough to waste time on. In reading G. W. Edwards' article I was glad there was one sportsman in this section willing to help protect our game birds. There are enough sportsmen in this place to get up a good club for the protection of fish and game, and keep the pot hunters out of the woods at this time of the year.—SACHEM.

Oskaloosa, Iowa, April 18.—In regard to our quail I think the greater portion perished during the past terrible winter. I can hear of scarcely any birds being seen since the snow has gone, save those found in fence corners and along hedges, frozen or smothered to death, and, I think, it will take three years at least, provided that none were shot during that time, for them to recover what has been lost in the winter. We are having very high water here this spring, and more ducks than ever known before. Our sportsmen are having a glorious time and are making some splendid bags.—W. L.

Wellsville, N. Y.—Woodcock are with us again. I have seen quite a number of partridge (ruffed grouse) this spring, and I do not think our severe winter thinned them out more than usual.—F.

Rochester, April 28.—I have heard of no extensive bags of English snipe being made as yet. It has been exceedingly dry since the snow left, as there has been no rain until to-day. A warm rain would probably bring birds. Twelve birds to two guns is the best day's work I have heard of.—B.

DISHONEST EMPLOYES—New York, April 26.—On the 22d inst. I sent by Dodd's Express, eleven head of game, including four brant from Jersey City, to my residence in this city. They were firmly tied together and fastened securely to the handle of my satchel; they were checked as baggage from Mannahaukin to Jersey City. As the train approached Jersey City I gave the check to Dodd's Express Agent, and received from him the usual receipt. Late in the afternoon my satchel and game arrived, but two of the best brant were missing. As this was the second time I had game stolen by employes of the same express company I thought it time to inquire into the matter, but on making complaint at the office I was told that my claim would not be allowed, and that I was to blame myself for not getting a receipt for the number of game I had. This is probably true, but when one intrusts his goods to a first-class express company he should feel that they are safe. But experience teaches. In the meantime I would warn sportsmen against sending their game home by Dodd's Express unless they can keep it under their eyes the entire time it is in their charge.—I. E. M.

It does not appear that the birds may not have been taken by the railroad employes. Our correspondent's experience should teach others to be particular to obtain a receipt particularizing the heads of game intrusted to the express agents.

THE SINK BOAT AGAIN.—Cheers for "Sink Boat." I am heartily glad to see some one come forward in defense of this most abused method of ducking. In your issue of April 21, "Sink Boat" uses the same argument that has often occurred to me. It is not worth while to repeat it, but I cannot understand the perversity of some of the sporting fraternity who will hide in a deer lick or shoot from the most deceiving blind they can construct, and always with the desire to kill as many birds as possible, and yet denounce their friends who are enjoying themselves in sink boats. You may say what you please about slaughter, but I have yet to know the man who takes his gun to the bays with the intention of killing so many birds and no more. On the contrary, he hopes for a big bag; and if his expectations are fulfilled, he comes home highly elated with his success. But if his neighbor sees fit to use a box, and is equally successful, the former calls it butchery. We, who find exciting sport in the sink boats, propose to follow our inclinations just the same in the future, for no lover of real sport, having once used one would ever return to a dull old blind where shooting, or rather waiting for a shot, grows monotonous on your first day. Let sportsmen who want to have genuine fun next season hunt up a sink boat.—CUTTER.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association will be held at the Royal Arcanum Room, Music Hall, Brooklyn, Friday evening, May 6. All are invited to be present.

SPORT IN TENNESSEE—Dyersburg, Tenn., April 20.—The winter here has not damaged the quail crop. Wild turkeys are abundant; one man killed six in less than one minute near here a few days ago, and another one killed five. They are brought to town nearly every day. The boys all have

rifles, and are thinning out the game rapidly. We are about twenty miles from Reelfoot Lake, the great breeding and fishing grounds for our black bass, striped bass, white perch and other fish. Reelfoot was formed by the great earthquake in 1812, is thirty miles long, by five to seven wide, and is teeming with fish, duck and geese, and a few swan. Squirrels are "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." They are gentle, and and are very fat and juicy The young ones are now half-grown, and will be mature very soon. It is not an unusual thing for a good hunter to bag fifty in a day. One word about guns. Why does not some one manufacture a .32 cal. magazine gun? We have lots of the .38 cal., but it is too large for small game. Who will be the first to make such a gun?—T. L. W.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—We see it reported in a Boston paper that "the Messina quails which Messrs. Peter Jerris and J. P. Longley, of Lewiston, set free on the farm of Mr. Longley's brother in Greene last fall have returned to the farm in large numbers. They are the first returned quail heard from of the hundreds imported by our Maine sportsmen last year."

THE NEW JERSEY GAME LAW.

THE game law passed by the late Legislature of New Jersey is one of the worst pieces of legislation of this character ever put into a statute book. The Legislature of 1880 closed the woodcock season until September 1. The Legislature of this year, without waiting to allow that law to produce good results, has opened the season from July 1 to August 1; closed it during August, and opened it again from September 1 to December 16.

The second section of the new law is as follows:

"2. And be it enacted, That no person shall kill, take, expose for sale, or have unlawfully in his or her possession, after the same has been killed, any ruffed grouse (commonly called pheasant), or quail (sometimes called Virginia partridge), except only between the last day of October and the last day of December, in any year, or any rabbit between the last day of October and the first day of December in any year, under a penalty of fifteen dollars for each rabbit, grouse or quail killed, taken, exposed for sale, or had in possession contrary to the provisions of this section."

The intention of this law was to make the open season for rabbits from October 31 to December 1, but, as a careful reading of the above section will show, the law really makes from October 31 to December 1 the only closed season for rabbits, so that they can be shot at any other time in the year. Even without this error the new law would be supremely ridiculous, for what sportman can remember so complicated an arrangement as makes rabbit shooting end on December 1, woodcock shooting on December 16 and quail shooting on December 31? Every one who knows anything about practical game protection knows that quail hunters will, as a rule, kill all the rabbits and woodcock that they can during the whole of December.

It is surprising that practical sportsmen, like Senators Lawrence and Vail, did not defeat this law in the Senate or show the Governor why he should veto it.

L.

[Another correspondent, "J. R. B.," is informed that we printed the law from a printed copy furnished to us by a member of the Senate. That copy does not contain the blunder pointed out in the above communication respecting the rabbit season.—ED.]

Notes and Incidents.

GATHERED FROM EXCHANGES.

—The Spanish bark Odulia, from Liverpool, now lying at Welch, Rithet & Co.'s wharf, has on board a tame walrus or sea-lion. This animal was captured by Captain DeAbortiz thirteen years ago, while cruising in Behring Straits. It was then a "pup," was trained by him, and has been his constant companion on all his voyages ever since. He is called "Senor," and answers to his name or to a blast from a silver whistle blown by his master; but if blown by any one else he pays not the slightest attention to the call. He eats bread and meat, enjoys tea and tobacco. He is as passionately fond of beer as an old toper, and on many occasions has become gently "tight" from imbibing too heavily. When caught he weighed 19 pounds, but he now turns the scale at 411½ pounds, has two enormous tusks, measures 6 feet 3 inches at the girth and is 8 feet 4 inches long. As the Captain good-naturedly remarked, as he showed the brute to a few visitors, he is becoming "one big noosance." In bright weather he sleeps in the sun on deck. During heavy blows he resorts to a kennel, but when the weather is calm he leaps overboard and sports about the ship for hours, catching and eating fish. When tired of swimming he is hauled on board in a great iron basket. On one occasion, off the Cape of Good Hope, a great shark tackled Senor, laying hold of one of his paws and biting off one of his toes; but Senor dove, and, coming up under his enemy's belly, ripped him up with one thrust of his great tusks, and devoured him with savage cries of delight and satisfaction. He is very fond of the Captain, and when the latter is absent from the ship for a day or two he manifests his uneasiness by a thundering noise not unlike the sounds that might be emitted by two or three scores of dogs barking in chorus. Senor is perfectly docile, allows himself to be patted on the head, and is very susceptible to kindness.—*Victoria, B. C. Colonist.*

—A few years ago some kindly enthusiasts, among whom the late John Keast Lord and Frank Buckland were leading spirits, made strenuous efforts to stock our woods, moors and rivers with strange flesh, fowl and fish. We were to eat eland steaks, and luxuriate on sterlet and corregonus, which alone of all the finny race has the property of never satisfying. We were to have prairie fowl, blue grouse, and pintails from the Western woods and prairies, while salmon was to be sold on costermongers' barrows as sprats and bloaters are at present. But, somehow, nothing came of their projects. There was a good deal of experimental eating and drinking; several hopeful reports, and some indigestion. And then the the Acclimatisation Society faded from public recollection. Tinned meats, cold-air storage, and Anti-Game Law Associations seem to have been too much for it. Nevertheless, in the freer atmosphere of the newer worlds, its scientific progeny flourish apace, and are busy bringing to our remotest dependencies the salmon, trout and birds of the Old World. If, as some ethnologists assert, the European is not yet naturalized in America, the horse, the ox, and the sheep which he introduced three centuries ago certainly are.

It is not yet a hundred years since John Hookham Frere and a number of other ingenious young gentlemen of the University of Cambridge were speculating as to whether the Antipodes could ever be a self-feeding settlement. Already the land is covered with millions of kine and sheep, and in some of the Australian colonies the wild horses are becoming a public nuisance. As for the rabbit and the thistle, which the patriotic Scot imported, they have long demanded the attention of the Legislature. They have cost the squatters and the Government thousands of pounds, and even yet it is questionable whether they or these prolific immigrants will conquer in the struggle for existence.—*London Standard.*

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MAY.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salmo fontinalis.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or Porgie *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Pollock, *Polachius carbonarius.*
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*

The Pretentious Angler, to use a favorite expression of the lamented Dickey Riker, once Recorder of the city of New York, is one "that prevails to a great extent in this community." This gentleman has many of the qualities attributed by Fisher, of the "Angler's Souvenir," to Sir Humphrey Davy. If he has attained the higher branches of the art, he affects to despise all sport which he considers less scientific; if a salmon fisher, he calls trout "vermin;" if he is a trout fly-fisher, he professes contempt for bait-fishing. We have talked with true anglers who were even disposed to censure the eminent Divine, who has so ably and with such labor of love edited our American edition of Walton, for affectation in saying of the red worm, "Our hands have long since been washed of the dirty things." The servant should not be above his master, and certainly "Iz. Wa.," whose disciple the Doctor professed to be, considered it no indignity to use them, nor was he disgusted with his "horn of gentles." But the Doctor was certainly right in deprecating the use of ground bait in reference to trout, when the angler can, with a little faith and less greed, soon learn the use of the fly.—THAD. NORRIS.

AN ANGLER'S LIFE.

I've thrawn the lee thae sixty year,
Ay, sixty year an' muir,
An' mouie a speckled troutie kill'd
Wi' heckle, heuk an' hair;
An' now I'm auld an' feeble grown,
My locks are like the snaw;
But I'll gang again to coquet-side
An' take a farewell thraw.

A CHARMING book* is given to his brothers of the rod by Mr. Henderson, who tells us that he is now 61 years of age, and as ardently attached to the noble sport of angling for salmon and trout as ever. For the pleasure he has given us in this handsome volume we hope that he may continue to enjoy his angling for many years more, for his portrait looks like a hearty man, and one who would be a good companion on the stream, or in the bivouac.

How the above verse touches the heart of every one who was ever truly a boy, for "all are not men who wear the human form," and many men were never boys, as some of us were. He says: "The acquisition of his first fishing rod is always an era in an angler's life, and well do I remember the circumstances which led to my possessing one. Prowling along the river bank in search of minnows I came upon two boys apparently possessing a joint interest in a fishing-rod which projected over a willow bush. Youth is a period of freemasonry, and I was soon on good terms with the strangers, who proudly exhibited the results of their sport—three small eels strung on a willow twig. How often did we take them down and carefully measure and re-measure, wash and re-wash them, flap their tails when they showed signs of returning life, and discuss the important question as to whether they were members of the silver or golden eel families! It was not in human nature to witness such joys unmoved, and soon I was bold enough to request from my mother the sum of eighteen-pence, for which I proposed to pawn my weekly stipend of three-pence. Behold me now the proud possessor of a 'two-piece rod,' glowing with bright vermilion and rich in a brass ferrule!"

From this time our author was an angler. At eighteen he fished with a young friend who aspired to fly-fishing. He tells it: "A gravel bed was selected as the spot most appropriate for donning our tackle; my friend took the lead and was ready first; the 'feed' had just come on. A score of blue-duns were floating in the water, while round his head went my friend's line, and a sharp sting within my nostril made me scream aloud. Not seeing his cast fall, as intended, the rod made another circle, but the instinct of self-preservation enabled me to grasp the line and save myself the dreadful wrench that would have followed. What was to be done? On examination the hook was found deeply imbedded in my unfortunate nostril. I was on the point of running off to Rothbury in search of help, when my friend, with a gravity more becoming his profession (for he was an embryo surgeon) than his years, undertook the case himself. 'Lie down upon the ground,' he said, with a tone of authority. 'Shut your eyes.' I obeyed. Another sharp sting and the offending hook was extracted and lying in my hand. Many were my thanks, and warm my admiration of the operator's skill. 'Don't mention it,' said he, 'I never had a lancet in my hand before; but as I got my first case of instruments last week it seemed a good opportunity for trying them.'"

We cannot quote the whole book; and find that we must leave the angler at eighteen, while he writes at sixty. But we so admired the man who forgot that he had been injured by the man who hooked him in the nose, at a time when he was not taking flies any way, and thanked his awkward companion, instead of ducking him, that we had to quote it, to show the stuff our author was made of. We are all loveable men if the world knew us!

*"My Life as an Angler." By William Henderson, author of "The Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders." With Woodbury portrait and twelve woodcuts, engraved by Edmund Evans. A new edition. London: William Satchell & Co., 12 Taylstock street, Covent Garden, W. C., 1880.

FISHING ON THE CARP RIVER.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

HERE we are, H. C. Lonnis, my chum from Columbus, O., and our old friend, Capt. David Smith (whom we dub "Old Reliable"), of Cheboygan, Northern Michigan, leaving on the steamer Mary bound for the Carp River on the North Peninsula, with traps and provisions for a ten days' trip in the wilderness where we are to fight mosquitoes and catch trout.

Leaving Cheboygan about 5 o'clock in the evening we have a pleasant run of eighteen miles to Mackinaw Island, where a stop of about an hour gives us ample time to get supper at our choice of the miserable hotels, and then a run of five miles to Point St. Ignace, our intended course from there being northwest along the extreme northern shore of Lake Michigan, twenty-two miles past St. Helena Island, which we expected to row or sail unless lucky enough to strike one of the very few steam-tugs which ply around the shore gathering fish from the ponds. The captain of the Mary said this was the evening for the fish-tug Martel, but unless she had been detained up the shore we would miss her. By this time it was half past eight o'clock, raining, and not a very agreeable outlook. The captain of the Mary said he thought the lights of the craft off to starboard were those of the Martel. The little fish-tug running in at this moment, all our traps were duly stowed on board, and the little craft was off without ceremony. Fish? Well, I should think so. The smell was so strong I was afraid I should trip on it. The bow of the boat is filled with boxes, with covers—I guess more properly called cases—in which fish are carried from point to point, and on each side of the wheel-house and engine-room are boxes about eight feet long, two feet wide and two and a half feet high, used for scooping the fish into the boat from the pound nets, and for assorting them.

The boat was filled with the worst lot of drunken fishermen I ever saw—French-Canadians—and they made a wild night of it until 1 o'clock, when we were landed at our destination. All were good-natured—lucky for us—but full of "Injin whisky." One of them, a big six footer, weighing not less than 200 pounds, sat down on our big two-handled basket filled with provisions, and the top course being five dozen ginger cakes. "Here, stranger, get up if you please, you have sat down on our basket of provision" Up he rose, turned right around and sat down on it again, harder than ever.

As we ran into the dock at St. Helena Island, the moon was shining brightly, bringing out the residents and the shipping lying in this, the handsomest little bay I ever saw. I only wished I could have an opportunity of visiting this place in daylight. The approach is far prettier than that of Mackinaw. We follow up the shore about ten miles further, when we launch our boat, and, getting all our goods aboard, a good long whistle or two from the tug brought some one with a light on the dock, which the captain said was about a quarter of a mile off, and for which we pulled, the tug steaming off and we not regretting to part company. On the dock we found two men, who helped us safely stow our traps in the warehouse; after which we take possession of a couple of rude bunks kindly tendered us, and we are soon dreaming.

We were up in the morning and on our way by 7 o'clock for a twelve mile trip on wagon to the Carp River, over a Michigan pike, *i. e.*, a lot of trees cut down in order to drive over the stumps. We landed safely at the upper logging dam about noon Saturday. Here we dump everything, and the wagon leaves to call again Monday and take us by road five miles down the river, from which point we expect to run to its mouth in our boat, which we had rented at Indian River. In the afternoon we fished for trout and with moderate success, catching a string of fair size and excellent quality. Sunday a little incident occurred which I will always recollect with the greatest of pleasure, illustrating what many others have noticed—that wild game not being familiar to the sight of man have nothing to fear. A short distance above us a corduroy bridge spans the stream; several times when we had been on this bridge a red squirrel would come down from his tree, jump on the bridge and chatter away at a great rate, running quite close to us. This afternoon he came down again, and running around me and under my foot, which I had raised on the rider log. Thinking to try the little fellow I reached down my rod toward him and he jumped on to it, within three feet of my hand. The team came by 10 o'clock Monday morning, and at a little after 12 we were again on the banks of the Carp. The team again left, and we had before us a trip by this stream never before undertaken by a fishing party, and variously estimated at from forty to sixty miles by people who knew all about it, but had never been on the river.

We start off and float a hundred feet, when we have to climb out; and then the boat goes along all right—with one man pulling and another pushing. Here is a bend in the river, water deeper, all aboard, around the curve, and all out again. We kept this up for about an hour, but found no improvement in the river. We pulled our boat over bars, roots, trees, stones, briars, etc., and floated it over pools and worked our best to make the railroad cut, five miles below, until 6 o'clock, when we camped for the night, my chum celebrating the event by catching a trout weighing just one and a half pounds.

Tuesday morning it rained until about noon, when it cleared, and we were on our way again. The water was deeper after a couple of hours' run; we could ride with ease, and take in all the fine looking pools with satisfaction. About six o'clock we pitched tent at an old deserted logging camp. Thus far we have pushed ahead too hard, have, in fact, been in too great a hurry, and we resolve to take matters more easily and to go slow.

Wednesday morning we were out bright and early, taking advantage of the beautiful morning and the cool, fresh, bracing air, and after a turn at a couple of trout pools in our vicinity, we are off again. But a short distance is traveled before we sight a long, deep, black looking pool on the outer curve, about fifty feet long and about fifteen to twenty feet wide, while on the inner curve the water was quite shallow. "Stub er up; run 'er over there, Cap.; up to the bank in the shallow water; no noise!" Out goes my chum's line, and in less than two moments a half pound trout is in the bottom of the boat. Out goes my line, zip! and I have in

the bottom of the boat a beauty, 16½ inches long, and weighing one pound and ten ounces. We each of us catch one or two more at this pool, when they slack up and we are off again. If the fish don't bite we do not wait for them, but float along and try another place.

This river is so crooked that it would put to shame the river—so called—connecting Crooked and Mullet Lakes, on the lower peninsula. Here we are on the point of a V, very narrow and a quarter of a mile long. Could we have crossed overland twenty-five feet would have saved half a mile. These sharp turns have no good fishing places; it is in the long, round swing where we find them. We keep up this stopping at all the best looking pools until about 5 o'clock, when we again pitch tent, and, as is our custom, make a bed that is hard to excel. Layers of balsam boughs, lapped from the front to the back of the tent, like a shingle roof, with a number of extra layers at the head, a rubber blanket immediately over, with three thicknesses of blankets following, with covering, make a bed that my experience teaches me is better than any other contrivance I have ever tried. None but good-sized trout were saved during the day, and we have twenty-four and a half pounds of dressed trout—not very bad for a legitimate day's sport, besides all the small ones returned to the stream, and three hearty meals for three hungry men. This day will always remain as a bright and shining spot in my memory.

Thursday morning we are off again. It is a beautiful morning. We floated along, fishing and enjoying the grand air until about 1 o'clock, when we ran afoul of a logging-dam, and a couple of lumbermen here, from whom we learn the river is full of logs from about a mile below the dam to its mouth, a distance of a number of miles, that it would be impossible for us to go down any further. We send to the mouth of the river for the only team within a radius of twenty-five miles. A drizzling rain sets in about 3 o'clock, and about 4 o'clock the team comes—mules—and John Donnell, the teamster. I wish I were an artist, I would like to have sketched this specimen. Height, six feet on the stoop—don't know how high he would be if straightened up; big brimmed, greasy old slouch hat; pants and coat of many colors; both hands in breeches pockets, and a "gad," about ten to twelve feet long, stuck under hisarm; whiskers all over his face, very unevenly clipped close with shears; front teeth out, the balance black, and an old stub pipe with some terribly smelling tobacco sizzling away in it. "That's a nice team of mules," we ventured to remark.

"Yes; purty fair, but yer better not go too clos' to 'em as that 'er off mule's a leetle light behind"—a demonstration which we were witnessing.

Our boats and traps safely on the wagon-bed, and tied down both fore and aft, our "Old Reliable" takes the trail, while my chum and myself climb on the boat to ride. We stood it I guess 200 yards, and walked the rest of the seven miles, and right glad of a chance. We arrived safely at the mouth of the Carp, and took a tug Friday morning to Point St. Ignace, a little town stretched along the beach for more than a mile. From here we went on to Mackinaw and to Cheboygan, from which place we started a week before.

I wish to take this opportunity of personally and publicly thanking Dr. J. A. Henshall for his very able, interesting and valuable letters on fly-fishing for black bass, which have appeared in your columns. The same I have duly transferred to my "FOREST AND STREAM scrap book," and prize highly.

Columbus, O. FRANK N. BEEBE.

THE VICISSITUDES OF ANGLING.

ON Tuesday afternoon, July 20, while driving from Compton to Sawyersville, in the Eastern Township, P. Q., I went several miles out of my way, over a bad road that led through an almost unbroken forest, to visit a mill dam, where trout were reported to be both numerous and large. I fished that small body of water faithfully for at least a couple of hours and killed but half a dozen small trout, mere fingerlings, which satisfied me that information obtained from countrymen on sporting matters is not to be relied on. As I was slowly driving back over the grass-covered path, my horse, a valuable young Plough Boy mare that I had recently purchased, tempted by the green grass at her feet, suddenly threw down her head to catch a hasty mouthful, when she stepped on the long martingale that was dangling between her bit and girth. A moment later her head was free of both bit and headstall; then, with one wild look backward, she was away at full speed. Before she had run a dozen yards the high wheels of my buggy struck a log, which sent the writer out against a stump, whack! Though the stump uttered not a word of complaint against that violent embrace, every bone and muscle in my whole body found expression in the loud "Oh!" that followed. I slowly unwound myself from that stump, and with much pain regained the perpendicular position, head up and limped out to the road, where I found my fishing rods, carriage-rug, etc., and a little further on one wheel, minus the hub. I left these things as I found them and hurried on to learn the fate of my horse. A mile distant, at the edge of the clearing, I saw a man and a couple of towheaded boys standing beside a heap that lay in the ditch. As I approached nearer I was accosted with, "Weel, mon, I hev her head oop so sheil na' smuther." There in the ditch lay the mare quietly, with the wreck of my new Dexter buggy piled atop of her. An hour later a farmer's haycart might have been seen leaving that spot loaded with my traps and the smashed up buggy. Seated on top of this pile was a soiled, disconsolated-looking fisherman leading a lame horse, which was so covered with mud that its natural color was indiscernible. After a weary ride of six miles we arrived at Eaton Corners, where my team was laid up for repairs. The next day I drove out to Lennoxville and took the cars for a distant station, so as to get away as far as possible from the scene of my mishap.

Yesterday I had occasion to go to Kinnear's Mills and Leeds. My fishing tackle was left at Eaton, excepting a couple of flies and casting line on my hat. I obtained a slow and reliable "Kanuck" for my trip, and borrowed the only fishing-rod in the place—a cheap affair. Thus rigged, I determined on my way back from Leeds to try the Osgoode and Thames rivers for trout. I reached the Osgoode late in the afternoon, and after tying "Kanuck" fast to the fence, I got my rod together and made my way through the raspberry bushes up above the old mill, which stands within fifty yards of the roadside. Where I approached the stream a large pile of driftwood lay along the bank in the water. At my first attempt to make a cast with that rickety rod my flies caught in the outer edge of the floodwood. A "swirl" proclaimed a rise, and I saw the back fins and broad, square tail of a large trout as he returned back under cover, after his unsuccessful attempt to take one of the flies. With a long stick I carefully loosened and secured the flies, and passed on up the stream to the next pool, where I practiced casting until I got the hang of my rod. Here I caught a pre ty one-quarter pound trout; and after ten minues I returned to my first position and carefully made a cast near the edge of that pile of rubbish. There was a rush, and *spiz-z-z-z* the line goes singing through the water. I sprang out on the pile of floodwood, so as to keep the fish away from it, and away he sped out into the centre of the pool. How he tugs and pulls! A three-pounder if he's an ounce! After a severe fight in and out of the water he shows himself motionless on top. What a beauty! He'll weigh nearer four pounds than three. Suddenly, with a big splash, he's off again, with more fight than ever. Yes, he will go over four pounds. I know that by the way he pulls. No lighter trout could pull so heavy and strong. Skip he goes out of the water, a full foot or more, and churns the water to a foam by an angry slap with his tail as he falls back. Won't he make their eyes stick out when I show him at the hotel? Ha! ha! he's getting well tuckered out. A little more play and then to land him is the question. My landing net is with my rods, but I don't think that I'll need it, for he now leads well and I will bring him alongside of this log, then slip my hand down the line and catch him behind the gills.

"And out he comes from his accustomed haunts
Mourned by his sisters and his cousins and his aunts"

Hush! I have him almost in my grasp. I give him the butt a little harder to bring him nearer, when—flop, he is off the hook! With a languid roll and a lazy wag of his tail, head downward, he disappears from view under the driftwood. Bah! I don't believe he would weigh two pounds, even if one and a half. It's all moonshine to imagine or think that so small a river contains anything but brook trout. They may occasionally grow to the size of one or one and a quarter pounds, but never larger.

I silently reel up my line, unhitch Kanuck and proceed on my way, fully determined not to fish any more that afternoon; for, without a lauding-net to land your trout, half of the sport is spoiled. But when I arrived at the Thames, where the bridge crosses the river at the head of the big rapids, the sight of the foaming water and deep, dark pools down between those wild, overhanging cliffs, which are verily abodes of large trout, overcame my recently formed resolution, and I again tied up Kanuck to the fence and prepared for work. A large mill formerly stood near the bridge, but had been burned down. The rubbish had been cleared away, leaving the foundation walls bare, and workmen were preparing to erect another mill there. I walked out on the outer foundation wall where I could cast into the pool below the dam. A single workman was at work on the flume inside the walls. The rest of the men were engaged framing the timber some dis ance away. Drawing off a long line I made a cast, then more line, and raised my rod to make another cast, when the wind suddenly whiffed around and carried the flies far down behind me. I bring the point of the rod forward and feel a tug. Then I am greeted with a howl from that lone workman. "Och! Ough! ye murd'rin' divil! yees hev yer pizen hook in me ar-r-m. Oh! oh! oh! murdther! murdther!" I instantly approached the edge of the flume and tried to quiet him with the assurance that I had a fleam in my jack-of-all-trades knife with which I could easily cut out the hook. "Coot it out!" he yelled. "Bad luck to ye and the man that sired ye. Come near me and I'll cut yer blundering head off, that I will. Bad luck, bad luck to ye, ye long-legged spalpeen!" I had no particular wish to give him an opportunity to put his threat into execution, and as the wide and deep flume was between us I told him that I presumed that he was fond of fishing and I would make him a present of those flies, and that he could rely on my word that one was a genuine Montrealer and the other a gray palmer—just the cast for large trout. I cut the line and advised him to go home and let his wife take them out at her leisure. As I was driving away the other men, attracted by the noise, approached. I explained to them that I was leaving a couple of my best flies with their companion at the flume, and that he was so overjoyed with my present that his joy seemed to know no bounds. After the first mile, I drove that calm and quiet evening slowly back to the hotel, silently commenting on the little incidents and uncertainties connected with trout fishing, and firmly resolved, first, never again to drive a horse with a long martingale unless with a check rein; also, second, to see that the coast is clear behind when I attempt to make a cast against the wind with a weak-jointed rod.—STANSTEAD.

LAWS FOR BLACK BASS.—There is need for an inter-State legislation on the subject of many fresh water fishes, and especially for the black bass in waters which lie between States. New Jersey has just forbidden black bass fishing before July 1, while both New York and Pennsylvania permit it one month earlier. This affects waters which lie between the States, and causes the Newark, N. J., *Sunday Call* to say: "Anglers are somewhat 'in a mix' over the recent act prohibiting catching bass in New Jersey until July 1. The Pennsylvania law allows them to be caught on and after June 1. These conflicting laws, when applied to the river Delaware, which we all know forms a dividing line between these States, puts the bass fisherman in a quandary as to his rights in the matter. The same difficulty exists in regard to Greenwood Lake, the waters of which are in both this State and New York. We would suggest that when he catches a bass before July 1 he should be careful to land him on the Pennsylvania or New York bank." New York allows the black bass to be caught on June 1 in all waters except Lake Mahopac or Dutchess County and in Lake George. In the two former the date for catching is July 1, and in the latter July 20. In all waters which lie between States, as Greenwood Lake and the Delaware River, there should be concurrent legislation."

BUFFALO IN THE FORKED DEER—Dyersburg, Tenn., April 18.—All day yesterday the long bridge over the Forked Deer, at this place, was crowded with people, watching the thousands and tens of thousands of buffalo fish, rolling, splashing, slashing and cutting up generally. This is their season, lasting two or three days, and as this river is out of bank, they have taken the overflow and are out in shallow water, from one to three feet deep, and can be seen in multitudes that no one can number, whirling along in pairs and dozens, their tails and fins sometimes six inches out of water. They weigh from ten to thirty-five pounds, and are a good table fish, though inferior to our black bass. For miles and miles they are to be seen, and the moment the river begins to fall, they go back to the bed, leaving millions of eggs clinging to limbs, driftwood, brush and anything they will adhere to. It is almost impossible to go in the back water and find a limb or drift without eggs clinging to them, and as this is the case for miles, some idea may be formed of the immensity of their numbers.—T. L. W.

VIOLATION OF LAW.—Onondaga Valley, N. Y., April 15, 1881.—I met a party resident of Upper South Bay, Oneida Lake, yesterday, who, to show his regard for the game law, exhibited cord for two pound nets, claiming that, law or no law, he was going to net the lake as he had done for the past twenty years. While ducking last fall I think there were at least sixty pound-nets between Bridgeport and Upper South Bay. To-day, in a peddler's wagon, I saw suckers, bullheads and pike from Oneida Lake. Who believes they were caught with hook and line? Yet none of the local game constables interfere. On Otisco Lake there has for the past week been a great deal of kerosene burnt and big hauls of pickerel made by spearing—of course they are an inferior fish, but at the same time the law protects them (in name). You can see from ten to forty lights any night, and they will average thirty fish to the boat. The lake was stocked with trout five or six years ago, and should the spearers see one, of course he would pass it by. On Skaneateles Lake they spear trout, openly defying any one to prevent them. Up to this date there has been no trouting. The wind has held in the northwest since the 21st of March, and until we get a change of wind and rain the trout will not take bait.—DOO.

TROUT IN NEW BRUNSWICK—Sugar Brook Camp, York Co., N. B.—The trout fishing is earlier than usual. John Stewart, Supt. N. B. & C. R., caught a few very fine ones on the 23d, the first of the season. Water very low; no rains yet. Soon as rain has fallen rip fishing will be at the best. Ice is fast melting in the eastern lakes of the St. Croix. The first open water will yield the best land-locked salmon fishing. Salmon are fast leaving these lakes, owing, I believe, to a lack of small fish, their principal food. Last spring, at the proper time, I went to Fifth Lake, where, five years ago, they were in great abundance, and found not one, nor even small fry. Formerly the shallow basin below the upper dam would be alive with them. The bears are trying their legs a little, but have not reached the camp. I am placing out traps in readiness.—WARFIELD.

THE TROUT HOG IN RHODE ISLAND.—Newport, April 18.—In Lawton's Valley, some four miles from here, is the only trout stream that we can boast of, and that is quite small. There are ten fishermen to one fish—viz, men who call themselves disciples of Izaak Walton. I should call them pot hunters. One of the "disciples" while fishing there this spring made an embankment of earth and stones across the narrow part of the stream, and walking up a short distance cut a willow rod, and with it splashed the water as he returned to his embankment, then using his creel as a scoop net, captured thirteen trout, and the entire weight was one and one-half pounds—then brought them to the city for sale. Was this "disciple" a true sportsman?—TROUT.

SEINING IN THE NIAGARA RIVER.—The Niagara Falls *Gazette* says: For some years past annual complaints have been made about the employment of seines in the Niagara River. The complaints this year are not only as numerous as heretofore, but are specific, naming the location and the parties using the seines. All our sportsmen are interested in having this suppressed. It is not only a violation of the law, but it is leading to the destruction of some of the best fishing grounds in the State. Not only are the nets drawn, but others are anchored so as to prevent the fish from going in directions where the seines cannot be easily used. We call the attention of the Game Constable to the matter, and trust he will investigate the river bank from here up as far as his jurisdiction extends, and also have authorized deputies to see that this business is stopped. We also recommend that our sportsmen take steps to aid in this matter.

TROUTING IN THE SNOW—Oswego, N. Y., April 19.—I desire to record the opening of the trout season in this country by the magnificent creel of two handsome trout, captured by N. Wright and brother, of the "Leather Stockings" of this city, upon April 15. The season is very backward, snow water flooding all the streams, and the gentlemen who made the effort referred to were forced to fish from advantageous perches upon snowbanks, which were from two to six feet in depth at many points along the course of the brooks. The weather is cold and backward, but a strong wind and sun must soon diminish old winter's bonds, and within a month I hope to have a worthy basket to report.—LOUIS H.

PRESERVING FISH FRESH.—An Austrian scientist claims to have discovered that fish can be kept perfectly fresh for many days. He impregnates them with a weak solution of salicylic acid, by means of hydraulic pressure, and then packs them in casks and pours gelatine over them, which prevents their becoming stiff and dry, as well as keeping the air from them. He says it does not affect their flavor. They should be soaked in water, which restores their freshness.

STRIPED BASS—Red Bank, N. J.—A few striped bass are being taken at Port Monmouth, N. J. The largest thus far, fifty inches in length, weighing 62½ pounds, trying to escape the meshes of the law, got insane (in seine).—WILD.

ANGLERS who may wish to learn of fishing resorts about New York may do so by applying at this office, as per notice in another column.

AN EIGHT-POUND SHAD.—A shad weighing eight pounds was recently caught in one of the pound nets at Saybrook, Conn. It was exhibited at Bronson & Fitzgerald's, Hartford, on April 19.

Read of, procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong, healthy and happy.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Oh, why will you let that fatal friend suffer that Hop Bitter will so certainly cure.

A chance to secure good shooting at Barnegat Bay is offered to our advertisements this week.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from Messrs. J. C. Grubb & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., their catalogue of guns in stock. It includes many of the best makes.

REPEATING MAGAZINE RIFLES are rapidly supplanting the single barrel guns for shooting large game. The manufacturers of the Ballard rifle have added to their stock a new arm of this description—the Martin repeating rifle—which has every appearance of being a durable and effective weapon.

Fish Culture.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

ON the subject of the necessity for continuing the appropriations yearly, the Brooklyn *Eagle* recently said: "The importance and necessity of cultivating fish for food long since passed beyond the range of controversy. In every State in the Union the subject is receiving the careful attention of the authorities. This is especially true of the commonwealths bordering on the seacoast, where the fisheries furnish occupation for many citizens and food for many more. In the Empire State the culture and protection of fishes enlisted the active and intelligent efforts of a considerable body of public spirited citizens, whose labors have been unquestionably productive of great good. The gentlemen engaged in the work have given their time to it without compensation, and their endeavors have been crowned with practical and beneficial results.

"In the culture and care of fish one of the most important agencies at work during the past ten years has been that of the New York State Commissioners of Fisheries. The commission at present consists of the Honorable Robert B. Roosevelt, the distinguished president of the American Fisheultural Association; Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, of this city, one of the largest dealers and experienced fishermen in the country; Mr. Richard N. Sherman, of New Hartford, N. Y., and Mr. E. M. Smith, of Rochester, N. Y. The expenses of the commission in the pursuit of its labors have been paid for during the past decade by an appropriation from the State, the amount being $15,000 per annum. Considerable excitement and some disappointment was occasioned last year when Governor Cornell vetoed the appropriation which had been put in the Supply Bill. The veto was based on the Governor's belief that enough had been done in the line of fisheulture by the State for the present. The Commissioners of Fisheries and those who take an interest in their work, hope that they will this year receive better treament from the authorities. The sum of $15,000 has been provided for in a bill now before the Legislature, its passage is regarded as a foregone conclusion, and the commissioners hope to convince the Governor of the advisability and importance of approving the appropriation. A strong effort will be made in this direction for the benefit of Long Island where so great a proportion of the fisheries' interest is situated.

Mr. Blackford, of the commission, was questioned, and said:

"The Commission has done a great work in the past, and we hope to be able to continue it in the future. Much will depend, however, upon whether we get the required appropriation from the State. All we ask is $15,000, and this amount is urgently needed. At least one-third of the sum should be expended on Long Island. In no portion of the State is there to be found such a large fishing interest as on the shores and in the streams of Long Island. It is of the first importance that this great interest should be watched over and preserved. Already some marked changes are noticeable. Not more than five years ago the catch of Spanish mackerel in Gravesend Bay was from 3,000 to 4,000 pounds a day. During the past two years no Spanish mackerel whatever has been found in that vicinity. On the south side of Long Island, the tract including the Benson property at Montauk Point, the waters used to yield from 300,000 to 500,000 pounds of this delicious and game fish each season, while last year the catch was not more than 2,500. Spanish mackerel were formerly very plentiful all along the Long Island coast. They were caught in great quantities all along the south side of the island and at various points in the Great South Bay. They are now extinct in all the waters throughout that region. We know of no reason for this unless that it be they were taken in greater quantities each year than they were naturally produced. The decrease became noticeable some time ago, but it was only within a very few years that the fish entirely disappeared. The departure of this delicious fish from these waters is greatly to be regretted, and if their absence can be remedied it should, in the opinion of the Commission, be done at once. It is proposed, if we can get the desired appropriation, to restock the waters at those points with young Spanish mackerel from the Chesapeake Bay.

"It is proposed and intended to establish at some convenient spot on the south side of the island a hatching house for the artificial propagation of sea bass, striped bass, porgies and sheepshead. Such an institution is greatly needed and would be of inestimable value. It is the sincere desire of every member of the Commission that we should have it. I have made visits of inspection to several points in the vicinity of Babylon and on the east end of Long Island, at the Montauk Point or Benson property. Should it be decided to have the hatching house at the east end, I am sure that Mr. Benson will afford every facility. I have obtained a lease of the entire fishing privilege of Montauk for years. It embraces twenty-two miles of the best fishing ground in the United States, and if it is thought desirable to have the hatching depot there I shall give the project all the assistance at my command. Mr. Benson is greatly interested in the subject of fisheulture. When Governor Cornell vetoed the appropriation last year, Mr. Benson called upon me and said that if anything in the fish-hatching interest suffered and we needed any funds we could call upon him for $5,000. He has extensive fish preserves on the island, and has stocked many of his ponds with carp.

"The people of Long Island have been practically deprived of the benefits of the Caledonia hatching house. Any one desiring to stock any of the Long Island streams was compelled to pay the expenses of transportation and $3 a day to a man to come with the fish in order to secure their safe delivery. In fact, the conditions under which it had to be done were almost prohibitory, the amount required to stock a single stream being from $50 to $100. A certain amount of our waters, especially ponds, will be devoted to trout culture on Long Island. The island possesses advantages for trout culture which we can find in no other part of the State. The fish seem to find their natural food and grow with extraordinary rapidity in its streams. An illustration of the adaptability of the island to trout culture is found in the fact that there are more private trout-culture establishments upon it than in any part of the State. It is fairly dotted with trout preserves from Maspeth to Sag Harbor. If the authorities take the matter in hand the production of trout will be vastly increased."

AN ICELAND EVIL.—A serious fact with a serious moral is recorded by Mr. St. George Mivart in a late number of the *Contemporary Review*: "The egg of a certain tape-worm may be voided by some dog into a stream or rivulet, and if such egg be accidently drank in by a human being it grows into a kind of bladder-worm, the ravages caused by the growth of which are so serious that in Iceland (where the social conditions lead to the maintenance of many dogs) it is estimated to be the cause of one death out of every seven. So great is the evil that the Iceland Legislature, some years ago, ordered that all the dogs of the island should be simultaneously purged and their excreta burned. These facts with regard to the dog, show that the filthy, unclean habit in which so many ladies indulge, of allowing their lap dogs to lick their hands and faces, is a practice not unattended with danger."

THE MINNESOTA COMMISSION.

THE sixth and seventh annual reports of the Minnesota Fish Commission for the years 1879 and 1880 are contained in one. There were great numbers of "California fry," by which term, we suppose, the quinnat salmon is meant, on hand at the close of 1878. They were placed in a pond near the hatchery and flourished until Jan. 1, 1879, when a change of temperature to 20 deg. below zero came, followed by 35 deg. below. This chilled them so that they refused food and great numbers perished. A favorable change in the weather seemed to revive the living until another cold snap in February thinned them out again. Still 41,000, by actual count, were distributed. The brook trout at both Red Wing and Willow Brook have been healthy and prolific, and from them 261,000 fry have been distributed.

At the beginning of 1880 another great swarm of life occupied the hatchery, filling every available inch of room, and, remembering the previous experience, the fry were kept in the troughs, where many were lost from overcrowding, but not so great a mortality as in the previous year. A singular fact was the appearance of whitefish in Lake Elmo where none had been planted. It is thought that they came by the underground passage from White Bear Lake, five miles away.

Mr. Geo. W. Seymour, of Taylor's Falls, writes that several schools of salmon have been seen by Mr. Tripp, of Chisago Lake, the schools numbering fifteen to twenty in each one and the fish from ten to twenty inches long. Two quinnat salmon were caught in the Mississippi River, near Bahnholtzer's brewery, May 22, 1879, with a trolling-spoon. They weighed over four pounds each. Mr. John J. Rhodes, of Red Wing, caught a small one on a minnow while bass fishing, and a dozen or more were caught at different places.

As was hoped for and suggested last year at the meeting of the Central Fisheultural Society, U. S. Commissioner Baird has directed attention to a systematic plan of stocking the Mississippi River with salmon. The details are in the hands of his assistant, Mr. T. B. Ferguson, who sent two experts—Messrs. Ellis and Saurhoff—to examine streams and locate a hatchery, which they finally erected at Willow Brook. It is expected that this will be a grand work. Ponds have also been built for the German carp.

THE CARP AND ITS CULTURE.*

BY RUDOLPH HESSEL, SUPT. U. S. CARP PONDS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

4.—STOCKING THE PONDS AND CARE OF THE FISHES.

To carry on carp culture in a regular and judicious manner, several ponds are required, according to the various purposes they are destined for.

1. The hatching pond.
2. The breeding pond.
3. The culture or regular carp pond.

The hatching pond serves more particularly for natural impregnation and hatching, or rather for natural propagation generally, by placing a number of male and female fishes into the pond. Here the females drop the eggs, during the spawning season, upon aquatic plants, where they are impregnated by the male.

In stocking ponds, three females are calculated to two males, sometimes twice that number, per acre. The females bear a great number of eggs, as has been remarked before, but the smaller number only are impregnated; neither do all these come to life.

The most liberal estimate will not exceed the number of from 800 to 1,000 young fishes to one spawner, the aggregate per acre amounting to from 4,000 to 5,000.

It is scarcely possible to say what is the most desirable number of milters and spawners for stocking ponds, as the views on this subject differ widely in Europe. I believe, however, the above to be correct, and it is accepted as such by all extensive establishments.

The above mentioned result will be much more favorable if the old rule, now unfortunately almost forgotten, is observed, to feed the carp which are in the spawning pond shortly before and during the season of spawning, so as to prevent their searching for food, which generally leads them to eat their own eggs. After the fish have laid their eggs they must simply be removed from the ponds, which prevents their eating the eggs. This useful rule, formerly much practiced in Europe, has unfortunately fallen into disuse; in fact it has almost been forgotten, probably because carp naturally increase very fast.† By removing the spawners,

† In Germany this rule is only observed by some small pisciculturists; in Hungary, one of the former lordly manners in the department of the "Seine inférieure" and in the department of the "Rhone"—where they likewise had the custom to plant aquatic plants (*Utricularia Vheilandrium*, &c.) in loosely-plaited baskets, which, when covered with the impregnated eggs, were transferred to other ponds. Duhamel also practiced this in his time. This practice has doubtless led Dr. Lamy, of Rouen, to his artificial spawning places made of reeds. By an order of the abbot of the Benedictine Convent of Kremsmunster, in Upper Austria (founded in 777), of the year 1629, the bakers of the convent domain were reminded that spawning-carps must be of a certain age and size, and must consequently be weighed. After spawning they had to be removed from the pond. This convent is still in existence, and is the wealthiest convent of the German monarchy, owning upward of 150 living villages, and possessing a large and valuable library and observatory and scientific collections. But the order of the good old abbot is no longer observed. Similar orders were, in former centuries, also given by other convents in Austria, as Lambach, in Upper Austria, Weichsrad, in Moravia, and others. The fishermen's guilds of Nuremberg and Bamberg had, about the year 1600, similar rules, which were placarded in their guildhalls, and which were strictly observed. At present such rules are not known in either place.

three times as many young fish are kept alive than by leaving them in the spawning ponds. On no account should too great a quantity of young fish be placed in a pond. The above-mentioned number of 4,000 to 5,000 young fish to the acre requires water which is very rich in natural food. If there are too many young fish in the spawning-pond they grow very slowly, as the pond cannot produce the necessary quantity of food. Such fish are scarcely one to two inches long when they are one to two years old; only the head grows a little, while the rest of the body remains small. As soon as young fish feel the want of food for any length of time, the gristle of the jaws is often eaten away, thus bringing its development to a close, not allowing nature fair play, and the fish remains a cripple for the rest of its life, even if it is placed in ponds affording unlimited supply of food. It is, therefore, better either to place fewer young fish in the ponds or to make the ponds larger; it will be found to pay. The young fish will grow rapidly; their development will be healthy, and even during the first year they will reach the length of five to six inches. Strong and healthy fish can thus be placed in the growing-ponds, and these, too, they will grow rapidly. If there are too many young fish for the water-area, it is better to place them in some lake, brook or river. On no account should they be kept in the pond. Beginners in carp-culture usually consider it quite a sacrifice to let so many young fish loose in the open river or lake; they keep them, and later they will bitterly regret their parsimony, or rather their imprudence, by having weak or not fully developed fish.

The hatching-pond should not be as large as the breeding-pond; its depth need to exceed 1 or 1½ feet. The outer portion, or, as it is termed, the low-water margin, should generally be from 2 to 5 inches in depth, and from 30 to 40 feet in width. Provision should be made that *Festuca fluitans* grows there plentifully; for the fishes give the preference to this plant for the disposition of eggs, as I before observed. But the bottom of these hatching-ponds must be of similar construction to that of the larger ones; that is, they must be provided with the above described cavities, or ketties, collectors and collector ditches. The "collectors" must be cleared from the mud annually, during; they need not be as deep in these ponds as they are in such as are intended for the reception of larger fishes; a depth of from 4 to 5 inches only being required for fishes of minor size. The hatching-ponds have outlets and reserve-sluices in the dam, at the lower end or on the sides to guard against overflows. These ponds must be secured against the intrusion of pike, eels, bass, catfish, tritons, water-snakes, turtles and water-lizards, rats and water-fowls, or any voracious animals, and in the South the alligator. A fine grating will prevent the entrance of the former, but most the latter various traps are in use, and other means might be devised. It is of the highest importance that new ponds be assiduously kept clear of the animals mentioned, and of many others not named here.

In small establishments, embracing only a few acres, it will be found advantageous, in spite of the somewhat greater expense, if the ponds (both natural and artificial), either all or singly, are surrounded by a very close-board fence 3 to 4 feet high and going 4 to six inches into the ground. Such a fence will afford as protection against aquatic birds, water-snakes and musk-rats, but it will exclude the snapping-turtle, the most dangerous and voracious enemy of fish, which is more to be feared than either cranes or otters. This detestable animal has been known to clean a pond of fish, and then, led by its sense of smell, to follow the fish, going even up hill and against the stream. At night it seizes the fish, which, not suspecting any danger, rest at the bottom, with its sharp fangs, resembling shears, and kills them. It is a peculiarity of carp to keep at the bottom during the night, and likewise during cold and gloomy weather, and the snapping-turtle would therefore have many an opportunity of destroying them. Large iron fish-hooks, with a piece of meat fastened to them as bait, will do good service, if distributed in suitable places on the banks. This should be done from spring to October. The pieces of meat should be of such a size that even large carps cannot bite them; they will then form a most attractive bait for the ugly monsters. These hooks should be fastened with a strong brass wire, as the snapping-turtle could easily bite through twine, and should be inspected every day.

In placing spawners in ponds, great caution must be practiced in their selection, so that only really healthy fishes may be introduced, and not such as are affected by fungous growths, the gelatinous polyp or other disease. In Europe the polyp, in particular, has frequently destroyed the productiveness of ponds for many years.

The newly-obtained young fry are left in the hatching-ponds during the winter, after which they are to be transferred to the larger ponds.

The catching of the young fishes must be done with great care, and the water must be drained off through the grated outlets very slowly, so that no fishes may remain in the mud, for, if a new hatching operation is contemplated in the pond, the never-catched fishes will be retarded in their growth on account of the scarcity of food, this being consumed by any remaining larger ones. The young fishes must be handled carefully, for the slightest injury of the scales may cause disease and death.

The breeding-ponds have the same construction as the hatching-ponds; they have dams, reserve-sluices, outlet-channels, collectors and ditches in the bottom. The only difference is in being deeper and larger than hatching-ponds. They have an average depth of 1 foot 9 inches, and the width of their shallow borders is from 70 to 80 feet. The "ketties" have a depth of 4½ feet from the surface; their borders are from 7 to 8 inches deep. The growth of grass should also be advanced in these ponds. In small ones of about 4 or 6 acres the "ketties" may have a length and width of 60 or 70 feet.

The stocking of the breeding ponds takes place in spring, immediately after the emptying out of the hatching-ponds; it lasts from the latter part of March until April.

From 600 to 1,000 breeding fishes may be calculated to an American acre, 800 being the average. To cover possible risks 100 more may be added, as in the most successful pond slight losses are to be expected.

In favorable ponds, where the carp is left to seek its food, it will have gained a weight of about 1¼ pounds in the ensuing autumn. In small ponds, about one acre in size, where feeding is practiced, they will weigh more.

In the southern countries of Europe, in favorably situated ponds, they will sometimes reach a weight of 2 pounds in the same space of time. This I found to be the case in southern France; however, these favorable results are only attributable to the mildness of the climate, and I doubt not that proportionably better results may be arrived at in the south of this country.

In ponds of small capacity, in which nourishing food is produced in small quantities, the results of breeding are not very encouraging.

An advantage will be gained in northern, colder countries, by leaving the young fishes two summers in the breeding-ponds; that is, they are transferred to a second, larger one, and only from this they pass into the culture or real carp-ponds. This will answer especially well if the bottom of the pond is poor, or if feeding has not the desired effect.

This method is followed by many competent culturists in Germany and Austria, who, in the possession of extensive lands and excellent, numerous ponds, find it to their advantage, as it enables them to place larger breeding fishes in the carp-ponds; and though there is a loss of one year later, the loss of time is compensated for by the large size of the fishes produced in the carp-ponds.

In the spring of the third year those fishes which having been one year in the breeding-pond are transferred to the carp-pond, the construction of which I have described before. Fishes have been kept in the breeding-pond for one summer only, without being fed, will be found to weigh at the expiration of that time from 1 to 1½ pound, while those which remained there two summers will show a proportionally greater increase of weight. In southern Hungary and Croatia the fishes kept in the breeding-pond but one summer occasionally thrive more favorably. Differences in the ratio of weight are commonly owing, as I observed before, to climatic influence, and the greatest and most rapid increase will be found in localities where there is an early spring and where the months of September and October are warm, but particularly where the nights are still and mild during spring and autumn.

Breeding-ponds should have a certain number of fishes only placed in them when they are stocked, and that number should never be exceeded. For the culturist it is important to bear in mind that the younger the transferable breeding-fishes are the less expense they will have caused and the sooner their money value may be realized, all carps weighing 2½ pounds and more being for the market.

To stock a culture-pond of one acre 400 to 500 carp of one pound in weight will be required, and in the following year, or rather in the autumn of the same year, when the fishes are taken out for the market, they will weigh in a good pond 2½ to 3 pounds each, or about 1,200 to 2,000 pounds in the aggregate. In some localities only 200 carp are taken to one acre of American square measure, in other places more.

Pike* are frequently put into carp-ponds in Europe without reducing the number of the carp one pike being added to 25 or 30 of the former. This is an old practice, which has been proved of great use by experience, assisting through the effects exercised in the improvement of culture—that is, the favorable progress of the fishes. The carp is a very indolent fish, which frequently remains for many hours in the same place at the most favorable period for feeding, namely in summer. It is aware of the pike's voracity and remains always cautiously at a distance from it. The introduction of the pike is practiced for two reasons: (1.) That the carp may not constantly remain in the same feeding-place, but, frightened away by the pike, may visit others also; (2) it is done, and principally so, to prevent the more mature carp from spawning; should the spawning occur, as is the case occasionally, the young fry will be devoured by the pikes, which otherwise would have deprived the large carps of their food. The pike will also destroy those fishes and their spawn which had succeeded in getting into the ponds without the knowledge or through the inability of the culturist to prevent it. Great care is required in the introduction of the pike; specimens of minor sizes than that of the carp must be selected. The growth of the pike being much more rapid than that of the carp (500 per cent. per annum), the former should be put in for one year at least than the latter, so that it may not prove dangerous to the carp. If this precaution is taken in the introduction of the pike, it will be an actual boon to the carp-colonies, for it will not only exterminate by degrees all those parasitical fishes which intrude themselves into the ponds, but it will devour frogs or the smaller kinds of its own species as well as water-snakes and tritons.

Should the pike suffer from want of food after having cleared the pond of all these animals it must be supplied with it; small specied fishes, or such as have been stunted in their growth, will answer the purpose. If this is neglected the hungry pike will attack its companions, the carp, and though it may not devour them, it will mortally wound them with its teeth.

I have so far given the principal traits of natural carp-culture, and will speak more explicitly of the artificial impregnation and hatching of the carp's eggs in my next report. So far as I know, this latter method has been little, if at all, employed in Europe, although it offers much greater advantages for the production of vast quantities of spawn. My own experiments were rewarded by by the best results. I intend continuing them this summer in Baltimore, and hope to communicate the results hereafter.

* From "The Carp and its Culture in Rivers and Lakes, and its Introduction in America," being Part IV. of the Report of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1875-76.

*Males are selected for this purpose.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. J. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 1 at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

October 1 at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 774, New York City.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

"DOG Show Week" has so thoroughly become an established fixture in the annual sporting events of the metropolis, that for weeks previous to the opening day all dog lovers are on the tip-toe of expectation. This year there was no cause for disappointment, for the fifth annual bench show of dogs, given under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, held on April 26, 27, 28 and 29, completely outshown in every particular all exhibitions of the kind ever held in America.

The change of location, from the dusty and crumbling Madison Square Garden to the American Institute building, was a most commendable departure. In the face of removing from the centre of the city to rather a remote section it was expected that the attendance would not be adequate to cover the very large outlay which is necessary to provide for the comfort of exhibitors, public and dogs, but although Mr. Vennor had arranged for two sprinkling days, we are glad to state that there was a goodly balance on the right side at the close of the show on Friday evening. Here, in in this connection, we would say, that ever since the Westminster Kennel Club, which is an organization composed of gentlemen, inaugurated these shows, which have done so much to improve our dogs and bring the best breeders in the land face to face, there has been a disposition on the part of some to give a wrong complexion as to the motive, and they have more than hinted that the shows were run in the interest of those who had filthy lucre more in mind than the improvement of the breeds of dogs at heart. Even for argument's sake, admitting the truth of this assertion, can any one doubt that the bench shows here and elsewhere have done anything but assist a system which cannot but do good? But we do not agree that money-making has been the object, for there has always been too much uncertainty in such an experiment, which would have caused too great a loss to those interested, to suppose that dollars and not dogs was the hobby to be ridden. At all times it requires pluck to back the pocket, and even the modest vender of pop-corn at the street corners takes his chances in this world—and does good.

As already stated in our last issue, the "Rink" was the best place we have ever seen for holding the show. In fact, we do not hesitate to advise those of our friends who were opposed to entering their dogs at the Garden to send their stock next year to the Rink, and we look to see many old faces back again. The ventilation was perfect, and although the weather was warm, the air was at no time tainted with a doggy smell. The pens were an improvement on those previously used, and the cemented floor was clean and free from dust. Under the excellent management, and with Mr. Lincoln as superintendent, the experience of the past was utilized, and from the opening hour to the wind-up the show ran its course like an oiled machine. This was the first time we have ever seen the veterinary arrangements up to the mark, and Dr. John W. Dancer, the Inspector, was prompt in having the few dogs withdrawn that from time to time showed signs of sickness.

The attendance was a far more fashionable one than is usually seen at a dog show. There were many ladies present in elegant toilets, which reminded one more of a London flower show in the season than anything else. About the rings, when the judging was being carried on, there were the well-known faces of dog lovers from all parts of the country—there being few States that were not largely represented. The judging is always one of the attractions of the show, as the animals are seen to much better advantage when grouped together in the ring than when tired and curled up in their stalls. Dogs always show better when led by their owners; and although we believe that only employes of the show should enter the ring, yet the judges this year seemed throughout to keep their eyes on the right end of the chain. About the pens where the pugs were boxed, bevies of ladies were seen to collect throughout the day, reminding one of the old story of "Beauty and the Beast;" and the ovations that some of the "pets" received, no doubt were extremely aggravating to those who do not see the merits of the "little brutes."

From what we saw in walking around the stalls, there seemed to be more absentees than usual; conspicuously the kennel of the St. Louis Club, which is undoubtedly the best collection of large pointers in the country. The goodly lot of dogs that were present, however, were the grandest as to quality that have ever been exhibited, and many were the typical dogs of their breed. They were universally shown in first-class condition.

Referring to the files of the FOREST AND STREAM, we extract a comparative table of entries, and the classes under which they appeared in each of the five shows that have been held in New York, which we summarize below:—

	Entries.	*Classes.*	*Specials.*
First Show—1877	864	70	26
Second Show—1878	824	80	26
Third Show—1879	948	80	—
Fourth Show—1880	1,108	75	9
Fifth Show—1881	1,014	95	32

Exclusive of the specials, the club paid out $2,000 as awards in the regular classes, besides donating 86 silver medals.

A glance also at the official catalogues places us in possession of the following table of entries in the pointer and setter classes in this and previous shows:—

	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	1881.
Pointers	120	83	128	135	125
Setters—					
English	150	122	157	234	158
Irish	147	108	159	135	98
Black and Tan	83-380	64-294	73-389	74-443	92
Total	500	377	517	578	474

Dog showing has now become a science in this country, and but few owners send in dogs without merit of some sort. The ragged, weedy lot that yelped and caught the tyro's eye in the pioneer days, sandwiched between the best specimens of their class, are now left at home to guard the latch-string, and we look forward to the day when wire-netting will divide the pens, and the dogs be exhibited to still better advantage.

It was a remarkably peaceful show, with an absence of "solid protests" that would have warmed the cockles of Dr. Watts' heart. We heard the integrity of no one questioned for a moment, and it is our pleasure to compliment the judges in trying to do their level best, although we differ with them in several of their decisions.

Summarizing the show briefly here, the sporting classes were truly a fine lot, noticeably the English Setter Imported dog and bitch classes, while the native dog open class was the best we have ever seen. The Irish setter classes contained many fine specimens; but as a whole the lot was not up to what we expected, and the same may be said of the black and tans. The open class for large pointers was very much better than usual, as was also the small pointer classes. The non-sporting exhibit was a great improvement on previous years; noticeably the Fox Terriers, which have so rapidly gained favor in America. The Beagles turned out in grand numbers, as will be seen by a reference to the classified comparative table of entries annexed below. Had the club opened a special class for the "bench-legged beagles" or Basset, there is no doubt that a very much larger entry would have been secured. As it was, the special class, opened for the FOREST AND STREAM prize for the Straight Beagles, contained more entries than any other special, except in Class B. We have already spoken of the large dogs, and refer our readers to our comments in another column.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF ENTRIES AT THE FIVE SHOWS.

CLASSES.	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881
Mastiffs	26	18	20	27	24
St. Bernards	37	16	24	32	21
Newfoundlands	12	23	20	26	7
Siberian or Ulm	8	11	11	21	6
Pointers	120	83	128	135	126
English setters	150	122	157	234	158
Black and tan setters	83	64	73	74	92
Irish setters	147	108	98	135	98
Red and white setters	—	—	61	—	—
Chesapeake Bay dogs	2	4	—	—	—
Irish water spaniels	4	4	8	7	10
Retrieving spaniels	5	9	—	—	—
Clumber spaniels	—	2	5	2	—
Cocker spaniels	19	15	26	39	24
Field spaniels	13	1	—	—	19
Greyhounds	16	23	15	15	28
Deerhounds	4	4	6	7	4
Staghounds	6	—	—	—	—
Foxhounds	14	45	9	9	16
Beagles	6	5	15	3	37
Harriers	4	—	—	—	—
Dachshunds	16	11	8	9	15
Fox terriers	25	36	45	65	68
Collies	8	19	16	31	50
Dalmatian or coach dogs	5	4	1	—	—
Bull dogs	14	16	8	20	14
Bull terriers	11	29	36	33	24
Pugs	27	30	24	33	24
Sky terriers	23	17	15	16	22
Rough-haired terriers	—	—	—	—	5
Scotch terriers	10	8	11	3	—
Dandie Dinmont terriers	11	3	3	6	5
Irish terriers	—	—	—	—	4
Yorkshire terriers	—	39	26	26	29
Silk-haired other than Yorkshire	—	—	—	3	—
Toy terriers	21	12	9	18	5
Black and tan terriers	13	20	13	9	3
King Charles and Blenheim Spaniels	4	6	8	—	11
Japanese spaniels	4	7	5	9	3
Italian greyhounds	6	14	9	10	12
Poodles	2	—	—	—	—
Trick dogs	1	—	—	—	—
Miscellaneous	7	2	26	40	23

The judges selected had to do their duty single-handed, and the classes were divided as follows:—Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Siberian or Ulm dogs and deerhounds, Mr. Paul Dana, of New York City; greyhounds, black and tan setters, foxhounds and miscellaneous class, Hon. John S. Wise, Richmond, Va.; pointers, Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass.; champion, imported and native English setters, Irish setters and beagles, Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky.; spaniels (all classes), dachshunds, fox-terriers, collies, bulldogs, bull terriers, Skye terriers, pugs, rough-haired terriers, black and tan terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Irish terriers, Yorkshire toys, King Charles or Blenheim spaniels, Japanese spaniels and Italian greyhounds, Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ontario.

The club management was in the hands of the following members who acted as stewards: Messrs. Elliot Smith, J. Coleman Drayton, George DeForest Grant and Louis B. Wright.

On both sides of the building there were long lines of booths, which offered the visitor everything from a cake of dog soap to a stuffed rhinoceros.

As we made our remarks in last issue concerning the classes of mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Siberian, Deerhounds, Irish water spaniels, field spaniels, cocker spaniels and fox terriers, there is no necessity of again referring to these classes. We failed to mention in our notes regarding cockers that Mr. Chas. F. Kent's Wildair arrived too late at the show and, therefore, was not judged in his class.

In addition to regular entries, Mr. Henry Lacy, Manchester, England, entered eight dogs for exhibition—namely, Shot, a liver and white cocker spaniel, bred by Mr. Parkinson; Bock, a blue and fawn Airedale terrier; Carlos, a black and white pointer; Duke, a lemon and white Blenheim spaniel; Jack, a rough-haired Airedale terrier; Judge, a liver and white pointer bitch; Shep, a Scotch collie, and Vic, a brown and white pointer bitch. As we have already, in a late issue, given in detail the entries of the only other English exhibitor, Mr. C. H. Mason, and referred to each in the proper place, it is unnecessary to say that the lot from across the water are good ones.

During Friday afternoon the prizes were distributed, and at 3 P. M. and 8 in the evening the prize winners were paraded in one of the rings.

On Friday evening, after the doors of the show were closed, the Westminster Kennel Club held its annual dinner at the Hotel Brunswick. About fifty members and their guests sat down to table, over which Mr. H. Walter Webb presided. Toasts were offered and responded to by the judges present—Messrs. Wise, Nivens and Hammond—Major Taylor and Mr. Dana being absent. The superintendent, Mr. Lincoln, also came in for his share of the ovation, as did the representatives of the sporting and daily press. Mr. John H. Raymond proposed the toast "Laverack setters of America," and Mr. John C. Higgins to "Breeders of America." The toast to the "Eastern Field Trials Club" was replied to by Mr. J. O. Donner. The sitting was a long one, and the party did not leave the good cheer until the "early *cock* had twice done salutation to the morn."

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB'S POINTERS.—The club itself entered eight of their cracks, and, as usual, they were not for competition. The list of seven was as follows: Sensation (Jingo-Nina), so well known as a winner on the bench and of third at Eastern Field Trials, 1880; Polly, the recently imported lemon and white bitch out of Summerson's Nance by champion Shot; Whiskey (Flash-Juno), black and white, in whelp to Sensation; Daisy, the charming lemon and white bitch by Flake out of Lilly, in whelp to Sensation—this bitch has a model head of her kind, denoting power, but entirely free from coarseness, with a grand muzzle; Gertie, black and white bitch by Cal out of Munn's Psyche; May, liver and white, by Satan's Tramp out of Taft's Bess, and Queen May (Native-Fan), black and white ticked.

On Wednesday morning Mr. S. T. Hammond, commenced on his class in the east ring, and he found no easy task out out for him.

CHAMPION POINTERS, LARGE SIZE.—In the dog class, which contained five entries, the absence of the St. Louis Kennel Club's Faust, Bow and York, brought together Mr. Wilks' lemon and white Tramp (Sensation-Psyche) and Mr. Moore's liver and white Banjo (Garth's Old Drake-Grouse's Bess). The former was conjured into the champion ranks at last year's show, and Banjo joined the band at Pittsburgh in January. Tramp secured the money, although he carries an exaggerated head, and is too long and weak in the loins. We preferred Banjo, a better dog, with a fine eye and intelligent face, but throaty; still neither are up to the standard of champions, and there were several dogs in the open lot more worthy of the class. Five entries also marked the bitch class in which Mr. Barker's superb black Princess (Dilly's Ranger-Fan) had no easy walk over. She is truly a magnificent animal, with a typical head, beautiful soft eyes, splendid coat, a well-shaped body supported by grand legs, and one of the finest tails we ever saw wag on any dog. Mr. White's Grace, the dam of Mr. Gregory's Belle, was among the lot.

POINTERS, LARGE SIZE.—Six and twenty pointers, all in a row, comprised this unusually fine class. Indeed, we have never seen a better lot in the ring together. Mr. Hammond was all but five minutes of two hours in making up his mind, and then he gave first to Mr. Hobert's Rapp (Don-Blossom) a remarkable fine liver and white ticked dog, winner of 3d, 1878, under Mr. Lort; 2d, 1879, under Messrs. Davidson, Colburn and Wise, and not exhibited in 1880. His return to the magic circle, and to come out on top in such a class must be a matter of congratulation to his owner. Mr. Moore's dark liver and white Guess (Start-Maud) secured second, and Mr. Godeffroy's Croxteth, liver and white (Bang-Jane), third. It was a close thing between the trio, but we fancied Croxteth, although he was shown too fine. He has a very much better head and ears, is a stronger dog all over, and has a well-developed chest of great depth. Guess we thought was rightly placed. He was the youngest of the lucky ones, and being his first appearance we handed the powerful fellow for this many good qualities. This order would place Rapp third. Lord Dufferin, Bay, Snipe and Rocket, justly deserved the three letters, but we did not like as well as either Don or Smuggler II. Chelmsford is a rare good one, but Dan, who has a disproportionately small head was well taken care of. In the bitch class there was eight entries, of which only five competitors turned up, the St. Louis Kennel Club's Lassie, Jessamine and Trinket being absent. Mr. Mason's lemon and white Water Lily (Don-Dolly) received first, Mr. Hamar's Zoe second and Mr. Meyer's lemon and white Snowflake (Gretmark-Girl) third. Zoe, a very fine black bitch, we much preferred for first choice, she has a really magnificent head, even superior to that of Princess, an intelligent eye, grand coat, but poor feet, and is said to be a good field dog. Snowflake, a nice bitch, we would have placed second, and Water Lily, who has a badly proportioned head, but otherwise a good one, third. Gypsey deservedly got very high mention.

CHAMPION POINTERS, SMALL SIZE.—This was a capital class of five entries. Mr. Orgill's old standby Rush (Flake-Lilly), added another blue ribbon to his large collection. Mr. Moore's Donald was shown in magnificent form, and undoubtedly is the best liver and white dog of his size in America. Mr. Wright's liver and white Dick (Colonel-Fly), was also benched in fine condition; he is a rattling good dog, with grand head and body, and is a superior animal. In the bitches eleven entries were made, but only four of them were presented. Mr. Orgill again won with his lemon and white Rue (Snapshot-Ruby), who was shown, as all her owner's dogs always are, in fit condition. She is a most deserving little bitch. The St. Louis Kennel Club's entry, Clytie, was absent, and five of Mr. Orgill's entries—Rill, Riot, Rowett, Random and Royster—were on exhibition only. Mr. Moore's Lady Romp II. was justly admired, as she is a remarkably handsome bitch.

POINTERS, SMALL SIZE, were a very fine lot, and twenty-one entries made up the dog class. Gay, liver and white (Champion Bang-Juno), the property of Mr. Moore, took first. Blanchcellor (Duke Duchess), a liver and white English winner, belonging to Mr. Mason, came in for second, which, we think, belonged to Mr. Orgill's lemon and white Rowell (Snapshot-Ruby), who took third, and we would have transposed these two. Rowell is excellently put together, a youngster of fine form, powerful body, being well muscled, has a good head, an intelligent eye and shows his breeding to a nicety. He was a hot class, and Parquet, Rob White and Match crowded the winners. Tom deserved more than a h. c.; he was shown in fine condition, and we liked him better the more we saw of him. Flash is a nice dog, with a head like his sire; deserved all he got. The improvement in the class, as a whole, cannot be too highly spoken of. Twenty-eight entries were in the bitch class, and they, too, were a rare lot. Mr. Orgill's kennel again won, with Rhona, lemon and white (Snapshot-Rose). Lady Dufferin, lemon and white (Golden's Dash-Hewson's Fan), secured second, and Mr. Heckshar has a fine bitch in her. Mr. Lamb's lemon and white Flirt (Grapeshot-Elf), third. Mr. Drayton's Bonnie Kate, unnoticed on account of being over size, we liked immensely, considering her one of the best bitches in the show. Lill, well worthy of her v. h. c., as was Gregory's Bell, the winner of first in Nursery Stakes last year at Robin's Island. Mr. Roach's Queen II. received no mark, although she deserved to be highly commended; she has a good head, grand body, but is deficient in stern.

POINTER PUPPIES.—The dog class had nine entries, and the youngsters were only a fair lot. The redoubtable Mr. Orgill again took first, with a seven months' old lemon and white Rocket-Clyment whelp, called Rap. Paul, a large lemon and white ticked (Prince-Waddie) puppy second, and Tim, a very promising youngster, a very high mention. Eight bitches were entered in their class, but only five were brought to the ring. Lilly, lemon and white (Fawcett's Duke-owner's Nell) came first, but we preferred Rival, a nice little lemon and white bitch. This closed the pointer classes, and, as far as color went, it will be seen honors were divided.

On Tuesday morning Major J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky., commenced judging the English setter classes in the west ring, and throughout showed great care and trouble in making his decisions. Every one came under his notice, as indeed did all the dogs, throughout before the other judges. The first lot was the best half-dozen dogs we ever saw represent the—

CHAMPION ENGLISH SETTERS.—They were St. Elmo, Coin, Frank II., Ray, Thunder and Mr. Moore's Leicester (Dan-Lill II.), the latter won after being hurried by Thunder. The old hero of so many battles was shown in perfect condition. The seven champion bitches were not near as good a class as the dogs. First was awarded to Mr. Sanborn's white Spark (Carlowitz-Magnet), and Lizzie Lee, of field trial fame, was the only bitch that crowded her.

IMPORTED ENGLISH SETTERS.—This class was a poser for any judge, but the typical Kentuckian was equal to the occasion, and judged it without fear or favor. Seldom have a finer lot of dogs been brought together, and from the large number of ribbons dealt out (for Major Taylor has established a reputation for being sparing in his favors), the class must have won his good graces. Mr. John R. Robinson's white and orange pure Laverack, Emperor Fred (Tory or Blue Prince-Daisy) was granted first; we were disappointed in him. He is an over-sized animal, and not our idea of a great Laverack champion winner. The black white and tan Duke of Beaufort (Pride of the Border-Fairy II.), the property of Mr. Goodsell, came in for second, and Mr. Higgin's well-known blue ticked Pontiac (Pride of the Border-Petrel) took third. It will thus be seen that the pure Lavaracks collared all the glory. We, however, preferred Darling Mourard, highly mentioned, to the third winner. Warwick, Jamie and Temple Bar, the v. h. c.'s, were shown in fit condition, and richly deserved all they got. Don Juan should have had something more than a simple commendation, and the rest of the class was rightly placed, with the exception of Mr. Sanborn's Count Noble, black, white and tan (Count Windsor, Nora), winner of the N. A. K. C.'s Derby last autumn. He certainly should have been placed along with those of very high notice. He has a superior head, many points of which are unusually well defined; deep chest, grand loins, powerful and well-proportioned body, covered with a handsome coat well marked. The bitches formed a very strong combination, and the class was exceedingly well placed. There were four absentees, all good ones, namely, Mr. Moore's charming brace of Paris-Pearl bitches, Lass o' Gowrie and Luna May; Mr. Goodsell's Norna, and Dr. Speirs' Wanda. Eleven were sent to the ring. Mr. Higgins won with blue-ticked Petrel (Pride of the Border-Petrel), Mr. Beebe second, with Blue Bell (Roderick Dhu-Mina), shown in fine condition, and Mr. Goodsell, with the pocket edition Daisy Laverack, lemon Belton (Thunder-Peiress), secured third.

NATIVE ENGLISH SETTERS.—Half a hundred and one dogs marked the dog class, it being the largest in the show. It was a wonderfully fine collection. We differed with the placing of the winners somewhat. Spot, white, with chestnut spots (Carlowitz-Lucy), owned by Mr. Wilson, a dog of the old type of American setter, received first. There was a lack of character in his face, and he seemed out of sorts. Count Zo, orange Belton (Pontiac-Queen Anne), a recent purchase of Mr. Goodsell's, was justly awarded second. He is of the new type of English setter. We, however, preferred Mr. Goodsell's Racket, black, white and tan (Rattler-Leda), who got third, to the first winner. He is a very superior dog, of high type to breed to, and has a stronger and more powerful head and body than the first. Blue Dan, a handsome blue Belton, was deservedly well cared for, as was Young Belton, a remarkably good dog, but somewhat leggy; we liked him, however, better than first. Boyle Carle came in justly for the three letters, as did Clexton, litter brother of Lizzie Lee. He is, we are told, an extra field dog. To sum up, therefore, we would have placed Racket first, Count Zo second and Bine Dan third. Afton, our choice last year for first, was shown too fleshy, but still showed his grand breeding in his wonderfully strong and typical head. McAlpine's Ranger (unnoticed) deserved mention; he is a handsomely-formed dog. Blue Drake, a pure Laverack, was justly highly commended, and Mr. Rogers' Polo should have had a c. The remainder of the class noticed were entitled to their ribbons. In the bitch class

there were thirty entries, with several good ones absent, noticeably Mr. Donner's Bessie and Dr. Speir's Maida. The class was inferior to the dogs, although there were some grand specimens. Mr. Moran's orange and white Donna (Charm–Fanny) was awarded the blue ribbon. The Sportsman's Kennel,s white and lemon Flirt (Druid–Miley), litter sister to Dr. Speir's Lizzie Lee, a bitch of extra quality, received second—we would have had her exchange places with Donna. Mr. Moore's lemon Belton, Lady Laverack (Thunder-Dereese), got third place—she is a big little one. The only v. h. c. in the class was Highland Lassie (well deserved). She is a litter sister to Lizzie Lee, Clexton and Flirt. The other ribbons were well distributed, but we think Mr. Fay's Judith (unnoticed) an animal of good substance, with good head and well-placed ears, should have had very high mention.

ENGLISH SETTER PUPPIES.—There were seventeen entries in the dog class, but they were not a strong class as things are going. A black and white ticked, eleven months old youngster, Royal Dale (Dash III–Daisy Dale), got first, and Mr. Betty's Doc, liver and white spots (Spot-Topsy) second. We fancied, however, Peter Schlemihl (Ray–Delta) in preference to both first and second. Chelten D., the property of Mr. Shuster, was a very promising young dog and should have had something more than a mere mention. The bitch class was an improvement on the dogs. It contained thirteen entries. Mr. Drake's blue Belton Rem (Trump–Belle) took first, and Mr. Meyer's lemon Belton Rose Laverack (Young Laverack–Petrel II), a bitch resembling her dam, of good quality but shown in poor condition, came in for second place. August Flower well deserved a v.h.c., and the sweet bitch Tambazine (Pontiac–Queen Anne), now owned by Mr. Whitehouse, St. Paul, Minn., should have had more than a commendation. She has a face of great intelligence, good head, but a faulty body, lacking muscle probably from want of proper exercise.

The Hon. John S. Wise on Wednesday commenced to judge the Black and Tan Setters in the ring vacated by Major Taylor. The class was, in our opinion, below the average, and as it seems in the see-saw of bench showing the pointers and English setters have gone up on one side, and the Irish and black and tans have gone down on the other. Mr. Wise distributed his favors with a lavish hand.

CHAMPION BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—The dog class contained four entries, but Mr. T. F. Taylor's Turk, and Mr. Sedgwick's Jock, Jr., failed to appear. Toledo Kennel Club's Grouse and Mr. A. H. Moore's Bob fell in together. The latter dog by Lang out of Rose was properly awarded the prize. Six bitches had a battle royal in their class, and although there was much difference of opinion in the selection of Lady Gordon (Grouse–Belle) yet we indorse the decision.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—There were some excellent entries in the large class of thirty-eight dogs, but the class as a whole was not what it should be. Mr. Brownell won first with Dash by Doane's Tom out of Chloe; Mr. Alden came in for second with Bailey's Tom (Stockton's imported Dash–Fly), and third went to Sam (Pouto–Witch II.) belonging to Dr. Gardner. The four recipients of v. h. c. were deserving, and the rest of the class was rendered on the same principle. Champ and Lang were taken from the ring by mistake, although the judge wished to highly commend each. Mr. Taft's Don deserved mention. Later on during the closing hours of the show this wonderfully well-trained dog went through a series of tricks, which were much applauded by those who saw them. The bitch class was not up to the mark; there were but two absentees checked off on the list of twenty-one entries, that had not agree with the judging, and would have transposed the three winners in the class, made the third first; second, third; and first, second. Toledo Kennel Club came to the front with Venus (Grouse–Mona) a very good one; Topsy (Bergen's Dash–Nell) took second, and the best of the three, to our idea, Mr. Moore's Lady Rapid (Old Renben-Rosa) the silver medal. Both January v. h. c. and Young Flora were deserving. In the puppy class for dogs the catalogue showed twelve entries. The class was a fair one. Grouse (Brownell's Dash-Maud) and Sam (Young–Venus) first and second are promising young dogs, the others were rightly placed with Lang's Queen of Grouse, a nice puppy, who we thought deserved higher mention. Of the eleven bitches we saw nothing outside of Daisy (Glen–Fannie).

The judging of the Irish setter classes was begun on Wednesday in the west ring, Major Taylor exercising his usual care.

CHAMPION IRISH SETTERS.—There were seven entries in the dog class, Mr. McIntosh's Biz being conspicuous by his absence. Champion Elcho was present, but not for competition. Mr. Goodsell's Rake, Mr. Nolan's Elcho III., Mr. Crawford's Arlington, Miss May Callender's Rory and Mr. Moore's Shelby (Elcho–Loo II.). The latter was shown in fine condition, and received the high honor. The class was a good one, and is so well known that comment is unnecessary. Elcho III. has always been a warm favorite of ours, whom we consider an Irish setter in every respect, and a typical dog of his class. Six entries marked the bitch class, and the money went to Loo II. (Grouse–Maybe), a choice, we must confess, we did not agree with, preferring both Dr. Jarvis' Rose and Mr. Gause's Fire-Fly.

IRISH SETTERS.—The open dog class contained thirty-four entries. It was not a deserving class, and the judge thought so by only ribboning six of the lot. Mr. Wenzel's Chief (Berkly–Duck) had an easy win; he is a good dog with a future before him. Raleigh (Elcho–Rose) secured second. Sam Pedro was the only v. h. c., and Duncan, an h. c., was one of the best in the class. It will thus be seen that the field trial winners came to the fore. The bitch class of a score of entries was of much better quality. Dr. Jarvis carried off the first prize with his newly imported Noreen (Garryowen–Cora), a promising youngster of the right, good all over, of grand color. She took first at the Irish Kennel Club Show, Dublin, last year. Mr. Clark's Meg (Elcho–Rose) landed second, also a fine animal of her type. Third went to Mr. Dulany's Kate (Imported Pat–Imported Norah). Dr. Jarvis' Lana made her first appearance, and was awarded the only v. h. c. Our list of awards will show the others that received recognition. The class throughout was remarkably well judged.

IRISH SETTER PUPPIES.—In the dog class there were twenty-one entries. Grafton, owned by Mr. Sage, seventeen months' Elcho–Rose puppy, deservedly received first. Rapid Star (George–Nora), a trifle leggy, took second, and the rest were well placed, although it would not have been straining a point to have given Marquis of Bute very high mention, as he was a youngster of good color, and well worthy of coming nearer the winners. The ten bitches, or rather nine, for one was absent, were a better lot than the dogs. Reddie (Elcho–Rose), a promising nine months' puppy, came in for first, and Lucille (Rory O'More–Norah O'More) was selected for second; we, however, preferred Red Lon, a remarkably handsome bitch, as was also Queen Elizabeth a good one, and Fashion deserved more than simple mention.

GREYHOUNDS.—We have never seen a finer specimen of this breed than Mr. Mason's Dropping Well, whose entire conformation bespoke speed to the greatest extent. Head long and clean, nicely placed ears, a graceful, well-balanced neck, with nicely-sloped and muscular shoulders, with legs as straight as darts. In her back, loins and quarters, however, her strongest points lay, the muscle being as hard as iron and bunching out in great bosses on the quarters. She stood alone as a model of perfection, and if it had not been for Slingsby, Mr. Mason's other entry, showing the effects of his recent voyage so much in coat and skin, he would have been second prize winner. Mr. Wise decided to send him out of the ring, so Don got second prize, but his straight shoulders and stifles will never permit of great speed. Juliet, owned by Major Kobbe, and Mr. Lee's Fan were much the same as Don.

FOXHOUNDS.—In this class there was every variety of hound, from half-bred harriers up to some with bloodhound looks. The true foxhounds were not very plentiful. Those of the Queen's County Hunt, with their ears rounded after the English style, were much better than any of their competitors, Comer and Coast Guard being strong, well-made hounds.

BEAGLES.—Very few bench-legged beagles were shown in the two classes, and as the Club had made no class for Bassetts or bench-legged dogs they had to be entered in the beagle class, and so had no chance for anything but the FOREST AND STREAM special prize. The prize dog Rattler is well named and is one of the best of this handsome class of dogs we have ever seen. Flute is another good one, the catalogue says by Rattler, but we did not notice this in time to inquire whether the sire was the first prize winner. Mr. T. Orgill's Melody he thought capable of doing as well in the open bitch class as in that for puppies, and his judgment was well sustained, for she won very easily. Lucy II., the second prize winner, is very light in the barrel, but has a most perfect hound head. The Montclair Hunt showed a very small one, which the handler said was excellent in the field. Owing to having slipped her puppies only a few days ago, she was looking quite out of trim. The class was very uneven with respect to size, and Major Taylor took some time to get them sorted out. The only beagle puppy shown was a small one, from the Montclair Hunt Kennel, named Bluebell, all of Mr. Sherman's and Mr. Davison's being absent.

DACHSHUNDE.—The winners were of the medium size, strong workmanlike dogs, with good heads, legs and backs. Wodan is a dark chestnut and tan, and Marguerite, by Dr. Leadell's Unser-Fritz, a black and tan, is the same style of dog, an excellent bitch. Freya, a sister to the first prize winner, was a handsome little dog, but she was passed over, preference for the commendation being given to Mr. Scheelje's Dave, in color resembling Wodan, and Mr. Stellman's Bergmann.

COLLIES.—Ray, Rex and Tweed II. were in the champion dog class; and as the Scotland Kennel dog was not looking his best, the general opinion was that Rex should have won; and it is one shared by us. As Lassie was the only one present of the two entered in the bitch class, she was made a champion. The dogs in the regular class were much better than we have ever seen; and Mr. Lindsay's success with Ayrshire Laddie acted as soothing syrup for the defeat of Rex. Nelson, recently imported by Mr. Apgar, is a beautiful dog, with a dense and long coat; quite a bench collie, and he has won a number of prizes in England. There was quite a difference between him and Punch, who took third prize, the latter being a very plain-looking dog, and so is the puppy Prince. Mr. Apgar came in for his share of the prizes, and was given first and second for his bitches Isle and Daisy. His Lassie, the winner in the puppy class last year, was entirely passed over, much to Mr. Apgar's surprise. A Rex puppy was third, and another very highly commended, both being out of Flora, a first prize winner last year. This litter was a wonderful one, for of the five chosen (three being in the puppy class) there was not a bad one; and two of the puppies were better than those out of Lassie, also by Rex, awarded the prize and a v.b.c. Sport, one referred to, was highly commended.

BULLDOGS.—Noble was the best of Mr. Mason's two, Alexander being poor in flesh and showing age. Ben would be a very fine dog if his face was shorter, as he looks a perfect bulldog from neck to tail. Mr. Barnard exhibited quite a number, of which Bonnie Boy was the best, an excellent dog of his breed.

BULL TERRIERS.—There was no doubt as to the winner in this class. Young Bill being much the best, and Silk II. the winner at Pittsburgh came second. Butcher, the third prize dog, was all over scars, and displayed rather too much of his pluck while being paraded on Friday. The small bull terriers were also judged satisfactorily. Tessa, a small little dog, being placed first, and his companion, Pass, third. The second was Mr. Watt's Grab, from Boston. Young Victor won the puppy medal.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Tom beat Mack, both good specimens, the champion being in better trim. In the open class Tatters won without any trouble, and is a very nice Skye. Mr. Moore was second with Tuck, and his Scottish Queen was commended. The latter was entitled to more than that, and was every way as good as Topsey, who got third and is not a pleasing dog.

TOY SPANIELS.—Nugget did not appear, and his entries so Mr. Moore had nothing to beat with Young Sootey in the champion dog class, and there was no competition in the corresponding bitch class. The open dog class brought out seevarl good specimens. Roderick, shewn by Dr. Cryer, of Philadelphia, but really the property of Miss ——, is a choice pug, almost perfect in all the fancy markings. George, another Philadelphia dog, was second, and is of larger build than the winner, with a finely developed head. Piccino and Prince were made commended, the latter being very little apart in size. Nay, the prize bitch, deserved her place, but Nina, though defective in several ways, is just about perfect in markings. The puppies were easily judged the medal being won by Smut.

ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—Difference of opinion existed as to what kind should be shown in this class, as some were rough and others silky. Dr. Nivens would not recognize the latter as eligible for notice, and gave first to a large Airedale terrier, weighing, we should fancy, about forty-five pounds. Paddy, the second prize winner, is a black-backed, wire-haired black and tan terrier.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Some toy terriers were shown here in error, and only one prize was given. First to Mr. Martin's Nettle who took second prize last year in the same class.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—Mr. Haine's recent importations are both good ones, and were so much alike that if one was good enough to win the other should have been second, and Badger II. was good enough to win. Meg was not the equal of either of them. Piper is well-shaped, but was not shown well.

IRISH TERRIERS.—This is the first time a class has been given for this breed, and it was unfortunate. Dr. Niven could not help to swell the numbers, for he has several good ones. The Lachine Kennel Club was first with Home Ruler, a son of the second prize winner, Kathleen, who was shown last year with her puppies in the miscellaneous class. They are both good specimens, Home Ruler bearing a great resemblance to her sire, Champion Sporter, illustrated in Mr. Vero Shaw's Book of the Dog.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—These were much improved classes and the winners were beautiful in their silky coats. Willie won the champion prize over five pounds. The dogs of Mr. Kallaher were very good, and Young Bright was a darker blue than Mr. Mason's Sandy, who was finer in coat, and received first prize. Another even class was that under five pounds weight, and Jessie and Tatters were about equal in point of merit. Young Mozart is a good, dark-coated dog, and better in that respect than Bennie.

TOY TERRIERS.—The first prize was easily secured by a most perfect little beauty—Mrs. Nelson's Regina Victoria. It was the admiration of every one, and the judge seemed averse to giving his decision and so to lose sight of the wonder.

KING CHARLES AND BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—No Blenheims were exhibited, all being black and tans, except one black, white and tan, which was not noticed on account of color. The class was above the average, numerically, and in merit also, and it was consistently judged. Mr. Watts, of Boston, had two choice dogs, Daisy being first and Rolla very highly commended.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—Olivette and Pipe Taylor, if they had been entered separately, would have been first and second, but being one entry Olivette was picked out and placed first, the rival opera being "left." The dam of the pair then received second prize and Tappi was very highly commended.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—The winner is a nicely shaped dog, and so is the second, who excels Pearl in being so much smaller. Cream, in the opinion of many, was the best in the class.

MISCELLANEOUS.—First was given to a Maltese dog, second and third to Newfoundlands, and fourth and fifth to Canicbe poodles. This is always a difficult class to judge, but the dogs selected were the best shown

LIST OF OWNERS WHO WON TWO OR MORE PRIZES

NAMES.	First.	Second.	Third.	Special.	Total.
A. H. Moore, Philadelphia	8	4	2	6	20
C. H. Mason, England	10	4	1	2	17
Edmund Orgill, Brooklyn	4	1	1	1	7
P. P. Haines, Tom's River, N. J.	3	1	—	—	5
Lachine K. C., Whitestone, L. I.	3	1	—	1	5
Scotland Kennel, Newmarket, Md.	3	—	—	1	4
L. & W. Rutherford, New York	2	2	—	—	4
Thos. Kallaher, New York	2	1	1	—	4
Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.	1	—	—	3	4
James Moore, Chicago, Ill.	1	1	1	1	4
James H. Goodsell, New York	—	2	2	—	4
Miss S. A. Hewitt, New York	1	2	—	—	3
Allen S. Apgar, New York	1	2	—	—	3
J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.	1	—	1	1	3
A. E. Godeffroy, Guymard, N. Y.	1	1	1	—	3
Queens County Hunt, New York	1	1	—	—	3
C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass.	2	—	—	—	2
Al. Watts, Boston, Mass.	1	1	—	—	2
L. F. Martin, New York	1	—	1	—	2
W. R. H. Martin, New York	1	—	1	—	2
Chas. Moran, Jr., New York	1	—	1	—	2
J. N. Dodge, Detroit, Mich.	1	—	—	1	2
J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N.Y.	1	—	—	1	2
H. M. Lindsay, Scranton, Pa	—	1	1	—	2
Theo. Meyer, Jersey City, N. J.	—	1	1	—	2
E. R. Hewlett, Lindenhurst, L. I.	—	1	1	—	2
Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.	—	—	—	2	2
Chas. O'Neil, Riverdale, N. Y.	—	—	—	4th, 5th*	2

*Miscellaneous class.

FULL LIST OF AWARDS.

[V. H. C., very highly commended; H. C., highly commended; C., commended.]

Class 1. Champion Mastiffs: Dogs, silver medal, Chas C Bulls' Turk, New York.

Class 2. Champion Mastiffs: Bitches, silver medal, M. Rathbun's Leah, New York.

Class 3. Mastiffs: Dogs, first prize, $15, C P Fralcigh's Grim, Brooklyn; second, $10, Chas. G Goddard's Grath, Zanesville, O; third, silver medal, C H Mason's Mastiffs, England; v h c Oliver K Hand's Harold, Sing Sing, N Y; h c Mr A Hitchcock's Monarch, New York.

Class 4. Mastiffs: Bitches, first prize $15, C H Mason's Creole, England; second prize $10, Miss Sarah C Hewitt's Freuda, New York; third prize, silver medal, R Lehman's Selma, Brooklyn.

Class 5. Mastiff Puppies: Dogs and Bitches, first prize, $10, Miss Sarah C Hewitt's The Amal, New York; second prize, silver medal, Miss Sarah C Hewitt's Frou Frou; v h c W H Hobart's puppies, Newark, NJ.

Class 6. Champion Rough Coated St. Bernard Dogs: Silver medal, Mrs D. P. Foster's Turco, New York.

Class 7. Champion Rough Coated St. Bernard Bitches: Silver medal, no entries.

Class 8. Rough Coated St Bernard Dogs: First prize, $15, Herman Clawsen's Barry, New York; second prize, $10, H H Baxter's Turk, New York; third prize, silver medal, H M Hoar's Rover, New York.

Class 9. Rough Coated St Bernard Bitches: First prize, $10, A E Godeffroy's Maguerite, Guymard, N Y (only entry).

Class 10. Champion Smooth Coated St Bernard Dogs: Silver medal, John P Haines' Don, Tom's River, N J; v h c John P Haines' Harold, Tom's River, N J.

Class 11. Champion Smooth Coated St Bernard Bitches: Silver medal, John P Haines' Judy, Tom's River, N. J.

Class 12. Smooth Coated St Bernard Dogs: First prize, $15, Herman Samuel J Tilden's Asbhin, New York (only entry).

Class 13. Smooth Coated St Bernard Bitches: First prize, $15, John P Haines' Vic, Tom's River, N J.

Class 14. St. Bernard Puppies, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, John P Haines' Guard, Tom's River, N J; second prize, silver medal, J P Haines' Cato, Tom's River, N J; v h c John P Haines' Toper, Tom's River, N J; h c John P Haines' Dirk, Tom's River, N J.

Class 15. Newfoundland Dogs: First prize, $10, C H Mason's Mayor of Bingley, England; second prize, silver medal, A U Ibberson's Bogasinus, New York; v h c, E S Wheeler's Carlo, New York.

Class 16. Newfoundland Bitches: First prize, $10, withheld; second prize, silver medal, E E McCormick's Flora, New York.

Class 17. Newfoundland Puppies, dogs and bitches: Silver medal, Edward J Birmingham's Rex, New York (only entry).

Class 18. Collie or Colley Dogs and Bitches: First prize, $10, Aug Field's Caro, New York; second prize, silver medal, G F Keller's Lyon, New York; v h c, F C Wilson's Mous, Englewood, N J.

Class 19. Greyhounds, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, C H Mason's Dropping Well, England; second prize, silver medal, Patrick Nanry's Don, New York; h c, Major W A Kobbe's Juliet, Fort Hamilton, L I; Frank H Lee's Fan, New York; h c, L C F Lotz's Major, Chas L C F Lotz's Prairie Girl; H A Colt's Rosette, Mount Vernon, N Y; c, W Trenkmann's Dick, New York; Col George C Bradley's Don, Brooklyn, N Y; Thos Mason, Jr's, Nellie, Morristown, N J; James H Murphy's Lady, Worcester, Mass.

Class 20. Deerhounds, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, W W Sherman's Hero, Newport, R I; second prize, silver medal, W Renkin's Sir Walter, New York.

Class 21. Champion Pointers, over 55 pounds, Dogs: Prize, $30, E S Wilks' Tramp, Galt, Canada.

Class 22. Champion Pointers, over 50 pounds, Bitches: Prize, $30, George G Barker's Princess, Boston, Mass.

Class 23. Pointers, over 55 pounds, Dogs: First prize, $25, W R Hobart's Rapp, Newark, N J; second prize, $15, A H Moore's Guess, Philadelphia; third prize, silver medal, A E Godeffroy's Croxteth, Guymard, N Y; v h c, C DuBois Wagstaff's Lord Dufferin, Baldwin, L I; Edward Lee Oakley, Springfield, Mass; H Clay Ives's Snipe, Tom's River, N J; Edmund Orgill's Rocket, Brooklyn, N Y; C H Mason's Don, England; John F Harrison's Smuggler II, Chicopee, Mass; h c, Elliot Smith's Don, New York; C H Mason's Chelmsford, England; N M Drake's Trenton, N J; c, George H Pierce's Glendale, Jersey City, N J; P O H McCartan's Rover, New York.

Class 24. Pointers, over 50 pounds, Bitches: First prize, $25, C H Mason's Water Lilly, England; second prize, $15, A Bamar's Zoe, Pottstown, Pa; third prize, silver medal, Theodore Whitehead's Blake, Jersey City, N J; v h c, William F Duerr's Gypsy, Orange, N J.

Class 25. Champion Pointers under 55 pounds, Dogs: Prize, $30, Edmund Orgill's Rush, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Class 26. Champion Pointers, under 50 pounds, Bitches: Prize, $30, Edmund Orgill's Rue, Brooklyn, N Y.

Class 27. Pointers, under 55 pounds, Dogs: First prize, $25, A H Moore's Le Guy, Philadelphia; second prize, $15, C H Mason's Chancellor, England; third prize, silver medal, Edmund Orgill's Rowell, Brooklyn, N Y; v h c, H W Livingston's Bang, Yonkers, N Y; William F Baxter's Bob White, Brooklyn, N Y; Robert C Cornell's Match, New York; h c, Hon John S Wise's Tom, Richmond Va.; R Lamb's Flash, New York.

Class 28. Pointers, under 50 pounds, Bitches: First prize, $25, Edmund Orgill's Rhona, Brooklyn, N Y; second prize, $15, John G Heckscher's Lady Dufferin, N Y; third prize, silver medal, R Lamb's Flirt, New York; v h c, D T Gregory, Jr's, 2d Belle, New York; Dr. T. F. Martin's Lill, Bridgeport, Conn; h c, T P Graham's Queen, Pittsburgh, Pa; Garrett Roach's Prudence, New York; Fred Smith's Rose, Jersey City.

‖ Class 29. Pointer Puppies, under 12 months old, Dogs: First prize, $10, Edmund Orgill's Rap, Brooklyn, N Y; second prize, silver medal, Theodore Whitehead's Tail, New York; v h c, John G Heckscher's Lady, New York; John G Heckscher's entry, New York; c, William F Duerr's entry, Orange, N J.

Class 30. Pointer Puppies, under 12 months old, Bitches: First prize, $10, Edmund Orgill's Apollo, Fan (second prize, silver medal), Edmund Orgill's Rival, Brooklyn, N Y; v h c, J H Shields' Belle, Brooklyn, N Y; h c, John G Heckscher's entry, N Y; c, William F Duerr's entry, Orange, N J.

Class 31. Champion English Setters, Dogs: Prize, $30, A H Moore's Leicester, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class 32. Champion English Setters, Bitches: Prize, $30, D C Sanborn's Snark, Dowling, Mich.

Class 33. Imported English Setters, Dogs: First prize, $25, J R Robinson's Sampson, Sunderland, England; second prize, $15, J H Goodsell's Duke of Beaufort, New York; third prize, silver medal, J C Higgins' Pontiac, Delaware City, Del; v h c, C Murray's Jamius, London, Ont; H W Gause's Warwick, Wilmington, Del; A H Moore's Temple, Philadelphia, Pa; h c, G W Moore's Leicester Ranger, Pittsburgh, Pa; J C Higgins' Dashing Monarch, Delaware City, Del; c, J H Goodsell's Don Juan, New York; L J Gaines' Blue Blood, Meriden, Conn.

Class 34. Imported English Setter Bitches: First prize, $25, J C Higgins' Petrel II, Delaware City, Del; second prize, $15, W H Beebe's Blue Bell, New York; third prize, silver medal, J H Goodsell's Daisy Laverack, New York; v h c, J C White's Lou, Philadelphia, Pa; h c, N Hathaway's Opal, Fall River, Mass; c, L Shuster, Jr's, Cornelia, Philadelphia.

Class 35. Native English Setter Dogs: First prize, $25, B F Wilson's Spot, Pittsburgh, Pa; second prize, $15, Jas H Goodsell's Count Zo, New York; third prize, silver medal, James H Goodsell's Racket, New York; v h c, Goodsell's Royal Cambridge, New York; Dr H Hathaway's Blue Dan, Middleboro, Mass; C H Dayton's Young Bellon, Peekskill, N Y; Sportsman's Kennel's Clexton; A C Crawford's Alton, Pawtucket, R I, Sportsman's Kennel's Blue Drake, Geneva, Iowa; Theo Meyer's Rose Laverack, Jersey City, N J; C Higgins' Lincoln II, Delaware City, Del; c, O R Watkins' Tom, Brooklyn; W H Beebe's Conn, New York; Newton Earle's Baldie, Providence, R I.

Class 36. Native English Setters Bitches: First prize, $25, C Moran, Jr.'s Donna, New York; second prize, $15, Sportsman's Kennel's Flirt, Geneva, Iowa; third prize, silver medal, J H Shields' Lady Laverack, Philadelphia, Pa; v h c, Sportsman's Kennel's Highland Lassie, Geneva, Iowa; N D Hathaway's Bow Bells, Middleboro, Mass.; h c, W H Beebe's Loul, New York; W A Buckingham's Daisy Dale, Norwich, Conn; O R Watkins' Croop, Brooklyn; C Wilde's Daisey, Bridgeport, Conn; L Willy's Tambazine, Baltimore, Md.

Class 37. English Setter Puppies under 12 months old, Dogs: First prize, $10, J. De T. Blackstone's Royal Dale, Norwich, Conn.; second prize, silver medal, R Betty's Doc, New York; A. C. Hunn, John S Wise's Hans, Richmond, Va.; h c, H W Livingston's Peter Schlemihl, New York; c, L Shuster, Jr's Chelten D, Philadelphia Pa.

Class 38. English Setter Puppies under 12 months old, Bitches: First prize, $10, N M Drake's Rem, Trenton, N. J.; second prize, silver medal, Theo. Meyer's Rose Laverack, Jersey City, N. J.; v h c, Roy R Ray Hamilton's Diana, New York; h c, H W Livingston's August,

Flower, New York; *c*, Benjamin B Newton's Bessie, Smithtown L. I.

Class 39. Champion Black and Tan Setters, Dogs: Prize, $30, A H Moore's Bob, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class 40. Champion Black and Tan Setters, Bitches: Prize, $30, Garvett Roach's Lady Gordon, New York.

Class 41. Black and Tan Setters, Dogs: First prize, $25, Charles T. Brownell's Dash, New Bedford, Mass; second prize, $15, E C Aiden's Bailey's Tom, Dedham, Mass; third prize, silver medal, Dr Henry Garis's Sam, New York; *v h c*, Leander Waterbury's Pride of the Frontier, New York; C B Davis' Duke of the East, Providence, R I; T F Taylor's King, Richmond, Va; T F Taylor's Greeley, Richmond, Va; *h c*, William Pierson Hamilton's Pompy, Rahway, N Y; F Dumont's Dash, New York; James Moore's Chang, Chicago, Ill; James Moore's Lang Tate Zeno, Chicago, Ill; Clay Maddux's M D, Dr John Kelly's Nellie, Baltimore, Md; Chas. R Maurice, Jr's, Doctor, Brooklyn, N Y; *c*, J C Monroe's, M D, Glen Ill, Brooklyn, N Y; T F Taylor's Briar Colt's Neck, N J; Dr Henry V Aten's Glen, Brooklyn, N Y.

Class 42. Black and Tan Setters, Bitches: First prize, $25, James Moore's Venus, Chicago, Ill; second prize, $15, Capt O H Day's Torsey, Trenton, N J; third prize, silver medal, A H Moore's Lady Rap'd, Philadelphia, Pa; *v h c*, Chas T Brownell's Clio, New Bedford, Mass; James Moore's Jamuary, Chicago, Ill; Clay Maddux's M D, Dr John Kelly's Nellie, Brooklyn, N Y; Robt Blackwood's Young Flora, Montreal, Canada; *c*, A H Thomas' Fannie, Warrensburgh, N Y; John P Barnard, Jr's, Ruby, Boston, Mass; George De Forest Grant's, Dina, New York.

Class 43. Black and Tan Setters, Puppies under 12 months, Dogs: First prize, $10, Charles T Brownell's Grouse, New Bedford, Mass; second prize, silver medal, James Moore's Sam, Chicago, Ill; *v h c*, F Frendenthal's Duke, Norwalk, Conn; *h c*, James a Creveling's Dr. Moore, Washington, N J; *c*, A H Godefroy's Bruce, Guymard, N Y.

Class 44. Black and Tan setter Puppies under 12 months, Bitches: First withheld; second prize, silver medal, George R Nichols' Daisy, New Haven, Conn; *h c*, F Frendenthal's Grace, Norwalk, Conn; *c*, A E Godefroy's Broon, Guymard, N Y.

Class 45. Champion Irish Setters, Dogs: Prize, $30, A H Moore's Berkley, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class 46. Champion Irish Setters, Bitches: Prize, $30, A H Moore's Loo II, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class 47. Irish Setters, Dogs: First prize, $35, Max Wenzel's Chief, Hoboken, N J; second prize, $15, A H Moore's Raleigh, Philadelphia, Pa; third prize, silver medal, S D Ripley's Spy, New York; *v h c*, C Denison's San Pedro, Hartford, Conn; *h c*, C S Lincoln's Duncan, Warren, Mass; *c*, W T Emmerson's Grouse, New York.

Class 48. Irish Setters, Bitches: First Prize, $35, Dr W Jarvis' Norven, Claremont, N H; second prize, $15, B F Clark's Meg, Manchester, N H; third prize, silver medal, R H Dulany's Kate, New York; *v h c*, Dr Wm Jarvis' Lorna, Claremont, N H; W H Pierce's Red Sue, Peekskill, N Y; E Pratt's Reeta, Wilmington, Del.

Class 49. Irish Setter Puppies under 12 months, Dogs: First prize, $10, W F Gage's Grafton, Fishkill on the Hudson, N Y; second prize, silver medal, Joseph M Trissler's Rapid Scan, Lancaster, Pa; *v h c*, Walter B Pearl's Diamond, Washington Heights, New York; *h c*, J B Grainger's Rock, Guymard, N Y; *c*, Thomas Seymour's Marquis of Bute, Peekskill, N Y.

Class 50. Irish Setter Puppies under 12 months, Bitches: First prize, $10, Theo H Perry's Teddy, New York; second prize, silver medal, C P Stokes' Lucille, Richmond, Va; *v h c*, John H Meyer's Red Lou, New York; *h c*, J O Donner's Queen Elizabeth, New York; *c*, Frank Lewis' Jip II, New York; William Brooks' Flora, New York; G W Beckford's Fashion, White Plains, N Y.

Class 51. Irish Water Spaniels, dogs and bitches: First prize $10, Excelsior Kennel's Mike, Chicago, Ill; second prize, silver medal, D D Lawlor's Judy, Mount Vernon, N Y; *h c* D Gardner's Limerick, Milwaukee, Wis.

Class 52. Field Spaniels, large size dogs over 28 pounds, bitches over 25 pounds: First prize, $10, Lachine Kennel Club's Benedict, Whitestone, L I; second prize, $5, A H Moore's Dash, Philadelphia, Pa; third prize, silver medal, R M Lindsay's Jenny, Scranton, Pa; *h c*, D C Frank's Jessie, New York; *c*, Jeffray's Cabbo, New York.

Class 53. Cocker Spaniels, dogs under 23 pounds: First prize, $10, J O'Sis Fellows' Brag, Hornellsville, N Y; second prize, $5, A E Godefroy's Teddy, Guymard, N Y; third prize, silver medal, Dr J W J Arnold's Music; *h c*, G Hall's Bob, Newburgh, New York.

Class 54. Cocker Spaniel Bitches under 25 pounds: First prize, $10, Dr J S Cattanach's Queen Vic, New York; second prize, $5, E Thaeler's Busy, Hamilton, Ont; third prize, silver medal, C P Sewell's Lou, New York; *v h c*, Wm Watts' Reta, Wilmington, Del, N Y.

Class 55. Cocker or Field Spaniel Puppies under 12 months old, dogs or bitches: Prize, silver medal, Lachine Kennel Club's Beatrice, Whitestone, L I.

Class 56. Foxhounds: First prize, $10, Queens County Hunt's Colner, New York; second prize, $5, Queens County Hunt's Coastguard, New York; third prize, silver medal, John Aspinwall's Major, Barrytown, N Y; *v h c*, A W Cabot's Flora, New York; *h c*, Queens County Hunt's Rachel, New York; *c*, A H Thomas' Fannie, New York.

Class 57. Beagles, Dogs: First prize, $10, J N Dodge's Rattler, Detroit, Mich; second prize, $10, R M Lindsay's Lee, Scranton, Pa; third prize, silver medal, James Moore's Rival, Chicago, Ill; *v h c*, Montclair Hunt's Rambler, Montclair N J; *h c*, N Elmore's Flute, Granby, Conn; *c*, George Ritz's Rock, New York.

Class 58. Beagles, Bitches: First prize, $10, Thomas Orgill's Melody, Brooklyn, N Y; second prize, $5, N Elmore's Bess, Granby, Conn; third prize, silver medal Queens County Hunt's Sadie, New York; *v h c*, Robert Taylor's Mills, Jersey City; Potter Dorsey's Lucy II, Newmarket, Md; *h c*, Arthur Talbot's Countess, Oceola Mills, Pa; R M Lindsay's Rill, Scranton, Pa; *c*, Gen Frank A Bond and Dr T Clay Maddux's Lude P, Jessups, Md.

Class 59. Beagle Puppies, dogs and bitches under 12 months: Prize, silver medal, Montclair Hunt's Blue Belle, Montclair, N J.

Class 60. Dachshunds, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, W H Goeding's Wodan, New York; second prize, silver medal, J A Stovel's Marguerite, Philadelphia, Pa; *h c*, W Schnell's Dave, New York; *c*, Gustav Arnsdank's Kitz, New York; *c*, W H Stellman's Bergmann, Baltimore, Md.

Class 61. Champion Fox Terriers, Dogs: Silver medal, L and W Rutherfurd's Bowstring, New York.

Class 62. Champion Fox Terriers, Bitches: Silver medal, R Gibson's Tipsey, Iderton, Ont.

Class 63. Fox Terriers, Dogs: First prize, $10, C H Mason's Noslem II, England; second prize, $5, L and W Rutherfurd's Royal, New York; third prize, silver medal, C K Morrison's Notis (late Rustic), New York; *v h c*, C H Mason's Tartar, England; *h c*, Alfred Boote's Tussell, East Orange.

Class 64. Fox Terriers, Bitches: First prize, $10, C H Mason's Twilight, England; second prize, $5, L and W Rutherfurd's Sally, New York; third prize silver medal J M Waterbury's Contralto, New York; *v h c*, and W Rutherfurd's Tricksey, New York; *h c* C H Mason's Moonlight, England.

Class 65. Fox Terrier Puppies, dogs under 12 months old: First silver medal L and W Rutherfurd's Joker, New York; *v h c* W R Hill's Trouble, Albany, N Y.

Class 66. Fox Terrier Puppies, bitches under 12 months old: Silver medal, J M Waterbury's unnamed black-marked puppy, New York.

Class 67. Champion Collies, Dogs: Prize, silver medal, Scotland Kennel's Tweed II, New Market, Md; *v h c*, J Lindsay's Rex, Jersey City, N J.

Class 68. Champion Collies, Bitches: Prize, silver medal, Scotland Kennel's Lass o' Gowrie, New Market, Md.

Class 69. Collies, Dogs: First prize $10, J Lindsay's Ayrshire Laddie, Jersey City, N J; second prize $5, A S Apgar's Nelson, New York; third prize, silver medal, C Morgan's Punch, Bordentown, N J; *v h c*, Scotland Kennel's Prince, New Market, Md.

Class 70. Collies, Bitches: First prize, $10, A S Apgar's Isle, New York; second prize, $5, A S Apgar's Daisy, New York; third prize, silver medal, J L Mumm's Sheila, East Orange, N J; *v h c*, J Wilson Segerse's Rose, New York; *h c*, Wm Wiles, Jr's, Daisy, Pawtucket, R I.

Class 71. Collies, Puppies, dogs and bitches: First prize, silver medal, Scotland Kennel's Meg Merrilies, New Market, Md; *v h c*, Scotland Kennel's Bits o' Fun; *h c*, J W Burgess' Spot, New York.

Class 72. Bull Dogs, Dogs and Bitches: First prize, C H Mason's Nobie, England; second prize, $5, John F Barnard, Jr's, Bonnie Boy, Boston, Mass; third prize, silver medal, James Patterson's Ben, New York; *v h c*, John F Barnard, Jr's, South Bank, Boston, Mass; *h c*, James Mortimer's Doctor, New York.

Class 73. Bull Terriers, dogs and bitches over 25 pounds: First prize, $10, C H Mason's Young Bill, England; second prize, $5, James Mortimer's Silk II, New York; third prize, silver medal, W R H Martin's Butcher, New York.

Class 74. Bull Terriers, dogs or bitches under 25 pounds: First prize, $10, L F Martin's Pegasus, New York; second prize, $5, A Watts' Grab, Boston, Mass.; third prize, silver medal, L F Martin's Puss, New York; *v h c*, Charles Morgan's Jessie Agnus, Bordentown, N J.

Class 75. Bull Terrier Puppies, dogs and bitches: Prize, silver medal, Mrs. John Wills' Young Victor, New York; *v h c*, T. R. Stone's Duke, New York.

Class 76. Champion Skye Terriers, dogs and bitches: Prize, silver medal, Robt McClellan's Tom, Flushing, L I.

Class 77. Skye Terriers, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, Robt Sewell Jr.'s Tatters, New York; second prize, $5, A. H. Moore's Tuck, Philadelphia; third prize, silver medal, Morris R. Stroud's Torsey, Philadelphia; *v h c*, Chas Moran Jr's Mynnm Mynnm, New York; *h c*, C A Howard's Tatters, New York; *c*, A. H. Moore's Scottish Queen, Philadelphia.

Class 78. Champion Pugs, Dogs: Prize, silver medal, A H Moore's Young Sooloy, Philadelphia.

Class 79. Champion Pugs, Bitches: Prize, silver medal, only entry at sent

Class 80. Pugs, Dogs: First prize, $10, Dr M A Cryer's Roderick, Philadelphia; second prize, $5, Mrs Edwin A Poe's George, Philadelphia; third prize, silver medal, Miss Florence Ashbridge's Pincino, Morristown, N J; extra third prize, silver medal, Miss Marion Geisdinger's Prince, New York; *h c*, Frank S Lewis' Columbus, Philadelphia.

Class 81. Pugs, Bitches: First prize, $10, A H Moore's May, Philadelphia; second prize, silver medal, C H Mason's Nina, England; third prize, silver medal, F M Carney's Puggie, New York; *h c*, C Miller's Minnie May, New York.

Class 82. Pug Puppies, dogs and bitches: Prize, silver medal, Miss Lizzie H King's Smut, New York.

Class 83. Angola Rabbits, Terriers, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, C H Mason's Bruce, England; second prize, silver medal, John T Lawler's Paddy, New York city.

Class 84. Black and Tan Terriers, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, H H Martin's Nettie, New York; second prize, silver medal, withheld

Class 85. Dandie Dinmont Terriers, dogs and bitches: First prize, 1 Col Hume's Badger II., Orange C. H., Va.; second prize, silver medal, C H Mason's Meg, England; *v h c*, Robt Hume's Madge, Orange C H, Va; *h c*, Howard S Jaffrey's Piper, New York.

Class 86. Irish Terriers, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, Lachine Kennel Club's Home Ruler, Whitestone, L I.; second prize, silver medal, Lachine Kennel Club's Kathleen, Whitestone, L I.; *c*, John T Lawler's Nelly, New York.

Class 87. Champion Yorkshire Terriers, blue and tan over 5 pounds, dogs and bitches: Prize, silver medal, Thos Kallaher's Willie, New York.

Class 88. Yorkshire Terriers, blue and tan over 5 pounds, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, C H Mason's Sandy, England; second prize, $5, Thos Kallaher's Young Bright, New York; third prize, silver medal, Thos Kallaher's Chief, New York; *v h c*, H Vogt's Prince, New York; James Campbell's Bradford Charley, New York; Thos Kallaher's Snap, New York; *h c*, John Marriott's Jerry, New York; *c*, Thos. Kallaher's Willie II., New York.

Class 89. Champion Yorkshire Terriers, blue and tan under 5 pounds, dogs and bitches: Prize, silver medal. No entries.

Class 90. Yorkshire Terriers, blue and tan under 5 pounds, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, Thos Kallaher's Jessie, New York; second prize, $5, H J Sargent's Tatters, New York; third prize, silver medal, Chas Moran Jr's Dude, New York; *v h c*, Thos Kallaher's Young Mozart, New York; *h c* Samuel Hickling's Rosie, East Orange, N J.; *c*, J McLoughlin's Barney, Boston, Mass.

Class 91. Toy Terriers, other than Yorkshire, under 12 pounds, dogs and bitches: First prize, silver medal, Alfred Nelson's Regina Victoria, New York; second prize, silver medal, Capt J W Downing's Dot, New York.

Class 92. King Charles or Blenheim Spaniels, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, Al Watts' Daisy, Boston, Mass; second prize, silver medal, Robert Starling's Prince, New York; *v h c*, Al Watts' Rolla, Boston, Mass; *h c*, Thos Kallaher's Charley, New York; *c*, Robert Starling's Daisy, New York.

Class 93. Japanese Spaniels, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, Mrs Charles E Pratt's Olivette, New York; second prize, silver medal, Charles E Pratt's Flo, New York; *v h c*, Mrs C E Walker's Tappi, New York.

Class 94. Italian Greyhounds, dogs and bitches: First prize, $10, A H Moore's Pearl, Philadelphia; second prize, silver medal, C H Mason's Verona, England; *v h c*, Miss Annie Deland's Jenny, New York; *h c*, R F Carman's Nellie, New York; J J Webster's Fleet, New York; *c*, Madame Anne Tillis' Dot, New York; Little Buttercup, Coney Island, N Y; A H Moore's Cream, Philadelphia.

Class 95. Miscellaneous or Foreign, dogs and bitches not specified in above classification: First prize, $15, Miss Eva P Russell's (Maltese Terrier) Mozart, New York; second prize, $10, E. R. Hearn's (Bergbunnd Clumber) Jersey Duke, New York; third prize, $5, Benjamin Sage's (Berghund) Rover, Jersey City, N J.; fourth prize, silver medal, Chas O'Neil's (Canine Poodle) Tramp, Riverdale, N Y.; fifth prize, silver medal, Chas O'Neil's (Canine Poodle) Topsy, Riverdale, N Y.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

The Westminster Kennel Club offered the following prizes (classes A to G inclusive) for dogs that ran and were placed in any of the Field Trials that have been held in America:

Class A. For the best Pointer Bitch, silver medal suitably engraved: Henry W Livingston's Baronet, New York.

Class B. For the best Pointer Bitch, silver medal suitably engraved; D. F. Gregory Jr's (2d) Belle, New York.

Class C. For the best English Setter Dog, silver medal suitably engraved: A H Moore's Thunder, Philadelphia.

Class D. For the best English Setter Bitch, silver medal suitably engraved: S Fleet Speir's (M D) Lizzie Lee, Brooklyn.

Class E. For the best Pointer or Setter Dog, silver medal suitably engraved: A H Moore's Berkley, Philadelphia.

Class F. For the best Irish Setter Bitch, silver medal suitable engraved. No entries.

Class G. For the best Black and Tan Setter, silver medal suitably engraved: Dr Henry V Aten's Glen, Brooklyn, N Y.

The Westminster Kennel Club also offered the following additional Prizes, classes H to L, inclusive

Class H. For the best kennel of large-sized Pointers, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor, silver medal suitably engraved. Only entry absent.

Class I. For the best kennel of small-sized Pointers, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor, silver medal suitably engraved: Edmund Orgill's Kennel, Brooklyn, N Y., with Rush, Belle, Rue, Howell and Rhona.

Class J. For the best kennel of English Setters, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor, silver medal suitably engraved: A H Moore's Kennel, Philadelphia, Pa., with Leicester, Thunder, and Lady Laverack.

Class K. For the best kennel of Irish setters, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor, silver medal suitably engraved: Dr William Jarvis' Kennel, Claremont, N H., with Echo, Rose, Noreen, Lorna and Fanny Fern.

Class L. For the best kennel of Black and Tan Setters, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor, silver medal suitably engraved: James Moore's Toledo Kennel Club, Chicago, Ill., with Grouse, Chang, Lang, Venus, Jamuary, Toot, Tad and Sam.

The following Prizes (classes M to P inclusive) were offered by a gentleman of New York city:

Class M. For the best English Setter Dog, for stud purposes, to be competed for only by winners of not less than three first prizes, winnings of dog's previous get to be taken into consideration, cash $25: A H Moore's Leicester, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class N. For the best Laverack Setter Dog, cash $25: A H Moore's Thunder, Philadelphia, Pa.

Class O. For the best English Setter Dog, native or imported, competed for by the *v h c* winners, cash $25: H W Gause's Warwick, Wilmington, Delaware.

Class P. For the best Irish Setter Dog, for stud purposes, competed for only by winners of not less than three first prizes, winnings of dog's previous get to be taken into consideration, cash $25: Dr William Jarvis' Echo, Claremont, N H.

The following prizes were offered (classes Q to U inclusive) by A H Moore, Esq., of Philadelphia:

Class Q. For the best mastiff, dog or bitch, a placque, painted by Mrs A H Moore, of Philadelphia, Pa.; value, $100: C H Mason's bitch Creole, England.

Class R. For the best brace of English Setters, regardless of sex, competed for by dogs entered in the open classes only (donor did not compete), a handsome silver cup; value, $50: John C Higgins' Pontiac and Petrel II, Delaware City, Del.

Class S. For the best brace of Irish Setters, regardless of sex, competed for by dogs entered in the open classes only (donor did not compete), a handsome silver cup; value, $50; Dr William Jarvis' Lorna and Noreen, Claremont, N H.

Class T. For the best Field Spaniel, dog or bitch (donor did not compete), a handsome silver cup; value, $25: Lachine Kennel Club's Benedict, Whitestone, L I.

Class U. For the best Cocker Spaniel, dog or Bitch (donor did not compete), a handsome silver cup; value, $25: J. O'is Fellows' Brag, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Class V. A master of greyhounds offers a solid silver cup, to be known as "The Chicago Field Greyhound Cup," awarded to the best Greyhound, dog or bitch, that has taken a first prize at Springfield, New York, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, St Paul or Hobourgh, the owner of the winner to receive the cup and offer it for competition at subsequent Bench shows on same conditions: L C P Lott's Prairie Girl, Chicago, Ill.

Class W. The FOREST AND STREAM offered a handsome silver hunting horn for the best Bench-Legged Beagle: J N Dodge's Rattler, Detroit, Mich.

Class X. The FOREST AND STREAM offered a handsome silver hunting horn for the best Bench-Legged Beagle: Pottinger Dorsey's Major, New Market, Md.

Class Y. A silver medal, suitably engraved, for the best Berghund Dog or Bitch: E R Hearn's Carlo, Jersey City, N J.

Class Z. A gentleman of New York city offered $25 for the best English Setter Breed Bitch, exhibited with one of her progeny, the progeny to be a native and to be judged by its American Field Trials and Bench Show record: E A Herzberg's Jessie, with St. Elmo, Brooklyn, N Y.

Class AA. For the best English Setter, dog or bitch, native or imported, to be competed for by the winners in the in respective classes one rich cup and engraved lemonade set (thirteen pieces), with winner's name engraved on same: value, $25; presented by George C Sterling, Esq: A H Moore's Leicester, Philadelphia.

Class BB. A gentleman of New York city offered a special prize, $25, for the best brace of English Setters (regardless of sex) owned by one person, competed for by entries made before or at any time during the first day of the show, must be first prize winners on the Bench and in their Field Trial records to be taken into consideration: Dr S Fleet Speir's St. Elmo and Lizzie Lee, Brooklyn, N Y.

Class CC. For the best Fox Terrier dog or bitch in the show, silver fruit stand; value, $50: C H Mason's dog Moslem II, England.

Class DD. For the best Fox Terrier dog or bitch in the show, silver cup: Scotland Kennel's Tweed II, Newmarket, Md.

Class EE. For the best Black Setter dog or bitch in the show, silver medal: Otto Plock's Satan, New York.

Class FF. For the best brace of Black and Tan Setter Puppies, silver medal: A K Godefroys Bruce and Bloom, Guymard, N Y.

THE N. A. K. C. ENTRIES.—With reference to certain strictures which have been made upon him by a New York paper, Mr. Jas. H. Dew, the Secretary of the National American Kennel Club, sends us this explanation with a request for its publication:

"By the kindness of a friend my attention has been called to an article in the Turf, Field and Farm, which I should not otherwise have seen reflecting unpleasantly upon my performance of the duties of the office of Secretary of the National Kennel Club.

"All the sporting papers that requested the proceedings or items of interest connected with the National Kennel Club have been promptly supplied with them. Had the Turf, Field and Farm made the same request it would have received the same courteous and prompt attention.

"It is foreign to any desire on my part to do anything that might even remotely injure the National Association or the interest in kennel matters, as I hope my connection with the field trials of the country from their inauguration will justify. As to my removal from office, as suggested by the Turf, Field and Farm I have only to say that I very reluctantly accepted the position, believing that some other person better qualified might be induced to act, but having accepted I have endeavored to do what I believed to be my duty; but if the interest of the National Kennel Club will be in the slightest degree benefited by my removal I join in the request that it might be done, and will render any assistance I can in getting a better officer.

"Personally, the reflections are as unkind as they are unwarranted and ungentlemanly, and if the Turf, Field and Farm can make it apparent that any part of the duty of the present secretary is to have any correspondence in future with that paper he will most certainly resign."

In behalf of the many gentlemen throughout the country who are in receipt of the uniform courtesy of Mr. Dew, we need not add here that no change is called for in the occupancy of the National Kennel Club Secretaryship. The present officer is giving full satisfaction, and the due acknowledgment therefor—the only reward attaching to the office, by the way—should not be withheld.

THE COCKER CLUB.—A meeting of the Cocker Club Committee was held last Thursday afternoon in a room at the American Institute Building, kindly loaned for the occasion by the Westminster Kennel Club. Present were Messrs. Macdougall, Fellows and McKoon, and the latter gentleman had instructions how to vote from Messrs. Kirk, Whitman and Cummings.

The result of their labors was presented at the first annual meeting of members of the club held at the same place. Dr. Morrill was elected to occupy the chair, and Mr. Macdougall acted as secretary. The report of the committee was read and accepted, and the club proceeded to its consideration by section. A very free interchange of views was indulged in by the members, and a standard was decided upon by the time the meeting was adjourned at a late hour until the next morning.

The adjourned meeting was called to order at noon on Friday by Dr. Morrill, Dr. Niven acting as secretary. After free discussion caused by the proper and systematic method of perfecting a permanent organization, when it was decided that the Chair should select two gentlemen to act with himself in drawing up a Constitution and By-laws, which, with the standard, should be forwarded to the press for publication, and also to all who expressed a desire to join the club.

N. A. K. CLUB MEETING.—In pursuance to the call of President Bryson, the club held its meeting in the committee-room of the Westminster Kennel Club during Wednesday of the show. The following members were present: Messrs. Chas. H. Raymond, John Higgins, Thos. Mordell, J. C. Sanborn and F. Satterthwaite. The object of the meeting was to devise a plan whereby the outstanding debts should be paid.

NEW ORLEANS.—Some weeks ago I purchased from Mr. Wm. H. Hawkins, Fall River, Mass., the lemon and white setter dog Rascal, and I must say Mr. Hawkins deserves great credit for the developing of this young dog. There is some talk of a State field trial here this fall, and Rascal will surely be entered for the "free for all." Our season closed yesterday, and large numbers of quail, turkeys and deer are left for seed, and we expect great sport this fall. Duck-shooting has been quite good during the winter. Your able journal has many supporters here.—E. Ô.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Helen Dale—Mr. W. Tallman, Providence, R. I., claims the name of Helen Dale, for setter bitch puppy out of Daisy Dale by Waters' Grouse.

Ojo—Mr. Ralph Doe, Salmon Falls, N. H., claims the name of Ojo for cocker spaniel puppy out of Feather by Snip, purchased from the Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel, Claremont, N. H.

Bess—Mr. Jno. K. Renaud, New Orleans, La., claims the name of Bess for white and liver pointer bitch puppy by Warren out of Rye.

Philax—Mr. J. W. Hass, Dubuque, Ia., claims the name of Philax for cocker spaniel dog puppy by Carlo out of Pearl.

Smut III.—Mr. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., claims the name of Smut III. for a black setter bitch puppy, by Green's Sam out of Mr. N. Earle's Smut II.

Duke—Mr. L. R. Landy, South Framingham, Mass., claims the name of Duke for his Siberian dog puppy out of Anthony & Ellis' New by same owner's Kit.

Dixie—Mr. Thos. Barclay, Mobile, Ala., claims the name of Dixie for lemon and white pointer bitch puppy by Warren out of Rye.

Kenoza Frank—Mr. J. Frank Johns, Haverhill, Mass., claims the name of Kenoza Frank for Mr. H. W. White's Yeminton, D. T., black and tan and white on breast, Gordon setter puppy whelped March 5, 1880, by Lock out of Kenoza Kit.

Lockton—Mr. J. Frank Johns, Haverhill, Mass., claims the name of Lockton for black and tan, white on breast, Gordon setter puppy, whelped April 24, 1881, by Lock out of Kenoza Kit.

Lecrie—Mr. J. Frank Johns' Haverhill, Mass., claims the name of Lecric for black and tan, white on breast, Gordon setter puppy, whelped April 24, 1881, by Lock out of Kenoza Kit.

Legal Tender—Mr. J. Frank Johns, Haverhill, Mass., claims the name of Legal Tender for black and tan, white on breast, Gordon setter puppy, whelped April 24, by Lock out of Kenoza Kit.

Lottery—Mr. J. Frank Johns, Haverhill, Mass., claims the name of Lottery for black and tan, white on breast, Gordon setter puppy, whelped April 24, 1880, by Lock out of Kenoza Kit.

Lass of Gordon—Mr. J. Frank Johns, Haverhill, Mass., claims the name of Lass of Gordon for black and tan, white on breast, Gordon setter bitch puppy, whelped April 24, 1881, by Lock out of Kenoza Kit.

Chatham—Mr. E. Satterthwaite, Newark, N. J., claims the name of Chatham for setter dog puppy by Druid out of Mr. W. B. Wells' Chatham, Ont., Star (Leicester-Dart).

St. Mars—Dr. S. Fleet Spier, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of

St. Mars for lemon belton dog puppy, whelped Dec. 3, 1880, by Herzberg's Aldershot out of Herzberg's Jessie.

Blade o' Grass—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Blade o' Grass for black, white and tan setter dog puppy seven months old, by St. Elmo out of Daisy.

Bohea—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Bohea for black, tan and little white setter bitch puppy, seven months old, by St. Elmo out of Daisy.

Countess Edna—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Countess Edna for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped January 18, 1881, by St. Elmo out of Diamond Duchess.

Hereword—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Hereword for black, white and tan dog puppy, whelped Feb. 3, 1881, by St. Elmo out of Sheldon's Prairie Rose.

Clysmic—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Clysmic for Dane Belton setter dog puppy, seven months old, by St. Elmo, out of Diana

BRED.

Thistle-Dashing Monarch—Mr. S. T. Hammond's Springfield, Mass., setter bitch Thistle (Alton-Nellie) to Mr. J. C. Higgins' Delaware City, Del., Dashing Monarch.

Star-Ranger II.—Mr. W. B. Wells' Chatham, Ont., setter bitch Star (Leicester-Dart) to Mr. J. O. Donner's Ranger II.

Judeth-Cola—Mr. Frank D. Fay's Boston, Mass., setter bitch Judeth to owner's champion Cola.

Bloody-Mike—Toledo Kennel Club's Chicago, Ill., liver field spaniel Blondy (Drum-Undine) to Messrs. Whitman & Olcott's Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennel's water spaniel champion Mike (Shamrock-Duck).

Dream-Rover—Mr. Thos. Blyth's McIntyre, Pa., Gordon setter bitch Dream, late Dr. Downey's, by Dr. Speir's Gypsicum out of his Fan, to owner's imported Gordon setter dog Rover, on April 20–22.

Nellie Hatterack-York—Mr. Thos Blyth's McIntyre, Pa., red Irish setter bitch Nellie Hatterack, by Dirk Hatterack out of Tyke to owner's Joel by imported York out of Diffenderffer's Bess, on April 25

Doc Chief—Mr. Max Wenzel's Hoboken, N. J., red Irish setter bitch Doc to owner's Chief. The puppies are due May 31.

Fascination-Emperor Fred—Dr. S. Fleet Speir's black, white and tan setter bitch, Fascination (St. Elmo-Maida) to J. R. Robinson's Champion pure Laverack setter dog Emperor Fred, April 3.

Rex-Ira—Mr. J. W. Burgess' Grange, New Jersey,) fawn colored collie bitch (Lindsay's Rex-owner's Flora) to Lindsay's Ayrshire Laddie, first prize, New York, 1881, April 27.

WHELPS.

Norah—Mr. C. M. Munhall's (Cleveland, O.) setter bitch Norah (Elcho-Rose) whelped April 22, eight puppies, four dogs and four bitches, by Mr. John S. McIntosh's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) Ellz.

Abbey—Mr. Herbert Inman's (New York city) setter bitch Abbey whelped April 7, six puppies, four dogs and two bitches (two dogs and both bitches since dead) by owner's Rolly. Puppies not for sale.

Judy—Mr. M. H. Clark's (Secretary of the P. & D. Club, Clarksville, Penn.) liver-marked Irish water spaniel bitch Judy, imported as a mate to champion Barney, whelped on April 14, ten fine healthy puppies, by Sandy.

SALES.

Count Zo—Mr. James H. Goodsell, New York city, has purchased from Dr. W. W. White, Baltimore, Md., the orange Belton setter dog Count Zo (Pontiac-Queen Anne).

Chelten D.—Mr. L. Shuster, Jr., Philadelphia, has sold to Mr. S. J. Martenet, Jr., Baltimore, Md., English setter dog puppy Chelten D. (Dash III.-Cornell).

Tambazine—Mr. Lemuel Willey, Baltimore, Md., has sold to Mr. W. T. Whitehouse, St. Paul, Minn., the blue and white English setter bitch Tambazine (Pontiac-Queen Anne).

Grouse Dale-Blanche Whelp—Mr. W. Tallman, Providence, R. I., has sold to Dr. T. P. Graham, Pittsburgh, Pa., a setter bitch puppy by Grouse Dale out of Blanche.

Grouse Dale-Blanche Whelp—Mr. David Boyd, New York city, has purchased a setter dog puppy of Mr. William Tallman, Providence, R. I., by Grouse Dale out of Blanche.

Grouse Dale-Blanche Whelps—Mr. Du Bois Wagstaff, Babylon, L. I., purchased at New York show of Mr. W. Tallman, Providence, R. I., a brace of puppies (dog and bitch) by Grouse Dale out of Blanche.

Grouse Dale-Blanche Whelps—Mr. Carroll Bryce has purchased of Mr. W. Tallman, Providence, R. I., a setter dog puppy by Grouse Dale out of Blanche.

Peter Schlemihl—Mr. H. W. Livingston, New York city, sold to Mr. Fred. P. Sands, Newport, R. I., the black and white ticked English setter dog puppy Peter Schlemihl, whelped Aug 10, 1880, by Ray out of Bella (now dead).

Reddie—Mr. James H. Goodsell, New York city, has purchased of Mr. Theo. H. Terry, New York city, the Dish setter bitch puppy Reddie (Elcho-Rose), winner of first in puppy class N. Y. Show 1881.

Alpine—Mr. Calvin C. Reiff, Lauderton, Pa., has sold his Bismarck setter Jim to Mr. J. H. Jewett, Buffalo, N. Y.

Frank—Mr. Calvin C. Reiff, Louderton, Pa., has sold his Bismarck setter Frank to Dr. James W. Harry, Conshohocken, Pa.

Yarrow—Mr. J. Lindsay, of Jersey City, has sold to Mr. F. S. Witherbee, New York, his collie dog Yarrow by imported Rex, first, New York, 1880, out of imported Queenie.

Gowan—Mr. J. Lindsay, of Jersey City, has sold to Mr. Mathews, New York, his collie dog Gowan, seven months old; by imported Rex out of Downey's Lassie.

PRESENTATIONS.

Druid-Star Whelp—Mr. W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont., has presented Mr. J. O. Donner, of this city, with a fine setter bitch puppy by Druid out of owner's Star (Leicester-Dart).

Grouse-Daisy Dale Whelp—Mr. W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn., has presented to Mr. W. Tallman, Providence, R. I., a setter bitch puppy by Water's Grouse out of owner's Daisy Dale (imported champion Rock-Maud).

Prince Laverack—Mr. Frank Merrick, New Brighton, Pa., has presented to Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg, same place, the pure Laverack setter dog Prince Laverack (Thunder-Peeress), litter brother to Dai-y, Lady and Dick Laverack. Prince has been sent to Mr. Marsh Short for further instruction.

Sam-Smut II. Whelp—Mr. T. M. Aldrich, Providence, R. I., presented at New York Show Mr. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., with a black setter bitch puppy out of Mr. N. Earle's smut II., by Green's Sam.

Warren-Rye Whelp—Mr. Jno. K. Renaud, New Orleans, La., has been presented with a white and liver pointer bitch puppy by Warren out of Rye.

Druid-Star Whelps—Mr. W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont., has presented Mr. F. Satterthwaite, Newark, N. J., a setter dog puppy by Druid out of owner's Star (Leicester-Dart).

DEATH.

Donna Wheatley—Mr. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., has lost by distemper the pointer bitch puppy Donna Wheatley (Don Royal-Maid), in hands of trainer entered for the Robins Island Derby.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

132. S. S. V., Cleveland, O.—The following is a good remedy for fleas; a strong infusion of quassia, made by suspending a couple of ounces of quassia wood chips, tied in a piece of muslin, in a bucket of water for two or three hours, occasionally stirring it, is useful in killing fleas; it is free from danger, and being almost colorless is an advantage in washing white dogs. The infusion must be used instead of plain water with either soft soap or curd soap, a good lather being made to penetrate the dog's coat to the skin. Some plain water should be poured over the dog to finish the washing and remove the quassia from the coat.

133. T. D., Culpeper.—Please tell me what to do for a setter puppy with sore eyes. Every morning when I first see him his eyes are so closed up with matter he can hardly see. I wash them and put on some eye-wash I got at the drug-store, which does a little good. The puppy has a very fair appetite. Ans. You do not give the age of the puppy, but we would recommend that you continue the treatment you describe. If, however, the dog does not recover, write again.

134. L. R. L., So. Framingham, Mass.—My Newfoundland dog, three and a half year old, has been very sick for three days, cannot keep anything on his stomach, won't eat anything and drinks very little, breathes very hard. He vomits up a white, slimy matter. Will you tell me what to do for him? I gave him a dose of castor oil, but he did not keep it down. I feed him on Indian meal and table scraps. Ans. Probably an attack of bronchitis or inflammation of the lungs. Sustaining treatment; quinine two grains three times a day, and meat broths are indicated, to which a couple of small doses of calomel about three or four grains, twelve hours apart, will be of service.

135. G. H. T., Philadelphia.—My setter dog has been sneezing for the last few days, he also has a slight greenish discharge from the penis; he is well in other respects and in good condition. I think he has a bad cold. What shall I do for him? Ans. You fail to give age. Probably the dog has been overfed. Would advise regular diet which should consist of cooling food. Avoid giving much meat. Give two doses of oil, one each day, follow with a dose of sulphur one each day for five or six days. Keep the member clean by washing away the discharge carefully twice a day with tepid water.

136. A. P. P., Rochester, N. Y.—My pointer's hair comes out in spots. What shall I do for him? Ans. Rub the bare spots with sulphur ointment. Avoid giving meat for some time. Watch for eruption, which may indicate mange. Give teaspoonful of sulphur daily for five or six days. Kennel in a clean place, and have bedding changed daily.

137. J. H. E., Northumberland, Pa.—A friend of mine owns a very valuable and promising black Gordon setter puppy, ten months old, that for the past ten days, has been subject to fits. He is very quick and active, and takes them more readily while out exercising. His food has been altogether mush, and very seldom does he get any meat. He has been given medicine for worms, but it does him no good. Ans. The trouble you speak of is not uncommon with dogs of his age. Give open air exercise and opening medicine, say a full teaspoonful of castor oil, and the following day a dose of sulphur, small teaspoonful. Do not shut the puppy up but give him his freedom, and allow plenty of exercise.

138 M. E., Braggville, Mass.—My Irish setter dog has been suffering from the dog disease for the past few weeks, and seems to have had a relapse as he is now in bad shape. He runs profusely at the nose, has no appetite and is very weak. What will cure him? Ans. Your dog has probably had the distemper, and at the present stage of the disease, two grains of quinine three times a day and good sustaining meat broths will be the best treatment.

139. J. H. B., Phila.—I have a Gordon setter that is passing blood every time he makes a passage. I first noticed it on Sunday last, and I gave him on Monday one tablespoonful of castor oil, with five drops of laudanum in it. He was no better. I have been feeding him on cornmeal and oatmeal made into mush. He is two years old, what shall I do for him? Ans. If the dog is constipated the bleeding is due to that fact. Give doses of sulphur teaspoonful, and sulphate of magnesia same quantity on alternate days, and give the dog regular exercise where he can get grass.

140. C. H. P., Pomfret Centre, Conn.—Two eyes of my English setter dog, six and a half years old, are affected and he is now almost totally blind. I had him out on Tuesday, and he went into a fit, frothing at the mouth while laying on his side. The fit lasted ten minutes, and then he could hardly walk. Do you think worms are the trouble? What shall I do for him? Ans. If the nerves of the eyes are really diseased nothing can be done for him. If, however, it is a functional derangement see that regular exercise is given and proper food is given him. We suggest that you give alternate doses, one a day, of sulphur, one teaspoonful and same quantity of sulphate of magnesia, for one week. It is extremely doubtful that worms will affect a dog of his age in the way you describe.

141. SUBSCRIBER, Mt. Vernon, O.—A back-woods friend of mine has sent me what he claims to be the best dog for foxes. He says he caught mine with him this last winter, and says the dog can't be beat on deer. I have bred dogs for years, but never saw as mean-looking a brute as this one. My opinion is he is a cross between a Scotch greyhound and some other breed. The following is a description of him. Please answer through the FOREST AND STREAM if I am correct in my opinion: The dog stands between twenty-eight and thirty inches high at shoulders, body rather long, deep and broad; hind parts broad and well-muscled. Head long, eyes large, ears very short and pointed and carried back like a greyhound's. Tail about sixteen inches long, and of small thickness. Color of body, mottled tan, yellow legs and part of head white, feet small. The general get up of the dog resembles the greyhound. Weight, now in poor condition, eighty-two pounds. Hair moderately long, course and wirey. Looks as if he preferred human flesh and corn bread. Ans. Your suggestion is probably correct, if your description is. If you have any dog thieves in Knox County, you might feed him on them.

142. J. H. J., Bethlehem, Pa.—Your puppy, which you state is nine months old, and is very timid and nervous, should be given liberty at all times in some inclosed yard or lot. Take no notice of him whatever, feed on strengthening food, and do not attempt to train him until he has gained courage. If he continues after the trial of the course we recommend to be as shy and timid as you describe, we advise you to neither waste time or money on him.

143. F. K., Fulton, N. Y.—Your pointer puppy, eight months old, which has just recovered from the distemper, has been left with one of that disease's evil results—the chorea. It is an affliction seldom cured, and to our mind the majority of dogs are not worth the trouble and expense of a treatment which is at best long-winded and uncertain. The prescription you have tried of syrup of squills 2 drams; syrup of ipecac, 3 drachms; simple syrup, 1 ounce; tincture of iron, 2 drachms; and water to make 4 ounces, given in one teaspoonful doses three times a-day, is a fair tonic; but we greatly prefer the following, which is more likely to prove beneficial:—Quinine, 2 grains; nux vomica, one-eighth grain, given three times a-day. Feed the dog on stimulating food, and give moderate exercise.

For close confinement, for want of air, sedentary habits and brain and nerve-tire, trust in Hop Bitters.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. A. M., Doansburg, N. Y.—The grade of gun you name will do good service and you will find it in all respects a sati-factory weapon.

W. A. A., Canyon, M. T.—Will my wild geese lay this season, they being one year old this spring? Ans. Probably not. It is said that they do not lay until they are three years old and more.

WILD, Red Bank, N. J.—Address Mr. A. J. Kelly, Anderson P. O., Howard Co., Md. He will give you the information you want. Mr. Kelly has charge of the Baltimore Kennel Club dogs.

B. A. M., Austin, Minn.—Can you inform me or some dealer in raw material to make my own flies, etc, and where one can procure rod ferrules and gear? Ans. Write to our advertisers of fishing tackle

MACK.—Sail should be 14 ft. on mast, about 10 ft. on foot, triangular in shape. Step mast 1½ ft from bow. Would give a 14 ft. sharpie 2½ ft. beam on top. For sail use 8 oz. duck and waterproof as described in answers week before last.

J. E. H., Gravis Mills, Missouri.—It is impossible to identify the bird, as the description sent gives no details of size, color or markings. It is possible that they may have been herons of some species, but it would be impossible to say without something more definite than we have.

E. S. H., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Does Westwood's "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" contain notices of works on Ichthyology or the classification and scientific description of fishes? We are not certain, but will notice the book on its publication.

C. C. M.—Out block very slightly with good machine oil. A statute mile is 5,280 feet and a nautical knot or geographical mile is 6,086 ft. Therefore a knot equals 1.16 statute mile and a statute mile equals 0.868 knot. In marking a log line the knot is taken at 6,000 ft. even, for convenience of subdivision.

J. P. P., Waukesha, Wis.—If you are shooting "class shooting" the three men who tied on 9 shoot off for first prize; the two who tied on 8 shoot off for second, and those who tied on 7 shoot off for third. If not "class shooting," the three who tied on nine shoot off for first, second and third. Before the match was shot this point should have been determined upon.

R., Liberty, Va.—What are the best trout fishing grounds in Virginia within easy reach of hotels? I propose to take a fortnight's trouting and should be glad to have the latest and most reliable reports. I am familiar with the Blueridge stream, but want to try the best Alleghany ones. How are the headwaters of the Greenbrier? Ans. Try Hawley Springs, Rockingham Co.; Wilsonville, Bath Co.; or the headwaters of the Greenbrier, which have afforded good fishing.

O. T., Paris.—There is a mixture or some sort used to keep off musquitoes and black flies while fishing. Can you inform me what it is made of? What flies are the most killing in the early part of the season for trout? Ans. It is made of tar and sweet oil, the oil being used to thin the tar and to facilitate its removal from the skin. We prefer a rail. Take red hackles, red ibis, brown hackles, white hackles, black gnat, alder-fly, green and gray drakes. We like hackles in spring and summer.

Any subscriber or reader of FOREST AND STREAM in want of any kind of carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc., etc., can be sure of fair treatment at the hands of John H. Fay, Sons & Co., Boston. Call or correspond with them, and get their prices before buying. It will pay you to try them.—*Adv.*

For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

May 14.—San Francisco Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
May 14.—Pacific Y. C. Cruise to Vallejo.
May 23.—Southwark Y. C. Annual regatta.
May 23.—Cooper's Point Y. C. Annual regatta.
May 26.—Portland Y. C. Challenge cup.
May 27.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Vallejo.
May 28.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Napa.
May 30.—Knickerbocker Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—South Boston Y. C. Union regatta, City Point.
May 30.—Atlantic Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—Cape Ann Y. C. Spring regatta.
May 30.—Seawanhaka Y. C. Opening cruise
May 30.—Bunker Hill Y. C. Open regatta 25 ft. and under.
June 4.—Harlem Regatta Association. Canoe races.
June 4.—Quincy Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 6.—East River Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 5.—Hudson River Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 6.—Quaker City Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 9.—New Jersey Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 11.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Martinez.
June 11.—Atlantic Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 11.—Pacific Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
June 15.—Newburyport Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—New York Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—Boston Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 17.—Lynn Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 17.—Marblehead open regatta.
June 18.—Dorchester Y. C. Nahant regatta.
June 20.—Bergen River Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 1.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Monterey.
July 1.—Gananoque Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 1.—Royal Canadian Y. C. Governor General's Cup.
July 2.—Quincy Y. C. First championship regatta.
July 4.—Cleveland, Y. A. Annual regatta.
July 9.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Swampscott.
July 12.—Pacific Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 16.—Dorchester Y. C. Club house regatta.
Aug. 2.—Quincy Y. C. Second championship regatta.
Aug. 6.—Beverly Y. C. Champion regatta, Nahant.
Aug. 6.—Pacific Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 6.—San Francisco Y. C. Annual regatta.
Aug. 10 to 16.—American Canoe Association. Lake George meet.
Aug. 31.—Quincy Y. C. Third championship regatta.
Sept. 1.—Quincy Y. C. Championship sail off.
Sept. 3.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Drake's Bay.
Sept. 3.—Dorchester Y. C. Fall regatta.
Sept. 7.—Royal Canadian Y. C. Annual regatta.
Sept. 10.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Marblehead.
Sept. 17.—San Francisco Y. C. Corinthian matches.
Sept. 24.—Beverly Y. C. Special regatta, Swampscott.
Oct. 8.—San Francisco Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
Nov. 5.—San Francisco Y. C. Closing cruise.

BIZ.—This is what they are doing in the East. Thirty-two new yachts have been built this winter in Boston, and about as many more purchased from New York.

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our new club house will be located next to the Columbia Yacht Club ice, of Eighty-sixth street and North River, not on the Harlem as reported. ARTHUR BRENTANO, Vice-Com.

PETERBOROUGH YACHT CLUB.—Efforts are being made to organize a regular canoe club in Peterborough, Ont., the home of the Herald and Rice Lake canoes. Capt. E. B. Edwards is pushing matters, and we hope he will meet with success. Mr. N. Bishop, Com., C. B. Rose and Rev. Mr. Cressy will visit the place this season in canoes and help along the good cause.

GANANOQUE YACHT CLUB.—A new club has been organized at Gananoque, Can. Officers for the year: John Ormiston, Collector of Customs, Commodore; Wm. Eyers Reeve, Vice-Commodore; Wm. Finnel, Captain; F. M. Campbell, Secretary; David Darling, Treasurer.

YACHTING TOGS.—Attention is invited to the card of Warnock & Co., who make a specialty of yachting caps of all kinds, and have a large trade in their line. The house is an old established one, and well known to the U. S. Navy. They will furnish caps made to any club pattern and of the best quality only.

STEAM YACHTS.

ALTHOUGH the building of steam yachts in America is still in its infancy, we have attained very fair success in the all-important essential of speed, and are now beginning to give more attention to sea-going qualities and style in large yachts. There still remains a great deal to be accomplished before anything like recognized standards will furnish examples to be generally followed, but the principal builders are developing various types sure in the end to lead up to a combination of desirable features. Thus the attempt to gain great speed by overlooking everything else one might reasonably expect is being superseded by efforts to produce a serviceable sort of craft at the same time, and mere tonnage is no longer the criterion of sea-going capacity as it was a few years ago. That there is truth in the

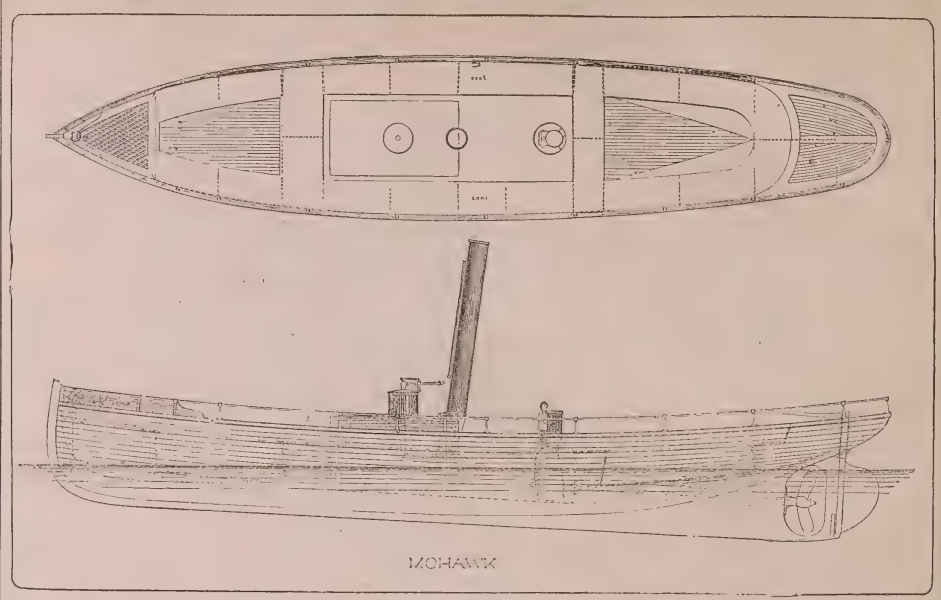


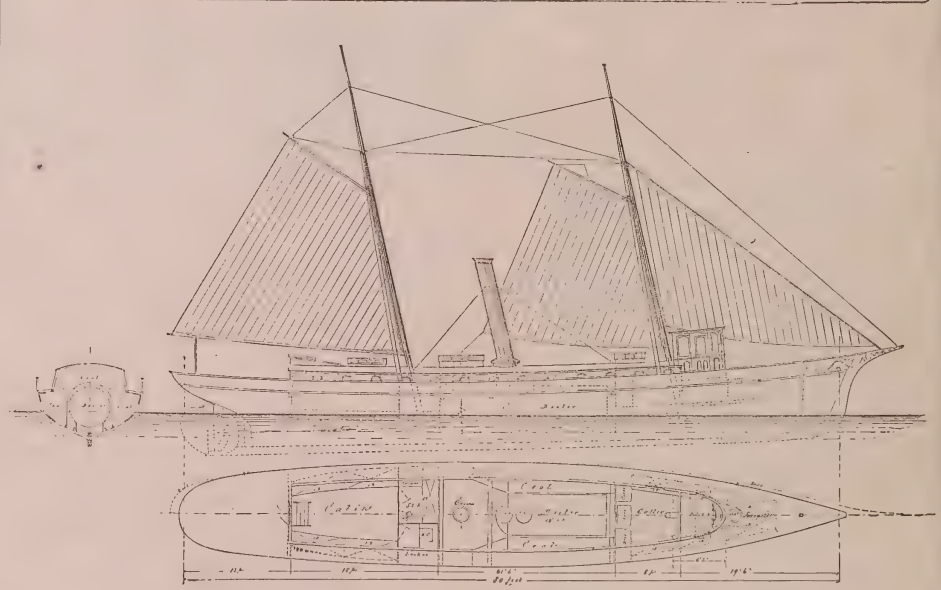
above will be acknowledged when comparing such vessels as Ideal, Vidette, Corsair, Yosemite and Gleam, each possessed of certain qualities in a high degree, with a corresponding lack in other directions, and all taken together presenting a strange and in some respects a crude mixture and cross of "strain," due to the individualities of their modellers, who for want of precept and experience have been thrown upon their own resources. Out of all this chaos of type something giving expression to the best proportions and most suitable to the purposes of the steam yacht owner will be certain to grow. So far each builder has contributed his share of improvements, all of which combined in a single vessel, as far as compatible, would produce a very creditable specimen of the genus, and we think that by publishing the practice of the various establishments our share will be done toward bringing about the desired consummation—the union of safety, speed, accommodation, sightliness, cruising capacity, economy and popularity in a single hull propelled by steam. We may briefly classify steam yachts as "open launches," "cruising launches," "river" and "sea-going" steamers. Of the first and third classes we this week publish representations of the practice of the New York Safety Steam Power Co., whose headquarters are at 30 Cortlandt street, New York, and where engines and models of their make may be inspected. The particular characteristics of their machinery we take to be strength, compactness, simplicity, accurate workmanship and excellent finish, the company seeking a reputation founded upon the solid worth and durability of their engines and hulls, rather than upon showy flourish and superficial ornamentation. It may be remarked here that the best is the cheapest in the end, and that experience will teach that a small extra outlay, to secure accuracy of fitting and perfect finish of wearing parts, will be more than repaid by the greater life of the engine and less cost and annoyance of repairs. This applies especially to launch engines, generally run at high speed and particularly susceptible to heating of the journals and brasses. A glance at our cut, representing the company's engine suitable for boats from 30 to 60 ft. long, will show that there are two bearings for the crank shaft cast solid in the frame as well as the crosshead slides, thereby preventing the machinery from getting out of line and avoiding serious consequences. The bearings are long and the shafts of large diameter, giving ample working areas, the need of which in high-speed engines is well understood by mechanics. The crank is counterbalanced, piston rod, valve rod, crosshead pin, etc., are of steel, the connecting rod of wrought iron and the boxes of composition. The link motion is supplied with an index arc, enabling the cut-off to be set as desired. In engines over 7x9, balanced valves are introduced to overcome the friction of the valve, affording at the same time additional ports for the entry of the steam, and producing an initial pressure in the cylinder more nearly equal to that in the boiler. For reference we add a table showing proportions and weights of launch engines, and the approximate sizes of boats for which they are suitable. Engines include link motion, reversing gear, cylinder lubricatory, stop valve, drip cocks, oil cups, wrenches, pry wheel and half coupling:

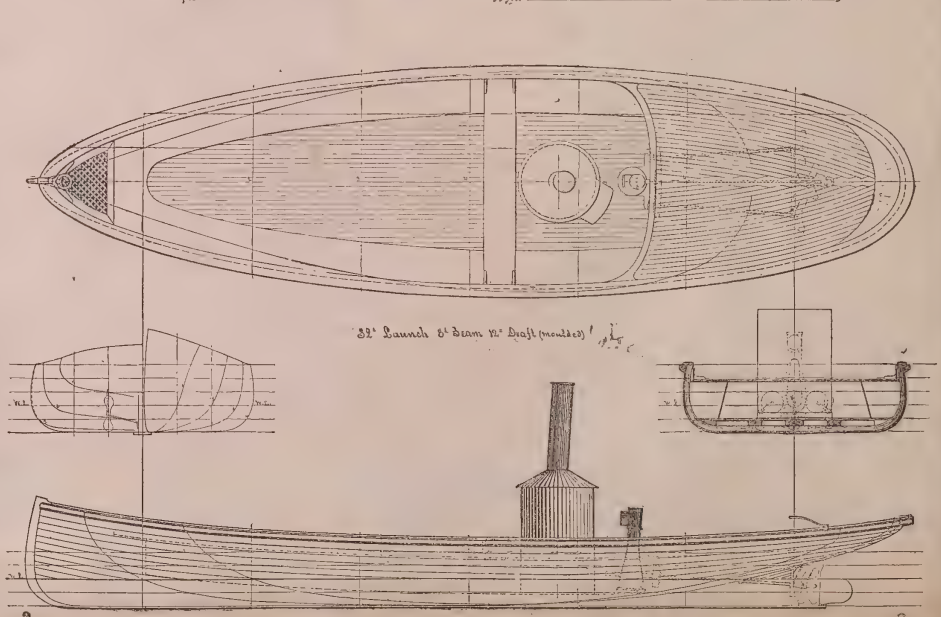
Size of Cylinder. Diameter of Stroke. Inches.	Diameter of Crank Shaft. Inches.	Height from Floor to Top of Cylinder. Inches.	Weight of Engine. Pounds.	Diameter of Base. Inches.	Size of Boat for Which Suitable. (Approximate.) long by ft.	in. beam by ft.	in. draft.
2 X 5	1¼	36½	220	13	25	5	4
3½X 5	1¼	36½	270	13	28	5	4
4 X 6	2	44½	315	15½	30	6½	4
5 X 7	2½	51	395	15	35	7	4
6 X 7	2½	51	460	15	35	7	4
6 X 9	3	63½	543	18	38	7½	4
8 X 9	3	63½	575	26	40	8	4
8 X 12	4	77½	1,000	26	45	10	4
10 X 12	4	77½	2,000	26	55	11	4
12 X 12	6	90	2,500	32	70	12	4
			3,500		75	13	4

Size of Cylinder. Diameter of Stroke. Inches.	Diameter of Base. Inches.	Size of Boat for Which Suitable. (Approximate.) long by ft.	in. beam by ft.	in. draft.
2 X 5	13	25	5	4
3½X 5	13	28	5	4
4 X 6	15½	30	6½	4
5 X 7	15	35	7	4
6 X 7	15	35	7	4
6 X 9	18	38	7½	4
8 X 9	26	40	8	4
8 X 12	26	45	10	4
10 X 12	26	55	11	4
12 X 12	32	70	12	4
		75	13	4

Concerning the boilers of the same company we might say much in praise of their sectional water-tube generators for land use, their originality, economy, safety and popularity, having had charge of 1,500 H. P. in a large manufactory with gratifying results in more ways than one, but we will confine attention here only to their marine boilers. For the use of engines under 8x9 the vertical boiler is given preference; but for larger boats boilers of the horizontal, return-flue pattern take their place. Shell, furnace and tube sheets are made of the best brands of steel or flange iron, and the tubes are all tested. To produce steam rapidly the furnaces are large and the heating surface has, say, two to three times the area required for stationary work on shore. Steam gauges, safety valve, water gauges and fittings are the best in the market, and the work conforms in all respects to the United States laws. The company has had such an extensive experience in building vertical boilers that better proportions for the purposes of safety and economy are not likely to be reached. Launch boilers are tested to 200 lbs. The following data will aid builders and amateurs in selecting the right amount of power. The dimensions of boats attached are of course only approximate, and may be varied from according to purpose. The complete boiler includes ash pan, grates, smoke bonnet and stack, guy rods, safety valve gauges, feed check-valve and feed globe-valve, steam stop-valve and whistle:







Diameter of Boiler.	Height of Boiler.	Number of Tubes.	Heating surface, sq. ft.	Size of Engine to be driven.
28	48	84	60	3 x 5
30	48	150	95	3½ x 5
33	48	150	104	4 x 6
36	48	204	137	5 x 6
36	54	204	197	5½ x 7
44	66	120	205	6½ x 7
46	76	156	256	7 x 9
48	82	144	280	8 x 9
50	82	180	350	9 x 9
54	85	204	450	10 x 12

Tubes for boilers less than 36 in. diameter are 1¾ in. diameter; for boilers over 36 in. the tubes are 2 in. diameter.

Propeller wheels are two, three or four bladed, their price varying in proportion to the number of blades. For diameters ranging from 14 in. to 24 in. the "pitch" is about 150 per cent. of the diameter; from 24 in. to 60 in. about 133 per cent., though no definite proportions can be laid down, as much depends upon the number of turns and type of hull. We cannot do better than close these remarks on launches by quoting some rules for the management and care of boat boilers.

LOW WATER.

In case of low water immediately bank or cover the fire with fresh coal, or if the furnace crown appears to be red hot it is best to smother the fire with wet coal. The damper may then be closed. If the engine is running, or the feed pumps delivering into the boiler, do not stop them, but if not working do not start them, and do not attempt to blow off the steam until the fire is out and the over-heated plates have cooled.

IN CASE OF FOAMING

close the throttle and keep closed long enough to show true level of water. If that level is sufficiently high, feeding and blowing out will usually suffice to correct the evil. In cases of violent foaming, caused by dirty water, in addition to the action before stated, check draft and cover fires with fresh coal.

SAFETY VALVE.

Raise the safety valve cautiously and frequently, as it is liable to become fast in its seat and useless for the purpose intended.

SAFETY VALVE AND PRESSURE GAUGE.

Should the gauge at any time indicate the limit of pressure allowed, see that the safety valve is blowing off. In case of difference find out which is wrong and rectify it.

GAUGE COCKS. GLASS WATER GAUGE.

Keep gauge cocks clear and in constant use. Do not open them too suddenly. Glass gauge should not be relied on altogether.

CLEAN SHEETS.

Particular care should be taken to keep sheets and parts of boiler exposed to the fire perfectly clean. Keep all tubes and connections well swept, particularly where wood or soft coal is used for fuel.

BLOWING OFF.

Boilers should never be blown out while hot, as the plates and tubes retain sufficient heat to bake the deposits into a hard scale that becomes firmly attached to boiler always be allowed to cool down before the water is run out; the deposit will then be quite soft, and can be easily washed out with a hose from all accessible places. Many engineers suppose that blowing out a boiler under pressure has a tendency to remove these deposits from a boiler, but experience has shown this to be a very grave mistake.

FILLING UP THE BOILER.

Cold water pumped into hot boilers is very injurious, causing severe contraction of the seams and stays, which very often causes fracture of the stays or leakage in the seams and tubes. Many boilers, well constructed and of good material, have been ruined by being blown out under a high pressure of steam and then suddenly filled with cold water. This treatment is also highly productive of strained and leaky tubes, since being made of thinner material than the shell they cool and contract sooner.

GENERAL CARE OF BOILERS AND CONNECTIONS.

In firing with coal keep your grates well covered with a thin fire. Do not feed your fire with large lumps or throw in too much fresh coal at one time. A thin fire, lightly and frequently renewed, is the most economical.

If your boiler steams too fast close your damper and shut off the draft. Never throw open your fire door when it can be avoided, or keep it open longer than is absolutely necessary. It is injurious to the boiler and wasteful of fuel.

Keep gauges, cocks, etc., clean and in good order at all times, and gauge your pump so that the feed may be constant.

An excellent example of the open launch is shown in the handsome cut of the schooner Mohawk's tender, bought some time ago by the Grand Duke Alexis. She is 28 ft. over all, 26 ft. waterline beam, 5 ft. 7 in., with one inch less on the line; displacement, 4,500 lbs.; area midships, 4 ft. 7 in.; engine, 3½x5; boiler of the return tubular style with 85 sq. ft. heating surface to 2.36 sq. ft. of grate; wheel 36 in. diam. by 48 in. pitch; windlass, and machinery with water in the boiler, 2,050 lbs. As a novelty interesting to sportsmen we have also illustrated a new design of the N. Y. Safety Steam power Co., intended for navigating shoal waters. This launch has large beam and flat floor and can readily take the ground without damage to her wheels, they being kept above the keel. To obtain enough "area" of propeller on such light draft three wheels have been introduced, the first example of such practice we know of. The engine shaft is simply geared to work on auxiliary shaft each side as well as its own screw. The plan shows the machinery to occupy very small space. The launch is of wood strengthened by stiff keelsons and is 32 ft. long 8 ft. beam and 13 inches draft. She will recommend herself to hunters and explorers and would be serviceable on the lagoons and overflows in the South, on the Chesapeake and Delaware Bay and in such shoal stretches as Great South Bay. The third illustration is of a more pretentious yacht suitable for Long Island Sound, large harbors and arms of the sea, and on a pinch, capable of getting around the coast by picking one's weather; she is to be ranked half way between the "river" and "sea-going" steamers before mentioned, partaking a little of the nature of both. Her length on deck is 80 ft.; on load-line, 72 ft.; beam, extreme, 13 ft.; beam on load-line, 11 ft. 9 in.; depth amidships, 5 ft. 9 in. and draft aft 5 ft. 3 in.; boiler, 5 ft. diam. and 12 ft. long; engine 9x12, the machinery space being 21½ ft., the after accommodations 18 ft. and about the same forward.

WHY?

WHY should catamarans be classed by themselves? Are they not yachts in every sense as much as the open boats shifting sand bags? If they are especially fast is that any sound reason why they should be put out of the way by consigning them to catraschen? Upon the same reasoning all fast yachts should be excluded from sailing with slower boats. The Susie S., Parole, Silence, Thistle and a host of others are too fast for the common rack. Carry out the same idea and susie S. and her lot ought to be debarred from tackling slower material; but any one making such a proposition would be laughed out of countenance. Why then direct proscription against catamarans, a species of boat endowed with the qualities good yachts should possess to a far greater degree than the over-sparred, shifting-ballast caricatures some people dote upon as the fastest attainable, but which now publicly shirk a meeting with the catamaran by statute? It would be much fairer to race catamarans on equal terms, and if they are shown to be superior to the present sand-bag skiffs, like later should give the catamarans their proper place. If any one thinks there are no "vested interests," no slow-going "conservatives" in this land of progress, just let him turn this matter over in his mind. We should like to know upon what principles of equity or of common sense catamarans are relegated to a special class in the races of our open boats, thereby encouraging them to cat-ra

COLORADO HUNTERS.—Luke Wheeler, partner of Frank Ainsworth, the champion shot of Colorado, was in Fort Collins, Friday, having just come down from North Park with a load of game. Mr. Wheeler favored the *Express* with a call, and kindly gave some account of his season's hunting, which is now over. The two hunters, during the season, brought to market fourteen large loads of elk, antelope and deer. They killed 500 antelope and 250 elk. They sold all the meat readily in Denver and Boulder. Elk sold from 7c. to 10c. per pound; antelope, from 7c. to 8c., and deer, from 10c. to 12½c. The season was a very profitable one. They made two shipments of hides, the last being 3,500 pounds. Game was fat and in fine condition. There is plenty left in the mountains. There was a herd of 500 elk within 600 yards of camp when Mr. Wheeler left. The hunters, at one stand, killed eighteen elk within ten minutes. Wheeler considers Ainsworth the most experienced hunter and the best shot he ever saw. He began hunting when a boy, and hunted buffalo in Kansas.—*Fort Collins' Express.*

Miscellaneous

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

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Selected Standard

Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz.,	332	472	638	2054 Sect.
" " "	345	491	718	1190 Chilled.

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Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished.
KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better, $1 per pair.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.
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KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.
KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for $9.
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KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union.
KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

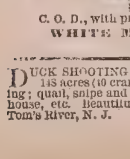
Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,

631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

BOUDREN'S PATENT COMBINATION

Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP,



For NIGHT HUNTING Deer and other animals, SPEARING Fish. Indispensable on any Boating, Yachting or Camping Trip.

Not affected by Wind, Rain or Jolting. Burns Kerosene safely without a chimney. Throws a powerful light 100 feet ahead. As a DASH LAMP for CARRIAGES it has no equal. Fits on any shaped dash or on any vehicle.

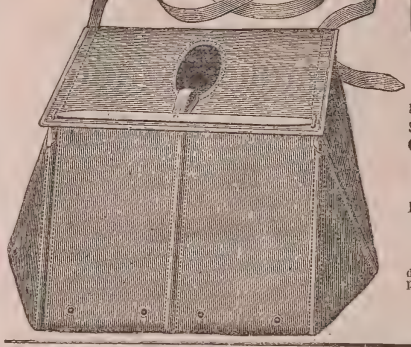
PRICES.

Dash Lamp.....$5 00
Jack and Dash Lamp..... 6 25
Fishing Lamp..... 7 00

C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

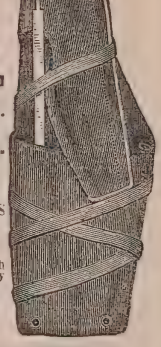
WHITE MF'G COMPANY,
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DUCK SHOOTING—BARNEGAT BAY—Farm of 118 acres (10 cranberry bog). Fine duck shooting; quail, snipe and woodcock also found. Good house, etc. Beautiful situation. Address Box 18, Tom's River, N. J. May5,1t



PATENT FOLDING

CANVAS FISH BASKET.



EACH:	$1 75,	$2 00,	$2 50.
SIZE:	A,	B,	C.
CAPACITY,	9,	12,	20 lbs.

PRICE INCLUDING STRAP.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE.

DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE ONLY.

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

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BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the **NERVE-GIVING** principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It **prevents** debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $3; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES,

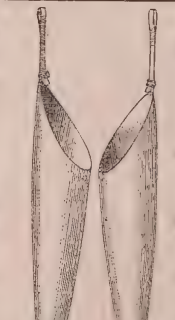
Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $80. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.
Special prizes to follow others according to their value.

J. OTTO DONNER, President.



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AND

Goodyear's India Rubber Glove M'f'g Co.,

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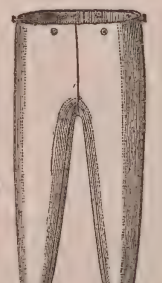
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TROUTING PANTS AND LEGGINS A SPECIALTY. OUR OWN MAKE AND GUARANTEED.

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HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS.

For All Kinds of Fishing.

With best German silver mountings, full metal reel seat, perfect workmanship, lowest prices, and THE BEST RODS EVER OFFERED TO ANGLERS.

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Send for Price List. Liberal Discount to the Trade.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR,
THREE KINGS
—AND—
NEW VANITY FAIR.

Three excellent Cigarettes, each having their own peculiarities.

NEW VANITY FAIR, just out, and is the Mildest Cigarette yet produced.

A DAINTY SWEET BIT.

7 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

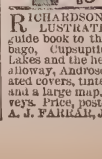
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RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangeley Lake Region, Kennebago, Cupsuptic, Parmachenee and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illuminated covers, tinted paper, 320 pages, 60 illustrations and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Wanted.

THE LESSEE of a Canadian salmon river would like to meet with a fellow-fisherman to share expenses this season. Address C. H., Box 766, Montreal, Can. Apr14,4t

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Four live deer. A buck and doe four years old, a doe two years old and a doe one year old. The two oldest does in kid. Address EDWARD THAYER, Box 703, Pawtucket, R. I. Apr28,4t

For Sale.

FOR SALE,

One-half of the

"DOUBLE BEACH HOTEL" PROPERTY,

containing one hundred and thirty (130) acres of land and a water frontage of one mile in extent; elegant sites for cottages. Said property is situated on Long Island Sound, five (5) miles east of New Haven, at the entrance of Branford Harbor, navigable for vessels of two hundred (200) tons burthen at any time of tide; very advantageous for yacht clubs. House contains forty (40) sleeping rooms, dining room 50 x 90, office, two stories high, 50x20, 2 barns and other out-buildings.

Address MRS. N. E. LINSLEY, Double Beach, Branford, Conn, or CAPT. JAMES BRYAN, 17 West 17th St., New York, for particulars. May5,1t

ABINGTON.

AT PUBLIC SALE, ON THURSDAY MAY 19, 1881, THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ESTATE IN VIRGINIA, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON CITY.

This superb estate, consisting of four hundred acres, with mansion house, superb park of ten acres, terraced grounds, fine fishing shore, only one mile from the National Capital, will be sold at public auction May 19, 1881.

To market-gardeners, stockmen, livery stablemen, and especially capitalists seeking investments, as well as wealthy men desiring the grandest country seat in all this section, Abington offers a wonderful chance. It will go dirt cheap.

For particulars, terms and pamphlet, address THOS. J. FISHER, Real Estate Agent, No. 1225 F. St., Washington, D. C. Circulars can be had of FOREST AND STREAM. Apr14,4t

FOR SALE.

PRIVATE STOCK OF BREECH-LOADING SHOT-GUNS AND RIFLES.

1. One Fox gun, 12 bore, 32-inch barrels, left choked, Damascus steel, pistol grip; looks like a new gun; cost $100; price, $50.

2. A Peabody-Martini rifle, mid-range, What Cheer pattern, .40 calibre, vernier and wind guage sights; sound and perfect; cost $75; price, $40

3. A new off-hand Mayna'd rifle, model 1878, 28 in. barrels, .40 calibre; used but once; cost $25; price, $10.

4. 1 Winchester Repeater, any style; 1 Maynard rifle, any pattern; 1 Colt shot-gun. These last three perfectly new; can be selected at the agencies in New York and will be sold at 10 per cent. off cash price.

Address correspondence to W. R. TAYLOR, Malden, Mass. May5,1t

FOR SALE, One of Fenner's Patent Canvas Folding boats. Has pointed oars and bottom boards, and seats. Has never been used. Packs in a convenient case, and can be easily carried in a buggy, and can be made ready for use in five minutes. Will carry three men and luggage; makes a capital dingey for a yacht. Will exchange for a breech-loading shot-gun, 10 bore, or 52-inch English bicycle in good order. Boat can be seen at squire's, No. 1 Cortlandt street, N. Y. Address G. H. J., box 2,105, Bridgeport, Con. May5,2t

FOR SALE—Nearly New double-barreled breech-loading shot gun, English (Hollis) make, 10-gauge, 28-inch, laminated barrels, rebounding locks, pistol grip, 2⅝ chamber, weight 8 8-16 lb; canvas case. Also 100 nickelled brass Winchester shells and handsome sole leather shell case. Fit out $65; sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Address Lock-box 14, Malden, Mass. May5,1t

FOR SALE, Centerboard Cabin Sloop Yacht, "Phantom," 36 ft. 6 inches by 13 ft. 5 inches. Cabin furnished in hard wood. Has two full suits of sails and spars, and is well found throughout. Winner of several first prizes. Will be sold cheap. Address either Charles H. Foote, Crown Point, N.Y., or T. F. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y. May5,4t

FOR SALE—A long-range Creedmoor rifle in case, Remington make pistol-grip, vernier sight, changeable to heel-grip, globe front sight, spirit level, wind-gauge; used very little; in perfect order. Can be bought for a very low price. Address "A.," F. J Kaldenberg, 125 Fulton St., New York. May5,2t

FOR SALE—A Ballard rifle, .44 cal., wind-gauge and peep sights; also shells, canvas case, etc. All nearly new and in perfect condition. For particulars address H., Box 363, New Haven, Conn. May5,1t

FOR SALE, Double-barreled "Fox" (side movement) Breech-Loading Shot-Gun; used but little; 30-inch Damascus barrels, 2⅝-inch chamber, pistol grip, rebounding locks, weighs 9 lbs. 1 oz., canvas case, with shawl straps; two nickeled brass Winchester shells. Price for whole, $75, C. O. D.; Cost new, four months back, $117.50. Address ROOM 13, 79 Milk St., Boston, Mass. May5,1t

For Sale.

Water Cress & Brook Trout.

AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cress in one-half peck baskets, cut fresh every morning, and delivered in New York city between 9:30 and 12 o'clock at any point below Twenty-third street, at 50 cents per basket. We have constantly on hand, in our ponds, Brook Trout, from the egg to three years old, all sizes, for stocking private ponds or streams. Can supply private parties, hotels or restaurants in New York to a limited extent with fresh brook trout in their season every morning, leaving our ponds at 6 A. M. and arriving at New York at 9:30 same morning. Further information apply to

THOMPSON BROTHERS,
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I keep only Cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz.: Liver with white ruffle in bosom, even liver and white, and beautiful black with white ruffle in bosom, are now open for service; fee $15; usual conditions. Correspondents inclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.



DOG BRUSHES,

50 cents each;

By mail, post-paid,

60 cents each.

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Hare Beagle Kennel.

For sale, the produce of animals that have been hunted during the whole of last season, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Penn.
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BEAGLES FOR SALE.

To secure increased accommodations for our large pack of foxhounds we decided to sell out our kennel of Beagles. They are very superior stock of our own importation. Address ESSEX COUNTY HUNT Montclair, N. J. Apr28,2t

The Crack English Stud Dogs.

Salisbury, $50; Mayor of Bingley, $50; Don, $25; Noble, $25; Alexander, $25; Young Bill, $25; Moslem II., $30; Romeo, $15. Apply to C. H. MASON, Esq., office of this journal. May5,1t

A BARGAIN—A beautiful liver-colored Pointer Bitch 18 months old, good size and shape, well made, beautiful head and ears, tail running out thin, like a whip-lash; was hunted last fall; is staunch and good nose; with a little handling will make an extra good one. Also, a Pup of hers, 10 weeks old; color, lemon and some white; a beauty. If taken at once will take $15 for pair, to close out my pointers. Llewellin Setter Bitch—color, lemon and white; 6 months old; eyes and nose black; dam, Lady Elgin, she by Carlowitz-Queen Beas; sire, Zanzibar, he by Champion Gladstone; price, $20. Gordon Setter Bitch, 4 months old, from Tilley's stock on dam's side; color, black and tan; little white on breast; the same stock; all have made good ones; price, $10. H. B. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. May5,1t

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE one Scotch Deerhound; stands 28 in. high; weight, 90 lbs, when in running condition; Cannot be beat for foxes; will stay day and night; disposition good; will sell for $50 or exchange for No. 1 shot-gun; full pedigree given if required. Also, straight-leg Beagle Pups for sale or exchange; will ship C. O. D. to responsible parties; if not as represented can be returned at my expense. The above stock was imported and were bred for pleasure, not profit. Address HUGH COOPER, Mt. Vernon, O. May5,1t

DOGS FOR SALE—A fine red Irish setter dog pup about 6 mos. old, out of Highland Lass by Champion Elcho. Also an orange and white ticked pup 4½ months old, out of fine partridge stock, and by Cowell's Jocko (Regyer's Bell-Oue-Eyed Sancho). For prices and further particulars address G. E. OSBORN, P. O. Box 673 New Haven, Conn. Apr28,3t

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FARRAR'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of the entire Richardson-Rangeley Lakes Region. Large size, each 25 cents. Send for catalogue. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Our New Black Bass Rod.

MADE ON THE HENSHALL PRINCIPLE.

Ash and lancewood, with extra tip, brass mounted,	$8.00
" " " " German silver,	10.00
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THE ABOVE ARE BEST MAKE AND GUARANTEED EQUAL IN QUALITY AND FINISH TO ANY ROD MADE. ABOVE RODS SUITABLE FOR ANY STYLE OF BAIT FISHING FOR BASS.

MIST-COLORED LEADERS.

Trout, with loops for droppers, 3 ft., 15c.; 6 ft., 30c.; 9 ft., 40c. each. Bass, extra heavy, 6 ft., 50c.; 9 ft., 75c. each.

BEST REVERSED WING TROUT FLIES, ALL THE LEADING STYLES IN STOCK,	$1.25 PER DOZEN.
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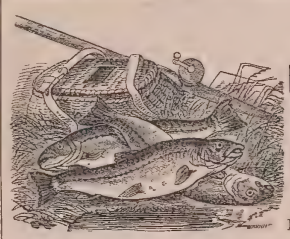
OUR NEW INVISIBLE LEADERS, made of very finest gut, 6ft. 35c.; 9ft with loops, 50c.

VERY SMALL FLIES, SUITABLE FOR INVISIBLE LEADERS, $1.25 PER DOZEN.

ABOVE SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

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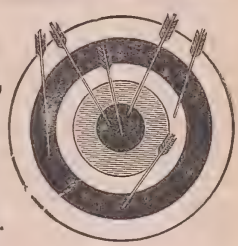
FISHING TACKLE, ARCHERY, GUNS,

AND ALL KINDS OF SPORTING GOODS,

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Sole Agents for THOMAS ALDRED, London,

Manufacturer of the FINEST ARCHERY in the WORLD.



J. B. CROOK'S SPECIALTIES FOR 1881.

THOMAS ALDRED'S Yew Bows, $25 to $75. RICHARD DAFT'S Cricket Goods. J. B. CROOK'S Hexagonal Bamboo Fly Rods, Solid Reel Plate, $30. J. B. CROOK'S Lancewood and Lemonwood Bows, $7.50. J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rods, suitable for Trolling and still Baiting for all kinds of salt and fresh water fishing, eight to nine feet, German Silver Mounted. Pepper Cane second joint and two tips, $15.

Send 25 cents for Illustrated Catalogue for 1880, giving Hints on Archery and Rifle Shooting and the Rules of Cricket, Foot Ball, Lawn Tennis, Glass Ball shooting and a Synopsis of Fishing, giving a description of Fishing, when to go and what tackle to use.

N. B.—Nothing but first-class goods sold at this Establishment.



The Daly Gun,

HAS FINER BARRELS,
THE FITTING IS SUPERIOR
To any other Gun
COSTING TWICE THE MONEY.
Shooting Unsurpassed.
Lists furnished on application.

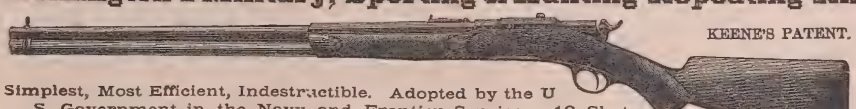
SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

AGENTS FOR CARD'S NEW DOUBLE REVOLVING TRAP.

Or W. R. SCHAEFER, 61 Elm st., Boston. Or THOS. L. GOLCHER, 116 Girard ave., Phila

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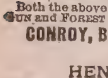
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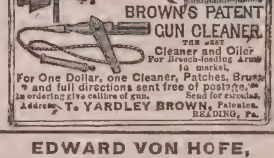
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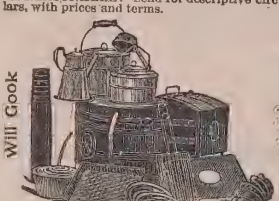
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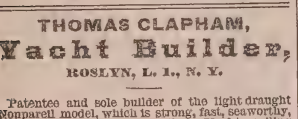
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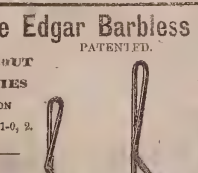


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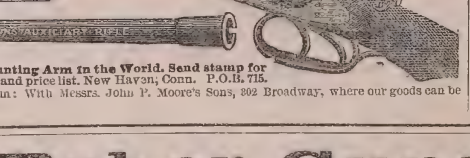
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1881.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, May 12.

SPRING DUCK SHOOTING, and its effects upon the game supply, is a subject which is attracting the attention of sportsmen at various well-known ducking-grounds.

"TO CORRESPONDENTS."—The note with this heading below the table of contents on the fourth page is published every week for the information of all concerned. Read it.

IT IS STATED that since May 1 there have been a good many snipe killed in New Jersey. The birds came on late, and lingered longer than usual. It is hardly necessary to say that the shooting of snipe at this date is scarcely less reprehensible than would be the shooting of quail or woodcock, and is something that should by no means be permitted.

THE PROSPECTUS of the Kittyhawk Bay Sportsman's Club has been received at this office, and a few copies can be had on application to us. We learn from this document that $12,000 is required to complete the purchase of the property, which is already secured, and which includes some of the finest shooting-ground on the North Carolina coast. We shall report from time to time the progress toward final organization of this club.

THE TATHAM WATCH.—We have been shown the watch given by Messrs. Tathem & Bro. as one of the prizes at the coming tournament. The watch is of gold, with engravings of hunting scenes on the front case. It is an elegant and costly piece of work, in the best style of Theodore B. Starr, the well-known jeweler of this city, and its fortunate winner at the coming contest may well be regarded with envy. The watch will be a most valuable and handsome souvenir of its possessor's skill and luck at Coney Island.

WHEN THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINES.

THE article in our last issue giving the date and place of the coming dinner of the Ichthophagi has sounded the needs of the club far and wide, and friends are offering their services to procure several of the required articles of diet. The hellbenders are secured, the water snakes are promised, and the lake proteus or "lizard," *Menobranchus*, is being sought. No one has yet promised soft shelled turtles, or beaver tails, but they may come.

A caterer has been found in Mr. Murray, who enters into the spirit of the feast with his whole heart. He has longed for such a chance to display his ability, and has experimented with all sorts of strange viands. The Club welcomes him, and he hails the Club as the progressive gastronomical champions of the century.

Sitting on the editorial tripod, late the other night, the uncanny odors of the coming feast were wafted to us, and wrought up by the fumes, like the Delphic priestess of old, the spirit of prophecy came upon us, and we beheld the gathering of the Ichthyophagi. The rhyme ran thus:

When the Ichthyophagous dines
There'll be many a curious dish
Of things ne'er caught with lines,
And not at all like fish—
Steaks of porpoise and ribs of whales,
Salmi of muskrat and beaver tails,
Aspic of jellyfish, octopus stew,
Shark-fin soup and gurry-gur-roo,
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

For the Ichthyophagous eats
All things that live in the sea—
Slimy crawlers instead of meats,
Unusual to you and me.
Menobranchus from out the lakes,
Mud puppies, turtles and water snakes,
Devilled hell-bender with sauce hellgramite,
Garfish older than triboilte,
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

There will come to this ichthyic feast,
Things that crawl or swim or squirm:
The fish, the scaphiopus beast,
And the arenarious worm.
The garrulous frog and the frisky skate,
The batrachian toad-fish with flattened pate,
The flying-fish with hyaline wing,
Will come with sea nettles, which prick and sting,
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

The eel and the sturgeon will come,
And the lamprey with his nine eyes,
The swordfish and croaking drum,
And the sculpin with look of surprise.
The gurnard will walk arm-in-arm with the dab,
The horsefoot will waltz with the great spider crab,
The sullen-eyed angler will ogle the sprat,
And the devil fish twine the shrimps round his hat
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

The fiddler crabs will fiddle
To the crowd so strange and weird,
And the prawns dance down the middle
While the mussel strokes his beard.
The oysters will swim in cuttlefish ink,
The starfish will tip the soft clam a wink;
Periwinkles served in skilly-go-lee,
A sight worth footing it miles to see,
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

When the Ichthyophagous dines
There'll be queer prog to eat;
The usual thing in the way of wines
And a single course of meat.
The lobster will come in his coat of mail;
Weak stomachs will shrink from eating the snail,
But the brave ones will sample every dish,
Whether water-snake, muskrat, snail or fish,
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

THE date of the Coney Island tournament has been fixed. The convention will be called for June 20. The Long Island Association reports an ample prize list. The preliminary preparations are rapidly being disposed of, and the Island itself is assuming its festive garb. In addition to the usual attractions of the State shoot, those which are peculiar to Coney Island will this year offer special inducements for a large representation of the interior clubs. If a delegation does not even win one of the many suberb prizes, the novelty of the scene at New York's great watering-place will fully repay the visitors.

AN EXTENDED REVIEW of Mr. W. W. Greener's new book on the gun is in type, and will be published next week.

PROVISION AGAINST ACCIDENT.—Special attention is invited to the card elsewhere of the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. We are not disposed to rate the sportsman as subject to special risk from the use of firearms; but the frequency of accidents in every pursuit and avocation, and amid the accustomed surroundings of daily life, is so great, that it is certainly the part of wisdom to make some provision against the possible losses incurred. With the present admirable system of the company, the failure to secure a policy may present itself as a most serious neglect of duty. We have no hesitation in indorsing the Travelers and its methods, and commending it to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. We have had personal knowledge of the New York management of the company for more than sixteen years, and believe it to be above reproach; the company is trustworthy, and has a name for prompt and fair dealing with its policy-holders. During the past year it paid out 11,774 claims, or an average per month of nearly 1,000. There was about one payment to every eight risks assumed, a strong evidence both of the frequency of accidents and of the beneficial working of the system, which is still further shown by the fact that the total number of claims paid by the Travelers is over 50,000. In conclusion, without further suggesting the worth of this system of insurance, we commend our readers to communicate with the New York agent, and having secured the information which he is ready to furnish, to judge for themselves of the merits of the Travelers Life and Accident Insurance Company.

NEBRASKA BENCH SHOW.—This show, which is to be held at Lincoln, Neb., on May 17, 18, 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Lincoln Sportsmen's Club, will take place in connection with the seventh annual Nebraska State Sportsmen's Tournament. The official catalogue announces that the exhibition will be for hunting-dogs only, and that the entries will close, May 17, at 9 o'clock A. M. Thirty classes have been opened, and the premium list gives $5 prizes to first prize winners, and $3 for seconds. There are champion classes for pointers, English setters, Irish setters, and Gordon setters, one for dogs and one for bitches; and open classes for dogs and bitches of the same breeds. The same breeds also receive recognition in dog and bitch puppy classes, and in addition, there are classes, one each for Chesapeake Bay dogs, Irish water spaniels, cocker spaniels, other spaniels, greyhounds and deerhounds. The show will be conducted under the rules of the National American Kennel Club, with slight modifications. The awarding committee will consist of Messrs. Samuel M. Chapman, J. T. McCartney and F. E. Brown, who are empowered to award a V. H. C. and a C. once in each class on merit. Isaac T. Webster, U. S. A., has been selected as superintendent. The show promises to be a success.

THE CHEAP GUN PHILANTHROPIST is out again with his glaring advertisements of $20 guns, which he is eager to furnish to bumpkins and greenies for $7 each. The President (with a capital P) of a Ducking (with a capital D) Club has bought one of these $20 guns for $7, and thinks it fully equal to a $90 arm at the most ridiculous calculation. Numerous other equally cogent proofs of the excellence of these arms are set forth for the edification of the Cheap Gun Philanthropist's pocket. We advise those in search of a gun to give the $7 arms a wide berth.

QUACKS AND ANGLERS.—This is an age of "magnetic," "galvanic" and "electric" frauds. There are suits of magnetic clothing, which ward off disease; electric hair-brushes, to cure all the ills of modern society; magnetic breast-plates, to be worn as shields against contagion; electric female garters, to develop the limbs; and now, last of all, comes the electric wristlet, to strengthen the grip of the fisherman, that he may handle his rod without fatigue. We have endured without complaint the pretentions of the clothing, shield, brush and garter quacks, but the "wristlet" wrinkle awrouses owrindignation.

WE have been shown some of the artist's proofs of the illustrations of Mr. Thos. Sedgwick Steele's forthcoming book, "Paddle and Portage," and we find them perfect gems. The book, we may safely premise, will be one of the most elaborate things of the kind ever published.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE LARRIWEEP.

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

IGNOTUS dropped into the office one morning, with the abrupt remark, "I'm tired of this; let's get out of here."

"All right, where shall we go?"

"Ever been over on the Larriweep, the other side of El Conquistador?"

"No."

"Well, let's go. I can't stand being cooped up here in Argentum much longer, and Mexican Jo says there's a cabin over there in pretty good order, and plenty of game up on the Mesa. Let's try it, anyhow, and if it doesn't pan out, we can come back. Pack up and we'll start in the morning."

The proposal chimed well with a certain restlessness that had possessed me for a few days, and when Ignotus came around next morning I was all ready. The sun had not yet appeared above Dos Hermanos, but the snow on the top of Red Peak had caught his light and glowed like a sheet of frosted silver. In the new wine of the morning air there were at least three distinct flavors: one, slightly saline, from the lixiviation works at the foot of the village; a creosotic tang from the charcoal burner's heaps on the hillside above, and the balsamic savor of the spruce buds, and of the resinous sap of the yellow pine. Intoxicated by this aerial champagne, a couple of "whisky jacks," or Canada jays, were making good their name by a Bacchanalian hilarity that was painful to witness. Tumbling over and over each other in the air, trolling profane snatches of tavern glees, shrieking with vinous merriment, they finally staggered, wing and wing, to a convenient bush, like two jolly old topers going home to sober up, after an all-night's spree. As we rode off we heard them, with much maudlin hiccupping, reading lectures to each other on the disgrace of being drunk so early in the morning.

For the first few miles our route led up the valley of the little stream which joins the Animas just below Argentum. It then turned abruptly to the left, over a rickety bridge of aspen poles, and began to climb the side of the gorge, at whose head lay the pass by which we were to cross into the valley of the Larriweep. The trail here had been "worked" at considerable expense, and was considered an excellent mountain road. Not more than three feet in its widest part, it crept along the side of the mountain, zig-zagging back and forth, twisting around this boulder, climbing up that bench, sidling around this drift of slide-rock, coquetting with that precipice, tumbling headlong down one side of a cross ravine, and staggering drunkenly up the other slope, but all the time mounting steadily toward the pass. The slant of the mountain side was such that, to gain this yard in width, the upper or right-hand side of the trail had been cut down nearly four feet, leaving a bank too steep for anything but a cat to climb, while on the left the pitch downward was so abrupt that we could almost touch the topmost boughs of spruce, with trunks as large as flour barrels and with roots a hundred feet below. I asked Ignotus what we should do if we met a pack-train coming down, and he said we would have to take the outer side and trust to luck not to get pushed over. On these narrow trails the right of way belongs to the regular freight-trains, and the transient passenger must accommodate himself to circumstances as best he may. At one place the mountain-side was cut into by a gorge, much like the gap which is left in a cheese when a half-pound slice has been taken out. Along its perpendicular sides the trail had been blasted out, scarcely wide enough for one horse to pass. Over the edge of the re-entrant angle left by the removal of the sector trickled a little stream, carrying just enough water to make the rock wet and slippery. Here Huz, whom I was riding, and who was reputed to be as fearless and sure-footed as a mountain goat, stopped short and refused to budge. I could not dismount, as there was not room to stand on either side; to turn around was fully as impossible, and, if he would not yield to coaxing, there seemed no alternative save to slide ignominiously over his tail, and, with fragments of basalt and porphyry, argue the matter from the rear. Fortunately, I was not reduced to this humiliating necessity, as he finally, with many a snort of protest, decided to attempt the passage. Once his foot slipped, and he hung for a moment poised between rock and sky; but he soon recovered, and, thenceforward, till the ticklish transfer was accomplished, hugged the rock so closely as to nearly crush my leg between the wall and his body.

As we traversed this gorge, I was struck anew with the absence of ferns and mosses in a place seemingly so well adapted for them. Anywhere in the Appalachian range such a chasm as this would have had its rugged outlines softened and its nakedness concealed by a tapestry of green, but here there was not a hint of vegetation of any kind to break the bank monotony.

Nature was in a holiday mood when she produced the Eastern mountains, and she mitigated their roughness and angularity with every possible device of fern and lichen, of trailing ground-pine and nestling moss. But she must have been in the "doleful dumps" when she hurled up these peaks, and disdained to hide their sterile slopes with any veil of greenery. No greater contrast can be found than the two mountain ranges, the Alleghany and the Rocky. The one is Nature's laugh, the other her frown. There is an air of brooding gloom over the latter that depresses and chills the observer. All the lovelier, in contrast, are the "parks" scattered here and there, relieving the dreariness of the otherwise unbearable monotony of spruce forest and naked rock. But withal, harsh and frowning as these heights are, there is a subtle charm about them that defies description. If this same charm invests the Alps I wonder no longer that the Swiss exile so often dies of home sickness.

On the opposite side of the main gorge were long lanes cut through the spruces, and extending from the top to the bottom of the mountain. But for the sharpness of descent and the great width of some they might have been taken for wood roads, but they were in reality the path of avalanches, or, as they are called here, "snow-slides." They were swept as clear of trees as though hewed out by Maine lumbermen, and at the foot the dead timber was piled up in massive log heaps. Ignotus pointed out to me the spot where, the winter before, a mail carrier, shooting down the gulch on his Norwegian snow-shoes, had been caught and buried by a slide. His body was not found till the next summer, and then the letters, for which he had given his life, were forwarded to their destinations. I was reminded of some other letters, once shown to me, which had lain at the bottom of the Atlantic for nearly a year. They were on board the Commonwealth, bound from Rio Janeiro to New York, which went down off Hatteras, in the great storm of '76. Recovered and forwarded, stained with salt water, and with the shells and sea-sand still clinging to them, they brought us the first news we had received of the death, in a Brazilian forest, of a dear young scientific friend. I could not help wondering whether, in the mail-sack of the dead snow-shoer, there were found any letters of a like melancholy character. Ignotus also told me how he had once narrowly escaped death in a snow-slide.

"A lot of us were wintering at the Highland Mary mine at the time, and the snow fell so deep that year that the mail had to be taken off, and we hadn't had any for nearly three months. So when we got too hungry to stand it any longer, I told the boys I'd snow-shoe it over the range to Carr's cabin, where the mail was lying, and get our letters. It wasn't more than twenty miles across, and I knew I could make it there and back in two days, easy, if I didn't have any back luck; so off I started. I got along all right till I came to Pole Creek, and there I didn't like the looks of things. You see it was getting along toward the time for slides, and Pole Creek Hill had a mighty bad name for 'em. That was where young Hanford and Green and those three 'tender-feet' were killed the winter before, and I could count near twenty places where slides had crossed the trail. You know the trail runs up on the bench above the creek, makes a sharp elbow and almost doubles back on itself about half a mile above, at the head of the two gulches that it crosses just after it strikes the bench. Well, I thought if I left the trail and struck straight up the hill, keeping on the hog-back between the gulches, I'd have a better show, so I turned up. It was tough work, climbing so straight up with snow-shoes, and about half way up I stopped to rest and take a smoke. I hadn't more than half finished my pipe when I heard a queer kind of a noise above me—a sort of a rasping, swishing sound—and when I looked up, by thunder! I thought the whole hill, snow, spruces and all, had broke loose and was coming down on me. I had just time to sling my arms around the tree I was leaning against when it struck me. My legs flew out from under me like lightning, but I gripped the tree like grim death, though I thought the strain would pull my arms out of joint. The loose snow flew so I couldn't see an inch before me, and I couldn't hear a thing but that swish and roar that sounded about like what a heavy freight train makes when it's running with down brakes over a long trestle, and the crack of the big spruces as they gave way before it. Then there came a smash as though the train had gone through the trestle, and I knew the slide had struck the other side of the Pole Creek gulch. After a while the snow cleared away, and I found I was safe. You see, being on the hog-back, only the edge had struck me; but if I'd been twenty yards lower down you'd never have heard this story. I was buried about up to the shoulders, and I had hard work to clear myself; but it was harder work to get my shoes, and I couldn't travel without them, for the snow was twenty feet deep in places. However, I got 'em dug out after a while, and started ahead again."

"After such an experience as that, I should think you wouldn't want to try it again."

"Well, you see, I thought lightning never struck twice in the same spot, but I hadn't gone fifty yards, before the snow broke loose in the other gulch on the right of the hogback, but I was watching for her this time and shinned out of her way pretty lively. When I came back the next day, Pole Creek gulch was full of snow where the slides had struck, and I crossed on the top of it, full sixty feet above the creek. I tell you, a slide isn't a thing to laugh at, and I never want such another close shave as that was. I was stiff and sore for nearly two weeks, as though I'd been pounded all over with clubs, and my shoulders haven't got right well yet."

While Ignotus was talking, there came into my mind some verses which the Rhymer had repeated to me, not long before, and which he said were a translation of an old Norwegian ballad, though I thought at the time they sounded like his own composition. If I remember them correctly, they were as follows:

> Down the icy slope of the mountain steep
> He flies, in the teeth of the northern wind
> The startled hare from its form doth leap,
> And the gray goss-hawk is left behind.
>
> Before each ringing, singing shoe
> The snow spins out in curving lines;
> A long thin wake of steely blue
> His arrowy trail behind him shines.
>
> "A moment more, a moment more"—
> This is the song he blithely hums—
> "My cabin door"—a muffled roar
> Smites on his ear—the snow-slide comes!
>
> There's a rasping sound from the summit above,
> And a puff of snow shoots up, like smoke;
> The side of the mountain seems to move,
> And the air is full of a sudden shock.
>
> Smit by the hammer of Thor, the hills
> Shiver and shake from buttress to crest;
> A cry from the depth of the gulch up shrills—
> And the eddying snow-cloud sinks to rest.
>
> Ah! dear hearts in the valley below,
> Long shall you wait your love's return!
> Empty and barren, the wastes of snow
> In the dying sunset flash and burn.

Just before we came to timber line we passed a pack train, preparing to break camp. In the packing between Argentum and the Conquistador country, this is the point where the first night's halt is generally made. Two or three swarthy Mexicans were catching the burros one by one, throwing on the aparejos, or pack saddles, piling up the packs on top, and accompanying all with a rolling fire of Spanish vocables, which sounded wonderfully liquid and musical, until Ignotus informed me they were "cuss words."

Profanity seems robbed of half its wickedness, and all its vulgarity, when veiled in the guise of the sonorous "*Carajos*" and "*Carambas*" of these dark-eyed muleteers. Picturesque and romantic as these rascals are in the abstract, in the concrete they are to be wisely avoided. To say nothing of the minor inconveniences attending them, such as *Cimex lectularius*, *Pesiculi*, and fleas, they will steal your shirt from your back, or cut your throat for a pint of *aguadiente*. By some wise provision of Nature, Greasers and burros seem to be complementary creations, but in point of morality, the burro is the better brute of the two. "A blanketed nation of thieves and harlots," Randolph of Roanoke called them, and sad experience leads me to give in my adhesion to his pungent characterization. Passing the camp, we emerge from the timber, and enter upon the sloping plateau which leads up to the pass. The contour of the ground is like one of the old-fashioned, double-peaked McClellan saddles, with the addition of side flaps. We are riding up one of these flaps and will soon cross the seat, between the two peaks, and begin to descend upon the other side.

Here, almost at the summit, the ground is as marshy as in the Black Swamp of Ohio, and the large white buttercup grows in profusion among the Carices on either side of the trail. Over the peak to the right, sails a turkey-buzzard, a bird I have never, save this one time, seen at so high an elevation, and I should doubt his identity now, did not my field-glass bring him so near that there is no mistaking his naked head, his rounded tail, and his general vulturine aspect.

To the left of the trail, in a cleft of the rock, lay a patch of snow not yet melted, and on its surface were several large white butterflies whose species I was unable to determine. They seemed as much at home, and as comfortable, upon the snow, as when flying around the buttercups, only a few yards distant. Perhaps they resorted to the snow to cool the nectar which they drew from the flowers. If so, iced sherbet is not entirely a human invention. At the top of the pass, the western wind blows strong in our faces, and Huz and Buz snuff it up, as though it bore to their nostrils the salt smell of the Pacific, or the balmy odors of the Golden Gate. At these high altitudes, the influence of the radiation from the earth's surface and of the density of the air, as affecting the general temperature, is very apparent. The direct rays of the sun here are scorching. Ignotus' nose flames like a light-house, and, judging by the feeling, mine is equally well baked. My pocket thermometer, exposed for a few moments in the sunlight, marks 100 deg. F., and yet within fifty yards is a bank of snow two feet deep, and ten minutes rest in the shade of that rock yonder would set us shivering with cold. Were we to camp here to-night, we would need as many blankets as at home in mid-winter. The woods below us look so cool and inviting, that we take small time for rest, but press onward. The trail pitches abruptly downward over a long tract of slide-rock, where we dismount and lead our horses. The sharp fragments cut our feet and scarify our horses' legs, so that, like the Patriot army at Valley Forge, we mark our path with our own blood. The heat and the rocks together make this part of the trip so unpleasant, that it is a relief to plunge once more into the heavy spruce woods, and work our way downward to where, a thousand feet below, brawls the Larriweep. The Indians have been setting fire to the woods hereabouts, and we presently come to a stretch of burnt forest, through which our trail leads. The spruce needles, accumulating for years, had formed a thick mat upon the ground, and in this the fire had slowly smouldered till a bed of ashes, several inches deep, was left. Through this we plow our way, the horses sinking to their fetlocks at every step. The charred trunks of the spruces, looking like gigantic black pen-holders, loom up all around. Solitary pen-holders—clumps of them—long vistas of them—enough to set up a Brobdignag stationer in business. As we thread our ghostly way through them, the ashes so deaden our footfalls that, if one had a sufficiently lively imagination, he might fancy us disembodied spirits, tracking our way through a dead and burnt-out world. Stirred by our progress, they settle down in an almost impalpable powder, till horses and riders are all the same gray tint, and Ignotus murmurs that we will soon be able to furnish lye enough to supply a campaign editor. The constant inhalation of the fine ashes soon produces a choking thirst, and man and beast alike rejoice when we emerge from this Vale of Asher, and see before us the Larriweep, and our cabin waiting hospitably for us with open doors.

Out of the side of the mountain is scooped a semi-elliptical plot some hundred yards in length, and half as many in width. Behind rises a wall of rock, the buttress of a mesa, which rolls on still further back a mile or more, till from it springs, clear and sharp, the mountain proper, the peak of El Conquistador. On this mesa are clumps of spruce, balsam fir and quaking aspen—*Populus tremuloides*—islanded in a sea of gramma and bunched grasses. It is a chosen resort for deer and elk, who find shelter in the groves and succulent food among the grasses. The peak itself is tenanted by the cimarron or mountain sheep, while the heads of the gulches which cut the mesa like earthquake clefts, tempt the bears—frost, black and cinnamon, with tidbits of wild parsnips and celery. The front edge of the half ellipse is formed by the Larriweep, clear, cold and foaming, and on its very edge stands our cabin, reached from the trail upon the other side by a huge foot-log of spruce. True, the floor is of native dirt, the only window a chink between two logs, and a pendant oilcloth must do duty for a door; but the gaping fireplace, built of flat stones from the rock-slide above, the bunks in one corner, which shall be filled with fragrant spruce boughs and piled with our fur robes and Navajo blankets, the slab-tables, benches and stools—these promise solid comfort.

With deer and bear and cinnamon meat from the mesa above, and grouse and duck and trout from the valley below, our table will be well supplied. As for the more æsthetic parts of our nature, artistic hunger shall be satisfied with the changing tints of the snow upon the opposite peaks, the grays and the browns of the rocks, the green of the cotton-woods, the blue and the olives of the sky, and the starry flowers that spring up everywhere. For music, have we not the voices of the mountain calling all the night, the whisper of the wind in hemlock boughs, and the pæan of the brook?

For literature, the pages of the "Great Stone Book" lie spread out before us, waiting for an interpreter. Ignotus and I exchange glances, and each answers the other's unspoken question by quietly dismounting and beginning to unpack. Thousands of years ago Nature foresaw this expedition, and prepared for us, on the other side of the stream, a pasture of about fifty acres, so hemmed in by mountain walls that ten minutes work with an axe barricades its only outlet, and here Huz and Buz, Rob and Rena are turned out to spend idyllic days. Pitch—pine knots from a fallen tree soon crowd the fireplace, and civilization and solitude have shaken hands. Your true nomad claims a right of homestead wherever he spreads his blankets, and when I started out with my gun, in hopes of a stray grouse, Ignotus asked me, in the most matter-of-fact way, if I would be "home" for supper. I had always looked upon the absenteeism of landlords as an evil strongly to be condemned, and was the more convinced of the justice of my views, when I found that in our absence our preserves had been so thoroughly poached that I was forced to return grouseless to camp. I was well repaid for my walk, however, by discovering in one of the *Mustelidæ* a trait I had never before suspected. On the ledge behind the cabin grew a number of "service-berry" bushes, loaded with ripe fruit.

Noticing a movement in one of them, I drew near to see what was going on, much in the spirit of a thrifty house-

holder, who observes an unwonted commotion in the branches of his favorite Pearmain, what time apples be ruddy and small boys do most abound. But when I spied the marauder, I was as much astonished, as would be the aforesaid householder should he discover his trusted Maltese cat in the act of plucking and devouring his cherished fruit. On account of the steep slant of the hill-side, the upper branches of the bush hung so low as to touch the ground, and there, perched upon a convenient stone, sat a little mountain-weasel cramming his maw with the delicious berries. The small rascal had donned his winter suit of snowy ermine, in contrast to which the black tip of his tail shone blacker than ever. In eating he held the berry upon the rock, between his fore-paws, and nibbled at it as daintily as Miss Whyte-Kyddes would taste a chocolate *bon-bon*. With him cleanliness was one of the cardinal virtues, as he sinned against etiquette by carefully making his toilette after every course, washing first his hands and, then his face, next combing his hair, and lastly brushing the crumbs off his fur suit, of which he was very proud. From the care taken to keep it from being soiled, I judge it was the first one he had ever owned, and that, being too poor to afford another one till next winter, he felt that it behooved him to keep it as immaculate as possible.

Having eaten five or six berries, he happened to turn his head, and caught me in the impoliteness of spying upon him. Paralyzed for a moment at my lack of breeding, he soon recovered, resolved himself into a flash of white light, and, in the felicitous phrase of a Western editor, "betook himself to the solitude of his own privacy." His departure was so sudden that nothing short of the Yankee comparison of "quicker 'n a streak o' greased lightning" would describe it. Telling Ignotus about it afterward, he said they had been known to run so fast, when badly scared, as to set their fur on fire: at least, so he had heard; but, as he didn't seem to more than half believe the story, I, too, felt justified in receiving it with a modicum of doubt.

After we had gone to bed, we found we were not the only inhabitants of the cabin. A large family of mountain rats had taken possession, and the blowing out of the candle was the signal for the commencement of a nocturnal "jamboree." (By the right of pre-emption that word belongs to Ignotus; but I am forced to "jump his claim," as no other expression will describe the performance.) We had put our bread in a tin pan, turned another one over that, set the heavy iron cover of the bake-oven on top of all, and fondly imagined our improvised safe was burglar proof; but the tumbling of the lid to the ground and the rattling fall of the covering tin pan soon showed us our mistake.

With a muttered anathema, Ignotus, who slept in the lower bunk, arose and replaced them. Another tumble and rattle, another skurry of the retreating enemy up the cabin walls, another midnight procession over the cold dirt floor, and Ignotus again sought his blankets. After two more repetitions his patience was exhausted, and I heard him in the darkness engaged in some mysterious performance, after which he again lay down. We had just dozed off, when there came a mighty clatter of tinware, and Ignotus, jumping up and lighting a candle, showed us his ratship caught in an ingenious trap. Tomatoes had formed part of our supper, and the can which held them had been opened by two cuts in the top in the shape of a Greek cross, leaving four projecting points of tin. These Ignotus had bent down inside the can, and at the bottom had put a little butter, of which these rats are very fond. When the thief had secured the tempting booty, and attempted to withdraw his head, the sharp points had caught him under the jaws, and he was a prisoner. Having "caught our hare," Ignotus proceeded to "cook" him with a billet of wood, and we again lay down. Whether he was chief commissary, or whether his terrible fate deterred the rest, is uncertain, but we were not annoyed any more during the night.

THE GATEWAY TO THE PLAINS.

DETROIT, Minn., Feb. 14, 1881.

ALTHOUGH the world is predicted to close its career during the year, and become, as it were, an incident of the past, we beg leave once more to call the attention of your readers to this land away to the North, where but a short time ago nobody but the red-man roamed over the vast prairies between here and the Rocky Mountains, and the antelope and elk bounded over hill and knoll as free as the wind that swept its unbroken face, while the buffalo grazed in vast herds where now their white and bleached bones checker the wheat-fields of the sturdy farmer, grim emblems of the past. To a person who has never been in the West and seen these vast stretches of land, without even a shrub or tree to mar their surface for hundreds upon hundreds of miles, the realization of their magnitude can be but feebly portrayed in the mind.

Detroit is, in one sense of the word, the gateway to these vast plains on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, for to the east of it extend those mighty forests which cover the northern parts of Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin, while to the west the prairie begins and continues in an unbroken stretch to the Rocky Mountains. The prairie is rolling with alternate highlands and marshes, in which the wild fowl congregate thickly in the spring and fall, until it reaches the Red River, a level, unbroken field with scarcely any lowlands or marshes. A faint idea of the nature of these prairies can be obtained when the method of plowing pursued on some of the great farms there is mentioned. The plowman in his day's work takes a straight course and keeps his single furrow until noon, when he turns around and occupies the remainder of the day on the return trip, thus making but two furrows in a whole day. This may sound a little "fishy" to some Eastern people, but it is a fact, nevertheless, well known out here.

Duck, goose and chicken shooting occupied the attention of our sportsmen here during the fall months, and rich harvests were reaped by them. Then came winter and with it the sport of deer shooting, and many a proud old buck stained the white mantle of mother earth the morning after the first snow with his life-blood. The deer were never known to have been as thick in this county as they were this season, and thousands of them were killed about here alone. The extreme cold soon put a stop to the exciting sport of deer shooting, and as an occasional warm day presented itself our sportsmen started out and had a rabbit hunt or tried their luck at angling through holes in the ice. Some of them have pretty good luck and obtain fine strings not uncomfortable to carry in a few hours. HIAWATHA.

THE ATTENTION of tourists is called to the advertisements of Chas. J. Greenough, Saranac Lake, New York, and of Kennedy Smith, Eustis, Maine.

Natural History.

WALLACE'S ISLAND LIFE.*

FEW works on science have attracted more general attention and admiration than those of Mr. Wallace, and few have met with more general appreciation and acceptance among naturalists. Well known in the scientific world as having independently worked out the law of Natural Selection, which he announced at the same time with Darwin, and the author of numerous works of importance, he stands in the very front ranks of England's scientific men.

His Geographical Distribution of Animals, published in 1876 by the Harpers, is justly regarded as one of his greatest works, and to that the present volume is, in some sort, a supplement and completion.

The study of the fauna and flora of islands, as distinguished from continental life, is marked by many and serious difficulties, and in many cases the knowledge that we require can never be obtained, owing to the settlement of the country and the consequent destruction of the forests and introduction of exotic species of plants and animals, which must soon cause the extinction of indigenous forms of life. A true and natural classification of plants and animals is required for the intelligent pursuit of this study, and though this is now being reached, it is too late in many instances for us to benefit by it. The doctrine of evolution, or to use a term as expressive and more generally understood, "descent with modification," is the key to the problems which we have to work out, and it is only since 1859 that this doctrine has been set before us in its full clearness, and has received general acceptance. So long as the various forms of life could be accounted for on the theory of a special creation for each one, there was manifestly no further explanation required of the phenomena of the distribution of plants and animals. If each form of life was created and placed in its special habitat, everything was said, we could not go back of that.

The conditions which serve to influence the distribution of life are many and various, and the facts requiring elucidation so intricate, that, until the present time, the problems presented to us have never been satisfactorily explained. The traveler in Northern Japan will find there birds which he has been accustomed to see in Great Britain, some species being the same, others closely similar, though he is separated from that island by the whole breadth of a great continent. But let one who is familiar with the fauna of Australia proceed to New Zealand, only thirteen hundred miles distant, and he will find almost every form of life, whether animal or vegetable, wholly unlike what he has been accustomed to in the neighboring continent. In the Malay Archipelago is a still more striking instance. The islands of Bali and Lombok, each about as large as Corsica, are separated by a strait only fifteen miles across, yet these two islands differ more widely in their birds and quadrupeds than do England and Japan. On this continent we have a similar case. The flora and fauna of the Eastern States, as one passes southward from Northern New England, changes somewhat, becoming more luxuriant as we approach the Gulf, but not altering its essential character, even at the Southern extremity of Florida. But just across the narrow strait which divides that peninsula from the Bahamas, is a vegetation truly tropical, and with it a bird and insect fauna almost identical with that of Cuba. Paleontology gives us much assistance in working out the genetic connection of the various forms of life now existing upon the earth. In some cases, the ancestors of living forms have been traced back through their various changes and modifications to the beginning of Tertiary time, while, too, many evidences of the migrations of certain groups are furnished by their fossil remains, and the proofs of such migrations shed a flood of light on the present distribution of many existing animals. The knowledge derived from stratigraphical geology is also very important, for from it we learn what portions of the earth have been long submerged beneath the surface of the ocean, and thus what portions have long been isolated and allowed the time for the development of a special flora and fauna of their own.

Other and even more important classes of evidence are the great changes of climate which have taken place both in the polar and temperate zones—which are shown by the evidences of a luxuriant vegetation in the former, and of glacial action in the latter—and the theory of the permanence of existing oceans and continents. It is now generally believed that mild climates near the poles and periods of intense cold in temperate regions have several times in the course of the world's history alternated with climatic conditions not markedly different from those now existing, and the influences of such changes upon life as regards the migration, the modification and the extinction of species can scarcely be over estimated. The theory of the substantial permanence of continental and oceanic areas is a new one, and is as yet very imperfectly understood. It is, however, thoroughly believed in by Mr. Wallace, and there seems to be good evidence in support of it.

After presenting us with a vast amount of information on the distribution of different forms of life on islands and continents, Mr. Wallace summarizes the facts which he has brought together, and in the concluding chapter of his work gives the results of his study of the most difficult subject. He says, in brief,

that the distribution of the various species and groups of living things over the earth's surface, and their aggregation in definite assemblages in certain areas are the direct result and outcome of a complex set of causes, which may be grouped as "biological" and "physical." The biological causes are mainly of two kinds—firstly, the constant tendency of all organisms to increase in numbers and to occupy a wider area, and their various powers of dispersion and migrations through which, when unchecked, they are enabled to spread widely over the globe; and, secondly, those laws of evolution and extinction which determine the manner in which groups of organisms arise and grow, reach their maximum, and then dwindle away often breaking up into separate portions which long survive in very remote regions. The physical causes are also mainly of two kinds. We have, first, the geographical changes which at one time isolate a whole fauna and flora, at another time lead to their dispersal and intermixture with other faunas and floras—and it was here important to ascertain and define the exact nature and extent of these changes, and to determine the question of the general stability or instability of continents and oceans; in the second place it was necessary to determine the exact nature, extent and frequency of the changes of of climate which have occurred in various parts of the earth, because such changes are among the most powerful agents in causing the dispersal and extinction of plants and animals. Hence the importance attached to the question of geological climates and their causes which have been here investigated at some length with the aid of the most recent researches of geologists, physicists and explorers. These various inquiries lead us on to an investigation of stratified deposits with a view to fix within some limits their probable age; and also to an estimate of the probable rate of development of the organic world; and both these processes are shown to involve, in all probability, periods of time much less vast than have generally been thought necessary.

Having done so much in the First Part of his work, Mr. Wallace then proceeds to apply the facts and theories already established to the explanation of the phenomena exhibited by the faunas and floras of the principal islands of the globe, which he classifies in three groups in accordance with their physical origin, each of which exhibits certain well-marked biological features.

Of all the conclusions which the author draws, perhaps the most important is that with regard to the age of the earth which we inhabit, or more properly, that which treats of geological time as bearing on the development of life, and with an abstract of his remarks on this subject we must close our review of this most interesting work. The periods of time usually demanded by the geologist for the development of the organic world have been very great, but we find in the earliest fossiliferous rocks evidences of the existence of many forms which require vast periods of time for their development. The physicist, however, denies that any such enormous periods of time are available. The sun is losing heat more rapidly than it could acquire it from any conceivable source, and the earth is cooling and must once have been too hot to admit of the existence of life upon its surface; the friction of the tides is constantly checking its rotation, and this cannot have gone on indefinitely without making our day much longer than it is. By means of various estimates, which need not here be gone into, it is shown that the rate of modification in the organic world, in remote geological time, was probably much greater than it now is, and that at the present epoch the earth is in a "phase of exceptional stability both physical and organic, and it is from this period of exceptional stability that our notions of the very slow rate of change have been derived."

Mr. Wallace's work is replete with new facts, and gives us the views of the most advanced thinkers of Europe. It is of the utmost value to science. Besides this it comprises a fund of interesting information on natural history that will recommend it to a very large class of readers who have no special scientific knowledge.

*"Island Life, or the Phenomena and Causes of Insular Faunas and Floras; including a Revision and attempted Solution of the Problem of Geological Climates," by Alfred Russel Wallace. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1881.

MIGRATORY BIRDS AT QUEBEC.

WHILE New York and adjacent States lay buried under a deep coating of snow, swept by Boreas in no gentle humor, we, of the province of Quebec, have stood *bouche Beant*, at the bare idea that for once the old tyrant, in a moment of hilarity, should have vaulted over us to wreak his malignity beyond the line 45 deg. We record an exceptionally mild winter, followed by a precocious spring.

Isothermal freak notwithstanding, migratory birds do not appear to have been much influenced by this abnormal state of weather. The following extracts from my note-book show no very marked deviation from their ordinary time of arrival here the last five years:—

March.

3. Pine Grosbeak, returning North. Mr. J. M. Lemoine informed me that he noticed a few up to 15th inst. Snow Bunting at Lyster.
6. Bald Eagle at Cape Sante.
8. Shore-Lark. Never abundant.
15. Crows 15 days late. Building, April 23d.
16. Canada Geese. Flying N. E.

April.

1. Wilson's snow bird, or "Nun" (*Junco hyemalis* we presume). Eight to ten days late.
11. Song-Sparrow (*Rossignol*). Five days early. Herring Gulls.
14. Robins. Five days late; very abundant 30th. Rough-Legged Buzzard on one occasion noticed February 28th. I have never seen the *Var. sancti-johannis*. Wood-cock (see *Quebec Morning Chronicle*), rather early.
22. Snow-Geese. Rare; irregular. Shrike (*C. borealis*), ordinary time.
23. Black Duck, flushed in pasture field ponds. Swallows (city) reported by H. C. A. early.
23. Free Sparrow (*S. monticola*), irregular.
24. Savannah Sparrow, not common.
25. Wilson's Snipe (*La Becassine*), ordinary time.
26. Hermit Thrush. A warbler not identified. Wood-cock—flushed Crescent Cove—late. Buffle head (*B. albeola*).
27. Purple Finch, occasionally noticed the year round. Blackbirds, ordinary time. Bluebird, first observed to breed here last season. Golden-wing Wood Pecker, ordinary time. White-throated Sparrow, ordinary time. South-southerly, of Cape Rouge. Mallard, very rare in this section.
28. Grass Finch, usual time.
29. Fish Hawk (*P. Carolinensis*) shot on day previous at Grondines by a gunner, who offered it for sale on board steamer *D'Etoile*.
30. House Wren, rare in this locality. Yellow Rump Warbler, in scattered bands. The first Butterfly of the season was observed to flutter about merrily on the 9th. Frogs held a weak rehearsal on the 23d (now *treat* us to a full choral). A Ribbon Snake was noticed quite lively on the 25th, and these busy bodies, the bumble bees, put in a first appearance on the 30th.

Gardening in sheltered localities commenced on the 13th. Potato planting (Roberts & Copeman), on a large scale, began on the 23d. Since then, farming operation progressing without interruption. J. N.

Dornald, Cap Rouge Road, St. Foye (near Quebec), April 30th, 1881.

CURIOUS HABIT OF A WOODPECKER.—The following note is taken from the New York *Sun*, and calls attention to a habit that we have never noticed in a woodpecker. It is true that one often sees the common and widely distributed red headed woodpecker rattle on the dry shingles of a barn, or against a loose board on the side of a house, where his only object, so far as could be divined, was to make a noise, but we have never known of this being done regularly as appears to have been the case in the instance noticed below.

We presume that the species referred to is the California woodpecker, *Melanerpes formicivorous*. The note is as fol-

lows: I have been noticing particularly the peculiar habits of a woodpecker. As I go to work every morning, about 8 o'clock, this bird alights from a tree on a neighboring hill, flies directly to an oil can with bottom upward, on which he pecks away with measured stroke for about half-an-hour. He then flies off about twenty feet to an old coffee pot and goes through the same performance for another half hour. He is then off, and is seen no more till the following morning. Now, this woodpecker is not "tapping at the hollow beech tree" to obtain food, by arousing the insects concealed beneath the bark, and the question arises, What is he drumming on the old tins for except to gratify his drumming propensities? Between his taps on the tin can he looks toward the sky, as if waiting the effect of his music on the feathered race around. Evidently he is in search of a mate, and his instinct (curiously enough) tells him, as instinct tells the small bad boy, that more noise is to be got out of tin than out of an old oak. This being springtime, I presume he will stop it when he procures his mate. He certainly deserves one for his ingenuity.—RAPHAEL B BRAVO.

Luther's Valley, Monterey County, Cal.

CARE OF MONKEYS IN CONFINEMENT.

THE larger anthropoid apes are especially interesting to me, and I lose no opportunity of increasing my knowledge of their habits and actions in captivity. The gorilla that was exhibited at the Westminster Aquarium some few years since, was an especial favorite of mine. He would sit on my knee and recline his head on my shoulder, appreciating me as a friend and glad of some respite from the treatment of the German keepers, more brutal than himself, who managed this gentle and confiding creature with a large cart whip. Some months since, I saw a full-grown orang-outang at Jamrack's, but the conditions under which it was then to be seen were very unfavorable to its examination, and I had to content myself with making a very brief announcement of its arrival and probable size in the *Field* of Aug. 28, 1880. This orang-outang was purchased by the manager of the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, and has passed through the late unfavorable winter in that institution. During the cold weather it had a severe attack of bronchitis, through which it passed most favorably, under the very judicious management of Mr. Carrington, and the unceasing care of its attendant. This orang-outang is the largest that I have ever seen alive. Mr. Wallace, in his "Malayan Archipelago," states the height of his finest examples to be 4 feet 2 inches when measured erect, and that the outstretched arms reached 7 feet 9 inches. These measurements, I should say, are fully equalled by those of the male at the Aquarium; but as he refuses to be handled even by his attendant, it is impossible to measure him accurately. His cage is nearly six feet high, but he has not to extend his long arms to reach the top, and as he hangs suspended from his hinder hands, he can reach over a great extent of the floor. Of the history of the specimen little or nothing is known, except that it was shipped from Malacca, and that it was very thin and savage when it arrived. Its age is surmised to be about ten years, its well-developed, discolored permanent incisors and canines giving credence to the supposition. Its treatment throughout the winter has been carefully managed. The temperature has been kept up to about 65 deg. Fahrenheit by steam pipes, and while the creature was ill a bronchitis kettle was kept steadily at work. Its medicine was cod-liver oil and milk, with a small quantity of carbonate of ammonia. The animal appears now in very good health; its nose is assuming a blue tinge; it is active in its habits, playing for two or three hours at a time with a young chimpanzee that is allowed to visit it. The actions of these two animals when seen together are most amusing. The orang pursues the chimpanzee, which is not a quarter of his size or weight, and stretching out his long arm, seizes her by the leg, and by main force pulls her across the cage, pushing her hand into his mouth, and pretending to bite her. She enjoys the rough horse-play, gives utterance to her gratification in a subdued laugh, something like the sounds of "Hah, hah, hah," done in a loud whisper. At last she tires of the sport, and then the power of mind over matter comes into play. Seating herself in one corner of the cage, she repels his antics by blows or bites, and, though strong enough to crush her in his grasp or kill her with one bite of his strong canines, he is subdued, and takes refuge under his blanket, which he wraps around and over him, so as to cover himself entirely and exclude the free access of air. Being desirous of ascertaining the exact treatment of this animal, I asked Mr. Carrington for his dietary, which he kindly gave me for one week, adding the cost. The orang-outang is supplied with a good quantity of rice milk, well sweetened, about half a pound of rice per day being employed; he has, by way of animal food, about half a dozen eggs daily in addition to the milk. He also takes weekly about one bottle of cod-liver oil, and eats about sixpenny-worth of bread per diem. But the most expensive articles or his dietary are the bananas and oranges with which he is supplied. Sixteen shillings' worth of bananas, bought at the wholesale rate, and an equal expenditure for oranges, make an orang-outang rather an expensive pet, as his board, without lodging or attendance, costs about £3 per week.—*London Field.*

SPRING NOTES.—Sing-Sing, May 3.—I send you the following notes of bird arrivals:

April 17. Found red shouldered hawks (*Buteo lineatus*) nest containing two eggs.

18. Saw first chimney swift (*Chaetura pelasgia*).

24. Saw pair of pewits (*Soyarnis fuscus*) building nest.

27. Found blue birds (*Sialia sialis*) nest containing five eggs, and robin's (*Turdus migratorius*) nest containing one egg.

28. Saw first wood thrush (*Turdus mustelinus*) and cat bird (*Mimus Carolinensis*).

29. Found song sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*).

May 1. Saw first king fisher (*Ceryle alcyon*). Pair king birds (*Tyrannus Carolinensis*), and yellow warbler (*Dendraeca aestiva*). Found robin's nest containing three eggs.

2. Saw pair house wrens (*Troglodytes aedon*) building nest.

P. D.

RARE BIRDS FOR NEW YORK.—Ocean, N. Y., April 27.—There were two very rare birds for this part of the State shot here to-day, and received by me for mounting. One is a California grebe, the other is Bonaparte's gull.—J. T. STEYNER.

CAPTIVE HERON, Allentown, Pa.—Last week Mr. Theo. Mohr shot a fine specimen of the night heron (*Nyctiardea grisea nævia*). The bird lives yet, and is very hearty. They feed him on fish and fresh meat.—C. H. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

HOW "HATCH" WON HIS RIFLE.

OUR party numbered four. We had run down from the city to spend a day or two with "Uncle Hatch," as he was familiarly known among the boys. Hatch lives in the little seacoast town of M——, about thirty miles from Boston. The old gent was delighted to see us, and readily promised to show us "how to shoot a quail" the next day, though he was a "leetle afraid we would have bad weather for our sport." Sure enough, the next morning was wet and cold, a drizzling northeaster having set in about midnight, and at daybreak it was "piping."

As we couldn't shoot, we voted to take a peep into Hatch's shop to while away the time. Hatch's shop was a famous depository for old flint locks, Queen's arms, muzzle-loaders, decoys, fishing-tackle, spears, and, in fact, everything that an old-time sportsman could gather together in his extended travels. L—— had taken down from a magnificent pair of antlers an old-fashioned octagon, iron-barreled rifle which looked as if it might have been old when Plymouth Rock was founded. We were looking and commenting upon it, when a quiet chuckle at the door startled us, and turning, we saw the genial face of the "old man," who had stepped in unawares. By the twinkle in his eyes and the comical working of his mouth we knew that he had overheard at least a part of our not very complimentary remarks about the rifle. When he had deposited his load, consisting of a dipper of cider and a bucket of "sponge russets," he quietly took up the old rifle, and, after sighting it carefully once or twice, turned to us with a contented smile upon his visage, and said:

"Well, you youngsters don't think much of the old tool, do you? She ain't very smooth, but she has been a mighty good one, and has killed more game than you boys ever saw outside of them Boston markets. I haven't shot her for fifteen years, but I'll bet I can beat the best of yer now, long or short range."

Knowing the old man to be a practiced hand at the trigger, none of us cared to accept his bet, though we asked numerous questions about the gun.

"Well, it looks as though we may have fair weather in about an hour; so, if you want me to, I'll tell you how I came to be the boss of that old blunderbuss, as you fellows call her."

We filled our pipes and seated ourselves around on boxes and stools. The old man began as follows:

"Nigh on to thirty year ago, me and my old chum, Cross (dead now, poor fellow!), went on our annual hunt down East. That was in the days of slow travel, and it took us a number of days by packet, stage and footing it to reach our old camp on the Narragaugus River, in 'township 40,' State of Maine. We had been in camp two days and hadn't seen a deer, though 'signs' were plenty enough. The third morning I cruised over a new ground, but saw nothing bigger than a hedgehog, and went back to camp tired and hungry about an hour after noon. Cross had got there before me, and, judging from the looks of his knife, which was sticking in the door post, he had not come back empty. He said he had killed a young deer about a mile or more from camp, and, after getting a bite of something to eat, we went out to bring him in. Not far from where he found his deer I noticed the stump of a big maple, about three or four feet high, that had all grown up to sprouts, making a capital stand to shoot from. I told Cross I was going to 'lay' on that stump that evening and see if I couldn't shoot a deer. It took us till late in the afternoon before we got his meat back to camp, and the sun wasn't more'n an hour high when I whistled to Rolfe, my old hound, and started. I took pard's gun, 'cause I liked her mighty well. Cross laughed when he see me going, and, says he, 'Hatch, if you'll bring in a deer to-night, the rifle's yourn,'—and, fact, I thought he were pretty safe in saying it. Well, I got to the old stump and made myself as comfortable as I could among the young shoots that grew from the top of it. The sun went down and I hadn't seen nary hoof, and I began to think I was going to be skunked that day sure, but I took a pull at my pipe and waited patiently till it got most too dark to shoot. Pretty soon I heard my dog snuffin' pretty hard, and in a minute more I heard a rustling in the young poplars and maples that grew in a little hollow in front of where I was laying. I watched close for the deer to show himself, expecting he would give me a shot every minute. I got a sight at his horns once as he poked his way through the bushes, and then I lost track of him. Well, I got pretty nervous, and 'twas getting to be tedious work setting on top of that old stump, but just as I was thinking of sliding down to stretch my legs, I saw my deer way across the holler, making for the tall timber that grew on the side of the hill beyond. It was mighty dark by that time, and I could only distinguish his form now and then as he rose above the tops of the brush. When he got to the edge of the wood he stopped right in front of a big dead poplar, and began to scratch. Now was my time. I tried to sight him, but 'twas so dark I couldn't see the length of my gun barrel. I twisted and squinted but 'twas no use; at last I found I could sight the big tree behind him, 'cause it was so much lighter colored than the deer, and so I concluded to try a chance shot and trust to good judgment, backed up by a lot of luck. I sighted for the tree about a foot above the buck's back, and swinging my rifle to the left till I thought she was p'inted about right, I let her off. I listened for his start, but didn't hear anything, so I got down to the ground and sent old Rolfe ahead to see what he would find. The dog he knew what he was after, and made a bee line for the place where I last see the deer. I tell yer, boys, I was a little astonished when I got there and found that deer dead as a nail, not a rod from where I fired. I had put my ball right into his neck bone, and he hadn't kicked more than once. I had just got my knife into him when I heard Cross' whistle and knew he was coming out to look for me. So I sat down and waited. You never saw a man more surprised than he was when I showed him my game and told him the particulars. But he was up to his word and gave me the gun, and she has brought down many a one since that time, though I never made her shoot in the dark after that. We got the deer back to camp that night, and next day I measured the distance from my stump to the old poplar, and it was a hundred and ten rods to a foot. Yes, that's the gun, and them are the horns that grew on the buck I killed."

We all agreed that it was a marvelous shot, and apologized to the old man for our premature judgment of the "old blunderbuss," which was more than ever an object of interest. The storm had broken up, and soon we were stowing away one of Aunt Roxanna's glorious lunches, preparatory to our delayed start for the fields. ISLAND CAMP.

HOUNDING VS. STILL HUNTING.

WE begin the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. The particular points of the inquiry were as follows:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?

2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?

3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?

4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and its effects.

5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?

6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?

7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?

8th. What is the open season for deer?

9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hounding and still hunting in Coos County, N. H., and Oxford County, Me., have led to the following observations:

1st. Character of country is mountainous, and the source of Connecticut and Magalloway rivers; includes many lakes, ponds and beaver meadows, and the occasional evidence of water where it is not now, the moss-grown cranberry bogs, the summer haunts of larger game than the subject of solicitude.

2d. The question relating to the favorite means of capture resorted to only brings out the prejudices of the writers, and results of the earliest impressions, the prevailing method as it exists in the minds, but not in the practice, of the residents. Within the last five years, owing to light snowfalls, the mode has been crust-hunting with dogs. In the summer and autumn of 1879, parties attempted their capture at Parmachenee Lake, by using hounds. They were not successful, but eight miles from them, as the crow flies, at Connecticut Lakes, deer were found seeking food in unlikely places—on rocky shores, between the marshy locations on which they always were found, the dates corresponding with the drives made on the Magalloway waters, where they could not be taken by jack-shooting—the common practice in both locations in 1880, where they were taken as late as September 9, and found on the nights of the 17th and 18th of the same month.

4th. Still hunting on snow is not and never has been practiced here.

5th. Deer are increasing rapidly. Sportsmen do not slaughter here.

6th. Residents do not favor game laws.

7th. No need of a law applying to dogs in summer and autumn. The streams are abundant, and dogs lose their game.

8th. Open season for Coos Co., N. H., Aug. 1 to Dec. 1, Oxford, Me., Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.

9th. Deer choose the sunny slopes when there is an opportunity and plenty of undergrowth, hardwood lands usually, seeking fir and spruce ridges to escape pursuit. Rivulets usually are abundant in their winter haunts. A deer yard I have never seen, as the term is generally accepted. A system of thoroughfares often extending for miles, only after heavy snow falls, where only the more recent feeding-ground appears to the casual observer, does their range appear limited. Unless very much frightened, they will always run away on the trail concealed, but which their instinct enables them to locate, to the discomfiture of the pursuer. EDW. NORTON.

ONTARIO.

1st. Hilly and rocky country, with large tracts of burned land and brule.

2d. The habitats still-hunt to a great extent, but a few use dogs, or rather curs. Sportsmen usually bring in dogs with them, and by the same token frequently have them shot.

3d. I am not very clear as to this, but really do not think that it does, as the deer appear to return to their former resorts when driven off for a time. The deer are usually driven to the lakes, and in some places are bagged on the runways, but I may say that "watering" is the rule, and the result is usually that out of four deer put in only one is killed; but every hunt has its charms, derived from using the hounds, whether the deer is killed or not.

4th. Where deer are plentiful, still-hunting, by all odds, is the most effective.

5th. Market hunters, though, thank heaven, we are troubled with few here. Very likely the non-residents kill most.

6th. There are, you may say, no resident sportsmen, in the true sense of the word, and the sportsmen in the neighborhood by all odds prefer hounding.

7th. Seems hardly practicable, as it is hardly human nature not to watch for and shoot a deer, if one knows where it is going to water. Such a law in most sections would, to a large extent, render hounding useless.

8th. Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. Hounds allowed for six weeks.

9th. Have a tendency to "yard" in green woods.

ONTARIO.

1. The country to which I would refer is the territory lying between the Madawaska and Bonnechere rivers in Ontario in the vicinity of Lake Clear, Heiland Lake and Constant Creek. This tract, containing some 300 square miles, is well wooded with pine, maple, beech and birch. Lakes of small size are met with every two or three miles in all directions. The land is mountainous and rocky. A few settlers are scattered along the intervening valleys. Ice forms on the lakes toward the middle of November.

2. The settlers and market-hunters practice still-hunting. Two or three parties of sportsmen are accustomed to visit the locality in October and November, one of which uses dogs. The others are still-hunters.

3. Deer are hounded in the usual way. One of the party takes the dogs to the foot of a hill where recent tracks are discovered and lets them slip and pick out their own quarry. The remainder of the party, two or three in number, are posted on the well-known runways, where they each take their chances of a flying shot. Sometimes one is posted on a lake in a canoe, as the deer always take to water. The hounding seems to have no effect on the deer. They are too plentiful. Crust-hunting and still-hunting are thinning them out wonderfully. Where we were camped last year we found tracks in the morning very frequently within a stone's throw of the dog-house.

4. Still-hunters generally range along the tops of the hills in the early morning, and without much trouble come upon their prey. Or else they track the deer—if a very large one—up hill and down dale. Mr. Plaunto, of Lake Clear, always hunted with dogs until last season when he lost five

hounds, which were poisoned by still-hunters with whose occupation the animals interfered. He considered a score of deer great work for a season. This year, accompanied by a German named Haskins, a resident, he has sent 160 carcasses to market.

5. Those who kill for the market, viz.: farmers and such men as Plaunto, kill the most deer. Of the sportsmen the still-hunters are most successful. The best week's work we three ever did with dogs was seven. Farmers and residents kill hundreds where non-residents do not slay dozens.

6. The farmers and still-hunters (I mean the market-hunters) would as the dogs interfere with their system. The farmers have one way of preventing hounding, viz.: poison and buckshot. I have seen them shoot the deer with one barrel and the dog with the second.

7. The territory is almost too remote to be within the vigilant eye of the law. The lakes are so numerous that unless a party consisted of a full company of sixty rifles little execution could be done on water.

8 Open season for dog hunting from 1st September to 15th October; for still-hunting, etc., without dogs, from 1st September to 1st December.

9. I have seen little of them in winter time. What I saw in that country were yarded in a dry swamp between the hills in a second growth of beeches.—F.

MICHIGAN.

1st Mostly in the old pine works where the deer get plenty of feed on browse or second growth; this bordered with thick cedar swamps and tamerack.

2d. It is pretty evenly divided.

3d. They are driven into the water, where it requires no skill at all to kill them. In other words, men kill them that would so rarely ever get one still hunting. I think it drives them away to some extent, for they leave their old feeding-grounds.

4th. Would not be so destructive if they would observe the close season. The deer are killed all through the winter to supply meat for the lumber camps. A man from one of the camps told me the other day that they killed two deer at their camp this month.

5th. Market hunters or men who kill them for profit. Residents.

6th. Do not think they would; but there might be game wardens appointed who would enforce the law.

7th. That seems to be well thought of. I think it would.

8th. Sept. 15th to Dec. 15th.

9th. They stay in the swamps after cold weather sets in, and yard when the snow gets deep, say from 30 to 48 inches.

Mr. Ralph Williams, while hunting last December, saw a deer's back over a log, and supposed it was feeding; he shot at it, and as it neither fell nor ran away, he got a little closer and shot again, killing it, when he found two deer with their horns firmly locked together. The other deer had been dead some time, as its back was broken.

The victor had drawn the other about sixty rods. Their horns are so firmly locked that they cannot be separated without breaking them. Mr. Williams says they would not weigh less than two hundred pounds each. SAW DUST.

Alpena, March 1881.

A TEXAS GAME COUNTRY.

1851—1881.

THE following extract from a business letter just received from Caleb Baker, a farmer living at Farmersville, Collin County, Texas, will doubtless be read with much interest by many of your readers. Mr. Baker, though quite advanced by years, has yet the true spirit of the hunter in his soul, and he not unfrequently hitches up his team, stows away his traps and guns, and starts off—"git-up, Sup"—on one of those Daniel Boone expeditions, when for a time, at least, he can see no signs of civilization around him to disturb his peace of mind or mar his quietude. By reference to a county map of Texas his travels may be pretty nearly traced out. I see his route lies right over my old "scouting" grounds when after the red-skins in those early days of Texas frontier life, which have long since passed away. This renders the account of his trip doubly interesting to me, for in it I can trace a faithful narrative, and so indorse the same to your readers. He says:

"I have just returned from the extreme borders of civilization on the head waters of the Colorado and San-Saba rivers, where I went trapping for beaver. I was gone all winter. I went first to McKinney, thence to Fort Worth on the Texas and Pacific Railroad. Worth is quite a city now. Thence to Granbury on the Brazos River; thence to Erath County; thence to Comanche County; thence to Brownwood in Brown County. All of these are very fine agricultural counties; they now abound in vast herds of cattle, sheep, etc. From Brownwood, which is quite a populous place, I went down Pecon Bayou seven miles, where I put out my traps and caught some beaver. It is a small, clear prairie stream. I then trapped up the Bayou seventeen miles to the mouth of Gim Ned's Creek. Thence up this creek, which is but a small, lovely, clear stream, to Camp Colorado, which is quite a large place, and has a post-office. I then drove across the high, rolling prairie country about twenty-five miles to the Colorado River, where we found plenty of beaver signs, but the weather now turned so cold that we did not do much trapping for them, but remained in camp. I went with a two-horse wagon and a span of ponies, and was well supplied with everything I needed. From the Colorado River in Coleman County I went south over the prairies about forty miles on to the San-Saba River, and thence followed it up, trapping as I went, along seventy-five miles, and away up into the unsettled and mountainous region near its headwaters. This is a very beautiful, small, clear stream, which heads among the hills and mountains of this truly picturesque and sublime region of country. I lived in camp all the time, and my team fared quite well on the rich and nutricious grasses around the camps.

"By this time I had to start back, for my time was nearly expired. Oh, how I regretted it, for I was truly happy in these wild retreats. Here I could commune with nature, and there were none to molest or make afraid. I caught of beaver alone fifty-four, and if the winter had been as mild and genial as I scommon, I could have caught as many as I could have managed. I saw a vast deal of this great and varied country lying to the west of me, and I wish I could give you some idea of its rich prairies, rocks and mountains. I can say, however, that the mountains of Western Texas are the roughest that I have ever seen. I was brought up from a child at the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, but these do not compare with the mountains of Western Texas. There were more wild fowls in these small rivers than I ever saw in any rivers before, such as geese, brant and ducks of all kinds. Antelope, deer and turkeys were plenty, with some bears, and the best fish are abundant in all the streams. I had no trouble to catch them with a hook and line. I always had plenty of game in camp, and I often thought of you and wished you were present to enjoy the scenes."

Truly, my kind friend, my heart was with you. Under your recital it now beats as freely as in 1850-1-2-3 and 4, when I roamed over these same prairies, encamped upon these same streams, and slept in these same mountains. But then all was nature primeval. Not a human footprint, except that of "poor Lo" ("yer honor" on his trail), was to be seen in all of this vast upper region of country. And then even, his wily tracks were very few and far between, for they were those generally made in hot haste, as he was fleeing to his far-off northern wigwam; while returning from his accustomed forays into the white settlements from below, and driving before him, in full tilt—bow-strung and in war-paint and feathers—a lot of stolen horses and mules, and hanging to his belt or strung to his bow the yet bleeding scalp of some helpless woman or innocent child that he had butchered. Such were the frequent scenes on these frontiers in those early days of Texas history.

Little did I then dream that I would live long enough to write the following for the benefit of your readers, viz:

The Texas and Pacific Railroad is now running as far west as Abilene, in Taylor County, and will soon be completed to El Paso, on the Rio Grande River.

This road passes through or near to all the counties mentioned by Mr. Baker. It runs through a great game region, much of it unsettled, and thus opens up another great thoroughfare to the tourist, the seeker of health and the sportsman. It may be reached from New York city via Dallas in about seventy-two hours, and at an expense of about sixty dollars. October, November and December are the prime months for sporting and enjoyment in Texas, and truly happy will they be who can enjoy them. H. W. MERRILL.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

SHORE AND INLAND NOTES.

GAME AND GAME PROSPECTS.

Philadelphia.—There were a great many ducks on the flats near Havre de Grace, and on the Gunpowder and Bush rivers, but they have evidently paired, and are, ere this, on their way to their northern breeding grounds. Captain Clay has returned from his trip down the bay, and reports immense flocks of snow geese between "Stow" and "Mad Horse," in the neighborhood of Bombay Hook. These fowl have visited the Delaware Bay every spring for the past three years, and during the day remain well out in the bay, resorting to the burned meadows to feed at night. Captain Clay, observing this, made his blind in one of the meadows or marshes used by the fowl, and cutting out a few decoys from an inch plank, and painting them white, managed to get two shots and kill a number as they came in to feed. "The trouble was," remarked Captain Clay, "the geese came to me in two great bodies, and having been shot at would not return. Had they came into the meadows in twenties, or even fifties, I would have had rare sport. There must have been twenty thousand of them, and the noise they made almost deafened me." The fact that these snow geese are visiting our bay every spring should be noted by naturalists. The natives do not know them, and call them "white geese," and say "they are not fit to eat." The meadows between Mad Horse and Stow creeks show their work in feeding, the grass, for a long distance, having been pulled up by the roots.

This spring our snipe shooting has been very unsatisfactory, the birds having been restless and frequently shifted their quarters. We have heard of few pleasurable shoots, the weather has been so variable when the birds first arrived.

Lake Megantic, Quebec, May, 1881.—A half-dozen moose have been killed by parties from this vicinity, ostensibly over the boundary, but boundaries and lines are little regarded by these gentry, so I comfort myself with the probability that they were Canadian moose after all. Migratory quail are reported to have made their reappearance on the farm of Mr. Sam. Burrell, in Lennoxville, where they were loosed last season. This is encouraging.—PENOBSCOT.

Tom's River, N. J.—Quail have wintered remarkably well in this section, considering the severity of the weather. During the heavy snowstorm the wind blew hard, causing the snow to drift, and leaving many bare spots where birds could feed. Besides they have, in some cases, been fed by the sportsmen. I know of one man who has been feeding two bevies near his house all winter, one of which contains twenty-two birds, the other eighteen. A neighbor who was out a few days since giving his dog a run, found, in walking a distance of about one mile, six bevies, numbering from six to fifteen birds in each.—H. C. G.

Wauseon, O.—I do not think the quail have been destroyed to any extent with us by the cold, as plenty of unhusked corn has remained standing, affording the birds plenty of food during the winter.—W. H. H.

Bloomsburg, N. J., April 23.—I have made inquiry during the past three weeks in the southern part of Warren County, Greenwich (including Pohatcong), Franklin and Harmony townships, and in eastern Hunterdon County, Bethlehem, Alexandria and Holland townships, which territory includes very fine hunting ground of both valley and hills, and find that where remnants of coveys were left from last fall there still exists enough for breeding purposes to insure pretty fair shooting next fall, provided the nests are not destroyed by vermin, hawks and crows. Within two miles of this place one gentleman lately saw a covey of twelve fine birds; another counted twenty-two at another place, undoubtedly two or three remnants together, as when flushed they flew in different directions to their usual haunts. As yet but two have been heard whistling—nothing strange at this season. Some of our birds must certainly have perished, but nothing like the numbers given. What percentage actually did perish can not be ascertained by any one. From what I can find out I infer that neither 50, 75 nor 90 per cent. were killed. Woodcock are reported here in fair numbers, and the boys expect to do some tall sweating in July again and call it "sport."

Moira, Franklin Co., N. Y., April 25.—The snow is still deep all over the southern part of this county. And sleighing excellent on all roads south of the centre of the county. The ice on the lakes and ponds is two feet thick, and residents living near them have during the past week been catching trout through holes cut in the ice. One was caught at Conger's Pond, three miles from Dickinson Centre, weighing four pounds; and one weighing two and a half. Friday night four bears were seen near a barn about two miles from the village. Saturday morning a party of hunters here with guns and dogs started in pursuit of them, and succeeded in killing one of the old ones and one cub, the other old one and cub escaped, but quite a number of hunters are out again today. The two killed were very thin in flesh. The old one, which had a frame that when in good condition would weigh from 350 to 400 pounds, only weighed 110. A large otter was shot near here a short time ago. In February a silver gray fox was shot about a mile south of the village, and its hide sold for $25. Martin birds have just arrived here during the past week. A large martin house is erected in the centre of the village in which hundreds nest every summer. The English sparrows take possession of it when they leave in the fall, but have to evacuate when they return in the spring. The first spring the sparrows were in it there was considerable fighting between them and the martins on their return, but the martins drove them out.—A. C.

Kent County, Delaware.—The marsh lands bordering our creeks and bays are good snipe shooting grounds. Not as many birds killed here this spring as usual.—H. R.

Tolland Co., Conn, May 1.—Our spring has commenced with a few snipe on the meadows, and the ducks, which have been quite plentiful for this section, about going north. A woodchuck was shot here on the 12th of March, when snow was on the ground, which is the earliest I ever knew of one being seen. From my own observation I should judge that about half the quail were killed last winter. Partridges all right. A friend of mine commenced to feed a flock of seven quail; before a month's time the flock had increased to forty, but crows encroached as well and got a good share of the grain. He finally succeeded in drawing the quail within fifty yards of the barn—so near the crows dare not come—where the quail came regular every morning, and some of the time to the barn yard itself. They did seem to be afraid of his dogs, which were pointing them every day, and wondering why some one did not shoot.—MARS.

Twin Lakes, Fla., April 20.—An unusually late spring has kept ducks and snipe with us for an unwonted time. Last week I killed twenty-two snipe and fourteen teal, besides bagging a very fine otter, killed with No. 6 shot in the head at twenty paces. A cotton-mouth moccasin five feet long came to grief also. The prairies bordering the St. Johns have been in the finest condition for weeks for snipe, and they have been numerous, but are getting scarce now.—S.

Charleston, Ill., April 23.—The weather has been very warm here for six days, and the brant, geese, cranes, ducks and woodcock have nearly all left us for a cooler climate. The snipe and plover are tolerably plenty yet.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

THE 1st of May ended the duck and snipe season in Michigan, and all sportsmen shot right up to the end of the last day. William Jardine, manager of the Point Mouillie Shooting Club, arrived in town on the 5th inst. He reports a few canvas backs, red heads and blue bills hanging around Mouillie Bay. Any quantity of swans and geese yet remain, though they seem less restless than when I last wrote with reference to them. Jardine bagged a swan last week of enormous measurement. The Mouillie Club is improving its property in a way to excite the genuine sportsman's admiration, and fill him with a passion to be one of this club's well-cared-for guests. This seems by general consent to be the sportmen's paradise. Not only does it afford the best hunting at all seasons, but those who shoot there are made comfortable, and even luxurious, by Supt. Jardine and his wife, the latter being one of the most accomplished caterers to be met in a day's journey.

J. V. D. Eldredge and Messrs. Metzger and Stenton returned from St. Clair Flats last Monday with 130 ducks and 200 black bass—the finest lot of fish ever speared by mortal man within this bailiwick. The spearing season is now at its height, and the Flats fairly swarm with half-breeds and Indians, who are making big wages, as black bass sell at the drop of the hat. WAH-NE-TA.

PROHIBIT GAME EXPORTATION.

WAUSEON, O., March 21, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At last you have hit the nail on the head in the matter of game protection. In the editorial of last week, "Where Some Game Goes To," you suggest the idea which, if carried into legislation, will do more for game protection than all the game laws in force, and I am glad for one to see the leading sportsman's journal take the position there occupied. Everything else has been tried. Now try protection, with heavy penalties for shipments of game beyond the State when killed, and see how it will lessen the demand, and thus lessen the trapping and ground mashing and otherwise hogging of game. As long as there is a demand in Europe and in the larger cities of the East for our Western game, with no prohibition of exportation, so long will there be local dealers who make it an object for boys to trap and loafers to destroy whole coveys at a single shot for the money that there is in the business.

With only the local State demands to supply, the prices, with our present supply, would be low enough to take away the present incentive to slaughter.

I have long wished to see the FOREST AND STREAM take this stand, and hope that you will push the matter on sportsmen until our Legislatures are induced to pass absolute prohibitory laws of the kind suggested. W. H. H.

SPRING DUCK SHOOTING.—Just now our market is overcrowded with wild ducks of every kind and name; in fact, the massacre of ducks the present season has been more than usually large Single hunters bag 80 and 100 per day, and every choice feeding spot hides a hunter in his "blind" and reveals his "beautiful decoys." The deadly storm of lead with which these beautiful birds are met as they return to their northern homes for nesting is cruel, and should call out the protest of every true sportsman. The long fall season, during which they are legitimate game, as well as their trying and precarious winter life in Southern waters, should suffice. It is well known to every sportsman that many varieties of ducks choose their mates before their flight to the North, and this cruel slaughter breaks up the brightest anticipations that cluster around the old homes to which these birds every year return. It is small wonder that the cry comes from many of the formerly most favorite haunts of these birds that the finest varieties are very scarce. They should be protected by the law—humanity and the best sportsmanship both demand it.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean, April* 23.

Notwithstanding that this subject has been so often commented upon by the public press, and by sportsmen of the true type by the same medium, nothing was done at the last session of the Ontario Legislature to put a stop to the criminal practice of spring shooting. Year after year it has become apparent to those who observe and take an interest in game protection how fast this species of game is diminishing, and that mainly owing to the negligence or apathy of our legislators. We claim that no argument can possibly be adduced in justification of the practice at present tolerated by law in this wanton and indiscriminate slaughter in the breeding season. We are aware that individuals, some of whom are simply interested in the matter, and who still advocate spring shooting, do so for the mere sport, while others approve from pecuniary and sordid motives. But then, to view the matter from a moral and humane standpoint, there is but little or no distinction between the criminals. In this section, for a month at least, thousands upon thousands of ducks have been slaughtered, either to gratify the former's morbid taste or the latter's greed for gain. "And how many a birdling thus shot on the wing, while others are sent mateless on their journey." But it is not in this duck-shooting alone that the evil exists. Other species of game protected by law fall a prey to this class of so-called sportsmen; and so long as our law-makers aid and abet the crime, we may reflect that in a few years more our commonwealth in the matter of game will have become so depleted that an entire prohibition for a series of years must ensue.—*Windsor Correspondent Toronto Mail.*

AN ANTELOPE SHOOTING STRATAGEM.—We left Edgerton, Colorado, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, with no place in view, but intending to go east or southeast until we struck game. We were pretty lucky in our quest, and on the second day found enough to satisfy the most exacting; and as it was the second day of the shooting season when we arrived at our destination, we found the antelope very tame, and in a week had shot as many as our two ponies could draw home. Encouraged by our first success, we started out again two months later, and although we located our camp in the same place, we found things very different from our first visit. Previously we had no difficulty in getting within eighty or one hundred yards of a herd; but in the meantime they had been hunted so much that it required considerable skill to get within even three or four hundred yards of them. We had lain behind soapweeds and sage bushes for two or three hours at a time, waiting for the game to feed up to us, but in every instance something either startled them before they got within range or they changed their direction On the morning of the ninth day we ate our remaining slice of bacon, and concluded that we would try once more and then "break camp." We hit upon the following plan. We put a bridle on one of the ponies, and both mounting, we hoisted a sheet of brown paper in front of us, leaving a couple of holes as points of observation, and commenced our advance on a herd quietly grazing a mile away. Although we were in plain sight, they did not seem to notice us until we were within half a mile of them; then they raised their heads and sniffed the air, and as we advanced they came forward about fifteen or twenty yards, craning their necks, trying to make out what it was coming. When we were within eighty yards we stopped, and, slipping quickly off the horse, I dropped on my knee, raised my piece, and at the word "Now" both fired, both balls taking effect. At the sound of the reports the herd started on a hard run, but instead of turning tail they described a circle round us; this enabled us to put in two more shots each, but only one took effect. We collected the spoils after some trouble. We sat down to dinner with lighter hearts than we commenced the morning with, and on no occasion has an antelope steak tasted richer to me than it did that day. We found exercise and fresh air a better accompaniment to venison than red currant jelly. We tried the same plan several times on a later trip we took and found it work well each time.—G. B H.

DOGS AS RAILROAD BAGGAGE.—Chelsea, Mass., April 6.—Why is it that the railroads advertise in the columns of your valuable paper to ship one dog for each sportsman free? In your issue of March 17 is a statement from "Kenwoc," which is an outrage seemingly. Now, if these railroads advertise to do thus and so, why would it not be a good idea to paste one of their advertisements on each dog, and if it is the baggage man, enter a complaint?

My experience is different from Kenwoc's. On Nov. 9, 1880, I left Boston, via New York and New England, for Gordonsville, Va. I inquired at the office what would be the charge on my dog, and was informed not a cent. I asked if the baggage men were allowed to charge anything, and was informed that they were not. I then asked the baggage man what he would charge to take care of my dog to Washington, D. C., and was almost paralyzed when he told me fifty cents. I gave him one dollar, and did not see him again, but my dog was O.K., and in Washington on the same train as myself, and in as good condition as myself.

Now, to Gordonsville is less than 100 miles. I asked the baggage man how much for my dog—fifty cents again. I paid it. My dog was passed to me by the baggage man at Gordonsville all right. If I had not had this experience, and at so little expense, I should doubt Kenwoc's statement. But south of Gordonsville they (baggage men) perhaps have no conscience. By answering this through your valuable paper you will confer a great favor on a constant reader.

I wish to say I found at Gordonsville abundance of quail and partridge, wild turkey and woodcock in fair numbers, and hares in abundance. Also the best accommodation at the Magnolia House, kept by Mr. Mayhew, and Capt. Harry Carter Clerk one of the best of fellows. Wishing the success to your valuable paper which it deserves,—I remain,

CHAS. H. SINCLAIR.

THE STATE TOURNAMENT.—A meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association was held Friday evening, May 6, Vice-President Cook in the chair. The prize committee reported that they had received eighty prizes of the aggregate value of between $5,000 and $6,000. The bird committee reported everything favorable for a large supply of birds. The game law committee reported that the Long Island Association bill was practically killed, and that the bill known as the Armstrong bill had been reported favorably and ordered for a third reading. On a motion by Mr. Altenbrand, the secretary was instructed to write to the members representing Long Island, and have them try to insert in the Armstrong bill, as amendments, the clauses of the Long Island Association bill relating to woodcock, Coney Island creek, county game protectors and ruffed grouse, and if they could not do this to try and defeat it. The committee on finance are to provide badges for the members of the association and for all others that they may see fit, that will serve as a passport to the freedom of the grounds. It was decided to call the convention for June 20. A committee to be appointed by the chair are to arrange the order of shooting, the prizes and to consider the propriety of having a shoot open to all on the two days following the tournament, and are to report to the association.

CURRITUCK.—There have been, perhaps, more wild fowl, ducks, geese and swan, shot at Currituck during the past season than there has in any season for ten years. It is wonderful to think what a vast quantity of game has been shipped from our sound this fall and winter past. Eighteen years of experience will enable me to estimate the numbers very closely. From Oct. 11, 1880, to March 25, 1881, I have shot 1,700 ducks, 48 geese and 21 swan, making in all 1,769 birds. There are about 400 gunners in the Sound, including sportsmen from the North. Some of the gunners have shot three to four thousand each, but we will divide them equally, say two thousand to each gunner, that will be 800,000 birds that were killed in our little Sound in less than six months. Is there a sound, river or lake in the United States that can produce as many birds of the same kind and in the same length of time?—J. B. WHITE.

CONNECTICUT.—The only amendment of the Connecticut game law, passed at the session of 1881, was as follows: "Section 8. Any person found with a bird dog and gun upon lands where birds mentioned in Sec. 1 of this act are known to exist, shall be deemed *prima facie* to be there for the purpose of pursuing said birds with intent to kill, and the owner of such lands, with such others as he may command to assist him, may arrest such person while on said land, if he refuse to leave the same at once, forthwith carry him before a justice of the peace, who, upon the written complaint of such owner, shall proceed to try said person in all respects as if he had been complained against by a grand juror or other proper informing officer, and, in case of a conviction under any of the sections of this act, one-half of the fine imposed by the Court shall be paid to the informer."

MINNESOTA SEASON—Minnesota game law as amended, Feb. 26. Open season, woodcock, July (after the 3rd), August, September and October. Pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse, quail and stuffed grouse, September, October and November. Aquatic pond, September 1st to May 15th. Fine of $5 to $50, or forfeiture of guns, sporting implements, dogs and game, together with costs of prosecution, or both at discretion of court.

ENGLISH SNIPE ON TOAST.—These birds should not be drawn. Pluck them, wipe them and truss the head under the wing, which, like the neck, must be skinned. Press the feet upon the thighs and pass a skewer through them and the body. Put four on each skewer, tie them to a spit and roast them at an open fire for a quarter of an hour. Put slices of toast in the dripping pan under the birds to catch the trails, and on these toasts serve the snipe, after flouring and browning them. Add a little brown gravy. These birds must be eaten very hot.—*The Gastronomist.*

SMALL CALIBERS FOR GAME.—Philadelphia, April 24.—I have been intending buying for some time a small bore rifle for small game shooting, principally squirrels, and, while I should like for many reasons a .22 cal., have been in much doubt as to their force and accuracy up to 75 or 100 yards. I should like very much to hear the experience of others who have used these light bores on game.—T. J. S.

NEBRASKA TOURNAMENT.—The seventh annual Nebraska State Sportsmen's Tournament will be held at Lincoln, Neb., May 17 to 20 inclusive. The prize list aggregates $2,265. The Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will convene Tuesday evening, May 17th. The secretary is Mr. E. Hallett, Lincoln, Neb.

GEORGE W. FLOWER.—George W. Flower, of Watertown, New York, died in this city last Wednesday evening. Mr. Flower was well known to the members of the New York State Association, of which, in 1874, he was the President. He was a prominent citizen of Watertown, having been its first mayor.

THE MANY FRIENDS of Mr. C. S. Shattuck, the manufacturer of single-barreled guns, will learn with pleasure that he is getting into shape again after the destruction of his factory by fire some months ago. The new factory, we are informed, will be ready for work June 1, 1881.

NEW JERSEY.—There were some snipe on the Big Piece at Pine Brook, N. J., last week—the first lot this year. Newark Meadow also had a sprinkling last week.

WE HAVE A LIMITED NUMBER of our pamphlets on "Dittmar Sporting Powder." Copies may be had on application at this office.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

By the way, that reminds me—

THAT "Uncle's" story in issue of April 28 reminds me of a deer shooting incident here in Detroit, Minn. One man last Winter killed thirty, another twenty, and so on, while one fellow had the extraordinary luck, cheek, or whatever you may wish to style it, to bring down two at one shot, and with a rifle at that. While out in the woods he came upon them standing still, unconscious of his presence, and just as he pulled the trigger they moved alongside of each other and both received the fatal bullet. I have never heard of a similar occurrence, and do not think its like was ever accomplished.—HIAWATHA.

THE fox-hunting stories in the late numbers of your paper bring to my mind an anecdote narrated to me by a friend of mine, a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity. In the latter part of March or the first part of April we often have on moonlight nights very pretty fox hunts. About four or five weeks ago my friend and two gentlemen rode with a good pack of dogs to a den where a fox had young ones. They stationed a man at the den to keep the fox out until the second or third round. The dogs soon made the woods echo, and made one round, running hard, and then all was still as death, and the dogs one after another came in. The man at the den was sure that the fox had not run in, and so there was nothing to do but to blame the dogs and to start for another den; there the performance was repeated; but, *mirabile dictu*, they heard the old fox barking in the woods not a hundred yards away. They at once harked on the dogs, but they would not run. Now, as to whether the dogs were more humane than the hunters, and would not run an animal that had young to provide for, or whether it was something supernatural, I leave for some of your fox-hunting subscribers to explain.—D.

Clergyman, lawyers, editors, bankers and ladies need Hop Bitters daily for nerve force.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MAY.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salmo fontinalis.*	White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	Rock Bass, *Amblopiites.* (Two species).
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*	
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.	War-mouth, *Chænobryttus gulosus.*
	Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavitilis.*	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*	Pollock, *Polachius carbonarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*	
Scup or Porgie *Stenotomus argyrops.*	

The "True Angler" is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of gentle old Izaak. He has no affectation, and when a flycast is not to be had, can find amusement in catching sunfish or roach, and does not despise the sport of any humble brother of the angle. With him fishing is a recreation and a "calmer of unquiet thoughts." He never quarrels with his luck, knowing that satiety dulls one's appreciation of sport as much as a want of success, but is ever content when he has done his best, and looks hopefully forward to a more propitious day. Whether from boat or rocky shore, or along the sedgy bank of the creek, he deems it an achievement to take fish when they are difficult to catch, and his satisfaction is in proportion. His enjoyment consists not only in the taking of fish; he draws much pleasure from the soothing influence and delightful accompaniments of the art. God be with you, gentle angler, if actuated with the feeling of our old master, whether your are a top fisher or a bottom fisher; whether your bait be gentles, brandling, grub, or red worm, crab, shrimp, or minnow, caddis, grasshopper, or the feathery counterfeit of the ephemera. May your thoughts be always peaceful and your heart filled with gratitude to Him who made the country and the rivers, and "may the east wind never blow when you go a-fishing."—THAD. NORRIS.

WE are glad to be able to state that we have now a large number of localities near New York where fishing can be had. We shall be glad to supply to such of our readers as may desire the information a list of such places from which they can make a selection. A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany each application.

DUCKS, BLACK BASS AND MASKINONGE.

ERIE, PA., May 2, 1881.

UNTIL within a few days Lake Erie has been covered with an unbroken sheet of ice, but now it is well broken up and has entirely disappeared from the bay. As soon as the bay opened large flocks of duck arrived, and have remained ever since, though they have had little inducement to do so, owing to the hundreds of guns that are constantly banging at them. We are endeavoring to have a law passed prohibiting spring ducking and limiting the shooting in the fall to three days a week—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. If they are not disturbed a great many remain here and breed. Our Game Fish Association has planted wild rice for several seasons, and the ducks are yearly becoming more numerous.

Fishing through the ice has been good all winter, the catch being perch, blue pike and herring, with occasionally a pickerel. The black bass appeared April 23, nearly a month earlier than usual. Two boys fishing for herring from a boat anchored near the ice landed eighty-four bass. Since then large numbers have been caught, the best string so far being 102 for one man. They run very large for spring fish; one that I saw weighed going 5 lbs 9 oz. The large perch are also running in, and are so numerous as to be almost a nuisance; they bite as fast as one can drop in his line. In a week or two all the different varieties will have appeared, and we will have great sport. At present, though there are plenty of fish, the wind blowing over the ice is rather uncomfortable.

Our Game Fish Association is an energetic body. We have a fish-warden or detective paid by the city, and in addition the association pays a reward of fifty dollars for information leading to the conviction of any one for violations of the fish law, by seining, etc. We have already convicted and fined one man, and several are awaiting trial.

I have noticed the articles in your late issues calling attention to different points as pleasant places for sportsmen to visit, and I will say this much for Erie, that one who enjoys first-class fishing for bass, maskinonge, pickerel, etc., without being compelled to suffer the discomforts of camp life and the sportive attentions of the black fly and mosquito, can not do better than come here at any time until the first of August, or during the fall. In my next I will give an account of some of its advantages. PRESQUE ISLE.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

THE long wharf at Mandarin, Florida, stretches some six hundred feet out into the peaceful St Johns, and hither repair the fishermen after their night's toil in their rowboats with their nets to sell the quivering fish to the inhabitants, and ship the surplus by morning steamer to Jacksonville.

I strolled down the wharf in quest of mess and met a tall, bony fisherman on whose face the habit of fishing all night had left a very plain impression. Did ever any one look so much in need of going to bed early for a few nights and sleeping uncalled in the morning? Not from any apparent fatigue, however. He had got used to fishing all night, and yet nature, true to herself, permitted no such transposition of day and night without painting red the eyelid and spread

ing over the whole face such a sort of beaten-to-death countenance as my fisherman wore.

"Haven't got a fish," said he. "No luck at all last night. I should have had some luck, too, if it weren't for a confounded alligator. Gosh, he got in my net and it took me nearly all night to get him out, and thar was two of the prettiest schools of bass flopping close by that I ever saw. Instead of getting a good lot of um as I ought ter hev done and would hev done if it wa'n't for that blarsted alligator, here I am this morning with nothing at all in the boat except the durned thing."

"Have you got him in the boat," I asked.

"Yes Don't yer want to come down and see him?"

I followed him down to the end of the wharf, and preceding us went his fisher companion, a lad of about seventeen. The boat lay moored to the bulkhead and up above on the wharf, under a shed, sat a half dozen negro women with their babies, waiting for the next steamboat.

The boy, with an animated grin, ran down the flight of steps into the boat, and as we approached pulled out an alligator, four or five feet long, by a cord that was fastened about its neck, and held it on his knees, bending its tail around from side to side.

The negro women at the first look grabbed their babies, and fled in all directions, notwithstanding the boy's good-natured, "He won't hurt you." He picked him up and put him down, coiled his tail, rubbed his sides and put his ugly head upon the boat thwart for general exhibition, and through it all the alligator was as quiet as a lamb. Indeed he seemed rather to like the process he was undergoing, if one might so interpret the dull leer and satirical wink or two he gave. Perhaps he liked the jolly disposition of the boy.

"Won't he bite him?" I asked.

"No; alligators won't generally bite" said my fisherman, "unless you tantalize um. That boy there" he continued "is jus' like a baby; jus' as quick as his head is down in the night he's asleep."

Now this seemed just unlike most babies to me, but maybe he was jammed for a comparison, so I said nothing, while he went on:

"Last night, sir, after we ketched that 'gator we put him in the bottom of the boat forward, and that boy there went and laid right down alongside of him, and I'll be danged, sir, ef he and the alligator didn't sleep together, rolled in the same blanket the rest of the night. Yes, sir; hang me of they didn't," and the fisherman squinted his red eyes until they looked redder with emphasis at what he was telling.

I looked in the boy's face for some trace of kinship to the ugly Saurian, or some sign of that which had won its mild behavior, but the kind eyes and look of jolly good nature were all I could see. I know not whether that friend of animals, the renowned Bergh, adds a jolly disposition to his humane treatment of the brutes, but here is a lesson, if it be a lesson, where it has apparently won the heart of even so uncouth a beast as an alligator, and if adopted with more favored animals, who can tell what wonders might result. Possibly if all the winter visitors to Florida were endowed with good-humored, rollicking natures, the ugly brutes might yet be tranformed into affectionate domestic pets, which we might lead about with a pink ribbon, or dandle in our arms with interested love. C. D. D.

SPEARING FISH IN MARYLAND WATERS.

MUCH has been said and written lately of the products of the gastronomic State and of the means used to entrap and secure those products. An American epicure knows just when to visit Maryland in order to obtain the one delicacy that suits his appetite. In summer he has the soft crabs of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, and certainly a more delicious morsel could never have been served to the gods. A Baltimorean will boast of this dish and glory over it to a stranger; but let that same Baltimorean go twelve or fifteen miles from the city to one of the smaller rivers, where "crabbing" is the principal means of livelihood for those of the uneducated portion of the community who do not work on farms, his hostess will do perhaps as he did and put before her guest the greatest delicacy she can offer—soft crabs. He thinks of Tantalus when he sees them, for they are covered with an abundant supply of milk-gravy, and that at once places them out of his reach; for as long as he can remember he has been taught that milk and crabs were never intended to come within sight of each other. Out of compliment to his hostess he allows one to be placed upon his plate, and when he sees those about him indulging with no apparent fears of the consequences the temptation becomes too great to be resisted, and, concluding to do while he is in Rome as the Romans do, he cautiously begins the attack. Before many moments he is willing to acknowledge to his hostess that he never before has tasted soft crabs

"Ah!" she replies, "that is because you have never visited their native shores."

"But," he continues, "do you mean to persuade me that this is the same species of crab that we consider such a luxury in the city?"

"The very same, only we, living here, can procure them, as the crabbers say, 'just as they have shed,' or, in other words, just after they have worked themselves out of their hard shells. In this condition they are too delicate to be transported. They have to be kept for a day, at least, before they are strong enough to bear even a short journey, and by that time their shells have commenced to harden once more. By the time you buy them they are very apt to have what we would call a paper shell, when to us they are no longer soft crabs. Ah! you must eat them where they are caught to eat them in perfection"

And so it is with most things of the kind—they never taste the same away from their favorite haunts. Crabs, both soft and hard, are caught from the middle of May till the middle of September and are considered a delicacy as long as they last. Catching them has not been as yet turned into a sport, for, unlike the sportsman who brings in the aid of a dog or pack to start his game, the crabber must trust to his own eyesight and skill in the use of his crab-net. From sunrise to sunset he wades in the water, dragging his boat along by one hand and using his net with the other. At times his labors are well rewarded and he finds himself at the end of the day possessed of six, eight or ten dozen crabs; but at other times he will, perhaps, for weeks catch but four or five single crabs a day.

So much for crabs—a subject we had no intention at first of touching on at such length. There are other points in regard to them that I am sure would be of interest; but the subject of this article does not allow a fuller account of them.

The sportsman of Maryland longs for the last of October and first of November. Then, with his dogs, he scours those parts of the country where he is safe from the penalty of the law, a notice that will at times make the heart of a gunner sink within him, and if he meets with success he is very apt on his return to the city to invite a few select friends to a partridge supper.

Oysters are a third luxury of which much has been said elsewhere. I have never heard them spoken of as a luxury whose capture was indulged in as sport, and yet personally I have derived much pleasure from joining parties that started out to go oystering. The sport consists in vainly endeavoring to fish up the oysters with long rakes. Woe betide the party who start out without an experienced oysterman on board, who not only fishes up the oysters, but roasts them on the shore afterward.

Spearing fish, although a means of livelihood for the fishermen and crabber through some of the colder months of the year, seems to be something of which little is known elsewhere. A stranger out on a dark evening is sometimes surprised into an exclamation of astonishment at the appearance of the landscape, which is lighted up even to the heavens, as though all the woods were in a blaze. A smile will form itself on the features of the native, who replies:

"Oh, that is only some one gigging."

"And pray what is that?"

Accompany us on an expedition of that kind and we will initiate you into one of the most picturesque sports conceivable. Let us choose a picturesque place to begin with. The "Eastern Shore," as all Marylanders call that part of their State that lies east of the Chesapeake, is too low and flat for beauty, and the western shore—well, I think we'll try the Severn up above Annapolis, near its head, where the banks are high, thickly wooded and dotted over with evergreens that give them beauty even in the cold, dreary winter months. Here in one of the little creeks that give beauty and romance to the river we find some fishermen preparing for the night's work. They are an easy-going set, who take life as it comes and find a fund of amusement when together in their own sayings and doings. Evidently they have just been laughing over one of those same jokes, for on the face of an old negro in the background there is a broad grin still visible, and his old head moves from side to side as if he were just about taking in the fun.

Old "Uncle Philip," as they call him, fishes and crabs some in summer, but the crutches at his side prevent his taking an active part in what those about him are now preparing for. And while we are speaking of Uncle Philip, perhaps you would be interested in knowing his first impresions of an earthquake. Some three years since, this region of country was visited during the winter by a succession of "shocks" quite alarming at times to the dwellers on the soil. The first one occurred on the night that the city of Richmond was roused from its peaceful slumbers and its inhabitants forced into the streets by the unusual sounds and motions accompanying a shock of earthquake. The time was twelve at night, and though Uncle Philip had retired, his worthy better half was still busying herself about household matters. As the rumbling was heard he roused himself and called:

"Lucy, who dat ar drivin' roun' de house dis time o' night? 'Tain't fur no good, sure."

Then, as the little cabin shook and swayed from side to side, he added:

"Dar, now! He drunk; done run ag'in' de house."

But our fishermen have some of them completed their work for the present, and are preparing to go home for their suppers; so we select one for our guide in the evening, and then examine more particularly their arrangements. The wood they were sorting as we came up is what is called "light-wood," and is procured from old rotten pine stumps. It is very resinous and gives a brilliant light, which the fishermen tell us is what attracts the fishes. In slavery times, when the negroes were not allowed to have lamps to carry about at night, they would use knots of light-wood for torches.

"What is this?" asks some one, picking up a long wooden handle with an iron instrument at one end that looks as though it might be an instrument of torture. It has three heavy teeth barbed at the ends, and the whole thing resembles Neptune's trident more than anything else

"That is a gig," is the reply.

"And please tell us if this is what you use to spear the fish with."

The answer only confirms our notions of its being an instrument of torture, and we turn to watch one of the men who has put across his boat from side to side a broad board on which he is now placing a goodly supply of sand.

We begin to see into things a little, and are not surprised when, after supper, we saunter down to the water to the place where our fisherman was to meet us, to see him building a fire of light-wood on the sand in his boat. How quickly it blazes and how brightly it illuminates everything around. We take our places in the boat and are rowed across to one of the smaller creeks, where everything looks wierd and unnatural. We feel almost as though we were entering on enchanted ground, and our whisperings soon cease as the fisherman, after putting aside his oars and adding fuel to the fire, noiselessly propels the boat by means of the handle of his gig. Suddenly he raises and reverses it, and even our inexperienced eyes see what has riveted his attention. A fish, attracted by the bright light, has gradually approached the surface of the water, and when nearly there has become perfectly motionless. We scarcely dare breathe as we wonder what the next move will be; but we have not long to wait, for the gig descends with fatal aim and comes up bearing on its end a bleeding fish.

But, as usual under similar circumstances, we forget the sufferings of the victim and enter into the excitement of the hour, watching for the poor, unsuspecting creatures to appear, and then anxiously noting the descent of the instrument that is to administer its death blow.

Our experienced fisherman seldom misses a "strike," but we, who flatter ourselves we know more of physics than this uneducated waterman, are soon compelled to admit that he has practically mastered the laws of refraction, as applied to his particular calling, while we, understanding it in theory, are unable to put it into practice, for our attempts to imitate him and "strike" a fish are signal failures. We only succeed in scaring the fish, which glides swiftly away, to return perhaps in a very few moments to the same spot, becoming perfectly still as before, in a most tantalizing way.

But it is of no use. We try and try again with the same result, and resignedly return the gig to the hands that have become accustomed to its use.

As we turn our faces homeward we notice that our companions have the appearance of having just emerged from a coal mine. Do we look the same? No need to ask that question, for it would be impossible to have such dense smoke so near us, blowing directly in our faces at times, without it leaving its mark.

And now as we land, and our fisherman turns to go, we prepare to enjoy the picturesqueness of "spearing." The boat glides noiselessly along, being propelled by a small boy who sits in the stern and sculls, while the fisherman stands at the bow, gig in hand ready to pounce down on his prey. The firelight plays upon their forms and renders every movement distinctly visible. It plays upon the water and surrounding trees and underbrush till the whole scene becomes alive and in motion, as if touched by the wand of a magician. In the centre of all is a column of dense smoke, brilliantly illuminated, and rising high above our heads, wandering off into space, as if a messenger sent to other scenes to tell of the one little spot of beauty it had left.

A. WESTON W.

THE BERLIN MEDALS.

THE medals from the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, 1880, and diplomas accompanying them have been distributed. Those belonging to New York city and vicinity came to the office of the FOREST AND STREAM for distribution. The medals are all of one size, whether of gold, silver or bronze, and are three inches in diameter, and a quarter of an inch in thickness. The gold medals are twenty carats fine, and weigh seven and a half ounces, a liberal and costly souvenir. The diplomas are elegantly lithographed in blue and gold on heavy paper, and are handsome enough to hang in any place. They contain the name of the person to whom a medal, or honorable mention, was awarded, and the object for which it was given. We have already published electrotypes of the medals, and now give the following list of American awards:

CLASS I.—PRODUCTS OF THE FISHERIES.

Silver Medal and Diploma.

Alaska Commercial Co., San Francisco. Seal skins in various stages.

N. E. Atwood, Provincetown, Mass. Oils.

J. W. Beardsley & Sons, 179 West st., New York. Salted and smoked fish.

Eugene G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York. Fresh American fish.

A. Booth & Co, Chicago and San Francisco. Canned Salmon.

Hagedorn, Hamburg and New York. Fresh American oysters

Portland, Me., Packing Co. Canned fish.

Russia Cement Co., Rockport, Mass. Fish glue.

U. K. & F. B. Thurber, Read St. and West Broadway, New York. Collection of canned lobsters, crabs, clams, mackerel, etc.

Dr. H. Ward, Rochester, N. Y. Collection of stuffed fishes and reptiles.

Bronze Medals.

J. H. Bartlett & Son, New Bedford, Mass. Preserved fish and oils.

J. B. M. Carley, Fulton Market, New York. Pickled oysters, etc.

Caleb Cook, Princetown, Mass. Oils.

A. W. Dodd, Gloucester, Mass. Oils.

W. K. Lewis & Co., Boston. Canned salmon.

Joseph Palmer, Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Plaster casts of fishes.

Joseph Pryer, New York. Oils.

S. Schmidt, 152 W. 19th st., New York. Smoked sturgeon and other fish.

J. W. Smillie, Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Photographs of fishes.

William Underwood & Co., Boston. Preserved fish.

Honorable Mention.

Max Ams & Co., New York. Preserved fish.

H. M. Anthony, New York. Preserved salmon.

A. Booth & Co., Baltimore, Chicago and San Francisco. Canned Oregon salmon.

Kemp, Day & Co., New York. Preserved fish.

Howe & French, Boston. Prepared isinglass.

Maryland Packing Co., Baltimore. Canned hard crabs.

H. Mayo & Co., Boston. Codfish salted, and other fish.

McMenamy & Co., Hampton, Va. Canned crabs and oysters

Franklin, Snow & Co., Boston. Prepared mackerel.

S. Schmidt, New York. Eels in jelly.

CLASS II.—FISHING TACKLE AND APPARATUS.

Gold Medal.

H. L. Leonard, Bangor, Me., agent Wm. Mills & Son, 7 Warren st., New York. Split bamboo fishing rods.

Honorable Mention.

J. W. Collins, Gloucester, Mass. Marine drug for preventing vessels drifting to leeward.

CLASS III.—FISH CULTURE.

Gold Medals.

Charles G. Atkins, Bucksport, Me. Models of fishways and hatching apparatus.

C. B. Ferguson, Baltimore. Fisheulture on steamer, invention of movable hatching buckets.

Seth Green, Rochester. Collection of fishcultural apparatus.

M. McDonald, Lexington, Va. Invention of fishway.

Fred Mather, New York. Invention of conical hatching apparatus.

Livingston Stone, Charlestown, N. H. Fish breeding apparatus.

Silver Medal.

Oren M. Chase, Detroit. "Self-picking" hatching jar.

Bronze Medal.

B. F. Shaw, Anamosa, Iowa Fishway.

Honorable Mention.

James Annin, Jr., Caledonia, N. Y. Apparatus for sending fish eggs.

F. N. Clark, Northville, Mich. Hatching box for salmon and whitefish.

CLASS IV.—TRANSPORTING LIVE FISH.

Bronze Medal.

Fred Mather, New York. Tank for transporting fishes at sea.

CLASS VI.—ACCESSORIES TO THE FISHERIES.

Silver Medal.

United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. Fishermen's clothing, collection of fishing implements.

CLASS IX.—MAPS, CHARTS AND LITERATURE.

Silver Medals.

G. Brown Goode, Smithsonian Institution, Washington Chart of the distribution of valuable American fishes.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York. Volumes of FOREST AND STREAM.

Charles Scribner & Sons, New York. "The Game Fishes of the United States."

S. Thaxter & Co., Boston. Eldridge's coast charts.

Honorable Mention.

Hydrographic Office, U. S. A., Washington. Charts of the coast survey.

BASS FISHING IN THE POTOMAC.—The Washington *Post* is responsible for saying that the fishing season has opened most auspiciously. The Potomac River swarms with bass and perch, and the gamy fish manifest a voracious appetite for the bait. A favorite resort for bass is in the Little Falls, just above the Chain bridge; but the Great Falls, some fifteen miles up the river, offers still better sport to the fisherman. A few days ago Mr. Carson, of H. D. Cooke, Jr., & Co., caught twelve large bass at the Little Falls inside of six hours, in weight from one to three and a half pounds each; and in the course of a single morning Mr. Thompson Nailor captured seventeen fine large bass in the same locality. Mr. Jack Harlan reports a catch of twenty-eight bass, weighing from one to four pounds, in a single day, at the Great Falls. Old man Dyer, the veteran fisherman, is camped for the season at the Great Falls; his catch averages from twenty-five to thirty fine bass daily, and his friends in the district are abundantly supplied with delicious brain food. All the experts pronounce bass-fishing this year better than ever before on the Potomac River. The river is well stocked with perch, and the boys have great sport with this species of the finny tribe, pronouncing the perch as gamy as the bass. The best place for perch is at Eads' mill, above the Chain Bridge. One day this week Messrs. L. R. Livingston and J. E. De Sauls, of the Treasury Department, caught 300 perch, weighing from a quarter to one and a quarter pounds each. Every day the river in the locality named is visited by scores of fishermen; each rock is pre-empted at an early hour, and a small fleet of boats are anchored off the mill. Mr. O'Meara, of the sporting bazaar, says that the demand for fishing-tackle is unprecedented. Senators Hampton and McPherson are enthusiastic fishermen, with an especial fondness for bass. They use the artificial fly, and maintain that the bass take to it sooner than they do the live bait. Senator Edmunds is another ardent lover of bass-fishing—he follows in the footsteps of Daniel Webster, who was a great fisherman, and could frequently be seen on the banks of the Potomac with rod in hand. Senator Vest, of Missouri, is as fond of the sport as is ex-Vice-President Wheeler. He has a beauty of a split bamboo that only weighs eight ounces; with it the Senator can land with perfect ease a bass weighing fully five pounds. Several members of the Cabinet are very happy when they get a "bite," and President Garfield, in his early days, was an earnest and successful fisherman. In the Government departments there are a number of very fine Nimrods who devote their Sundays and holidays to the denizens of the Potomac. The sport will increase as the season advances, and there need be no apprehension that the bass and perch will become scarce in the river in this locality.

THE "TAYLOR."—Recently we had occasion to speak of *Pomatomus saltatrix* and, to make it perfectly clear what fish we referred to, gave it its northern name of "bluefish" and its southern one of "tailor," as we and others spelled it. It has often been a matter of wonder how such a fish could have been called a "tailor," for although he has needles enough in his back he has no eyes in them. We pressed the matter home to the fishermen, but the thread of their observations were never waxed with a bit of information, and sew it would seam to be one of those things which have become clothed with authority by custom without reason. It does not suit our columns to go deeper into the subject, and we will cut the matter short by scissoring the following from a letter written by Mr. M. H. Clark, of Tennessee, to whom we and our readers are under obligations for the information: "In your last number you speak of the bluefish being called 'tailor' at the South. This is an error; they are called "Taylor," so named from their having appeared for the first time off the coasts of North Carolina and Virginia, and in immense numbers, about the time General Zachary Taylor was inaugurated President of the United States."

SHAD TAKE THE FLY.—An Augusta, Ga., correspondent writes that shad are very plenty in the Savannah River, and he asks if they will take the fly. Shad take the fly very freely at Holyoke, Mass., just below the bridge across the Connecticut River. We know of no other place where there is any certainty of so taking them, although they have been caught in other places. The shad cannot pass this point on the Connecticut, and some are cruel enough to say that they are so thick below the bridge that the fly gets in their mouths by accident. The fly is not cast, but is used on an eight-foot rod and allowed to drift down the swift current for two hundred feet or more.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGISTS.—"The Ichthyophagous Club will dine," says the FOREST AND STREAM, and the editor of that paper calls upon his subscribers in all the four quarters of the globe to send him in "hellbenders," toadfish, horshoe crabs, beaver tails, and other delicacies of the vasty deep and interior mud ponds. With the FOREST AND STREAM as purveyor extraordinary, we can conceive of no reason why the determined but misguided members of the Ichthyophagous Club should not satisfy their craving for inedible reptiles and indigestible crawlers. Besides its piscatorial matter the FOREST AND STREAM has a critical report of the late bench show, and its usual complement of sketches and communications from correspondents. The number this week is in every way an excellent one.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The New York *Times* has devoted columns to the coming dinner, and a gaunt and hungry man clambered into the editorial rooms with the query, "Say, Mister, when does the Sarcophagus dine?"

LAKE MEGANTIC, Que., May 1.—"Winter still lingers in the lap of Spring" in this vicinity, and from present appearances Spring has got a permanent job on her hands (or rather in her lap). The snow is two feet deep in the woods and the ice ditto on the lake. Lunge are caught at this writing at the upper end of the lake, with live bait, through the ice, and sell for 10 cents per pound. They are a better fish than those caught in the Kennebec and Penobscot waters. When the trouting season opens I am in hopes of being able to send you something interesting, and in the meantime shall be happy to answer any inquiries from gentlemen who think of visiting this locality the coming season.—PENOBSCOT.

A LOST GRAYLING.—Bellevue, Eaton Co., Mich., May 2.—Down here in the south part of this State a man fishing for rock bass, with worms for bait, caught a grayling, probably the only one ever caught around here. This river (Battle Creek) is a much dammed stream, both for mechanical purposes and for the scarcity of fish. It empties into the Kalamazoo River, and that into Lake Michigan. How did that fish get here?—C.

AN OLD CARP.—An obituary of a fish is one of the queer items in a Paris paper. One of the fattest carps, it says, in the lake at Fontainbleau has just died. It was called Fanny, and is believed to have been born in the reign of Francis I., or nearly 400 years ago. She was accustomed every afternoon to show herself to an admiring crowd, and accept crumbs from their hands, as she had done in times past from the hands of many of the Kings of France.

BLACK BASS, SAUCE DIPLOMATE.—After thoroughly scalding, cleaning and removing the fins of the fish, put it into a fish kettle with a bunch of parsley, an onion cut into slices, salt, pepper, a bottle of white wine or cider, and half a pint of water, first wrapping the fish in a sheet of buttered paper. Put the kettle on the fire and boil very slowly. Serve with a sauce composed of cream bechamel mixed with a crayfish cullis.—*The Gastronomist.*

THE MUSKOKA DISTRICT.—We have received from the publisher, Mr. G. Mercer Adam, Toronto, Canada, a large "Map of the Muskoka and Parry Sound Districts." It shows the roads, post offices, telegraph stations, etc., and is a very great aid to sportsmen tourists visiting that famous camping country.

FLORIDA BASS FISHING—Twin Lake, Fla., April 20.—Bass fishing is fine now. I took twenty not long since in less than an hour's fishing in the St. Johns, which would have weighed not far from fifty pounds. Phantom minnow was the attraction, which is my stand-by for river fishing.—S.

COLORADO.—Price, Conejos County.—My residence is here, three-and-a-half miles from the south line of Colorado, on the Navajo River, first waters starting toward the Pacific. Eighteen miles to nearest neighbors, grandest scenery and best place for fishing and hunting in the mountains.—BARZILLAI PRICE.

LAKE MEGANTIC.—E. J. T. wishes information as to the best means at present of reaching Lake Megantic, with name of reliable guide and expenses.

CALIFORNIA TROUTING.—R. W. wishes names of public or private houses among the pine forests in the northern part of California where horses and good accommodations can be had, and where there is an abundance of trout fishing.

Fish Culture.

THE CARP AND ITS CULTURE.*

BY RUDOLPH HESSEL, SUPT. U. S. CARP PONDS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I now proceed to give a few rules of general importance for the construction and management of carp-ponds.

The ponds should have as shallow a border as possible. Their depth should be in accordance with their size, one foot in the culture or regular carp-ponds where large fishes are kept; ½ foot in breeding and ¼ to ½ foot in hatching ponds. The borders should be of considerable width; it is desirable in any case that a great number of such shallows be contrived in ponds, as these are the principal feeding places of the carp.

Another important condition to be considered is this—that the water in ponds must be of the same depth all the year round, any variation in this having an injurious influence upon the fishes.

Ponds of smaller circumference, of from 10 to 15 acres, are, according to results obtained, better suited for carp-culture than very large ones, 100 to 1,000 acres in extent. These are frequently found in Central Europe upon tracts of land belonging to some princely domain. In the former the fish finds more security, the bottom of the pond being smoother; it also suffers less from the waves, these being high and rough in large ponds, becoming very detrimental to the spawn and breeding fishes, especially during storms, when they are cast ashore and become the prey of water-fowls or perish in some other manner.

The diminution of water by evaporation must be made up for by a fresh supply; this, however, must not exceed the quantity actually needed for maintenance of the regular height of water. Small ponds of from one to fifty acres area, which serve some commercial or industrial purpose, as mills, etc., and which are constantly varying the height of their water, cannot be considered as favorable or regular culture-ponds. Although the fishes may grow to a pretty good size in them, they must still be regarded as belonging to the category of waters for "free fishing," like lakes and rivers. In these neither the height of water, nor the hatching of the eggs, nor yet the increase of aquatic animals can be regulated at will. Still, leaving these waters to lie waste on this account would be a pity, for if stocked with carp they will, in spite of all disadvantages, remunerate the proprietor, and the care which he bestows on them will be a source of much pleasure.

I beg to make some remarks, in conclusion, relative to the introduction of the carp and its increase in open waters, in which it is solely left to the care of nature, and to which subject I alluded at the commencement.

We introduce into our waters migrating fishes, such as the salmon and shad, and find it profitable, for the reason that they consume but little food in the rivers, growing up in the sea and ascending into fresh water as large fishes. We also maintain in our lakes whitefish, bass, pike, etc. These are all fond of animal food and belong in part to the class of fishes of prey. The carp, on the contrary, lives upon vegetable food, insects, larvæ and worms, but it never attacks other fishes or their spawn. It can be produced in masses and then be transferred into the waters destined for its reception. This can be done either by artificial impregnation and hatching, or in the way of natural increase.

For each of these methods two ways of action are open: (1,) the spawn can be transferred to open water as soon as it is free from the egg, or, (2,) the young fishes may be kept in ponds for a season until they have had time to grow—that is, for one summer. In the latter case, the rule that fishes which are destined for open waters must not be artificially fed is to be strictly adhered to. Carp which have been used to feed in that manner will not be so apt to find the food for themselves which, until then, had been supplied to them. Tormented by hunger, they will lose the fear of their enemies and the consequent cautiousness, falling an easy prey to them before many weeks will have elapsed.

If artificial feeding is not intended, the ponds for the reception of the small fishes must be proportionately larger, so that they may find food in sufficient quantities in a natural way. Both methods have their advantages. If the young fry is transferred into open water five or six days after hatching there will be no necessity for the establishing of large ponds. A great number of eggs must, however, be hatched in this case, for the small fishes will be destroyed in vast numbers by their enemies.

The better method of the two is certainly this: To keep the young fishes in large ponds until the fall, when they will have reached the age of five or six months. During this time they will have had the opportunity to learn how to find their food by their own efforts, such ponds producing it profusely to satisfy all their wants, and thus they will be prepared for their stay in open waters. To carry through the latter method a larger extent of water is required, nature itself having indicated precisely the conditions under which and the limits in which the natural and unimpaired growth of the young fishes may be expected.

They do not require as extensive a pond during the first months of their development and growth as those which have reached a more advanced age. For this reason it will be more advantageous to choose the middle way by retaining the young fishes in the ponds for about one or two months and then to give them their liberty instead of transferring them immediately after the hatching or keeping them for five of six months. By acting upon this suggestion, the incalculable advantage will be gained that the fishes profit by the rich food of the open waters during the season and will have grown strong enough to fight more successfully for their existence. For this purpose establishments for artificial breeding, constructed with a regard to the demands of climate, are essentially needful in these open waters, so that the greatest possible number of eggs may be hatched.

In Europe the subject of stocking open waters with carp has been discussed, because there, in its native country, its excellent adaptation for this purpose has been recognized.

I observed above that this fish is found in great numbers in most of the European rivers, particularly in the Rhine. Although this river has a very swift current, which at times forms rapids, here neither mud nor suitable ground is to be found which would qualify these localities for feeding places for the rather indolent carp; still, there are numbers of shallows and small creeks, the borders of which are richly overgrown with grass and *Festuca fluitans*, where the fishes find food plentiful and multiply.

The river carp is not as fleshy as the pond carp; this is accounted for by the great amount of bodily exercise which it is naturally compelled to take. In many places it is more highly appreciated than the pond carp, probably because the river water does not impart to it the moldy taste which is sometimes found with the carp inhabiting ponds situated in marshy localities and morasses which have not a sufficient supply of fresh water.

The assertion in regard to the preference given to the river carp will be found to be correct, especially in regard to the rivers Rhine, Elbe, Weser, Vistula, Loire, Rhone, Garonne and the Danube. The latter is celebrated in song as the beautiful, blue Danube; in reality its water has, during the greater part of the year, a grayish-white, muddy color, and a very swift current. It has, however, particularly in Austria, Hungary and the lowlands in general, which border upon it, numerous branches which creep along sluggishly, and also many creeks with almost stagnant water.

A great number of fishes of prey inhabit this river; the pike, perch, the rapacious Hucho (*Salmo hucho*), and, above all, the never satisfied *Wels* (*Silurus glanis*), which, in the lower Danube reaches a weight of 500 pounds. Its habits being similar to those of the carp, it lies on the mud banks or feeding places of this fish and becomes its most dangerous enemy and insatiable destroyer, and still the carp increases in the Danube. From the city of Ulm, where this river begins to be navigable, after its escape from the Black Forest, a thousand miles downward to its mouth on the Black Sea, as also in this one, the carp is found. To this fact allusion has been made on a former occasion. The carp thrives best in those parts of the Danube where the water is least clear, at the influx of the muddy water of its tributaries. At one time I was present at a draught of a seine which took place close to the quay of the City of Pesth, in Hungary, and was arranged by Mr. Szihelsky Ferentz. At that point the river is constantly plowed by steamers, steam tugs, canal and ferry boats, and it would have seemed that there could be many fishes there, yet 300 fine carp, weighing from one to five pounds each, were taken in one draught of the net, within the distance of about one-quarter of an English mile. The carp is partial to this locality, because it finds abundant food there in the offal from kitchens, slaughter-houses, breweries, and the sewers of both the cities of Ofen and Pesth. In the European lakes, for instance in the lakes of Constance, Zurich and Geneva, the carp comes sometimes from these into the ports to seek for food.

Comparing the water of the Danube with that of the Mississippi, I feel convinced that I may safely assert that the carp would thrive excellently in the latter, although its water appears to be even more muddy and rapid than that of the Danube, and I believe this to be true of the Mississippi and Ohio and many others of its tributaries. The Mississippi has near its borders many spots where the current is slow and which are partially covered with vegetation; there are also numerous creeks, where the fishes would find food plentifully in the alluvial mud on the banks. What has been said of Mississippi will be found to be the case with many other, or probably nearly all, American rivers. They will be found to be adapted for the introduction of the carp, so long as they are not mountain torrents which have to break their way through rocky and pebbly ground. The increase of this fish is of great importance from an economical point of view, especially so in regard to the southwestern waters.

Under the present circumstances it is to be hoped that the endeavors which have been made for this purpose may before long be rewarded by success and become a *fait accompi* and that the difficulties which will have to be overcome may not prevent the achievement of it. The effort will and must meet with success at last.

5.—TAKING THE FISH FROM THE PONDS.

The emptying out of ponds demands the greatest caution and attention. The water must be made to flow off very gradually through the several outlets, all of which are to be kept open at the same time; it requires frequently from ten to eighteen days to draw off the water. The fishes are driven carefully and slowly with boats into the principal ditches, as they must not be chased on any account, or they will bury themselves in the mud; occasionally many thousands will do so within a few moments and will remain there, pressed together closely, and so perish through suffocation. This is recorded as having occurred from time to time, when, during the process of driving them into the ditches, the fishes were startled by some unknown cause and all sank into the mud instantaneously. Through the impossibility of extricating them speedily enough, many hundreds and even thousands perished, the owner sustaining heavy losses in consequence. To guard against such an emergency, preparations should be made for an immediate supply of water in similar cases, in order to save the fishes. If the fishing out progresses in the regular manner the fishes will by degrees draw off from the ditches into the collector. The collecting takes from five to six days in large ponds, containing frequently 100 to 400 tons of fishes. Care should be taken, that crowding them together may be avoided. On the evening before the fishing-out, when the water of the pond has been diminished to the depth of half a foot, those fishes which have been collected are shut off from the pond by a large net and in the early morning, at the dawn of day, they are caught. As so large a number of fishes cannot be disposed of at once, they are transferred to the so-called market ponds, from which they are sold by degrees to fish dealers. These market ponds are quite small, capable of holding from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds of fish only and are supplied with running water.

Those who never saw the fishing-out of a carp pond can scarcely imagine the beautiful sight of so many thousand fine fishes, fat and well fed, raising their high, broad backs and thick, puffy lips above the water, their heads side by side, all being nearly of the same size, weighing from four to five pounds, their bodies closely pressing against each other, looking like an immense herd of sheep, imprisoned in one large net upon a circumference of 3,000 to 4,000 feet. Closer and closer the circle is drawn around them, until its extent measures only about two acres, when they are caught by thousands, weighed in lots of 100 pounds, and then they are placed

* From "The Carp and its Culture in Rivers and Lakes, and its Introduction in America," being Part IV of the Report of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1875-76.

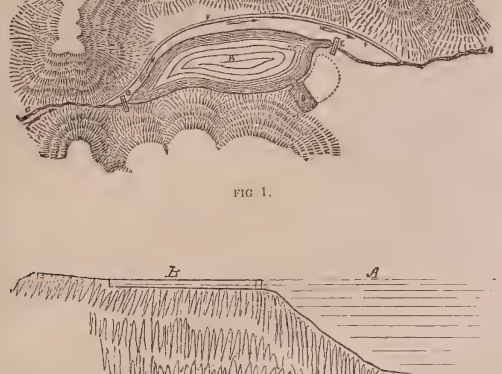


FIG 1.

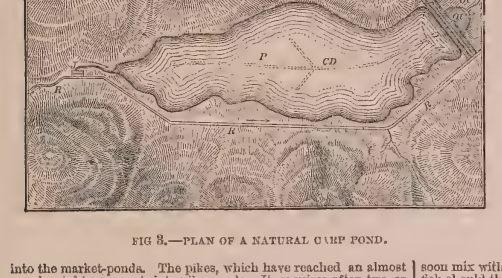


FIG. 2.—B A, CROSS-SECTION OF POND THROUGH BREEDING-PLACE.

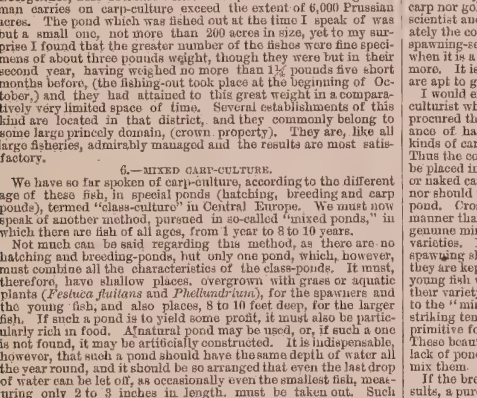


FIG 3.—PLAN OF A NATURAL CARP POND.

into the market-ponds. The pikes, which have reached an almost equal weight, are put into pike-ponds. It requires often two or three days to weigh the fishes, ponds of 1,000 or 2,000 acres area containing on an average 200 tons of carp and twenty tons of pike, tench and other fishes not included.

I assisted once at the fishing-out of one of these ponds, which took place in the neighborhood of the town of Gupen Plietz, province of Brandenburg, Germany. The pond was the property of a competent culturist and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Berger, of Georgenhof, near Cottbuss-Peitz. The ponds in which this gentleman carries on carp-culture exceed the extent of 6,000 Prussian acres. The pond which was fished out at the time I speak of was but a small one, not more than 200 acres in size, yet to my surprise I found that the greater number of the fishes were fine specimens of about three pounds weight, though they were but in their second year, having weighed no more than 1½ pounds five short months before, the fishing-out took place at the beginning of October,) and they had attained to this great weight in a comparatively very limited space of time. Several establishments of this kind are located in that district, and they commonly belong to some large princely domain, (crown property). They are, like all large fisheries, admirably managed and the results are most satisfactory.

6.—MIXED CARP-CULTURE.

We have so far spoken of carp-culture, according to the different age of these fish, in special ponds (hatching, breeding and carp ponds), termed "class-culture" in Central Europe. We must now speak of another method, pursued in so-called "mixed ponds," in which there are fish of all ages, from 1 year to 8 to 10 years.

Not much can be said regarding this method, as there are no hatching and breeding-ponds, but only one pond, which, however, must combine all the characteristics of the class-ponds. It must, therefore, have shallow places, overgrown with grass or aquatic plants (*Festuca fluitans* and *Phellandrium*), for the spawners and the young fish, and also places, 8 to 10 feet deep, for the larger fish. If such a pond is to yield some profit, it must also be particularly rich in food. A natural pond may be used, or, if such a one is not found, it may be artificially constructed. It is indispensable, however, that such a pond should have the same depth of water all the year round, and it should be so arranged that even the last drop of water can be let off, as occasionally even the smallest fish, measuring only 2 to 3 inches in length, must be taken out. Such "mixed ponds" must likewise have "collectors" and "collector-ditches." It will also be found very useful to construct a sort of hatching-place, on some flat and sunny place, near the bank; i. e., a so-called cut in the bank, measuring 40 to 100 feet in length and 30 to 50 feet in breadth, and having a depth of 6 inches to 1½ feet. This cut should be thickly planted with the above-mentioned aquatic plants, and ought, so to speak, to be the only place in the pond where carp can ascend from the depth in order to deposit their eggs conveniently and engage in the spawning process.

As soon as this has taken place, the entrance to this cut is closed with a net, so the eggs cannot be eaten by the fish. This net may be removed when the young fish have come out of the eggs, but it is preferable to leave it in its place for some days, that the young fish may be able to feed for some time undisturbedly.

Explanation of Diagram.—A is the pond, B the cut, which, though directly connected with the pond, is in reality nothing but a hatching-pond, such as has been described above. In order to have a complete system of ponds, nothing would be required but a "breeding-pond."

In Europe this method was generally adopted by beginners in carp-culture, commencing with a mixed pond, and gradually proceeding to the small "hatching-pond," and finally to the "breeding-pond, as the great advantage of separate ponds for the different ages of fish over the "mixed-pond" system soon became evident.

In such a "mixed-pond" no pike must be kept for regulating the stock, as may be done in a class-pond, for all the small fish would then soon be devoured. It must be made a strict rule that, with the exception of the tench (*Cyprinus tinca*), no other kind of fish, however harmless, is allowed in the pond. The tench is related to the carp, but it spawns 4 to 5 weeks later, so there can be no danger of cross-breeds.

Great care should be taken that no gold-fish (*Cyprinus carpio auratus*) or bream (*brama*) get in the pond, for these fish would soon mix with the carp and tend to degenerate the breed. Such fish should therefore be removed or killed at once. The gold-fish, especially the silver, swims in spawning-schools like the carp, and at the very same season. It thus spoils the egg of the carp, as all eggs which it impregnates will produce spotted fish, having at least a silvery streak ⅓ to ½ inch long and ½ inch broad between the caudal and the dorsal fin. Such bastards (the cross-breeds of gold-fish and *Carassius* also resemble them) do not grow larger than gold-fish, and have as many bones. They are unfit for table use and entirely unsuited for ornament, as they are neither genuine carp nor gold fish, and are disagreeable objects in the eyes of the scientist and connoisseur. If such fish are not removed immediately the consequence will be another cross-breed during the next spawning-season, for such a hybrid spawns, like the gold-fish, when it is a year old, and the breed of carps would degenerate still more. It is best to kill such worthless cross-breeds at once, as they are apt to give great trouble.

I would embrace this opportunity to impress upon every carp-culturist who intends to make breeding experiments with any carp procured through the United States Fish Commission, the importance of having, if possible, only one of three above-mentioned kinds of carp, unless he can have every kind in a separate pond. Thus the common carp (*Cyprinus carpio communis*) should never be placed in the same pond with the mirror carp" or the "leather or naked carp" (*Cyprinus carpio alepidotus, coriaceus vel nudus*), nor should the two last mentioned varieties ever be in the same pond. Cross-breeds would invariably be produced, and in such a manner that one would have neither genuine common carps nor genuine mirror or leather carps, but a cross-breed of all the three varieties. Not even when quite young and not yet capable of spawning should these varieties be put together, because, even if they are kept strictly separate during the spawning process, the young fish would never have the sharply marked characteristics of their variety as regards form and color, but would approach nearer to the "mirror-carp" and the "common carp." The carp has a striking tendency, when living with other varieties, to approach the primitive form of the common carp, and finally to be merged in it. These beautiful varieties should therefore be kept strictly separate: lack of ponds or any other reason should never induce people to mix them.

If the breeding experiments are to be accompanied by good results, a pure variety should be selected, and the finest and best milters and spawners, showing strongly all the characteristics of their variety should be procured, and the experiments will be crowned with success.

I must return to the so-called "mixed culture," by mentioning that it is not to be recommended. In Central Europe it is never practiced by scientific pisciculturists, but only by small operators mostly in so-called "peasants' ponds." This method does never yield a certain and truly profitable result.

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAMS.

Fig. 3.—Pond *P* is a natural body of water. Its extent is about one hundred and fifty to two hundred acres. It is formed by a dam, *D*, about seven to eight feet high, crossing the valley and thus collecting the water of a run flowing there. Before *D* is a deepening, *C*, the collector. In the dam *D* there is an outlet leading to another deepening—the so-called outlet collector *OC*. The purpose of this collector is to keep back fishes that may have passed the outlet when opened. It is provided with a screen or netting. *CD*, upon the bottom of pond *P*, is the collector ditch, which conducts the fishes to *C* when the water is let out, and thus prevents them being caught in the mud. *R* is the run of water which, to prevent overflow, has to be conducted around the pond in a separate ditch, leaving an inlet at *I*, protected by a sluice with screens.

Fig. 4.—*F*, surface of the pond: *C*, collector; *D*, dam; *O*, outlet; *OK*, outlet collector; *J*, inlet; *R*, stream; *D*, the dam; *R*, the run or creek.

Fig. 5.—*R*, stream supplying artificial pond between undulating hills; *J*, inlet; *JD*, inlet dam; *CD*, collecting ditches; *C*, collector; *OD*, outlet dam; *O*, outlet; *OC*, outlet collector; *E*, cavities, "kettles," in which the carp collect for the winter; *H*, canal to let off surplus water in case of freshets.

Fig. 6.—I, breeding-pond for spawning fishes and spawn; II, pond for small fry; III, pond for large fish; *a*, supply of water; *b*, inlet; *c*, collector; *o*, outlet.

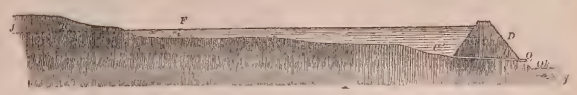


FIG 4.—CROSS-SECTION OF CARP-POND, FIG 3.

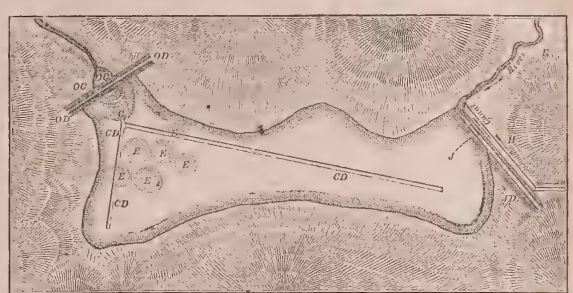


FIG 5.—PLAN OF ARTIFICIAL CARP-POND.

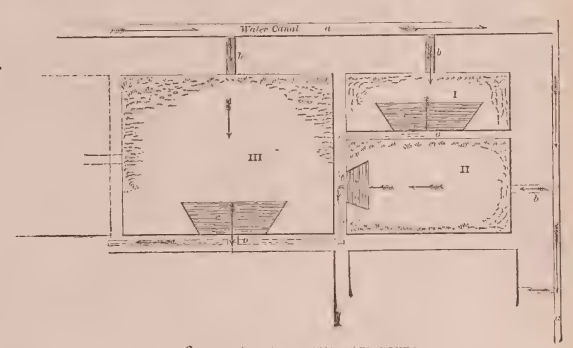


FIG 6.—PLAN OF ARTIFICIAL CARP-PONDS.

7.—FEEDING THE CARP.

In conclusion I will make some remarks on the feeding of carp in close ponds. It is not every natural pond which is a good pond, having the essentials of a good soil at the bottom and capable of producing sufficient food for the fish. If these conditions are wanting, the fish must be fed. This is, as a general rule, only necessary in ponds with sandy bottom without any clay. As I have said before, I am not in favor of feeding fish, as my standpoint is that of the rational culturist sharing the opinion with most of the prominent pisciculturists of the Old World, that carp should find its own food in the ponds.

If, however, the nature of the bottom demands artificial feeding, or if suitable food can be had at a remarkably cheap price, the feeding should be done with great caution. Never feed in one and the same place; even if the pond be very large, distribute the food in different places near the banks. If the food is always put in one place, or even if it is distributed over two places, the carp will stay in the neighborhood of these places, will become languid, and, instead of scouring the other parts of the pond in search of food, will remain at the bottom. It will, even if surrounded by the richest food, grow fat, but never have any firm flesh; nor will it ever grow much in length, as the somewhat phlegmatic fish does not get the exercise which favors its growth.

Never give them much food at one time, but by degrees in small quantities, never during the day, but either early in the morning or in the evening. During the hot season only feed them late at night, because the carp, if it has eaten sufficiently in the morning, will remain at the bottom all day, while during the higher temperature of the water it is necessary for its health that it should swim round and get a change of water. It is therefore useful to place in ponds containing large carps a limited number of pike, which, however, must be smaller than the carp. The carp fears the pike and flies from it. If there are pike in the pond the carp will get more exercise and will seek natural feeding-places, whither, on account of its innate sluggishness, it would never have gone.

Pond-carp are accustomed to other food than the river-carp. The former confine themselves to worms, larvæ and plants, while those living in streams find all sorts of animal and vegetable refuse; these latter can also stand a greater amount of food, as the current naturally makes them take more exercise, thus increasing their appetite. It is different with the pond carp; if you give it too much food, it will not take any more than is necessary to satisfy its hunger; the remnants will remain at the bottom, and if their quantity be considerable they will spoil the water. If these remnants are chiefly animal refuse, as flesh or blood, fungi will grow on them, and will then produce, as with the salmon and trout, diseases of the skin, the gills, and in the case of the carp, sometimes internal diseases.

The writer once had the following experience: During his absence a number of large carp were fed on congulated blood which had begun to putrefy; the fish devoured it eagerly, got sick, and most of them died in a few days from an inflammation of the intestines. Spoiled food should never be given to fish. If slaughter-house or kitchen refuse can be had, give these, chopped up small about the size of peas. Never give so much that remnants remain for any length of time in the water and begin to putrefy. Let no one be induced by the circumstance that the carps like to eat the dung of hogs, sheep and cows, to feed them on any putrefying matter. There are instances on record that thereby epidemics, particularly diseases of the scales, have originated.

The carp likes above everything else vegetable matter, such as cabbage, lettuce, boiled potatoes, corn, turnips, pumpkins, melons, etc. The refuse of malt from breweries and distilleries is also very good food for carp, and wherever such refuse can be had it should be given to the fish.

The small pisciculturist, having a pond of perhaps one to two acres near his house, will often be able to feed his fish on refuse, as he will always have it fresh from the kitchen and stable.

In conclusion, I earnestly recommend the culture of the carp to all pisciculturists. If the value of the carp for table use has once been recognized it will become a highly esteemed fish, especially in the neighborhood of large and populous cities, and its culture will yield a larger and more certain profit than the expensive trout.

8.—EXTENT OF CARP-CULTURE IN EUROPE.

In Europe many thousand acres of artificial waters are to be found. In these enormous quantities of carp are bred. Some of

these ponds, or rather lakes, have an extent of about 1,000 to 2,000 acres. They are provided with gigantic dams, many of them 60 feet high. By these the water is closed in into broad valleys, containing no other fishes than carps from 4 to 5 pounds in weight. If we consider the size of these lake-like ponds, surrounded by enormous dams which are overgrown with oak trees 100 to 300 years old, series of three and more of these lakes being not uncommon, then we can form some idea as to the remunerativeness of these establishments, particularly in Bohemia.

The standard establishment with regard to the most extensive business transactions is found in Austria. The Prince of Schwarzenberg, of whom I have spoken previously, possesses more than 250 ponds of large size, the smallest having about 10 acres, the largest 2,000 acres in extent.

We find many villages where ponds of 50 to 200 and more acres are maintained at the expense of the community.

9.—THE TABLE QUALITIES.

If the carp were a fish of inferior quality, like the buffalo-fish, for instance, its sale would doubtless be limited to the seaport towns of Northern Germany and the principal cities of Central Europe, as Vienna, Berlin and Paris. In the latter city, in spite of an abundant supply of salt-water and different kinds of fresh-water fish, the carp is never preferred to these, and, with the exception of trout and salmon, it frequently commands a price three times as high as that of all the rest.

I maintain my assertion that the carp, whether it be scale, mirror or leather carp, is one of the most excellent fresh-water fishes, and its introduction will be of great value in point of national economy, especially on account of the facility of its culture and the enormous extent to which this may be carried on.

The carp and its value as a fish of culture will before long be fully appreciated, so that we may be enabled favorably to compare the results of its culture in America, as also the extent attained to, with any other country, to our complete satisfaction.

PACKING EGGS FOR LONG JOURNEYS.

THE latest improvement in packing fish eggs for long sea voyages is that practiced during the last winter by Mr. Fred Mather, of the FOREST AND STREAM. The eggs were placed on trays with a bottom of canton flannel in the usual manner, and a piece of the same laid over them. The trays and the flannel were thoroughly soaked for a day previously, as no more water came near them. The frames were then held together by strips tacked across, and the lot put in a tin box with a tight cover which retained all moisture and sealed the box. The tin box was then put into a wooden one with a two-inch space all around for ice, and holes for drip in the bottom. This wooden box had strips on the inside of the bottom to allow cold air under the tin, and strips on the bottom outside to allow the water to drip without the holes becoming closed.

A lot of whitefish eggs received from Mr. Frank Clark, of Northville, Mich., which were by order of Professor Baird sent to the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, arrived in Germany in good order, after having been packed in this manner by Mr. Mather; and two lots of eggs of land-locked salmon from Mr. C. G Atkins, Grand Lake Stream, Me., one for the Societe d'Acclimatation, Paris, and the other for the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, Berlin, went, as the following letters show, in the finest condition:

Societe D'Acclimatation, Paris, April 5, 1881.

Professor Spencer F. Baird—

Dear Sir: "I have much pleasure in informing you that the shipment of eggs of land-locked salmon arrived at its destination in excellent order. The eggs were packed in perfect condition and the large supply of ice preserved them admirably. We have every reason to hope that your kind and liberal action in this matter will be the means of enabling us to establish in our waters a fish of great economic value. I am directed by the council to convey to you their very high appreciation and hearty thanks for this new and valuable present, and I pray you to accept the expression of our deep gratitude.

"I avail myself of this opportunity to inform you that our young land-locked salmon of last year are doing perfectly well, so far as is known, indeed most of them are in Chauvet Lake, where they have space, deep and cool water. A portion of them have been kept for experiment in a small pond, where the conditions are not so good, but they thrive splendidly. RAVERET WATTEL, Sec'y."

The President of the *Deutsche Fisherei Verein* writes from Berlin, April 5, 1881.

Mr Fred Mather,

Dear Sir: "Mr. Busse, of Geestemunde, writes me concerning the arrival of the eggs of the land-locked salmon repacked by you, that: "There never was seen so beautiful a sending of fish eggs. "VON BEHR."

THE ENGLISH FISHERY EXHIBITION.

NORWICH, England, April 18.

THE Exhibition was opened to-day, Monday April 18, by the Prince and Princess of Wales. This is the first national exhibition of the kind held in England. So far back as the end of last year the possibility of such an exhibition was mooted, and no sooner was the hint given than a numerous and influential list of patrons was found to support the scheme of an exhibition of fish, aquatic birds and plants, machinery and implements of every kind employed in fishing industry and for fishculture, and special prizes were offered for the best models in all things pertaining to fish and oyster culture, nets, boats, implements and all things connected with fishing.

So great was the demand for accommodation that the committee were twice compelled to alter their arrangements with respect to the distribution of exhibits in the space at their disposal, and, indeed, it was only in the course of this forenoon that matters may truly be said to have assumed a settled appearance. The result, therefore, is that the exhibition is in all respects a most interesting one, embracing as it does all branches of and appliances relating to the fishing industry. This city has been selected by the council as the place where the exhibition should be first held, and perhaps a better could not have been readily found. In close proximity to Yarmouth, and situated on a branch of the Yare which is navigable up to the town, Norwich is in the centre of a district where fishing as a vocation is pursued assiduously, and where pisciculture is ardently followed.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at noon from Sandringham by special train, and were accompanied by Prince Leopold and a large party from Sandringham, including Messrs. Spencer Walpole and Prof. T. H. Huxley, Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries. Arriving at the exhibition, their Royal Highnesses were received at the entrance by the Mayor and other corporate officials of the town, wearing their robes of office. The party were then escorted to a richly decorated platform within the exhibition, the appearance of the Prince and Princess upon which was the signal for loud cheering and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs by the thousands of spectators assembled. Silence having been restored, the inaugural ceremony was begun. It consisted simply of the president of the exhibition, Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., reading an address of welcome to their Royal Highnesses, remarking that the exhibition was fortunate in having secured their presence that day, and referring to it as an attempt to promote still further this great industry and to provide for the social welfare of the fishermen. The Prince of Wales briefly returned his own and the Princess' thanks for the manner in which they had been received, and trusted that the exhibition would be the means of evoking more public sympathy than hitherto with the condition of the fisher folks. The exhibition was then formally declared open. Their Royal Highnesses were afterward shown round the various objects of interest, with many of which, notably the fish-hatching apparatus, they appeared to be highly interested, as well as in the marine fishery implements and models; also a fine collection of preserved fish, by Mr. Jardine, principally pike, one of which weighed 36 lbs. The aquatic fauna of Norfolk and Suffolk was well illustrated in a series of aquaria.

One of the most interesting of the general exhibits is what may justly be termed the three splendid show cases of Messrs. Samuel Alcock & Co., the well-known fishing-tackle manufacturers of Redditch, which are devoted to specialties required in the piscatorial art, and which contain indeed a complete series of angling equipment—of everything, in fact, as it has been amusingly and graphically remarked, that a fisherman, or a fish either, unless a very fastidious fish, could desire.

A splendid display of shore-haunting and fish-eating birds is made by H. Stephenson, Esq. The *Fishing Gazette* displays an angler's basket filled with implements devised by its editor, Mr. Marston, and all named "Fishing Gazette," as pliers, leads, knife, spinner, etc. A curious roll is the "thermal," of Mr. Alfred, which tells the temperature of the river when roach are off their feed. There is a fair show of models of boats used in the fisheries, some of which are propelled by steam.

In fishculture England is far behind other countries, taking rank after Holland, France, Germany and the United States. The models are of crude form and not at all compact. This has arisen from the fact that their fishculturists have been content to follow after the late Mr. Buckland, who, while an enthusiast on the subject, was not at all inclined to follow the methods of other countries, and was unwilling to acknowledge that they had anything worth investigating. With all due respect to Mr. Buckland this trait in his character, this insular pride, so to speak, has kept England far in the rear of other lands in this useful art. The Buckland Museum is well represented by plaster casts of fishes and some apparatus, fish-ladders, etc.

LARGE SHAD CATCHES.—The remarkable increase in the catch of shad in the Delaware is attracting much attention. The number taken by the fishermen of Camden county on Monday last exceeded the catch of any one day in the past twenty years. The shore fishery at Howell's Cove, Gloucester City, took 8,700 on that day, the first haul yielding 2,500; Hugg & Howell's shore fishery, at Gloucester City, took 9,000; Bennett's shore fishery, above Camden city, took 3,000, and the gill-net fishermen operating in the portion of the river opposite Camden County, took 7,500, making an aggregate of 21,200 shad taken by the fishermen of one county in a single day! The increase is no less marked in the counties lying further down the river, and many of the smaller fisheries on the river above Trenton, which for some years past have hardly paid expenses, are astonishing their owners by the number of fish they yield this year.

The great improvement in this branch of industry is attributed to the persistent efforts of the State Fish Commissioners to enforce the laws providing for a close time, and to the yearly addition to the supply of young fish made by artificial propagation. We learn from Major Anderson that the increase in the catch of shad in 1879 and 1880, was at the rate of about 200,000 fish each year (nearly a million pounds), and the indications are that this rate of increase will be equaled if not exceeded this year.—*Trenton, N. J., State Gazette.*

REPORTS OF FISH COMMISSIONERS.—Fish commissioners will please not lose patience entirely with us on account of the delay in reviewing their reports. We have had such a press of fishcultural matter in the reports of the American Fishcultural Association and the carp articles by Dr. Hessel, which we have published by the request of some twenty subscribers, that we have been obliged to defer from week to week several reports. We publish them when the order in which they are received, and have now on hand the following State reports to review—Missouri, Colorado, California and New Hampshire—which will soon appear, as well as a list of the fishes of California, by Prof. Jordan.

GREAT HAULS OF SHAD—Philadelphia, Pa.—Three of the heaviest hauls of shad ever made at that fishery were made at the Gloucester shad fishery on the Delaware River yesterday. At high water 3,000 shad were caught; at first ebb, 1,500, and at low water 1,000, in all 5,500. The high water haul is said to have been the heaviest for twenty years. These hauls were made May 2, 1881.—C. S. N.

TROUT FOR WELLSVILLE—Wellsville, N. Y., April, 1881.—About ten days ago we received from the State Hatchery twenty-five thousand speckled trout fry and distributed them in the tributaries of the Genesee River. We hope to get some of the California trout as soon as they are ready to send out. Those we put in the Genesee two years ago are doing nicely.—F.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Ladies, do you want to be strong, healthy and beautiful. Then use Hop Bitters.

Any one wishing to have a badge of medal made would do well to consult adv. of Wilkinson & Lennon, 149 Fulton st., F. Y.

We have received from Mr. W. H. Cruttenden, of Cazenovia, N Y., one of his new catalogues, which he says he should be pleased to furnish to any of our readers who will send him their address.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. J. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Beach Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

October 1 at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 74, New York City.

May 17, 18, 19 and 20, at Lincoln, Neb. Nebraska Dog Show. Isaac T. Webster, U. S. A., Superintendent.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THE regular monthly meeting of the club will be held to-day at 4:15 P. M., Room 18, *Tribune* Building. The following rules will come before the club and will probably be adopted as they stand. Should there be any amendments they will be published in our next issue:

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Rule 1. The management of meetings for the annual field trials shall be entrusted to the Executive Committee of the club.

Rule 2. The judge, or judges, shall be selected by the Executive Committee, and their names shall be publicly announced as soon as possible after their selection. When a judge from ill-health or other satisfactory cause is prevented from attending a meeting or finishing it, the Executive Committee shall have the power of deciding what is to be done.

Rule 3. Every subscriber must name his dog at the time of entry, describing his color, markings and giving the names of his sire and dam.

Rule 4. For all stakes, the names, pedigrees, ages, colors and distinguishing marks of the dogs shall be detailed in writing to the secretary of the club, to be filed at the time of making entry or entries. Any dog's age, markings or pedigree which shall be proved not to correspond with the entry filed shall be disqualified, and all such dogs' stakes or winnings shall be forfeited.

Rule 5. Dogs to be eligible for the Eastern Field Trial Derby must be whelped on or after the first of April of the year preceding the trial for which the dogs are nominated.

Rule 6. The forfeit money must accompany every nomination, and the balance of entrance fee must be paid before the draw.

Rule 7. The Executive Committee may reserve to themselves the right of refusing any entry they may think proper to exclude; and no person who has been found to the satisfaction of the Executive Committee to have misconducted himself in any manner in connection with dogs, dog shows or dog trials will be allowed to compete in any trials that may be held under the auspices of the Eastern Field Trials Club.

Rule 8. Immediately before the dogs are drawn at any meeting the time and place of putting down the first brace of dogs on the following morning shall be declared and posted in a conspicuous place the evening previous.

Rule 9. All stakes shall be run in the order of the programme, unless the whole of the competitors or their representatives in the various stakes may agree otherwise, in which case the order may, with consent of the Executive Committee, be changed.

Rule 10. When two dogs owned or handled by the same person are drawn together one of the dogs names shall be returned to the undrawn numbers, which shall then be well shaken and another name drawn in its place. If at the latter end of a Trial it is found impossible to avoid running two such dogs together it then may be permitted.

Rule 11. A natural bye shall be given to the lowest available dog in each row. No dog shall run a second bye in any stake unless it is unavoidable. When a dog is entitled to a bye, either natural or accidental, his owner or nominator may run any dog he may select from his entries in his stake with him.

Rule 12. Every dog must be brought up in its proper turn without delay; if absent for more than twenty minutes its opponent shall be adjudged the winner and entitled to the heat, and shall in that case run a bye. If both dogs be absent at the expiration of twenty minutes from the time of call to run by the Judge or Judges shall have the power to disqualify both dogs or fine the owners any sum not to exceed the amount of Ten Dollars.

Rule 13. An owner, his handler or his deputy may hunt a dog, but it must be one or the other and when dogs are down an owner must not interfere with his dog if he has deputed another person to handle and hunt him.

Rule 14. The person handling and hunting a dog may speak, whistle and work him by hand as he may deem proper, but he can be called to order by the Judges for making any unnecessary noise, and if after being cautioned he persist in doing so, they can order the dog taken up and adjudged out of the stake. An opponent's dog cannot be purposely interfered with or excited, or an appeal can be made to the Judges. If an opponent's dog points game the other dog is not to be drawn across him to take the point, but if not backing of his own accord he must be brought around behind the pointing dog. Dogs must be hunted together and their handlers must walk within a reasonable distance of one another.

Rule 15. If a dog be withdrawn from a stake on the field or at any time during the holding of a Trial its owner or his deputy having authority shall notify in writing, with his named attached, the Secretary or one of the Executive Committee of the Club. If the dog belong to either or any of these officials the notice must be handed to one of the others.

Rule 16. If any subscriber openly impugns the action or decisions of the Judge or Judges, during the progress of a Trial, he shall forfeit not more than $20, or less than $5, at the discretion of the majority of the Executive Committee of the Club.

Rule 17. When two dogs, the property of the same owner, or of confederates, shall remain in for the deciding trial, the stake shall be considered divided, and also if the owner, or deputy of one of the two dogs, induce the owner or deputy of the other dog to draw him for a consideration or bribe of any nature whatsoever. If, however, either dog be drawn without consideration, from lameness, injuries, or from any cause clearly affecting his chances of winning, the other dog may be declared the winner, on the facts of the case being clearly proved to the satisfaction of the Judge or Judges. This same rule shall apply when more than two dogs remain at the end of a stake, which is not run out; and in case of a division between three or more dogs, of which two or more belong to the same owner these latter shall be held to take equal shares of the total amount named their owners. In the division, the terms of any arrangements to divide winnings, and the amount of any money given to induce the owner of a dog to draw him must be declared to the Secretary.

Rule 18. Any objections to an entry must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary of the Club; and will be acted on by the Executive Committee, whose decision shall be final.

Rule 19. No person shall be allowed to enter or run a dog in his own or any other person's name, who is a defaulter for either stakes or forfeits in connection with Field Trials or Dog Shows, or for any money due under an arrangement for division of winnings, or for penalties regularly imposed for the infraction of rules, by the Executive Committee present at any meeting, or for any payment required by a decision of the Eastern Field Trials Club.

Rule 20. Dogs shall be drawn in braces by lot, and run in heats, either in one or two sections, as the Committee may deem most expedient, and the beaten dog to be retired (except as hereinbefore mentioned) and the winner to be run again. Should the drawing be made in two sections, the winner of the first and second section, shall be run together to decide the winner of the First Prize or place. The defeated dog to run against such dogs as the winner has directly beaten, or the best of these as may have been decided by the Judges by running, and by running them off, and the winner of this series to take second) prize or place. The Judges shall select from the best of these beaten dogs which are to compete for third place or prize, and the same method shall be adopted in drawing as for first and second place and prize, so deciding the third place or prize. The Judges are granted the discretion of declaring the best of these beaten dogs the winner, by selection or by running extra heats between them.

Rule 21. The Judges shall order up the dogs as soon as they have determined which is the best according to the scale of points in Rule 23. Unless a dog shows such lack of merit that in the opinion of the Judges he cannot be placed, all dogs shall, if time permit, have at least two chances to show their behavior on birds.

Rule 22. Pointing hares, stink birds, larks, turtles, bittern, game chickens, guinea fowl and turkey, or any bird generally considered game, shall not be considered false points. No dog making a false point shall recovering it to be such, without any encouragement from his handler, shall not be penalized.

Rule 23. Positive points of merit: Pointing, Nose and Staunchness, 40. Pace, Quartering and Style, 20. Retrieving, 10. Backing, 10. Obedience and Disposition, 10. Total 100. Negative points for demerit: False Pointing, from 1 to 5. Breaking in or breaking shot, from 1 to 10. Chasing, from 1 to 10. The second offence of a willful chase loses the heat.

Rule 24. No person, except the Judges, attendants and reporters, will be permitted to accompany the handlers of dogs. Two persons will not be permitted to work one dog. If, from any cause, the handler of a dog is disabled to such an extent that he cannot shoot, the Judges, or some person appointed by them, may shoot for him. The handlers of the two dogs shall go together, as if it were a brace of dogs, so that the dogs shall be upon an equality as to ground, opportunities for pointing, etc. No spectators will be allowed nearer to the handlers of dogs running, than seventy-five yards to the rear. No person shall make any remarks about the Judges or dogs in hearing of the Judges; such persons, so offending, shall be expelled from the grounds. Should any handler of dogs annoy the Judges, after having been ordered to desist, the Judges shall order such dogs as he is handling up and out of the stake. The privilege is granted the handlers to ask the Judges for information or explanation that has a direct bearing upon any point in issue pending such questions the dogs shall not be under judgement. Dogs afflicted with any contagious disease, or bitches in season, will not be permitted on the ground.

SAYINGS ABOUT DOGS.

A CORRESPONDENT, "Kentuckian," asks, "Can the FOREST AND STREAM or some of its readers give the origin of the addressing a man as dog for an insult? Isn't it really an insult to the dog to so call a vast majority of the human race, and rather complimentary than otherwise to the remainder of mankind?"

The expression come, along with much more of our proverbial wisdom, from the far East, where dogs were curs of low degree, as they are there to-day. The likeness could scarcely be said to be complimentary to the man.

The ways of the dog have passed into many proverbs among different nations, and the character of the animal as shown therein is not at all a discreditable one. A writer in the London *Queen* has collected some of these sayings, which we copy here:

An Englishman says, "If you cannot bite never show your teeth," or "Don't bark if you can't bite," while the Scotch say,

"Great barkers are nae bitors." We also say, "What, keep a dog and bark myself?" These need no explanation, and the same is true of others, such as "Any stick will do to beat a dog;" "Give a dog a bad name and hang him;" "It is easy to find a stick to beat a dog," and "When a dog is drowning every one offers him drink." On the same principle of giving to those who do not want, we are told that every one bastes the fat dog, while the lean one burns. Of course a hungry dog will eat dirty pudding. It is a bad dog that deserves no meat, and "It is useless to tie up a dog with a chittorling."

The French language is singularly prolific in sayings about dogs. A good dog never barks amiss, but not every dog bites that barks. The best of friends must part, as Dagobert said to his dog. This is well known, and so is this: He is like the dog of Jean de Nivelle, which runs away when it is called. A dog may look at a bishop is like our own "A cat may look at a king." To beat the dog when the lion is present may be safe, but is rather cowardly. Two dogs to one bone are bad. He who would drown his dog calls it bad. You must throw stones at the dog which bites; but flatter the dog till you get to the stone heap, and do not make fun of the dog till you are out of the village, perhaps because a dog and a cock are always brave on their own dung-hill. If he who takes a dog by the ears is bitten it is no wonder.

A young man is sometimes as foolish as a young dog. To be always under control is to be like a dog in a string. A man who is used to submit to harsh treatment is like a dog which goes on foot and with a bare head. He is treated like a dog sometimes, and especially if he comes in like a dog at nine-pins, or when he is not wanted. Love me, love my dog, is advice recognized in different countries, but it is French to call the chief man a dog with a grand collar. More curious is between dog and wolf to denote a dim dawn in which objects can scarcely be distinguished. We could add several others from French sources, but we wish to give a few examples from elsewhere, more particularly from the German.

Here we find that some people should not be squeamish; if they go over a dog they must go over the tail. This reminds us of the saying, "When you have swallowed the ox don't make a fuss about the tail." A German, like many more, may be as hungry or as weary as a dog, and, when he labors under a delusion, sees a blue dog. That the dogs bite the hindmost is as true as stronger utterance among ourselves. He is in a destitute condition who has not a dog to draw out of the oven. Do not blame the innocent. It rests not with the dogs how many horses shall die in the year. The hare may run the fastest, but many dogs are the death of the hare. Nobody cares to own a dog which is everybody's companion.

When they have nothing, the Flemish will tell you that you will find the dog in the pot. The Dutchman may be as snappish as a young dog. The Italian says, No dog is so bad as not to wag his tail; that a dog which barks never bites, which is scarcely true; and Woe to the skin of a snarling dog unless it be strong and tough. The Spaniard says, If you wish your dog to follow you give him bread; and yet he says, When your dog wags his tail it is not for you, but for the bread. He thinks, too, that a well bred dog always dreams of hunting.

The Turks have a few good sayings, one of which is, The dog barks and the caravan goes by; mere noise is nothing. Another is that, The dog which is led out to hunt against his will takes no game The Arabs have observed that every dog barks at his own gate, and that a dog which runs is better than a lion which lies down. They think it a foolish thing to draw the dog's teeth and bark yourself; but, having no great confidence in the animal, they say, Pat a dog on the jaws till you can muzzle it. From the Chinese we learn that a dog which raises its tail despises its foe; also, that he who beats a dog should think of its master. Other rough and ready sayings of theirs are, that the dog in its kennels howls at the fleas, but the dog which is hunting does not feel them; and that it is not dogs' fleas which make the cats cry out.

THE AMERICAN COCKER SPANIEL CLUB.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1881.

TO THE MEMBERS:

Gentlemen—Your committee appointed at the adjourned meeting of the club, held at the American Institute Building, New York city, on the 29th of April, beg to submit the following Constitution and By-Laws for the government of the club:

For the information of those not present at the annual meeting held on the 28th of April, your committee would state that the standard of excellence, as incorporated in the Constitution, was unanimously adopted by those attending the meeting. The committee's work consists of the Constitution and By-Laws other than the standard.

Your committee now requests all who desire to perfect their membership to forward the first year's dues of $2 to the secretary of the committee. On the 1st of June a list of members will be issued and the election take place of the first executive committee of five, to hold office until the next annual meeting. This done, the labors of your committee will cease, and it remains in your hands to assist them by your joining at once and getting as many to become associated with us as possible. Yours respectfully,

J. L. Morrill, Chairman; A. McCollom; James Watson, Secretary.

Committee of Organization of the American Cocker Spaniel Club. Secretary's address, P. O. Box 2,950, New York city.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.
Name.

This club shall be called the American Cocker Spaniel Club.

ARTICLE II.
Object.

The object of this club shall be the encouragement of the breeding of the cocker spaniel and the offering of special prizes at bench shows where the standard of points of this club is recognized and the prizes are awarded by a judge approved of by the Executive Committee of this club.

ARTICLE III.
Membership.

This club shall consist of an unlimited number of members.

ARTICLE IV.
Application for Membership.

Any person desirous of joining this club must make application to the secretary, inclosing therewith the amount of dues for the first year, which shall be returned in the event of the non-election of the applicant.

ARTICLE V.
Election of Members.

The power of election shall rest with the Executive Committee, a four-fifth vote being requisite to elect a member.

ARTICLE VI.
Management.

The management of this club shall be intrusted to an executive committee consisting of five members, who shall be elected at the annual meeting, to hold office for one year or until their successors are appointed. Vacancies in the membership of the Executive Committee, arising from any cause whatever, shall be filled by the Executive Committee till the next annual meeting of the club. They shall from their number elect a president and secretary-treasurer, who shall perform their several duties as prescribed by the By-Laws, and generally such duties as pertain to their office.

ARTICLE VII.
Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of this club shall be held at New York city, on a day during the week in which the Westminster Kennel Club show is held, and in the event of no show taking place, then at such time and place as may be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE VIII.
Special Meeting.

A special meeting of the club shall be called by the Executive Committee on the written application of one-fourth of the members in good standing.

ARTICLE IX.
Discipline.

The Executive Committee shall have power, by a four-fifths vote, to suspend any person from membership of this club until the next meeting of the club who, in the opinion of the committee, has been guilty of fraudulent or dishonorable practices in connection with bench shows or field trials.

ARTICLE X.
Standard.

The standard of points of the cocker spaniel, as defined and adopted by the club, is as follows:

A cocker spaniel must not weigh over 28 lbs. nor less than 18 lbs.

General Appearance, Symmetry, etc. (value 10).—A cocker spaniel should be eminently a well built, graceful and active dog, and should show strength without heaviness or clumsiness. Any of the spaniel colors is allowable, but beauty of color and marking must be taken into consideration.

Head (value 15) should be of fair length, muzzle cut off square, tapering gradually from the eye, but not snipy. Skull rising in a graceful curve from the stop, and with the same outline at the occiput, the curve line being flatter but still curving at the middle of the skull. The head should be narrowest at the eyes, and broadest at the set-on of ears, and viewed from the front, the outline between the ears should be a nearly perfect segment of a circle. The stop is marked and a groove runs up the skull, gradually becoming less apparent, till lost about half way to the occiput. This prevents the domed King Charles' skull, and there should not be the heaviness of the large field spaniel, but a light, graceful, well-balanced head. Jaws level, neither undershot nor pig-jawed, teeth strong, regular and free from canker.

Eyes (value 5) round and moderately full. They should correspond in color with the coat.

Ears (value 10) lobular, set on low, leather fine and not extending beyond the nose, well clothed with long, silky hair, which must be straight or wavy—no positive curls or ringlets.

Neck and Shoulders (value 10).—Neck should be sufficiently long to allow the nose to reach the ground easily; muscular and running into well-shaped, sloping shoulders.

Body (value 15).—Hips should be well sprung; chest of fair width and depth; body well ribbed back, short in the coupling, flank free from any tucked-up appearance, loin strong.

Length (value 5), from tip of nose to root of tail should be about twice the height at shoulder, rather more than less.

Legs and Feet (value 15).—The forelegs should be short, strong in bone and muscle; straight, neither bent in nor out at elbows; pasterns straight, short and strong; elbows well let down; the hind legs should be strong, with well-bent stifles; hocks straight, looked at from behind and near the ground. Feet should be of good size, round, turning neither in nor out, toes not too spreading; the soles should be furnished with hard, horny pads, and there should be plenty of hair between the toes.

Coat (value 10) should be abundant, soft and silky, straight or wavy, but without curl; chest, legs and tail well feathered. There should be no top-knot or curly hair on top of head.

Tail (value 5) usually docked, carried nearly level with the back. At work it is carried lower, with a quick, nervous action which is characteristic with the breed.

SCALE OF POINTS.

General Appearance	10	Length	5
Head	15	Legs and Feet	15
Eyes	5	Coat	10
Ears	10	Tail	5
Neck and Shoulders	10		
Body	15	Total	100

ARTICLE XI.
Amendments.

No addition, alteration, or amendment shall be made to the Constitution except by a two-thirds vote of the members present or represented by proxy at the regular annual meeting of the club. No proxy to be admitted unless it is specifically stated therein in what manner the vote shall be recorded. At least thirty days notice of any such proposed change must be given to the Executive Committee, of which due notice shall at once be sent to the club members.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.
Officers.

The officers of the Executive Committee shall be a president and secretary-treasurer, who shall be elected at the first meeting of the committee after each annual meeting of the club, to serve until the next annual meeting.

ARTICLE II.
Duties of Officers.

SECTION 1. The president shall preside at the meetings of the club and Executive Committee, appoint all sub-committees, audit and approve all bills, and order meetings of the committee whenever, in his judgment, he may deem it necessary.

SEC. II. The secretary-treasurer shall keep the minutes of each meeting of the association and of the Executive Committee; shall conduct their correspondence, and have charge of and be responsible for all books and papers. He shall also have charge of all moneys belonging to the association; shall pay all bills, when properly approved, and submit a report thereof to the committee whenever called upon by them to do so.

ARTICLE III.
Payment of Bills.

All bills shall be presented to the President, and shall be audited by him. In case of approval he shall affix his signature and date of approval. After such approval the secretary-treasurer shall be authorized to pay.

ARTICLE IV.
Prizes.

Sec. 1.—It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to endeavor to obtain suitable classes for cocker spaniels at all bench shows, and that at such shows as agree to abide by the standard of the club, and appoint a judge approved by the committee, the committee shall have full power to offer such prizes as they may deem advisable in addition to those given by the show authorities.

Sec. 2.—That these prizes shall be known as "American Cocker Spaniel Club Special prizes."

ARTICLE V.
Judges.

Sec. 1.—A list of gentlemen competent and willing to officiate as judges of cocker spaniels shall be made up by the Executive Committee, and the secretary shall, on the application of the manager, superintendent, etc., of any dog show, transmit a copy of said list, and arrange, if desired, with the gentleman chosen therefrom to act as a judge at said show. That the expenses incurred by said judge shall be paid to him by the show committee engaging him.

Sec. 2.—The club judges shall not compete at, or be interested directly or indirectly in, the shows at which they officiate.

Sec. 3.—The judge shall award prizes to dogs impartially and according to the order to which the dogs approach perfection in the type, formation and proportions fixed by the club as the true standard of excellence. They shall not recognize any other type or standard, and shall be amenable for their decisions to the committee of the club alone. They may withhold prizes, etc., if the specimens exhibited do not, in their opinion, merit the same.

ARTICLE VI.
Dues.

Sec. 1.—The annual dues shall be $2, payable upon application for membership, and thirty days before each annual meeting thereafter. No member whose dues remain unpaid shall be entitled to vote at the annual meeting.

Sec. 2.—Any member in arrear for dues shall not enjoy any of the privileges of membership until his dues are paid.

Sec. 3.—Any member in arrears for twelve months thereby forfeits his membership.

ARTICLE VII.
Expenses.

All expenses incurred by the secretary-treasurer, or by any member of the committee, for or on behalf of this club and on the authority of the committee, shall be defrayed out of the funds of this club.

ARTICLE VIII.
Annual Report.

An annual report and abstract of accounts, duly audited by two members, together with the rules of this club, names of members, committee and officers, shall be printed and supplied to each member of this club.

ARTICLE IX.

These By-laws may be altered, amended or suspended by a majority vote of the Executive Committee, provided notice shall have been given to each member of the committee of the proposed change. That such change must be confirmed at the next annual meeting of the club.

A BULL DOG ROBINSON CRUSOE.

JUST below Suspension Bridge is a small rock and sand island, in Niagara River, which can only be reached from the high bank, two hundred feet above, or through the perilous rapids at its feet. About twenty-five years ago a man named Taylor fell into the river at the Maid of the Mist landing, and by great effort came down and landed on this island.

About seven years ago a dog got into the current at the above landing, and he, also, made his way to this island. This animal lived on the island for nearly two years, and was fed by the late Wm. Flemming, of the United States Customs. At the end of nearly two years a young man from Canada ventured over the bank on a rope ladder and landed safely on the island; but the dog was wild and unmanageable, and the man was drawn up without him. Shortly after this there came up a cold storm and the poor dog was shipwrecked and his bark lost forever.

Since that time Taylor Island has been uninhabited until Sunday, April 16. A man from Niagara Falls was seen walking out on the bridge, which is located about one hundred yards above the island. He had with him a small-sized bull dog that he had sentenced to death for the paltry crime of killing chickens.

When he had reached about the centre of the bridge he picked up his canine friend, and, after patting him for a moment, threw him from the bridge. Down, down, he went, two hundred and twenty feet into the perilous rapids below. But, instead of floating off as hundreds of other dogs have done—stone dead—he came to the surface and boldly struck out for Taylor Island, where he landed, shook himself and lay down in the sun to dry. I saw him this morning and fed him; he appeared to be as lively as ever.

His appearance there has arrested the attention of many sight seers. C. E. LEWIS.

Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

CAPTAIN McMURDO'S KENNEL.

DURING the longest "wait" for the trout season to open I have ever known, I can scarcely do better in the way of news from these parts than give a short sketch of the kennels and surroundings of Captain McMurdo, who, it will be remembered, moved his establishment this winter from Campbell County to Shadwell, Albemarle, some five miles from Charlottesville.

From the Captain's windows we look upon historic grounds. Monticello, the home of Jefferson, crowns a lofty hill right in front of us, while upon a field between where the aristocrats of the kennel stretch their legs before starting out for their daily instruction stood the house where the great statesman was born.

The kennels themselves are situated on a breezy lawn, with enough shade to keep off the hot summer sun, while the cold north winds are intercepted by a mountain that rises immediately behind the house.

A more beautiful spot it would be hard to imagine; and when the foreground is enlivened by the forms of ten or twelve of some of the best bred setters of the day, who have "dropped in their tracks" to the down charge and are watching with keen eye for the signal from their master that releases them again, the picture becomes a doubly charming one.

The healthiness, condition and high state of training of the inmates of the Captain's kennels are due to methodical and judicious feeding, to the perfect cleanliness in which they are kept, and to the untiring and constant attention given them by the Captain himself. To say that he devotes himself entirely to his pets would be a mild way of putting it. If, in short, all two-legged youngsters got such care and devotion from their pastors and masters as do these four-legged ones from theirs, parents and guardians might well sleep easy in their beds.

Particularly promising are two bitches by Gladstone out of Strather's Frost, and some pups by Dash III. Mr. Foster, of Leesburg, too, has a very handsome lemon and white setter bitch with the Captain, while a powerful black Hungarian pointer from the kennels, I believe, of Prince Esterhazy, is the one representative of his breed. RINGWOOD.

FAST AND SLOW DOGS.

AFTER reading in the valuable columns of FOREST AND STREAM a number of letters about field trials, fast and slow dogs, etc., it seems to me pretty clear that some of the field trials should be held on entirely open ground. It is very uncommon to find a really fast dog, who is perfect, or even first rate in cover. And, as in many localities, fast dogs are the most serviceable, it is desirable to encourage their breeding to a limited extent. Such dogs will always be scarce, and consequently rank first, because they must not only have extraordinary speed, but also the finest of noses, together with endurance and the other qualities that are required in good field dogs, otherwise they are valueless, as any sportsman would prefer a reliable slow dog to a blundering fast one. For mixed ground extraordinary speed is useless, and an active, busy worker, with a fine nose and all the other necessary qualities, is the best style of dog one can have.

I have always found that I had the most satisfactory partridge (quail) shooting when hunting over a brace of dogs, one very fast and wide ranging, the other slower and pretty close ranging. The former finds most of the coveys, and the latter does the best work in the woods and rough places.

What any one can want with a really slow pointer or setter I can't understand, for if their hunting grounds consist of very thick covers a brace of good spaniels will do better work than any of them.

As regards putting a stop to jockying and field trials, I believe we are entirely dependent upon the judges, who, if they are the right sort of men (thoroughly understanding the ways of birds, as well as of dogs), can easily do so by making an example of any handler who does anything unfair, either to help his own or hinder his competitor's dog. To watch some handlers one would think they were training their dogs—not showing what they had taught them—so much whistling and shouting do they make. And how this can be called hunting them "in all respects as in an ordinary day's shooting," is beyond my "ken."

The proposed trials, in which the dogs would be handled by their owners, might, I fancy, be made very popular, and as they would be an inducement to gentlemen to learn how to handle dogs better than is usually done at present it would not only be a benefit to themselves, as it would add very much to their interest in their dogs, but would also be a great boon to the dogs, by preventing the cruel treatment sometimes resorted to for want of a proper knowledge of the art of training them. IBEX.

WHOSE DOGS?—Portland, Maine, April 29.—For a long time occasional reports have come to me concerning setters falsely claimed to have been bred by myself, or from my stock, and the number of reports and inquiries have so increased that I wish to answer to all by a single reply, through FOREST AND STREAM, which I assume to be read by all sportsmen.

My setters are of two native strains—the Irish reds (Cora II, Cale, Covert, etc.) and an orange and white strain that I term the "Sargent" strain, in compliment to Gen Horace Binney Sargent, of Salem, Mass., for whom the original setter of this blood was imported, upward of thirty years ago. As much care and precau-

tion are exercised in relation to my dogs as would be for blooded horses or other thoroughbred stock; all are under constant surveillance, and a record is kept of each one of their get not retained in my possession.

I have been recently informed that a litter of puppies in Portland are represented as sired by one of my dogs, "surreptitiously obtained for the purpose."

It would be as difficult to thus obtain the services of one of my dogs as it would be of any blooded stallion. Not one of my dogs has been in Portland for many months past (excepting puppies, shipped here to be sent away), nor at any time possible to have been a sire to the litter referred to.

My residence here having been in one place for many years it is now my misfortune to receive the credit *(sic)* for all the mischief committed in this part of the city, notwithstanding the fact that it is only occasionally that I have any of my dogs here, and on such occasions keep them locked up, except when with me.

While free to admit that dogs are nuisances at times, yet I do claim to take more than ordinary precautions in regard to my own dogs, for the sake of avoiding annoyance to others; and I sincerely wish that the owners of numerous felines roaming at will and lifting their voices in the hours of the night that might be still, would take as much care of their pets, especially such persons as have made complaints of the barking of my dogs at times when every one of them was leagues away. The latest complaint against my dogs occurred this week. It is five months since any one of my dogs has been in Portland. *Sic semper*, or at least nearly always thus.

In conclusion, I would say that any one seeking to learn whether certain dogs are justly claimed to be bred from my stock need simply address me at Portland, Maine. EVERETT SMITH.

DETROIT KENNEL CLUB—Detroit, April 28.—I have just come from a most interesting visit to the Detroit Kennel Club, and although not an expert in matters thereunto pertaining, it is possible that a narrative of a layman's observations in that not particularly pleasant ordered precinct may interest readers of "The Kennel" department of FOREST AND STREAM. First, then, the Detroit Kennel Club is the direct outgrowth of *canisculture* by an enthusiastic amateur of this city, Dr. M. V. B. Saunders, whose passion for a good dog amounts to adoration. He is the *Deus ex Machina* of the club, and really the personal supervisor of it, but Mr. A. Saunders is secretary and treasurer. The kennels are situated on the Doctor's premises on Parsons street, and the dogs breed here consist chiefly of pointers and English setters. The principal stud dog is King Bow, by the St. Louis Kennel Club's champion Bow. The brood bitches are Dot, by Capt. Forbes' imported Ponto, and of Dr Saunders' old imported Nell; Grace (very handsome) out of Dot; Lurette out of Nell, and both by Dr. Saunders' Handsome Don, he by Fred Simmons' imported Frank, out of Lumsden's Rose, prize winner of the Detroit bench show of 1879; Chess (a recent purchase, and a beautiful bitch), out of Dot, by Golden's Dash. There are among the pointers 22 puppies, born in three litters on March 7, 11 and 17 respectively, all sired by King Bow out of the bitches above named. They are the liveliest lot of little rascals I ever saw. One blue-eyed beauty, white, with lemon ears, and marks about the head, quite captivated me, and altogether, they are the handsomest, healthiest and cleanest kennel of puppies imaginable. They feed with commendable impartiality on the mothers, and the latter seem to take as kindly to one litter as another. This is communism with a vengeance. Verily it is a new thing; but it struck me as a very convenient family arrangement.

Among the setters, I noticed with particular satisfaction a promising blue-black white and tan (English) bitch by John E. Long's Cain 2d, out of Long's famous old Brown Juno. Another is a three-quarter Laverack white bitch with a black ear. She had just dropped a litter of ten by Rackett, the dog sold by Mr. J. E. Long the other day to Mr. Goodsell of Ohio. *Graphite* for $500. I suppose this breed will keep on increasing until its fame shall have been spread over the land. I recommend to the men of the club that if they want to make their doings and prospects specially and widely known, they should employ the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM, to which sportsmen and fanciers are in the habit of looking for just such information. G. P. GOODALE,

RUBY AND HER PROGENY—Piermont-on-Hudson, N. Y., April 30, 1881.—In your issue of the 21st ult., you give me as the owner of the pure Laverack bitch Ruby. When I sent you the pedigree I forgot to say I sold her some years ago to Mr. C. H. Raymond, and that she had gone to the happy hunting grounds, for which oversight please excuse me.

As regards Ruby's breeding, Mr. Laverack said her dam Cora is own sister to Mr. Garth's Q. O. Daisy, winner two years in succession of the cup at Shrewsbury Field Trials, and bred same way as Llewellin's Countess—Cora, Daisy and Countess being out of Old Moll by Old Dash and Mystery, bred, he says, by him as pure as can be; and the same way bred as Countess.

I believe Mr. Laverack's word has never been questioned.

The quality of Ruby's puppies for field work has been of the best. Ned, out of Ruby, by Dr. Rowe's Milo, owned by Dr. H. M. Banks, of Englewood, N. J., was a splendid dog, with superior nose, high courage and great endurance. Daisy Dean, owned by A. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., and Diamond, owned by Mr. C. H. Whitman, Chicago, Ill., are out of Ruby by Pride of the Border.

The following gentlemen have owned Ruby's pups: Col. Wright Reeves and Col. Kinney, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Green, New York; Mr. Hasbrouk, Jersey City; Mr. Bingham, West Meriden, Conn.; Charles M. Gregory, Kent, Conn. The above are out of Ruby by Dr. Gautier's Gordon setter Dan. Dr. Strachan, N. Y., had one out of Ruby by Dr. Gautier's native setter Milo, and I believe Mr. Willis, of Rahway, N. J., has one of the same litter. Daisy Dean and Diamond are the only pure Lavaracks out of Ruby that I know of, but there may be others. W. F. STEEL.

RRUSH II. AND BLACKIE II.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Goldsmith is slightly in error in his remarks quoted in the FOREST AND STREAM, April 21, respecting the parents of Brush II. and Blackie II. He says: "Brush and Rhea are considered to be the best brace of black spaniels in England by long odds." To begin with, Rhea has been dead nearly a year, and, good little bitch though she was, it is many a long day since she might have been considered the best bitch in England. She won a great number of prizes in her younger days, but had retired from the show arena some years ago, and, indeed, was eventually killed on account of her great age. Neither has Brush been considered the best dog in England since Kaffir and Zulu came out last June, though, at their first meeting at the Crystal Palace, Brush beat Kaffir, Zulu and Squaw (they three being only fourteen months old), Kaffir and Zulu have beaten Brush each time they have met since, and once, at least, I believe, he has been placed below all three. Mr. Easton sold Brush about that time, which was a very wise proceeding on his part, as his day was past. Brush has since passed through four or five hands

Beau and Blackie are not "champions," neither having won a champion prize. Brush and Rhea were champions, but I do not think there have been any champion classes for black spaniels lately, certainly not since Beau came out, nor at the shows he patronizes. The shows Beau goes to bear the same relation to the battle ground of Brush and Kaffir as the late Newport show, for instance, does to the W. K. C. shows. I have no desire to detract from the merits of Mr. Cummings' importations, as they are both of very choice blood, Brush II. especially; but the notice was misleading to those who do not closely watch the English prize lists and show reports. The dogs have quite enough to recommend them without claim being laid to honors for their progenitors, which are unwarranted because unearned.

Kaffir, the dog who lowered Brush's colors, his brother Zulu and his sisters in blood, Squaw and Lass o' Devon (liver and tan), are, Mr. Goldsmith might have said, closely related to him, as their dams (Smutty and Negress) are both by Rolf out of Bolte, Rolf being sire of Brush. All four were bred by Mr. T. Jacobs, Newton Abbott, and are the get of Champion Bachelor, which says a good deal for him as a sire, perhaps more than for the Rolf strain, which is present in equal proportion (*i. e.*, one-fourth) in the pedigrees of Kaffir, etc., and Brush II., because they are all of proved excellence, while Brush II. has yet to undergo the test of public competition. It should be borne in mind that all these dogs are field spaniels, not cockers. DIDO.

COLOGNE TRIALS.—The International Field Trial, open to all countries, came off at Cologne last Wednesday, and we hear by telegraph that it was won by Sir Thomas Lennard's Priam, the celebrated pointer that won the Field Trial Derby in 1878, and that the second prize, a setter belonging to Herr Max Prellberg, called Prince II., the third being Mr. P. Lowe's setter Duke of Devon. It must have been a good field, as the entries included such notable ones as Champion Ranger, who went over for it last Friday in charge of Mr. Fletcher. Priam is, however, a very difficult one to beat when he runs in his true form, and he will take a deal of beating in English field trials this spring if he has taken to run kindly, as his nose, style and pace are magnificent, and it is a treat to see him work at home, though he was just as good when on actual service on Sir Charles Mordaunt's moor last August, when he was shot over for a fortnight by Mr. S. E. Shirley. Sir Thomas Lennard has a very promising own brother to Priam, likely to run well in the coming Field Trial Derby.

A good dog show is likely to be held at Maidstone next week on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. There are 450 entries.

The Crystal Palace Dog Show will be held during the first week in June.—*Bell's Life, April 16.*

AN EXPLANATION REQUIRED—Claremont, N. H., May 6.—I notice in your issue of May 5 that Mr. G. E. Osborn, of New Haven, Conn., advertises for sale a red setter dog pup, six months old, by Champion Elcho out of Highland Lass. Will Mr. Osborn kindly inform the readers of FOREST AND STREAM of the date of service of Highland Lass by Champion Elcho, and full particulars therewith, and thus oblige, possibly, some would-be purchaser; also the owner of Elcho, who, by the way, has no knowledge of such an event, as above claimed?—OWNER OF ELCHO.

COUNT ZOO AND TAMAZINE.—Dr. W. W. White, Baltimore, Md., the breeder of Count Zoo and Tamazine, calls our attention to mistakes in the official catalogue, wherein the former was called Count Zos and the latter Tambazine. The first-named error was noted in our report. Dr. White is the owner of the dam of this excellent dog and bitch, having purchased Queen Anne from Mr. Von Culin and bred her twice to Pontiac. Count Zoo was claimed at the show by Mr. James H. Goodsell at the catalogue price, which was a ridiculously low one.

ESSEX COUNTY HUNT.—The kennel of this hunt has been moved from Montclair, N. J., to a most admirable situation near Llewellin Park, on Orange Mountain, Orange, N. J. The premises consist of six acres of ground, dwelling-house, stables, kennels, etc., etc., and is just the place for the dogs and puppies. The hunt are fitting up the house as a place of *rendezvous* for the members and subscribers and intend to make a first-class club-house of it. Since taking the new place the hunt has more than doubled its membership, besides raising a large subscription. Things are "booming" with the Essex County Hunt.

ABSENTEES AT THE SHOW.—It is with pleasure that we comply with the following request, although in our report of the show mention was made of several of the absentees; "Philadelphia, May 6.—Please mention in your next issue that my bitches—Champion Mina, Champion Ruby, Countess Bang, Luna May and Loss o' Gowrie—were not at the New York Show.—A. H. MOORE.

BOW BELLS.—In our report of the New York Show we omitted, under heading of Native English Setter Bitches, to mention that Dr. Nelson D. Hathaway's Bow Bells, Middleboro, Mass., received very high commendation. This was an oversight on our part, for in reviewing the class our judge was last limited when he awarded her name, "worthy of what she got; a superior bitch." Bow Bells is by Dash III, out of Opal and litter sister to Blue Dan, who also received v.h.c. in the open Native English Setter Dog class.

BARONET.—In another column Mr. H. W. Livingston advertises in the stud his lemon and white small pointer Baronet (Orgill's Rush-Owner's Rose). The dog showed such excellent and steady work in the field at the Eastern Field Trials Club meeting last autumn that we have no hesitation in calling the attention of our friends to this promising young dog.

BALTIMORE.—I have just returned from Baltimore, Md., having mingled not a little with the representative dog men while there. One of the members of the kennel club of that city tells me that their breaker has in the past year house-trained between thirty and forty setters and pointers for parties not belonging to the association, besides field-breaking ten or twelve. "Our club is self-supporting now," remarked my friend, "and we are enabled to keep our own dogs without expense, but no more bench shows for me, thank you."—HOMO.

MR. TRACY'S PICTURES.—Mr. J. M. Tracy, of St. Louis, Mo., the well-known artist, was at the New York Dog Show, and had four of his pictures on exhibition, the subjects were: "The First Point (prairie-chicken shooting in Minnesota). A Young Family (Kaye's Nannie, with litter of puppies by Brackett). Portrait of Mr. Jos. D. Luca's Mambrino Gift, Junior. Portrait of champion Leicester. These pictures can now be seen at Schuyler & Duane's, 189 Broadway, this city.

BEAGLES AT NEW YORK SHOW.—Our remarks on the beagles, bitches, at the recent show were mutilated in the hands of the printer. They should have read, "Bess, the second prize winner, is of a stronger build than the winner, and was a good second. Lucy II is very light in the barrel, but has a most perfect bound head." In Irish terriers, also, the period inserted after unfortunate sadly interfered with our meaning. That sentence should have read: "* * * it was unfortunate Dr. Niven could not help to swell the numbers, for he has several good ones."

MR. JACOBS' SPANIELS.—The present is a favorable opportunity to call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Jacobs, of Newton Abbott, England, as two of his spaniels were on exhibition at the New York Show—Dash, entered by Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, and Benedict by the Lachine Kennel Club, of Whitestone. Mr. Jacobs as the breeder of Kafir, Zula, Squaw and Lass o' Devon has earned a world-wide reputation.

LOST.—On the morning of April 30, a large pointer dog, four years old, light liver ears, with fine lemon ticks all over body. A liberal reward will be paid by owner for his return. Address Mr. F. P. Magoun, 10 East Thirty-seventh street, this city.

LAVERACKS IN AMERICA.—In addition to the dogs under this heading, the dog Sting, blue Belton, whelped May 1, 1880, by Carlowitz out of Princess Nellie, bred by Mr. M. Von Culin, now owned by Mr. Osler Potter, Freeport, Ill., should be added to the list.

DOG FIENDS.—Last week some miserable scoundrel at Belmont, N. Y., poisoned two valuable dogs owned there, one a setter and the other a pointer. The setter was poisoned in the yard and died on his master's doorstep.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Wim—Mr. S. Gundelfinger, Brazil, Ind., claims the name of Finn for red Irish setter dog puppy out of Nell (Plunket-Stella) by Rudge (champion Elcho-Bridget Plunket).

Klamath—Mr. R. Pitcher, Rhinebeck, N. Y., claims the name of Klamath for liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy, whelped Nov. 1880, out of Lulu by Sensation II.

Pyrle—Mr. R. Pitcher, Rhinebeck, N. Y., claims the name of Pyrle for liver and white pointer dog puppy, whelped Nov. 27, 1880, by Sensation II. out of Lulu.

Modoc—Mr. R. Pitcher, N. Y., claims the name of Modoc for liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy, whelped Nov. 27, 1880, out of Sensation II.

Chief II.—Mr. A. Blair Kelsey, of Belvidere, N J., claims the name of Chief II. for his all red Irish setter dog puppy, whelped March 6, 1881, by Mr. Max Wenzel's Chief (Mr. A. H. Moore's Berkley-Duck) out of Mr. W. H. Pierce's Gussie (Pratt's Dan-Hollon's Darts Rose).

Chester—Mr. David Boyd, New York city, claims the name of Chester for setter dog puppy by Grouse Dale out of Blanche.

Harry Jr.—Dr. J. H. Meyer, New York city, claims the name of Harry Jr. for his black, white and tan pointer puppy by Dr. Smith's Sport out of Rena II.

Maud—Mr. J. E. Kline, Newport, R. I., claims the name of Maud for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped February 29, 1880, by McKoon's Rhusier out of McKoon's Fanny.

Mac—Mr. J. E. Kline, Newport, R. I., claims the name of Mac for liver with white breast cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 8, 1881, by McKoon's Rhusier out of McKoon's Fanny.

Faust—Mr. Wm. Loeffler, St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Faust for black and tan dachshund puppy out of his Waldine by Dr. Twaddell's Unser Fritz. Waldine, first prize St. Louis, 1880. Unser Fritz, first prize and special Philadelphia, 1876; first prize and special Baltimore, 1877; and first prize and special Philadelphia, 1878.

Grethehen—Mr. Wm. Loeffler, St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Juliette for tan colored Dachshund puppy out of his Waldine by Dr. Twaddell's Unser Fritz.

Juliette—Mr. Wm. Loeffler, St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Grethehen for tan colored daschund puppy out of his Waldine by Dr. Twaddell's Unser Fritz.

Calmak—Mr. C. Du Bois Wagstaff, Tahiulah Kennel, Babylon, L. I., claims the name of Calmak for setter dog puppy by Grouse Dale out of Blanche.

Chiquita—Mr. C. Du Bois Wagstaff, Tahiulah Kennels, Babylon, L. I., claims the name of Chiquita for setter bitch puppy by Grouse Dale out of Blanche.

Prince of Vernon and Duke of Eastchester—Mr. L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., claims the names of Prince of Vernon and Duke of Eastchester for his blue ticked setter puppies, with black and tan heads and black spot between hips. Purchased of Mr. John Bolus, Millbrook, Dutchess county, N. Y., whelped April 15, 1881, out of Burlesque (Belton-Verner's Rose) by Hawthorn's Dick (Blue Dash-Jolly May).

Daisy—Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can., claims the name of Daisy for dark liver bitch pup, whelped 14th November, 1880, by imported Fox out of imported Beauty, presented to him by C. A. Boxer, Esq., of Three Rivers, P. Q.

BRED.

Blue Belle-Thunder—Mr. Walter H. Beebe's (New York city) white and black ticked English setter bitch Blue Belle (Roderick Dhu-Mina) to Mr. A. H. Moore's Thunder (Pride of the Border-Fairy II).

Ida-Joe, Jr.—Mr. Wiley Embry's (Columbia, Tenn.) red Irish setter bitch Ida to Mr. G. W. Campbell's Joe Jr., April 25.

Rose-Flake—Mr. N. Elmore's (Grimby, Conn.) beagle bitch Bess (first at Boston '78, second New York '81) to Flake (*b. c.* New York '81), April 26.

Flake-Blue Dan—Mr. John J. Scanlon's Flake (Druid-Swazey, to Dr. N. D. Hathaway's blue Dan (Irish II.-Opal).

Fanny Turner-Beaufort—Mr. G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., has bred his liver and white pointer bitch Fannie Turner (Sensation-Queen II.) to his Beaufort (Bow-Beulah).

Minnie-Lord Dufferin—Mr. C. Du Bois Wagstaff's pointer bitch Minnie (Sensation-Whiskey) to Lord Dufferin, May 5.

Rose Berkeley—Mr. C. Du Bois Wagstaff's Irish setter bitch Rose (Ranger-Rose) to Mr. A. H. Moore's Berkley.

WHELPS.

Rena II.—Mr. Frank Jack's (Union Hill, N. J.) pointer bitch Rena II. (Rex-Rena) whelped May 1, seven puppies, four dogs and three bitches, by Mr. Smith's Sport.

Judy—Mr. Merrill Hollan's fox hound bitch Judy whelped April 9, six puppies, three dogs and three bitches, by his celebrated fox hound Mack.

Fan—Mr. J. S. McIntosh's (Leesburg, Va.) setter bitch Kirby Jr. (Druid-Kirby) whelped March 30, eleven puppies, six dogs and five bitches.

Moll S—Mr. Asa L. Sherwood's, Skaneateles, N. Y., first prize and special Chicago, 1878, with black points, setter bitch Moll S. whelped March 17, nine puppies, four dogs and five bitches, by Mr. J. H. Whitman's Chicago, Ill., Blue Drake, three-fourths Laverack

Rusa II.—Mr. Asa L. Sherwood's Skaneateles, N. Y., orange and white ticked setter bitch Rusa (champion Frances out of Rusa) whelped March 19, nine puppies, six dogs and three bitches, by owners Dick; all are orange, white and ticked, with black nose and eyes.

Best S.—Mr. Asa L. Sherwood's Skaneateles, N. Y., blue, white and Belton bitch Best S., bait Laverack, whelped April 18, ten puppies, six dogs and four bitches, by owner's Rowe (champion Frances Rusa).

SALES.

Louie—Mr. Walter H. Beebe, New York city, has sold to Mr. H. Page, this city, the orange and white ticked English setter bitch Louie (Rodrick Dhu-Mina).

Psyche—Mr. D. F. Bosworth, New York city, has sold his 14-lb. cocker spaniel bitch Psyche to Mr. W. Reese, of this city. Price, $80.

Rocket—Messrs. R. & J. Rowett, Philadelphia, Pa., have sold to Mr. Lewis Sharp, of same place, the beagle dog Rocket (Rally-Rosey) winner 2d prize St. Louis, 1880.

Tootes and Toodles—Mr. J. P. V. Hax, Baltimore, Md., has sold to Mr. Herman Berterman his brace of beagles Tootes and Toodles, out of Lawder's Nelle by Lawder's Rambler.

IMPORTED.

Dachshund—Mr. Wm. Loeffler, St. Louis, Mo., received last week per steamer Donau a handsome fallow red dachshund.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, May 7.—The new matches opening on the Hill to-day did not fill very well, though the day was a fine one. Those riflemen who entered, however, found about the best shooting conditions of the year, the wind coming gently from the south and east. The condition of the new matches are as follows:

Sharpshooters' match (Massachusetts target)—Open to all comers, without handicap; rounds 10; entry fee, 25 cents; prizes to be won on the aggregate of five scores, which, in case of ties, shall be considered as a continuous score; 20 prizes: total value, $137.50.

Handicap match (Creedmoor target)—Open to all comers; rounds, 10; entry fee, 25 cents; 5 scores to win; competitors divided into classes on their record; 6 points on each score from the 49 class; 5 points from the 48 class; 4 points from the 47 class; 3 points from the 46 class; 2 points from the 45 class, and one point from 44 class; ties in same class to be treated as a continuous score; ties between different classes to be decided in favor of the highest class; 20 prizes: value, $137.50.

The best scores are appended.

Sharpshooters' Match (Massachusetts Target).

E J Cram	10	10	12	11	11	11	12	10	12	12	—111
A G Adams	11	10	12	12	11	10	12	12	12	12	9—111
E F Richardson	11	11	11	11	11	10	10	12	11	12	—110
C Edmunds	10	11	11	10	12	12	10	11	12	11	—110
O M Jewell	12	12	10	11	11	12	11	8	12	12	—110
C A Abbott	11	10	12	10	10	11	11	11	11	12	—109
W C Appleton	11	12	9	11	11	11	12	10	11	11	—109
M Judson	11	12	10	12	11	10	11	10	9	11	—107
C Beecher	8	12	12	11	12	9	11	10	12	10	—107
E Johnson	11	11	12	9	11	10	11	9	12	10	—106
J A Batchelder	11	11	11	11	10	12	12	9	9	10	—106
A B Cranston	12	10	11	9	9	8	7	9	10	10	—95

Handicap Match (Creedmoor Target).

C Richards	5	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	—45
J B Fellows	5	5	3	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	—44
John Borden	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	—43
P B Jackson	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	—43
A B Archer	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	—43
A L Brown	4	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	—43
R A Carson	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	—43
J L Albert	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	—42
M H Jenkins	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	—41

Badge Match No. 3.

M E Baird	3	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	—45
A G Grey	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	—45
O H White	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	3	5	5	—44

BOSTON, May 4.—The opening long-range match, season of 1881, was shot at Walnut Hill to-day. At the beginning of the match the wind proved troublesome, blowing from 6 to 4 o'clock, requiring constant watching; later on it settled to 4 o'clock, although blowing strong, and excellent records were made for opening efforts. The score:

J F Brown	800 yards	5 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 5—70
	900 yards	5 5 3 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—68
	1000 yards	4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5—71—209
Wm Howard	800 yards	5 5 5 4 3 5 4 3 5 5 5 5 5 4 5—68
	900 yards	4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4—71
	1000 yards	4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—69—208
T F Hastings	800 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—68
	900 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 4—68
	1000 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 4—69—204
F J Rabbeth	800 yards	5 4 4 5 4 5 2 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5—68
	900 yards	3 5 5 5 5 5 4 3 4 4 4 5 5 5 5—67
	1000 yards	5 4 4 4 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 5—67—197
H L Dexter	800 yards	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5—68
	900 yards	0 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 3 4 4 5 4 5—61
	1000 yards	3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—68—197
W Daniels	800 yards	5 4 4 5 4 3 4 4 3 5 4 5 5 3 5—65
	900 yards	2 3 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 4 2 5 5 3—65—183

MEDFORD, Mass, May 4.—To-day was a fine day for the shooting fraternity at Bellevue range, a goodly number being present. The early part of the afternoon a strong wind from 2 o'clock tended to keep down the scores, but later calm prevailed, and some good scores were made, as will be seen by the annexed summary of best shots at 200 yards.

Cadlin	4 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5—47	Whitney	4 5 5 5 5 4 3 5 4—45
Grilling	4 4 5 5 4 5 5 4 5—46	Archer	5 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 5—44
Widdington	5 4 4 5 4 4 3 5 5—46	Babbridge	4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 5—44
Henry	5 4 4 5 3 4 4 5 5—45	Webb	5 4 4 5 4 4 1 4 5 4—43
Jacobs	5 4 4 4 5 5 4 5—45	Williams	4 5 4 4 4 5 3 4 4—41
Bigelow	5 5 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 5—45	Chase	4 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 5—44
Green	4 5 4 5 5 5 4 4 4—45	Little	5 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 5—43
Lee	4 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5—45	Whittier	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4—42
Richards	4 5 4 3 5 5 4 5 5 4—45		

MANMOUTH RIFLE GALLERY.—The following are the entries in the May matches:

All-comers' Match Rifle.

E Wilder	35	36	36	37	38—182

Experts' Pistol Match

W Williams	66	68	72—206
E Wilder	66	68	69—203

Amateur Pistol Match.

J R Scott	62	52	61—165
L W Farrar	46	47	56—149

C Edwards 45 48 53—146

The following are the prize winners in the several rifle matches for April:

Forest and Stream Match—W. H. Harrison takes the pipe with a magnificent record.

Limited Badge Match.—F. J. Rabboth takes first prize in this match with the following: 37, 37, 38, 39, 39—190.

Amateur Badge Match—W. Williams takes first prize in this match with a remarkably fine score for an amateur—37, 37, 38, 38, 38—188.

R Burlingame 36 36 37 37 37—183 D P Holder 35 35 36 36 37—179
L M Marshall 36 36 37 37 37—183

The following are the prize winners in the pistol match for April:

Experts' Pistol Match.

F J Rabboth	73	73	81—227
J H Williams	69	72	78—219

E Wilder 70 70 75—215
J Ames 62 70 70—202

Amateur Pistol Match.

W Williams	68	68	73—209

S Chase 56 58 59—173

THE BRIDGEPORT RIFLE CLUB held their regular semi-monthly shoot at Seaside Range, April 29. The weather was unfavorable for good shooting. A squall came up about two o'clock, and the wind from that time until night blew in fitful gusts, varying from northwest to west (we shoot from north to south), making it almost impossible to do fair shooting. The scores are appended:

Sharps Rifle Match, 200 yards.

H Nichols	4454534414—40	D L Marsh	4444534414—40
A C White	4544435141—41	S V Nichols	4435534444—38
Geo Quitmeyer	4454434444—40	S C Kingman	4434445604—37

Match for $10 gold plate, 200 yards.

Geo Quitmeyer	4445554—32	P M Beers	4535454—30
A C White	5545544—32	S H Hubbard	4454443—29
D E Marsh	4454455—31	H Nichols	4544584—29

Silverware Match, 200 yards.

D E Marsh	5444555—32	A C White	5444445—30
S H Hubbard	4444445—30	Geo Quitmeyer	4445454—30
W Reynolds	5444446—30	H Nichols	3455454—30

Record Match (Marsh Badge)—This match is for a gold badge presented by D. E. Marsh, to be shot for on the following conditions at 200 yards on a special target, with a 4-in. carton, 8-in. bullseye, 14-in. center, 20-in. inner, 26-in outer:

Geo Quitmeyer	5554546—32	A Higgins	4434032—20
A C White	5446553—32	Wm Spencer	2220346—19
H Nichols	6363525—29	F W Barber	3343004—17
D E Marsh	4540456—25		

Allcomers' and Allcomers' Rifle Match, 500 yards.

S H Hubbard	4434545455—43	D N Conger	5554402545—39
S C Kingman	2345445545—41	R S Bassett	4232434344—33

Sharps Rifle atch, 500 yards (carton).

D N Conger	5554555466—36	F W Peck	4525554544—43
S H Hubbard	5454555655—40	W Reynolds	4436545235—41
S C Kingman	4544654544—45	S V Nichols	4434433353—36

Record Match, Club Badge, 500 yards.

W Reynolds	4646444—32	S C Kingman	5546534—31

Field Glass Match, 900 yards.

S H Hubbard	4355551—31	D N Conger	5454443—29

There were several more scores to be shot on the last two matches, but the afternoon proved to short.

R. S. BASSETT, Sec.

THE NEW HAVEN RIFLE ASSOCIATION met Friday, April 30, and chose the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, Major James G. Stetson; vice-president, Colonel S. J. Fox; recording secretary, Charles E. Fowler; treasurer, Captain Andrew Allen; corresponding secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel L. L. Morgan; Directors, Captain Frank W. Tiesing, Captain E. J. Morse, James Pinkey, John M. Marlin, Major W. H. Layne, T. G. Bennett, Eli Whitney, jr. The annual membership fee was reduced to $1.

ALBANY, May 5.—Yesterday the regular matches of the season were reopened. The light was not of the best description, and a strong six o'clock wind, shifting to nine and three o'clock, rendered holding extremely difficult. The competition was won by G. H. Charles with a clean score of centres. The following were the scores made:

John Hodge Match—300 yards.

G H Charles, Bal S	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	—40
W E Flich, Bal S	4 4 5 4 4 3 5 3 4 *1—39	
R I Green, S M	†2 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 3 3 4	—32
Leonard Geiger, R S	5 3 4 4 3 4 3 4 5 5 *2—36	
H R Saunders, Hep S	4 4 4 3 4 4 2 3 4 4	—36
R E Johnson, Bal S	4 4 4 3 2 5 2 4 4 5	—35
M T Williams, S C	2 2 4 3 4 3 3 4 5 4	—34
D Malone, Bal S	4 3 0 3 5 4 4 4 4 4	—34

*Allowance to military rifles. †Handicap.

Three competitions.

Competition at 500 yards. Sixty-seven entries were made. Three full scores were put up, and the tie was decided by the competitors shooting it off.

John R Kaley, R C	5	5	5	5	5—25
William T Miles, S C	5	5	5	5	5—25
James I Miles, Bal S	5	5	5	5	5—25
Leonard Geiger, R S	5	5	5	5	5—25
A Carpenter, S M	*2	5	5	5	3	4—24
William E Fitch, R C	5	5	5	4	4—23
J Hampden Wood, S M	*2	5	5	5	4	4—23
G H Charles, Bal S	4	5	5	4	5	4—22
James F Jones, S C	5	4	5	4	4	4—22
D Malone, Bal S	5	4	5	3	5	5—22
H R Saunders, Hep S	4	4	5	4	4	4—21
Royal I Green, S M	*2	4	5	4	4	5—21
Peter Smith, R C	5	4	3	5	4	3—19
Charles G Theever, R M	*2	5	5	0	4	0—16

*Allowance to military rifles.

CREEDMOOR, May 7.—The opening of the range took place today with a fair attendance of riflemen. Two matches were fought, but the Remington gold match and the Winchester running deer matches lapsed for want of entries. The first contest was the tenth competition of the "We Will" match; prize, a Remington long-range rifle, value, $125, offered by the late Major Charles A. Coffin. Open only to members of the National Guard of any State; 300 and 600 yards; position at 300 yards standing, at 600 yards any with head toward the target; seven shots at each distance; weapon, the authorized military rifle in use by the organization of which the competitor is a member. Entrance fee, fifty cents. Prize to become property of competitor winning it three times (not necessarily consecutive). The leading scores were:

J L Paulding	300 yards	3 4 4 3 4 4—27
	600 yards	3 4 2 2 0 5 4—20—47
T J Dolan	300 yards	3 3 3 2 4 3—21
	600 yards	3 0 3 4 0 5 5—22—43

The sixteenth competition of the Ballard rifle match was then held. First prize, a Ballard mid-range rifle, offered by Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, New York; value, $80; and twenty per cent. of the entrance money; second prize, fifteen per cent.; third prize, ten per cent; fourth prize, five per cent. Open to all comers; winners to be handicapped one point for each time won; distances, 100 and 200 yards; position, standing; weapon, any rifle; rounds, seven at each distance; no cleaning allowed between either shots or distances. The rifle to be won three times (not necessarily consecutive), before becoming personal property, but any competitor making a full score (35 points) at each distance at any one competition to become the final winner. Entrance fee, fifty cents.

	100 yards	200 yards.	Total.
J W Todd	33	31	64
J R Grohman	32	31	63
N Ward	33	30	63
J Wood	33	30	63
E Alden	32	30	62*
E E Lewis	32	30	62
F J Donaldson	33	29	62
J L Paulding	33	29	61*
D F David	32	26	57*
J W Wright	28	26	54

*Handicap of 1 point.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 7.—The Riverview Military Academy had their second weekly shoot to-day. The Springfield cadet rifles were used; distance, 100 yards; regulation target. Below are the scores:

Bisbee	4 4 2 3—13	Marten	5 4 4 4 5—22
Patten	4 4 2 4—14	Murray, Jr	4 5 4 5 3—21
Farnesworth	3 3 3 3—12	Jones	3 2 4 4 5—18
Wilcox	3 2 3 4 5—17	Hermida	3 4 3 4 4—18
Smith	4 4 4 4 5—21		

BRUNTON RANGE, ELIZABETH, N. J, May 7.—The first matches of the New Jersey State Rifle Association were shot at Brunton Range to-day. Attendance good; weather, fine strong 8 o'clock wind. The following scores were made Sharps match for military rifles, 200 yards; ten shots; any military rifle:

Sharp's Match for military rifles, 200 yards, ten shots, any military rifle.			
Darr	5 5 4 5 5 4 5 4 4—45	Townsend	4 4 4 5 5 4 5 4 3—40
Howard	4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5—43	Collins	5 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 4—39
Clark	4 4 4 5 4 4 3 5 5 4—42	Anderson	4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 3—38
Denman	4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4—41		
Remington Match, 200 yards, ten shots, any rifle.			
Collins	5 5 4 5 5 4 5 4 4—45	Adelberg	4 3 3 3 4 5 4 5 4—40
Dart	4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5—43	Howard	3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—39
Clark	4 4 5 4 4 3 5 5 4—42	Dempster	3 3 4 4 5 4 2 4 4—37
Madison	5 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4—41	Townsend	3 4 4 4 4 4 4 2 5 0—54
Howe	4 4 4 5 4 4 3 4 4—40		

St. Louis, Mo., April 27.—W. W. Farrow met the St. Louis rifle shooters to-day, and had a lively shoot. Capt. Farrow shooting the Ballard rifle The first match was at 200 yards, off hand, ring target:

Farrow	20 18 22 20 24 19 23 16 21 21—205		
Gessert	18 19 18 22 19 20 17 13 21 16—183		
Wasserman	12 15 12 Withdrew		
Second Match of 6 Shots.			
Farrow	23 21 24 22 23 22	Gessert	20 17 15 22 21—95

Third Shoot—Mr. Farrow shot 10 shots off hand at a Creedmoor target, scoring 5, 4, 5, 5, 4, 5, 4, 5, 5, 4—46 in possible 50. The St. Louis rifle shots not being satisfied, invited Mr. Farrow to shoot at a gallery at a 200 yards target, reduced to gallery practice. Results as follows. 10 shots, off hand, possible 50:

Farron	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5—49	Sgt Brindle	4 4 4 5 5 3 5 5 3—42
Cap Schaaf	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—49	Col R	3 4 4 3 3 4 5 5 4—39
Capt Buck	5 4 4 4 5 5 3 5 5—47		

Next match was a match of 15 shots, possible 75:

Capt Schaaf	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—75		
Reise	5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5—72		

Last match with pistol, possible 25:

Farron	4 4 4 5 4—21	Brinly	4 3 4 5 5—21
Schaaf	5 5 5 4 5—24	Col R	4 4 3 5 5—19
Buck	5 5 5 4 4—24		

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 27.—A mixed team composed of members of the Memphis and German rifle clubs, and Mr. W. M. Farrow, of the American team, had a pleasant round of target shooting at 200 yards on the grounds of the latter club at Fort Pickering this afternoon:

W M Farrow	5 4 4 5 5 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5—69		
J G Handwerkerf	4 5 3 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 5 4—60		
Thos O'Sullivan	2 4 3 3 4 3 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 3 0—47		
P J Quigley	4 4 4 5 5 4 3 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 4—64		
John A Hartman	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 5—64		
H P Rickett	4 0 4 5 4 5 4 4 3 4 4 4 5 5 4—55		
Jos Walters	3 3 4 4 0 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 5 4 4—54		
P O Woodsf	4 3 3 5 3 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 5 4—57		
F Achlet	4 3 5 3 5 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4—55		
J Allgeier	4 3 5 4 3 4 4 3 3 5 3 4 3 4 5—55		
Wm Renjess	4 3 4 3 3 4 3 4 2 4 4 3 4 4 4—55		
P C Rogers	4 4 4 4 3 4 4 5 5 3 4 3 4 4 4—59		
Harry Dreves	4 3 2 3 4 4 2 4 3 4 0 5 3 4 2 4—53		
J D Meyers	3 4 3 5 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 4 3 4 4—51		
G P M Turner	2 3 4 4 3 5 4 5 3 4 4 4 4 0 3—53		
G Limberg	3 5 0 4 5 3 4 4 3 3 5 5 5 3 4—55		
L Kneyf	4 4 2 4 3 3 4 4 2 3 3 5 5 3 5—54		
Otto Gottschalk	3 2 3 4 4 3 2 2 3 3 4 3 0 3 2—42		

*Bullseye (5) on the wrong target. †Memphis Rifle Club. ‡German Rifle Club.

NEW ORLEANS, April 24.—The individual match for the pictures of the New Orleans and Denver teams, which constitute a portion of the Denver trophies was shot at the New Orleans Rifle Club's range to-day, and resulted in a victory for Gschwind. The detailed score is as follows, at 100, 200, 500 yards, and the totals:

Gschwind	24	20	21—65	Berceegey	21	19	17—57
G W Charlton	22	20	19—61	Guerin	20	16	17—52
Sport	21	19	20—60	Hanusell	14	14	20—48
Heiss	21	21	18—60	Knight	0	20	15—35
Selph	22	21	17—60	Collins	15	12	8—35
Ames	21	20	16—60	Henry	0	19	7—26
Gerteis	23	21	15—59				

NEW ORLEANS, May 1st.—The challenge of the Denver riflemen to the New Orleans marksmen, to shoot a match for a prize of a pair of elk horns on the one side, and a hogshead of sugar on the other, has been mentioned.

The date fixed by the Denver people was May 1, and the time between the receipt of the challenge and the day named for the contest was too short to allow the formation of a team. Captain Dudley Selph has therefore telegraphed as follows to Capt. John P. Lower, of Denver:—"Challenge received too late for May 1. Particulars by mail." The Denverites who handle the rifle are organized, and can pick a team to represent their city on short notice, but in this city there is no club of riflemen, and a team to represent New Orleans can only be made up after several competitive shoots in which all the Crescent City marksmen have a right to enter. This absolutely indispensable preliminary generally consumes from six weeks to two months, and it would be well for for all teams or clubs to remember this fact when drawing up challenges in the future. The second competition for the third Denver prize, offered for individual contest, took place to-day at the New Orleans Rifle Park, with the following result:

	300 yards.	200 yards	100 yards.
W Weiss	18	21	23
W A Arms	18	21	23
E Gschwind	17	20	24
G W Charlton	16	20	24
D Selph	18	19	22
J C Sport	16	20	24
L Gertels	12	20	24
G Hanswald	14	18	22
W Wilkins	9	17	23
T C Darell	13	14	17

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 5.—In response to the invitation of the Springfield Rifle Club, the celebrated rifleshot, Mr. W. Milton Farrow, attended a practice shoot at our Elliott Range to-day. The weather was fine, and but from two to three points on the wind gauge was required. Distance, 1,100 yards; 15 shots. Mr. F. used his Ballard rifle, the same one used by him in the match at Dollymount, and his record is believed to be the highest on record for the distance:

W M Farrow	5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 3—71
W L Gross	4 5 3 5 5 5 3 5 4 3 5 5 3 3 5—61
G W Morgan	5 4 4 2 2 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 0—59
W C Sommer	5 4 3 0 5 5 3 5 0 5 5 4 4—56

ZETTLER'S GALLERY—New York, May 7.—The square and triangle target match has come to a close. Square target match: H. Holger, S. & W. revolver; P. Fenning, $10; M. B. Engel, diamond pin; Wm. Klein, $5; M. Dorrler, baking-pole; J. Blumenberg, revolver; H. Grohman, $2.50, and C. Joiner, $2. Triangle target: Wm. Kline, $15; P. Fenning, $12; J. Blumenberg, $8; H. Holger, $5; J. Levy, $5; T. Dorrler, $3; C. Judson, $2; M. B. Engel, $2.

THE TRAP.

RIVERSIDE SHOOTING CLUB of Brunswick and Topsham, Maine, annual match, May 2.—A very strong wind through the whole shoot:

	20 Single	5 Pair	Total.
G E Keen	11100 00010 11011 11111—12	10101 11011—7	19
J S Bonney	01110 11111 00101 11111—15	00101 00000—3	18
A Q Goud	11111 11111 11101 10111—18	10111 11111—9	27
Ch Winslow	11111 11111 11011 11111—18	11101 11111—9	27
G H Goud	11011 11101 11110 00111—15	11001 10111—7	22
Cyrus Keay	11111 11111 11101 11111—19	11111 00110—7	26
Chas Goud	01111 11010 11111 10100—14	00101 01000—3	17
M C Hall	11111 11111 11111 11011—19	11001 11111—8	27
A E Hall	11111 11111 10111 11101—18	10011 11011—7	25
C L York	11111 11111 11111 11010—18	10101 01110—6	24
H A Stetson	11111 11111 01111 11111—19	11111 10110—8	27
S A Winslow	11001 11111 10111 11111—18	00111 10001—5	23
E Nickerson	11101 10111 00111 01010—13	10100 00001—3	16
G H Greenleaf	00011 01010 01110 11101—11	10001 01110—5	16

Ties on 27: A. Q. Goud, Chas. Winslow, M. C. Hall and Henry A. Stetson, shot off at 21 yards. Won by Winslow breaking 9 out 10 balls. Card rotary trap. H. A. S.

SOUTH ABINGTON, May 7.—The second regular shoot of the Sportsmen's Club took place on the Park to-day. Card trap; 18 yards rise; 20 balls each. Badge becomes the property of any member winning it three times in succession:

Samuel Norton	19	S H Norton	16
C B Smith	17	D B Rowe	18
Wm Wilder	14	M W Lincoln	16
C W Bryant	14	C F Cook	15
C H Nute	15	J E Whildren	17
Geo Harlow	16	Warren Edson	19
H Vosnus	11	Geo Edson	17
C Whildren	16	Eugene Edson	15
W Alden	16	Wm B Lincoln	16
Thos Fish	16	Elmer Bates	16
F Packard	13	P Smith	5
A T Packard	11	C Whildren	14
H Whiting	13	W H Cook	14

In shooting off ties on 19 and 21 yards, W. Edson broke 10 straight, Mr. Norton missing his seventh, thus giving the badge to Mr. Warren Edson.

WEST HAVEN, Conn., May 4.—Regular weekly match at glass balls, the score was as follows: Alfred Hill broke 20 out of 20, Edward Ross 29 out of 34, Clark R. Shelton 22 out of 28, D. B. Wheeler 26 out of 31, Morris Isbell 16 out of 20, James Peck 16 out of 22.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Fountain Gun Club was held May 2. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer showed that the club had 174 active members, and eighty honorary members, and that including the scrip of the Long Island Association the club had a net balance of $753.62. The handicap committee reported that they had handicapped the members in three classes, A, B and C. In the A class in which the shooters are handicapped at not less than twenty-five or more than twenty-seven yards there are forty-eight, and in the B class in which they are handicapped at not less than twenty-two nor more than twenty-five yards there are forty-eight, and in the C class where the shooters are handicapped at not less than nineteen nor more than twenty-one yards there are seventy-six. The report was accepted and approved. The prize committee reported that for this month's shoot they had provided three special prizes—a handsome opera glass, a carving set, and an order for five dollars' worth of goods on E. H. Madison's. The classes drew for the prizes, and class A received the five dollar order, class B the carving set and class C the opera glass. Messrs. Frank C. Chamberlain and J. J. Bennett were taken from the honorary roll and elected active members by acclimation. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected members: Theodore Livingston, Josiah Howe, Major A. G. Constable, W. E. Dorwin, Robert E. Dunham, George T. Gregory, John Betts, Fire Commissioner McLoughlin and Cornelius Colyer. It was decided to send a team to the cup shoot of the Long Branch Gun Club. Another team was selected to shoot at Oyster Bay. Vice-President, George A Chappell; Treasurer, Harry G. Miller; and Secretary Charles W. Wingert; Trustees, Messrs. Hugh Goodwin, Moses V. Bayliss, F. C. Chamberlain Nathaniel Beggs and Lorin C. De Traine. The club diamond badge was then presented to Mr. Wingert he having won it the most times during the year. The Secretary was instructed to write and extend the courtesy of the Fountain Gun Club during the coming tournament to the Monroe County and Audubon Clubs of Rochester, to the Point Lookout Club and to the Seneca and Phœnix clubs of Seneca Falls.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.—The monthly shoot of the club, May 4, 5 traps, 7 birds, resulted in this score:

First Class.

M Baylis, 27 yds	1111111—7	J James, 25 yds	1101111—6
G W Wingate, 27 yds	1111111—7	E Eddy, 26 yds	1011011—5
Dr Talbot, 27 yds	1111111—7	J T Slane, 25 yds	0111110
E H Madison, 27 yds	1111111—7	J Bohling, 26 yds	0010011—3
H Wm Stacey, 25 yds	1111111—7	J C Defraine, 25 yds	1100
M J Kearney, 25 yds	1110111—6		

Second Class.

D A Lenkin, 23 yds	1111011—6	C F Offerman, 23 yds	1101011—5
S B Hansen, 23 yds	1111010—5	Wm Hickford, 23 yds	1001011—4
John Akhurst 23 yds	1101111—6	H Miller, 23 yds	1001100—3
Theo. Livingston, 23 yds	1101111—6	P. Ravenhall, jr, 23 yds	0100110—3
W E Hunter, 23 yds	1110101—5	C Hemming, 23 yds	1110
Jas O'Connors, 24 yds	0111102—5		

Third Class.

L J Duryea, 21 yds	1110111—6	C A Lester, 21 yds	11000w
N Cook, 21 yds	0100111—3	B Cross, 19 yds	1000000—1
M O'Donnell, 19 yds	0101101w	W H Miles, jr, 21 yds	1001011—4
C Carroll, 19 yds	1100w	Mr Talt, 21 yds	000w
E D Bushnell, 21 yds	1000001—2	C Fish, 19 yds	0w

The ties for the first prize were shot off and Mr. Baylis was the winner, but on account of the lateness of the hour the ties for the second prize were not shot off. The third prize was won by L. J. Duryea.

MINER ROD AND GUN CLUB—Regular shoot on Thursday, May 5, 1881, at Springfield, Long Island.—Before the shoot took place a regular meeting of the club was held, with Vice-President James T. Davis in the chair. Mr. Henry Wallace stated that there were many good and valuable members in the club who take great interest in its welfare and are desirous of having the club incorporated according to law, and that it was desirable that the club be given a permanent name. Mr. Wallace therefore moved that the club be called the "Springfield Gun Club," and that the club be incorporated by that name, at the same time stating that this change was not suggested out of any disrespect to Mr. Henry C. Miner, its president. This motion was seconded by Mr. John B. Voskamp and was unanimously adopted. Major George Aery thereupon announced that Mr. Michael Englert had requested him

to present to the club a handsome gold medal, known as the Englert Tropoy, which was to be shot for at three regular shoots, 10 birds each. In a neat speech the vice-president accepted the trophy and thanked Mr. Englert for the same on behalf of the club. After the meeting adjourned the first shoot for the Englert trophy took place.

The following is the score: John B, Voskamp, 5; Wm. D. Steers, 5; James T. Davis, 8; Michael Englert, 7; John Wood, 9; Henry Wallace, 9; John A. Dinkel, 9; Major George Aery, 5.

Judge Dinkel hit the tenth bird fairly; the bird was a strong twister and died out of boundary, hence it was not scored for him. Mr. Henry Wallace hit his tenth bird, but it lighted on a tree out of boundary and was not scored for him.

PORT MORRIS, May 2.- Monthly glass ball contest of the Knickerbocker Gun Club took place on their grounds, April 30. 15 balls, 25 yards rise, rotary trap.

C E Baker.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—13	
F B Chedsey.....1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—13	
A A French.....0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—12	
A Strenke.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—11	
S Chubb.....1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	
E P Morton.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1—6	
J V Seaman.....1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0—5	

Baker, first prize; Chedsey and French tied for second. In the shoot off, at 5 balls, Chedsey broke four and French two. Steinke received third prize. This match was shot according to the class shooting rules.—K. Y. C.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB—Brooklyn, April 30.—Monthly match for a badge. Birds, 21 yards:

J Schlieman.....1 1 1 1 0 1 1—6	H Pantson.....1 0 1 0 1 1 1—5
M Chichester.....1 1 1 1 0 0 1—5	H V Staden.....1 0 1 1 1 1 1—6
Th Medder.....1 1 0 1 1 1 1—6	C Gulick.....1 0 1 0 0 1 1—4
H Knebel.....1 1 0 0 1 1 1—5	

In the decision of the tie between Schlieman and Medder eight birds were shot at. Schlieman killed five straight, his sixth fell dead out of bounds, and he killed his seventh and eighth. Medder killed five straight, missed number six, killed number seven and missed his last.

THE Long Island Forester Club held their first monthly shoot at glass balls for a gold badge Saturday, May 7. The badge was won by Mr. R. T. Sabin. The club, though young, are enthusiastic, and every fall go to Noyac, L. I., for a two weeks' expedition after the ducks and quail. The officers for the ensuing year are: Henry Thorpe, President; Charles M. Edwards, Vice-President; Robert T. Sabin, Treasurer; and Charles W. Field, Secretary.

BUFFALO, April 29.—Match between the Bradford Gun Club, of Bradford, Pa., and the Audubons of this city. The shoot was at ten single rises each twenty-one yards rise, from ground traps:

Audubons		Bradford.	
Fisher	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1— 9	Linnaman	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0— 8
Rafferty	1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0— 8	Grech	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Longnecker	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1— 9	Penman	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Smith	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1— 9	Perkins	1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 1— 4
Taylor	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1— 8	Smedley	0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1— 7
Howard	1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1— 7	Kerstetter	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1— 9
Collins	1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0— 6	Black	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Harvey	0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0— 6	George	1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 1— 6
Suckow	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0— 8	Yeitou	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Dingens	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1— 6	Bradley	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1— 9
Mulligan	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1— 9	Wilson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0— 9
Heinz	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Harkness	1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0— 4
De Wolf	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	McKivett	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1— 9
Seymour	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1— 8	Drake	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1— 8
Total	113	Total	112

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB.—The inaugural shoot of the newly organized South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., took place Saturday. Match at five birds; 25 yards; three ground traps; 1¼ oz. of shot; both barrels allowed:

Palmer.....1 1 1 1—5	Carrington.....1 0 0 1 0—3
Alling.....1 * 1 1 1—5	Jacobus.....0 * 1 1 0—3
Smith.....1 * 1 1 1—5	White.....1 0 0 1 1—3
C Palmer.....1 1 0 * 1—4	Ward.....0 0 1 0 1—2
Paul.....0 1 1 1 1—4	Thomas.....0 0 0 0 0—0
Le Roy.....1 * 0 * 1—4	Cantield.....1 0 0 0 0—2
McFadden.....1 * 1 0 1—4	Hunt.....0 0 0 0 1—1
Miller.....* 1 0 1 0—3	Courier.....1 0 0 0 0—1
Referee—Dr. Findell.	

*Killed with second barrel.

VINCENTOWN, N. J., May 2.—The Coaxen Glass-ball Club of this place held their monthly contest for badge here to-day. Card's traps, 18 yards. Only four members present:

F S Hilliard.....11001 01111—7	S S Butterworth.....10101 11011—7
Capt W D Haines..01101 11111—8	W S Hilliard.....11101 11101—7

Tie shot off at 3 balls: W. S. Hilliard, 2; Capt. W. D. Haines, 1.—SHELDRAKE.

CATAWISSA, May 7.—The Catawissa Glass Ball Club have adopted a medal to be shot for until Sept. 1, the man winning it the most times is declared the champion shot and owner of medal. Weekly match—first score:

A Thomas	10111 10109 01101 01110—12
W G Letter	10101 10111 11111 11001—15
P B Aldrich	10111 11111 11111 11111—19
Wm Eger	11110 11111 11111 11111—19
G Watters	11111 11111 11111 01111—19
A W Stadler	11101 01111 11100 00000—11
The Fox	11111 11101 11111 11110—19
Geo Reifsnyder	10101 10011 11111 10101—14
J. Hilliard	11101 00101 00111 10011—12
A F Harmon	11000 00001 00111 00001—6
Perry Waters	01110 00010 11100 00100—8
T E Harder	01010 11011 11112 00111—14

Ties on 19, best in three, Aldrich, 9; Eger, 6; Mr. Eger had no more shells. The match was put off until next week.

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB, Washington, D. C., May 9.—The regular weekly contest of this club on their grounds at Eagle Park, Saturday afternoon, resulted as follows; Card's rotary trap, screened; 20 yards rise; glass balls:

E L Miles	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—20
W W Eldridge	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—20
T E King	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—19
Wm Wagner	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—19
Clinton Adams	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—18
F B Farnsworth	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—18
Jas P Saffold	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—17
E S Peck	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—15
E Mack	0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—14
N H Wadsworth	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1—14
C R Dufour	1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—12
C J Stoddard	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1—12
Wm K Rogers Jr	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0— 8

W. W. E.

KENTON COUNTY GUNNING AND FISHING CLUB—Covington, Ky., April 4.—This club will give a National glass ball tournament on May 17, 18, 19 and 20. Offering prizes amounting to about $3,000. We had a practice shoot on April 2. Glass balls, 18 yards rise, Mole traps. First match; 5 balls:

McGraw	1 0 1 1—4	Remington	1 1 0 0 1—3
Gustright	1 1 1 1—5	Hume	1 1 1 0 0—3
Hudson	1 1 0 0 0—2	Josie	1 1 1 0 0—3
Second Match.			
McGraw	1 1 1 0 1—4	Hume	1 0 1 1 0—3
Gustwright	1 0 1 0 1—3	Josie	0 1 0 1 0—2
Hudson	0 1 0 1 1—3	Smith	1 0 0 1 1—3
Remington	1 1 1 0 1—4		

Ties won by McGraw and Gustright.

Third Match.			
McGraw	1 1 1 1 1—5	Smith	1 1 1 0 1—4
Gustright	1 1 1 0 1—4	Josie	0 1 1 1 0—3
Hudson	0 1 1 1 1—4	Hume	0 1 1 0 1—3
Remington	1 1 1 0 1—4		

Ties won by Smith.

LEAVENWORTH GUN CLUB.—Shoot for the club badge April 26. Twenty balls each, ten from a revolving, and ten from a rotary trap; 18 yards rise:

E D Lecompte	01011 11111 11111 11111—18
C N Whitman	11111 11110 10111 11111—18
D B Hinman	01101 11111 11111 11111—18
E Haberlein	11011 11111 11011 10111—17
A Weimber	00101 11111 01110 11111—15
Chas McGee	10110 11111 11111 00101—15
B C Hinman	10101 11111 10100 10111—14

Five others shot. Lecompte, Whitman and Hinman tied on 18 balls. On the shoot off at five balls Lecompte won, taking the badge. A. Girard won the leather medal with a score of seven.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 26.—The tournament of the Topeka Gun Club opened in good style to-day. There were present to-day between thirty and fifty sportsmen, among them Gwyn Price, of St. Louis; Fred Erb, of St. Joseph; J. M. Hershey and Sam Black, of Osage City, and W. Ellet, of Eldorado.

The tournament takes place on the Topeka Gun Club's excellent range in the Fair Grounds, where everything has been admirably arranged for the accommodation of those taking part.

The first shoot was at seven birds, 21 yards rise. The following shows the result:

W C Hinman 8, J U Allendorf 7, C A Wheeler 4, J H McGee 7, H W Howe 4, C McClaren 5, J M Hershey 7, W H Houghton 7, Theo Davis 6, W H Ellson 5, A G Allen 3, Amos Black 7, W H Ellet 6, D H Eaton 7, W H McCarten 5, B F Hoy 4, Geo W Bragunier 5, — Huestes 3, J H Burke 3, W T Irwin 6, N R Baker 6, — Gleason 4, D E Wellman 3.

The gentlemen who tied on seven divided first money. Those who killed six birds shot off their tie, and Irwin and Davis tied again and divided second money. Those who killed five birds shot off their tie, and Bragunier and Ellison tied again and divided third money. Fourth money was won by Howe.

The next shoot was at ten glass balls, 18 yards rise, from five Bogardus traps, placed five yards apart, for a purse of $300. The score stood as follows:

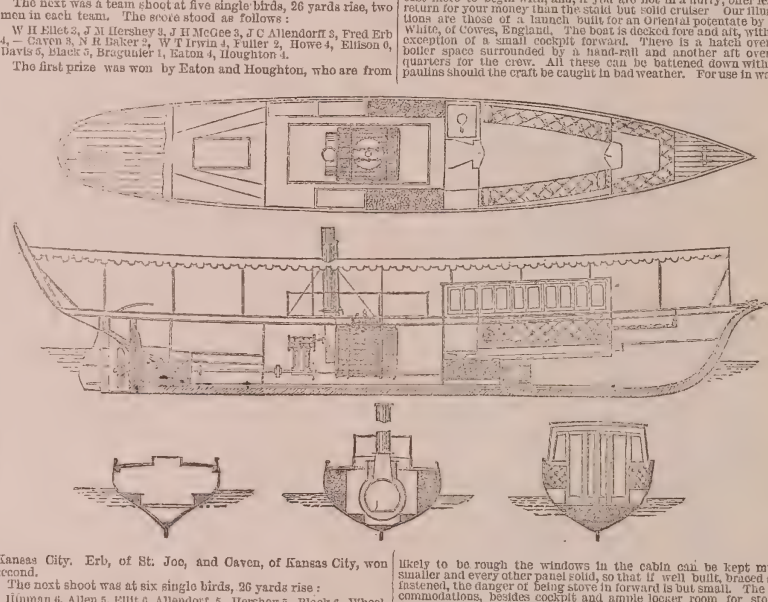
W C Hinman 7, D E Wellman 8, J V Rennick 8, W H McCarten 9, Theo Davis 6, W H Ellet 10, J H Burke 7, L S Hildebrand 6, W T Irwin 8, B F Hoy 9, Amos Black 9, J H McGee 9, J U Allendorff 7.

Ellet won first money, and Black after shooting with the others who broke 9 balls won second money. Irwin and Wellman divided third money.

The next was a team shoot at five single birds, 26 yards rise, two men in each team. The score stood as follows:

W H Ellet 3, J M Hershey 3, J H McGee 3, J C Allendorff 3, Fred Erb 4, — Caven 3, N R Baker 2, W T Irwin 4, Fuller 2, Howe 4, Ellison 0, Davis 5, Black 5, Bragunier 1, Eaton 4, Houghton 4.

The first prize was won by Eaton and Houghton, who are from



Kansas City. Erb, of St. Joe, and Caven, of Kansas City, won second.

The next shoot was at six single birds, 26 yards rise:

Hinman 6, Allen 5, Ellit 6, Allendorf, 5, Hershey 5, Black 6, Wheelock 5, Houghton 5, Fargo 6, Howe 4, McGee 4, Fuller 5, Ellison 5 Eaton 6, Erb 5, Caven 6, Davis 6, Irwin 4.

The ties being shot off, Fargo won first money, Hershey second, and Howe third.

The first match of the second day was at ten glass balls, eighteen yards distance, sprung from a rotary trap. The entries and score were as follows:

Wellman 7, Burke 9, Baker 9, Irwin 4, Hitman 6, Caven 6, Bingham 8, Reagen 6, Black 7, Fuller 8, Ellet 10, Erb 10, McGee 9, Davis 8.

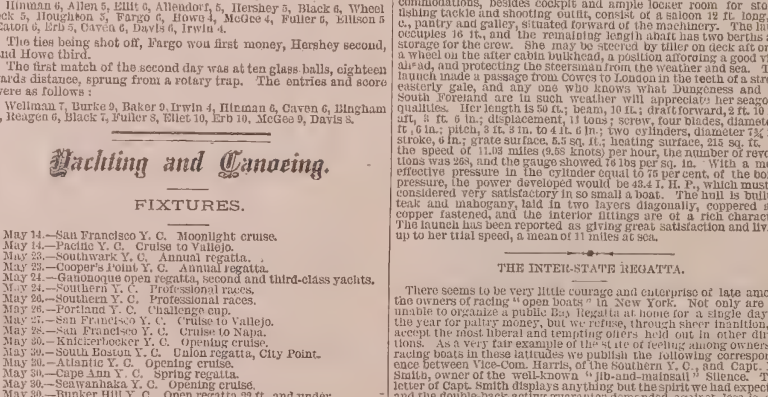
Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

May 14.—San Francisco Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
May 14.—Pacific Y. C. Cruise to Vallejo.
May 23.—Southwark Y. C. Annual regatta.
May 23.—Cooper's Point Y. C. Annual regatta.
May 24.—Gananoque open regatta, second and third-class yachts.
May 24.—Southern Y. C. Professional races.
May 26.—Southern Y. C. Professional races.
May 26.—Portland Y. C. Challenge cup.
May 27.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Vallejo.
May 28.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Napa.
May 30.—Knickerbocker Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—South Boston Y. C. Union regatta, City Point.
May 30.—Atlantic Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—Cape Ann Y. C. Spring regatta.
May 30.—Seawanhaka Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—Bunker Hill Y. C. Open regatta 22 ft. and under.
June 1.—Southern Y. C. Corinthian races.
June 3.—Southern Y. C. Corinthian races.
June 4.—Harlem Regatta Association. Canoe races.
June 4.—Quincy Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 5.—East River Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 6.—Hudson River Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 6.—Quaker City Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 7.—Empire Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 9.—New Jersey Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 10.—Eastern Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 11.—Delaware River open regatta.
June 11.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Martinez.
June 11.—Atlantic Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 11.—Pacific Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
June 15.—Newburyport Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—New York Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—Boston Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 17.—Lynn Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 17.—Marblehead open regatta.
June 18.—Dorchester Y. C. Nahant regatta.
June 20.—East River Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 1.—Gananoque open regatta, second and third class yachts.
July 1.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Monterey.
July 1.—Royal Canadian Y. C. Governor General's Cup.
July 2.—Quincy Y. C. First championship regatta.
July 4.—Cleveland, Y. A. Annual regatta.
July 9.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Swampscott.
July 12.—Pacific Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 16.—Dorchester Y. C. Club house regatta.
Aug. 2.—New York Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 2.—Quincy Y. C. Second championship regatta.
Aug. 6.—Beverly Y. C. Champion regatta, Nahant.
Aug. 6.—Pacific Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 6.—San Francisco Y. C. Annual regatta.
Aug. 11 to 14.—American Canoe Association. Lake George meet.
Aug. 31.—Quincy Y. C. Third championship regatta.
Sept. 1.- Quincy Y. C. Championship sail-off.
Sept. 3.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Drake's Bay.
Sept. 3.—Dorchester Y. C. Fall regatta.
Sept. 6.—Royal Canadian Y. C. Annual regatta.
Sept. 10.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Marblehead.
Sept. 17.—San Francisco Y. C. Corinthian matches.
Sept. 24.—Beverly Y. C. Special regatta, Swampscott.
Oct. 8.—San Francisco Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
Nov. 8.—San Francisco Y. C. Closing cruise.

STEAM YACHTS.

IN our last issue we illustrated examples of open launches and cabin yachts suitable for bay and harbor work. This week we take the opportunity of presenting a type of launch very popular in England, and which will find favor with us in the future, being a cruising launch of fair speed, accommodation and ability. Such boats combine the handiness and moderate cost and draft of the ordinary launch and living accommodations of a permanent sort. Cruising launches, not being built solely for speed, are more reasonable in first cost, can be depended upon for strength and a long life, and their engines having a lower velocity of piston than those of racing craft, give much less trouble and annoyance, while their coal account is also less serious an item of expense. One or two hands compose the crew. Fuel can be carried for an extended period, as a minimum displacement is no object; and with ample draft, dead rise and an easy bilge, very fair rough water qualities may be secured, so that this type is especially adapted for family use, for sportsmen, for knocking about, and in short for steam cruising on small tonnage. To persons interested in mechanics, who like to observe the working of machinery, experiments, compare, investigate old theories and perhaps build others in their place, who like besides the romance of adventure, ever-changing scene and weather, and seek the brawny health of a life in the open air, we say invest in a cruising launch and take your time and comfort. Racing steamers are good in their way, but they cost more to begin with, and, if you are not in a hurry, offer less in return for your money than the staid but solid cruiser. Our illustrations are those of a launch built for an Oriental potentate by J. S. White, of Cowes, England. The boat is decked fore and aft, with the exception of a small cockpit forward. There is a hatch over the boiler space surrounded by a hand-rail and another aft over the quarters for the crew. All these can be battened down with tarpaulins should the craft be caught in bad weather. For use in waters



likely to be rough the windows in the cabin can be kept much smaller and every other part solid, so that if well built, braced and fastened, the danger of being stove in forward is but small. The accommodations, besides cockpit and ample locker room for stores, fishing tackle and shooting outfit, consist of a saloon 12 ft. long, w. c., pantry and galley, situated forward of the main machinery. The latter occupies 16 ft., and the remaining length abaft has two berths and storage for the crew. She may be steered by tiller on deck aft or by a wheel on the after cabin bulkhead, a position affording a good view ahead, and protecting the steersman from the weather and sea. This launch made a passage from Cowes to London in the teeth of a strong easterly gale, and any one who knows what Dungeness and the South Foreland are in such weather will appreciate her seagoing qualities. Her length is 50 ft.; beam, 10 ft.; draft forward, 2 ft. 10 in.; aft, 3 ft. 6 in.; displacement, 11 tons; screw, four blades, diameter 5 ft., 6 in.; pitch, 3 ft. 3 in. to 4 ft. 6 in.; two cylinders, diameter 7½ in.; stroke, 6 in.; grate surface, 5.5 sq. ft.; heating surface, 215 sq. ft. At the speed of 11.05 miles (9.58 knots) per hour, the number of revolutions was 268, and the gauge showed 16 lbs per sq. in. With a mean effective pressure in the cylinder equal to 75 per cent. of the boiler pressure, the power developed would be 43.4 I. H. P., which must be considered very satisfactory in so small a boat. The hull is built of teak and mahogany, laid in two layers diagonally, copper and copper fastened, and the interior fittings are of a rich character. The launch has been reported as giving great satisfaction and living up to her trial speed, a mean of 11 miles at sea.

THE INTER-STATE REGATTA.

There seems to be very little courage and enterprise of late among the owners of racing "open boats" in New York. Not only are we unable to organize a public Bay Regatta at home for a single day in the year for paltry money, but we refuse, through sheer inanition, to accept the cool challenge and tempting offers held out in other directions. As a very fair example of the state of feeling among owners of racing boats in these latitudes we publish the following correspondence between Vice-Com. Harris, of the Southern Y. C., and Capt. Ira Smith, owner of the well-known "Fleet-and-mainsail" Silence. The letter of Capt. Smith displays anything but the spirit we had expected and the double-back-acting guarantee demanded against loss is apt to be received with a smile quite as much as the anxiety displayed to do away with light sails, because forsooth our open-boat sailors conless themselves not as wide awake nor of feeling among owners of racing boats as these latitudes we publish the following correspondence between Vice-Com. Harris, of the Southern Y. C., and Capt. Ira Smith, owner of the well-known "Fleet-and-mainsail" Silence. The letter of Capt. Smith displays anything but the spirit we had expected and the double-back-acting guarantee demanded against loss is apt to be received with a smile quite as much as the anxiety displayed to do away with light sails, because forsooth our open-boat sailors conless themselves not as wide awake nor of feeling among owners of racing boats as these latitudes we publish the following correspondence between Vice-Com. Harris, of the Southern Y. C., and Capt. Ira Smith, owner of the well-known "Fleet-and-mainsail" Silence. The letter of Capt. Smith displays anything but the spirit we had expected and the double-back-acting guarantee demanded against loss is apt to be received with a smile quite as much as the anxiety displayed to do away with light sails, because forsooth our open-boat sailors confess

crew having whipped the fastest in the land! We are sorry none of our boats are likely to be seen on Lake Pontchartrain, for our yachtsmen sadly need to learn a few lessons from the South—how to rig, how to race and how to organize one great club for open boats—unlike New York, where every third clique must have its "club" and narrow localism must count its commodores by the legion, with high privates in the rear rank as scarce as white blackbirds:

NEW YORK, April 28, 1881.

TO EDWIN HARRIS, Vice-Com. S. Y. C.—

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 20th inst. to hand and to one who has not had a full experience in the costs of racing 27 ft. yachts it looks very liberal and would be if we were not in New York; but you must remember that only ourselves will come down under 30 ft. on any occasion, so that the club purse may as well be considered $1,000, two-thirds of which it will cost us to sail at New Orleans, which is an individual expense; so you must not think us exorbitant if we decline to visit your city unless we have some such understanding as the following: The club or any yacht-owner to allow the Northern yacht $500 for expenses, provided she loses the race and to guarantee to Northern yacht an outside bet of $1,000 against any Southern yacht of her class in the regatta. You may think this is complicated, but we will do the same here to any Southern yacht. Besides, we prefer by your rules that you allow all fore and aft sails, which we never use here (jib and 1 mainsail only), and that is a great advantage to you.

Hoping to get an early and satisfactory reply, as all my friends are anxious for me to give New Orleans a trial,

I am, very truly, IRA SMITH.

NEW ORLEANS, May 5.

TO Capt. IRA SMITH, New York:

Dear Sir: Your communication of 28th ult., addressed to Alex. Brewster, has been placed in my hands, and in reply thereto I will say that we would be very happy to be able to welcome you and your yacht to our proposed inter-state Regatta, but do not think we ought to be expected to appropriate the sum of $500 which you request for your boat if she fails to secure the prize of $1,000, $1,200 or $1,500, as the case may be, to defray expenses.

We will contribute $150 or $200 towards defraying your expenses (win or lose); and as for an additional wager of $1,000, the people will be open to you and you can buy yr ur own boat for as many thousands as you may see fit to put up.

I had hoped that by offering the purses we have that your yachtsmen would be eager to send one or more boats here to contest for them and that your city, so liberal in all things, would, through those devoted to yachting, make up a small purse to defray the expenses of a boat and crew to this locality for the glory of beating us in our own waters.

I do not see that we would have the slightest advantage in carrying light sails, your crews are inferior to none and it is certainly as fair for one as for the other.

It is our sincere wish that you pay us a visit. We will do everything in our power to facilitate you. We have as fair a sailing course as it is possible to have anywhere and you can be assured of a hearty welcome and our sincere congratulations should you win.

Very truly,
EDWIN HARRIS, Vice-Com. S. Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since my last, of recent date, the S. Y. C. has determined to offer $1,500 as a prize should only *one* of your yachts honor us with a visit. Of course we should not be expected to defray any of the expenses of the outcoming yacht. When Mr. Israel went North even the entrance fee of $5 was required before his yacht could hoist sail. The expense of bringing out and taking back a yacht and sailing-master with five men would be about $60, unless some arrangement could be made at your end of the line with your steamship companies for a further reduction of rates, which I am sure could be done. PONCHARTRAIN.

YACHTING NEWS.

MYSTIC YACHT CLUB has been organized in Detroit, Mich. Officers: Sailing Master, Lon Oviott; Treasurer, Harry James. Committee, H. S. Starkey, A. Henkel, Lon Miller, W. Thayer.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—The owners of the schooner Con O'Connor, Reside N. Y., have accepted the challenge of the sail Mr. Hyde Bowie's schooner Nellie for $1,000. Match to be sailed after July 4.

NEW DELAWARE YACHT.—The T. J. Pratt, the latest addition to the Quaker City Yacht Club, has been launched at Bridesburg. The dimensions are: Length on deck, 26 ft. 4 in; beam, 11 ft.; depth, 4 ft. 6 in.; mast, 40 ft.; boom, 35 ft.; gaff, 20 ft. 6 in. She will carry about 150 yards of canvas.

ALBANY YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have elected the following officers for an active season: Commodore William W. Grey; Vice-commodore, Daniel G. Sibley; Secretary, Albert Albers; Treasurer, H. D. Evans. Board of Stewards—R. E. Cooley, George Hawley, W. Carmen, Col. John D. Brooks, Henry Sann. We are building a new club house across the river.—W

MEASUREMENT.—"Bigness is power," says Capt. Painter, of Camden. Exactly, and not length, for length is not necessarily "bigness." Tax bigness and you tax power as you ought. Tax length and you tax shape in a special direction, for evade which the boat shrinks and spreads in another direction in the effort to obtain that "bigness" which Captain Painter justly calls "power." It is this bigness of a yacht time allowance should in logic be founded upon.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—In accord with the suggestions of a correspondent in these columns, the New York C. C. has determined to organize weekly or fortnightly local cruises of short duration. These cruises will appeal to the army of a hundred thousand dyspeptic citizens with the result that they can be induced to go "sailing for a paddling in a canoe, doctors will have to take to telegraphs, on newspapers. No worry, fret, noise, struggle, but all nature, wild, broad and beautiful without, and freedom, health and accumulated vigor within.—A. H. SIEGFRIED.

CLEVELAND YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—All hands are overhauling their ships at present. The Gerlach Brothers have launched the Ida, and she is now receiving a thorough overhaul. They are also having a new sloop built, 35 ft. over all, 30 ft. on keel, 11 ft. 5 in. beam and 2½ ft. of water, with a cabin 11 ft. long and a double board, each piece being shaped like a quadrant with the vertical edge forward. Hoist of mainsail, 37 ft.; boom 36 ft., and gaff 14 ft., proportions which vary very much from coast customs. The club anchorage will likely be located inside the government breakwater, nearly completed. In the meantime a temporary boat house will be completed, and a windlass and marine railway on the beach will be used to run the fleet high and dry in case of an on-shore gale. Two new yachts are building besides one of 30 ft. by Geo. Parish, and one a schooner of 33 ft. length, 13 in. beam and 3½ ft. water. The Penny Press is to sail for Buffalo.

FUNNY LOGIC.—A highly esteemed contemporary, trying its hand at the cutter business, thinks that if Mr. Lee's new cutter had more beam she would have more room and be faster. This is worth knowing, being tantamount to saying that the largest boat is the biggest. Mr. Lee owes profound thanks for the information that a forty-tonner is larger and more powerful than a thirty. It is barely possible that Mr. Lee did not want more than a thirty-ton boat and preferred to put that size in length rather than in beam. Our contemporary ought to be above comparing yachts by their length only, or else touch very gingerly on matters it is likely to make a "mess of. The new cutter will be a grand boat, with greater accommodations than shorter, broader boats of the same size, and more powerful for all practical purposes. At sea she will sail the flat floors hull down, and we venture the opinion that she will be a tartar in light airs. In a strong lower sail breeze and smooth sea our crack sloops will probably be better to windward. The outer shows a very powerful midship section, a cross between that of the well-known Vanessa and Dr. Hatcher's old-time Muriel of forty tons. Aft the stern and fine quarters bear the Wivenhoe stamp and remind one of the schooner Sealechi. There is but one objection to the cutter, that is her excessive cost. This is not due to her proportions, however, but to a style of build which for strength, durability and finish has never been approached in our practice. There will be no yellow pine, no treenails, no iron fastenings in the new boat, but oak, rock elm, teak, mahogany and copper and yellow metal throughout. We understand buy or storms, but the opening of the cruise has been a success nevertheless His proposed route embraces the Alleghany, Ohio and Mississippi, from Cairo to Rock Island, then the Rock River and lakes to Pewaukee, Wis. From there he will cross Lake Michigan by steamer, cause across the State, taking in what sport is to be found on the trip. From Sheboygan on the straits of Mackinaw he will go down the lakes to Kingston, Canada, thence down the St. Lawrence, through the mazes of the Thousand Islands. The Richelieu will next be worked up stream into Lakes Champlain and George, the Hudson River and home to New York, a total run of 3,000 miles and one of the longest voyages of the kind ever made. The Commodore will, of course, arrange to be present at the great camp meet on Lake George in August, and there, before a blazing camp fire, will have to depart his adventures to a host of friends and knights of the double blades. His "traps" for the voyage consist of a tent, two blankets, rubber outfit, stove of his own device, camp utensils, clothing in an India rubber bag, fishing tackle and compass—but not a single gun. More deadly than a jack-knife, Mr. Chase declaring that he has traveled over 5,000 miles in canoes, never had a cent's worth stolen nor was he ever molested in any manner, for even the roughest crowd treats canoists with a mixture of chivalry and awe. He left Cincinnati April 25 hale and hearty, and looking forward to his long voyage with pleasurable expectations.

CRUISE OF THE SCHOONER SUNSHINE, 1880.

THE Atlantic Yacht Club was under orders to start on its annual cruise, and to rendezvous off Whitestone, Saturday, July 31. The yacht Sunshine, in obedience thereto, made ready on Thursday. The sailing master was directed to remain at anchor off the club house at Bay Ridge till Friday, A. M., and then to go to the foot of Court street for water and ice, and to make her way as speedily as possible thereafter through "Gate" to the rendezvous, so as to be there before the Friday afternoon steamboat would arrive.

The steamboat brought us to Whitestone, and on stepping on board the schooner the captain received the report of the sailing master, from which it appeared that instead of coming orders he had left the anchorage off the club house Thursday afternoon, and consequently all the provisions for the cruise of a highly strengthening character had been left behind, and the yacht was not more than half ready to start on the proposed month's cruise. Another sailing master could have been procured there would have been no difficulty in the management of the yacht that same night. But it was easier to send for the boxes, and the Lieutenant was sent to the city early that evening with orders to manage in some way to get the missing provisions and also a sail which had been left behind to the yacht on Saturday in time to start with the fleet.

A pleasant evening under the awning—restful and full of anticipation—helped to dissipate the vexation caused by the thoughtless disobedience of the master; and the sanitary talk during supper was long enough to whom they could present their bills, we enjoyed the evening in talking over past recollections of former anchorings in that same spot, the most important of which was an experience unusual in yachting, that of the storm with a stroke of lightning which passed up the wire shrouds within two feet of the owner's head and tore the topmast into bits, but hurt no one.

Saturday morning was ushered in by the washing down of the decks and the purifying of things generally in order for the day. The fleet began to gather in the early afternoon and by 4 o'clock P. M. the yachts were anchored around flying the red letter A. Trains from the city with yachtsmen and their friends arrived at about 5:30 P. M. and shortly afterward the signal gun from the flagship Agnes started the fleet off for Black Rock Harbor, the place appointed for the yachts to spend Sunday.

Owing to the crowd which the train brought down our Lieutenant had great delay in getting the freight conveyed to the dock, so that we did not get off with the fleet. We were second Throg's Neck before we were able to weigh our anchor and get off, being the last leader and the Triton awaiting the arrival of their guests on the New York boat. Rounding the point of the Fort the white sails and red signals of the fleet were seen in the distance, pushing their way rapidly through a large fleet of coasting craft of all kinds that had left Sands' Point and Execution Rock astern and the wind dropping down with the sun, it was not until 10:30 P.M. that we came to anchor in Black Rock. The sloop Panita anchored first and the schooner Triton, which we had left at Whitestone, next, and during the night also, had gone through the entire fleet and anchored second. The schooner Madcap, Captain Shaw, came to anchor in the morning, having gotten aground coming in and therefore waited for the flood to let her off.

Sunday.—Beautiful indeed, the fleet of over twenty sails appeared as the clear morning light shone down upon them, bringing out their graceful outlines against the dark blue water and the red letter "A" signal floating from the mast heads. During the day the steam launch description came into the bay from Bridgeport and adjoining harbors to see the sight and enjoy the novelty the occasion offered. By orders of the Commodore, Chaplain Rev. William H. Thomas was directed to hold service on board the yacht Sunshine at 11 A. M., and about that time the gigs and yawls of the different yachts started from the shore loaded with guests and friends from the hotel and village. The crews in their navy blue and giving way in true man-of-war style presented a pretty sight as they drew boat after boat across the water with their freight of ladies and gentlemen. The services were simple—the reading from the Bible with a hymn, and an excellent sermon, not too long, from the text in Hebrews ii., 7, as seeing him "who is invisible." After the services there was a general intermingling of friends and acquaintances. The Lieutenant and his friend Mr. D. Swan, spent the day in the afternoon and evening at the hotel, and a friend of the Captain, Mr. C. of New Rochelle, and Captain Frank D. Swan, of the Madcap, took dinner and spent the afternoon with us on board the yacht. At four bells all hands turned in to be ready for the early start next morning.

Monday, Aug. 2.—At 6 A. M., with light S S W breeze, upon the signal gun the entire fleet stood out of the harbor for the run to New London. It was close hauled till we weathered the buoy off the Black Rock lighthouse, some of the yachts having to take a short hitch in order to weather it. The breeze rapidly with the bends of canvas fluttered to the breeze as each rounded the buoy was a sight well worth seeing. A fair wind continued all day freshening toward afternoon, so that many a topmast buckled as if for the last time. The Crusader led the fleet, her new sails completely hiding the dark outline of her hull. The Triton, although smaller, was close in her wake, crowding her all the day, scarcely a minute astern. The Crusader's short, stumpy stern was not short enough to save her time allowance that day, for she was outrounded by the size of these competitors fairly blew over the water, now nearing the one, now the other, then dropping astern, and again thrusting her beak in front of both. The reputation for speed which Captain P. got for his new boat these two first days was not lost during the remainder of the cruise, though sometimes it was whistled that good old Commodore Cooper's spirit had been there with the Orion to "give her a try." The Stella, sadie and Corpus Hada had a very pretty race within a stone's throw of each other, almost the whole day. The Stella passed New London Lighthip first. Her talkative competitor, the Lizzie L., was far astern—all what could be seen of her was her washer bow ploughing through the swell. The champion pennant was not even visible, though not because it was worn out.

The fleet anchored well up New London Harbor off the town; the first reaching there at one o'clock and the "whipper in" about three o'clock in the afternoon; a fair run, the distance being fifty-eight miles. The schooners came in exactly in the order of their length. The only mishap was that the Dolphin lost her topmast off Thimble Islands. Col. and Mrs. W.; friends of the Captain came aboard in the afternoon, and we persuaded him to go with us to Block Island the next day and he promised to be on board the next morning at nine o'clock sharp. The Chaplain and Captain took dinner with our friends on the Madcap and did justice to as choice a repast as a first-class cook could get up, flavored by the most genial hospitality of Captain L. D. Shaw. In the evening the Lieutenant, representing the yacht, went with others to a hop at the Edgecombe House, where the family of our Commodore was spending the summer. What time he returned no one knew.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator on earth—Hop Bitters.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

A. B. C., Boston.—The address is Philadelphia, Pa.

G. H. T., Philadelphia.—See answer to W. H. in this column.

YORKSHIRE.—Attention is called to notice at head of this column.

A BEGINNER.—Your attention is called to the notice at the head of this column.

A number at anonymous questions, in accordance with our rule, receive no attention.

W. A. M., Racine, Wis.—Address Mr. C. H. Mason, 189 Hudson St., New York City.

T. E., Dodgeville, Wis.—Your communication was anticipated in a previous number.

P. P.—The reply, "You ought to find something better than fowl to shoot," had reference to barnyard fowl.

C. S. KELSEY.—Mr. C. J. Maynard, of Ipswich, Mass., is preparing a book on Florida birds. You will do well to procure a copy of that when published.

JOHN ZICKLER.—Your question still remains unanswered, because you do not say what city you wish to fish near, nor whether you want trout or sea fishing.

H. J. L., Chicago, Ill.—Range of 1876 model, 45-60, is 800 yards. Agency of Sharps rifle, Edwin C. Harris, Broadway, New York, is same standing advertisement in this paper.

G. E. J., New York City.—You fail to give the height of your dog at the shoulder. The beagle should not exceed 15 inches. From your description we fancy your dog leans toward the harrier breed.

S. M. D., Natchez, Miss.—The dealers who sell glass balls can supply you with score cards and books. Write to any of the New York firms whose addresses you will find in our advertising columns.

C. W. A., Newark, N. J.—Will you be kind enough to inform me if the pyramid TROUT RAISE has been changed in N. Y. State? As I understand the law it is open from April 1 to Sept. 1. Ans. The law is as you state it.

J. E. K., Newport, R. I.—Twenty numbers of Vero Shaw's Book of the Dog have been delivered to subscribers. Ten more numbers of the serial will follow. Cost 40 cents a number. We can furnish the whole or part.

W. M., South Worcester.—Will you please give me the address of a reliable breeder of game fowls? Where may I obtain some of the best strain of pit fowls known to the world? Ans. "Game fowls" are out of our line. Consult some of the police gazettes.

W. H., Boston.—The paper you inquire about is published by the Government. It constitutes No. 91 of the Bulletin of the U. S. National Museum. Your representative can get you a copy, or you might write to the author, care Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

W. H. J., Philadelphia.—Can you furnish me the back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM containing Dr. Henshalls black bass letters? How many are there? Ans. Yes. Ten or twelve are in stock. Price 50 cents. We presume that they will be incorporated in Dr. Henshall's "Book for the Black Bass," for notice of which see our advertising pages.

AFRAID OF DETONATION, New Jersey.—1. You will find the detonating nature of the so-called Dittmar "sporting" powder fully explained in our pamphlet, of which we send you a copy. 2. We know of no New York dealer in sportsman's goods in the city who can furnish you with the powder. They do not allow it in their stores. 3. The nature of the spontaneous combustion is a plausible one.

R. C. S., Rockett, Texas.—You are now publishing the articles on carp by Mr. Hessel by request. The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized organ of fishculturalists, and the latest fish culture news is always to be found in its columns. Fishculturalists who communicate with other papers find their articles only reach a few persons, while in our columns they are read by all. Hence we find they look for news of fish culture in all lands. There is no other paper which attempts to rival us in this matter.

ENGLISH SPORTSMAN, Carthage, Mo.—We would recommend your going from Kansas City to St. Paul, and thence to Brainerd, Minn., by rail. Make that your headquarters. You can probably get supplies and guides there, and thereabouts you will find all the fishing that you desire. The country is full of lakes which contain black bass and pike in great numbers. There are also grouse, ducks and deer in their season. Near Crowing there is, or used to be, excellent fishing, and of the Otterlail region, a little farther west and to be reached by the N. P. R. R., the same is true. Let us know if we can advise you further.

CONVENTION OF N. Y. STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASS'N.

E. H. Madison, of 864 Fulton street, Brooklyn, has, by especial courtesy of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, been granted the exclusive right to furnish ammunition, etc., on the Brighton Beach Grounds in June during the Convention, where a choice selection of sportsmen's sundries will be constantly on hand. Shells loaded at reasonable prices.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—See one edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "camp life," indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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Miscellaneous

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

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VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.
Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.
For sale by druggists or mail, $1. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS.
For All Kinds of Fishing.
With best German silver mountings, full metal reel seat, perfect workmanship, lowest prices, and
THE BEST RODS EVER OFFERED TO ANGLERS.
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Send for Price List. Liberal Discount to the Trade.

Miscellaneous

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Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz.,	338	473	688	1056 Soft.
" " " "	345	495	716	1130 Chilled.

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82 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

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SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.

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Excelsior Dash Lamp,
Fits on any kind of Dash or Vehicle.

Bicycle Lanterns, Dark Lanterns, Musicians Band Lamps,
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Shooting Suits.



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RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangeley Lake Region, Kennebago, Cupsuptic, Parmachenee and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illuminated covers, tinted paper, 320 pages, 60 illustrations and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Wanted.

WANTED—Black bass fly rod in exchange for FOREST AND STREAM vols. 12, 13, 14 and 15. (Feb., 1879 to Jan., '81). Address H., 75 Bible House, N. Y. City. May12,1t

For Sale.

Water Cress & Brook Trout.

AQUETONG TROUT and CRESS FARM.

Messrs. Thompson Brothers offer for sale Fresh Water Cress in one-half peck baskets, cut fresh every morning, and delivered in New York city between 9:30 and 12 o'clock at any point below Twenty-third street, at 50 cents per basket. We have constantly on hand, in our ponds, Brook Trout, from the egg to three years old, all sizes, for stocking private ponds or streams. Can supply private parties, hotels or restaurants in New York to a limited extent with fresh brook trout in their season every morning, leaving our ponds at 6 A. M. and arriving at New York at 9:30 same morning. further information apply to

THOMPSON BROTHERS,
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FOR SALE—A Sharps No. 1 Credemoor rifle, model 1874, vernier and wind gauge sights. All in perfect order. Cost $115. Price now $40. J. H. ANDREWS, Spencerport, Monroe Co., N. Y. May12,1t

FLY BOOKS.

REGULAR, with Elastic Band	.75	.95	1.10	1.30	1.50	1.65	2.10				
BEST MOROCCO, with Leather Strap		2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00		5.50				
RUSSIA, " " "			4.00	5.00		6.00		8.00			
" Extra fine " " "			5.25	6.00			7.00	7.50	8.00	9.00	10.00
SLIDING into Leather Case					2.50						
" " " " with patent clips					4.00						
NEW STYLE (holding eight dozen flies at full length) with patent clips					2.00				3.00		
SAME, extra quality (The "South-Side")								6.00			
Inches long	4	4½	5	5½	6	6½	7	7½	8	8½	9

TACKLE BOOKS:—Regular Quality, $1.75; "The Perfection," large and fine, $6.

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Plain, with screw socket	$1 50
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Complete, with short handle and net	2 50
Complete, with short handle and small	2 00
STEEL.	
Collapsing, with screw socket	2 50
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WHALEBONE, ALL COLLAPSING.	
Trout.....$9 | Black Bass.....$10 50 | Salmon	18 00

NETS.

HAND-MADE MINNOW DIP NETS.

Linen	$0.35	.50	.65	.80	$1.00	$1.15	$1.40	$1.65	$2.00	$3.00
Cotton	—	.25	.30	.35	.45	.60	.80	1.00	1.25	1.75
Inches deep.	6	12	14	16	18	20	24	30	36	48

HAND-MADE LANDING NETS.

Linen	$0.40	.50	.65	.75	.85	1.00	1.10
Cotton	.20	.35	.50	.60	.70	.80	.90
Inches deep	14	20	24	26	28	30	34
Cotton	.20		.25		80		
Inches deep	13		16		18		

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Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES,

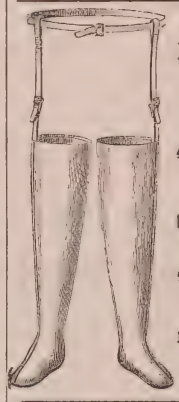
Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City. J. OTTO DONNER, President.

Special prizes to follow others according to their value.



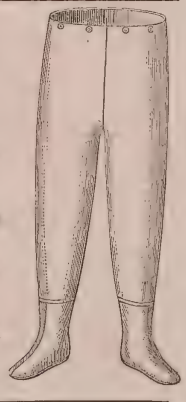
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NEW VANITY FAIR.

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A DAINTY SWEET BIT.
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Peerless Tobacco Works.

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FOR SALE, One of Fenner's Patent Canvas Folding Boats. Has jointed oars and bottom boards, and seats. Has never been used. Packs in a convenient case, and can be easily carried in a buggy, and can be made ready for use in five minutes. Will carry three men and luggage; makes a capital dingey for a yacht. Will exchange for a breech-loading shot-gun, 10 bore, or 52-inch English bicycle in good order. Boat can be seen at Squier's, No. 1 Cortlandt street, N. Y. Address G. H. J., box 2,105, Bridgeport, Con. May5,2t

FOR SALE, Centerboard Cabin Sloop Yacht, "Phantom," 36 ft. 6 inches by 13 ft. 5 inches. Cabin finished in hard wood. Has two full suits of sails and spars, and is well found throughout. Winner of several first prizes. Will be sold cheap. Adress either Charles H. Foote, Crown Point, N.Y., or T. F. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y. May5,4t

FOR SALE—A long-range Creedmoor rifle in case, Remington make pistol-grip, vernier sight, changeable to heel-grip, globe front sights, spirit level, wind-gauge; used very little; in perfect order. Can be bought for a very low price. Address "A.," F. J Kaidenberg, 125 Fulton St., New York. May5,2t

GUN FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—B. L. double gun, 14 A, fine twist, with implements, cleaners, shells, etc. Sold for no fault; extra shooter. Cost $38. Price $28. Or exchange for pocket-rifle or revolver and balance cash. For particulars send stamp to P. O. Box 52, Ashburnham Depot, Mass. May12,1t.

FOR SALE—Fifty inch Columbia bicycle in good order. Also cyclometer. Address R. M. LIVINGSTON, 16 West 36th st., N. Y. May12,1t

FOR SALE—Four live deer. A buck and doe four years old, a doe two years old and a doe one year old. The two oldest does in kid. Address EDWARD THAYER, Box 705, Pawtucket, R. I. Apr28,4t

The Kennel.

VERY HANDSOME ENGLISH SETTER.

FOR SALE—The large, beautiful, black, white and tan English setter dog Young Belton, 2 years old, grandson of the celebrated Llewellin setter Belton; well trained, very keen nose and very staunch on game; excellent retriever; was V. H. C. at the late N. Y. Bench Show when in very poor condition of flesh. He is a great beauty, and for head and chest cannot be excelled. Price $50. For pedigree and particulars address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. May12,1t

VERY CHOICE IRISH BITCH.

FOR SALE—A very fine all-red (white frill) Irish setter bitch pup, whelped Nov. 6; dam, my Irish bitch Gussie, winner of 1st prize at Pittsburgh, 1881, one of the handsomest and best field bitches in America; sire, Chief (Berkley ex Duck), winner 1st prize Eastern Field Trials 1880, and 1st prize at the N. Y. Bench Show last week. Chief is undoubtedly the coming champion Irish setter dog. Price $25. For picture of sire and dam, pedigree, etc., address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. May12,1t

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Winners of over 500 cups and first prizes. Salisbury (mastiff) and Major Kingsley (Newfoundland), the best dogs living of their breed, at $50; Don, Chancellor and Chelmsford, Champion Pointers, at $25; Moslem II., Champion Fox Terrier, at $20; Alexander and Hoble, Champion Bull Dogs, at $25; Long Bill, Champion Bull Terrier, at $25; Romeo II., Italian Greyhound, at $15. Address C. H. M., Hamilton Park, 69th st. and 3d Ave., New York City. May12,1t

FOR SALE—Red Irish setter dog 18 months old; well broken. Full pedigree. Address E. SANDS, Lock Box, 483, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. May12,4t

ENGLISH BEAGLES.—We have sold our entire kennel of English Beagles to Colin Cameron, and recommend all our former patrons to him for superior blood. ESSEX COUNTY HUNT. May12,1t

The Kennel.

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS.—With the intention of having not only the largest and best trained kennels of beagles in America, but of having the very best blood procurable, I have bought the entire Kennel of English, Imported and Home-Bred Beagles owned by the Essex County Hunt, which, added to my own stock and other purchases lately made of the best winning blood in the country, will, I hope, enable me to supply in the future the orders of customers satisfactorily and more promptly. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa. May12,1t

RARE OFFER—FOR SALE—The pure red Irish bitch Red Lou, 9 months old, winner of 1st prize at the late Pittsburgh Dog Show and V. H. C. late N. Y. Show. Dam, the grand bitch Norah O'Moore (Lilley-Champion Berkley), 1st prize N. Y. 1880-81; sire, Champion Rory O'Moore. Lou is a great beauty, all red (no white), and of the very darkest, richest color that can be shown. Her head is a perfect picture of her grandsire, Champion Berkley. Address DR. J. H. MEYER, 20 West 32d st., N. Y. City. May12,1t

A RARE BARGAIN.—For sale, a setter bitch 1 year old, has the blood of Coburn's Dash (Kathleen and my Dixie), is white, black and tan, fine in form. Cannot be beaten for nose, speed and staunchness and companionable disposition. Will be sold for $20 if taken at once Address ASA SHERWOOD, Skaneateles, N. Y. May12,1t

AT A SACRIFICE, on account of removal, setter puppies 3 and 12 months old, Champion Gladstone, Pride of the Border and Queen Bess ex Copeland's Pete stock. Best stock in the country. Now is the time. Address N. LEONARD, 140 Medford st., Charlestown, Mass. May12,1t

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FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—My Gordon setter bitch Jet; young, very handsome and thoroughly broken. Took a prize at N. Y. Bench Show. Price $50. Or would exchange for breech-loading shot-gun or fancy poultry. Address Box 230, Collinsville, Conn. May12,1t

FOR SALE—At a bargain—a beautiful brace of foxhound gyps from imported Countess, winner of several first-class prizes. Color, white, black and tan. For price, etc., address J. HAMMON, Niagara Falls, Ont. May12,1t

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FOR SALE CHEAP—Very handsome little cocker spaniel dog. Also young Irish water spaniel. Best of stock. C. E. LEWIS, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. May12,1t

FOR SALE CHEAP—Beautiful black English greyhound dog; well house-broken and very fond of ladies and children. Lock Box 237, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. May12,1t

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FOR SALE—A liver and white cocker spaniel dog pup 7 months old; imported stock. Price $20. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. May12,1t

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By DINKS, MAYHEW & HUTCHISON.

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I keep only Cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz.: Liver with white ruffle in bosom, even liver and white, and beautiful black with white ruffle in bosom, are now open for service; fee $15; usual conditions. Correspondents inclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.

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BENEDICT, imported, solid black, first and special, Field Spaniel class, by Bachelor-Negress, Mr. Jacobs' strain; stud fee, $25.

Pups by Benedict ex Mr. Fellows' Pansy and the L. K. C. June ready for delivery. These are the grandest lot of pups ever offered for sale here—typical heads, short legs and plenty of bone; should make prize-winners and be A1 in the field.

May5,tf

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Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

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The Champion Llewellin Setter Dog Coin, white black and tan ticked, by Leicester out of Rose, has been placed in the Stud for a short period. For full particulars, address the owner,

FRANK D. FAY,
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TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 6 Newmarch Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Loustic, Leicester, Limerick, Libna, Launceston, Lena, Lydney Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of good specimens; deposit system. Mar31,tf

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—August Flower, highly commended, New York, 1881; orange belton, English setter bitch puppy, whelped Aug. 16, 1880, by Ray (1st, Boston, 1879; 1st, Philadelphia, 1879), ex Delta (Belton-Floss), own sister to the famous field trial winners, King Dash and Belton III; strong, hearty, and of hunting disposition. Price $50. Rob (Snip-Flora), cocker spaniel dog; liver with white on chest; about 25 pounds; four years; 3d, New York, 1880; well trained; excellent watcher; retrieves from water; $30. Lady Colley (Watts' Ray-Downey's Lassie, both winners of many firsts), tawny colley bitch, fifteen months old; healthy but small; $25. Will exchange any of the above for value in sporting goods or other stock. Want pointer bitch. HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 West 42d st., New York. May12,1t

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RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest, as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1879; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the gold necklace at New York, 1880. For sale, thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. June24,tf

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BREAKING.—The subscriber will thoroughly break a few choice dogs upon woodcock, quail and ruffed grouse at $50 each, including board. Satisfactory reference will be given as to skill and trustworthiness and satisfaction guaranteed. Address JESS. M. WHAITE, Waverley, Lackawanna Co., Pa. May5,2t

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JERSEY BULL, BLACK DIAMOND, A. J. H. B., 11 months; solid color, black points; from fine stock. Address T. V. BRIGGS, Robbinston, Maine. May5,2t

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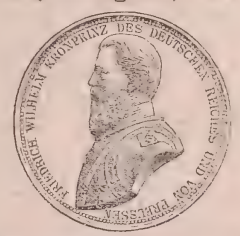
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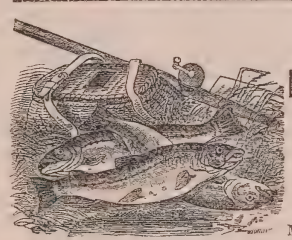
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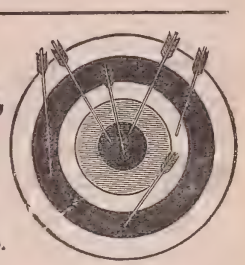
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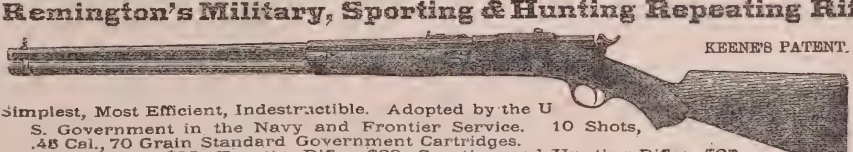
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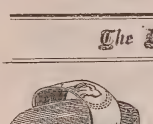
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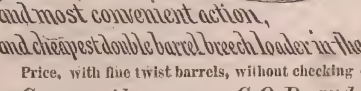
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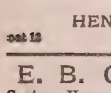
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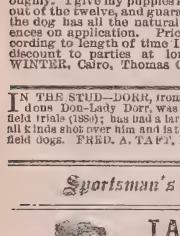
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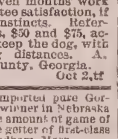
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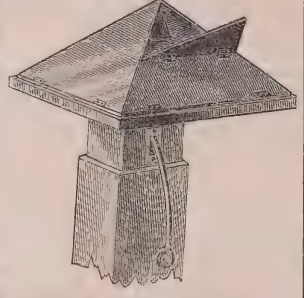
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PATENT-SELF-CLOSING TRAPS, WITH EXTRA DOOR TO SHOW WHEN BIRD IS NOT IN TRAP.

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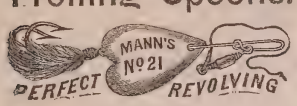
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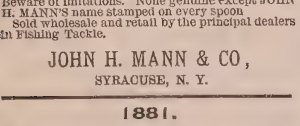
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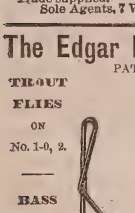


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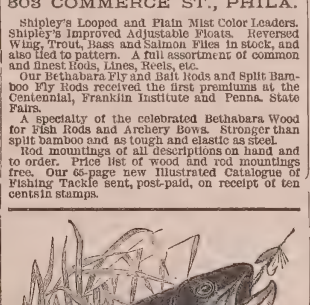
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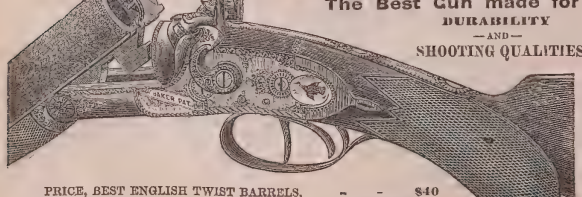
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FOREST AND STREAM & ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, May 19.

We are pained to learn of the death at Philadelphia on the 11th inst. of Dr. Chas. E. Cady, the writer of the sketch "In East Tennessee," published in our issue of March 7, and of frequent communications which have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM in the past months. We had never met Dr. Cady in person, but he was one of the scores of correspondents with whom we enjoy a most pleasant epistolary friendship. The formation of such acquaintanceship is among the amenities of editorial life. The correspondence of a widely circulated journal is voluminous, and extends to scores of persons who, in time, are regarded as personal friends. Possibly the knowledge we thus gain of an individual is imperfect; at the best it reveals but one part of his personality, and this may be the side the least known to those who are in daily intercourse with him. The man who appears in his letters is not the man who mingles with his fellows; yet who shall say which is the more true revelation of character—the written or the spoken thought?

The NEW MICHIGAN BILL which has passed the House and Senate of that State, and at the time of our correspondent's writing, was awaiting only the Governor's signature to become a law, is a decidedly wise provision. It prohibits the exportation of game from that State. We long ago expressed the conviction that only by the enactment of such laws would the Western States save their game from the refrigerators of the great market centres. The Michigan Sportsmen's Association originated the non-export bill, and deserve the credit of it. They will be indorsed by all classes save the nomads who butcher game for the market. It is to be hoped that other States may follow the wise lead of Michigan in this matter. By cutting off the traffic in game, the far-seeing societies who are attempting to check extermination have attained a notable advance toward the accomplishment of their object.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE GUN.

THE breech-loading shotgun embodies a perfection attained after centuries of slow development. It is a product of the labor and skill of successive generations of workers and thinkers.

Of the first firearm we have no record. Its experimental discharge must have been regarded as a wonderful and noteworthy event, but the echo of that report had died away long before the time of written history. The invention of gunpowder is one of the disputed dates of history. It is not improbable that the inventor of the rude primitive cannon made his experiments before Moses wrote the book of Genesis. In the Gentoo laws, a code believed to have been coeval with the Jewish law-giver, mention is made of gunpowder as applied to firearms. For the prototype of our breech-loader, then, we must go back at least to India centuries ago. Gunpowder is believed to have been introduced into Europe in the seventh century, and its adoption for firearms to have been general in the thirteenth century.

The first guns must have been crude affairs, for those which came later, and of which fair representations have been preserved to us, were exceedingly rude, clumsy and inefficient. They were made of wood, bound with iron bands; formidable for the actual damage done by their projectiles less than for the terror inspired by their belching forth of fire and smoke.

The first mention of cannon throwing stones is of those employed at the siege of Seville, in 1247. Leaving aside now the successive steps in the perfection of cannon and large guns, and following the advance in the single line leading to the sporting shotgun, we find the next step to have been the invention, in the fourteenth century, of small cannon which could be carried into the field and manipulated by three or four men. Then came semi-portable weapons fastened to long stocks, the muzzle end resting on a forked stake support, and the other end upon the ground. Another advance was the *bombardello*, or small bombard, fastened to a straight piece of wood, supported against the shoulder and fired with a match. Later followed the hand culverin, with bent stock and flash pan, and fired with a match. The soldier armed with the culverin and *bombardello* had, we are told, in addition to the unwieldy weapon itself, his coarse powder for loading in a flask; his fine powder for priming in a touch-box; his bullets in a leathern bag, with strings to draw to get at them; whilst in his hand were his musket rest and his burning match. It is needless to say that he must have risen very early in the morning to have brought much venison home at night with such a rig as that. But the old worthies thus accoutred did not try for any smaller game than their own genus. Hunting for game was practiced with bow and arrow only, until in the sixteenth century the Spaniards contrived the arquebus or matchlock. Here the match was fitted to a "serpentin" or cock, hung upon a pivot, and brought into contact with the priming by a working substantially the same as that of the modern hammer and trigger. This was further improved by the German invention of a steel wheel with serrated edge, fitted to a spring, and made to revolve rapidly, the edge coming in contact with a piece of pyrites, and by this friction producing the sparks to ignite the priming. The use of the wheel-lock for sporting purposes was very general in the middle of the sixteenth century, and for a long time was not improved upon.

But necessity is the mother of invention. A band of Dutch chicken stealers or of Spanish marauders—it is disputed which—being too poor to provide themselves with the high-priced wheel-lock, and afraid to use the matchlock because its light revealed their whereabouts to the minions of the law, abstained from their evil practices long enough to devise a weapon better adapted to the needs of roost robbers. The result was the flint-lock; and the pot-hunting fraternity scored a long credit mark. The sportsmen of our grandfathers' generation owed the mechanism of their guns to a band of poultry thieves; there is yet hope for the colored brother.

The flint-lock reached its perfection in the hands of "that king of gun-makers," Joseph Manton, in the early part of the present century, and it gave way only to a worthy superior in the modern gun exploded by percussion.

The discovery of fulminating powders and their application to gunnery mark a most important epoch in the manufacture and employment of firearms. The charge in the gun was at first placed above the fulminating powder which was ignited by the concussion of an iron plunger, struck by a cock. Then this plunger was dispensed with, and the fulminate was simply placed in the flash pan. The successive steps are familiar to almost all gunners: the priming was placed between two bits of paper and called percussion pellets; the fulminate was affixed to the breech of the newly invented cartridge and fired by a penetrating needle; then came the copper cap; then the culminating improvement of the cartridge containing both the charge and the priming, and ignited at first by the pin and afterward rim-fire and central-fire principle.

Of the many improvements and modifications of the breech-loading percussion system we shall not attempt a catalogue here. It has been our purpose simply to outline the most important stages of development through which the gun has passed. For a detailed description of guns, ancient and modern, we refer those interested to Mr. W. W. Greener's new book on the subject, where they will find clear and concise descriptions of the weapons, with numerous illustrations which admirably exhibit the peculiarities of each arm.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE success which, from the inception of the project to the present time, has marked the progress of the Philadelphia Zoological Society has been something remarkable. This success is due purely to the fact that the management is in the hands of careful business men, who have secured as their assistants gentlemen who are both competent for their positions and deeply interested in the work that has been intrusted to them.

The Ninth Annual Report of the Society, which was read at the annual meeting of the stockholders, held April 28, shows the society's affairs to be in a very flattering condition. The admissions for the year amount to no less than 208,478, of which 180,000 were paying visitors. The months of May, July, August and September were those in which the attendance was largest, that for May being 26,203, and in September running up to 36,011, indicating a large attendance of country people. The greatest number of visitors recorded for any one day was on July 5, when 4,702 were admitted. The receipts from admissions show for the year 1880-81 a slight falling off as compared with the preceding year, the difference, however, being less than $1,000. The average daily receipts from admissions were $110.26, and the largest amount received at the gate on any one day was $976.50. As might be supposed, the attendance is much larger on Sunday than on any other day of the week, and the receipts at the gate amount to $15,952.40 for that day alone. Saturday stands next in order, with $5,300 as its footing.

A comparison of income and expenditures, the estimated loss on animals having been charged to the last-named account, shows an excess of receipts over expenses of $2,749 74, and this notwithstanding the fact that the expenses of feeding the animals and of heating the garden during the unusually long and severe winter just past have been much increased. Several new buildings have been erected during the year, and much grading, tree planting and landscape gardening has been done.

The report of Mr. Arthur E. Brown shows the number of animals at present in the garden to be 901, of which 436 are mammals, 370 birds and 95 reptiles and batrachians. The collections have been increased during the year by the purchase of 82 mammals, the presentation of 58 and the birth of 19; 29 birds have been purchased and 69 presented. Of reptiles and batrachians there were purchased 3, presented 77 and born 43. The deaths among the animals exhibited make the numbers of the collection slightly less than it was at the close of the year previous. Among the births at the gardens of the society may be noticed that of a dingo, a mule deer, a collared peccary, a bactrian camel, a llama, a great kangaroo and a rat kangaroo. Two very interesting animals—a great ant-eater and a Rocky Mountain sheep, or bighorn, were received during the past year and attracted the attention of all visitors, but unfortunately neither of the two long survived its introduction to the Garden. A young female

hippopotamus was purchased for the society in New York last winter, and most careful preparations have been made for its reception at the Gardens. It was thought best not to attempt its transportation from one city to the other during the cold weather.

We are happy to learn that the young female orang-utan purchased in 1879 continues to be healthy and has increased in size and weight. Her continued good health is not less remarkable than satisfactory when we consider the almost universal disease and death which speedily overtake the anthropoid apes in confinement. The excellent health of the present specimen is, no doubt, due in large measure to the great freedom which she is allowed, and to the consequent open air exercise enjoyed by her.

An interesting feature of this pamphlet is the report of the prosector of this society, Dr. Henry C. Chapman, so well known as one of the leading men in the younger generation of Philadelphia's physicians. The value to those in charge of the collections of *post mortem* examinations on the animals which die can scarcely be over-estimated.

SEWAGE CAN BE UTILIZED.

THE prize of $100 offered by the Mayor and Corporation of Norwich, England, at the National Fisheries Exhibition at that place for the best method of treating sewage, chemical refuse and other sources of pollution to rivers, so as to render them innocuous to aquatic life, has been awarded to the Native Guano Company, Limited, of Aylesbury. This company has so treated the sewage of that town for a number of years that it is perfectly harmless; and they save the solid product, which they call "native guano," and find it profitable. They exhibit a tank with trout, alive and healthy, living in water which has been purified from the sewers of Aylesbury.

This is a subject well worth investigation on this side of the Atlantic. The day will come when we will be civilized enough to utilize our city sewage to fertilize our fields and at the same time save our fish from being asphyxiated by it, thus turning what is now a curse into a double blessing. The sooner we arrive at that stage of civilization the better.

FYSSHYNGE WYTH AN ANGLE.

A SHORT time ago we began to head our department of Sea and River Fishing with a quotation each week selected from some author on angling. We began with descriptions of different styles of anglers, from Norris, and this week we show another kind from an English author.* He is portraying some well-known *literateur*, and not giving a fancy sketch of some ideal character. The sketch is of a man with whom it would please us to fish, being somewhat the sort of an angler that presides over the fishing columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. With us, fishing is merely the excuse for being on the stream, lake or bay. The enjoyment of nature is the first consideration, and as for the mere killing of a fish it is certain that if we could sit on the sill of the back window, and take trout out of the cistern, we would not go to the trouble to tie on a fly.

We have had a glorious day's fishing, which comprised a trip of two hours down-stream and back in the morning, and as much up-stream in the afternoon, the sum total of which would foot up from a dozen to twenty trout of one-quarter to half a pound each. The remainder of the day was spent in finding where the kingfisher bred and how the chipmunk dug his hole. On one of these occasions a raccoon came to the same brook, and a delightful hour was well invested in seeing him first catch and then wash and eat his frog. During this time the utmost quiet was observed and the breath drawn as lightly as possible for fear of breaking the silence and the charm. A day has been spent in bluefishing on the salt bays of the Atlantic coast, and night has come and still no fish were caught, but the day was well and pleasantly spent. The angler whose whole satisfaction is contained in the few moments during which he has a fish upon his line enjoys only a small portion of his day, and if he takes no fish at all, as often happens to the best of men, he is perfectly miserable.

The character drawn by Davies is a man after the style of Walton himself, and not at all unlike our two American anglers, Dr. Bethune and "Uncle Thad" Norris. How the term "disciple of Walton" is misapplied! Imagine the gentle Izaak arising before daybreak and rushing to the stream at a furious pace to head off some one else, splashing into the pools and half fishing them in the race to do them all ahead of some other angler, and then at night returning after a hard day's work at whipping streams in the broiling sun to brag of the number of troutlings he had killed, and measuring his enjoyment by the rule of addition! "Disciples of Walton?" Why, such men were unknown in Walton's time—they are a modern invention, a compound of restlessness, selfishness and brag. Walton would have declined their company. Van Dyke in his recent book classes them as "The Great American Trout Swine," and scorches them severely for slaughtering fingerlings for count. The peace and quietude of the angler's spirit is unknown to them, and they are not capable of comprehending the pleasures of the man who has only taken twenty fish in the same time that they have captured a hundred. They work hard at their play, and, not being thinking men, the quiet pleasures of angling which made Walton term it "the contemplative man's recreation" are an unknown quantity; not being contemplative men, they cannot contemplate.

To such men angling is a contest into which they enter as to a race track; the man who gets the most miles, or trout, to his score is, of course, entitled to the highest honors; and Bethune's verse:

> O for the free and sinless wild,
> Far from the city's pother,
> Where the spirit mild of nature's child,
> On the breast of his holy mother,
> In the silence sweet, may hear the beat
> Of her loving heart and tender,
> Nor wish to change the greenwood range
> For worldly pomp and splendor

is lost to him. He only hears, in anticipation, the question "How many did you get?" on his return, and his heart only beats faster as he hurries up to add five more before sundown in order to be able to reply, "A hundred," and when he can do this, at a time when no other man has achieved over half as many, his triumph is complete. Poor fellow! In vain for him the loon laughs and the thrushes pipe. In vain the trees whisper in the breeze; they say nothing to him. All is drowned in the prospective "How many did you get?" The man works hard to enjoy fishing, but he has not an idea of its pleasures. If he has read Walton, he has not profited by his teachings. His whole idea is to fish for brag, and there are no accessory enjoyments to fishing. He could enjoy pulling tame trout out of a well, if they were there in quantity, as well as he could a trip into the wilderness. We thank Van Dyke for the term "Great American Trout Swine." We will often have occasion to use it, although we doubt the species being a purely American one, judging from English angling books and papers, and we incline to believe it not entirely unknown on the other side of the Atlantic. The G. A. T. S. may read with profit the portrait from Davies, under Sea and River Fishing, and see the reverse of himself, a man who may be too careless in his angling, but who is thoroughly respectable, and whom many anglers could, profitably to themselves, pattern after to a slight degree, and learn that the whole pleasure of fishing is not comprised in catching fish.

* Angling Idylls. By G. Christopher Davies, author of "Mountain, Meadow and Mere," "Rambles and Adventures of our School Field Club," etc. London: Chapman & Hall, 193 Piccadilly, 1876.

WE ARE INFORMED that a number of individuals who ought to, and no doubt do, know better, have been since May 1 and are still killing English snipe in New Jersey. Now, while there may be no law on the Statute books protecting these birds after May 1, and while it may be legally permissible for so-called sportsmen to kill these birds as they rise from the nest, there is the unwritten law of decency and fitness which it might be supposed all self-respecting persons would regard. It is discouraging to find in men of education, position and wealth the instincts of the pot-hunter overcoming the breeding of the gentleman.

In New York and New Jersey we understand that a number of persons have been permitted by a fish-warden to capture black bass during the present month, providing that the fish are returned to the water as soon as caught. This is, of course, all wrong. Many of the fish may be returned to the water, but many others will be retained by the angler. Even if they should all be put back in the lake it is impossible that any great number should be taken without some injury which is likely either to cause death or to prevent spawning during the season now at hand. We recommend the individual above referred to to withdraw his permits to fish during the remainder of the close time. He is acting illegally, and may get himself into trouble.

WHEN THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINES.—The Ichthyophagous Club will dine on Friday, May 27, at 6.30 P. M. The steamer Matteawan will leave the pier foot of Fulton street, New York, at five, and foot of Thirty-third street, East River, at half-past five. The dinner will be given at the great Hotel at Glen Island, in Long Island Sound, and the party will return by the same steamer. "Den git on board, chill'n, git on board!"

DEATH OF MR. KILBOURNE.—The numerous friends of Mr. S. A. Kilbourne, the celebrated fish artist, will regret to learn of his death on the 11th inst. Mr. Kilbourne was yet a young man and had just begun to be appreciated. His work on the "Game Fishes" showed him to be a careful draughtsman as well as a skillful colorist. Those who possess specimens of his exquisite paintings of fish on shells are fortunate. As a man he was quiet and much respected.

THE LISTS of recent additions to the zoological collections of Philadelphia, and of the Central Park, this city, often include specimens which it is worth a special visit to those institutions to inspect.

THE TRAVELER is the name of a weekly paper just started by Mr. Chas. A. O'Rourke, the widely known and popular superintendent of the New York City Press Association, and the manager of the proposed "International Exchange" of this city. The purpose of the paper is to furnish concise and useful information to travelers in all parts of the world. It deserves success, and being in good hands will doubtless realize it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE LARRIWEEP.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

WE had agreed to start early in the morning after deer, and it was hardly gray dawn when Ignotus shook me, to announce that breakfast was ready. As I went down to the creek for an early wash, I was struck with the unearthly stillness of the morning. These solitudes are quiet enough in their noisiest moments, but of all hours of the twenty-four, the one immediately preceding day far excels the rest in this respect. The prowlers of the night seem to have sought their lairs, and the matinee performers have not yet left their beds. At the same hour the Eastern woods would be vocal with birds—

> "The thrush, that carols at the dawn of day,
> From the green steeples of the piny wood;
> The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay
> Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
> The blue-bird balanced on the topmost spray,
> Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
> Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
> That live in nests, or have the gift of song;"

but here they were all slug-a-beds. To be rid of the noise of the brook, so that I could better appreciate the intensity of the stillness, I climbed the hill, and sat down upon a fallen spruce. Here I listened with keen ears for any external sound, but could hear none. Even the leaves of the quaking aspens, which are generally in motion with a low rustling noise, were perfectly still. I shut my eyes, in order to hear better, but if I had been the one existent thing in the universe, the silence could not have been more absolute. As the line from an old song goes,

> "The beating of my own heart, was all the sound I heard."

There was something so uncanny in the stillness, that it would have been a relief to have heard even the raucous cry of a jay. I felt then that I could understand how strong men had gone mad in oubliettes. The horror of silence, superimposed upon its kindred horror of darkness, would affect the sturdiest intellect. The quiet finally became so oppressive that I could endure it no longer, but broke out into a whistle, and so returned to Ignotus and breakfast. As I reached the cabin door, a couple of Indians rode up, and sat gravely upon their ponies waiting for me to address them. If it be

> "repose,
> Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere,"

then these two might have been leaders of the House of Lords. How comes it that those dwellers in the Antipodes, the Hindoo, and the North American Indian resemble each other so strongly in their imperturbable courtesy and their grave politeness? I commend the problem to students of Sociology, as one possessed of ethnological value. Ignotus had told me that "*Por unde va?*" was Mexican for "Where are you going to?" or "Where do you come from?"—I had forgotten exactly which—and as nearly all the Utes in this part of Colorado talk a little Mexican, I launched it, at a venture, at the one whose face looked least like a mahogany knot. Pacific though the query was, and mild the tone in which it was put, the first effect was somewhat startling. The one whom I addressed calmly drew his revolver, and before I could compose an appropriate Leather-Stocking harangue, dragged from the holster a dirty scrap of paper, which he gravely presented. This manifesto was brief and to the point—"Ko-ke-litz and Savaro—Ute sub-chiefs—from Los Pinos to San Miguel." Encouraged by this first linguistic triumph, I essayed another feat, and in courteous tones, propounded the conundrum, "Biscuit?" A crack opened in the lower part of each mahogany knot, a guttural "*Si, Senor, muchas gracias*" rumbled forth, and Ko-ke-litz and Savaro, after unsaddling and picketing their ponies, accompanied me in to breakfast. There was quite a party of us by this time, as two camp-robbers and a chipmunk had joined the company, seeming to take it for granted that the invitation included them as well as their red brethren. At any rate, they made themselves so much at home that I doubted sometimes whether they were not the hosts and we the guests. Were I rich enough, I should like to settle by competitive examination the question as to how much highly-sweetened coffee the average Indian can drink at one meal; but I fear so costly an experiment would bankrupt any one save a bonanza king, or the president of a poor man's savings bank. Breakfast over, we disperse in various directions; Ko-ke-litz and Savaro with a courteous "*Adios amigos*" to San Miguel; the camp-robbers to harry some unfortunate tomtit, or, in concert with others, to make life a burden to the first hapless hawk they may encounter; the chipmunk to investigate the recesses and resources of the neighboring rock slide, and Ignotus and myself to try the Mesa for deer. As it was possible that we might have to lie out all night, we took a blanket apiece, a tin cup, some coffee and biscuits, and thus accoutred started on our way. It is wonderful how few one's wants are when he is forced to become his own baggage and supply train. As old campaigners, we had learned that an ounce of extra weight in the morning become a pound before night, and, as old mountaineers, that a mile up hill is longer than ten upon the level, so we marched flying-light.

"Think you can make it?" asked Ignotus, as we stood looking at the wall of rock behind the cabin. "If you think it's too tough, we can go down the creek about three miles, and take the Bear Creek trail."

The implied doubt of my mountaineering abilities nettled me, and I curtly told him to go ahead and I'd follow. (Afterward I wished I hadn't.)

The outlook, or the uplook rather, was a dubious one. The cliff sloped back at an angle of nearly 70 deg., and by rough measurement, was about a quarter of a mile high. A few gnarled and stunted oak-bushes clung to its face, and here and there ran seams and fissures which promised a precarious foothold. Selecting the most available point of attack, we began the ascent. Plastered against the face of the cliff like flies against a window-pane—clinging to starveling bushes—hanging to narrow crevices by boot and finger-tips—we worked our slow way up. Sometimes, one would have to mount upon the shoulders of the other, to reach a ledge above. The guns and blankets being passed up, the climber would then give his hand to the one below, and hale him up like a bale of goods. Sometimes the shelf along which we

were creeping would fade out, and we would have to retrace our steps till a more available point was found. When such was the case, the old "Facile descensus" theory was proved to be incorrect. Going down was harder than coming up. Places which had been passed carelessly on the ascent, became terrific when looked at the other way. Possibly because, in descending we had constantly before our eyes the result in case we made a mis-step, and were therefore made cautious and timid; while, in going up, our backs being turned, it became "out of sight, out of mind." Ignotus had climbed the lee shrouds in a white squall off the Caribbees, and had pulled himself up hand over hand on the slimy iron chain, when the cage had stuck in the five hundred foot level of the Highland Mary, but, as we reached the top and fell exhausted upon the grass, he panted out, "That beats all the climbing ever I saw."

There are many beautiful bits of scenery nestled in among these everlasting hills, but there are none fresher in my memory than the Larriwcep Mesa. Perked up a thousand feet in air, rearward guarded by El Conquistador rising two thousand feet more into the clouds, flanked by black trachyte cliffs, wind-rent and thunder scarred, I would take another such a climb to-day, to look on it once more. Irish turf is not greener, Florida blossoms not lovelier, Norway pines not statelier, nor Italian skies bluer, than the grass, the flowers, the trees, the skies, that together made up that mountain garden. For the skies, and the air, and the glitter of the snow upon the peak, and the pungent smell of the balsam fir, and the muffled drumming of the great blue grouse, and, it may be, the idle thoughts and fancies born of that restful time, were as much a part of that garden as the grass and the flowers. How much of the charm was subjective, and how much objective, it were hard to tell. The charm was there, however, and had the Lotos Eaters appeared, "bearing sweet twigs of that enchanted stem," I fear I should have hailed them as brothers, and have eaten of their witch-grass, as a matter of course. Even when Ignotus, laying his hand quietly upon my arm, points out a group of black-tails, which his keen woodsman's eye has discovered in a grove of firs, where they are hardly to be distinguished from the russet tree-trunks around, even then I can shake off the spell only long enough to nod a lazy assent to his proposal to "try and get a crack at 'em." Not the least thing that makes dear this mountain friend of mine, is his patient tolerance of what he good-humpredly terms my "darned day-dreaming;" and on this occasion, recognizing that I am "under the influence," he undertakes, alone, the difficult task of stealing upon the unwary game. The grove in which they are, is nearly a mile away, and between them and us is no cover, except scattered bunches of gramma grass, eight or ten inches high. By crawling some hundred rods to the right, one might bring himself into line with a small clump of firs in the edge of the grove, which would yield him partial concealment.

Prone on his face, with his gun balanced across his neck, Ignotus begins his reptilian journey.

So slowly that he hardly seems to move, he widens, inch by inch, the distance between us.

Unslinging my glasses, I bestow my attention upon the deer—a buck, a doe and two fawns. The latter are curled comfortably together in one group, one fawn resting its head upon the shoulder of its mother, who, every now and then, lovingly licks her offspring's face. This one is seemingly the baby and pet—and a spoiled darling it is, too, as it usually meets its mother's caresses by an impatient butt of its little head, as who should say, "Don't bother; let me go to sleep." The other younker, whose nose is evidently out of joint, slumbers peacefully upon the other side. Paterfamilias lies a short distance off, head erect, keeping a sharp lookout for strangers and foes. A splendid fellow he is, with branching horns that would do honor to a "stag of ten." What little wind there is blows from the peak, and to that quarter his attention is turned. With delicate nostrils on the stretch, and pointed ears quivering, he challenges every aerial undulation that sweeps past him, if, perhaps, it may bring warning of peril near. It is a mistake to suppose that wild animals, especially deer, place much, if any, dependence upon their eyes for the avoidance of danger. The sight of a man will often not alarm them in the least, when the slightest sound, or the whiff of a tainted breeze will send them skurrying off in dismay. On one occasion, as I was sitting on a solitary rock in the middle of a little park about a quarter of a mile across, a deer stepped out of the edge of the woods, and casting a glance around, began composedly to feed. As I was waiting for a friend, I had purposely taken my seat in the most conspicuous place I could find, but the deer, after one glance, paid no more attention to me than if I were part and parcel of the rock on which I was sitting. Curious to see what the effect would be, I waited till he raised his head, and then began to cautiously lift my right arm. He looked puzzled, and, after gazing for a moment, began to draw slowly toward me. Dropping my arm as quietly as I had lifted it, he still showed no fear, but continued to advance. On attempting to raise my arm again, the sleeve caught for a moment on the handle of my hunting-knife, which clinked lightly on the rock. Though the sound was not louder than the tap of a lady's thimble on a table, he took the alarm, wheeled instantly, and was off.

Come we back to our muttons. Some indefinable sense of danger seemed to render the buck uneasy. Once he turned his head in my direction, and I could almost have been sure that he caught my eye. The powerful field-glasses brought him so near, that it was hard to realize, that he was not a few score, instead of as many thousand yards away, and instinctively I held my breath, fearful lest he should hear. It seemed contradictory, that he should be so near to me, and I so far from him. I felt as though it were taking a mean advantage of him, and as if I were a modern Peeping Tom of Coventry. Suddenly he flashed up, as though a spring had been loosed under him, but at the same instant a puff of smoke floated up from the edge of the grove, and he gave a convulsive spring and fell. The doe and fawns jumped up, dazed and bewildered by the sudden interruption of their drowsy ruminating. Another jet of smoke puffed out, the eldest born sank quietly down, and the widow and the orphan dashed wildly away. I felt as though I had been assisting at a cold-blooded murder, and only the potent question of meat-supply reconciled me to the cruel performance.

Joining Ignotus, we concluded, as we had been so fortunate, not to camp out for the night, as we had intended, but to return to the cabin, carrying the fawn between us, and coming back the next day with a pack-animal for the buck. Him, having first disemboweled, we hoisted up into a tree, out of the reach of wolves, and then turned our steps homeward. We chose a more roundabout way for returning, avoiding the precipitous cliff up which we had climbed.

Half-way down, while picking our way through an old windfall, Ignotus kicked something which rattled. Stooping to see what it was, he picked up a jagged, rusty knife and a bleached human skull. Nothing else could we find, though we searched carefully. Of what tragedy these were the sole mementos, we could only conjecture. Was it red man or white, hunter, warrior, miner or prospector, who had perished miserably in this gloomy thicket? What was the manner of his taking off—by wasting disease, by famine, by ravening wild beast, or by his brother man? Was it, indeed, a man's skull at all, and not, perhaps, a woman's? Let us hope the former, for one would not like to fancy anything in the shape of a woman, even though it were an Indian squaw, dying in such a solitude, and her bones scattered over these mountain slopes and gnawed by the fox and wolf. Taking the skull, that it, at least, might have Christian burial, an hours' sliding and scrambling brought us down into the valley, and we reached the cabin just as the shadow of El Conquistador darkened the pines on the opposite hill. H. P. U.

CANOE TOURS THROUGH MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having received a number of inquiries regarding the pleasures and perils of the long canoe tours through the Maine wilderness, permit me to trespass with a few answers which may be of service to the future tourist.

None of these trips, which have for their point of departure Moosehead Lake, should be undertaken without a guide. If one is willing to do most of the drudgery about camp, from cutting wood to dressing game and fish, feels perfectly competent to "paddle his own canoe" through the rough and dangerous waters of the many falls, to overburden his shoulders on the "carries," *possibly* one guide to a large party might suffice. But after paddling all day long one hardly feels like swinging an axe, as added labor to erecting tents, gathering boughs for bed and attending to other duties of camp life. Two men to a canoe, with their baggage, is sufficient load for the frail birch bark, and, besides jeopardizing the craft, the tourist will soon turn pleasure into labor if he follows any other plan. This refers to following the downward course of streams from day to day like the East or West branches of the Penobscot or St. John's rivers, and not when one locates permanently on some lake or stream for one or two weeks.

Economize on anything but provisions, and have these of the simplest and most substantial character, as it's no joke to be thrust entirely upon the resources of the woods. In a canoe tour of over 400 miles the writer made last autumn, from Moosehead Lake through the Aroostook river to New Brunswick, provisions gave out, and, but for the timely capture of a number of beaver, it would have gone hard with the party.

The easiest tour is that of the St. John's River, which has been rendered less difficult the past season by the services of one Ansell B. Smith, who, for three dollars a canoe, will transport the baggage of the sportsman six miles across Umbazooksus and Mud Pond "carries." Of the two branches of the Penobscot River, I think the east is the more picturesque, although the Ripogenus Falls on the West Branch are well worth seeing, but necessitate a long carry.

The East Branch of the Penobscot abounds in falls from ten to forty feet in height, but the carries around them do not exceed a mile at the longest. The great drawback to this tour is the passage of Webster stream, which, if low, requires a seven mile carry. The stream is ten miles long from Webster lake (its source) to Grand Falls, at which point one is obliged to make a portage of three-quarters of a mile to the left to reach the East Branch, the canyon-like formation of the rocks below preventing the further passage of its waters. After leaving Moosehead, the tourist can purchase provisions at Chesuncook or Chamberlin Lake farms, and on the East Branch at Trout Brook or Hunt's farm. The passage of the East Branch can be made in fifteen days, of the West Branch in ten days, while twenty days is none too much time to allow for the St. John's tour, all, of course, depending on the "pitch of water" and the disposition of the canoeist.

The new tour through the Aroostook River to New Brunswick can only be made by hard work, plenty of guides, and unlimited time. In point of picturesqueness it does not begin to compare with the tour of the East Branch, but its hunting attractions are far in excess of any other route.* This leaves the St. Johns tour at Churchill's Lake, and follows eastward North Twin Stream to Marsh Pond, Spider and Beaver lakes.

Osgood Carry, two miles in length, the watershed of the St. Johns and Aroostook waters, interposes a serious barrier to Echo Lake, the source of the last river, but, once surmounted, the balance of the tour is easy to the three beautiful Mansungun lakes below. These lakes are encountered in their reverse order—Third, Second, First—Echo being sometimes called the Fourth Mansungun Lake. This Third Lake is over five miles long and about one and a half wide. Through a picturesque outlet of one-eighth of a mile the waters enter the Second, which is about the same length as the Third Lake, but broader. Passing a shallow bar one enters the First, or last lake, of only two miles in extent. The outlet of this lake is the Mansungun River, which, after twelve miles of uncertain wandering, unites with the Millinocket Stream to form the great Aroostook River. The sportsman will find excellent camping grounds on the left bank, at the head of Mansungun Stream, but beware of the falls five miles below, at the foot of the "deadwater." One can follow the Aroostook into the Provinces, until it unites with the St. Johns River, or he can bid it adieu at the town of Caribou, and take the cars of the New Brunswick Railroad—the latter is the better choice. On account of the low state of water last Autumn the writer was seven weeks making this trip, and experienced hardships and privations little anticipated in a pleasure excursion.

After canoeing over seven hundred miles of the interior of Maine's waters, the writer must confess to great disappointment in its opportunities of good trout fishing outside of Moosehead Lake and vicinity. Chesuncook, Chamberlin, Eagle and Churchill Lakes offer meagre sport to the fly fisherman, and that is only to be had at the mouth of streams and at the old logging dams. However, the efforts of the angler will be rewarded by a trial of his skill at either of the locks on Chamberlin Lake and at the mouth of Chamberlin River.

On the East Branch a goodly string of trout can be taken at head of Telos Cut and Telos and Webster dams, while the writer has captured salmon of small proportions just below the dam, on Matagamonsis Lake.

Unless one enjoys the unadulterated life in the woods, the Mt. Kineo House, on Moosehead Lake, with its surroundings, offer greater charms to the sportsman than any inland region of Maine.

The building has been greatly enlarged during the past winter, forty large and comfortable rooms added, gentleman's reading and writing apartments; while a telegraph wire has pushed its way through from Greenville to Birch Point, and a cable will be laid across the lake to the hotel on the opening of the season.

The ice disappeared from the lake May 10, and the sportsman is already wending his way thither. Among the many places about Moosehead Lake where the efforts of the angler will be rewarded are Centre Island, W. Farm, North Bay, Spencer and Indian ponds, but a lake forty miles in extent has so many points of interest that it is difficult to suggest all of them. What lover of the rod has not longed, after a successful day's sport, when away back in the primeval, to exhibit to his wife and friends the results of his skill? Here one can enjoy both the delights of angling and the society of his friends, while the exchange of yarns on the piazzas with brother sportsmen adds interest to the life, be their truthfulness ever so uncertain. T. SEDGWICK STEELE.

* Mr. Steele will soon publish a book on this new route, under the title of "Paddle and Portage from Moosehead Lake to the Aroostook River, Maine." The book will be even more exquisitely illustrated than his last work, "Canoe and Camera," which was one of the most artistic additions to the sportsman's library that has been issued for many years.—EDITOR.

Natural History.

TEXAS QUAIL.

UVALDE CO., TEXAS, May 2, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you or some of your readers tell me something of the two kinds of quail found in this vicinity, or are they the variety known as the California quail? One variety bears a very marked resemblance to the Bob White quail. They are, however, larger, the plumage much more brilliant, with quite a prominent tuft on the head. The male bird is very beautiful; its breast is mottled something like a guinea fowl, with a line of dark extending from under side of throat down over breast, spreading out in the shape of a fan. In the female the colors are more subdued, and the resemblance between it and the female Bob White is more striking.

The other variety is of a bluish or dove color, with a very prominent tuft of feathers upon the head, which in the male bird appears white, or partly so. In size they are the same as the other variety.

I have not attempted to capture any of the beauties yet, as this is the nesting season. My description is meagre, and I have been able to gather it only from chance sight of the birds as they show themselves among the cactus and chaparal. This county is quite a paradise for Bob White, and his call may be heard in every direction. He has few enemies and excellent cover, together with mild climate. Altogether this is a strange country to find him in. There are very few settlemen's, and no farms at all, only now and then a sheep ranch. And you know he is fond of a wheat or any kind of grain fields, and generally collects where the farmers are found.

Here he seems to flourish on seeds of plants, insects, etc., etc. I will venture to say that next season will find this a very fine shooting ground. The one great drawback here in hunting with dog is the number of cactus and other thorny bushes, which would soon use a dog up, unless he was accustomed to them.

Turkey and deer abound, and afford some fine sport.

This portion of Texas is about fifty miles from the Mexican frontier.—P.

Although, as our correspondent states, his descriptions are meagre, yet they seem to point to two well-known species of quail inhabiting our southwestern territory. The first species mentioned is probably the Massena quail (*Cyrtonx Massena*), and the second may be the scaled partridge or blue quail (*Callipepla squamata*).

HABITS OF QUAIL.

PERHAPS, as I am one of the best friends, as well as one of the worst enemies of the quail in this section of the country, a few words concerning the effect of this severe winter upon them may interest some of your readers.

I have no hesitation in saying that, as far as my experience goes, a quail will never freeze if he can procure sufficient nourishment to keep him in good condition; he must be starved first, and frozen afterward.

Whole bevies of them are not infrequently destroyed even when well nourished by their habit of roosting in some sheltered spot. A favorite resort is under a cedar bush, or in the secluded corner of a fence, where they remain huddled together during a severe storm until the snow, either by bearing down the boughs of the cedar or drifting about their retreat wherever it may be, consigns them to a living tomb; under which circumstances when found they will be in the last stage of emaciation, showing that starvation more than cold had to do with their untimely demise. Many perish in this way, especially during the past winter, where several thick crusts were formed at different times.

With a light snow and no crust they can generally make their escape. Of quail lost in this way few are found in the spring in this part of the country where late in fall they congregate in the bogs, about the margin of ponds, which afford them excellent cover and abundance of food from the sedge (*carex*) which grows in great profusion in such spots. If caught in this retreat by deep snow, crust, or both combined, the freshets carry them into the adjacent pond where they become food for fish instead of the epicure; but if this were the only danger to which our little friends are exposed, we could still hope to have good shooting in the autumn.

But, alas! starvation, which tames all *feræ naturæ*, also tames the quail, and drives him to seek shelter and protection from one of his most treacherous foes—the farmer.

The farmer, or the farmer's boy, cannot resist the temptation of taking down the old Queen's arm when he sees a bevy of half-starved quail seeking for food about the out-buildings, and should any escape the fatal shot the farmer's cat will be on the qui-vive for her share of the unwonted dainty.

But of this no more, for the FOREST AND STREAM has been thoroughly over the ground, and the only way to prevent the cat from going over the ground as thoroughly as the FOREST AND STREAM is to take the FOREST AND STREAM's advice about that as well as all other sporting matters. NEMO.

NOT WOLVES.—A Lockport, New York, correspondent, writing under date of the 7th inst., sends us a newspaper slip, taken from the Lockport *Journal*, referring to the capture of five alleged prairie wolves near that place. The cutting is as follows:—

"Several times during the past few weeks a pair of prairie wolves have been seen prowling about the farm of George Dysinger and the adjacent woods at Hickory Corners, about six miles southwest of this city. On Thursday last Mr. J. L. Noaker fired five revolver shots at one of them, but owing to the distance he failed to do execution. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Noaker and Mr. Davis saw one of the animals sitting on a log in a field, but on approaching the spot the wolf made off. The men examined the log, and were surprised to find in it a nest of five young wolves, which they lost no time in securing. This morning they brought the pesky little animals, which are about a month old, to this city, and exhibited them upon our streets. They have set a trap for the old ones, and expect to capture them one of these nights."

Our correspondent says: "I send you the inclosed thinking you can give some explanation regarding the animals called wolves. I say *called* wolves, for I do not think they are. I first thought they were young foxes, but, on taking a second look, concluded they were not. Instead of having a sharp nose, like a fox, it was like a puppy. In all other respects they looked like foxes. They were the color of a young fox, and had long, bushy tails with white on the end. I think they were too small to be wolves at the age they must be. The body was about nine inches long. Some parties said they were a cross of fox and dog. Do you think such could be case? They were all males. I will try to see them again, and perhaps may send you one for a pet. J. L. G."

Of course, without making an examination of the animals, we could not tell what the animals are. We feel safe enough, however, in saying that they are not wolves, and there is nothing in the description given by J. L. D. to show that they are not fox puppies. We imagine that if the old onesare captured they will prove to be nothing more than common red foxes.

It is believed that a cross of the fox and dog has been produced, but we do not think that experiments in this direction have gone further than the first generation.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE following description of the new building at South Kensington, London, to which the natural history collections of the British Museum have been removed, is taken from *Nature:*

The great terra-cotta building facing Cromwell Road, South Kensington, and occupying the site of the old 1862 Exhibition, about which for the past twelve months public curiosity has been raised, is about to draw up its blinds, and to offer a part of its extensive galleries for inspection on Easter Monday.

* * * * * * * * * *

The architectural character of the new building may be termed "Decorated Norman," but it is in many respects unique, especially as regards the treatment of its details. The first, or "ground-floor," is above the road, and the entrance is approached by a broad flight of steps and by a sloping carriage-drive. The entire structure is of brick cased with terra-cotta, the doorways and the windows being ornamented with columns designed from natural history objects, chiefly from plants. Reproductions of various animals are also introduced. The main part of the building has a tower at each end, and there are also two central towers rising on either side of the entrance. The south front of the building is about 650 feet in length, running due east and west, and is three stories high, in addition to the basement, which is above the level of the garden in which the building stands.

The Central Hall or "Index Museum" runs from south to north; it is 150 feet long, 97 feet wide and about sixty feet high; along its two sides are twelve arched recesses. At the north end is a wide and handsome staircase which branches off right and left to the upper corridors or side aisles on either hand upon the first floor. This Central Hall is more richly decorated than any part of the building. The floor of mosiac work, where Italian marble is employed, has been skillfully laid by Italian workman. The side aisles or corridors look out into the Central Hall by an open balustrade surmounted by large arches, each containing three smaller ones, the centre one being much higher than the others. The pillars supporting these are ornamented with a nearly natural treatment of *Lepidodendron*; in some few cases animals, monkeys, birds, etc., are introduced. The decoration of the ceiling is very effective. A double row of panels runs along the central hall, and on either side of this, between the iron girders and following the curve of the roof, are panels in groups of six; these are ornamented with representations of different species of trees, shrubs and flowering-plants treated somewhat conventionally. That portion of the ceiling over the main body of the hall is decorated with trees, each of which occupies six panels, as they can be most easily seen from the floor and need little treatment. At the south end, where the ceiling is over a staircase and landing leading from the first to the second floor, each panel contains but one species, the eye being near to the ceiling greater detail has been introduced. The effect of the whole is very fine, and as the hall is at present without any cases or specimens, it has the general appearance of a cathedral. This idea is further heightened by the introduction of a triforium, though this has been added merely for effect, the passages being interrupted.

Beyond the Index Museum is a smaller and less lofty hall quite divided from it, save by two arched entrances, 97 feet by 70 feet, intended to hold the British Zoological Collection. It is surrounded by arched recesses similar to those in the Index Museum. In this hall the decoration of the ceiling is also botanical, but all the species selected are of British plants. Underneath the staircases and in the recesses a plain light color is introduced, relieved with gilding. The decorations of the saloons or galleries are much simpler. The colormain throughout are of terra-cotta, ornamented with natural history objects.

The other parts of the building consist of series of galleries running north from the front or main building, but only one story above the basement. The rooms on each floor, at the end of the long front galleries and under the two end towers, are called pavilions. The main or front galleries facing Cromwell Road are lighted by windows north and south. The Central Hall or Index Museum, the Hall for British Zoology, and all the other galleries of one story high running north are lighted by skylights. The Index Museum, has, however, in addition to its roof-lights, windows in the corridors on either side.

The distribution of the space available is as follows: The long galleries to east of the entrance on the ground-floor, and all the galleries from it, running north, are devoted to Geology and Palæontology. The first floor above the Geological Gallery is devoted to Mineralogy, and the floor above this to Botany. The whole of the galleries on the west side of the building are given to Zoology. The Index Museum, according to Prof. Owen, is designed to present to the public, in a series of twelve recesses, typical examples of all the collections—in fact, an epitome of the whole animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Prof. Owen further desires to show the marvels of nature and objects of special interest, as exemplifying size, etc, such as whales, basking sharks, etc. These are to occupy the centre of this great hall. Passing to the right from the Index Museum (on the ground floor) we enter the South-East Gallery of the Geological Department (233 feet in length by 50 feet in width, and lighted by windows on either side), at the East end of which is the Pavilion, a room 60 feet by 40 feet. These two galleries are entirely devoted to the exhibition of the fossil Mammalia and Birds, and are provided with pier-cases and table-cases. The larger objects are arranged down the centre of the floor.

The cases on the left hand are nearly all occupied with the remains of *Proboscidea*. Commencing with the *Dejnotherium* from Epplesheim, with its tusk-like incisors in the lower jaw, we pass to the *Mastodons*, in which, as a rule, the tusks are developed in the upper jaw and not in the lower. But to this there are exceptions; one American Mastodon having immature tusks in the lower jaw, and the *Mastodon augustidens*, from Sansan in France, having tusks in both the upper and the lower jaw.

Nearest the entrance door, in the centre of the gallery, is placed the entire skeleton of the great American Mastodon from Ohio, which must have been considerably larger in bulk than that of any existing species; on the same stand is placed the head of a young Mastodon from New Jersey, and in front of it the skull and lower jaw of the South American Mastodon from Chili. It is interesting to notice that both the mastodon and elephant had overspread the North and South American continents in Tertiary times, and they were equally widely distributed over the European and Asiatic continents; their modern representatives, however, are confined, the one to the continent of Africa, the other to India, Ceylon, etc. The tusks of some of the old fossil elephants were of enormous proportions; witness the head of *Stephas ganesa* from the Siwalik Hills, India, and that of the mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*) from the valley of the Thames near Ilford. Large numbers of elephant remains have been dredged up year by year for the past sixty years off the Dogger Bank and the Norfolk coast, affording good evidence that in comparatively modern times the North Sea was a great valley watered by the Rhine, Moselle, etc., giving pasturage to vast herds of deer, bison, oxen and elephants; where also the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus found a pleasant home. A goodly series of the remains of these animals from British and Continental localities may be seen in this locality, and also abundant evidence of the old Siberian mammoth and rhinoceros, both of which have been met with "in the flesh," frozen solid in mud and ice. Here are also exhibited an interesting series of the "pigmy elephant" from Malta, brought home by Admiral Spratt, R. N., and Prof. Leith Adams. By far the larger collection of elephant remains are those from the Siwalik Hills, India, obtained by Col. Sir Proby T. Cautley and described by Dr. Hugh Falconer, F. R. S. The "gigantic Irish deer" (*Megacerus Hibernicus*) forms a prominent and striking object in the centre of the gallery, with its branching antlers 10 feet across, a noble prey for its contemporary, the "sabre-toothed tiger" (*Machairodus latidens*), remains of both animals having been found together in Kent's Cavern, Torquay.

Passing by the cases of carnivora, of thick-skinned animals, and of ruminants, our attention is next arrested by the great bandless armadillo from South America (*Glyptodon*), whose carapace is bigger than a hogshead, and which measured nearly 12 feet from its head to the tip of its armor-plated tail.

Another of these extinct Edendates from the La Plata, the *Megatherium Americanum*, stands in the centre of the floor of the Pavilion. This colossal "ground-sloth" measured 18 feet in length, its bones being more massive than those of an elephant. It displays in every part of its framework enormous strength and weight combined with agility to break down the upper branches of trees, upon the leaves and succulent branches of which it fed, like its pigmy modern cogener *Bradypus tridactylus*, which leads an aboreal existence, climbing from bough to bough in the Brazilian forests.

The extinct Marsupial fauna of the great island continent of Australia is here well represented by the huge *Diprotodon*, the *Nototherium*, and the anomalous *Thylacoleo*. Of the Wombat family only a small living representative is known, of burrowing habits, found in Tasmania; formerly they were abundant on the continent of Australia, varying in size from a marmot to that of a tapir. The largest of these are called *Phascolomys magnus* and *P. gigas*.

The collection of remains of the great extinct wingless birds of New Zealand forms a very interesting feature of this gallery. The tallest skeleton measures 12 feet in height, and the smallest not more than 3 feet.

Madagascar had also its extinct wingless birds, similar to those of New Zealand. Eggs of both the *Dinornis* and the *Æpyornis* may here be seen, one of the latter having a capacity of two gallons.

The rarest of all avian fossils is still the *Archæopteryx macrura* from the lithographic stone quarries of Solenhofen. Fortunately for the incredulous a second specimen has recently been obtained, and is preserved in the Berlin Museum. Its lacertilian affinities are well shown in its long and rat-like tail of twenty vertebræ and its three-clawed digits in each fore-limb (or wing?). The head of the Berlin specimen is too obscure to give evidence of teeth, but its beaked jaws are clearly seen in the photograph. The original specimen described by Prof. Owen is headless.

Running parallel with the south-east gallery is the Reptilian Gallery, 225 feet in length and 21 feet wide, the south wall of which is entirely occupied with the grand series of sea-lizards, the *Ichthyosauria* and *Plesiosauria*, once so abundant in the old Lias-sic seas of Europe, and the fossil remains of which have even been brought home from the arctic regions and from New Zealand. The largest of the long-necked Plesiosaurs measures 22 feet in length and 14 feet across its extended paddles. The largest Ichthyosaur was probably even bigger than this. On the north side are displayed the remains of the great land lizards, *Dinosauria*, of which the *Iguanodon* is perhaps the most familiar example. A more recent discovery is that of the *Omosaurus* from the Kimmeridge Clay of Swindon, Wilts, the femur of which is more than 4 feet in length, and the humerus nearly 2 feet long, and enormously broad; they were probably to some extent amphibious in their habits, but their limbs were well fitted for progression on the land.

Numerous other fine Dinosaurian remains are to be seen in these cases. As we do not know the teeth of many of these huge reptiles, we are unable to speak positively as to their habits; but it is certain that from the Trias to the Chalk two groups have existed side by side, one having a carnivorous dentition and the other being herbivorous. The *Teratosaurus* of the Trias of Stuttgart and the *Lycosaurus* and *Cynodraco* from the Cape, the *Megalosaurus* of the Stonesfield Slate and Wealden were all carnivores, while the *Iguanodon*, *Acanthopholis*, *Scelidosaurus*, and the South African genera *Anhodon* and *Nythosaurus* were all vegetable-feeders. But of *Polacanthus*, *Omosaurus*, *Hylæosaurus* and *Cetiosaurius* we have no direct dental evidence. No doubt, as among the mammalia at the present day, the majority were vegetable-feeders, and the minority were predacious in habit.

In this gallery are also exhibited the flying lizards of the Secondary Rocks, most of which have been found in the lithographic stone of Solenhofen and a few in our own Lias, Stonesfield Slate Chalk and Greensand.

If Comparative Anatomy may be trusted, some of the Pterodactyles from the Chalk of Kent give evidence of a flying lizard having probably an expanse of wings of from eighteen to twenty feet.

An Australian novelty is the great horned lizard (*Megalania prisca*), 14 feet or more in length, with nine horn-like prominences on its skull and an armor-plated tail similar to that of the *Glyptodon*.

The Triassic reptiles from South Africa form a singular addition to our knowledge of ancient life forms long since passed away. They are comprised in Prof. Owen's groups of *Anomodontia* and *Theriodontia*.

Among the fossil Cheloniaus we have representatives of both the marine turtles, the fresh-water *Trionyx* and *Emys*, and the gigantic and lesser land-tortoises. Of the first of these are the remains of the great *Chelone Hoffmanni* from Maestricht, and the *Chelone gigas* from the London Clay of Sheppey, larger by far than the "logger-head" turtle of the present day. Of the last (land-tortoises) may be mentioned the *Colossochelys atlas* from the Siwalik Hills, which out-rivals the *Glyptodon* in bulk.

Three wide and four narrow galleries built at right angles to the Reptile Gallery, each 137 feet in length, the former being 40 feet and the latter 20 feet in width, are placed alternately, running due north and south, and lighted from above. These fine rooms afford ample accommodation for the fossil fishes, all the classes of the Invertebrata (molluscs, brachiopods, bryozoa, insecta, myriopoda, arachnida, crustacea, annelida, echinodermata, corals, foraminifera, sponges and plants). These long galleries or annexes, and the ones corresponding with them on the western side, are built upon the plan recommended by the Royal Commission of 1874. But the wall cases are all constructed to open in front, not at the back of the case, as suggested. They are, however, the best lighted galleries in the whole building, and best suited for museum purposes. Two of these large galleries are not yet ready for occupation, and the third is under arrangement; the narrow galleries give space for a library, special reference collections, a stratigraphical series, and working-rooms for students.

In the basement are twelve workshops, studies and store-rooms devoted to Geology, ten studies, work-rooms and laboratories to Mineralogy, and three to Botany.

The Mineralogical Gallery, on the first floor, which corresponds with the Southeast Gallery and Pavilion in extent, is also lighted by windows on either hand; it has seven wall cases, two at each end of the long gallery and three in the Pavilion, the collection being mainly contained in forty-eight large table-cases.

These table-cases form a long row on either hand, commencing at the entrance of the gallery, the odd numbers being on the left hand and the even on the right. Each of the first forty cases nearly equals in capacity two of the cases in the old mineral gallery; we have therefore a much more magnificent display than could have been attempted formerly, when the minerals and fossils were all crowded together in the same gallery.

The collections of naturally and artificially prepared crystals occupy two large cases in the Pavilion, whilst two of similar construction are filled with meteorites. The great Cranbourne Meteorite and that from Mexico occupy special cases on the east side. In the wall cases are arranged the extensive collection of rocks, two cases being devoted to polished marbles.

The general plan pursued in the arrangement remains the same as in the old Museum gallery, so that by using boxes corresponding to one-quarter of a table-case, the minerals were transported from the old to the new building and rearranged in an incredibly short space of time, and, with the exception of the Pavilion and the wall cases, have long been ready for exhibition.

In the Botanical Gallery the glazed cases for the exhibition of specimens project from the wall into the room like square shop fronts, having flat plate-glass sides. The wall side of the glass is permanently fixed, except one division forming the door. A "cell" inside, inclosed by curtains, gives access to the specimens. By this contrivance it is hoped that the dust will be excluded to a great extent.

Accommodation for large specimens, as, for example, portions of stems and sections of various kinds of wood, such as oak, walnut, pine, cedar and other dicotyledons, and trunks of palms, cycads, tree ferns, bamboos, and other striking examples of the vegetable kingdom, is provided for by three tall metal and glass cases 14 feet high, occupying the floor space in the centre of the gallery.

One-half of the main gallery is partitioned off from the public room, and fitted up with cabinets for the reception of the *Herbarium*, the nucleus of which was obtained by Sir Joseph Banks and Solander in their voyage round the world with Captain Cook. This first series of cabinets is entirely occupied with the flowering plants, which are all fastened on single sheets of paper. The Pavilion contains similar cabinets for the reception of the British plants and Filicinæ, while the room above in the tower is intended for the Cryptogamia. Down the centre of the large room are cabinets fitted to receive the great collection of fruits and seeds, each being placed near its appropriate family in the Herbarium on either side. These inner rooms, with the valuable library attached to them, are of course only available for purposes of study, but are always accessible to the botanical student and worker.

On the southwest side of the Index Museum, the gallery on the second floor which corresponds with that appropriated to Botany is designed to contain the great collection of Recent Osteology; that on the first floor is to be devoted to stuffed animals, and the front ground floor gallery to birds. The eight galleries in rear of the main building on the west side will be appropriated to the Reptilia, Fishes and Invertebrata. The collections preserved in spirits are to be placed in a special building at the north end of these galleries. The basement on the west side contains sixteen studies and workrooms and a large open space well fitted for workshops and stores.

There are a few scientific men who still strongly protest against the removal of the Natural History Collections from the old to the new building, on the ground that the locality is inconveniently far west, and that they are thereby precluded from using the collections so freely as heretofore. One of the strong grounds for protesting against the removal has been the serious inconvenience arising from the separation of the collections from the great National Library. This injury will, however, be gradually removed by the formation of a Natural History Library in the present building, a vote for which has been already taken.

The comparatively small band of scientific men who use the Natural History Museum for purposes of special work and study, would always do so wherever the collections happened to be located.

So too the holiday-makers, who come to the museum merely to be amused, will as willingly travel to South Kensington as to the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, or to the Crystal Palace.

Undoubtedly the highest aim and use of our great National Natural Historical Collection should be to impart instruction to the young and rising generation, and afford every facility for the advancement of our scientific students, and the question whether they are now conveniently placed is simply for them to answer. If in the future South Kensington is to become a great centre of scientific instruction, then, and not otherwise, the Natural History Collections have been placed in their most suitable position.

—A farmer of London township noticed one morning that a wild goose had joined his flock. Somewhat surprised at this sudden change to domestic life, he carefully observed the behavior of the visitor. He soon learned that it had not actually joined its barn-yard relatives, but only appeared at meal time. Further investigation showed that after the goose had thoroughly satisfied her own appetite she would pick up an ear of corn and fly away Greatly interested by the strange conduct of the bird, the farmer one morning watched the direction of its flight. It was but a short distance to the river, and he noticed that after circling the goose dropped, apparently, into the river. Going down the bank, he discovered his visitor standing by a companion who was lying on the ground and feeding on the ear of corn. In order to understand this restaurant project he walked up to the feeder and found that it had been so disabled that it could neither walk nor fly. Without disturbing it he returned, and morning after morning watched the generous goose carry away an ear of corn. Finally the visits ceased, but shortly afterwards the sick gander himself wandered into the camp and gobbled up the corn himself. He has remained all winter, and the indications are that he has made up his mind to settle down and go to housekeeping.—*Montreal Witness.*

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 14, 1881: One Ocelot, *Felis pardalis;* one crab-eating raccoon, *Procyon cancrivorus;* one blue macaw, *Ara ararauna;* two blue-crowned parrakeets, *Tanygnathus luzonensis*, hab. Philippines Islands; all purchased; one collared peccary, *Dicotyles tajacu*, presented by Mr. R. Williams, Jr., N. Y. City; five young foxes, *Vulpes fulvus*, presented by Mr. W. A. Sherman, Dover Plains; one lizerang, squirrel, *Sciurus bicolor*, hab. India, presented by Miss Maegie H. Bow, Brooklyn; one opossum *Didelphys virginiana*, presented by Mr. Dewitt Knox, N. Y. City; one brown bear, *Ursus arctos*, hab. Europe; one albino raccoon, *Procyon lotor;* one demoiselle crane, *Anthropoides virgo*, hab. North Africa. All placed on exhibition. W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Game Bag and Gun.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GUNNERY.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Henry C. Squires, his American agent, the FOREST AND STREAM has received advanced sheets of Mr. W. W. Greener's new book on gunnery. The volume is a large quarto of nearly 700 pages, and is illustrated with 343 woodcuts which are substantial complements of the descriptions in the text.

Mr. Greener is known the world over as one of the foremost gun-makers of the day; he has brought to the task of book-making the practical knowledge gained in a lifelong study and experiment in perfecting the manufacture of firearms. The result is a comprehensive encyclopedia of all that pertains to the subject; forming an invaluable book of reference, which will take its place unchallenged at the head of the literature of firearms.

The opening chapters are devoted to a history of the gun at different periods in the development of the arm. Much of the material for these chapters was gathered from works inaccessible to the general reader, while the frequent illustrations have been drawn from all available sources, being copied from rare old books or original sketches of antique arms preserved in European museums.

Following this division of the work is an exposition of the mechanism and principle of each of the different models of breech-loading rifles, and the various styles of bullets employed in them; and then the same method is pursued with the shot-gun.

Of special interest will be found the pages devoted to a description of the successive stages of gunmaking as now practiced in England. As this is a subject concerning which, we have reason to believe, very little is popularly known in this country, we extract here the following passages, referring our readers to the book itself for the full details:

THE MAKING OF GUN-BARRELS.

In the earliest firearms the barrels were made of plain iron, usually from one strip, which was bent, whilst hot, round a mandril, and the two edges welded together. Later on two pieces were used, one for the breech-end of the barrel, the other for the fore-end, or muzzle-piece. In some old blunderbusses the breech-piece is of iron or steel, and the muzzle-piece of brass or bell-metal. The cold-drawn steel barrels made in 1865 and the few following years were far superior to the plain iron and decarbonized steel barrels generally used. These barrels were drawn out, whilst cold, from blocks of steel, by pressing them with punches through orifices. Next in quality comes the "solid fluid compressed steel" barrel, as made by Sir J. Whitworth, which withstands heavy charges better than any plain metal barrel now used; but they are very expensive, and not well liked, for they, in common with other plain metal barrels, show no figure whatever when finished, but resemble in appearance a musket barrel. The first notice we can find of iron or steel as used conjointly as a metal for gun barrels is in the letters patent of William Dupoin (1798). His method was to lay round a rod of iron a strip of steel, then a coating of iron or "iron and steel mixed." The whole was then welded together, and the iron cores bored away so as to leave the barrel of steel, or steel and iron, as required. A few years later, old horsenails were greatly in vogue for the manufacture of gun-barrels. The nails have always been made from the very best iron, and are also considered to obtain some virtue from the contact with the horse's hoof. The nails were welded together into a straight or taper bar, which was lapped over a mandril and welded into a tube. These barrels held a high reputation at the commencement of the present century. They may easily be distinguished, being figured barrels; the figure, however, runs longitudinally with the barrel, the nails being light, and dark lines at each weld. We believe that in horseshoe nail stubs was the first successful attempt at a figured barrel. In 1806 a J. Jones patented an improved method of manufacturing gun-barrels. He made the barrels by *twisting* a scelp with bevelled edges round a mandril, so that the edges overlapped each other, and then welding together the edges of the scelp. Once introduced, the manufacture of twisted barrels increased rapidly in importance. Scelp or plain rods were first twisted, afterward the horseshoe nail stubs were twisted in the same manner, and the introduction of Damascus barrels followed shortly afterward. The manufacture of barrels from scrap iron with tilt hammers was in its prime about 1845, when John Clive, the noted barrel-maker, kept a mill in Birmingham, turning out large quantities of barrels weekly, by which he achieved a good reputation and a considerable fortune.

The iron for the manufacture of gun-barrels was formerly made from scrap and old horseshoe-nail stubs. In preparing the metal for the old-fashioned laminated steel barrels, a number of scraps were collected of various proportions, the clippings of saws, steel pens and scraps of best iron. The modern way is to make the whole from new metal, as follews: Pig-iron obtained from a mixture of the best ores is placed in a furnace, melted and cleaned from all dross by puddling—the dross, being much lighter than the iron, rises to the surface, and is skimmed off. When sufficiently cleansed the drawplates of the furnace are lowered, the heat reduced thereby, and the liquid iron while cooling gathered and worked into blooms of about 1 cwt. each. The puddler takes the bloom with a par of tongs, runs with it to the tilt-hammer and hands it over to the shingler, who by dexterously turning the metal under the hammer forms it into a square block and passes it to the roller; it is then passed through the various rolls until of the required size, and drawn out into a bar of about ten feet in length. The hammering under the heavy tilt condenses the metal, and causes the dross and scale to fly off. The rolling increases its ductility and tenacity by elongating the fibres. The steel is prepared in the same way from the best Swedish pigs, but the metal is considerably improved by the hammering and rolling, becoming much more tenacious and elastic in proportion than the iron.

The bars are cut into equal lengths, laid together and fastened into faggots; these faggots are heated in the draught furnace, welded under the tilt hammer, and the block of metal is re-heated and hammered for the manufacture of the best barrels, to condense the fibre of the metal and increase the specific gravity. After being hammered the blocks are rolled out into bars; these bars are again cut into equal lengths, laid and fastened into faggots, heated in the furnace, and welded together and rolled into thin narrow strips. In the above processes the ends of the bloom, or extremities of the rods, are cut off and thrown aside, being less dense and consequently useless for gun-iron.

The iron is now again cut off into equal lengths and laid together and fastened into faggots, heated and welded and drawn out as before described, and rolled into rods of the sizes required by the welder. The faggots are each heated seven times during the process of manufacture of the metal for the best barrels. The proportionate amounts of the different descriptions of metal in a barrel determine its quality. The old-fashioned laminated steel was composed of nearly three parts of steel; best English Damascus and modern laminated steel contain over 60 per cent. of steel; and our new silver-steel Damascus contains nearly 75 per cent. of the best worked steel. The amount of steel is determined upon before making the metal into faggots for the last time; if for scelp barrels the strips of iron are twice the thickness of the steel, the faggots being formed of alternate layers of iron and steel. In single iron Damascus barrels the proportion of iron used is not much less than the steel, but the metal for these common barrels does not pass through quite so many processes as that for the best barrels, and, although far superior in quality to ordinary iron, its tenacity and specific gravity is not so great as that of the very best gun-iron. In best Damascus barrels the iron and steel are mixed together systematically. Our silver-steel Damascus is mixed in a different manner to that of Damascus, the exact proportions of iron and steel being used, as have been found by experiment, to give the greatest strength with the finest figure. The tenacity, durability and beautiful figure of the barrels depend almost entirely on the proportions and arrangement of the steel and iron, the desiderata being the placing of the iron in the best position to give the regular and fine figure in the finished barrel.

Too large an amount of carbon in gun-iron is more detrimental than a scarcity, for where carbon has once been it is impossible to entirely eradicate it, and although it may be extracted to as great an extent as possible, it leaves a residue that possesses an affinity to re-absorb carbon fully equal to the original quantity; thus steel, however manufactured, cannot by any process yet discovered be re-converted to iron of the same nature it was originally. It will then be apparent that barrels composed wholly of steel are altogether unsuitable for shot guns. We show the fallacy of so manufacturing shot barrels, and describe the process when treating of the manufacture of rifle barrels.

In twisting the rods care is taken to keep the edges of the iron and steel strips to the outside, for it is the twisting of the different metals that gives the various figures in the finished barrel. The steel being hard resists the acids, and retains a white or light brown hue, whilst the iron, or softer metal, is so acted upon by the acid as to be changed into a dark brown or black color.

The best barrels must be made from the best, and therefore from the *most expensive, steel and iron that can be produced.* Owing to the difficulty of obtaining good scrap iron and steel—the importation of old horse-nails from the Continent has long been discontinued—it has been found necessary to manufacture gun-barrel iron from new metal. Barrels so manufactured are much superior to those made from scrap metal, and are almost entirely free from grays. Indeed, before the introduction of the new mode of making gun-iron, it was a most difficult matter to obtain English barrels free from grays, as the scrap metal could not be collected without its having a certain percentage of Bessemer steel amongst it, which, owing to its non-adhesiveness, is most difficult to thoroughly weld and amalgamate with the other metals, and consequently most disastrous to the successful manufacture of gun-barrels. The rods of metal as now prepared are extremely tenacious, and capable of withstanding an enormous strain. The average strength of rod six-sixteenths by five sixteenths by twelve inches long, containing 1.40625 cubic inches of iron, is equal to a tension of over 16,000 lbs.

We may add that it takes 18 lbs. of prepared gun-iron to weld an ordinary pair of 12-gauge barrels, which, when finished, weigh, with the ribs, lumps and loops, but little over 4 lbs. After bearing in mind this fact, and considering the great expense and loss of expensive steel and iron attending the manufacture of the metal, and the cost of welding of best barrels, it will no longer be a matter of wonderment that best guns are expensive to produce.

BARREL WELDING.

The square rods of prepared iron are first twisted to give the Damascus figure. The rods are about four feet long, and are placed in the forge fire until about eighteen inches of the rod is brought to a red heat, when one end is thrust into a square hole in a block made fast to a frame, and the other end fixed into a movable head at the other end of the frame; a rotary motion is then given to the movable head; the rod, being square, cannot turn round with the head, so is twisted in itself. The rod is carefully watched while twisting, and should one part commence to twist more rapidly than another, a man is ready with a pair of tongs to hold that part of the rod, so that it is preventing from twisting. This process is repeated until the whole rod is perfectly twisted, and a regular figure in the barrel insured.

When finished twisting, the rod will be round, except the squares at each end where held in the block and head, and the four foot rod will have become shortened to about three feet three inches, and have about eight turns to the inch. It is this twisting of the rods that makes the difference between a best barrel and a common one. All Damascus barrels must be made of twisted rods, whilst plain twist or scelp barrels are made from plain straight rods or ribands. It is the twists in the rods that cause the figure to appear in the barrels, and all iron so twisted is called Damascus—from Damascus, where a similar process was first practiced for the manufacture of the far-famed Damascus sword-blades. It gives increased strength and tenacity to the metal by rendering the fibres more dense.

The rod prepared, it is either joined to other rods or coiled and welded into a barrel singly. Laminated steel barrels are twisted, and the rods welded in the same manner as the stub Damascus, but the rods are composed of superior metals containing a larger percentage of steel. In laminated steel and stub Damascus barrels it is not usual to use more than three rods in their manufacture. Fine Damascus barrels, as manufactured by the Belgians, are occasionally made from four or six rods together, but three is sufficient to give a very fine figure.

The true English Damascus barrels are manufactured usually from three twisted rods prepared in the same way as described for the manufacture of stub Damascus, but the rods are composed of a superior iron of a finer quality in the figure or streaks, which have to be very decided, white and black, as described in iron-making.

The rods having been twisted, and the required number welded together, they are sent to the iron mill and rolled at a red heat into ribands, which have both edges bevelled the same way. There are usually two ribands required for each barrel, one riband or strip to form the breech-end, and another, slightly thinner, to form the fore or muzzle part of the barrel.

Upon receiving the ribands of twisted iron, the welder first proceeds to twist them into a spiral form. This is done upon a machine of simple construction, and consists simply of two iron bars, one fixed and the other loose; in the latter there is a notch or slot to receive one end of the ribbon. When inserted, the bar is turned round by a winch-handle. The fixed bar prevents the riband from going round, so that it is bent and twisted over the movable rod like the pieces of leather round a whipstock. The loose bar is unshipped, the spiral removed, and the same process repeated with another riband.

The ribands are usually twisted cold, but the breech-ends, if heavy, have to be brought to red heat before it is possible to twist them, no cogs being used. When very heavy barrels are required, three ribands are used—one for the breech-end, one for the centre, and one for the muzzle piece.

The ends of the ribands, after being twisted into spirals, are drawn out taper and coiled round with the spiral until the extremity is lost.

The coiled riband is then heated, a steel mandril is inserted in the muzzle end, and the coil is then well hammered. Three men are required—one to hold and turn the coil upon the grooved anvil, and two to strike. The foreman, or the one who holds the coil, has also a small hammer with which he strikes the coil, to show the others in which place to strike.

When the muzzle or fore-coil has been heated, jumped up and hammered until thoroughly welded, the breech-end or coil, usually about six inches long, is joined to it. The breech-coil is first welded in the same manner, and a piece is cut out of each coil; the two ribands are welded together and the two coils are joined into one, and form a barrel. The two coils being joined, and all the welds made perfect, the barrels are heated, and the surplus metal removed with a float; the barrels are then hammered until they are black or nearly cold, which finishes the process.

This hammering greatly increases the density and tenacity of the metal, and the wear of the barrel depends in a great measure upon its being properly performed.

When the barrels are for breech-loaders, the flats are formed on the undersides of the breech-ends, and when for muzzle-loaders the bars are forged on. If an octagon barrel is required it is forged in this form upon a properly-shaped anvil; and in rifles the barrels are welded from thicker ribands, and welded upon smaller mandrils.

Ribs are forged from rods twisted in the same manner as for the manufacture of Damascus iron. They are then forged to the required shape upon a grooved anvil. Plain iron ribs are used for very common guns, in which case they are rolled for the gun to the required shape.

We have now described the process of barrel welding, as practiced at St. Mary's Works under personal supervision. The same method is generally followed by the other barrel-makers of Birmingham and neighborhood, who manufacture for the London and country trade.

We will now proceed to describe the method practiced in Birmingham for the manufacture of medium and common grade barrels, and without which this work would be incomplete.

The iron is twisted in much the same way as that already described, but steam-power is used to turn the winch instead of hand-power. The forge-fires are blown by a steam fan, instead of the old-fashioned bellows, and the welding is done by one man instead of three. This is accomplished by having a tilt hammer close to the forge regulated to give sharp, quick, short blows, and capable of being thrown in and out of gear with the foot. The welder is also provided with an anvil, swages, mandrils, etc. When he removes the coil from the fire, he has only to knock in a mandril, straighten the coil on the anvil, jump it close by striking it on the floor in the usual manner, and place it under the tilt, re-heating the coil, repeating the process until the barrel is properly finished. The appearance of barrels so welded is not so good as that of those hammered by hand, but they are strong and sound, and on account of less care and labor being bestowed on their production, they are cheaper than hand-forged barrels.

The famous Belgian Damascus barrels, in which the figure is very minute, are made of thirty-two alternate bars of iron and steel rolled into a sheet 3-16ths of an inch thick, which is then split by a machine into square rods. These rods are then twisted as described already, but to such an extent that the threads resemble a very fine screw, there being not infrequently eighteen turns to the inch. Six of these rods are then rolled together to make the riband, and the result is the extremely minute figure; and the overtwisting, it is claimed by our author, reduces the strength of the metal, just as a hemp rope is rendered useless by overtwisting. The barrel-welders of Belgium are chiefly located at or near Liege. Other continental places where good barrels are made are St. Etienne in France, Brescia in Italy, and Suhl in Prussia.

Passing through the successive steps in the preparation of the gun-barrel, we come at length to the proving of them. This is obligatory upon the manufacturer in London, Birmingham and Liege.

MODE OF PROVING.

A description of the *modus operandi* of proving gun-barrels may be interesting to sportsmen and gunmakers in those countries in which no proof-house exists. The system of proving at both the Birmingham and London proof-houses are identical. Each barrel passes through the proof-house with a number attached to it, so that the name of the owner or maker is not known to the workmen, who therefore have no opportunity, if they were so willed, of spoiling the article from spite or malice against the maker. Before the barrel is sent into the loading-room it is gauged by plugs and stamped with a number. The workman whose duty it is to stamp the barrels stands at a bench upon which fifty or sixty numbered steel punches are arranged in order. Corresponding to these are numbered gauging-plugs, varying in size from that of a pea up to two inches. Having ascertained the exact bore of the barrel by means of one of these plugs, he takes up a punch, bearing a similar number to the plug, and stamps that number upon the barrel—say seventeen. The man whose duty it is to load the barrel, seeing the number, is able to judge of the proper amount of loading to put in it. Leaving this room and following a short tramway, along which the barrels are conveyed, we come to the "Loading-Room."

*The Gun and its Development; with Notes on Shooting, by W. W. Greener, author of "Modern Breech-Loaders," "Choke-Bore Guns," etc. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.; London, Paris and New York, 1881.

Here everything is done by rule and measure, every precaution taken to ensure safety, and every means used to prevent fraud. The room is divided into three compartments, separated by strong brick walls, so that should an explosion occur in either the injury would be confined to the division in which it took place. The floors of these rooms are always kept damp and well swept. In the first compartment the barrels are loaded by one man who has the barrels arranged round the room. In front of him is an arch of copper measures numbered successively from one up to about fifty; upon ascertaining the number stamped upon the barrel by the man in the receiving room, he takes up one of the measures bearing a corresponding number, and having filled it with gunpowder from a bowl by his side, he places the charge in the barrel; he next takes a proper sized cork wad and a leaden plug from a numbered box corresponding with the boxes, and afterwards a second cork wad with which he loads the barrel. Thus loaded the barrels are passed into the second compartment, where the charge is duly rammed home with copper rods prepared for the purpose. The barrel is then passed on to the third compartment, where it is primed, and then transported into the firing-room. The firing-room is a large, lofty building, lined throughout with sheet iron, and has ventilators; in the roof and the windows are apertures, capable of being immediately closed, with iron shutters arranged upon the same principle as the Venetian blind. The barrels are arranged upon a grooved rack, and fired by a train of gunpowder which connects the breech vents with each other. The train is fired by a percussion cap, which is detonated by a hammer working on a pivot and pulled from the outside; the door is of iron, and it and the shutters are closed before firing. The method of firing and arranging the barrels will be better understood from the annexed diagram, showing the interior of the firing-room while the barrels are being proved. After the train is fired the doors and shutters are opened and the smoke allowed to clear off, and the barrels may be seen then partially buried in a sand heap behind the rack; the bullets are shot into the sand heap on the other side of the room. The barrels are then collected, and those that have, through any cause, missed fire are re-primed and again placed on the rack; the other barrels are conveyed to the inspecting rooms, where they are washed out, inspected, and, if found perfect, marked according to the Proof Act. The barrels, however, have previously to stand the hot-water test, which consists in plugging the muzzle with a lead stopper, filling the barrel with boiling water, stopping the breech with a similar plug, and striking it with a hammer, so that the water, being compressed, exerts an internal pressure upon the barrels, and if there be any flaw or minute hole it will force its way through. Common barrels have to stand for twenty-four hours before being cleaned or looked over, so that if any flaws are in the barrels the action of the acid residue from the powder will eat into them and make them more apparent.

The plan of proving described is provisional proof, when the barrels are in tubes; for definite proof, when the barrels are together, and have the breech-actions attached, each barrel is fired separately. The guns when loaded are taken to the lobby of the firing-room, and one gun is taken into the room and proved at a time; the barrels and breech-actions are fixed upon and fastened to a traveling block of the required shape, and fired by means of hammers dropping upon a striker which strikes the cap in the cartridge. The hammer is pulled by a cord passing through a hole in the wall. Various shaped blocks are provided to suit the various sized and differently constructed single rifle breech-actions. Should any flaws or defects be discovered after proving the barrels, they are returned to the maker, who remedies them as he best can, and re-turns them for proof. Best barrels are frequently burst at proof, but they are more often bulged, in which case the bulges are knocked down by the maker, and the barrel re-proved, until it either bursts or stands proof. We have heard that in one case a barrel was proved and bulged eight times, but that it stood all right, after being proved the ninth time. In the definite proof the weak breech-actions are frequently blown to pieces, or else made to gape at breech, in which case the maker hammers the false breech till close, and case-hardens it, and when again proved it generally stands. The proving of breech-actions is very necessary, as it prevents, in a good measure, dangerous common breech-actions being sold. In the United States, France, Germany and Holland, no proof-house exists, and we believe it is only in London, Birmingham and Liege that barrels are compelled to be proved by Act of Parliament. All small arms bearing the Belgian proof mark may be sold and used in England without being re-proved, provided they do not bear the name of any English maker. The Gun Barrel Proof Act does not extend to Ireland, Scotland or the Colonies.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, May 16, 1881.

MR. FRANKLIN JONES, of Philadelphia, ex-president of the Philadelphia Sportsmen's Club, has presented to the Philadelphia Mercantile Library a complete set of FOREST AND STREAM, handsomely bound, from the first issue of the journal to about May 1, 1881. The library association values the gift highly, and has so expressed it to Mr. Jones.

The second annual hare and hound meet of the Germantown Bicycle Club was given on last Saturday at Germantown. Three hares were chosen for Saturday meet, Messrs. F. W. Corse, Chas. Tatam and Geo D. Gideon, and were given ten minutes' start. Nearly twenty-five hounds, mounted on every variety of bicycle, followed in hot haste after the fugitives who left behind them a trail of torn paper. The hares were not overtaken and finished five minutes in addition to the time allowance ahead of the first hounds. Nearly all of the latter rode from start to finish. Among those participating were several invited representatives of other city clubs.

A very exciting match between the two best pigeon shots of the Riverton Gun Club lately took place at the grounds of the club. The gentlemen, whose names I am not allowed to mention, made excellent shooting, and the one whom it was thought beyond all doubt would win was vanquished, the winner astonishing every one by his coolness.

Mr. L. M. Gilbert who furnished those "wonderful going birds" for the late match between two members of the N. Y. Gun Club at Bergen Point had just such flyers at Riverton. We doubt if better pigeons could be found among the "blue rocks of England."

Within the city limits of Philadelphia woodcock have been found nesting. On Crum Creek the dividing line of Delaware and Philadelphia county, young birds just fledged were seen last week—is this not early?

The protection afforded by our park has had the effect of making it an excellent harbor for the quail, and we are told by one of the guards that a number have already paired off and may be expected to raise broods. Last year several coveys were hatched within the park limits, and favored ones had the opportunity of working (without gun) their young dogs on the birds.

Many anglers are off trout fishing. HOMO.

HOUNDING VS. STILL HUNTING.

WE continue the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. The particular points of the inquiry were as follows:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and its effects.
5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
8th. What is the open season for deer?
9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

MAINE—PENOBSCOT CRITICISED.

"Penobscot" has given you the geography of a small portion of our game region and its character, which applies to the whole country drained by the Machias rivers, save that some of the townships are well timbered. I will not give bounds, for an examination of a map will show the region drained by these rivers to be many times larger than that described by "Penobscot."

I propose to answer some points of his article, hoping others will follow suit—"Having visited and thoroughly explored a tract of country," etc. This must have been in September, as I understand the hounding season is September; also he must have killed two deer out of season. "My surprise is boundless" when I see such admissions.

"It is needless to state that this was not because of the hounding, but in spite of it, and wholly owing to the splendid facilities for cover made by the growth of the timber during the ten years of my absence, it being too small to afford the necessary protection at that time." Let us see what are the facts just here. I have been upon this ground for the past ten years, not as a hunter, but among the families of the lumbermen, and frequently at their camps, and they, knowing the interest I take in sporting and game protection, have kept me well posted, not only for the last ten, but thirty years. I am well acquainted with nearly all the lumbermen from Ellsworth and Cherryfield to Calais, besides having hunted and explored, myself, this region last October, as far as Buddington.

I did not see a hound or hear his "music," only one poor cur, dead, near a deserted camp. I did not visit L. K.'s camp, where unfortunate gentlemen were said to buy game to take home, with a wonderful story of its capture by themselves.

Ten years ago deer were nearly exterminated by crust hunters with dogs and by wolves. After the wolves had cleaned out nearly the whole they left. When we found that near the settlements there were a few deer remaining we set about to protect them, and then commenced our trouble with the crust hunters. Every worthless scamp had a cur and an old army gun, ready for the first good crust, no matter when—December, January, February or March (I will say here, in my opinion, the open season for all kinds of game in Maine should be from September 1 to December 1.) We found the wolves were not our worst enemies, but the dogs, hence the law against hunting deer with dogs.

Finding law alone useless, we formed a society for the protection of game, and have labored with a will until the present against no little opposition.

These men, as a class, were poor and worthless, idle, dishonest and treacherous, and worse than all, have the sympathy of a large portion of the community not interested in game protection.

We paid our own bills, sent men into the woods to look after law breakers and dogs year after year, and soon the change came that was apparent to all. Deer were certainly rapidly increasing, and our cause soon became popular, and those who were our worst enemies when we begun, are now friends. Nearly all the crust hunting is stopped, and has been for several years. We admit that a few deer are killed out of season; not many. Some of our late converted friends are our most active workers. Nearly all the camps upon the townships in this region have one or more of our friends who keep us posted, in each crew, which helps us greatly. All the pot hunters, crust hunters, duck netters, hounders, etc., are known to us. That there has been the amount of hounding deer during this time that "Penobscot" alleges, I deny. That the increase of deer in this region is due to the efforts of sportsmen resident in this middle and eastern part of Washington County, aided by the dog law, not by the "growth of timber and hounding," is evident to all.

"There were gangs of men and hounds." "Hounding in this region is practiced as follows."

Thanks for the above information. "There is, as is well known, a law prohibiting hounding at any and all seasons in this State, but it is not enforced, and I doubt the propriety of attempting to do so, as the great majority of our business men." Business men have the same rights as mechanics or day laborers, and no more. If business men are to be allowed dogs to hunt as they please in August and September, why not the resident poor be allowed the same privilege in February and March? The poor man needs the fresh meat, but the business man does not. I regard the poor man who kills a deer for his family use, out of season, a king beside the business man who hounds deer in August or September. Cannot any man see that it is either protection or not protection? A law not enforced is worse than no law. Any reasonable man can see that class legislation is out of the question, for we all have equal rights by the laws of our country. We in Washington do not intend to have this law repealed, but to have it enforced, and for that purpose we called for an appropriation, which we have, and more, intend "to pull in," if required.

"As to still hunting" * * Still hunting is where true skill tells, and no sportsman can help enjoying it.

"In conclusion," etc.; I will change this and have it read, "I am convinced that if dogs are not allowed to hunt deer, no other legislation will be required for their protection."

Who are to protect our game—residents or non-residents? We have a few deer in Maine, besides some small game, which is rapidly being destroyed, and, unless great care is exercised, we shall soon be without. Let us save it.

We are sensitive—I mean *we* not *I*—for we feel our efforts are in vain unless sustained by those who ought to be our friends. We claim we are entitled to some respect for our efforts to protect game from citizens of our own State. Sportsmen cannot afford to trample game laws under foot in any State much less this where game is so nearly extinct. Who are the true sportsmen?

I think I have shown the cause of the feeling against dogs in this State, and will say no more at present.

In answer to questions, 1. Answered by Penobscot. 2. Still hunting. 3. Don't believe in it; drives them off, etc. 4. New burns at night, or evening and morning upon light snow, driving. 5. Market hunters. 6. Yes, yes. 7. No. 8. Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. 9. Yarding. OLD TUB.

Machias, Me., May 10, 1881.

The writer of the above sends us the following letter received by him. The country referred to is a tract twenty miles square:

Dear Doctor: Because I have carried "rod and gun" about here for twenty-seven years, less thirty-two months during the unpleasantness, you ask me, "What do you think of 'Penobscot's' article in FOREST AND STREAM of May 5?"

I think it well calculated to mislead those not fully acquainted with the facts.

No comparison can, with any degree of fairness, be drawn between the present time and ten or twenty years ago, so far as hunting deer with dogs is in question.

"Penobscot" speaks of deer being hunted with dogs every year for the past twenty at these lakes. Now, whatever of value his article may have had, it is nearly destroyed by this statement, for, fifteen or twenty years ago, deer were almost an absolutely unknown quantity, owing to the presence of large numbers of wolves throughout this section. The wolves did not all go away until within ten or twelve years, not leaving until the deer were nearly exterminated. And it is only since about 1870 that they have begun to return and increase. There has been comparatively little hounding as yet, being against the law of the State.

Since the organization of the game association at Machias five or six years ago, and through their efforts to enforce the law against illegal killing, deer have increased wonderfully.

Now, as to the effect of hounding. Does it frighten or drive them from the country? There is a large tract of almost unbroken forest, nearly twenty miles long, and from one to four or five miles wide, and lies so near the settlements as not to have been molested by the wolves. Lumbering operations have not been one-half as extensive as through the Mopang section. Ten years ago deer were far more plenty here than anywhere on the Machias waters. The conditions for hunting with dogs were unusually favorable, owing to the many lakes it contained. Now, while the swamps here, as about the Mopang, have become more dense and impenetrable, yet the deer, although so much more plenty ten years ago, have nearly all disappeared, and there has been but little "still hunting," but a good deal of dogging.

While every other place within twenty-five miles report large increase every year, this large tract has become almost depleted of deer.

Sportsmen from abroad came here a few years ago and hired Indians or cheap natives and showed them this easier, although unlawful way of catching deer. I cannot learn that very many have been killed—not more than thirty in one year. The belief entertained by all is that they have been driven—frightened away by dogs. I think from what testimony I can gather that there has been more dogging here than at any other place in the country, with the result mentioned.

I do not believe that one deer in a hundred killed in Eastern Maine previous to 1875 was driven into the water by dogs. This method is of quite recent establishment. Local sportsmen have had one of their best hunting grounds completely ruined—the game all driven away or destroyed by dogs—and all done in defiance of law.

One experience of this kind is quite sufficient. We now say most emphatically, and mean it, too, "Not any more dog, please!"

Sportsmen about here petitioned the Governor last winter to appoint a deputy to look after this matter of game violations. We now have just the man we want—one thoroughly acquainted with game and wood-craft—the best shot and most successful hunter anywhere in this section. He proposes to have the law respected, certainly so far as relates to hunting deer with dogs, or taking ducks with nets, and is sustained by sportsmen and taxpayers. While we are glad to meet with brother sportsmen from abroad, and will insure a hearty and cordial welcome to all who respect our laws, no one coming with the avowed purpose of breaking the law and disregarding public sentiment need expect anything different from what he deserves. C. F. S.

Machias, Me., May 12, 1881.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

I notice with sympathy Adrion Ondack's article, March 10, on hounding and still hunting. I am well aware it is a natural prejudice that hounding is ruinous to the interest of deer hunting, and I ask by whom is this hue and cry raised? By sportsmen who are satisfied with one or two deer a week? By men who rather bring down one buck crashing through the thick undergrowth with a single bullet than butcher fifty, standing knee deep in water, unsuspecting danger, with a broadside of buck-shot? Echo answers in both instances "No!" Those who oppose with such vigor hounding, of course with some exceptions, are comprised chiefly, as your correspondent says, of hotel proprietors and market hunters, and the latter generally get rid of their game at the hotels, in or out of season, it makes little difference. What I say is through personal observation. I have sent many a speeding bullet on its deadly mission, having hunted from the northern wilderness of New York to the parks of the Rockies, and from the timber of Minnesota to the river bottoms of the South, and my experience has been that ten deer are gained by still hunting to one hounding. For illustration, I spent four happy months in the Adirondacks last season, from June until October, and the following will be an exact account as to my observations concerning deer hunting. I left Paul Smith's July 15 with two guides, camping utensils, provisions, and other requisites for an extended trip of two months. Our route lay via Bay

Pond to Camp Kendall, on Bay Pond River, where we remained three weeks, chiefly to fish. While here we ascertained by the mighty shooting, which sounded like the fusillade of musketry, that another camp was located somewhere in our vicinity, which conjecture was proved true by finding their camp on one of the arms of Bay Pond. Could you have seen the shallow waters near that camp ground, looking like the yard of a slaughter-house a half century old, all covered with the entrails and heads of slaughtered deer, regardless of size or sex, you would not at least claim that hounding was the worst feature which beset the hunting and extinction of this noble game. We knew of thirteen they had killed, and, you may ask, for what use? To sell at five cents per pound, on contract, to more than one summer resort not a hundred miles from Au Sable.

Who has ever visited any of the hotels in the Adirondacks in June and not had the privilege of eating almost daily a deer steak? I for one never have.

We left Kendall Camp after enjoying good sport with the trout, and wended our way to McDonald Pond, further into the wilderness by about twelve miles. Here we were in our own solitude for eight days. The next day, however, our blissful repose was disturbed by a party of nine making their appearance, four sportsmen (as the guides call them) and five guides, two of the sporting fraternity being well-known New Yorkers. They had a whole armory of rifles and shotguns (the latter predominated), and enough rubbish in the shape of jack lamps and other unnecessary equipments to fill a curiosity shop. It was clearly visible that these men were tenderfeet in the Adirondacks and novices in the art of hunting deer. Could these men, any one of them, down a deer with a hound in hot pursuit? No, they could not hit the broad side of a barn with a rifle bullet, but they managed to salt down the hind-quarters of a half score or more of deer killed by floating. I would call your attention now to the fact that I have shown you, and I positively know of twenty odd deer having their existence ended by the device of floating. Now, notice the comparison between floating and hounding. This same party and myself consolidated canoes and hounds upon the opening of the hounding season. We had seven guides, and ourselves numbering five, made twelve in all. As to dogs we had seven. Wasn't this force enough to hound successfully? We hunted together several days, and killed three deer and one large buck which had been shot at several times, was started four times, knowing it to be the same, as he had one antler broken off which, when killed, proved to be an old break.

Now, if you would save the deer, if you would do a manly deed, help pass a law prohibiting all shooting of deer while watering, for a few years at least in the Adirondacks, you will have an abundance as your reward in times to come. And ye who speak so decidedly against hounding, your only resource is to hound it now—if you hunt in the northern wilderness of New York you will find a poor show in its thickets to still hunt. Purchase your hounds, put them on a fresh scent, but don't stand by that deep hole on some river bank with shot gun in hand, waiting for the oncoming deer to swim it in order to continue in his favorite runway, and then pour your buckshot into him while in the water. If you are honest in this, nine times out of ten your dogs will return to camp with their tails between their legs, looking very disconsolate. And, in conclusion, would advise you to take "lots" of pork in camp, and not depend on "fresh meat," or you may look more emaciated upon your return from camp than did Tanner after his fast. B. A. M.

I am glad to see the letters concerning hounding deer. Although I always had a prejudice against it, I believe the advocates of hounding at proper seasons are right. The extermination of our deer (in Vermont) was not due to hounding, but to most barbarous crust hunting, the perpetrators of which should have been hung or shot at sight like wolves. I am also glad to see that "Sycamore" dares to show up an absurdity of Frank Forrester, who, though a very delightful writer at times, is, in my opinion, greatly overrated as a sporting writer. Always dogmatic, his "Field Sports" and "Fishing" are filled with errors and contradictions, and many noteworthy things are only "conspicuous from their absence."—R.

FISH AND GAME AT THE RANGELEY LAKES.

THE ice in the lakes, according to present indications, will not be out till about the 17th of this month. It is thought trout fishing will be better than any previous year, from the fact that a large amount have been artificially hatched and turned into the Lakes in the last few years, the largest of which will weigh upward of two lbs. each. The laws have generally been observed, and very few fish have been taken through the ice the past winter.

Deer and caribou are quite plenty, though much havoc has been made among them the past winter by lawless persons, and in some instances the guides have participated in the nefarious work. We hope sportsmen who are aware of these facts will, under all circumstances, refuse to employ such guides. Through the efforts of the Rangeley Lakes Sportsmen's Association, Fish Commissioner Stanley was requested to look after the matter. Deputy-Sheriff Tainter, of Dixfield, by request of the Fish Commissioners, immediately went to Rangeley, feigning to buy horses, but was quite anxious to secure a few deer skins. A few green hides were shown him, which he purchased, but being desirous to obtain a few more, a party of deer hunters was soon organized, the deputy being one of the party for a hunt, of course. He was now led into all the secrets of the business, and was told who had been the participants, how many had been killed, etc. The deer hounds were called out, and all the equipments being in readiness, the party started, but ere the dense forests bearing toward the Kennebago was reached, the deputy, becoming fatigued, gave up the hunt, and returned home with all the information necessary to prosecute the offenders. No arrests have as yet been made, though daily expected. Could the unlawful killing of these animals be stopped they would soon be very plenty in all directions about the Lakes.

Daniel Barker, of Bangor, Maine, and foreman of the lumber business about the lakes, was crossing the Moosehuckmaguntic Lake, about the middle of last month with horse and sleigh. His attention was attracted by the baying of a hound across the lake. He soon saw a flock of caribou on the ice pursued by the dog. They all crossed, and entering the thicket, one of the poor animals getting strayed from the flock returned to the lake, and seeing the horse and sleigh, doubtless mistook it for the flock. The frightened animal came up to the team and circled around and around, sometimes near the reach of Mr. Barker's whip. Mr. B. says it showed every possible sign that it was seeking protection, but on reaching the landing the poor thing was obliged to give it up, and plunged away to care for itself in the dense forest.

About the middle of the winter one day a deer came bounding into Rangeley village. The facts are, it was chased by a hound, and being frightened, ran in there for protection; whereupon another hound was set on and the poor animal caught and killed. The question may be asked why such things are allowed, when it is so much against the interest of the locality. Our answer is that neighbors dislike to complain of neighbors. But it is hoped that sportsmen will invariably refuse to employ a guide who is in the habit of keeping a hound, for it is well authenticated that a hound means the destruction of moose, deer and Caribou around the Rangeley lakes, as foxes are seldom hunted in that locality.

Phillips, Maine, May 9. S. F.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—It was reported in the Vermont papers that Canadians were net fishing in Vermont waters, near "Hog Island," Lake Champlain. The writer lately visited the place to ascertain if these reports were true. He found parties taking large quantities of "dore" (*S. americanum*), seine fishing, but the parties interested were not "Kanucks," but genuine "Hog Islanders"—Vermonters. Their catch numbered one night over 3,000 fish, mostly dore. The same parties are, I believe, still fishing there, and ship their fish south by express. A friend who lives near there says, that every evening "pot hunters" are shooting black ducks in the marshes near the mouth of Missisquai River, Highgate, Vt. The guns used are heavy ducking-guns different from those used by the natives. As these marshes have been leased by the "Malden, Mass., Gun Club," they would do well to check this if they wish ducks to breed there. And gentlemen of the St. Albans "Fish and Game Protection Club," are you but ciphers that you allow such doings to take place under your very noses? You are not ornamental, so please be useful and protect the fish and game in your vicinity, and all true sportsmen will bless you.—STANSTEAD.

THE BROOKLYN GUN CLUB was organized in 1872, among the first members being Chas. W. Wingert, who was the first secretary and treasurer; Dr. Aten, Dr. Mermire, now deceased; Messrs. H. and W. Shipman, Captain A. Elmendorf, Mr. Bryar and Dr. Monroe. For five years the club enjoyed a very prosperous existence, although the club had no stationary headquarters, meeting at each other's houses and holding their monthly shoots wherever they could find a convenient place. In 1877 a reorganization was effected, with Dr. H. F. Aten as President; W. A. Brush, Vice-President; A. Elmendorf, Secretary, and J. C. Monroe, Treasurer; Mr. A. Eddy, Dr. Wm. Wynn and Mr. Wm. Banta were the new Board of Directors. A not less prosperous career of the club followed from 1877 to the present. The monthly contests of the club have been well attended, and the membership has been large and increasing. The present officers are—President, Dr H. F. Aten; Vice-President, G. W. Post; Secretary, A. Elmendorf; Treasurer, J. C. Monroe; Directors, G. H. Creed, Wm. M. Baxter and Thomas S. Blankley.

GAME NEAR LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—Chattanooga, Tenn., May 9.—Friday night I went to visit a friend living five miles out of town, and while talking of last season's hunts, etc., he said, "I have tried twice to kill an old gobbler out on that hill and failed; wish you would go out in the morning and kill him, he runs right over me." I replied that it would not do, etc., but at last was persuaded by him and my love of the sport to go out, and about 5 o'clock Saturday morning I was near the roost, quietly waiting and listening for a gobble. About sunrise I heard one, and started as quietly as possible that way and got as near as I dared and commenced to call, and was answered by hens and gobblers; a hen came within thirty yards of me, but I would not shoot her I heard the big gobbler a little way off, and thought that it would not do for him to tempt me in like manner. I could hear some half-dozen gobbling, but could not see them. They promise to be very plenty next season, so do our other birds, quail and what are called pheasants around here, but I think they are the partridge (similar to the quail in color, etc., but about the size of chickens). Snipe were very abundant three or four weeks since, but were very poor and wild; ducks of the different varieties are very numerous in the season. Deer and foxes furnish us many a spirited chase, and in the mountains fifteen or twenty miles off we can find without difficulty the black bear.—JAY CEE.

NIAGARA FALLS SHOOTING CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Niagara Falls Shooting Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Alva Cluck; Vice-President, Hans Nielson; Secretary, William Pool; Treasurer, S. T. Murray; Board of Directors, J. M. Witmer, H. F. Pierce, A. Murray. The following delegates and alternates were chosen to represent the club in the coming annual meeting of the State Association in Brooklyn in June:—Delegates—J. M. Witmer, H. F. Pierce, Wm. Pool, H. E. Griffith, H. C. Howard. Alternates—A. Cluck, H. Nielson, L. W. Pettibone, J. F. Quick, C. H. Ganun. The delegates were instructed to invite the State Association to hold the annual meeting for 1882 at Niagara Falls.

NEW JERSEY—*Alpine, Bergen Co.*—I have spoken with hunters and others, and learn that the quail have been much reduced in numbers by the severity of the past winter, and that there have been no pains taken to shelter or feed them. Could not learn about other birds or game.

Woodsville, Mercer Co.—About one-tenth of the game in this section perished. The farmers did not feed them.

Metedeonk, Ocean Co.—The birds have stood the winter very well. About ten per cent. have perished. In a few cases the residents have fed the birds.

Springfield, Union Co.—The snow and severe weather in our section were damaging to game, especially quail. Perhaps one-half were killed. No general attempt was made to feed the birds. I fed a flock of quail from the commencement of the snow until it was gone, and although the birds had plenty of feed and excellent corn only seven lived through. Of three other small flocks that I knew of left after the law was up, only one has been heard of, and that one had only five birds in it.—N. C. D.

LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.—There never has been a winter in which the game birds of this section suffered so much. The snows were deep, and there were many of them, and the ground was almost covered, as by an impassable sheet. I found many coveys of birds frozen to death under the lee of a bank where they sought refuge from the storm, and were smothered or killed by the weight of the snow, or frozen from being pressed in. I do not believe any birds escaped in this section that were out during the whole winter. Those that we housed appear to be doing well now, if we can judge by their cheery, Bob White calls in the early morn or at sunset eve. What the colds and storms of winter have not killed the vagabonds that yearly light our forest seem determined to do. It is a great pity that incendiaries were not by law condemned to perish in the flames.—BIRKSHOT.

THE MAROONER CLUB, of Vicksburg, Miss., makes annual hunting and fishing excursions to the haunts known to its members, who are all good sportsmen and true. The club does not confine itself solely to having fun either. It has taken the lead in stocking the streams of the neighborhood, and has thus earned for itself a good name. The membership is not large, but the club is compact, harmonious and enterprising. The officers elected at the last meeting were: Dr. T. G. Birchett, Chief, and W. L. Polk, Secretary. Resolutions were at that time also adopted embodying an expression of the respect which the members of the club entertained for their late fellow member, Dr. E. T. Henry, of whom an obituary notice says: "A gentleman of fine intellectual attainments, a physician of skill and culture, a man of rare dignity of character, combined with unquestioned integrity, a high sense of honor, an instinctive scorn of all things mean and ignoble and an unconquerable devotion to the right, made Edmund T. Henry a thorough gentleman in its truest and most approved sense."

THE FLYING CLAY PIGEON.—Mr. George Ligowsky, of Cincinnati, has invented a substitute for live pigeons. It is a hollow clay disc-shaped "bird," which is thrown from a peculiar trap. The flight of the clay target is described as a sailing or skimming, much resembling the swift horizontal flight of a game bird. The swiftness of this flight may be increased or diminished at pleasure, and can be made to sail, on a level, 100 yards. The direction of flight may also be changed at pleasure, and the action of the trap varied as with glass balls. We have not yet seen the flying clay pigeon in use, and so have no personal knowledge of its working. We shall take pleasure in reporting upon it as soon as we have tested its merits.

SHOOTING GROUNDS FOR BOSTONIANS—Cambridge, May 13.—Are you acquainted with any place within reach of Boston (the Cape preferred) where a party of three or four fellows can find good shore bird shooting for two or three weeks in the fall? We want a quiet place where there are few gunners, and where the shooting ground shall be of easy access to the house. The expense is of small consequence. Also can you tell me the best place for upland plover, during the month of July east of Connecticut, and in Mass.?

Bay snipe shooting may be found at Rye Beach, N. H. There are grass plover also there. Cape Cod used to be a good place. Shooting depends upon the season. Possibly some gunner

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—The Sherbrooke, Canada, *Gazette* says:—"Many of our readers will be gratified to learn that some of the Migratory Quail, which were liberated in this vicinity a year ago, have reappeared at the farm of Mr. Sam Burrell, in Lennoxville. We hope to hear from other parties to the same effect. Last winter was an unusually severe one, and whole bevies of the ordinary quails were reported frozen throughout the Northern States. It remains to be seen how the season affected those of migratory habits."

NEW ORLEANS GUN CLUB.—New Orleans, May 11.—At an election of officers for the ensuing year the following gentlemen were elected to fill the various offices of the New Orleans Gun Club: President, F. A. Cousin; Vice-President, Paul Chaudet; Treasurer, J. K. Rencaud; Secretary, J. E. McDaniel. Board of Controllers—E. L. Randlet, Mr. Frotcher, Allen Junel (Auditor of State), and Edw. Odell. The treasurer's report showed the finances to be in a good healthy condition.

THE MARLBORO, MASS., SPORTSMAN'S CLUB held its annual meeting, May 2, and chose the following officers: Loren Arnold, President; J. G. Howe, Vice-President; H. S. Fay, Esq., Secretary; Louis Lanoise, Treasurer. The above-named officers with Lieut. T. J. Beaudry form the Executive Committee. The club is in good condition every way, and will shoot glass balls every other Wednesday, commencing May 4.

THE NEW MICHIGAN BILL.—E. Saginaw, Michigan, May 14.—The bill recommended by the Michigan Sportsmen's Association to prevent the killing of deer, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, wild turkey, colin or quail, speckled trout and grayling for other purposes than consumption as food within the limits of this State—in other words, to prevent the shipment of the above mentioned game from the State—passed the Senate 23 to 1, and the house 58 to 2, and now only awaits the Governor's signature to become a law.—H. B. R.

DETROIT.—The next Michigan State medal shoot will occur on Thursday the 19th of May, and inasmuch as E. H. Gillman is the present champion, there is likely to be another hot and determined contest. There is absolutely nothing left for sportsmen hereabout except spearing and trolling for bass and pickerel. But this sport is liberal and glorious for all who participate in it.

WE ARE OFTEN ASKED if Baker's three-barrelled gun is a safe arm, etc., etc. Now, we are growing tired of these repeated inquiries and wish to have it understood, once for all, that we do think it a safe gun, have had the highest testimonials from those who have used it, and do not hesitate to commend both the gun and its manufacturer.

A valued correspondent in Wyoming has for sale some fine prairie dog skins, suitable for mounting. He has also some relics found on Custer's battle field. Letters addressed to this office for W. A. A. will be forwarded.

—Our ever-bright contemporary, *Puck*, has this spring note: "And now is the time when the ice-cream vender makes his appearance on the street and the small boy who buys a cent's worth is importuned by his companion to give him "atherings," and after he has eaten the cream he takes the paper and jabs it on his companion's cheek, saying: "Here, cully, you're 'ather' me."

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MAY.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salmo fontinalis.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostedion americanum, S. griseum,* etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chænobrytius gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch. *Morone americana.*
Scup or Porgie *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*

FISHING ABOUT NEW YORK.—We are prepared to direct anglers to fishing resorts easily accessible from this city. This information will be given upon personal application to this office or to those who may inclose self-addressed envelope. The kind of fishing, the distance and the time to be spent should be stated.

. . . . *As an angler, he is one whom old Izaak would have loved, for with him angling is an idyllic pastime, a contemplative man's recreation. He has no care for the more exciting branches of the art. He cares but little for the toils of salmon fishing, or the excitement of lanting the savage pike. More to his taste is the quiet ramble beside the trout stream, the seat in a punt, gudgeon fishing, or a still calm evening by a pool side, angling for tench. He himself will tell you that he is an angler because of the opportunities it affords for pleasant and profitable reverie. It was very little matter whether he caught fish or not when he went a-fishing. From what we have observed, we doubt that the angler whose portrait we are sketching was born to the art; we think he was rather led into its exercise by the delight he takes in its accessories; therefore he is, as a rule, not a success ful angler. His pursuit of the fish themselves is not keen enough for that, and he is too often led astray by some extraneous object. His float may be carried down, and the fish may entangle his line in the weeds, the while he is unconsciously peering at the petals of a flower through a magnifying glass. His rod may lie on the bank of a stream while the minnows are nibbling the feather off his flies, and he will be absorbed in the study of gravel sections or rock strata laid bare by the winter torrents. When he returns to angling consciousness, he will extricate his line from the weeds, or put fresh flies on his line, with a quiet smile, and without the least impatience.*

G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES.

TROUTING IN TIM POND.

I NOTICE in your ever live paper an advertisement from Kennedy Smith, of Eustis, Maine. As all real sportsmen wish to aid each other, evidence of which is often seen in your columns in various ways, allow me to say that Tim Pond is one of the few places where trout are very plenty, and the place is easy of access. I do not mean it is close by home. But one can leave New York at evening and the next evening be at Kingfield, or North New Portland, according to the route they may take. From Boston the route is by boat or Maine Central Railroad to Portland. From Portland by rail to Farmington, thence by stage to Kingfield and to Smith's Farm. At Kingfield Mead's hotel is one of the best for an invalid, pleasure tourist or sportsman that it has ever been my lot to find in Northern Maine. There are many excellent trout brooks within easy distance of this hotel. And on the route from Kingfield to Smith's Farm you follow the banks of the Conybassett River nearly eighteen miles. This river has many trout, and a few years since was as well stocked as any in Maine. The scenery is wild and very beautiful, the road good, if, perhaps, at this season we except the nine miles of new road (four years old), through Jerusalem; after leaving this road it is nine miles to the Smith Farm, with as fine mountain scenery as can be found in New England or Switzerland.

Dan Clark & Son run the stage from Farmington to Eustis. Many of your readers will recollect the senior proprietor as the veritable old "whip," who, years since, took them to Rangeley. His outfit is complete in all respects and rates reasonable. If a party chooses to go from Portland to West Waterville they can there take the Somerset Railroad to North Anson; John Ayer is president; I knew him when a schoolmate, his rank ran high, but not higher than afterward as a leading manufacturer of his State, or as a railroad manager. His road, as well as the other, sells round trip tickets. Two years since there was a good hotel at North New Portland, eight miles from North Anson. I think there is one at Anson.

I have been over the route from Farmington to Eustis five times, and always find new charms. I have once been from Eustis to New Portland; the drive is somewhat longer and the road very good. It passes through "Flaggstaff," where Arnold lost so many soldiers on his way to Quebec, then along Dead River, at the foot of Mt. Bigelow, for several miles. Just as the road turns into the "Notch" there is a good hotel, though with rather high prices. After turning from the Dead River banks the road comes upon what is called the "Horseback," a "ridge," barely wide enough for a carriage track, which is some hundreds of feet above the brooks and meadows below, while the peaks of the mountains on either side are thousands of feet above the "Horseback." Through "Lexington Plantation" the road is like a race track in a trotting park. As I am writing for your patrons and not for hotels or routes, I have spoken of both ways of reaching Smith's Farm.

I have been to Tim Pond for trouting and shooting three times, and before I am a year older I hope I shall have been there twice more, because I can get more and better trout and game for the outlay of money, time and fatigue than any other place I have yet found, after many years of experience, and because the scenery is just what one covets. A man in Connecticut, who has been there once, and I hope will soon be there again, said to me last Saturday, that after more than forty years of fishing—he has been in poor health the last ten years—Tim Pond was the only place that completely satisfied him in the number of trout, the quality of the scenery, the cabins and fair treatment that he had yet found, though he had traversed Connecticut, New York and Maine.

If such of your readers as go there are to use bait they know what they prefer. If they are to use the fly, permit me to say that the "Montreal," as made by Wm. Mills & Son, is the most successful. I told them how the fly cut from the trout looked and they have imitated it to perfection. Just at night the Coachman, the Scarlet Ibis and White Miller do well. Now and then a brown hackle will lure the speckled denizens of the clear waters of the mountain wreathed lakelet. But Col. Hayden, after some months of experience, as well as myself and others, has decided that the "Montreal" is the favorite.

There are many good trout brooks near the farm house, and a fine pickerel pond near Flagstaff. There are outside places of amusement and plenty of game near the lake, with dells, glens, cascades, ravines and gorges. About three and a half miles away is a small beaver pond, boiling with the gambols of good-sized trout. It is not the season for small game. Bears and other large game are always plenty. All these things add variety and pleasure.

If there are other facts and particulars you desire in relation to this sportsmen's paradise, I should be glad to furnish them, hoping that some of your readers may find the same rich enjoyment at Tim Pond that I and about one hundred others here realized, and intend to repeat. J. W. T.

FISH PROTECTION IN CALIFORNIA.

THE San Francisco correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM writes us that there is great complaint from all who have tried the streams this season of the scarcity of fish; and this in the face of the fact that many of these streams have been stocked by the very active Fish Commissioners of California. Along most of the California streams which are easily accessible from the larger cities, numerous Portuguese and Greeks have settled, particularly the former. These people are vandals, respecting no game laws and doing as they please. They keep their affairs among themselves, and while one will know of the other's law-breaking, people of other nations are kept in the dark. These people, usually small farmers, vignerons or woodchoppers, kill the fish at all times. They use traps, lime, etc., and, in the pools, giant powder. People are so accustomed to the use of giant powder in mining operations and in splitting logs, etc., that cartridges are not scarce and are very handy Several dozen fish can be taken by using one cartridge. Our correspondent says he took five traps out of a stream in one day's fishing last season. In one stream a gentleman living near by had put 10,000 trout two years in succession, but they were trapped and blown up and the stream was depopulated. He gave up the attempt to stock it. And this, our correspondent says, is a common experience. Several sportsmen's clubs have been organized with the ostensible object of protecting the fish, but most of them have established preserves on lakes, etc., and general preservation has not been aimed at. With the game clubs pigeon-shooting has obscured the idea of preserving game.

A club in Marion County, organized to protect the streams, had a man to watch before the season opened. He caught several irresponsible boys, and forcibly took "red-handed" a prominent member of the Sportsman Club, well known as an enthusiastic lover of angling, but never before suspected of law-breaking. He was prosecuted, but was freed because he averred that he had caught chubs and given them to Chinamen. That is the plea he got off on. Enthusiastic anglers are, however, not usually noted for a fondness for chubs, nor Californians for philanthropy to Chinamen. He was seen to take the fish and put them in his basket. A new trial will be had.

Our correspondent also informs us that a number of gentlemen in San Francisco are about organizing a society with the exclusive object of protecting the fish and game of the State. They will enlist the aid of gentlemen residing in the country.

The winninish from Maine has been successfully acclimatized in California. The San Francisco *Call* says: "At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences last week, T. D. Wakelee presented a specimen of land-locked salmon, caught in Felt's Lake, San Mateo County, this being the first specimen of this valuable fish caught on this coast. The circumstance is worthy of note, in that it proves that the Eastern land-locked salmon, a most excellent good fish, will propagate and flourish in California waters. The eggs from which this particular fish was derived were received from the Government officials and placed in Felt's Lake by our State Fish Commissioners two years ago last December. The fish exhibited was some eighteen inches long, which shows the size the fish will attain in that time. There is no doubt of its being the true *Salmo Sebago*, as all its markings agree exactly with the descriptions in the books. The Fish Commissioners are very much gratified at the result of this lot of eggs, as the fish is a valuable addition to our food supply. Moreover, what sportsmen will all rejoice in, is the fact that it is a first-class game fish, taking the fly readily. Eggs of this fish have been put in Tulare Espinosa, Tahoe, Donner, and several other lakes and streams, but this is the first specimen of this salmon taken. Felt's Lake, where it was caught, is an artificial reservoir, with very little water flowing into it."

The *Call* makes an appeal to sportsmen to broaden their views and devise plans for the protection of fish and game in the whole State, instead of the few preserves in which they are individually interested. This is the proper way to proceed in order to avoid all appearance of selfishness, and we hope the sportsmen of the State will heed the *Call*, which truly says: "Our city sportsmen are too apt to consider themselves the only sportsmen. They are apt to look upon country people as all 'pot hunters.' They have ignored the existence of many good men who could help in preserving the fish and game; in fact, the only men who would see the laws enforced, by being on the spot when they are broken, and where the law-breakers could be detected and punished. Fish ponds for members and shooting matches between members are very good things in their way, but neither will protect fish or game. It is reasonably certain that should the society referred to succeed in getting gentlemen in the country to interest themselves, and to act as guardians of the streams, the State Fish Commissioners would do all they could in stocking streams so guarded. Organizing clubs alone will not do. Advertising rewards will not do. Passing resolutions will not do. It needs practical co-operation among all classes of sportsmen, and the country sporsmen can do more than all in the city. But let both join hands in the good work, and benefit will result."

DERIVATION OF "BASS."—In your editorial of April 21 on the local names of fishes, a statement often found in American books on angling, is repeated, that the word *bass* is a corruption of the Dutch *barsch*, meaning a perch. In the works of Couch and of Yarrell upon British fishes may be found a cut and a description of a "bass," a marine fish of the English coast, which is evidently a perch by the description, and is stated to be a game fish, often taken with hook and line. Besides this testimony that the word is good English, we have that of the early settlers of Massachusetts, who often mention the bass fisheries as important sources of profit; so that they were in Plymouth farmed out to individuals for the benefit of the colony. By their frequent and familiar use of the name *bass*, it would appear that these people brought the word with them from England and applied it to the American fish, as they, in many other cases, applied European names to American animals —S. C. C.

Our correspondent is correct, but we did not mean that the name of "bass" was an "Americanism," "Bass" and "Perch" have a common derivation. Both are now distinct English words, and refer to fishes which belong to the family *Percidæ*. Webster gives "bass, a corruption of *barse*," and refers to the latter. He gives the derivation of barse as from the Anglo-Saxon *bears, baers;* Danish *baars;* German *bars, barsch, baersich*; Latin *perca*, etc. Our idea was merely to show that the names originally referred to the same fish, and that in the case of a fish called perch at the South and bass at the North, there was equally good authority for both. The "black bass" of the North is in some parts called "black perch," the "sun-fish" becomes "sun-perch," etc.

How a love for the natural world may be carried into the furnishing of the dwelling is told by Dr. Thad S. Up de Graff in his tribute to a friend, which was published in *The Bistoury* for October, 1880:

"Were we called upon to pen a single sentence, revealing the character of our friend, A. L. Williams—now dead—we should say 'he loved the birds and flowers.' Loved them with a consuming, never ceasing ardor, that lighted up his face and sparkled in his tender eye, at the very glimpse of them. Many times have we seen him leave the stream, when engaged in the gentle art, to climb a precipitous bank, there to fondle a delicate anemone which his keen eye had discovered. Seated upon the grassy bank of a rippling mountain stream, we have listened to his eloquent praise of some favorite flower, or of the song of a well known bird His eye ever on the alert for a new wild flower; his ear quick to catch the first note of every feathered songster. His acquaintance with nature extended beyond that gleaned from books—it was a familiar knowledge, born of an intimate companionship with the creatures of his choice. Every tiny flower that struggled for an existence in the tangled grass, or beneath a fallen tree, found a ready, cheerful rescuer at his hands, for he knew their haunts and searched for them with a never-failing delight. To hear him talk to the birds and comment upon their habits, was alone richly worth a day's ramble in his company. The bird that chirped unseen in the branches of a tree or soared away to the clouds was quickly recognized and some peculiar habit unfolded to the companion who cared to listen. A taxidermist of considerable skill, it was not strange that his dwelling was ornamented with the beautiful creatures that he so much loved. As he pointed out each pretty specimen of his handiwork a little story of its capture was always related, revealing the great enjoyment that his excursions to the woods invariably engendered. Bird-nests of various kinds hung suspended by the picture frames of his sitting-room, at home; birds were grouped in various attitudes about the apartment, while ferns and wild flowers grew in cones and from brackets constructed of fungus growths taken from the forest trees. Thus, in his dwelling, was his fondness for nature manifested."

NOTES FROM EAGLE'S NEST.—May 11.—Fishing is very late this year. A few worm-drowners have caught small baskets of small trout. They will not rise to fly in snow water here, and we have drifts in our mountains yet five feet deep, if an inch—I do not know but more. Over in Davenport, Mr. Snyder, one of your old subscribers, and a true sportsman on land or water, has been snatching up illegal fishermen, and Justice O'Connor has been teaching them the terrors of the law. All honor to both. I have just received fifteen thousand California mountain trout eggs from my long-time friend and ancient comrade, Seth Green; and John N. Bennett, another worshipper at the shrine of the FOREST AND STREAM, is already hatching them out with fine success. He says he will not lose thirty eggs out of the entire lot. He is a splendid fishculturist. I have not yet wet a line, but I have got my Orvis rod out, looked over my tackle, and shall soon try a May fly over on the glad waters of the bright Beaverkill. And will I not report to the FOREST AND STREAM? Yea, verily—so mote it be!—NED BUNTLINE.

THE LAKE MEGANTIC ROUTE—Sherbrooke, P. Q., May 14. —"E. J. T." can reach this place by the Grand Trunk, or by the Passumpsic railway. From here to Lake Megantic, the present terminus of the International Railway, 70 miles. Return ticket, $3.35. After 25th inst., small steamer through lake 12 miles; one mile portage to Spider Lake. Guides are: S. D. Ball, Pierre Le Royer (Indian) and Ed. Noel. P. O. address, Agnes, Lake Megantic, P. Q. Terms, $1 to $1.50 per day. Fishing for trout and lunge, fly and trolling, after June 1. I have visited Lake Megantic every year for the last eighteen years, and will be happy to give any information in my power respecting it. Supplies can be obtained here and at the lake.—D. T.

THE NEPISIGUIT SALMON GROUNDS—New York, May 12 — I am informed that the land on both sides of the pools on the "Rough Waters" of the Nepisiguit River, New Brunswick, has been bought by some parties. This was the portion of the stream where salmon fishing was formerly obtainable from the fishery officer at $1 per day per rod. The land on *all* the salmon pools above was purchased some time ago by some anglers, and the fishing was also under lease by the Dominion Government, which has led to law suits now pending. So, there is now no "public" fishing on the river, which, by the way, has furnished very poor sport of late years and is rapidly deteriorating.—MANHATTAN.

TROUTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Last week some good trout fishing was had at Jim Henry's neighborhood, Pa. All disciples of Walton know where Jim's is, so I need not give the route to get there. Theard, an old and expert fly-fisherman, stated only to-day that he had fished almost every stream in our State where there was room to make a cast, and after all found that Jim's house was as good a starting point to reach fairly good waters as he could find in Pennsylvania.—HOMO.

AN EIGHT POUND SHAD.—A North River shad, weighing eight pounds, was on exhibition on the 11th inst. at the restaurant of Thomas L. Clark & Son, 215 Washington street, New York. It was caught by the veteran shadder, Sam Ludlow. We saw the fish; it measured 26½ inches in length, 6¾ in depth, and was 3¼ inches thick just froward of the dorsal fin. Its head was so large that it could not get into the gill-net further than just back of the eye, the twine mark coming to the posterior edge of the suborbital bone.

NOVA SCOTIA TROUT FISHING—Montreal, Quebec, May 11—Good trout fishing is now to be had in the lakes back from Buckingham, Quebec. Mine host, Lynch, of the Montreal House, Buckingham, has good camps at these lakes, and his charges will be very reasonable this season to carry parties to and fro, and furnish all necessary supplies while camping there.—STANSTEAD.

GET OUT YOUR TACKLE.—A small school of bluefish was seen off the coast of New Jersey on the 12th. Weakfish have been taken in Gravesend Bay in the shad nets, and one man claimed to have taken one on a line on the 14th. The June schools will be composed of small fish, but hungry ones. See that your tackle is in good order, and if not, then buy new. If you don't know who keeps the best tackle just look through our advertising columns; you can't miss the right one.

THE WILLEWEMOC CLUB in the Catskill mountains owns Willewemoc Lake, one of the best trout preserves in this State, together with club-house, out-buildings and furniture, and about twelve acres of land. A share in this club can be obtained at a reasonable price by prompt application to "Willewemoc," care of FOREST AND STREAM.

—A rather curious incident occurred to an acquaintance of mine while fishing in some private water near here. He was fishing for trout with the worm, and had, as he supposed, hooked a fish; but what was his astonishment in pulling out the line to find, instead, a half-digested frog attached by the leg to the hook. Evidently the fish had taken the frog some time before, and, in swallowing the worm, the hook, instead of fastening in his throat, caught the frog's leg.—*Fishing Gazette.*

—Some of our readers may possibly have read about the eccentric but forgetful Rev. George Harvest, who lived in the latter half of the last century. Mr. Harvest had a partiality for the then Bishop of London's (Dr. Compton) daughter. The wedding day, in short, had been fixed, but, unluckily, he (Mr. H.) forgot all about it and went out fishing instead. The Bishop's daughter, highly incensed, broke off the engagement.—*Fishing Gazette.*

RANGELEY LAKES.—The excursion fare to Rangeley Lakes from Boston and return, by the popular Boston and Maine Railroad, is $12.50. This road looks out for the interests of its sportsmen patrons. See its advertisement elsewhere.

Fish Culture.

[A paper read before the American Fisheultural Association, and here reprinted from advanced sheets of report of U. S. Fish Commission, Part VII.]

EPOCHS IN THE HISTORY OF FISH CULTURE.

BY PROF. G. BROWN GOODE.

IT has been my aim in the following paper to recount, in chronological order, the principal steps in the progress of fish culture in Europe and America. No originality of matter or of method is claimed. The work has been done for my own convenience, and that of others who may have felt the need often felt by me of a concise summary of the facts in the history of the artificial propagation of fish. This paper has been hastily prepared, and, perhaps, contains misstatements or omissions. Criticisms or corrections will be received gladly, especially if they relate to statements concerning priority of invention. Without further introduction, I will proceed to the consideration of the first and greatest epoch.

I. 1741—*The Discovery of the Art of Fish Culture.*—In the year 1741 the art of fish culture was discovered by Stephan Ludwig Jacobi, a wealthy landed proprietor living at Hohenhausen, a small village in the duchy of Lippe, in Northwestern Germany. This discovery was not made public until 1763, thirty-eight years after the time when Jacobi, a youth of seventeen years, first conceived the idea of artificially fertilizing the eggs of fish for the purpose of restocking ponds and streams, and began a series of painstaking experiments.

There is so much of interest in these early efforts at fish-breeding, that I shall not hesitate to speak of them somewhat at length, quoting freely from a paper recently published by my friend, Dr. Ludwig Hapke, of Bremen, who has taken the pains to visit the home of Jacobi, and to correct many errors concerning the worker and his work, which may be found in all the writings hitherto published on the history of fish culture.

Stephan Ludwig Jacobi was born April 28, 1709, upon his ancestral estate of Hohenhausen in the province of Varenholz. After a few years of study, under a private tutor, he was sent to the Gymnasia of Lemgo, Detmold and Hamburg. In 1734 he settled on the University of Marburg, where he spent four years in the study of jurisprudence, philosophy and mathematics. In 1738 he turned his attention to agriculture and, in 1741, after his marriage, he assumed the management of the estate which he had inherited from his father. In 1745 he was appointed "Landlieutenant," or Lieutenant, of Militia. He was not, however, a military man, though he is spoken of as an army officer in all works on fish culture. Like many of the leading landed proprietors of Germany, he engaged in various enterprises not strictly agricultural, though properly pertaining to his functions as landlord. The village of Hohenhausen, which was located upon his estate, was a prosperous settlement of about one thousand inhabitants.

Among the industries in which he was engaged was the management of a flour-mill, a vinegar factory and a factory for the fabrication of starch from potatoes. He was also employed in public service, having been chosen superintendent of the work of building a canal from Schötmar to Uffeln, an enterprise by which numerous meadows and swamps were reclaimed from the water, and which was also of importance in the years of destitution (1771 and 1772) in providing work and food for many hundreds of suffering peasants. He was, however, particularly devoted to the culture of fruit and of fish, and is said to have employed successfully for many years a system of rotation of crops. Certain extensive tracts upon his estate he was accustomed to devote for a certain period to fruit-growing, then, by overflowing them, to give them up with equally satisfactory results to the rearing of fish. As late as 1805 the twelve little troughs which he used in hatching fish eggs, as well as the other apparatus devised by him, were still to be seen by those who were sufficiently interested to inquire for them.

Jacobi was a man of commanding stature and fine personal appearance. He died, aged seventy-five years, on the 22d of April, 84, his widow surviving until 1805. He left twelve children, the best of whom, Gerlach Ferdinand Jacobi, inherited the estate, and up to his death, in 1825, continued the fish-breeding industries which had been established by his father.

The "Father of Fish Culture" was, in the opinion of Dr. Hapke, one of the important scientific investigators of the age in which he lived. A pupil of the renowned Christian Wolf, the disciple of Leibnitz, the predecessor of Kant, he was trained in the best methods of the mathematicians and natural philosophers of his day and nation. He was unfortunate in being ahead of his time. He was a citizen of one of the smallest of the, at that time, infinitesimally small German provinces, and was in the prime of life when the Seven Years' War occurred [1756–1763], and when the social and scientific development of Germany was retarded by internal dissensions. He appreciated the full scientific and practical import of his discovery and lost no opportunity to make it public and to introduce it into general usefulness. He himself published papers in various periodicals and was in constant correspondence with the chief naturalists of Germany and France, like Buffon, Lacepede, Fourcroy and Gleditsch, while also encouraging others to give publicity through the press to the methods and results of his labors. A contemporary biographer wrote: "By reason of his discovery of the methods of artificially fertilizing the eggs of fish, as well as an account of many useful discoveries in physics and mechanics, he was well known to the academies of Berlin and St. Petersburgh, as well as within the narrower limits of his own fatherland" (Lippische Intelligenzblatter, 1768, p. 585). He was so well known throughout the country that a letter sent to him from the American Colonies sometime between 1760 and 1770, and addressed to *The Trout Culturist Jacobi, Germany*, passed safely to his address. [HAPKE, Dr. L. Zur Entdeckungsgeschichte des Kunstlichen Fischzucht. Abhandlungen des Naturwissenschaftlichen Vereins, Bremen, vi, 1876, pp. 157–164.]

It is claimed by many French writers that the process of artificial fecundation was discovered as early as 1420 by Dom Pinchon, a monk in the Abbey of Reome. This claim was not advanced until 1854, when the Baron de Montgaudry called attention to certain manuscript records at that time in his possession, found among the archives of the abbey. The claim is a somewhat feeble one, and it is believed by many authorities that the practice of the French monk was simply to collect and transplant the eggs which he had found already naturally fertilized, thus discovering artificial breeding, but not artificial propagation. However interesting to the antiquarian, the proceedings of Dom Pinchon had no influence upon the progress of fish culture. [MONTGAUDRY: Bulletin de la Societe Zoologique d'Acclimatation, Paris, I, 1854, p. 8°. HAIME: Revue des Deux Mondes, June, 1854, and Report U. S. F. C., Part II, 1873 (pp. 465–492), p. 472 (translation). MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., Part II, 1873, p. 531. MILLET: La Culture de l'Eau, p. 128. HAPKE: op. cit., p. 151. MOLIN: Rationelle Zucht der Susswasserfische, etc. Wien, 1864, p. 4.]

To Germany, beyond question, belongs the honor of discovering and carrying into practical usefulness the art of fisheulture. Upon the estate of Jacobi, as has been seen, it was carried on as a branch of agriculture for nearly eighty years—from 1741 to 1825—though it was nearly one hundred years before public opinion was ripe for a general acceptance of its usefulness. Recognition of fish culture was finally brought about by the zealous advocacy of men of science in France, Scotland, Bohemia and Switzerland. During the interim it appears to be certain that at no time was the practice of fish culture from a practical standpoint entirely abandoned by citizens of Germany.

II. 1763—*Announcement of the Discovery of Fish Culture.*—In 1763 some anonymous contributor to the Hanoverian Magazine published a description of the methods employed by Jacobi in the artificial culture of trout and salmon. [Hannoverische Magazin, 1763, Erster jahrgang, p 363.] On the 5th of August, 1765, Jacobi himself, in the same periodical, recounted the story of his experiments and their results. [HAPKE: op. cit., p. 160. HAIME: op. cit., p. 474. MILNER: op. cit., p. 531. MILLER: op. cit., p. 127. BLOCH: Hannoverschen Magazin, 1783, pp. 387–800. KRUNITZ: Encyclopadie, 1778, p 456. MEZLER: Landwirthschaft's Kalender, Stuttgart, 1771, p. 72.]

III. 1764—*Indorsement of Fish Culture by the Savans of Germany.*—In 1764, in the year after the announcement by Jacobi of the results of his experiments, Dr. J. G. Gleditsch, a renowned botanist, presented to the Berlin Academy of Sciences a communication, in which he pointed out the importance of the new discovery. [GLEDITSCH: Denkschriften der Konighichen Akademie zu Berlin, xx. (1764), 1766, pp. 47.]

IV. 1770—*First French Publication of a Treatise on Fish Culture.*—In 1770, the memoir of Jacobi was published in Paris in an abridgment of the Memoirs of the Academy of Berlin. [Memoires de l'Academie Royale do Prusse, etc.]. In Duhamel-Dumonceau's "General Treatise upon the Fisheries," published in 1773, was published a translation of Jacobi's memoir on artificial propagation. [DUHAMEL DU MONCEAU: Traite General des Peches, publie par ordre de l'Academie des sciences. Paris, 1773, part iii, p. 209.]

V. 1771—*First Recognition by Governments of the Importance of Fish Culture.*—George III, of England, recognizing the importance of the discovery of Jacobi, granted to him a life pension. [PEZAY: "Soirees Helvetiennes," Amsterdam, 1771, p. 169. MILLET: op. cit., 1870, p. 128.].

VI. 1772—*First Public Demonstration of the Principles of Fish Culture.*—In 1772, Prof. Adanson, in his lectures in the Royal Garden of Paris, now the Garden of Plants, demonstrated to his hearers by practical illustration the processes of fish culture. [MILLET, op. cit., p. 128.]

VII. 1788—*First Publication in English of a Treatise on Fish Culture.*—A translation of Jacobi's memoirs was published in London, in 1788, under the title, "S. L. Jacobi's Method of Breeding Fish to Advantage."

VIII. 1791—*Beginnings of Fish Culture in Italy.*—As early as 1791, Joseph Bufalini, of Cesena, in Northern Italy, had succeeded in artificially fecundating the eggs of many species of fish. [*Opuscoli scelti di Milano*, 1791. *Vis litteraire de Spallanzani*, by Tourdes, p. 63.] Little has, however, since been done in Italy, particularly in the way of public fish culture.

IX. 1800–1840—*The Work of Early Disciples of Jacobi in Germany.*—As we have already seen, the son of Jacobi carried on fish culture at Hohenhausen from 1784 to 1825. According to Hartig and Von Kaas, the forester Franks, and perhaps others, practiced successfully the methods of Jacobi at Steinburg, in Lippe Schaumburg, soon after their promulgation. Head-forester Martens made some successful trials at Schieder in 1837, which were continued for many years. In 1837, Court-hunter Schnitzer, a pupil of Martens, established in Leppe Detmold, Jacobi's own province, a trout-breeding establishment, which, in 1844, was still in successful operation. Here were made some interesting observations upon the influence of temperature on the development of eggs. In 1840, Knoche published an account of successful experiments at Oelbergen. [HARTIG (Ernst Friedrich): Lehrbuch der Teichwirthschaft, 1831, p. 411. KNOCHE: Zeitschrift fur den landwirthschaftlichen verein des Grosherzogthums Hessen, No. 37, 1840, p. 457. WAGENER: Vaterlandische Blatter, Detmold, 1844. HAPKE: op. cit., p. 161. HAIME, op. cit., p. 476. BLANCHARD: op. cit., p. 539.]

X. 1820—*Initial Efforts at Fish Culture in France.*—About the year 1820, MM. Hivert and Puachon fertilized the eggs of the trout, and attempted to restock the waters of the Provinces of Haute Marne, in eastern France. [MILLET: op. cit., p. 128. BLANCHARD: op. cit., p. 374.]

XI. 1824—*Beginning of Fish Culture in Bohemia.*—In 1824, in the duchy of Horazdovic in Bohemia, successful experiments in salmon culture were carried on by Director Studeny, the young fish dying when fingerlings. [FRITSCH: Die Flussfischerei in Bohmen, Prague, 1871, p. . HAPKE: op. cit., p. 162.] In 1853, a new interest was awakened in Bohemia by the experiments of Prof. Purkynje in trout culture.

XII. 1837—*Beginnings of Fish Culture in Great Britain.*—In 1837, Mr. John Shaw, after studying for several years the habits of the spawning salmon, succeeded in fecundating their eggs and raising the young fish to the age of two years. His experiments, though undertaken chiefly to demonstrate the identity of the fishes known as the *parr* and the *smolt* with the young of the salmon, were of great importance in the development of fisheultural science in Great Britain. [SHAW, JOHN: An account of some experiments and observations on the pan and on the ova of the salmon, proving the pan to be the young of the salmon. Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, XXI. 1836, pp. 99-110. Experiments on the growth of the salmon, Proc-Royal Society, Edinburgh, I., 1838, pp. 178-9, pp. 275-9, Edinburgh: New Philosophical Journal, XXIV., 1838, pp. 165-176. Observations on the growth of the salmon. London, Smyman, 1840, p. 11.]

Gottlieb Boccius claims to have successfully raised young trout at Chalsworth and Uxbridge, England, as early as 1841. [BOCCIUS, GOTLIEB: A treatise on the management of fresh-water fish, with a view to making them a source of profit to landed proprietors. London, 1841, 8vo. A treatise on the production and management of fish in fresh waters by artificial spawning, breeding and rearing. XXx., London. 1848.]

In 1854, the Brothers Ashworth hatched 260,000 young salmon at Lough Corrib, in Ireland, and soon after similar enterprises were undertaken for the River Tay, by Mr. Ramsbottom, and for the Dee by Mr. Ayrton.

XIV. 1842-1844—*Experiments of Remy and Gehin.*—In the year 1842, according to various French authorities, an illiterate fisherman named Joseph Remy, living in the mountains of Vosges, after studying for some years the spawning habits of the trout in the brooks about his home, succeeded in fecundating and hatching their eggs, and in feeding the young fish until they were old enough to shift for themselves. In the latter part of his undertaking he had an associate named Antoine Gehin. These fishermen were actuated solely by professional zeal, and before their labors became generally known, had succeeded in rearing to a marketable size several thousands of trout. In 1843, Remy, in a letter to the Prefect of the Vosges, narrated the results of his experiments, and in the following year he and his colleague received a premium from a local society—the Society of Emulation of the Vosges.

An immense stress has been laid upon the importance of these men to fish culture, particularly by French writers, Quatrefages, Haxo, Milne Edwards, Haim and others, an importance which I am, however, unable to appreciate to the same extent as they. In the first place, it seems somewhat improbable that the art of fertilizing fish eggs was, as is usually claimed, an original discovery of these men. Jacobi's experiments had been published nearly eighty years, and in the French language, in various popular treatises on fish and fishery, for fully seventy years. Remy was not so thoroughly illiterate as is usually represented, or he could not have communicated his observations in writing to the provincial authorities, nor have become a candidate for an award from scientific society. It seems quite unlikely that the names of Jacoby and Goldstein were to him entirely unfamiliar. Consider, too, that the reputed discovery of Dom Pinchon, in the fifteenth century, was made in the neighboring province of *Cote d'Or*, while in *Haute Marne*, the remotest portions of which are not thirty miles distant from Vosges, local experimenters, as early as 1820, "had succeeded in hatching the eggs of the trout and obtaining their young to replenish the brooks and creeks of that district." [MILLET: op. cit., p. 128.]

Even the claim that the labors of the Vosges men were of immense importance to fish culture in France is not so clearly tenable. When the important essay of Quatrefages was published in 1848, their work was unknown to its author, and to this essay all Frenchmen agree in ascribing great influence in stimulating their national efforts in fisheulture.

I hope it is not uncharitable to suggest that the chief significance to fish culture of the work of Remy and Gehin lies in the opportunity it afforded to France to throw its energies into the field without acknowledgment of indebtedness to Germany. At the same time I am not disposed to deprive their experts of the commendation which they deserve for their practical successes in fish-breeding. The French Government, when in 1850, after resolving to make a grand experiment in stocking the waters of France with fish, seriously considered the question of giving to Remy and Gehin the direction of a portion of the enterprise as a recompense for the merit of having created a new branch of industry in France—an encomium which they thoroughly deserved. [HAXO: ——— Reflexions sur l'Ichthyogenie, ou des œufs des poissons l'eclosion Epinal: Imprimerie de Cabane, 1851. 12mo. German edition, Leipzig, Spamer, 1855. MILNE EDWARDS, A.: Annales des Sciences, Naturelles, Paris. 3d series. XIV., 1850, p. 53. MILLET: op. cit., p. 129. HAIME: op. cit. Annales de la Societe d'Emulation des Vosges. V. 1844, p. 301.]

XV. 1842—*Beginnings of Fisheulture in Switzerland.*—A decree of the Swiss Government, issued in 1842, gave complete instructions to fishermen upon the method of artificially propagating fish. [VOGT: ——, HAIME: Revue des Deux Mondes, 1854.] As early as 1784 Spallanzani, Provost of Geneva, who had been one of the first to recognize the value of the discovery of Jacobi, published a treatise "On the Artificial Propagation of Animals and the Nature of Hermaphrodites," in which he detailed the results of experiments made by himself. [BOSONNET, 186.] In 1857 was founded the establishment at Zurich, soon followed by many others. [BOUCHON BRUNDELEY, Rep. U. S. F. C., Part II., p 575.]

XVI. 1848—*Revival of Interest in Fish Culture Among the French.*—In 1848 was published the celebrated memoir of Quatrefages upon "Artificial Fertilization in Fish Culture," to the influence of which Haime and other French writers attribute the new interest in fish culture, which was for several years quite absorbing, which resulted in many improvements in the art, and to which, indeed, may be directly attributed the general revival of interest on the subject, which soon spread to America and elsewhere, and which has not since abated. [QUATREFAGES, A. DE: Des fecondations artificielles appliquees a l'elove de poissons. Comptes Rendus of the Academy of Sciences of Paris. XXVII., 1848, pp. 413-416. Revue des Deux Mondes, Jan. 1, 1849.]

XVII. 1850—*Encouragement of Fish Culture by the French Government.*—In 1850, Prof. Alphonse Milne Edwards, Dean of the Faculty of Sciences of Paris, was instructed by the French Minister of Agriculture to ascertain the value of the facts recently published concerning fish culture. He visited England, and also the establishment of Remy and his associate in the Vosges, and published a report, in which he recounted that the Government takes measures to stock the streams of France with fish.

In 1850 was established at Huningen, in Alsace, the first fish breeding station, or "piscifactory," as it was named by Prof. Coste. The year 1850 should be memorable in the annals of fish culture, since it marks the initiation of public fish culture. To the establishment at Huningen the world is indebted for some important practical hints, but most of all for its influence upon the policy of governments. The fortunes of war and conquest have now thrown Huningen into the hands of the German government. [COSTE (J. M.): Notice Historique sui l'etablissement de pisciculture de Huningen. Paris, 1850. Instruction pratiques sur la pisciculture, survies de memoires et de rapputs sur le meme sujet. Avec figures, Paris, Masson, 1853, 12mo. DETZEM et BERTOL: Fecondations Artificelle des Poissons. Mem. de la Soc. d'Emulation des Donbs, 1851.]

XVII. 1850—*Beginning of Public Fishculture in Norway.*—In 1850 the Storthing or Parliament of Norway voted 3,000 specie thalers for the prosecution of fish culture. Norway is thus entitled to share with France the honor of pioneership in fish culture, though, by reason of her remoteness, her influence has not been so extended. [HAPKE, op. cit., p. 160]. It is worthy of mention that about 1850 the art of fish culture was again independently discovered by one Jacob Sandungen, a Norwegian peasant. [MORIT: op. cit.]

XIX. *Beginnings of Fish Culture in Finland.*—For a third or fourth time the art of fish culture was independently discovered by a Finnish peasant named Matts Thomasson Wallila about the year 1852. [MOLIN: op. cit., p. 7.]

In 1857 H. J. Holmberg was sent by the Russian Government to Sweden and Norway to see how far the methods of fish culture then employed were applicable to Finland. [Molin p. 10.]

In 1862, through the labors of Holmberg, who in that year became inspector of pisciculture in that country, the first breeding station was established. In 1873 there were already ten large establishments in this province. [SUDAKEVICZ: Rep. U. S. F. C., Part II., p. 512.]

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. J. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

October 1 at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

May 17, 18, 19 and 20, at Lincoln, Neb. Nebraska Dog Show. Isaac T. Webster, U. S. A., Superintendent.

THE BEAGLES RATTLER, MAJOR AND DYKE.

OUR illustrations this week are of the three beagles, Rattler, Major and Dyke. Rattler is the property of Mr. J. N. Dodge, and at the Westminster Bench Show won the FOREST AND STREAM special prize for straight-legged beagles. Rattler's age is 3½ years, his weight 20½ lbs. His measurements, sent to us by his owner May 18, are as follows: Height at shoulder 14½ inches, length from nose to set on of tail 27½ in., length of tail 10 in., girth of chest 23 in., girth of loin 18 in., girth of head 14½ in., girth of forearm 5½ in., length of headfrom occiput to tip of nose 7¾ in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 7½ in., length of ears from tip to tip 16.

Major belongs to Mr. Pottinger Dorsey, and at the late bench show was the winner of the FOREST AND STREAM special prize for bench-legged beagles. Major's age is 4 years, his weight 22 lbs. and his measurement May 11 as follows: Height at shoulder, 13 in., length from nose to set on of tail 28¼ in., length of tail 10¾ in., girth of chest, 20½ in., girth of loin 17½ in., girth of head 13½ in., girth of forearm 5½ in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 7¼ in., length of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 3½ in., length of nose to stop 3½ in., length of ears from tip to tip 15½ in., length of leg from foot to elbow 7 in., length from knee to elbow 4 in.—*May* 11, 1881.

The bench-legged beagle Dyke, the property of Messrs. Bond and Maddux, was not present at the bench show. His age is 2 years and his weight 20 lbs. Height at shoulder 14 inches, length from nose to set on of tail 31 in., length of tail 12 in., girth of chest 21 in., girth of loin 17½ in., girth of head 14 in., girth of forearm 6 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 8 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 8 in., length of nose to stop 3 in., length of ears from tip to tip 16½ in., length of leg from foot to elbow 8 in., length from knee to elbow 5 in. —*May* 12, 1881.

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

THESE trials were held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday last, the 26th, 27th and 28th inst., over Sir Vincent Corbett's estate, Acton Reynald, near Shrewsbury, and the secretary, Mr. Samuel Ebrall, must be congratulated on the success which rewarded his management. The draw took place at the Raven Hotel, Shrewsbury, on Monday, the 25th, at 12 P. M., when, strange to say, very few field trial goers put in an appearance; but this did not affect the business part of the affair, as the entries mustered as strong as last year, which was satisfactory. The judges were Sir Vincent Corbett and the Rev. W. Serjeantson; and they took considerable pains to come to right conclusions, with absolute success, I firmly believe, as without doubt their verdicts were most unanimously endorsed.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26.

We met at Shawberry White Gates, seven miles from Shrewsbury, at 9.30 A. M., and at once began the

Pointer Puppy Stakes, for Puppies born in 1880.

Mr. C. J. Cotes' lem w Jezebel, by Shot—Juno, 12m0.....	agst	Duke of Westminster's liv w Gannet, Garnet—Plane, 12m0.
Viscount Downe's liv w Sal, by Drake—Nell, 10m0 (drawn).....	"	Mr. C. J. Cotes' liv w Judy, by Shot—Juno, 12m0.
Mr. G. Pilkington's liv w Moffatt, by Bow—Gretna, 14m0	"	Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's liv w Luck of Bron-y-Gader, by Luck of Edenhall—Ready Money, 10m0.
Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's liv w Fatima, by Bang—Hebe, 12m0	"	Mr. W. Brailsford's liv w Dodge, by Monk—Sue, 12m0.
Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's liv w La Vole, by Luck of Edenhall—Belle Faust, 10m0....	"	Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liv. w Wymstay, Birr—Drab, 12m0.
Mr. R. G. Mawson's w liv t Quits, by Faust-Snipe, 15m0	"	Mr. D. R. Scratton's liv w Hero, by Bang—Hebe, 12m0
Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's liv w Lady Zoe, by Luck of Edenhall—Belle Faust, 10m0..	"	Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liv Cassandra, by Birr—Fan.

Awards.—First prize, Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's La Vole: second prize, Mr. R. G. Mawson's Quits; third prize, Mr. G. Pilkington's Moffatt.

I append the card as it was originally issued, because, as the stakes were not run on the heats plan, it would be impossible to produce a card of winning and beaten dogs for the first or second round, since any of the runners could be called in the second round if the judges thought they had shown sufficient merit.

The first brace, Mr. C. J. Cotes' Jezebel and the Duke of Westminster's Gannet, were slipped in a grass field, wherein amongst some rushes both found, but left their point, and the bitch Jezebel knocked the birds up. In the next field Gannet took a good point on a brace, Jezebel backing wonderfully well, and to gun both dropped irreproachably. Viscount Downe's Sal and Mr. C. J. Cotes' Judy were to have come next, but Sal, being ill at the time, was drawn, and I am sorry to say that she subsequently died, having picked up poison, I was told, when being worked by Edward Armstrong previous to her trial.

Mr. G. Pilkington's Moffatt and Mr. R. G. Lloyd-Price's Luck of Bron-y-Gader were the next brace. Moffatt, going well throughout, pointed a hare, then found a brace which her breaker put up, when loudly ordering the bitch on. Luck then false pointed, and Moffat flushed, and both failed to make out a brace, which was under their noses; but clearly it was their breaker's fault, as both men were in such a desperate hurry to go forward that they put up the two birds, which both dogs were just winding.

In the next—a good open field—Luck pinned down a brace in excellent form, being backed to order; and the next brace, which were Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's Fatima and Mr. W. Brailsford's Dodge, were called. The bitch ran far more merrily than the dog, who seemed a cautious, careful worker, not likely to make a mistake if he could help it. Mr. Brailsford, however, disliking his pace, drew him.

The next brace were Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's La Vole and Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's Wymstay. La Vole found a brace exceedingly well, was not backed, and Wymstay put up the birds. As regards their form, La Vole was the most stylish worker we had so far seen. In the next field Wymstay, going wild, ran up a brace again, never dropped to wing, and altogether failed to give anything like a good account of working capabilities.

Mr. R. G. Mawson's Quits then ran against Mr. D. R. Scratton's Hero. Quits began by false pointing, Hero backing her admirably, and both went well and with great style, Quits particularly working fast, cleverly and smartly. She next found a brace in a grass field, when Hero, neglecting to back, ran into them down wind; but when Quits subsequently pointed a pheasant, she backed her capitally, and the next brace were ordered to the front.

This was Mr. Lloyd-Price's Lady Zoe and Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's Cassandra. The latter, as soon as slipped, put up a hare, and chased another beyond fence, thereby putting out all chances of scoring.

Judy ran her bye with Lady Zoe. Both were merry goers, and had just settled into their stride with a will, when both found a brace of pheasants, Lady first acknowledging, but it was a very near thing; then Lady pointed twice on a hare, Lady backing her well each time. The latter then found a brace. Judy, jealous, got up from her back, and they put up the birds between them. In the next field both quartered still better, but Judy, although going fast and cleverly, carries her head a bit too low, whereas Lady, on the contrary, went in old Drake style. After luncheon—Gannet and Luck of Bron-y-Gader were called for first ties. When going down wind, Luck put up a brace, and then Gannet found another brace admirably well, which the other bitch had left.

Fatima and Moffat ran next. Fatima pointed a hare's form, was beautifully backed, and Moffat finding a brace well, was also well backed, and they were taken up. La Vole and Quits had a sharp thing, both going in superb style. La Vole found a brace, and was well-backed; she next dropped to wing to a wild brace, and Quits false pointing, the awards were there and then made—La Vole first, and Quits second; and we began the running for third prize with Lady Zoe and Moffatt. Moffatt twice false pointed, then got on a brace well, then false pointed twice again, and was well backed each time; the birds clearly had been running down the fallow. Finally, after a very long and fruitless tramp in a rough grass field, Moffatt got a point on a brace, and Lady pointed a hare, when the judges gave Moffatt third.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.

We began at 9.30, at Moreton Corbet, the

Setter Puppy Stakes, for puppies born in 1880.

Mr. D. Hollins' bw w Styche, by Basto—Rum, 14m0.....	agst	Mr. E. Bishop's bk w t Belgium, by Ranger—Duchess, 11m0
Viscount Downe's liv w Silk, by Emperor Fred — Silk, 11m0.....	"	Mr. R. Ll. P. Llewellin's bk w t Dashing Ditto, by Dash II.—Belle, 11m0
Viscount Downe's lem w Fred, by Emperor Fred — Silk, 11m0.....	"	Mr. T. Cunnington's bk w t Count Dan, 14m0, by Count Dan—Laurel, 14m0
Major Platt's bk w tk Wild Rose, by Tam o' Shanter—Daisy, 15m0.....	"	Mr. G. Thomas' bk w t Rose of the Valley, by Lanark—Bess, 13m0
Mr. T. Cunnington's bk w Blue Maud, by Tam o' Shanter—Daisy, 15m0.....	"	Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's bk w Scot, by Tam o' Shanter—Ducksey, 11m0
Mr. R. Ll. P. Llewellin's bk w t Bushranger, by Ranger—Duchess, 11m0.....	"	Mr. R. Ll. P. Llewellin's bk w t Dashing Novice, by Dash II—Novel, 9m0
Mr. T. Statter's bk w t Fickle, by Rock—Fame, 11m0.....	"	Messrs. Weyman and Buchanan's bk w t Grouse, by Rival—Patch, 12 m0
Mr. T. Armstrong's bk w John o' Groat, by Dash—Bess, 13m0	"	Mr. H. C. Hartley's o w Milo, by Jock II.—Romp, 9 m0
Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's bk w Lassie, by Tam o' Shanter—Ducksey, 11m0.	"	Mr. E. Bishop's lem w Scotchman, by Tam o' Shanter—Cora, 14m0

Mr. T. Cunnington's bk w Sir Alister, by Tam o' Shanter—Daisy, 15 m0 (a bye).

AWARDS.—First prize, Mr. Thos. Armstrong's John o' Groat; second prize, Major Platt's Wild Rose; third prize, Viscount Downe's Fred; fourth prize, Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's Dashing Novice.

The first brace on the card were Mr. Daintry Hollins' Styche and Mr. Elias Bishop's Belgium; but Mr. Hollins' bitch being not on the ground, time was allowed for her to appear; but I now append the running of the brace, viz.: Styche chased a hare clean out of the field, and they were taken up at once.

Viscount Downe's Silk and Mr. Purcell Llewellin's Dashing Ditto were in reality the first running brace, and both flushed a brace and dropped to wing; then Ditto pointed a brace, and Silk found another, both being well backed throughout. Afterward, Silk indulged in chasing a lark slightly, and finally both dropped to gun well.

Viscount Downe's Fred and Mr. Thos. Cunnington's Dan II were next. Count Dan found a brace of pheasants well, Fred backing only to order, and Count Dan had to be called to, as he would not drop to gun. Fred then flushed a brace of birds, Dan chased a lark, and in the next field Fred found a brace very cleverly; and Count Dan, not backing, ran in spitefully, and put them up, of course. Going into a fine wheat, Fred false pointed, and Dan took two points on wild birds, then both ran into a brace near the fence and the next brace were called.

Major Platt's Wild Rose and Mr. Geo. Thomas's Rose of the Valley were a very smart brace, and the "bustle of the Rose" began by Wild Rose taking a false point on very hot scent, and being well backed; then, merrily, fast and well. Wild Rose particularly was exceedingly stylish, going with her head right up in fine fashion. However, to resume the running, Rose of the Valley found a brace capitally, and Wild Rose also got a point near the fence, Rose of the Valley not backing her. They were the best brace we had seen so far.

Mr. Thos. Cunnington's Blue Maud and Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's Scot were next. The bitch is an excellent goer; she is fast, stylish, goes with her head up in form, and quarters her ground beautifully. The dog is much slower, and lacks the bitch's fire. However, he found a rabbit, dropped to it, and Blue Maud also dropped the moment she caught sight of "bunny." To a brace of birds put up by a keeper the bitch pulled up sharp and well, the dog not dropping to wing. Then both ran into a bird, neither dropping, and again both got head over heels into a brace unaccountably, and they were ordered up forthwith.

Mr. R. G. Arbuthnot's Bushranger and Mr. Purcell Llewellin's Dashing Novice had a long trial. Bushranger is a handsome son of Champion Ranger; he goes fast and only wants work to make a flyer. In the first field, Novice was drawing on to a bird, when Ranger, not backing her, they ran up, jealous of each other, and of course put up the birds between them. Next, Novice took a point near the fence (the birds, however, had gone through), Bushranger backing perfectly well. Both quartered well and fast, but Ranger put up a cock pheasant in a meadow, and a brace of birds in a rough grass field. In the next field he pulled up for a point, then broke up his bird and knocked it up, whereas Dashing Novice found a brace well. Ranger was unlucky, but he is a smart dog and gives every promise of filling into a workman.

Mr. Thos. Statter's Fickle and Messrs. Weyman and Buchanan's Grouse had a very short spin. Fickle is a merry and stylish worker, full of fire, whereas Grouse is a much slower and a too care ful worker. He, however, took a point on a hare's form, the little bitch backing him well; but the next put up a hare and chased it out of the field, thereby putting herself out—very hard lines on Mr. Statter, but the bitch will yet make her mark, or I am very much mistaken.

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Mr. Thos. Armstrong's John o' Groat and Mr. H. C. Hartley's Milo ran next. John o' Groat as soon as slipped found well a brace; Milo being unwilling to back, was ordered down; and to gun both behaved well. Both quartered their ground well, but not very fast. When sent on Milo declined to drop to wing to a wild brace, and after passing on a fallow they both false pointed, the birds evidently having been disturbed, as we put them up afterward near the fence. John o' Groat then found another brace immediately afterward, while Milo was breaking fence; so the next brace were called. John is an exceedingly well-broken dog, but he is not quite fast enough. However, he did his work thoroughly well, and reflects credit on Tom Armstrong.

Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's Lassie and Mr. Elias Bishop's Scotchman had a short trial. Both went fairly well and fast, but Lassie took a false point in a bare wheat field, when Scotchman backed her admirably well. The dog, however, next ran into a brace, not noticing wing at all.

Mr. Thos. Cunnington's Sir Alister, who was a bye, ran with Grouse. The latter had improved very much in pace, but when he found a brace he blinked his bird, and only dropped to shot, not noticing wing, Alister backing him well, and they were ordered up.

For the ties Belgium and Silk came first, when Silk pointed a lark and Belgium a brace of birds; then Silk found a brace capitally, and was well backed; Belgium, flushing next, put out his chances.

When Dashing Ditto and Fred came up for a turn Dashing Ditto found a hare close to the fence, Fred behaving well behind. Fred then found a brace, pointing them through the fence, and Dashing Ditto false pointed in a bare wheat.

Silk and Dashing Ditto when run together false pointed, both evidently on the same scent, and they were soon taken up.

Wild Rose and Rose of the Valley had then another spin. Wild Rose found a brace capitally, and to gun both dropped beautifully. Then Wild Rose false pointed, and dropped to gun, while Rose of the Valley flushed.

Bushranger and Dashing Novice, who had run together previously, were called again, when Bushranger flushed a pheasant, and then drew up to a brace of birds, and put them up so badly that the judges ordered him up. He was very unlucky certainly, as he is a smart dog, but so full of fire that he wants a lot of work.

John o' Groat and Lassie then came up. John, again going in his careful style, drew up for a capital point on a brace, when the bitch declined to notice him, and she flushed another brace and did not drop to wing.

Sir Alister and Silk were then sent to the front. Both winded birds, but could not make them out, and they actually were flushed by the crowd in a hollow. They made a nice brace, as the bitch had improved very much since the morning, and the dog was running very well indeed. Howbeit, Silk flushed, and finally she false pointed, and then flushed a brace again, and John o' Groat and Wild Rose ran for first and second prizes. John seemed to wind birds, but he could not make them out for a very good reason, as, after some fast work, when the bitch also steadied herself for them, the keeper declared they had gone. The dog then twice false pointed, Rose backing admirably each time. John was then tired out—his bolt was evidently shot—and he went very stale, but he had done a deal of work throughout the day, and it was really excusable. Finally he drew up for a very long way to a hen pheasant, and the bitch was false pointing on the brow of a hillock on probably another pheasant's run, and John o' Groat was declared the winner, the bitch taking second.

Sir Alister and Fred then ran for second prize, when Fred pointed a hare, and Alister declined to back him; Fred then flushed a bird down wind, but Alister put up in the same field, not only a brace of birds, but also two pheasants one after the other, and the judges having made up their minds, Dashing Novice and Alister were run for fourth prize, when the bitch found a brace in style, Alister backing well, and the bitch got the flat. The judges then gave their full awards as stated above.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.

Although we were supposed (and had officially been told) to begin, as Artemus Ward would put it, "uncommonly early," and in fact every one had put himself out a great deal in order to get to the meet at Besford at nine, we never began work in earnest until it was very nearly ten o'clock. However, at a few minutes to ten we entered upon the

Waverley Stakes for Braces, Dogs and Bitches, Pointers and Setters, all ages.

Mr. Barclay Field's Rist and Sall (pointers).
Mr. Thos. Statter's Pix and Pilot (pointers).
Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's Countess Rose and Dashing Bondhu (setters).
Mr. Thos. Statter's Tweed and Truth (setters).
Viscount Downe's Jane and Mite (pointers).
Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's Bow and Bridget (pointers).
Viscount Downe's Diamond II. and Sam III. (setters).
Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Luck of Edenhall and Belle Faust (pointers).
Mr. W. H. Lipscombe's Erne and Cissy (setters).
Duke of Westminster's Minnie and Doxy (pointers) (drawn).

AWARDS.—First prize for pointers, prize for best brace of either breed, prize for second best brace, and £10 added, were divided between Mr. R. Lloyd Price's Luck, of Edenhall, and Belle Faust, and Mr. Barclay Field's Rist and Sall. First prize for setters, Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's Countess Rose and Dashing Bondhu.

Mr. Barclay Field's Rist and Sall were first slipped, and most stylishly and well they worked. The dog found, and was backed at long range superbly, and both quartered in their well-known style, going a great pace all the while. Then one of them ran into an odd bird in the hollow, and in the next field they did a wonderfully good bit of work, pointing and backing like clockwork, Charles Bishop working them most beautifully, never speaking a word to them. Mr. Thos. Statter's Pix and Pilot were the next brace. They found a brace very well indeed, both going fairly fast, but not quite quartering as well as they might have done, and as they finished they were ordered up rather quickly. Mr. Llewellin's Countess Rose and Dashing Bondhu were the next called. They beat their ground beautifully, and went a "cracker" from beginning to end. Rose took a point on a hare, the dog backing her marvellously well as soon as he caught sight of her; and then the bitch found another hare, and the dog pointed a brace of birds in the corner through the hedge. The backing was perfect throughout. The next brace then came up, viz., Mr. Thos. Statter's Tweed and Truth. These were also very nice goers, and they beat their ground well; they found twice near the covert in good form, roading their birds well; but the dog was rather backward at backing, at first needing attention on his breaker's part. We then had Lord Downe's Jane and Mite, two fast goers, when one took a false point, being admirably backed, and then in a bare field they had a flush, and the next brace was called. Edward Armstrong, I must say, had had a very long task to keep good pace. Mr. Lonsdale's brace ranged well and fast, but they flushed a brace in the hollow. Bow then pointed a rabbit, and went after it some few yards, the bitch being very good behind, and the dog again took a good point, this time on birds, and was well backed again.

After luncheon we ran for the championship—Mr. Lloyd Price's La Vole (pointer) and Mr. Thos. Armstrong's John o' Groat (setter). La Vole pointed a lapwing at sight, and in the next field she got remarkably well on a brace of birds. John then pointed a pheasant, roading it very finely for over a hundred yards. The dog then false pointed twice, the birds evidently having been running all over the field. Then again they false pointed, and the pointer bitch won through pace, style and range, as no more birds could be found.

The Brace Stakes was then resumed, when Lord Downe's well-known Diamond and Sam went at a tremendous pace and quartered in irreproachable style. Diamond false pointed, Sam not caring much about his work behind him, and in the next field they missed a brace, there being evidently no scent. Mr. R. Lloyd Price's Luck of Edenhall and Belle Faust were the next goers. They each in turn got a point, but could not make out the birds. Then the dog left his point, being ordered on, and the bitch found them out capitally after a little roading, thereby she, the original backer, finding them out after all. Then Belle Faust found a brace well, and again backed Luck at some one hundred and fifty yards, when the dog pointed a brace over the brow of the hill. Finally, Luck again found a brace. They worked very well, fast and systematically.

Mr. W. H. Liscombe's Erne and Cissy ran next. Cissy was the warmer worker of the two, Erne going somewhat slow at first, and being inclined to follow fence rather. The two, however, were evidently a smart-hulling brace of setters, beating their ground well and carefully. Mr. Liscombe should be complimented on them, as they made no mistake; but field trial form was required for any success, as some of their rivals were very highly strung. Mr. Liscombe should persevere; he is evidently a sportsman of the first water, and I trust he will some day pull off the Brace Stakes. Erne and Cissy finished their trial by flushing a brace, and were taken up. The judges then came to their decisions, and gave the first prize for setters to Mr. Llewellin's brace: and the first prize (pointers) of £30, the second of £10, and the £10 added, to be divided between Mr. Barclay Field's and Mr. Lloyd Price's pointers. After a vote of thanks to the judges for their decisions, and particularly to Sir Vincent Corbett for the use of his manor, the meeting of 1881 came to a conclusion.—*London Field.*

MEASUREMENTS OF FIRST PRIZE WINNERS.

We give below the age, weight and measurements of some of the first prize winners in the setter and pointer classes at the late Westminster Kennel Club Show. We have written to the owners of all the blue ribbon dogs, and will publish the list in full as received.

RUSH.

Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion pointer dog Rush, winner in champion pointer class for dogs under 55 lbs, age 5 years, weight 53 lbs, height at shoulder 23in, length from nose to set on of tail 36in, length of tail 12¼in, girth of chest 28in, girth of loin 23in, girth of head 17in, girth of forearm 8½in, girth of thigh 16in, length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9in, girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 9½in, girth of neck midway between head and shoulders 17in, length from corner of eye to end of nose 4in, length from elbow to top of shoulders 12in, length of ear from top to set on at skull 5in.—*May* 13, 1881.

RUE.

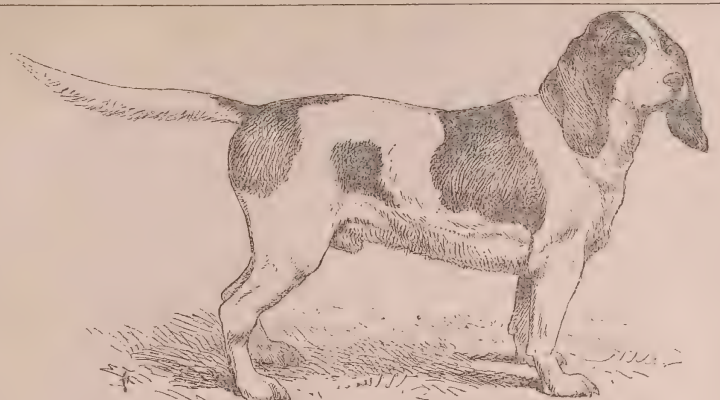
Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion pointer bitch, Rue, winner in champion pointer class for bitches under 50 lbs., age 21 months, weight 40 lbs, height at shoulder 21½in, length from nose to set on of tail 33in, length of tail 12in, girth of chest 26in, girth of loin 20in, girth of head 14⅛in girth of forearm 7⅛in, girth of thigh 13⅝in, length of head from occiput to tip of nose 8⅛in, girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 8⅛in, girth of neck midway between head and shoulders 13½in, length from corner of eye to end of nose 3⅜ in, length from elbow to top of shoulders 10½in, length of ear from top to set on at skull 5in.—*May* 13, 1881.

RHONA.

Mr. Edmund Orgill's pointer bitch Rhona, winner in pointer class for bitches under 50 lbs, age 2 years, weight 46 lbs, height at shoulder 22½ inches, length from nose to set on of tail 35 in., length of tail 13 in., girth of chest 27 in., girth of loin 21½ in., girth of head 15 in., girth of forearm 8 in., girth of thigh 14 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 9 in., girth of neck midway between head and shoulders 14½ in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4 in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 11 in., length of ear from top to set on at skull 5½ in.—*May* 13, 1881.

PRINCESS.

Mr. George G. Barker's champion pointer bitch Princess, winner in champion pointer class for bitches over 50 lbs, age 4 years 7 months, weight 54 lbs, height at shoulder 22½inches, length from nose to set on of tail 36 in., length of tail 12½ in., girth of chest 28 in , girth of loin 22½ in., girth of head 15½ in., girth of forearm below elbow 6 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9½ in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 8¾ in., girth of neck midway between head and shoulders 14 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4 in., length from elbow top of shoulders 11½ in., length of ear from top to set on at skull 5½ in.



RATTLER.

WATER LILLY.

Mr. C. H. Mason's pointer bitch Water Lilly, winner pointer class for bitches over 50 lbs, age 3 years, weight 53 lbs, height at shoulder 24 in., length from nose to set on of tail 37 in., length of tail 13 in., girth of chest 28 in., girth of loin 13 in., girth of head 16 in., girth of forearm 7½ in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9¾ in., girth of neck midway between eyes and tip of nose 9¼ in., girth of muzzle midway between head and shoulders 26 in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4 in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 11½ in., length of ear from top to set on at skull 6½ in.—*May* 13, 1881.

RAPP.

Mr. W. R. Hobart's pointer dog Rapp, winner in pointer class for dogs over 55 lbs, age 5 years, weight 72 lbs, height at shoulder 24⅝ in., length from nose to set on of tail 41½ in., length of tail (has been docked) 13½ in., girth of chest 31 in., girth of loin 25⅓ in., girth of head (in front of ears) 17⅝ in., girth of forearm (2 in, below elbow) 7 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9⅝ in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 10¼ in., girth of neck midway between head and shoulders 16½ in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4½ in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 14 in., length of ear from top to set on at skull 6 in.—*May* 12, 1881.

SPARK.

Mr. D. C. Sanborn's champion English setter bitch Spark, winner in champion English setter class for bitches, age 3 years, weight 50 lbs, height at shoulder 20 in., length from nose to set on of tail 37 in., length of tail 13 in., girth of chest 26 in., girth of loin 20 in., girth of head 15½ in., girth of forearm 8 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9½ in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose —length from corner of eye to end of nose 3¼ in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 10 in., length of ears when extended (measurement taken across the head) 15 in. —*May* 12, 1881.

PETREL II.

Mr. John C. Higgins' English setter bitch Petrel II., winner in imported English setter bitch class, age 3 years 4 months, weight 45 lbs, height at shoulder 20½ in., length from nose to set on of tail 33 in., length of tail 14 in., girth of chest 26 in., girth of loin 20 in., girth of head 15 in., girth of forearm 10 in , length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 4¼ in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4¼ in., length from elbow to top of shoulders 13 in., length of ears when extended (measurement taken across the head) 16 in.—*May* 12, 1881.

CHIEF.

Mr. Max Wenzel's Irish setter dog Chief, winner in open Irish setter class for dogs, age 21 months, weight 57 lbs, height at shoulder 24 in., length from nose to set on of tail 41 in., length of tail 14 in., girth of chest 23 in., girth of loin 19 in., girth of head 16½ in., girth of forearm 7½ in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose 10 in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 9½ in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4¾ in., length from elbow to top of shoulder 12½ in., length of ears when extended (measurement taken across the head) 18 in.—*May* 14, 1881.

Mr. Charles Moran, Jr.'s, native English setter bitch Donna, winner of first in open class for native English setter bitches is expected to whelp shortly; we are thus prevented from securing her measurements at this time. Later on they will be given.

PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7.

OUR Riverton Gun Club is, of course, much pleased with its late victory over the New York City Club, and its members receive the warmest sort of congratulations from their friends, and well they may, for it takes the best of shooting to overcome our knights of the trigger. Was not Arnold's a splendid score?

For the past three or four days those of our sportsmen who found time to attend the late Westminster Kennel Club's show have been discussing the merits and demerits of the winning dogs. Is it not strange there exists such a diversity of opinion when animals are bred so near perfection in form? I am sure from what I hear Philadelphia dog men say they hold to the "handsome is as handsome does" doctrine.



MAJOR.



DYKE.

Mr. W. W. Colkett's Echo, out of Hubbell's May by Reid's Sam is becoming a great favorite as a sire in Philadelphia. Not a few gentlemen have bred their native bitches to him, and his get are making capital field dogs. Echo is a large setter, much too large to my liking, but there is perfection in his head and outline. In the field he has proven excellent, and he is worked regularly and often, which cannot be said of but few of our noted blue-blooded dogs in Philadelphia. The majority of them are never hunted. Echo is not in the public stud, let me say, and it is only the friends of his owner that can procure his services. If sportsmen were more particular in breeding their bitches to animals of known and tried field qualities, and not make their choice of dogs noted for fine appearance and extended pedigree alone, there would be less disappointment, and I would say fewer nervous and gun-shy dogs bred.

During the past week a number of snipe were killed on the meadows bordering Woodbury Creek, which, on being opened, were found to contain eggs. There was not a female among the lot that did not have them in a very advanced stage of development. This fact speaks for itself.

While at Baltimore last Thursday and Friday I noticed in Druid Hill Park several varieties of warblers had reached that section. I observed the black and white creeper, yellow rump and yellow warbler which struck me as being rather early this backward spring. In the most advanced seasons we hardly look for the body of warblers before the 5th to the 10th of May in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and all migratory birds of this order most certainly will be late in their coming this season.

Such members of the Baltimore Kennel Club I conversed with seem to think that a class at dog shows for so-called bench-legged beagles would be out of order. Said one—"If bench-legged beagles are bassetts let the class be for bassetts—do not create a new name." I was assured that there had been some beagles in Baltimore that had been bred to the dachshund.

Dr. Geo. Renling, of Baltimore, showed your correspondent two pair of deer antlers interlocked that had been found with the skeletons of the animals near Warm Springs, Va., showing that in combating the bucks had become thus securely fastened together and miserably perished. HOMO.

THE LOST ONE FOUND.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—As I was walking up New street on Saturday the 7th I saw a man with a liver-colored spaniel bitch evidently for sale. He was showing her obedience by letting her follow him off the chain, and, of course, I stopped at once, as anything in the shape of a spaniel is an irresistible attraction to me. Judge of my surprise on recognizing my bitch, Flirt II., the notice of whose loss appeared in your columns some two months ago. As I crossed the street she bounded up to me much to the man's astonishment, and in about ten seconds there was a crowd of delighted messenger boys and bootblacks listening to the argument between us. Of course he made the usual assertions—she was given to him by his uncle—was then ten months old—he had had her from a pup, etc., etc.; but I opened her mouth, which settled the question of age (about two years), and showed him my private mark and told him she was mine, and I was going to take her. He was quite good-humored up to this point, but then he changed, and dared me to take her. I said, "All right," and turned away with "Come on, Flirt," and didn't she just "come on." Some of your morbidly nervous New Yorkers would have taken their "Davy" she was mad if they had seen her, but I guess Mister Man was the mad one of the three in reality, as he followed me, calling "Rose, Rose, come here, Rose!" but *Rose* had vanished from the moment *Flirt* had seen her master, and I turned into a friend's office to avoid trouble. When I came out Mister Man had disappeared, while one of the "Finest" waited to ask me why I didn't keep the fellow in conversation till he arrived. Had I seen him coming I would have done so, for the sake of punishing at least one dog thief, but the argument was becoming slightly warm, and I wanted to get the bitch at all hazards.

I think the breeders may "tally one" against the dog thieves on this. I only hope others who may have lost valuable dogs may be as fortunate as I was.—DIDO.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB MEETING.

A MEETING of the Executive Committee of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held Thursday afternoon, May 12. The principal business before the meeting was the revision and adoption of the running rules, which were accepted with a few alterations, which we will publish if forwarded to us as promised by the secretary. The cup offered by the FOREST AND STREAM for the best dog run by its owner was accepted with thanks. A cup was presented to be given to the best dog in any stake that the club saw fit. The president, Mr. J. O. Donner, will also give a cup to be called the "President's Cup," to be competed for by puppies entered by their owners; and another cup has also been presented called the "Mombera' Cup." The report of the Committee on By-laws is to be printed and distributed among the members. It was deemed advisable to try and procure more birds, and Mr. Donner was given power to do so. A club meeting was called, and Mr Geo. T. Leech was elected treasurer in place of Mr. H. N. Munn resigned.

A DOG'S LONG JOURNEY HOME.—The following clipping is sent to us by Mr. J. C. Lodor, of Chattanooga, Tenn.: "Saturday morning a setter dog was sent on the C. S. train by Mr. J. C. Lodor to Glen Mary, a station on the C. S. Railway, 112 miles distant from Chattanooga. As the train pulled into the station the dog suddenly jumped from the car, and before any measures could be taken to arrest him he disappeared in the forests. He arrived in this city Wednesday noon, and immediately on reaching home sought his former companions, and was found in the kennel by its owner soundly and comfortably asleep. The dog traveled fully 200 miles over a rough, mountainous region, and was compelled to swim the Tennessee River twice during its journey, making the entire trip in three and one-half days. He procured little or no food while on route, and was half starved when he reached home. The dog had never been through the country before, and how he found his way through the almost impenetrable forests and interminable mountain ranges will ever remain a mystery."

Our correspondent adds a most interesting sequel to the story: Inclosed please find an account of a remarkable instance of instinct which appeared in our *Daily Times* under date of 7th inst. Your correspondent at this place said he would send the account to you, but I thought to give you the correct version of it, as it is in some things incorrect. The facts are these. A black setter bitch owned by me named "Mit," of imported red Irish and Gordon stock, being gun-shy and thereby useless, as I hadn't time to break her of the fault, had a litter of six pups on March 24th, and as soon as I could wean them I sent her to Glen Mary as stated in the account. Upon her return home I told my younger brother, to whom the bitch was very much attached, and who had taken her to the depot and tied her in the car to take her back and send her again to Glen Mary, but upon his trying it she refused to follow him, and when he tried to catch her she growled and snapped at him—the first time she was ever known to be cross. I had to call and tie her for him, when he took her on Friday (6th) and reshipped her to Glen Mary, which place she reached, and Mr. K., the gentleman to whom I sent her, acknowledged the receipt, and said she seemed pretty well satisfied

This morning, while breakfasting, I heard one of the dogs come in through the front part of the house and lie down at the back of my chair where I had taught Mit to lie. Thinking it my pointer pup I paid no attention to it, but asked, when I had finished eating, "Nick, do you want your breakfast?" and was very much surprised at the response in Mit's voice. I looked around—it was she.

She had never been ten miles from this place before her trip to Glen Mary, but had found her way from that place to her home twice. Mit has surely earned the right to stay at home.—J. C. LODOR.

BLACK SPANIELS.

[Reprinted from advance sheets of Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," furnished to the FOREST AND STREAM by the author, through the courtesy of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 596 Broadway, New York.]

THESE engaging dogs have of late years almost monopolised the classes provided at dog shows for spaniels other than Sussex or Clumber, and their popularity is still increasing rapidly. As a beautiful dog, the black spaniel certainly ranks very highly, while as the companion of the sportsman he is invaluable. Opinions differ very considerably upon the purity of the breed, and even its most ardent admirers have in some instances been brought to affirm that the black spaniel is a mongrel; others are equally positive in their assertions that it is nothing of the sort, but that many specimens can trace an unbroken pedigree.

Mr. A. W. Langdale has written as follows:

"This breed of spaniels is most popular and highly prized, and has in the last few years been brought up to a standard of excellence such as has never before been arrived at. A team of black springers, for so the large size of this breed are called, in their jet-colored satin-like coats, on a bright winter's morning, on a snow-covered track, look lovely! I say the large size are called springers, and this is so because of their peculiar movement among turnips, swedes or mangolds, where, directly they get wind of fur and feather, they jump about from ruck to ruck in quite a different style to their Sussex or more sombre Clumber brethren. The blacks, as a rule, are not favorite dogs for covert shooting, as their color behoves a sportsman to be very good-sighted or his pet may be made to suffer for his quarry. They are not so noisy or babbling as the Sussex, and I have seen some of the old-fashioned sort work up to their game with scarcely a note. Of late, to obtain smooth coats and shortness of leg, there has been a great deal of crossing between the black and Sussex breeds; and I should say that, although it is not quite the thing, still it has undoubtedly had the desired effect, as seldom have there (if ever) been better blacks before the public than have been on view at our recent exhibitions. I believe that Mr. Burdett first brought out the black spaniel, and it was from him that Mr. Phineas Bullock secured the cream of his world-wide known kennel. Among this team were such raven-colored beauties as were the admiration of all breeders, and Mr. Bullock knew it, and kept his breed to himself. Old Bob, Flirt and Nellie, to say nothing of Bruce, were, indeed fine specimens—Nellie especially. By some of our most experienced judges this latter was held up as the *beau ideal* of the black field spaniel; she had a lovely head, very small eyes, and I quite indorse the opinion of the critics in saying I never saw his equal. Dr. W. W. Boulton had also a different strain, produced originally, I believe, from a liver-colored bitch called Fern. However, this gentleman understood his work, and produced at different times such dogs as Beaver, my Lorne, Regent, Bruce *alias* Bucclengh, Beverlac, Ranie, Brush, Black Prince, Blanchette Pearl, etc., to say nothing of a grand team of black cockers to be alluded to elsewhere. Dr. Boulton's dogs were, with few exceptions, straighter in the coat than those of his *confrere* Mr. Bullock, and so when they met each other in the judging ring it was always a very near squeak for either, the Doctor winning by the coat, but the other by the height and general symmetry. Dr. Spurgin, I myself, Mr. Handy and Mr Bonner may be said to be among the principal breeders of blacks of late years. Recently Mr. T. Jacobs, of Newton Abbot, has been most successful on the bench. Mr. Bowron has also shown them, but his eye was a lawyer on a good one. In speaking of Mr. Bonner, that gentleman keeps his dogs more for work in the fields than the show bench, and that is why we do not see him in the front rank as often as we should like. Blanche (one of the newly inter-liver-and-black cross) won for him at Birmingham, and claims my old dog Lawyer as her sire, the dam Flora being a black. This same dog sired Gip, who did good service for Mr. Avery, of Southampton—in fact, as a stud dog I do not know his superior; he has immense power, and is a thoroughly symmetrical dog, and should be invaluable to a maker for shy bitches. The following are the principal points that should be looked to by an intending buyer: Height at shoulder, 18½ inches; color, whole black, no white; weight, 40 pounds; ears, set low down and wavy; coat, smooth—a little wave is admissible, but both this and the ears must be free from curl; eyes, a dark hazel; stern, docked to about 10 inches, and carried low. The dog should be well feathered all round, but not below his hocks."

Following on the remarks of Mr. A. W. Langdale, the result of the experience of Mr. T. Jacobs, of Worlborough House, Newton Abbot, will be read with interest, as, at the present time, Mr. Jacobs' kennel is, *facile princeps*, at the head of affairs in the black spaniel world. Mr. Jacobs, it will be seen from his remarks, although so successful as an exhibitor, has not yet quite obtained what he wants, though from what we have seen and heard of his magnificent Kaffir, whose illustration accompanies this article, we are of the opinion that he must be very hard to please if he is in any way dissatisfied with this really typical dog. Mr. Jacobs writes as follows:

"As a breeder and successful exhibitor of spaniels, I freely give you, for the benefit of your readers, the little knowledge I have acquired in the art of breading and rearing of that useful animal. What I write is not taken from books or former writers, but from my experiments and experience, confining myself chiefly to the present fashionable and handsome breed of black spaniel.

"Much has been written and said on the purity of the breed, deprecating the means I have adopted to produce them as calculated to alter a presumed type, and frequent missiles have been hurled at me and my dogs from behind the hedge. But where is the pure-bred black spaniel so much talked about? Proof of the existence of the pure-bred one (if ever there was one) has not been forthcoming; like most other sporting dogs, they are the result of different crosses.

"I have bred many times from the most noted dogs and bitches said to be the only pure strain of black spaniel, and have never known them to throw one even litter of blacks, always a mixture—liver, black, black and tan, liver and tan, black and white; some with long, some short, bodies and legs, curly, wavy, smooth, and all sizes and shapes.

"What does this indicate? Common sense tells me, a cross with different types, varieties and colors some time or other must have been introduced. I never can believe that there ever was a distinct breed of black spaniel, nor do I believe that the Sussex is a distinct breed; it is true we can trace them back for many generations, like we do the Laverack setter, but how were they derived in the first place?

"We may keep to one strain for many years, and, in time, call them a distinct breed, but what is the result? To preserve that strain we must be continually breeding in and into one family, until we get them difficult to rear, reckless and devoid of sense, when they become useless for the purpose they are required (I have noticed the latter fault showing itself in the Sussex). Therefore breeders have to resort to the crossing with another family, which may be of a different type or color; by so doing you raise a great 'hubbub' and cry that your dogs are not pure. In spite of these cries I followed my own dictation; my great aim was to improve the breed of spaniels. Purity of breed I had foremost in my mind, which I do not consider I sacrificed when I mated my black bitches with a liver-colored Sussex, the result of which was a decided improvement. Your readers may judge for themselves by having a look at Kaffir, Zulu and Squaw, and noting their performances. I did not rest here, but thought there was still room for improvement, and by breeding these blacks together, I have produced something that promises to eclipse everything I have yet seen. I am gradually creeping near the standard I have marked out for my beacon, viz:

"Temperament.—Pleasing temper I always look to first; never breed from a bad-tempered sporting dog, every sportsmen knows what a nuisance they are.

"A long body, short legs, with plenty of bone and feather, a purfect smooth, satin-like coat, with no inclination to wave or curl, moderately long.

"Ears, covered with long silky hair (not ringlets), well set low down, and hung close to the cheek; small or narrow where they spring from the head and large and lobe-shaped at the base, well furnished with hair on the inside leather.

"A long head, not snipy, or heavy like the Clumber; dark, pleasing eye—a yellow eye denotes bad temper, therefore should be avoided.

"Level mouth, not pig-jawed or underhung, but I prefer the former fault to the latter, which prevails, I am sorry to see, in some of our present show dogs. Breeders should avoid these as stock dogs.

"A long neck slightly arched, well clothed with muscle; strong across the loins.

"Ribs, well sprung, and barrel-shaped.

"Belly, well clothed with long hair, and not tucked up like the greyhound (a common fault).

"Broad chest, well clothed with muscle and feather.

"Feet, round, cat-like, with a plentiful supply of hair between the toes.

"Tail carried in a line with the back.

"Many have argued with me that by mating black with liver color would throw the black puppies rusty or bad black; but being a breeder of pigeons for many years, and knowing the fact that by mating a dun hen with a black cock, or *vice versa*, you produce a much better black than by breeding two blacks together, I thought this held good with pigeons, why should it not with dogs? I therefore mated my spaniels as before described; the result is, I have never seen one bad black, and have bred more than a dozen litters in that way.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Kate O'Neill—Mr. J. R. Barton, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Kate O'Neill for his red Irish setter bitch puppy by Mr. H. M. Richard's Mike (Rufus-Fly) out of Mr. C. B. Fitz-Morris' Nora Rhue (Elcho-Nell II).

Mack and Joe—Mr. W. H. Drane, Clarksville, Tenn., claims the name of Mack and Joe for two beagle dog puppies by Rambler out of Freckle. Bought of Mr. C. E. Norbeck, La Crosse, Wis.

Royal—Mr. B. F. K. Jennings, Springfield, O., claims the name of Royal for red Irish setter puppy by Bob out of Tip. Purchased of Mr. Wm. R. Moore, Belleville, Ohio.

Spartan II.—Mr. T. J. Leonard, Providence, R. I., claims the name of Spartan II. for black and blue setter puppy by Spartan out of Bonibel II.

Prince B.—Messrs. B. P. and W. R. Holliday, Baine, Miss., claim the name of Prince B. for setter puppy by Mr. D. C. Burgundthal's Rake out of Phyllis.

Bachelor—The Lachine Kennel Club, Whitestone, L. I., claims the name of Bachelor for liver colored spaniel dog, whelped March 28, by Imp. Benedict (1st special New York, 1881) out of Mr. J. Otis Fellows' Pansy.

Bride—The Lachine Kennel Club, Whitestone, L. I., claims the name of Bride for black spaniel bitch by Benedict out of Pansy.

Brilliant—The Lachine Kennel Club, Whitestone, L. I., claims the name of Brilliant for black spaniel bitch, whelped April 6, by Benedict out of L. K. C.'s Juno.

Start—Gen. W. S. Tilton, of Maine, claims the name of Start for his Gordon setter bitch whelped Nov. 4, 1880; bred by Mr. C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass. Start is out of Maud and by Mr. Brownell's Dash, who took first premium in his class at the late show in New York. She has been sent to Mr. Fred Taft, of Dedham, Mass., to be educated.

Nelly M.—Mr. J. M. Mosher claims the name of Nelly M. for liver and white cocker bitch by Wildair out of Sara Bernhardt. Purchased of Mr. J. Otis Fellows.

Joe B.—Mr. E. F. Welch, Newburyport, Mass., claims the name of Joe B. for red Irish setter dog, whelped August 30, 1880, by Elcho (Elcho-Rose) out of May (Rover-Ruby). Presented to him by Mr. J. W. Bell, Portsmouth, N. H.

BRED.

Sara Bernhardt-Brag—Mr. J. Otis Fellows' cocker bitch Sara Bernhardt to owner's black cocker Brag, May 3.

Isabella-Schuyler—Mr. W. Tallman's (Providence, R. I.,) setter bitch Isabella (Chester-Fannie II.), formerly Mr. John Davidson's, winner first puppy stakes, Memphis, 1876, to Schuyler (Scranton's Bluff-Jennie) April 15.

Grouse Grouse Dale—Mr. Chas. Lounsbury's English setter bitch Thorne to Grouse Dale, May 3.

Meg-Blossom—Mr. T. H. Smallman's Gordon setter bitch Meg to Dr. Niven's Blossom, April 24.

Norah-Jack—Dr. J. S. Niven's Irish terrier bitch Norah to Lachine Kennel Club's Rome Ruler, April 25.

Mollie-Blossom—Mr. E. Tinsley's (Hamilton, Ont.) Gordon setter bitch Mollie (first prize at Toronto) to Dr. Niven's Blossom, May 2.

Moll III.-Blossom—Dr. J. S. Niven's Gordon setter bitch Moll III. to owner's Blossom, May 6.

Flora-Scott—Mr. G. A. Colman, Charlestown, Mass., has bred his Gordon bitch Flora (Doane's Tom-Chloe) to Mr. W. E. Perry's Scott (Bigelow-Tib-W. P. Perry's Pete).

Ida, Jr.-Jack—Mr. Wiley Embry's (Columbia, Tenn.) red Irish setter bitch Ida, Jr., (imported Erin-Old Ida, she by Old Joe out of Old Buck) to Mr. G. W. Campbell's Joe, Jr.

Minnie-Max—Mr. Geo. P. Wells' (Boston, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Minnie to Major Dexter H. Follett's imported Max.

Champion Spark-Count Noble—Mr. D. C. Sanborn's (Dowling, Mich.) champion setter bitch Spark to Count Noble, May 13.

Minto-Emperor Fred—The Lachine Kennel Club's English setter bitch Minto to New York, May 9, by Mr. John R. Robinson's champion Laverack setter Emperor Fred May 10.

Topsey Benedict—Mr. R. R. Williams' imported black spaniel bitch Topsey to the Lachine Kennel Club's imp. Benedict, May 12.

Madcap-Benedict—The Lachine Kennel Club's black spaniel bitch Madcap (2d Montreal, 2d Toronto, 1880) to the Lachine Kennel Club's imp. Benedict, May 15.

Flirt-Echo—Mr. A. J. Kelly's (Anderson, Md.) red Irish setter bitch Flirt (Rory O'Moore-Queen Bess) to Echo (Plowboy). Flirt won first Philadelphia, 1879, and first Boston same year.

Lilly-Sensation—The Baltimore Kennel Club's pointer bitch Lilly to Champion Sensation.

Flatterer-Derg—The Baltimore Kennel Club's Flounce to Derg, April 24.

Bell-Derg—Mr. Edward Tanner's (Washington, D. C.) red Irish setter bitch Bell to the Baltimore Kennel Club's Derg.

Fairy-Tyrone—Mr. Thompson's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Clumber bitch Fairy to Mr. de Luze's Trimbush.

WHELPS.

Nigger—Mr. J. W. Jackson's (Opelousas, La.) native black setter bitch Nigger has eight puppies—five black and three red—six dogs and two bitches, whelped April 27, by owner's red Irish setter dog Mark (Thorstein-Buck).

Fannie-Jaunty Bond—Mr. J. W. Jackson's (Opelousas, La.) liver and white pointer bitch Louise (Bow-Jaunty) whelped four dog puppies May 9 by owner's liver and white pointer dog Lorne (Faust-June), all liver and white and marked nearly like sire and dam.

Maud II.-Rock—Mr. C. E. Lord's (Cook Spendthrift-Irish-Delaware Belle) color, orange and white; dog pups with black noses.

Gipsie Queen—Mr. J. C. Vance's (Chattanooga, Tenn.) Irish setter bitch Gipsie Queen (Rory O'Moore-Queen Bess) whelped May 13 eighteen pups, fifteen dogs and three bitches, by Captain (imported Irish stock). The puppies all seem healthy.

Blix II.—Mr. S. W. Bode's (Baltimore, Md.) pointer bitch Blix II. (John-Blix) whelped on May 5 ten puppies, four dogs and six bitches, by Mr. R. Orgill's Champion Rush. Color, black and white and liver and white.

Curlew—Mr. J. Otis Fellows' cocker bitch Curlew whelped May 15 six puppies, four dogs and two bitches, by Champion Brag.

Leander—C. O. W. Church's (Colorado Springs, Col.) bull terrier bitch Jennie Lind (Young Victor-Queen) whelped May 3 seven puppies, two dogs and five bitches, by owner's lately imported bull terrier Tony.

Vesper—Mr. H. J. Ferry's (Palmer, Mass.) setter bitch Vesper (Drake-Diana) whelped six puppies May 3, two dogs and four bitches, by Laroop's Dick.

Vinnie—Mr. S. T. Hammond's (Springfield, Mass.) pointer bitch Vinnie (Ranger-Bess) whelped eight puppies May 10, five dogs and three bitches, by Croxteth. All of them are white with very dark liver markings. None for sale.

SALES.

Spartan-Bonibel II. Whelp—Mr. W. Tallman, Providence, R. I., has sold to Mr. T. J. Leonard, of Providence, R. I., a black and blue setter puppy by Spartan (Powell's Sport-Scranton's Dorcas) out of owner's Bonibel II., whelped March 7, 1881.

Bang-Bang-Jack Whelps—Mr. A. T. Keppan, Newark, N. J., sold at New York Show one puppy by Bang out of May to Mr. Edwin J. Neal, New York; one to Mr. Chas. G. Gleason, New York, and one to Mr. Wm. E. Cook Moorehead, New York.

Flash-Snap Whelps—Mr. Geo. Kingsley, has sold pointer puppy Flash (Snapshot-Elf) to Mr. W. R. Williams, Orange, N. J.

Flirt—Mr. R. Lamb, New York City, has sold pointer puppy Flirt (Snapshot-Elf) to Mr. Goodwin, Providence, R. I.

Ida-Snap—Mr. Lamb, New York City, has sold pointer bitch puppy Ida (Snapshot-Elf) to Dr. A. McCollom, of this city.

Mistress of the Manse—Dr. A. McCollom, New York City, has sold to Mr. R. Lamb, New York City, the lemon and white cocker spaniel bitch Mistress of the Manse (Dr. J. W. Arnold's Music-Dr. J. Symington's imported Belle.)

Florita—Mr. Peter McKenzie, Picton, Ontario, has purchased of Mr. R. Blackwood, Montreal, Canada, the Gordon setter puppy Florita by Mr. W. W. Hartwell's Boots out of Mr. R. Blackwood's Young Flora.

Fresnie—Mr. Louis Southworth, Montreal, Canada, has purchased of Mr. Blackwood, Montreal, Canada, the Gordon setter puppy Fresnie by Boots out of Young Flora.

Fleta—Mr. Shelton Stephens, Montreal, Canada, has purchased of Mr. R. Blackwood, Montreal, Canada, the Gordon setter puppy Fleta by Boots out of Young Flora.

Lyn—Mr. J. C. Bishop, Monson, Maine, has purchased the foxhound bitch Lyn, whelped November 6, 1879, by Old Judge out of Fashion.

Juliette—Mr. Louis Loedtler, St. Louis, Mo., has sold to Mr. H. C. Bevering, Milwaukee, Wis., his dachshund bitch puppy Juliette (Dr. Twaddell's Unser Fritz-Lochner's Waldine).

Home Ruler—The Lachine Kennel Club have sold to Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, of London, England, the Irish terrier dog Home Ruler (first New York, 1881) by Champion Sporter out of Kathleen.

Kathleen—The Lachine Kennel Club have sold to Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, of London, England, the Irish terrier bitch Kathleen (2d New York, 1881, and Montreal, 1880, Puppies) by Champion Sporter out of Rosey.

Chipps and Rena—Mr. A. H. Graydon, of London, Ont., has sold to Mr. Fred Tillson, of Tilsonburg, Ont., the all liver colored pointer Champion Chipps (Cæsar-Moll) and the lemon and white pointer bitch Rena (Sensation-Graydon Rose).

Smuggler II.—Mr. J. F. Harrison, Chicopee, Mass., has sold the pointer dog Smuggler II. (Dash-Fanny) to Mr. F. P. Magoun, New York.

Don—Mr. G. R. Nichols, New Haven, Conn., has sold to Mr. H. C. Bingham, same place, his Gordon setter Don by Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Gypsum out of Mr. W. H. Pierce's Jennie.

Benedict-Fanny Whelp—Mr. J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y., has sold to Mr. Eugene W. Durkee, New York City, a black spaniel dog puppy by Benedict out of Fanny.

Brag-Princes Whelp—Mr. Geo. A. Finley, Canandaigua, N. Y., has bought of Mr. J. Otis Fellows, a liver and white cocker dog puppy by Brag out of Princess.

NAME CHANGED.

Ida to Gertrude—Dr. A. McCollom, New York City, changes the name of his pointer bitch puppy by Snapshot out of Elf from Ida to Gertrude.

PRESENTATIONS.

Leah—Mr. Rathburn, of New York, has presented Messrs L. C. and Henry L. Zayas his imported champion mastiff bitch Leah, which has already secured several first prizes. She was awarded the first

prize, securing the silver medal, in the champion class at the last dog show.

Florence—Mr. R. Blackwood, Montreal, Canada, has presented to Col. S. D. Bruce, New York City, Gordon setter puppy Florence by Boots out of Young Flora.

IMPORTED.

Black Bess—On the steamship State of Alabama, which arrived in New York on the 20th April, arrived the cocker spaniel Black Bess. She is by the celebrated Brush out of the not less celebrated Rhea. Three years old, weight 23½ lbs. and thoroughly broken to field work. She is due to whelp on the 26th inst. to Bob III.; he by Buccleugh out of Nell. Black Bess has taken numerous prizes at shows in Ireland, as has Bob III., so that her progeny ought to be of the greatest value, as they combine in their blood all the winning strains of black cockers. Black Bess is very short of leg and long of back and is well covered with a jet-black glossy coat of hair without a single white one for contrast. Her legs and feet are furnished with tremendous heavy feathering, and, take her all round, she is a typical specimen of this most fashionable breed.

A CAMP-FIRE LOVE STORY.

SUPPER was over, the back log rolled to its place, our pipes well under way, and four of us outstretched by the big fire. We had been quizzing each other with good-natured raillery, until Tyro, thinking that the nonsense had gone far enough, said:—

"Very well, my boys, enjoy your thrusts at my awkward proportions as much as you please; tell me I am longer when I lie down than when I stand erect; but had it not been for my abbreviated stature I would not be among you now—the butt of your ill-natured and unkind jests. There was evident a good purpose in putting some of my length on my sides; and I am thankful for it, as it was the means of my escaping decapitation."

"Were you a soldier, and did a shell, whistling over your head, strike a comrade in the breast and kill him?"

"More wonderful than that; but I'll give you the whole story, and you may judge if my escape was not providential, and if I do not have reason even to this day to be thankful for my miraculous preservation from instant death. Years ago, before my hair was touched with the silvery frosts of many winters—long ere the crow feet of time had left their imprint around my peepers, I was termed a somewhat jovial youth, short but solid, with a decided penchant for the follies and frivolities of life, and more specially noted for a weakness—if weakness you choose to call it—for the fair sex. I had plenty of money, a good honest face and heart, ready to die at any time for a pretty eye, and waited upon the ladies, old and young, with the chivalrous gallantry of a Don Quixote; but I was inconstant, until at last I found my conqueror in one who enthralled me with her charms. She was the perfection of a beautiful woman. Never did an eye sweeter glance than hers. Her ruby lips were covered with unstolen kisses, her pearly teeth glistened at every smile, and when she smiled, two dimples came and went in enchanting succession. She was tall, with a form graceful as a sylph, and a face perfect in feature and delicate in coloring. These were but minor charms; for in a woman there is no grace more captivating than a sweet musical laugh, and hers was absolutely infectious. And her voice, egad, such an one—

> 'A voice whose music to the ear
> Becomes a memory to the soul.'

Methinks I can even now hear its witching tones as she called me her dear old dumpling. Those were happy days, when I dreamed of happier days to come, when she listened with pleasure, secret though it was, to my protestations of love, her eyes radiant with unuttered thought, but every glance loaded with the richness of love. Oh boys, believe me, I was solid with the daughter, but the old man—aye, there was the rub. The old man was against me, collectively and individually, first, last and all the time. His dislike to me was from my avoirdupois not being correctly distributed. Financially I was above par, but physically I was too short; and to tell the truth, as I can see it now after the lapse of many years, we did make a funny looking couple, she so tall and fair, I so short and ruddy. But then our young love was blind, and the old man was wide awake, with his boots on. Yet his opposition did not prevent my calling at his house about the regulation number of times per week, nor stop our rambles in the tender starlight. The father might curse me, but swear-words fell upon me much as rain falls upon the back of a duck. I cared not the snap of my finger for them.

With the governor, patience at last ceased to be a virtue and he resorted to heroic remedies to rid himself of his prospective son-in-law. He had annoyed me in various ways, but all to no purpose. He finally laid a trap for me. It was on my regular Wednesday evening call. I had scarcely rang the bell when I heard a tremendous clatter, which for a moment startled me, but supposing it to be the sudden dropping of a window or the slamming of a blind, I gave it no more thought, but patiently awaited the opening of the front door, meanwhile whistling a new hymn of love, a sort of voluntary as it were, putting the finishing touches on my back hair, and feeling if my collar and tie were all right. The door was opened, and in the flood of light that came from the hall I saw the cause of the clatter that had startled me a few moments before.

Father and daughter stood before me, and I stood on the platform of a rat-trap. The old wretch had placed it on the steps directly under the bell pull, expecting to catch me by the leg, but the jaws snapped together over my head, and I was safe.

My brevity had proved my salvation. Had I been longer I should have been cut off short. Never until that moment did the daughter seem to realize the disparity of my length, and a coldness grew up. I lost the girl, but my life was saved. Where is she now? I think she married an oysterman at Princess Bay, and has developed, I am told, into a terrible virago.

The old man had me arrested a few days after for assault and battery, but I beat him. Now come, boys, let's turn in.

MILLARD.

Robust and blooming health in Hop Bitters, and no family can afford to be without them.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

A BRITISH MILITARY TEAM.

THE urgency of the American riflemen in pushing forward the Hilton trophy in the face of their rivals on the English ranges has roused a feeling that the Volunteers of England ought to do something in the matter, and the talking episode which precedes any action on the part of an Englishman is now in vogue. Some very sensible things are being said, some of which we append. But we can in a few words warn our cousins that if they come it will be to meet men armed with a rifle little if any inferior to a long range match rifle, such a one, in fact, as our American amateurs are sending away to foreign countries, while our regulars are armed with the Springfield rattletrap, and our State Militia have antiquated specimens of the Remington, Peabody and other arms.

Mr. H. Smith, the Honorable Secretary of the North London Rifle Club, who is thoroughly competent to speak for English Volunteers on the matter, says:

It strikes me as being somewhat of a pity that there is no prospect of a British team accepting the offer of the U. S. N. R. A. to shoot a match this year at Creedmoor, and I think that before the offer is finally abandoned some further steps should be taken in the matter. The reply has been made, as to the small bore match (or, more properly speaking, the any rifle match), but there is another match of equal if not of greater importance, viz., the Hilton, open to teams armed with military rifles, at 200, 500 and 600 yards. I believe I am right that the U. S. N. R. A. rather pushed the Hilton to the front in preference to any rifle match; and surely it would be possible to get a British team together to go over and try and win that Hilton. Probably the Martini-Henry rifle would have to be used, as being the English military rifle, but even so, why should an English team fear to accept the match? The scores attainable with the Martini-Henry at 200, 500 and 600 yards are quite good enough for any ordinary team match, and I doubt whether any American *home fide* military weapon could do much better at the short ranges. Just now, when the world is jeering at the want or marksmanship displayed by the English troops, is not a fitting time to shirk a match with military rifles with any other competitors. I, for one, have no fear but that the result if a suitably good team were got together. The matter of funds is a serious one, but I feel convinced that if the affair were taken up in a practical way plenty of money would flow in, especially if it were made a point to interest the city *home fide* military weapon could do much better at the short ranges. Just now, when the world is jeering at the want or marksmanship displayed by the English troops, is not a fitting time to shirk a match with military rifles with any other competitors. I, for one, have no fear but that the result if a suitably good team were got together. The matter of funds is a serious one, but I feel convinced that if the affair were taken up in a practical way plenty of money would flow in, especially if it were made a point to interest the city and banking firms in the match as a national contest, as it would be. The "any rifle" is more or less of a toy used by the few; the Martini-Henry is the regulation arm of the British soldier, hence a match with the latter would be infinitely more interesting to the nation at large than anything that could be done with the former. The "any rifle" team will not float. Well and good; let a try be made for a Martini team (or what would be better if permitted by the Americans, a "M. H. L." team). Anyhow, I think the N. R. A. should consult the wish of its members before finally declining so important a match. If it is found that the money could not be obtained, and that a team good enough were not willing to go, then the matter must needs fall through. But I certainly think that the points should be definitively ascertained before the Hilton match is declined. If those who are of my way of thinking will write to me and say so, even if only on a post-card, I will take care that their views are formally represented to the Council of the N. R. A.

The *Volunteer Review*, of London, which has a clever way of hitting the nail on the head very frequently when speaking of our American riflemen, says, in speaking of the proposed match:

"It would appear that some hopes have been expressed that a team of English riflemen should be sent to Creedmoor this year, and it has been advocated by some persons that the Henry-Martini rifle would be the proper weapon for such a match. We may say that, should the Henry-Martini rifle be officially adopted as the weapon with which the English team should compete at Creedmoor, the American riflemen will inflict upon them such a crushing defeat as will effectually cure them from any weakness for the Henry-Martini rifle for the future. We are not speaking without book, but having attended a meeting at Creedmoor for the whole period and a three days' tournament afterward, we are prepared to state that any effort to defeat a team of American riflemen would only succeed by being backed up by what are called match rifles. The military arm of the British Army would in such a competition be simply nowhere."

BOSTON, May 14.—With a charming May day for the riflemen to-day, there was a small attendance at Walnut Hill to participate in the second quarterly shoot of the new match season just inaugurated. The wind from the 3 o'clock point was blowing gently on arrival and remained steady up to 12 o'clock. From that time it became vacillating. Mr. G. L. Winship, a member of the association who has not shot since last season, fenced eight bullseyes on the same target, but dropped on his seventh shot for an eight. The old Badge match, No. 3, closed to-day. There is a tie existing between Mr. E. Bennett and Mr. M. E. Baird for the trophy offered, which will be settled later, according to the rules governing the match. The best scores are as follows:

Handicap Match (Creedmoor Target).

J Merrill	4555545555—48	C H Dunlap	4445555534—44
J B Fellows	5554555455—48	D Chambers	5544445553—44
A C Adams	5554445555—47	A Carson	5544554441—43
A Carter	5454455554—46	C Bennett	5444444455—43
J Borden	5544554445—45	A C Benton	4455434451—42
B W Appleton	4445554554—45	D Roberts	5444434434—41
H S Harris	4445545545—44	W Gardner	4455534444—40
B Jamison	4544554545—44	W S Presby	4434454455—40
S Howard	4545454445—44		

Sharpshooters' Match (Massachusetts Target).

E F Richardson	12 11 11 12 11 10 12 10 10 12—111		
G L Winship	12 11 12 10 11 12 8 12 11 11—110		
J Merrill	12 10 12 10 10 11 11 10 11 9—106		
H L Lee	9 11 11 11 9 10 10 12 9 12—104		
G Carter	9 9 8 11 10 10 10 11 12 11—101		
E James	9 10 11 11 9 10 11 8 11 10—100		
B W Appleton	9 12 10 10 9 10 12 8 12 7—99		
D Chambers	12 9 7 9 8 11 11 12 9—97		

Membership Badge Match, No. 3.

J S Bennett	4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 5—44

Membership Badge Match, No. 4.

H L Lee	5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 5 4—46

BOSTON, May 10.—The Schuetzen Corps held its second meet on its new range at Bayside to-day. The day was beautiful, but a rather strong wind from the southeast gave considerable trouble, but ordinary results being secured by the day's efforts. The best scores are appended:

Massachusetts Target, Off-hand.

W Schwartz	9	11	10	10	5	11	10	9	8	9—93
J H Miller	11	5	10	11	11	5	5	12	3	10—83
George Schmidt	6	4	7	5	10	6	10	7	8	8—71
D Wilson	5	6	7	8	5	5	5	4	7	7—59
A Goldsmith	5	4	8	12	4	5	5	5	5	11—64
C J Haley	4	5	7	11	10	5	4	3	5	9—63
F J Ludwig	6	5	3	10	10	6	3	8	5	7—62
J G Green	7	5	5	7	9	3	5	3	6	9—60
W A Klein	9	7	4	8	7	10	4	3	4	5—61
B Q Dentz	9	4	8	7	10	4	4	3	4	8—61
George C Gueath	8	4	8	10	4	7	4	5	5	5—60

On Tuesday next the East Boston Schuetzen Corps will formally open its new range and a large number of invited guests, "including the Governor of the State," have signified their intention of being present.

GARDNER, Mass., May 13.—At the last record of the Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range there was a good attendance. The inch ring and Creedmoor target combined was the one used. Distance, 200 yards, off hand. The story of the work of the club is told by the following score:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
I N Dodge	99	46	96	43	186—94
G F Ellsworth	78	44	91	46	169—90
J E Newton	83	45	84	45	166—90
A Mathews	80	45	82	45	162—90
H S Pierce	82	45	72	43	154—88
F E Nichols	77	43	75	45	152—88
H C Knowlton	63	43	81	45	144—88
G R Pratt	60	40	84	47	144—87
Wm Austin	53	43	76	43	129—86
C Shumway	61	42	64	43	125—85
F H Knowlton	64	44	60	42	124—86
G C Goodale	63	42	80	40	116—82

LAKESIDE, Ill., May 10.—A special shoot of the Lakeside Rifle Club was held to-day and the following scores were made at 200 yards, off hand. Captain W. M. Farrow, of New York, being present, gave a splendid exhibition of off-hand work:

W M Farrow	5554555545—48	I A Farnum	4545554455—44
Re-entry	5545455455—47	W H Chenoweth	4454544541—43
"	4555445555—47	D B Williams	5444445544—43
B E Clarke	5554444454—46	Borcherdt	4435444544—41
J E Tilt	4454554543—43		

MEDFORD, Mass., May 11.—The warm, sultry weather to-day prevented as good a showing at Bellevue Range as usual, yet the few riflemen present made some excellent scores. W. Charles making the first clean score ever made at the range, heading the list with a 50. The following is the summary (10 shots, 200 yards):

W Charles	50	C Hartwell	44
C H Russell	47	F L Claflin	43
W Jacobs	45	A Jackson	43
J Winslow	45	A Bigelow	42
H Withington	45	S F Johnson	36
A J Greene	45		

The following is the standing of the prize winners in the Silver Ware match as they stand at present writing (handicap added):

J R Peel	46 47 47 47 48—246	A Whitney	46 46 45 46 46—229
W Charles	49 49 49 49 49—245	A W Webb	46 45 46 45 46—239
F Hollis	49 49 49 48 49—244	R Abbott	45 49 45 46 47—239
E F Richardson	48 48 49 49 48—242	N P Ames	45 46 45 46 48—238
A C Gould	48 47 47 47 47—240	A B Archer	46 45 45 46 47—236
P L Claflin	47 47 46 47 45—242	E J Crain	46 47 47 47 48—235
H Withington	46 46 47 45 46—240	C H Russell	45 46 46 45 47—234
W Jacobs	45 46 46 46 45—240	A J Green	44 44 46 44 45—234

This match will probably be closed the 1st of next month.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—The first stage of the competition between the Pacific Rifle Club and the Rifle Club of the Presidio took place to-day at the Presidio Rifle Range and resulted in a victory of the Pacific Rifle Club by 49 points. The following were the scores, each man firing 40 shots:

Pacific Rifle Club.		Presidio Rifle Club.	
J Kuhnle	179	Private Temple	172
Klein	178	Lieutenant Wilson	171
N Williams	177	Captain Anderson	170
McKillian	176	Sergeant Lowry	169
Sime	173	Private Ponyor	166
Bankhead	171	Private Hoyt	166
Lautenberg	169	Lieutenant Weller	164
Beaver	168—1291	Private Hess	164—1342

Capt. McKinney, Mr. Sprawl and Phil. Jacoby shot a match with military rifles, 100 shots each, 500 yards, at the Presidio Range, San Francisco, on May 15.

NEW ORLEANS, May 8.—The second contest of company teams for the second Denver prize took place to-day at the New Orleans Rifle Club Park. The scores were as follows:

Washington Artillery, Battery C.

	200 yards.				500 yards.				
Dudley Selph	4	4	5	4	4—21	4	4	5	5	5—23—44
G W Charlton	4	4	4	4	4—20	5	3	3	3	4—18—38
W W Wilkins	4	4	4	3	5—20	3	4	2	4	5—18—38
J C Sport	3	3	5	4	4—19	3	3	5	3	3—17—36
W M Arms	4	4	4	4	4—20	3	0	2	3	4—12—32—138

Louisiana Field Artillery, Battery C.

E Bercegeay	4	4	4	5	3—20	5	5	4	5	4—23—43
M J Fortier	4	5	4	4	4—21	2	4	0	5	3—14—35
A Guerin	4	0	4	3	5—16	2	0	2	0	0— 4—20
W Weiss	4	3	3	4	4—18	2	4	3	3	2—14—32
G Hanswald	3	4	4	3	4—18	2	2	0	5	0— 9—27—157

Continental Guards.

Henry	4	4	3	4	4—19	5	5	4	4	5—23—42
Franklin	4	5	5	4	4—21	4	4	5	4	3—20—41
Knight	3	4	3	5	4—19	4	4	4	5	4—21—40
Howe	3	4	4	6	4—20	5	0	4	0	0— 9—29
Doolittle					ruled out.	5	4	4	4	5—22—22—174

Battery C, Washington Artillery, and Battery C, Louisiana Field Artillery, are even on the company shoots, the latter having won the first contest.

CAMDEN, N. J., May 11.—The shooting matches at Stockton Rifle Range to-day, where the fourth semi-annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Rifle Association took place, were very interesting. The first contest was for the Tryon diamond badge, 200 and 500 yards; 200 yards out of a possible 120. The scores were: A. B. Parker, 85; C. W. Zieber, 71; Dr. M. Price, 91; Major J. H. Burroughs, 100; W. C. Cranmer, 100; L. J. Somers, 82; H. C. Rushton, 62; Isaac Tull, 88; G. W. Miles, 60; H. Manderson, 94; G. L. Thompson, 90; W. H. Case, 87; E. H. Jones, 77; W. De V. Foulke, 83; L. Thomas, 90; I. R. French, 49. The score at 500 yards stood: A. B. Parker, 104; C. W. Zieber, 67; Dr. M. Price, 113; Major J. H. Burroughs, 87; W. C. Cranmer, 85; Isaac Tull, 84; H. C. Rushton, 111; Isaac Tull, 64; G. W. Miles, 71; H. Manderson, 113; G. L. Thompson, 102; W. De V. Foulke, 62; L. Thomas, 57. The badge was awarded to Dr. M. Price, whose total score was 204 out of a possible 240.

Then came the individual match at 200 yards, for which eighteen prizes were offered, valued at $180. The following are the winners and their scores: Dr. D. Price, 103; T. W. Taylor, 102; J. Green, 100; H. C. Rushton, 99; W. C. Cranmer, 98; L. E. Freas, 98; Mr. Proctor, 98; Mr. Edwards, 98; A. G. Gardwell, 98; Major J. H. Burroughs, 97; W. De V. Foulke, 97; L. Thomas, 95; L. J. Somers, 94; A. Brown, 92; J. Tull, 92.

The third competition was for a silver cup, which has to be won three times by teams of eight from association clubs before it becomes the property of the winning team. The West Philadelphia Club had a "walk-over." They scored 374 points out of a possible 560. This cup has been won heretofore once by the West Chester Rifle Team and twice by the Pennsylvania Rifle Club.

The fourth match was an "individual contest at 500 yards," nine prizes, valued at $53. The following are the winners and their scores, out of a possible 120; H. C. Rushton, 117; C. W. Zieber, 114; W. De V. Foulke, 113; Mr. Edwards, 113; L. Thomas, 113; R. S. Redfield, 113; Major J. H. Burroughs, 111; Dr. M. Price, 109, and H. Manderson, 107.

Only one team, the Quaker City Club, entered for the fifth match, which was open to teams of four, distance 500 yards. They were awarded an aneroid barometer.

The best shooting made during the day was that in an individual match at 1,0 0 yards. The first prize, a National Rifle Association medal, was won by H. Rushton, who scored 48; the second, a skeleton stock rifle, was carried off by W. De V. Foulke, who made 46 points. L. Thomas also scored 46, but he was obliged to take third place under the rules.

CREEDMOOR, May 14.—But one match occupied the attention of the riflemen this morning at the A. range to-day. There was another match, open to "junior marksmen," as defined by the recent classification bill, but as nobody can make out what the system means and fewer still have patience to puzzle out the logarithmic calculations necessary to determine the standing of a marksman there was no second match. The competition was open only to members N. R. A. and N. G., S. N. Y., in uniform; 200 yards; any rifle; military rifles to receive one point allowance on each entry; seven shots each entry; two best scores to count; entrance fee $1 each for first and second entries; 66 per cent. to first, 34 per cent. to second prize. The leading scores stood:

C E Taylor	55	32—87	M B Hull	29	31—60	
J L Paulding	33	32—65	J R Grohman	29	30—59	
P G Fenning	32	32—64	E E Lewis	28	30—58	
J H Brown	33	28—61	F E Bennett	29	29—58	
J L Price	31	32—63	E S Browe	29	29—58	
G J Seabury	31	31—62	C E Overbaugh	29	29—58	
D F Davids	31	31—62	F J Donaldson	27	30—57	
F H Holton	29	31—61	J W Wright	28	29—57	
W R Bostwick	30	31—61	E L Madison	23	29—57	

LOUISIANA VS. COLORADO.—Capt. Dudley Selph has mailed to the Denver riflemen, the following communication answering the challenge received from them, and proposing terms for an annual shoot for a standing prize:

NEW ORLEANS, May 6, 1881.

To the Officers and Members of the Tabor Sharpshooters, Denver, Col.:

Gentlemen—Your challenge, dated April 19, and received here, April 25, 1881, was answered by telegraph as follows:

"Challenge received too late for May 1. Particulars by mail."

I desire now to say that with only one week's notice we could not select a team by competition, and as we have no regularly organized military rifle association, it is necessary to select a team by competitive practice from the various military companies of our city.

We are willing to shoot, and can promise you a team worthy of your best efforts, and with this view I beg, on the part of our riflemen, to offer the following suggestions:

Military matches are now generally shot at both ranges, 200 and 500 yards, and the majority of the old team are strongly in favor of both ranges. I, therefore, propose that a contest between a team from your "sharpshooters," and a team from our military riflemen be made for June 5 and 12, 1881, for a banner or pennant of silk with the coat of arms of Colorado on one side, another coat of arms of Louisiana on the other. Each team to pay $50 for the manufacture and embroidering of the banner, and that it shall be contested for annually, and each winning to be inscribed on the winner's State side.

Our boys are tired of being assessed for every match, and suggest this as the best plan to do away with any money consideration.

If this proposition meets with your favor we would propose that the following terms be agreed upon: The match to commence at 200 yards on one day and at 500 yards on the other day, each rifleman to have fifteen shots at each range, and at liberty to "wipe out" after each five shots; grand total to win.

The teams to number twelve or fifteen men. Creedmoor rules to govern; rifles to be military, with trigger-pull of six pounds.

There shall be a spotter, scorer and umpire for each game, and one referee to all protests for both teams.

I am satisfied we will all be better pleased to have in view an annual contest for a "champion banner" than to depend upon irregular matches for special prizes, and it may be that the "little chips" will follow the example of the "old blocks" when the latter shall have gone to the "happy hunting grounds" of the white warriors.

I will be pleased to have your association consider the foregoing suggestions and equally pleased to have you offer others, which I will communicate to our riflemen. Very truly, DUDLEY SELDE.

—The Leach Cup will be shot for on May 30 under the auspices of the Amateur Rifle Club at Creedmoor.

PRINCETON COLLEGE has a rifle club of which C. R. Gill, class of '31 is President; G. P. Way, '83 Secretary; and C. E. Mamiere, '81, T. S. Clarke, '82, and W. C. Jones, '82, members.

RIFLE CLUB ELECTIONS.

The Lakeside Rifle Club, of Chicago, Ill., (formerly the Lake View Rifle Club), elected the following officers, April 23, to serve for one year: President, S. F. Hunckell; Vice-President, J. A. Colehour; Captain, John McConnell; Secretary and Treasurer, F. J. Lang.

The California Rifle Association met on April 30. The following members were elected directors for the ensuing year: Gen. John McComb, Major A. F. Klose, Col. A. Andrews, Major W. B. Burtis, Lieut. C. P. Le Breton, Capt. H. S. Templeton, Lieut. P. H. McElhiney, Corporal T. E. Carson, Lieut. M. N. Laufenberg, Capt. J. H. McMenomy, Capt. A. J. Fritz.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Rifle Association was held in the Brigade office, Montreal, May 4, Lieut.-Colonel McEachren in the chair. Hon. Mr. Caron, Minister of Militia, was elected President, the Vice-Presidents being Lieut.-Colonels Maltice, Ouimet and McEachren and Major Stewart; Secretary, Major Mudge; Treasurer, Lieut.-Colonel Martin; Executive Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher.

—Peter Giannini, one of the best rifle shots on the Pacific Coast, has left for Switzerland, to compete in the great Federal shooting festival which takes place at Freyburg in July next. He also intends to compete in the German Bundes Festival at Munich, Bavaria, to come off during the latter part of August.

ALLEE SAMEE MELICAN MAN.—While a military team was practising the other day at Carson, Nev., a Chinaman, who was looking on, was jokingly asked to try a shot. To the surprise of the military men, he accepted the invitation, and essayed to shoot from a knee rest, and also while lying down. He was told that he must shoot offhand. This he refused to do, but finally he was allowed to have his own way, when, coiling himself up on his side, he thrust the barrel of the rifle between his feet and aimed for the 200-yard target. Three minutes elapsed, during which time the soldier boys tittered and chuckled at the Chinaman. At last, when they began to think he had fallen asleep, he pulled the trigger and made—a bull's eye. He continued firing until he had made five bull's eyes in succession, when, returning the rifle, he remarked, "Melican man shootee putty good."

THE TRAP.

LONG ISLAND SHOOTING CLUB.—Monthly contest, 5 traps, 7 birds each, 80 yards boundary, Hurlingham rules; West handicapped 27 yards, Madison 26 yards. Score:

West	1 0 1 1 1 1 0—5	Wesley	1 0 1 1 1 1 1—6
Madison	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7	W Lawrence	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7
Wilson	1 0 1 1 0 0 1—4	Akhurst	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7
Funson	1 1 1 1 0 1 1—6	Walton	1 1 0 1 0 1 1—5
Burritt	1 1 1 0 0 0 1—4	Joerger	1 1 1 1 0 1 1—6
Henry	1 0 0 1 1 1 1—6	Leavitt	1 1 1 1 1 0 1—6
Van Staden	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7	Robinson	1 0 1 1 1 1 1—6
Medway	1 1 0 1 1 1 1—6	Morton	0 1 1 1 1 0 0—4
Thompson	0 0 1 1 1 1 1—5	Creed	1 1 1 0 1 1 1—6
Stiles	1 0 1 1 1 1 1—6	Yelckman	1 0 1 1 1 0 0—4

In shooting off ties the result was: Madison, 26 yards, 15; Van Staden, 22 yards, 14; Lawrence, 24 yards, 21; Akhurst, 22 yards, 4.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.—Match for the Pelhemus bronze trophy:

	Yards.		Yards.
H Tunison, 28	11100111110111—12	R Barker, 28	11111111110011—13
G W Tait, 25	11011101111111—12	Lawrence, 26	11111010101111—12
Mr Wilson, 30	11111111110111—14	Dr Willard, 29	11111011111101—13
A Eddy, 29	11111111111111—14	W Wesley, 30	11100101111111—12
G W Creed, 23	11001111111111—13	Dr Minin, 25	11101111110101—12

NEW YORK GUN CLUB—Bergen Point, May 14.—Match for the Challenge Cup, 25 birds each, from 5 traps, Hurlingham rules, 30 yards rise:

Colonel Butler	10111 11011 01111 10111 01010—18
Mr Dunleavy	10000 11101 01011 00111 11000—13

The Barron Trophy, 10 birds each, handicap rise; ties to be shot off at three birds; to be won three times—not necessarily consecutively—before becoming the personal property of the winner:

E G Murphy	30 yards	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Mr Hammond	25	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Mr Whitehead	30	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—9
Mr Long	26	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—8
Mr Hunter	26	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—8
Col Armstrong	30	1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1—6
Mr Dexter	28	0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0—5

Tie won by Murphy with 3 straight.

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB—Washington, D. C., May 14.—The regular Saturday afternoon contest to-day resulted as follows (Card's rotary trap, screened; 30 yards rise):

E L Mills	11111 11111 11111 11111—20
C J Stoddard	11111 11111 11101 10111—18
Wm Wagner	11101 01111 11111 11111—18
Thos E King	01111 01101 11111 11111—17
C K Dufour	11111 10111 11001 11111—16
W W Eldridge	10111 01111 01111 11011—16
N H Wadsworth	11111 10100 11111 01111—16
F B Farnsworth	11110 11111 10101 10110—15
E S Peck	11110 11100 11011 00110—13
O M Ball	11101 01000 11100 00111—11
G W Cross	11100 00110 11010 00001— 9
Clinton Adams	00011 01000 11100 11010— 9
J H Miller	00000 10111 10001 10000— 8
J E Hosford	01101 10100 00001 11001— 9

W. W. E.

RUPERT, Penn., May 14.—By invitation of C. M. Drinker the Catawissa Glass Ball Club shot on the Fair Grounds, at Bloomsburg, Saturday, Mr. Drinker presenting a fine ammunition case to the best score:

Solleder	01111 01101 00101 10100—11
Drinker	01100 11110 01001 01111—12
Thomas	10111 11111 01101 12000—14
Yetter	11111 11111 10111 11001—18
Fox	00010 01110 11010 11000—10
Aldrich	11111 11111 11011 11101—18
Eyer	11001 10111 10011 11101—14
Kreigh	01111 10012 01111 11111—16
Stadler	11111 12000 11111 11111—19
Laycock	10111 00001 01111 10001—11
Reifsnyder	11101 01101 11111 01111—16
Harmon	11001 11011 00100 10001— 9

It was too late to shoot off ties.

SPENCER, Mass., May 14.—A new Holden trap has been purchased by the Sportsman's Club of this town. The club is in a very prosperous condition and an improvement on all former records is expected.

BROOKFIELD, Mass., May 14.—The old board of officers of the Sportsman's Club have been elected. A Holden trap has been purchased and the work of breaking glass balls is to be looked after more closely than ever before.

Messrs. John E. Graham and Frank E. Butler, of Erie, Penn., have set themselves up as "champion all-around shots of the world" and have added to their own skill the performance of the "canine wonders, George and Dan."

THE ROCHESTER GUN CLUB will hold its third annual prize shoot to-morrow afternoon.

ROCKLAND, Mass., May 14.—A match was shot here to-day between the Rockland Glass Ball Club and the South Abington Sportsman's Club. The shoot was at 20 glass balls each, 18 yards rise, from card trap. The score was: Rockland Club, 210; South Abington, 191.—C. J. A.

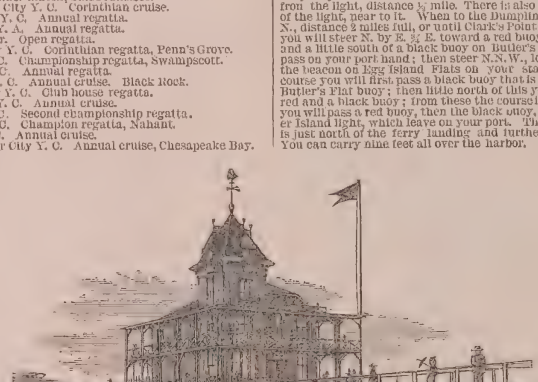
ONE ARM.—Mr. Styles, of the Long Island Shooting Club, has but one arm, but is an expert shot. It takes an expert two-arm shooter to get ahead of him at the trap.

You can save Doctor bills and keep your family always well with Hop Bitters.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

May 22.—Quaker City Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 23.—Southwark Y. C. Annual regatta.
May 23.—Cooper's Point Y. C. Annual regatta.
May 24.—Canoeing open regatta, second and third-class yachts.
May 24.—Southern Y. C. Professional races.
May 26.—Southern Y. C. Professional races.
May 26.—Portland Y. C. Challenge cup.
May 27.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Vallejo.
May 28.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Napa.
May 30.—Kaskenbocker Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—South Boston Y. C. Union regatta, City Point.
May 30.—Atlantic Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—Cape Ann Y. C. Spring regatta.
May 30.—Schwanhaka Y. C. Professional races.
May 30.—Jersey City Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—Warwick Y. C. Open regatta, Fall River.
May 30.—Bunker Hill Y. C. Open regatta 22 ft. and under.
June 1.—Southern Y. C. Corinthian races.
June 3.—Southern Y. C. Corinthian races.
June 4.—Harlem Regatta Association. Canoe races.
June 4.—Quincy Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 5.—East River Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 5.—Hudson River Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 6.—Quaker City Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 7.—Empire Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 9.—New Jersey Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 10.—Eastern Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 11.—Delaware River open regatta.
June 11.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Martinez.
June 11.—Atlantic Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 11.—Pacific Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
June 15.—Newburyport Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—New York Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—Boston Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 17.—Lynn Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 17.—Marblehead open regatta.
June 18.—Dorchester Y. C. Nahant regatta.
June 20.—East River Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 20.—Quaker City Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 23.—Jersey City Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 26.—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor cruise.
July 1.—Gananoque open regatta, second and third class yachts.
July 1.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Monterey.
July 1.—Royal Canadian Y. C. Governor General's Cup.
July 2.—Quincy Y. C. First championship regatta.
July 2.—Nellie-O'Conner match, San Francisco.
July 2 to 5.—Quaker City Y. C. Corinthian cruise.
July 4.—Larchmont Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 4.—Cleveland, Y. A. Annual regatta.
July 4.—Lynn harbor. Open regatta.
July 4.—Quaker City Y. C. Corinthian regatta, Penn's Grove.
July 5.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Swampscott.
July 12.—Pacific Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 15.—Atlantic Y. C. Annual cruise. Black Rock.
July 16.—Dorchester Y. C. Club house regatta.
Aug. 1.—New York Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 2.—Quincy Y. C. Second championship regatta.
Aug. 6.—Beverly Y. C. Champion regatta, Nahant.
Aug. 6.—Pacific Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 6 to 20.—Quaker City Y. C. Annual cruise, Chesapeake Bay.



CLUB HOUSE, N. B. Y. C.

Aug. 6.—San Francisco Y. C. Annual regatta.
Aug. 11 to 14.—American Canoe Association. Lake George meet.
Aug. 31.—Quincy Y. C. Third championship regatta.
Sept. 1.—Quincy Y. C. Championship sail-off.
Sept. 3.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Drake's Bay.
Sept. 3.—Dorchester Y. C. Fall regatta.
Sept. 7.—Royal Canadian Y. C. Annual regatta.
Sept. 10.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Marblehead.
Sept. 17.—San Francisco Y. C. Corinthian matches.
Sept. 20.—Quaker City Y. C. Fall regatta.
Sept. 24.—Beverly Y. C. Special regatta, Swampscott.
Sept. 25.—Quaker City Y. C. Closing cruise.
Oct. 8.—San Francisco Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
Nov. 5.—San Francisco Y. C. Closing cruise.

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.

AN important epoch in the history of yachting in America is marked by the formation of the New Bedford Yacht Club. At the time a few clear-headed and energetic gentleman undertook to promote a small local organization of precarious life into a great club of national proportions and influence, little or nothing of the sort had yet been attempted. That narrow and rather selfish pride which always marks the small beginnings of purely local associations still held full sway along the coast to such an extent that it had been found all but impossible to build up a club of more than "provincial" range in a harbor close by, where yachts assembled by the score during the summer, and where of all places one might have expected to see a flourishing institution floating on the seas of success and popularity. The complete failure of several attempts made at Newport in previous years to overcome the barriers of localism, standing like solid walls between the fleets of visiting yachts for years, might have deterred others less energetic than the founders of the successful club in the White City, especially as New Bedford is some miles from Buzzard's Bay, and, so far as distance goes, just that much less accessible to yachts from the West, and to those from around Cape Cod practically no more convenient than its more fashionable and pretentious sister city. But "where there is a will there is a way," and while we still had our affections and expectations blighted upon the beauties and attractions of Narragansett Bay, all hands were suddenly surprised to find that from a struggling infant in another port had been coaxed and coached one of the largest, most liberal, enterprising and yet "select" yacht clubs in America. Our likes show that this had been foreseen, and before it was too late an effort was made in these columns to resuscitate the waning yachting spirit and nautical fame of old Newport town, but to no purpose, though, as the sequel has demonstrated, so we were not only willing but glad to find that a new state of things at last came to the fore, even though not of the origin we had all along in view. We hail the success of the New Bedford Y. C. as a new departure, something like an oasis in the desert of the dry, dreary monotony of existence into which yacht clubs had fallen and were content to drag on a somnolent, self-admiring retirement from public view. The membership of the new club was drawn from all quarters. It was not New Bedford first, last and every time, and nothing but New Bedford, but every yachtsman cruising from Nantucket to Newport and could throw in his lot with the rest if he chose. The club thereby became not a petty local thing, but national. Its races were thrown open to all alike; its prizes were liberal, the management excellent, the club house a prominent and attractive structure devoted to legitimate purposes, and not a tippling shop in disguise. Its officers worked untiringly in its behalf, and not for self-glorification. The citizens of the town gave sympathy and funds, and above all, the club took root and lived up to the traditions of a wide-awake sailing organization, securing respect for its flag and the good wishes of the best class of yachtsmen—those who desire to see clubs and racing established on the broadest basis possible, and the furtherance of the sailing interests their main and only object. The New Bedford Yacht Club is now one of the largest in point of membership and vessels, has the best appointed club house in the country, and in some features has taken the lead of all others "this side of the Cape." It is still growing rapidly, with a constantly increasing income, and this season's racing in Buzzard's Bay bids fair to surpass all previous records, as the largest fleet ever gathered in our waters is likely to be seen collected in the harbor when the New York, Eastern and local yacht squadrons meet by appointment to engage in the most interesting matches we are promised for the year. New Bedford, by the energy and forethought of a handful of gentlemen, has built itself up as a yachting station of national import, and now may justly lay claim to being the Cowes of America. The first steps looking to an organization were taken Nov. 10, 1878, when a request to call in the local papers about twenty gentlemen assembled and concluded to build a small house for the care of their boats and the convenience of the few small yachts then hailing from the place. The first officers were chosen Feb. 10 and the undertaking was fairly launched.

Pursuing the "even tenor of its way," working harmoniously together, the membership increased to an extent hardly thought of in the beginning, until it became so large that it was thought advisable to change the location of the house and thereby increase its capacity for good. A charter under Massachusetts laws had been obtained, dated Jan. 25, 1878. It was finally agreed to purchase a water privilege and erect a suitable building, which was carried into effect, and the present admirable location and facilities opened June 15, were the result. Upon a call for assistance most of the gentlemen of the city applied to gave the club their support by becoming members, and to-day the books show a total of nearly 300 and a fleet of sixty yachts, including the well-known schooners Myrtle, Magic, Peerless and Clio, all having New Bedford as their home port. The club feels a justifiable pride in its success, which has not been spasmodic, but a gradual healthy growth, harmonious in its action and having the good will of the resident public. The house is easy of access, horse cars for its door, city water, telephone communication, gas and everything necessary for comfort or convenience; a water front of 9 ft. depth at low tide; a harbor easy of access, with channels well buoyed and not excelled in beauty or safety on the coast, the club feels that its "lines have fallen in pleasant places," and it cordially invites all the yachting fraternity to make its house their home during their stay in New Bedford waters.

The sailing directions for entering the harbor are simple: The Dumpling Rock light bears from the Sea-and-Chickens lighship N. E. ½ E., distance seven miles. Mishaun Ledge is on this line of bearing, about midway between the two lights, with S. ¼ E. at low water. Therefore when running for Dumpling light from near the light-ship do not keep to the north of E. by E. the first three or four miles. From the buoy on this ledge you can keep directly for the Dumpling light and need only give it a berth of 300 feet. You will pass a red buoy on your starboard hand that is on a sandy shoal about south from the light, distance ¼ mile. There is also a black buoy just south of the light, near to it. When to the Dumpling light, steer N.E. by N., distance 2 miles full, or until Clark's Point light bears north, when you will steer N. by E. ½ E. toward a red buoy on Egg Island Flats and a little south of a black buoy on Butler's Flats, which you will pass on your port hand; then steer N.N.W., leaving the red buoy and the beacon on Egg Island Flats on your starboard hand; on this course you will first pass a black buoy that is nearly a mile from the Butler's Flat buoy; then little north of this you will pass between a red and a black buoy; from these the course is about north, on which you will pass a red buoy, then the black buoy, which is close to Palmer Island light, which leave on your port. The best place to anchor is just north of the ferry landing and farther in for small yachts. You can carry nine feet all over the harbor.

STEAM LAUNCHES AND RED TAPE.

WITH the increasing growth of the steam pleasure fleet, the Government, and the Treasury Department more particularly, would save itself a great deal of correspondence if the rules governing the building and running of launches and steam yachts were drawn up in concise form for general circulation or for publication. As it is, no one seems to know exactly what is required and what not, much less can any one say what fees are to be legally charged for attending to the Government demands. Inspectors may like nothing better—it pays as much more to charge a round $25 when allowed only $5, and they find it so easy to prey upon owners who "ask no questions," preferring simply to get rid of the official nuisances, that the legitimate fees are studiously kept in the dark for the inspectors' benefit. The time has come when action should be taken. This we have often urged upon the Treasury Department, but mightier matters seem to demand so much attention that red tape mystification still holds sway, and launch-owners find themselves liable to be swooped down upon by lynx-eyed officers having gain as the stimulant to over-zealous exactions, often upon mere technical grounds. There is no hope out of the mess unless steam yacht owners take the matter in hand and by united effort force some recognition of their reasonable demands. There can be no necessity for compelling small launches and river boats used for pleasure and instruction to comply in all respects with the cumbrous, mixed-up medley of "regulations" forced upon the statute books by compromises between incapable officials and the dissenting members of a league of steamboat men. It would be the work of an hour or two for a professional engineer to draw up a set of rules embodying all that is required for safety in building and completeness in equipment, and such a code, especially applied to launches and small steamers, could be kept distinct from all that relates to steamboats given to freight or passenger service. At present it costs half as much for inspection fees and humbuggery as the entire value of many a small launch, and we know, from the constant complaints reaching us, that but for the onerous Government burdens the fleet of launches and yachts driven by steam would be much larger than it is. We have nothing now to guide us but the very general and loose admonitions of Treasury officials, varying with each change of administration and interpreted according to the caprices and often limited comprehensions of local inspectors. One of the best of these circulars we give below, as o interest to many readers:

"You are informed that under Section 4,426, Revised Statutes, the hull and boiler of every yacht, or other small craft of like character propelled by steam, must be inspected, the boiler being subjected to the hydrostatic test required by law. The pilot and engineer must also be licensed and such other provisions of the law complied with as may be applicable to the particular vessel under examination.

"Sections 4,428 and 4,431 require that the iron or steel plates of which the boiler is constructed must be stamped with the name of

the manufacturer, the plans were manufactured and the number of pounds cersile strain it will bear to the sectional square inch. The boiler must be provided with such appurtenances as are necessary to its safe management, viz.: Feed-pump and check-valve, steam-pressure gauge, safety-valve, gauge-cocks, a water-gauge (showing the height of the water in the boiler) and blow-off valve and, it is to sound applicable to the kind of burner employed, a fusible plug, to insert that it will fuse by the heat of the fire when the water in the boiler falls below the prescribed limit.

"There must be on board the means of applying the required hydrostatic test. For a steam launch two buckets kept on board will be sufficient means for the extinguishment of a fire. There must be provided for each person on board a life-preserver containing at least six pounds of good block cork, adjustable to the body in the manner of a belt or jacket, with shoulder-straps.

"The fee for license as 'special engineer' for a yacht, which fee will be granted to any person of good character who has sufficient experience to manage the boiler and machinery safely, is five dollars. A similar 'special license' as pilot for this vessel will be granted to any person of like good character who is familiar with the navigation in which she is to be employed, understands the Pilot Rules and has had sufficient experience in handling this or other similar vessels.

"The master of a vessel of this class does not require license.

"A steam whistle of suitable dimensions must be provided, with which the pilot will make the signals as required by the Pilot Rules above referred to.

"When the equipment is completed and the vessel ready for inspection is to required that application shall be made in writing by the master or owner to the Inspectors within whose district the vessel is owned or employed, and to such boards other notice may be given for further information on any matter herein stated which may not be regarded by you as sufficiently explicit."

CRUISE OF THE SCHOONER SUNSHINE, 1880.

Tuesday Aug 3.—At 9 o'clock the fleet started for Block Island Our military friend who had promised to be promptly on hand at 9. was not to be seen, and our anchor, therefore, remained in the mud, waiting anxiously and watching the dock until 9:45, when patience exhausted, the anchor was weighed and we started after the fleet without him—second time with the start. We had not yet been in the distance entering Fisher's Island Sound, and as the yachts passed the Edgecombe House each gave a salute in answer to the compliment of the night before. The wind was dead ahead, light and growing lighter the morning. Slowly, slowly we crept along, following and gradually overhauling some of the fleet almost becalmed in Fisher's Island Sound. Our balloon jib topsail and staysail were too much for our seaworthy competitor—the Madcap, and indeed the only competitor we saw in that line of sail, and she was the one to read the gilt letters on our stern. The little Elephant alone of the entire fleet, never seemed to loose the breeze Quickly dodging out from behind Fisher's Island she leaned over to an eight-knot southwesterly breeze and with the broad pennant and bade good-bye to the fleet for that day. This was interesting for the rest of us, reminding some of the former cruises of the A. Y. C., when Captain Ludlow Livingston on the "White Cap" with an enormous club topsail, tilting like a board, would sail away and out of sight—the wind not seeming to be a respecter of persons.

The fleet took the breeze about 2 o'clock drawing at first in ugly puffs off the island and snapping two more topmasts. One after another they quickly rounded the Block Buoy off the treacherous reef at the eastern point of Fisher's Island, and trimmed down like under lower sails for a "long leg" to the southwest point of Block Island. From the time of hauling on the wind till dropping anchor, the Sunshine had a close race with our comrade, the Madcap, which is a schooner of about the same tonnage, carrying sails doing good service, struggling with the head sea. She rather out-footed us, sailing close-hauled, but found it impossible to pass us to windward as we could lie a little closer than she could. We both rounded the point off Block Island about the same time, and then running up staysail and jib topsail we left the Madcap to her fate, leaving her behind, and after running half an hour, we anchored within four minutes of each other. Easterly weather shut down upon us in the evening and made the yachts toss around lively during the night, chucking their bowsprits about in a manner to make sleep impossible, except over a spare anchor and passed the night quietly. The Agnes and some others housed their topmasts fearing a heavy blow, as the night looked ugly, and the harbor was entirely exposed to easterly storms. The U. S. Government Light House was in the distance, and if this is an inside strong enough to brave the winter storms and is ever finished, there may be then an excellent and pleasant rendezvous for summer cruises, but not until then.

Wednesday, August 4.—The morning broke wet and foggy; wind fresh from southeast by white caps in the distance; fishing-boats going out reefed down; 10 o'clock started with the fleet for New Bedford. Soon after starting the wind drew around and blew a smoky southwester. Black clouds of rain and squalls of wind occasionally struck us before its blinding sheet, and rushed down like thunder. The waves ran high, and, rolling from side to side, we nearly lost our port boat, and carried away our after-port davits as we had neglected to swing the davits inboard. Most of the yachts came down to standing sails, the wind coming dead ahead, but the Sunshine never could not relinquish their desire to leave the fleet and reckless-ly carried top-sails, the new schooner Cornelia being especially conspicuous in this respect. She did not gain much by it, for little Agnes withstood her forcing by more foresight and her usual efficiency in keeping just in advance, and anchored some minutes before us. It seems as though it were impossible to force a boat beyond a certain degree of speed.

About 4 P. M., we reached New Bedford, and almost immediately afterward a drenching rain settled down for the night. This threw a wet blanket on the festivities our friends of the New Bedford Yacht Club had kindly prepared for us, and it was doubly disappointing since we could not even show our appreciation of their courtesy. Our friend, the Madcap, remained behind at Block Island to meet us again at Newport.

Thursday Aug. 5th. Morning; wind east and threatening. At noon sky cleared some, and the fleet started for the Vineyard joined here by the Madcap. The Sunshine's jibboom having to remain till davit could be repaired, and sail direct to Newport for some friends who were going East with us, and we therefore did not start until early evening. Becalmed during the night between Cuttyhunk and Brenton's Reef we did not arrive in Newport until 7 o'clock next morning.

Friday, Aug. 6. Our friends arrived in the afternoon, one from Boston and two from New York, and we laid in a fresh stock of provisions for a three-weeks' cruise around Cape Cod and along the coast of Maine. The fleet got under way for Oak Bluffs just before sunset, Triton leading; and the Madcap came with them.

Saturday, Aug. 7.—Early that morning the Atlantic Y. C. fleet set sail for Greenport, where the cruise was to end. We learned on our return that their sail was a long one forward, in which the Triton led the fleet, closely followed by the Peerless and Fanita. We left about ten o'clock and sped rapidly along the rocky cliffs of Narragansett, Seconner Point, up through Buzzards Bay into the entrance of Quisset Harbor, where we dropped anchor together with the others. The sail was in marked contrast to that of the previous night over the same ground. It seemed as though Brenton's Light-Ship and the Hen and Chickens Light Ship must have been sailing toward each other since then, so quickly did we leave the one and pass the other. We lay on and off Quisset Harbor for a couple of hours afternoon and fired a gun for a pilot, who put off from the shore in a small boat, and with his assistance we easily made our way through a narrow channel into the smugest little harbor ever seen—land-locked on all sides, having room in the centre for a single yacht to swing, so that we could thrust our jibboom ashore in most places and yet have three fathoms under the yacht. The Summer Hotel fronts on this cosy lake, and not 100 yards in its rear Buzzards Bay washes the shore. There are a few cottages around the Summer House and the hotel, and the village of Woods Hole is about two miles distant.

The Lieutenant and friends walked over to the village in the evening and reached "the town" after a brisk walk, bringing up at an ice cream saloon. From there they made their way to what was the point of rendezvous for Saturday nights—and were waited upon by some artless Yankee maidens, who flavored our creams with their smiles. Needless to tell we were in "centured" New England, the heart of Yankeedom, where independence and equality plainly evident. Every one familiarly called the other by their Christian names—strangers and friends, servants and guests. A melodeon in a corner of the room furnished music, and Moody and Sankey were not forgotten. Our bashful friend E. (who has a rich baritone voice) was quite overwhelmed when a black-eyed witless asked him, with the sweetest smile, if "Ralph" would not lead in singing "Pull for the Shore." He did not like to refuse a request so politely made, but was compelled to, as he solemnly assured her that he had never heard of "that little song."

Sunday, Aug. 8.—Our friends at the hotel made the day pass quickly, and we had to thank the host for many little attentions which added to our comforts as well as pleasure. Chaplain and Captain attended services ashore, while the Lieutenant and his three friends remained on board entertaining the visitors and enjoying a quiet day's reading. Our sundown gun awakened the echoes of the surrounding cliffs, and a perfect summer's night shut down upon us. We staid out on deck till late, singing, talking and listening to the yarns of an old sea captain from the Cape who came on board to pay his respects. The phosphorescence in the water was unusually bright, and in the occasional intervals of silence, as we watched the waves against the sides, our thoughts would go far back to the legends of old, and in dreamland we almost believed the sirens's song during its lure into the lovely depths.

Monday, Aug. 9.—At 6:30 A. M. harbor pilot came on board, and we immediately got under way with light southwest wind. Off Woods Hole at 7 A. M., and took pilot to get us through the narrow entrance into Vineyard Sound. A reef extends across the passage and leaves only a narrow channel on either end to the shores. The current runs with such rapidity that the buoys are almost buried under, while the waves it drives up at times are exceedingly dangerous until right on top of them. They look more like lobster pots than anything else, and we considered ourselves fortunate in having a pilot to tell what they were The government has lately removed the "Lone Rock" and spindle, which was a large obstruction on the north end of the reef. By 9 A. M. we were at anchor off Oak Bluffs (camp-meeting grounds), and went ashore for a couple of hours only, as we had decided to push on for Nantucket in the afternoon. While there our old friend, the sloop Sirius, came to anchor from Newport, and we found to our delight a stranger on board. All came on board about one o'clock, and as the wind blew heavily from southwest we started under mainsail and jib and rounded to in Nantucket harbor at 4 P. M. without mishap.

Tuesday, Aug. 10.—The run to Provincetown, which was before us for that day, is a distance of 80 or 90 miles, so 5:30 A. M. saw the yacht well out of the harbor past the Bell buoy, with the Captain at the wheel, but the Lieutenant and friends below sound asleep. The wind was fresh from the southward, and by 9 o'clock S. M. were off the Highlands of Cape Cod, and were within a few miles of Race Point; the wind slackened and the tide began to turn against us, so that we slowly rounded Race Point and anchored in Provincetown at 5:30 P. M. The clouds gathered soon after very rapidly, and the thunder and lightning kept us from going ashore, but we were not to be surprise the storm passed directly over us without a breath or a single drop.

Wednesday, Aug. 11.—The sailing master was excused to visit some friends on the Cape for the day, and a boat-load came off from shore, the Chaplain and Captain taking a drive. The town appears better from a distance. The houses and stores on the main street are most all built directly on the roadway; no sidewalks, and wagons may drive to the front windows. It is an old whaling town, and just now is dead as the whaling trade is. We had a somewhat vivid illustration of its funereal character, though it may be common enough to the residents. A large whaler about on a two-years' cruise had just returned "home" the afternoon of our arrival, and indeed such a funeral procession as followed the dead sailor to-day on the next day previous, and our attention was first directed to the vessel by seeing a boat shove off from her side, and the sturdy fishermen, bearing his body with them, give way for the shore. A crowd of friends and relatives were gathered on the dock to receive the corpse, and his young wife among the number, as we afterward learned. Not loth to get away from such loliueness we left in the afternoon for Gloucester. Light winds and calms detained us all the night in Massachusetts Bay.

Thursday, Aug. 12.—At daylight we were only half way across Massachusetts Bay. There was not a breath of wind in the forenoon, and the sun's rays had full play upon our pretty features. But a light afternoon breeze sprung up and lasted long enough to enable us to anchor off Gloucester at 7 P. M.

As our A. B. S. had been suffering with chills and fever we dispatched the Chaplain ashore for a physician, who came off and administered to him medicine and comfort. In the evening we witnessed from the cockpit a beautiful sunrising of the campaign, and listened to one of Robert Ingersoll's stirring speeches. Lieutenant and trio, after the close of the speech, took advantage of a few spare minutes before going on board to investigate the various places of interest on some of the principal streets. There is a little more life in the place than in the Provincetown, and we managed to get some fresh provisions for a cruise. Not an agreeable harbor to remain in because of the water covered with fish oil from the many mackerel schooners, and also because of the great fall of tide about the dirty old docks. Quite a number have left for the Labrador fishing, which had just been launched, was towed by. It is difficult to find anything "yachty" about her appearance. She looked like a fishing boat, model and rigging; staunch and seaworthy, undoubtedly, and if the plans of the owners are carried out this summer she will be stormy once instead of summer days, she might be useful as a yacht.

Friday, Aug. 13.—We regretfully bade good-bye to our friend the chaplain, who was obliged to return home, and at 6:30 A. M. we stood out of the harbor. A slight breeze from the west at "Norman's Woe" (the only in name—and we ran down to Thatcher Island lights (Cape Ann) by 11 A. M. The usual southwest breeze came in from the ocean in the afternoon, and with every sail drawing we sped along by and in among the lines of Shoals. Soon after we sighted Boon Island, the highest towering light on the coast, and bowled by with the log registering 9½ knots per hour. Wood Island light hove in sight at half-past five, and about 8 P. M. we dropped it astern. Then taking in the light sails, and under the able pilotage of our friend, Mr. Hill, we stood in for Saco Bay, passing the rock, cape, and land and rocks jutting out into the ocean, distant some twelve miles west of Portland. As the family of Mr. H. was spending the summer here, we concluded to remain over Sunday, and a very charming stay it was.

Saturday, Aug. 14.—The morning passed quickly in inspecting the surrounding and walking out on the rocks to the uttermost point, where the waves must break in grand style during a storm. In the afternoon, filling the Sunshine with ladies, we started across the bay for a sight of Orchard Beach, some ten miles from the Saco. At 5 the mild westerly breeze carried us from the shelter of the point only to forsake us when a mile off the hotels at Old Orchard, and to leave the yacht with its precious burden at the mercy of an almost imperceptible tide-current. We succeeded in drifting enough to have a depressing effect upon our fair visitors; at least some young lady affirmed who was lain to recline finally on the deck broadside, alleging that the unceasing noise made her headache! This was true enough, although the result proved that the hail had not been told. One by one they succumbed, and for one dreary hour we drifted about with all the ladies *hors du combat*. A polite offer of pickled salmon to a fair guest was productive of the only notice she deigned to take of us, as well as one of pickles for a considerable time, and that was confined to one withering glance. A mild shower of rain which for a few minutes overtook us while in the above predicament, was absolutely unheeded by *les Invalides*. The aforesaid lady refused even the offer of an umbrella, utterly indifferent to her own guilty confession of the fact as well as one of pickled salmon. Such is life afloat and afloat around her. As a last resource the yawls were converted into hospital boats and we paddled our sea-sick guests about, who found in them, or imagined they did, a different motion from that of the yacht, and gradually recovered their self-control, taking one in each boat, pulled ashore to the beach, four miles away;

Old Orchard we did not succeed in reaching, but from a distance it appeared like a small edition of Coney Island. By sundown the swell from the ocean disappeared, and we got under way again, regaled by their sorrows by the beautiful sail home in the twilight. The white line of beach at Old Orchard, and as darkness came on, the many lights of the hotels and the moon glittering over the water made an ideal scene, and the evening was long remembered.

Monday, Aug. 16.—Cold and clear wind blowing fresh from the north. Yacht got under way at 9 A. M., leaving the boys ashore to spend the day and join us in Portland in the evening. At 10 A. M. Off Cape Elizabeth, when wind died away and came in again from the eastward, and we were obliged to drop anchor and lay for an hour or drive about the city for two hours and enjoyed the beautiful view of the back country from the heights at the western part of the city, and also of the bay and islands beyond the city upon the east and south. The boys were on board when it was said that there had been frost in the lowlands that morning.

Tuesday, Aug. 17.—Set sail about 6 A. M.; air was cold and still. Lieutenant and trio came on board about midnight, but being too lazy to go below decks to enjoy a comfortable berth, they drifted slowly down through the numerous vessels at anchor, and among them the famous ship Kearsarge, which made so noble a record in our late war, and showed the English crew aboard the Alabama that they had met their master in chase of victory than in the war itself. The wind continued light during the day, and we finally made Tennant's Harbor for the night. This is a hamlet on the mainland supported by the lumber trade. We found a few sleepy inhabitants hanging around the post office and only store discussing politics and the financial question. We ascertained on inquiry that there was a greenback stronghold of Maine! Fires ashore in the wooded beach showed an evening clam bake going on, and some of the ladies rowed off and visited the yacht, but the younger members of our party soon left the fishy attractions of the older ones not proving strong enough, they made a short stay.

Wednesday, Aug. 18.—Under way at 6 A. M. and drifting with the tide out of the harbor. An uneventful day's run; light head winds; came at sundown through a narrow deep passage into the harbor on Burnt Coat Island. Plain sailing into it, protected on all sides, and plenty of water. A number of fishing schooners anchored near us in the early evening, many of the fishermen having homes in the logbuts scattered over the island. We visited one of the smacks to obtain a mess of fish, and engaged in conversation with the fishermen. Many had not been to the mainland except in winter on sleds for provisions, and then to some such rising financial centre as the Tennants' Harbor of previous night. One boasted of having been in Portland. Our U. S. Courts run out at this place, extending no further East, so it became necessary to obtain a pilot for the next day's run among the islands to Bar Harbor. A genial fisherman of the blue (green) blood Yankee type offered his services for a consideration, which were accepted.

YACHTING NEWS.

☞ *The Southern Yacht Club offers* $1,500 *if a single Northern racing yacht will sail.*

NEW YACHTS.—Ward & Stanton, of Newburgh, N. Y., have ready for launching a side-wheel steam yacht for Mr. Henry Packer, President of the Lehigh Valley R. R. She is 90 ft long and 16 ft beam. Lennox, of South Brooklyn, has in hand a screw steamer for the Hon. Mr. Asphwell. She is of the high-speed river type, 110 ft long. Engines by Wright, of Newark, double compound cylinders, 8 and 16 in; propeller, 6½ ft diam, with 8 ft pitch. Boiler of the vertical tubular type, 10 ft high, 8 ft diam. Mr. A. C. Wilson, superintendent of the Greenpoint Ferry, will launch his little steamer built last season. She is 46 ft over all, about 36 feet keel, with 8.4 ft beam, and 4 ft 2 in in depth. Boiler 40 in diameter, 60 in high, made of best steel with tensile strength of 60,000 lbs. The shaft is of iron steel 7½ in diameter, after cabin 9 ft long; forward cabin 8 ft long. This launch is for sale. Captain Ellsworth's sloop, building at Greenpoint, is of the Elephant type—beamy and very deep, probably the deepest sloop of her length in tonnage in America. She is building under his own superintendence and is a very easy-looking ship for such extreme dimensions. She will make a roomy little cruiser and would perform well with a keel. Her frames are single and sawed, but of heavy stuff 5x2½; futtocks being screw-bolted to the floors. The keel is a solid piece 16x12 in. In point of model she is not unlike the small design for a twoconner we published, though she has a sort of compromise cutter stern instead of an elliptic one. Length over all, 31 ft; water line 26 ft; beam, 12½ ft; depth, 5 ft; her bilge is very easy, run clear and low line. Her cabin house is 16 ft in length and 4 ft in height, looks handsome and gives full 6 ft height of cabin. Ballast 4 tons, not to the frames; mast, 40 ft; extreme length of topmast, 16 ft; bowsprit, 16 ft with 12 ft outboard; boom, 35 ft; gaff, 11 ft; hoist, 30 ft. Palmer, at South, has launched the keel-sloop for Mr. Hall, of the small design for a two-conner we published, though she has a sort of compromise cutter stern instead of an elliptic one. Length over all, 31 ft; water line 26 ft; beam, 12½ ft; depth, 5 ft; her bilge is very easy, run clear and low line. Her cabin house is 16 ft in length and 4 ft in height, looks handsome and gives full 6 ft height of cabin. Ballast 4 tons, not to the frames; mast, 40 ft; extreme length of topmast, 16 ft; bowsprit, 16 ft with 12 ft outboard; boom, 35 ft; gaff, 11 ft; hoist, 30 ft. Palmer, at South, has launched the keel-sloop for Mr. Hall, of the small design for a two-conner we published, though she has a sort of compromise cutter stern instead of an elliptic one. Length over all, 31 ft; water line, 26 ft; beam, 12½ ft; depth, 5 ft; her bilge is very easy, run clear and low line. Her cabin house is 16 ft in length and 4 ft in height, looks handsome and gives full 6 ft height of cabin. Ballast 4 tons, not to the frames; mast, 40 ft; extreme length of topmast, 16 ft; bowsprit, 16 ft with 12 ft outboard; boom, 35 ft; gaff, 11 ft; hoist, 30 ft. Palmer, at South, has launched the keel-sloop for Mr. Hall, of the small design for a two-conner we published, though she has a sort of compromise cutter stern instead of an elliptic one. Length over all, 31 ft; water line

GONE EAST.—The sloop Ariadne has been sold to Boston owners through Manning's Agency. She was built in 1871 by Witman, and in 1878 had her stern spun out, much improving her. She is now 57 ft over all, 51 ft 4 in water line; 18 ft beam, 5½ ft deep and draws 4½ ft.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

J. S., Jersey City.—The date is too late for snipe on Long Island.

M. & W., Galveston.—Do brook trout have scales? Ans. Yes, small ones.

B. M. S., Elba, Ala.—The 30-inch circles are circles 30 inches in diameter.

A. H. M., Brooklyn.—See notice of the King trap in our trap shooting column.

J. M. F., Torresdale, Pa.—We must refer you to our advertising columns for the information you want.

F. E. J., Green Bay, Wis.—We do not know of a good dog such as you want; they are very scarce. A short notice in our advertising columns might unearth one.

Hop Bitters cures by removing the cause of sickness and restoring vitality.

G. E. J., New York City.—1. From your description your dog is what is called a harrier. 2. We have not space, unfortunately, to give a treatise on the harrier, but if you will call at this office we will be pleased to answer your questions on the subject.

F. J. H., Fairport, Va.—Can you give me any information through your columns, or refer me to any back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM having reference thereto, as to the *modus operandi* of raising sea terrapin or "diamond backs" in inclosed sea ponds as practiced in North Carolina and elsewhere? Ans. Little is done in the way of cultivating terrapins. We looked up the subject and you will find all that is known about it in FOREST AND STREAM of March 3 and 31 of this year.

J. M., Albany, N. Y.—There is a fish now in our market that is too small for a shad and too large for a herring. Is this a new species, or a hybrid? Ans. It is not possible to say, judging from size alone. At some period of its life a shad is but a trifle larger than the river "herring." If they contain mature roe they may be adult fertile hybrids. The shad and alewife (river herring) have been extensively hybridized in the Hudson. It would be well to send a dozen specimens to Prof. Baird for identification. Mark them "fresh fish" and send particulars with them. Note if these fish are all of one sex or not. Small male shad ascend the rivers at two years old and are ripe milters. The females do not return to fresh water until the third year. If the fish in question are all males they may be young shad. There are structural differences between the shad and alewife which, when small, are quite hard to make out, but when of the size of the latter are plain to be seen. Note the length and shape of the sub-orbital bone, or long bony cheek scale under the eye in the shad, and its comparative shortness and rounded end in the herring. In the shad it reaches down to the lower jaw.

RIPPLE.—1. In a shooting match at balls or pigeons is it the duty or privilege of the referee to decide against a person who in shooting violates the rules, unless such violation is challenged? In other words, is it his duty to inflict a penalty without a challenge? 2. Where can I find the duties of a referee most fully defined? 3. In a match where the first prize was a medal, and the second and third prizes money, A and B tied on the highest score. C and D on the next and E and F on the third. A and B shot off their tie for first prize, A winning. It was decided that B, who had made a higher score than any except A, had now no claim on any of the prizes, C and D shooting for second prize and E and F for third. Nothing having been previously agreed on in reference to this point, was this right? If it was please make the reasons for it as plain as possible, as I cannot now see that it was just to B. Ans. 1. No, the referee only decides when appealed to. 2. Write for the "Trap Shooter's Referee" to H. C. Squires, No. 1 Cortlandt st., New York. 3. Except in class shooting the highest scores win; therefore unless this was class shooting B should have taken second prize and C should have shot off with D for third. In class shooting the various ties shoot off and the losers go out, and in this case B would have had no chance for second prize. In the case you mention, if nothing had been previously agreed on in regard to this point B should have taken second prize.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

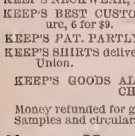
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KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished.
KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better, $1 per pair.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.
KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest.
KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate.
KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.
KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for $9.
KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for $6.50
KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union.
KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,
631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

FERGUSON'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE
Jack Lamps, Dash Lamps, Fishing Lamps, Etc.



FOR NIGHT HUNTING AND FISHING, SPEARING FISH,
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ILLUMINATING PURPOSES
Excelsior Dash Lamp,
Fits on any kind of Dash or Vehicle.
Bicycle Lanterns, Dark Lanterns, Musicians Band Lamps,
POCKET LANTERNS, HAND LANTERNS, Etc.
Send stamp for Illustrated Price List. Name FOREST AND STREAM.
ALBERT FERGUSON,
65 Fulton Street, N. Y.



HOLABIRD
Shooting Suits.
Write for circular to
UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
VALPARAISO, IND.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "camp life," indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

CONVENTION OF
N. Y. STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASS'N.
E. H. Madison, of 564 Fulton street, Brooklyn, has, by especial courtesy of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, been granted the exclusive right to furnish ammunition, etc., on the Brighton Beach Grounds in June during the Grand Tournament, where a choice selection of sportsmen's sundries will be constantly on hand. Shells loaded at reasonable prices.



GOOD'S OIL TANNED
Moccasins.
The best thing in the market for hunting, fishing, canoeing, snow-shoeing, etc. They are easy to the feet, and very durable. Made to order in a variety of styles, and warranted the *genuine article*. Send for illustrated circular. MARTIN S. HUTCHINGS, P. O. Box 383, Dover, N. H. (Successor to FRANK Good.) BEADFORD & ANTHONY, Boston Agents.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,
"Highest Quality"
SNELL HOOKS.
Finest Spring Steel Hooks tied on Selected Spanish Silk Worm Gut (the Cut and Hooks our own make), or Best White Silk Wired Gimp.

Prices given are per dozen. To be had of all first-class dealers in Fishing Tackle. Wholesale Depot, 48 Maiden Lane, New York. Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

SPROAT AND O'SHAUGHNESSY.												
Single gut					90	90	75	75	60	60		
Double gut	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	1.00	75			
Twisted gut	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.00	1.00				
Treble loops	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25					
Gimp	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00				
Numbers	8.0	7.0	6.0	5.0	4.0	3.0	2.0	1.0	1½	1a3	4a12	

CARLISLE, ABERDEEN, AMERICAN TROUT, SNECK KENDALL.												
Single gut					90	90	75	75	60	60		
Double gut	1.40	1.40	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	75				
Twisted gut	1.75	1.75	1.60	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25					
Treble loops	1.40	1.40	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00					
Gimp	1.40	1.40	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00					
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BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.
VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.
Composed of the **NERVE-GIVING** principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It **prevents** debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.
For sale by druggists or mail. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

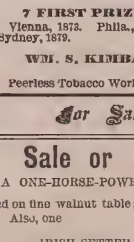
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COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.
ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,
Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.
PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES,
Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.
MEMBERS' STAKES,
Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRALS CUP OF 1881.
JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.
J. OTTO DONNER, President.
Special prizes to follow others according to their value.

GOODYEAR'S RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.,
—AND—
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HALLOCK HUNTING COAT.—Six pockets outside and game pocket inside.

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RUBBER OUTFITS
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THREE KINGS
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Three excellent Cigarettes, each having their own peculiarities.
NEW VANITY FAIR, just out, and is the **Mildest Cigarette** yet produced.
A DAINTY SWEET BIT.
7 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.
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New styles, by best artists: *Bouquets, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Water Scenes, etc.*—no two alike. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Great variety *Advertising and Bevel-Edge Cards.* Lowest prices to dealers and printers. 100 *Samples Fancy Advertising Cards*, 50c. Address STEVENS BROS., Box 22, Northford, Ct.

FOR SALE, Centerboard Cabin Sloop Yacht, "Phantom," 36 ft. 6 inches by 13 ft. 5 inches. Cabin finished in hard wood. Has two full suits of sails and spars, and is well found throughout. Winner of several first prizes. Will be sold cheap. Adress either Charles H. Foote, Crown Point, N.Y., or T. F. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y. May5,4t

For Sale or Exchange.
A ONE-HORSE-POWER ENGINE,
mounted on fine walnut table; only used but one month. Also, one
IRISH SETTER DOG,
2½ years old; liver and white.
May19,2t E. M. EDWARDS, Hancock, N. Y

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Four live deer. A buck and doe four years old, a doe two years old and a doe one year old. The two oldest does in kid. Address EDWARD THAYER, Box 705, Pawtucket, R. I. Apr28,4t

FOR SALE—A Remington rifle (Hepburn model), 40-45, 28-inch, 9½ lbs., pistol-grip, tang, peep and globe sights; loading tools and shells, swedge and mould. Has been used only three times. Cost $45. Will sell the same for $30, C. O. D. Address N. JEWETT, Ashburnham, Mass. May19,1t

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The Kennel.

FINE DUCK RETRIEVERS.—We have for sale a few puppies (whelped April 14) by the fine imported Irish water spaniel Judy (imported by Gen. W. B. Shattuc as a mate to champion Barney); sire Sandy. Pedigrees furnished. These pups when of suitable age will be delivered f. o. b. at $20 each. Orders filled in rotation of receipt. These puppies are beauties, and just the age to break for this fall's shooting. Those who have shot on Redfoot Lake, Rice Lakes or sliash bottoms know how invaluable this breed of dogs is. Natural retrievers, easily taught, devoted to the sport and capable of great labor even in icy water, they are truly the duck shooter's friend as well as servant. Address orders to W. T. DORTCH, P. P. F. & D. Club, Clarksville, Tenn. May19,2t

THE ENGLISH STUD DOGS. Winners of over 500 first prizes. Salisbury, champion mastiff, fee $50; Mayor of Bingley, champion Newfoundland, fee $50; Don, champion pointer, fee $25; Mosiem II., champion fox terrier, fee $25; Noble, champion bull dog, fee $25; Young Bill, champion bull terrier, fee $25; Romeo II., Italian greyhound, fee $15. Address C. H. MASON, Hamilton Park, Sixty-ninth st. and Third ave., New York city. May19,1t

FOR SALE, Llewellin setter dog and spaniel bitch, both thoroughly broken. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. May19,1t

FOSTER MOTHER wanted for setter pups, due to whelp by July 12. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. May19,1t

THREE IRISH SETTER DOG PUPS, eight weeks old; weaned; red, little white on neck. Out of Hon. A. H. Dailey's Slut Belle by a thoroughbred dog. Address Proprietor Halsey House, Atlantic-ville, L. I. May19,1t

WILL EXCHANGE a breech-loading double-barreled 9-lb., 10-gauge Moore, in good order, almost new, for a healthy cocker dog or bitch. Kindly disposed, well broken on ruffed grouse and woodcock, not too old and a good retriever. Address W. L. W., Box E, Cranberry, W. Va. May19,1t

FOR SALE, a very fine pointer dog; he will stand quail, snipe and woodcock and a good retriever from water or land and very staunch; native. Price $20. Also two very red Irish setter puppies with the best of pedigrees, four months old. Address W. J. MORTON, Portsmouth, Va. May19,1t

FOR SALE—Gordon setter puppies by Lock ex-Kenoza-Kit. Lock is by Doane's (now Bailey's) Tom ex-Pansy. Apply to J. FRANK JOHNS, Haverhill, Mass., P. O. Box 671. May19,3t

A GOOD BOOK--THE DOG.
By DINKS, MAYHEW & HUTCHISON.
Price $3.00.
For Sale at this Office.

The Kennel.

THE KENNEL OR THE

Cocker Spaniel Kennel

—OF—

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I keep only Cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz.: Liver with white ruffle in bosom, even liver and white, and beautiful black with white ruffle in bosom, are now open for service; fee $15; usual conditions. Correspondents inclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.

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The Champion Llewellin Setter Dog Coin, white black and tan ticked, by Leicester out of Rose, has been placed in the Stud for a short period. For full particulars, address the owner,

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RUSH,	$50
ROCKET,	25
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Address, E. ORGILL,
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VERY CHOICE IRISH BITCH.

FOR SALE—A very fine all-red (white frill) Irish setter bitch pup, whelped March 6; dam, my Irish bitch Gussie, winner of 1st prize at Pittsburgh, 1881, one of the handsomest and best field bitches in America; sire, Chief (Berkley ex Duck), winner 1st prize Eastern Field Trials 1880, and 1st prize at the N. Y. Bench Show last week. Chief is undoubtedly the coming champion Irish setter dog. Price $25. For picture of sire and dam, pedigree, etc., address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. May19,1t

VERY HANDSOME ENGLISH SETTER.

FOR SALE—The large, beautiful, black, white and tan English setter dog Young Belton, 2 years old, grandson of the celebrated Llewellin setter Belton; well trained, very keen nose and very staunch on game; excellent retriever; was V. H. C. at the late N. Y. Bench Show when in very poor condition of flesh. He is a great beauty, and for head and chest cannot be excelled. Price $35. For pedigree and particulars address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. May19,1t

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WHITESTONE, L. I.,

BENEDICT, imported, solid black, first and special, Field Spaniel class, by Bachelor-Negress, Mr. Jacobs' strain; stud fee, $25.

Benedict will be sent to the breaker in June, and his trainer would like a few more spaniels to work with him.

Pups by Benedict ex Mr. Fellows' Pansy and the L. K. C. Juno ready for delivery. These are the grandest lot of pups ever offered for sale here—typical heads, short legs and plenty of bone; should make prize-winners and be A1 in the field. May5,tf

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS—For sale, the produce of imported and home bred animals that have been hunted since able to follow the dam on the trail, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa. May12,tf

TOY SPANIEL Prince Charlie, and pug Sootey ILL for stud service. Puppies of above breeds for sale. Send for particulars. MILLER & CO., No. 6 Second st., New York city. May19,1t

COCKER BITCH Diana for sale. Color, black and white; evenly marked and uniformly ticked with black. Address EUGENE POWERS, Cortland, N. Y. May19,1t

FOR SALE—Red Irish setter dog 18 months old; well broken. Full pedigree. Address E. SANDS, Lock Box, 483, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. May12,4t

FOR SALE CHEAP, two thoroughbred dark-red Irish bitches, 1¾ years old; one contains blood of Elcho, Plunkett and Rory O'Moore. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. Ap21,eot

GLADSTONE and Joe, Jr., puppies for sale; four out of Kirby, Jr., (Druid-Kirby by Joe, Jr., and four out of Leila (Leicester-Kirby) by Gladstone. Address L. W. FOSTER or L. L. McINTOSH, Leesburgh, Va. May12,4t.

FOR SALE—A black and tan Gordon setter brood bitch two years old, by Doane's Tom ex-Bess. Cheap. Apply to "BUT," care this office. May19,3t

FARRAR'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of the entire Richardson-Rangeley Lakes Region. Large size, each 25 cents. Send for catalogue. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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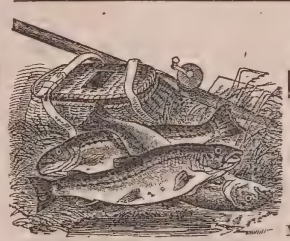
Split Bamboo Rods.

Received the ONLY GOLD MEDAL at the Berlin Exposition Awarded to *AMERICAN EXHIBITORS.*

SEND FOR PRICE LIST. WM. MILLS & SON, Sole Agents, 7 Warren St., N. Y.







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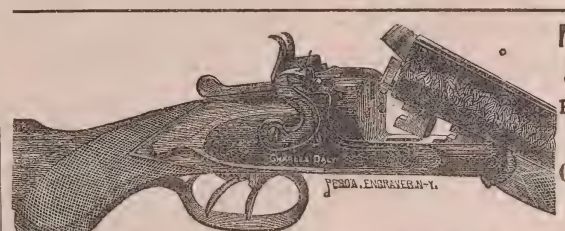


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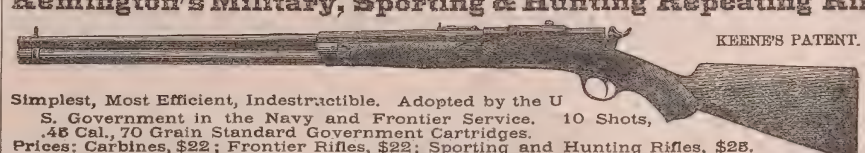
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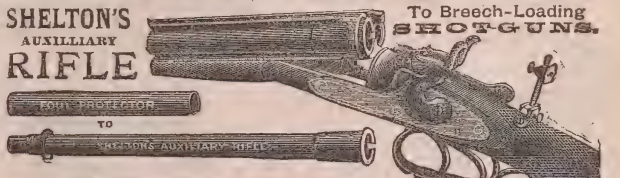
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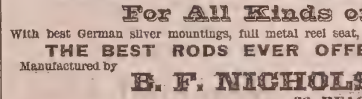
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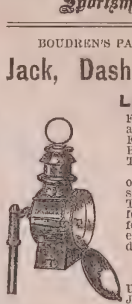


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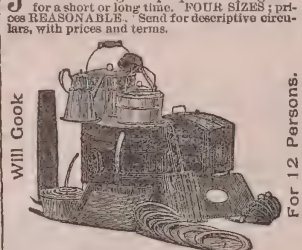
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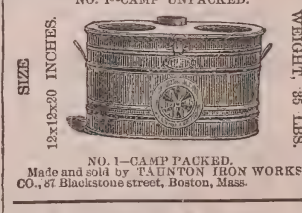
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The waters of the

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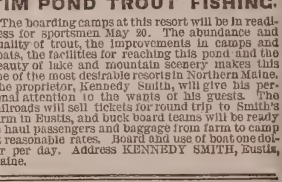
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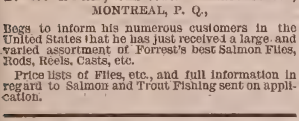
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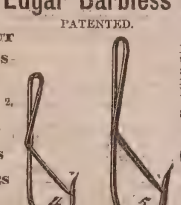
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Trade supplied. WM. MILLS & SON,
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TROUT FLIES ON No. 1-6, 2.

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Fisherman's Automatic Reel.



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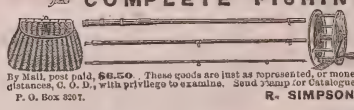
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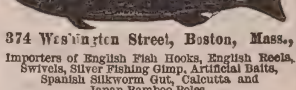


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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1881.

Vol. 16—No. 17. Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

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All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, May 26.

SAN FRANCISCO sportsmen are about organizing a game protective association. There is a most emphatic call for a live, working, earnest society in that vicinity. If it is started in the right spirit, and confined strictly to securing a better enforcement of the law, the good it may do is very great. From the character of those who are engaged in the effort to form such a society, we are sanguine of its success. We notice that the San Francisco *Call* is devoting some attention to the subject of game and fish protection, and is exerting a very commendable influence in that direction.

THE ENGRAVING OF MAJOR, Mr. Dorsey's beagle, in our last issue, was cut from a drawing on the block by our valued contributor Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, who has thus proved his pencil to be as facile as his pen. The drawing, which we need not say was an admirable piece of work, was a veritable labor of love; and possibly Mr. Robinson's success was partly due to this enthusiasm for his subject. We count Major's owner and ourselves fortunate in having secured so true and artistic a portrait of the dog; and we only regret that our acknowledgment to the artist should not have been made last week.

PREPARATIONS for the State shoot are nearly complete, and the programme for the week is now in the printer's hands. The prize list is an extraordinary one. The delegates, it is now proposed, will meet at the Hotel Brighton, Monday noon, June 20, the first business being the discussion of an immense clam chowder. The afternoon will be devoted to locating the club tents, providing hotel accommodations, and other preliminaries. The evening sessions will be held at the Hotel Brighton, and some rare musical attractions will add to the entertainment provided. Mr. Crooke, to use a homely phrase, is working like a beaver, and the smooth working of details will be largely due to his energy.

A CONNECTICUT PLAN.

THE Middletown, Conn., Association has made a successful attempt to secure better game presentations by enlisting in the work the co-operation of farmers and land owners. The system works well because it recognizes and provides for the mutual interest of farmer and sportsman.

For a certain merely nominal payment, the owners of the land agree to confine the privilege of shooting over it and fishing in its streams to the members of the Association, of which they are themselves by the terms of the agreement honorary members, having the same shooting and fishing rights as the rest. Each individual belonging to the Association is furnished with a ticket, which serves as a permit to enter the lands under its control; if others trespass, they are intercepted and driven off. The advantage accruing from its expenditure of funds are thus secured to the Association. The game and fish replenished by them are protected from the pot-hunter and net fisherman.

The Middletown plan appears well in theory, and we are assured by its officers that it works well in practice. It preserves the game; and involves no clashing of interest between sportsman and farmer. We print on another page the form of government of the club; and commend it as a model to be adopted elsewhere. The society is incorporated and can bring suit through its attorney, without involving any individual member in the thankless task of prosecuting offenders.

The success of the Association has been largely due to the exertions of Dr. Joseph W. Alsop, its president.

THE MASSACHUSETTS MUDDLE.

AS to the general legal sapiency of the legislators who have been convened under the big gilded dome of the State House at Boston, we have no knowledge. Of their specific lack of wisdom, when they are called upon to confront the vexed problem of game protection, they have just given striking evidence.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is a society of anglers and gunners, who have had a great deal of experience in the actual work of preserving the game and fish of the State. They presented, at Boston, the bill of a proposed new game law. It embodied what after mature consideration they believed to be the best practicable regulation of the taking of game and fish. The bill ought to have passed. It was lost by a large majority. This result was not wholly unexpected. In Massachusetts, as elsewhere, game legislation is too much in the hands of know-nothings, and the know-nothings are in the hands of a class of men who are concerned not to preserve the game, but to squeeze the almighty dollar out of it as it goes. It was not, therefore, strange that the existing law was not made any better; nor even that it was made worse.

But the stupidity exhibited by the adoption of Sect. 4 is an occasion of genuine surprise. This section prohibits the trapping and snaring of game birds and hares, "*provided*, the provisions of this act shall not apply to the trapping or snaring of ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, or hare or rabbit, by owners of land upon their land, or by any person or persons authorized by them, between the first day of September and the first day of January of any year."

This is in so many words a concession that wild game is the private property of the landowner. By no other doctrine can an individual, a private citizen, be authorized to kill the game at a time or in a manner forbidden to the people; and by no other doctrine can the individual delegate to another the privilege of so killing game. On no other principle than this can the section be construed as other than an arrant absurdity; the principle once adopted makes of the rest of the law equal nonsense. If game is private property the Legislators under the big dome have no business with it, and should let it alone; if it is the propety of the State, the man upon whose land it happens to be has no more right or control over it than any other citizen has. The two doctrines are inconsistent; a law must be based upon one of them only. The attempt to embody each in different sections of the same law only makes a muddle of the whole statute. The Massachusetts law is such a muddle.

ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINNER tickets at Blackford's. Steamer Matteawan will leave Fulton st., E. R., 5 P. M.

SOME POINTS OF LAW.

THE MAGNER CASE AND THE CAIN CASE.

THE opinion of the Court in the case of Magner *vs.* The People of the State of Illinois, recently decided by the Supreme Court of that State, is a well considered and comprehensive review of the law respecting the legal status of animals and birds, *ferœ naturœ*, especially those that are generally denominated "game." It may be well to review this case in connection with certain other cases arising in the courts of this country as well as in England, involving in one way and another the leading questions determined by the Illinois Court. This case, sustained as it is by the eminent authorities to which we shall refer upon elementary principles of law, will commend itself to the legal fraternity both at the bar and upon the bench.

The lawyer who, for fee or reward, or the judge who, through the vista of an occasional quail-on-toast, or preconceived notions and prejudices against restrictive laws, shall seek by subtle distinctions or judicial fine sighting to evade its consequences or overturn its force, that lawyer or that judge should receive the just condemnation of all fair-minded men.

The doctrine of the law that all animals, birds and fishes that are by nature wild, belong to the sovereign or government, has been so long and so well settled as to admit of no question among lawyers or judges, and hence they are entirely subject to the legislative will of the State. At least, until the Federal Government shall have passed some act, or otherwise assert Federal control over the question, the matter must remain of State sovereignty and subject to State legislation. It is a matter of grave doubt, after this right has been for so long a period of time exercised by the State governments, whether Congress would have the power to legislate upon the subject at all, except, perhaps, within the jurisdiction of the unorganized territory belonging to the Federal Government.

It follows, then, that the Legislature of the State may prescribe the time and manner in which any or all wild animals, birds and fishes may be taken or killed, or it may prohibit the killing or molestation of them entirely. This being so, the State has the power, under what is known as the police power, or authority to prohibit the sale or traffic in dead animals, birds and fishes within the State that have been killed outside of the State and brought within the State for sale, as well as those that may have been lawfully killed within the State during the licensed period for killing, and kept until their sale is forbidden by the local law. This question was before the Court in Phelps *vs.* Racey, 60 N. Y., 10. The defense in this case was that the bird, a quail, had been killed in the proper season, and kept by a process of preserving game until after the season expired, and then offered for sale. But the Court held that "the penalty is denounced against the selling or the possession after that time, irrespective of the time or place of killing." It seems that this question has recently been decided in the English Common Pleas Division, Law Reports, Whitehead *vs.* Smithers, but we have not examined that case.

But, notwithstanding the clearness with which the cases referred to have settled these questions, it seems to remain for the Police Court of Cincinnati, by some method of judicial legerdemain, to evade the effect of those decisions, as applied to the game laws of Ohio. See State *vs.* Cain, published in the FOREST AND STREAM, April 14, 1881. The question before the Court in that case appears to have been whether quails killed in Illinois and exposed for sale in Ohio in the month of February were so exposed for sale in violation of the Statute of Ohio, which prohibits the exposure for sale of "quails killed during the time when the killing thereof is made penal." The first section of the Ohio Statute provides "It shall be unlawful to kill quails between January 1 and November 1." The act is limited only as to the time of killing, namely, "within the time when the killing thereof is made penal," without regard to place where killed. The only distinction between this case and the case of Magner *vs.* The People, is this: The Illinois Statute prohibits the exposure for sale of quails after the expiration of five days next succeeding the first day of the prohibited season for killing them, without regard as to when or where such quails may have been killed. Consequently quails lawfully killed in Ohio during the "open season" cannot be sold in Illinois

after five days succeeding the first day of the "close season" in the latter State. The Ohio law prohibits the exposure for sale of quails killed during the "close season," *ex. gr.*, quails killed between the first day of January and the first day of November, and by parity of reason quails killed in Illinois between those dates cannot be lawfully exposed for sale in Ohio. The section of the Ohio Statute which makes the possession of quails during the prohibited season *prima facie* evidence that such quails were killed in violation of law does not seem to relieve the case from its embarrassment. The only purpose or effect of that statute is to shift the burden of proof upon the defendant to show that the quails were not killed within the time when the killing thereof is made penal, and which proof would have been a complete defence under the Ohio Statute. It is to be regretted if this case shall not be taken to the Supreme Court for final adjudication of that question. And in the meantime let the friends of the game laws of that State see to it that their laws are so amended as to avoid any pretext for technical discrimination by judges who may have a greater regard for votes in succeeding elections than for an impartial adjudication of the law. BOB WHITE.

NO LUCK.

BIRDS chirruped welcomes to the morning sun which shone from a cloudless sky. Big, well-fed bees in their black velvet jackets and yellow trimmings hummed monotonously and bumped their noses against the wild flowers as they stole their sweets. Breezes from over the hills streaked the lake with ripples. It was one of those cheery mornings you find lying around loose up in these parts, one of the unencumbered mornings, on which no person holds a mortgage, and you can step in and take possession by preempting what you want of it. It means not only good health, but more of it. No one could be brazen enough to return your salutation of "Good-morning" by saying he had seen better. It was a perfect fishing morning, every sign beckoning to the full fruition of enjoyment and the word is "Up, Guards, and at them!"

Fair it was and fraught with promises. Every angler is aware of the uncertainties attending these promising mornings, and is prepared in a measure to meet ill-fortune if she happens his way. All signs at times fail him. We have filled our creel fishing carelessly, when the wind was blowing from the east; and we have failed to obtain a rise when we have plied our gentlest art and fulfilled to the letter all the instructions those modern disciples of the rod Francis, Norris and Scott require. We did not, however, borrow trouble nor quarrel with ill-luck, but continued our ineffectual casts with a delightful feeling of indifference to the result that would perplex a less stoical person.

This bright, auspicious morning we cast our lines in the deep, shady pools, in the whirling eddies, in the rapid riffs, and threw them carefully beneath the overhanging bushes and branches. But things were not what they seemed. The trout were coy and shy, and hard to catch than a lass of eighteen summers. Their peculiar idiosyncracies could not be satisfied. Though every spot on their beautiful sides were an eye, it could hardly have improved their vision or rendered an approach toward them more difficult.

A trout is sometimes notional like a woman, or, to be still more truthful, like a man. All argument is wasted, and every inducement goes for nothing, when—say *she*—has made up her mind to pursue a certain course. It may be mere fancy, but she is immovable, and will not listen to reason.

Our lines were cast far off and fine, but the old rascals had been there before, and too much experience restrains for this day at least their natural daring, and makes them too suspicious of our manœuvre. They pluck from the nettle danger the flower safety, by not biting.

Excepting with our worm-fishing companion, Tyro—and a genial old fellow he was—we were all possessed with the true inspiration of good old Izaak, inasmuch as patience, called contentment and singleness of purpose, filled our souls to the utter exclusion of every worldly thought and desire.

"Well," says Tyro, "it's a fine thing that some souls are so easily satisfied with that kind of filling, but it doesn't spread the butter on one's bread. Contentment and a well-filled creel are compatible, else my mental and physical organization is peculiar."

"It is peculiar, for you are growling and fault finding because the fish don't bite. Have a little reason and common sense. What splendid sport you had yesterday 'yanking' them out with your disgusting angle worms and spreeing grass-hoppers. You never miss a meal, I know, but give the trout credit for knowing when they want your bait. They have got memory and reasoning powers, and it's not for any of us to force the argument."

"All right. Salt pork for supper."

"Plenty of yesterday's catch in the ice-house."

So passed the day. The sun came up and blistered our noses; the forenoon passed, and the dinner-bell rang for many a dinner, and the sun went down and the birds to roost, but so far as this vicinity was concerned, there was hardly a trout in the stream but what could have proven an unimpeachable *alibi*.

Not so the musquitoes. They were present, and improved to the fullest extent their unusually fine opportunity of displaying their infernal wickedness; and if ever any of us resembled saints it must have been when those musquitoes came around our heads like halos around saints' heads, as the picture-books represent them.

Wet, weary, but not despondent, we reeled up, and with almost empty baskets retraced our steps. It was only an episode in our cheerful holidays, a day to be remembered as having been spent pleasantly and profitably, no matter how it may have resulted piscatorially. Without harboring any vindictive feelings we plotted full revenge on the victualling department at headquarters. MILLARD.

LIVE QUAIL.—The demand for live quail for stocking purposes last season was unprecedented. We are still in frequent receipt of inquiries for birds. The parties who secured a supply of live quail for sale and advertised them in the FOREST AND STREAM, soon found that the responses were more numerous and for greater numbers than they could furnish. (Advertisers of other things in this paper have had the same experience.) Next season, there is every reason to believe, the demand for birds will be very large, and we already hear of parties who will make propositions to supply the birds. The quail brought, in some cases, $3, $4 and $5 per dozen last year, and whether that price will hold another season will depend altogether upon the quantity trapped. Those who are favorably situated for securing birds to supply to clubs and individuals desiring to obtain them would do well to trap the birds as late in the season as may be practicable, so that their season of captivity may have as short a duration as possible. It will be long enough in any event, for we do not believe in turning down quail in this latitude before the middle or last of May, and if they are Southern birds the first of June would be still better.

DEER FLOATERS, if any such there be within sound of the FOREST AND STREAM's voice, are commended to a perusal of our game columns, where they may find a new form of "sport" indicated for their express delectation. After all, what is the necessity of going away off to the Adirondacks to stab a deer in the water, or to Michigan or Maine to shoot the victim in a lake, when within a few minutes of Boston and New York and Chicago are abattoirs and oxen and swine in scores, ready for the slaughter?

The "barn-yard" plan recommended by our correspondent is not very different, indeed, from a Continental form of deer shooting. It is quite the correct thing in some parts of Europe to drive the game of a locality into a limited area, thus confining several hundred head in the space of a thousand acres. A fence of cloth is then erected about the poor brutes, shooting stands are built near the circumference, and the beaters are sent in to drive the animals up. Four or five hundred deer and bears in the course of a day is a fair "bag" for a "hunting" party. We notice in the London *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* an illustration of such sporting. The shooter in the foreground, about whom lie the deer already slaughtered, and who is just bringing down another victim at six paces, is no less a personage than His Royal Majesty, William III, Emperor of Germany.

OUR esteemed English contemporary, the London *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, gave to its readers the other day one of MARK TWAIN's cleverest speeches. But the editor neglected at the time to *explain the joke* for John Bull's edification, and, as a consequence, of course got himself into trouble. The following week appeared an editorial, stating that a shoal of letters had been received, and two or three quite angry ones, showing that "the humor of the article was not apparent to all." Then follows an elaborate explanation of Mark Twain's witicisms. The *News* will doubtless in the future confine itself to "sporting" topics. American jokes are away up beyond its readers. If our neighbor, *Puck*, were published in England it would have to publish a weekly supplement, explaining its fun, so that John Bull could know when to laugh.

As a choice example of British wit, by the way, we note in the same journal a comment on the weights of foxes (recently recorded by "Antler" in the FOREST AND STREAM) to the effect that "America, being a bigger country than England, ought to have bigger foxes." If any of our readers do not understand that, we hold ourselves in readiness to explain it in person at this office at any time.

A LAWN TENNIS CONVENTION, at which thirty-five clubs were represented, met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in this city, last Saturday, and organized the United States Lawn Tennis Association, with the following officers: President, General R. S. Oliver, Albany Lawn Tennis Club; Vice-President, Samuel Campbell, Orange Lawn Tennis Club; Secretary and Treasurer, Clarence M. Clark, Young America Cricket Club, Philadelphia. Executive Committee—Dr. James Dwight, Beacon Park Club, Boston; G. S. Scofield, Staten Island Cricket Club, and Berkley Mostyn, St. George's Cricket Club. The All England Lawn Tennis rules of 1881 were adopted. The Executive Committee will report in two weeks on the style and brand of the ball to be used in all matches and tournaments.

WE UNDERSTAND that a gentleman of this city has secured for the Kitty Hawk Bay Sportsman's Club, by lease and purchase, a number of valuable shooting properties, in addition to those already acquired. These properties are stated to comprise between seventy-five and eighty-five thousand acres of land, most of it points, marshes and islands. Numbers of shoals adjacent to these lands are said to contain valuable oyster beds and to be favorite resorts for fish. On the Gallop property the deer-shooting is good. We have been shown copies of statements made by residents of the section in which these properties are located, which are unanimous in agreeing that these lands are excellent shooting ground for fowl of all descriptions. The railroad to Elizabeth is now, we understand, completed, and that city is only twenty-three hours from New York.

"THE FISHING LINE," as the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad is termed, leads into that part of Michigan which is far-famed for its grayling and trout streams. The wide-awake general passenger agent, Mr. A. B. Leet, Grand Rapids, Michigan, has prepared a handsome edition of his annual guide-book. It has descriptions of the best localities for sportsmen tourists and their families, and we advise those who are planning for a summer vacation trip to send for this pamphlet and study its pages. If they cannot find something to their taste in Michigan they are hard to please. The book, moreover, contains that famous account of the capture of a grayling, written by Mr. Charles Hallock, and published in these columns some years ago.

NEW YORK CITY spends $1,000,000 a year for rose-buds, and 2,000,000 a year for other cut-flowers. In the June *Scribner* Mr. Peter Henderson, the great seedsman of this city, says that "at some seasons the prices paid for forced rose-buds are perfectly astounding. One grower, of Madison, New Jersey, took into New York three hundred buds of the crimson rose known as 'General Jacqueminot,' for which he received at wholesale three hundred dollars, and which, no doubt, were retailed at a dollar and fifty cents to two dollars each. A flower dealer in Fourteenth street, a few days before Christmas, received the only four of this same variety of rose that were offered in the city, and found a customer for them at sixty dollars, or fifteen dollars apiece, or eight times the value of their weight in gold."

A GAME PICTURE.—Mr. M. A. Stearns, President of the Rochester Gun Club, has presented to the association, as a prize for the greatest consecutive number of birds killed at the next meeting, an oil painting—"A Pair of Canvas Backs"—by J. B. Stearns, Esq., N. A. Mr. Stearns is an artist of extended reputation as a historical painter, and was for many years Secretary of the N. A. Academy of Design.

ON THE LARRIWEEP.—We conclude this week the publication of the charming picture of camp life on the Larriweep; a series which, the reader will agree, has proved one of rare interest. We take pleasure in announcing that other papers from the same pen will appear from time to time in our columns.

SUMMER SIGNS—circus posters on country fences. There may be some fun in fishing without lying about the fish caught, but half the charm of a circus is in the brazen lies flaunted on the bill board and in the columns of the home paper.

THE ADDRESSES ARE WANTED of "C.," who wrote "Our Last Match;" "Kliph," who wrote "The Franklin Club at Reelfoot."

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE LARRIWEEP.

IN THERE PARIS—PART III.

AFTER supper, as we sat smoking our pipes by the fire, we fell to talking of early times in this country, and I asked Ignotus if he was not with Baker, when the latter made his unfortunate expedition to the park which now bears his name.

"No," he answered, "I came in two years after, and went out again in a hurry."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, it's a thing I don't like to think about much, and I don't talk about it any more than I can help. Still, if you'd like to hear about it, all right. I was living in Denver (it was in the fall of '60), running a little assay office, when one day a ragged old chap came in and asked me if I could assay some ore for him. I told him yes, and he pulled out a little chunk of greenish rock, and said he'd like to have that tested, but he hadn't any money to pay for it. Business was pretty slack just then, and besides, I kind of felt for the poor old chap, for I'd been there myself and knew what it was to make a strike that I thought that there might be millions in, and not have money to pay for getting it assayed, so I told him I'd do it for him, and he could pay whenever he got the money. I didn't think, from the looks of it, that it would pan out ten cents to the acre, but I knew it was no use to tell him so until I'd assayed it. I went to work on it that afternoon, and by thunder, it turned out to be worth about twelve thousand dollars a ton. I thought I must have made some big mistake, so I tried it again and got the same result. Well, when the old man came in again I told him what I'd found, and he didn't seem much surprised—said he thought it was pretty rich. 'Got much of it, old man?' says I. 'Well, about a nine foot streak,' says he. 'Nine devils!' says I. 'Why, that's better than the Comstock.' 'Yes,' says he, 'but it's there—crops out for over a hundred yards, and not less than seven feet anywhere, and from that all the way up to thirteen.'

"I thought the old chap was lying, but next day he comes

into the office again, with a chunk of the same rock as big as my head. Well, when I looked at it I saw it had been broken off a ledge—wasn't no flint rock nor boulder, but rock in place, sure.

"I tried to pump something out of him, about where it was, and so forth, but he was as close as a clam, and I couldn't get anything out of him. Well, he stayed around Denver all winter, and pretty soon he got in the habit of making the office his loafing place, so we got pretty thick, and the more I got to know of him the more I began to mistrust he wasn't lying about his big strike so much as he might be. One day in the spring he comes into the office, and says he, 'What you going to do this summer?' 'Don't know,' says I, 'go prospecting up in Red Dog, I guess.' 'Red Dog be hanged,' says he, 'come with me, and I'll show you more gold in an hour than Red Dog can turn out in a year.'

"Well, as I say, I'd got to believing the old fellow by this time, so I told him I'd go. 'Can you scare up four or five other fellows,' says he, 'that have got plenty of sand in their craws, and ain't afraid of Indians or hard work. We don't want too big a party—about six or seven 'll be right. There's rock enough there for a hundred men, but a little party can skip the Indians, where a big one can't. That was Baker's mistake—he had too many men with him.'

"I told him I could find the men if he could prove to 'em that it was worth their while. So he pulled a paper out of his pocket and showed me a chart of the country that he'd made, and just where the lead was. I knew the country down as far as the Needles, and so far, I could see, he had everything down on the chart, to a dot. Everything was as plain as could be, and I knew, with that chart, we could find the lead easy. So next day I spoke to four or five of the boys, and that night they and the old man came around to the office. I showed 'em the rock and the assay, and the old man he showed 'em the chart and told 'em about the lead. 'Now,' says he, 'here's what I propose. Each of us'll furnish his own outfit and we'll start. I'll pilot you to the lead, and we'll locate it. I'm getting too old to do much work, so I'll cook and tend to the stock, while you fellows get out the ore. When we've got as much as we can pack we'll come back, sell it, and divide the proceeds, my share to be one-third of the ore and one-half interest in the mine. What do you say?' Well, it just set us wild, and we all agreed we'd go. Each fellow was to take three animals—one to ride and two to pack. I tried to get the old fellow to tell me how he came to find the lead, but it was no go. I always thought he must have been one of Baker's men, and knew a good deal more about that fracas than he let on to. You know there was five or six of 'em had a quarrel with the rest and left 'em, and Baker always swore that there were white men in that party of Utes that attacked them on the Animas and killed all but him and Johnny Moss. However, that's neither here nor there. We struck south from Denver, crossed the Sangre del Christo, up the San Luis, through Antelope Park, crossed the range about the head of Stony, got down in the Animas and camped about where Howardsville is now. We hadn't seen a sign of Indians, so we concluded we'd stay here a few days, and rest up. The old man and I concluded we'd try for some meat, so we started out the second morning and told the boys if we weren't back by the next night to pull out down the creek, and we'd catch 'em at the foot of the park. Game seemed mighty scarce and night come, and we hadn't seen a sign, so we cooked a couple of rabbits we'd knocked over, curled up under a spruce and went to sleep. As near as we could calculate we were about four miles from camp. About daylight I felt the old man shaking me. 'Wake up!' says he, 'for God's sake wake up!' 'What is it?' says I, but he didn't need to answer, I heard it myself—three or four shots, and the awfullest yell you ever heard. We looked at each other, but couldn't say a word. We knew what it was. That was the scalp yell, and we knew the Utes had wiped out the boys. If they found us, we were gone, too. We'd crossed an old trail about two miles below, and we knew if they went down the canon that was the trail they'd take, so we climbed up the hill to a place where we could watch the trail, and lay there hid till about the middle of the forenoon, when we saw them come along, driving our stock. One big buck was riding my horse, and I tell you my fingers itched to pull trigger on him, but I knew it wouldn't do. After they'd passed we made our way back to camp, and found the boys lying around, killed and scalped. They were all stripped and shot full of arrows. Everything in the shape of grub and blankets was gone, and there we were, five hundred miles from Denver, afoot, no blankets, nothing to eat, and only our guns and the clothes we had on. The old man said we were only about fifty miles from the lead, and wanted to go on to it, but I knew, even if we found it, we couldn't do anything, and I thought the best thing we could do was to get back home as quick as we could. So we took some of the picks and shovels that were lying around, buried the poor fellows the best we could, and struck out. That day and the next we shot some rabbits and grouse, but the next day we couldn't find anything, and went to bed without supper. The next day it was the same, and the next and the next. The last two days we chewed spruce bark for want of something better, but it was mighty bitter and tough. We stumbled along the best we could, but I noticed the old man was getting weak. It was on Tuesday the Utes had wiped out the outfit, and this was Tuesday again, and we hadn't had anything to eat since Wednesday, and had been tramping steady every day. Tuesday night I was restless and couldn't sleep. Every time I'd doze off I'd dream that I was just going to sit down to a table chock-full of grub, and that somebody—sometimes the old man, sometimes a Ute, sometimes one of the boys—was trying to hold me back, and then I'd get so mad I'd wake up; and then I'd see the old man sitting with his back against a tree, and his arms folded, looking straight ahead of him as if he saw something out there in the woods, and never answering when I'd speak to him. Along toward morning, though, when I'd dozed off a little, I was woke up by an awful screech, and I jumped up, thinking the Utes were on us; but I was so weak and dazed that it was a minute or two before I got my senses, and then when I looked around there were no Utes there, and no old man, either. It was just about daylight, and as I didn't have any baggage to pack up or any breakfast to get, I started off after him. I hunted all around till nearly noon, firing my gun and yelling as loud as I could, for I had such a horror of being left there alone that I'd rather run the risk of drawing the Utes than lose any chance of finding him. Besides, I had a warm side for the old fellow, and I couldn't bear to think of his wandering around there all by himself, and crazy, as I knew he was. But it was no use; and so, about noon, I concluded that if I wanted to save myself I'd better pull out. I was so weak in the legs by this time that I could hardly stagger, and I had such a dancing in my eyes, and such a buzzing in my ears, and such wild fancies in my head, that I began to fear I was going crazy too. I got to Wagon-wheel Gap that night, and didn't know whether to try to cross the range and strike the Santa Croce trail, and so get to South's cabin, or to go down the river till I struck some of the Mexican ranches near Del Norte. The last was about three times the furthest, but the first was five times the hardest going. I remember that I was cool enough to debate the matter pretty sensibly before I went to sleep, but I must have lost my wits in the night, for I don't remember anything after that, except stumbling along somewhere or other, falling down, and getting up, sometimes burning, and sometimes freezing, cutting myself against the rocks, choking with alkali dust, and then for awhile I can't remember anything. When I came to, I found I was in old Alcantara's casa, clear down by Old Loma, and he and those two pretty muchachas of his were nursing me as if I had been old St. Jago himself. They told me that Felipe, Pedro's boy, who was lynched afterwards for knifing Dick Stuart in Conejos, had found me up in San Luis Park, where he was hunting for some stray burros, and had brought me down to the casa. They were such heathens at old Pedro's, that they didn't keep any track of the days of the month, so I don't know how long I'd wandered about before they found me, but I must have been pretty near gone up, for, as near as I could make out, I'd been there about six weeks, and it was all of six more before I could travel. When I could, I put back to Denver, and didn't come back this way till the Strong outfit came in, '68."

"Did you ever hear anything more of the old man?"

"No, not a word; he must have starved to death, or tumbled into some canon, or got picked up by the Utes."

"But I thought the Indians wouldn't harm a crazy person; that they thought such were under the direct care of the Great Spirit?"

"Well, perhaps Cooper's and Catlin's Indians wouldn't; but the white men have educated them out of that, and they'd scalp a crazy man now as quick as they would you or me."

"When you got down here again, did you try to find the lead?"

"Yes, but I couldn't find it. I'd made a copy of the chart the old man had, but whether I tore it up or lost it, when I was crazy, or whether old Pedro suspected what it was, and froze to it, I don't know, but it disappeared some way. From what I could remember of it, and from what the old man told me of the landmarks, I've always thought it must have been somewhere up here in Conquistador. So in '72, I spent the whole summer up here looking for it, but I couldn't find it. I found some float, though, just like the rock the old man had, up in Bear Creek, and up at the head of the gulch, there was a big rock-slide, that looked as if it wasn't more than a year or two old, and I believe the lead's under that. If I could find it once, I wouldn't ask odds from Vanderbilt or Mackay."

Next morning Ignotus took a couple of the horses and went after the buck, while I remained at the cabin "on household cares intent." These satisfactorily attended to, I strolled up the valley, to perfect my acquaintance with the Larriweep.

These mountain brooks are like high-born dames.

Much courteous humility, and deferential wooing is necessary, before they will admit you, on the footing of a friend, into the privacy of their boudoirs. I know some persons who never succeed in passing the antechamber. As some men are connoisseurs in wine, and can discriminate, by the bouquet, between Chateau Margaux of '49, or Lafitte of the "comet vintage," so the lover of brooks finds in them differences too subtle to be appreciated by the "mobile vulgus," but which, to him, are open secrets. The waters of every neighborhood have their own particular color, which is easily recognizable by the brook haunter. The pale beryline tint of the Holston or the Clinch, the aquamarina shimmer of the upper Au Sable, the topaz glow of the hemlock brooks of Maine, the pale diaphanous azure of La Chandiere, the cool inky blackness of the Neversink, or the opaline gleam of the French Broad—who that has once seen these can ever again forget or mistake them? Different from all these is the Larriweep, whose characteristic is its intense transparency; as clear and free from soil or stain as the thoughts of the Blessed Damosel. If one could only let it flow through him for an hour or so, how it would wash away the dregs! Born of the mountain snow, and dandled in the rough embrace of Plutonic rocks, it is as clear and cold as the one, as strong and pure as the others. There is none of the mischief of coquetry about it; no gentle dallying with bending hemlock boughs—no sweet coaxing of some gnarled and stubborn root—no coy avoidance of some intrusive boulder—but a steady onward flow, straight, strong and direct. Not with the dancing step of blushing Hebe, but with the firm step of Pallas Athene, does the Larriweep sweep to the sea.

Sitting in an angle, where two trees make a convenient arm chair, I hear what is rare in these woods—the soug of a bird. The jays—Canada, crested and Steller's—screech and gabble; the ousel occasionally whistles; the sparrows cheep, and the tom-tits chatter, but the pine grosbeak is almost the only bird I have found here, that can really be said to sing. His note is clear and melodious, in timbre something like that of the meadow lark, but reminding one more of the purple finch, which, by the way, he resembles in more than in voice. Both have the same reddish ground-work of plumage, overlaid with ashy gray, as though some tyro had painted them first a bright lake or carmine, and then, dissatisfied with his work, had added a coat of gray, which, weathering off in spots, was showing the original hue beneath. In habits, however, they are very distinct. The finch, whether resting or journeying, delights to huddle together in flocks. The grosbeak, on the other hand, though companionable (so that, seeing one, you are almost sure to find plenty of others close by), has not that penchant for massing together in crowds, that characterizes his lesser prototype. The one is distinctly gregarious; the other, sociable. In the one case, the group is the unit; in the other, the individual. The musical *repertoire* of the finch, moreover, is more limited than that of the grosbeak; the former possessing only three notes, while the latter can compass an octave, though generally content with the major fifth.

In the pauses of the grosbeak's song I hear another note which sets me to wondering if there is any place in the Western continent where the robin is not found. We are so accustomed to associate him with man, and to think of meadows and orchards as his necessary corollaries that it gives one a start of surprise to find him as much at home in these grim forests as in a New England homestead. He is the one familiar thing that redeems these Western woods from utter strangeness. The hemlock woods of Maine, the cypress swamps of Louisiana, the sage brush of Arizona, and the pine forests of Pembina, all know his song. While watching the birds there stole down to the margin of the stream that "thief of the world," a Canada lynx. Some nocturnal revelry or bloody midnight foray had kept him up later than common, and he was now coming down to take his last mountain cocktail before retiring. There was a bloodshot cast to his eye, and a look of shame-faced guilt on his hang-dog countenance that told of an unquiet conscience, and of a mind ill at ease. He lapped the water softly, in a sneaking way, glancing furtively around as though he feared to be confronted by the ghost of some one of his many innocent victims.

As he sprawled on the bank opposite me, uncouth, bestial and murderous, he seemed a libel on the tribe of Felidæ. There is a supple grace about most of his congeners that attracts the eye, and one cannot look upon some of them without feeling the vividness of Blake's lines—

> "Tiger, tiger burning bright
> In the jungles of the night,
> What immortal hand and eye
> Framed thy awful symmetry!"

But my present visitor excited only feelings of repugnance. Happening to look up and to catch sight of his human spectator, he was struck with a catalepsy of abject fear, and I think, had I been near enough, I could have taken him by the scruff of the neck, and cuffed his ill-conditioned soul out of his body, without any other remonstrance than a frightened whine. In a moment, however, his sullen ferocity returned to him, and he began to slowly back away, sneaking'y withdrawing each huge splay-foot, and keeping his furtive bloodshot eyes fixed upon me. Uglier optics I think I never saw in the head of any animal. The alligat r's fixed, unwinking stare, is not pleasant, nor the cold, dull glare of the rattlesnake's eye, but they both lack that malignant gleam of torpid hate that flared upon me from the opposite bank. Having gained some additional ten yards of distance he slowly turned around never taking his eyes off me and began climbing the hill. I shou'ed at him to increase his speed, but the only effect was to produce a snarl which showed his white fangs, and the slaver dripping from the red cavern of his mouth. I was not sorry to see him finally disappear among the bushes at the foot of a ledge of rocks, where he had his lair. This retreat, Ignotus and I harried, that afternoon, and with the assistance of Swipes, our plucky bull-terrier, avenged the *manes* of his many victims. In death he looked less hateful than in life, and there was something even grand about his massive fore-arm and chest, and his close, well-knit flanks and loins.

I had slipped a volume of Shakespeare into my pocket when starting out, but I returned with it unopened. Somehow blue sky and fresh air seem to act as preventives to reading. Books, for their proper appreciation, require four walls and a ceiling. Out of doors it is more natural to be Shakespeare than to read him; to "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones," than to dally with the printed page. The thought of humanity becomes feeble when opposed to the thought of nature. One may read Homer by the seashore where the sonorous Greek vocables chime well with the diapason of the "poluphloisboio thalasse," but other than that open air reading tastes flat in the mouth. One would like to run a tape-line round the mind of that man whom I saw once, on the top of Mount Washington, reading a *New York Ledger*, while the sun was coming up out of the Atlantic, and the shadow of the mountain was sweeping over the valley below. Or of that young woman who, upon the same occasion, gravely proceeded to note down in her diary the impressions produced on her mind by the scene before her.

In the evening, I climbed the hill-side, above the cabin, and, sitting upon a rock, watched the sun set. Probably on account of the lack of moisture in the air, the scarlet and gold of other sunsets are rarely seen here; but the close of the day in these high altitudes has a beauty and a peculiarity of its own, which I never tire of witnessing. As the sun dropped down behind the peak of El Conquistador, the shadow slid down the mountain side, swept across the valley and began to climb the opposite heights. It was a huge triangle of shade, springing from a constant base; the apex continually advancing, and the sides lengthening in proportion. The edge was so well defined, that, where it cut an aspen tree, one-half of the head would be of a dark waxy green, while the other, still in the sunlight, showed its own dusty emerald hue. There was not that gradual fading out of the light, accompanied by an imperceptible transition to darkness, that marks the close of the day in the eastern half of the United States, but rather a sudden, vivid change, so that, whereas you were one moment in the broad glare of day, the next it was dusk all around you. As the shadow swept across the valley, it had about the speed of a sturdy walker, and, like him, slackened pace when it struck the hill-side opposite, and climbed laboriously to the top. In the East, the blue of the sky changed first to a lighter blue, then to an olive, deepened its tint slowly, and finally settled into a pale ashy gray; in the West, the blue changed to a darker olive, then to a delicate salmon, then to its final ashes-of-rose tint, permeated by a sombre glow. Hardly had the shadow gained the opposing crest, before the stars were out—Jupiter, Srvius and Venus—shining with a brilliancy such as the dweller in the lowlands never sees. Twilight there was none, or at least, so little, that before one could say "Lo! here!" or "Lo! there!" it was gone.

The breeze, which had blown, as is its custom here, steadily down the gulch all day, now turned, and blew as steadily up the valley. From its changed direction it brought to me savory odors of broiling venison and the fragrant aroma of coffee, and obeying its gentle call, I strolled slowly homeward, through the silence of the everlasting hills.

H. P. U.

MAINE CAMPING GROUNDS.

WE want to camp out this summer and fall in Maine, somewhere at or in the neighborhood of Moosehead Lake. We have looked over a goodly pile of FOREST AND STREAMS, and although there are very many articles about Maine, and very interesting they are, too, none are definite enough to afford us the aid we want to carry us up and give us a start when we get there. We want advice as to the quickest and least expensive way of getting to the best game country. Again, we would like to know what facilities of transportation we would be likely to find from Moosehead into the interior, whether we can obtain guides, horses, etc., at the Lake, and what it will be necessary for us to take, such as blankets, cooking utensils, tools, tent, and so on. And besides all this, can you put us in communication with some

person who has done the country? We are not tenderfeet—you understand—and have had our fun in Florida, Texas, New Mexico and Colorado. So, though entirely ignorant of the lay of the land in Maine, we will not be deterred by any prospect of being in a wild and lonely country.—T. AND J.

See last issue for notes in Moosehead Lake and Tim Pond. You might go directly to the N. Y. Kineo House and thence to a selected camp, or go to Tim Pond and strike out from there. For a camping ground in the Rangeley country write to Samuel Farmer, Phillips, Me. The same course is recommended to a Boston inquirer. Pentagon writes: "Will some of your readers who have camped out there tell me what the lowest total estimate would be for a party of four who wish to camp at Rangeley for twelve days in the last part of July, exclusive of railroad fares and outfit, and including tent and boat hire? Would it be necessary to hire a guide, and what would be the expense?" By writing to Mr. Samuel Farmer, proprietor of the Bardin House, Phillips, Me., Pentagon may get the particulars he requires. Moxie Pond, six miles from the Forks of the Kennebec River, has been recommended by some of our friends who have been there. The Forks are forty-five miles by stage line from Skohegan, the terminus of the Maine Central Railroad. Doubtless there are other equally desirable localities in other parts of Maine, of which some of our readers may be willing to tell us.

John Burroughs has camped at Moxie Lake, and records in the current *Atlantic* his delightful experiences there.

The traveler and camper-out in Maine, unless he penetrates its more northern portions, has less reason to remember it as a pine-tree State than a birch-tree State. The white pine forests have melted away like snow in the spring and gone down stream, leaving only patches here and there in the more remote and inaccessible parts. The portion of the State I saw, the valley of the Kennebec and the woods about Moxie Lake, had been shorn of its pine timber more than forty years before, and is now covered with a thick growth of spruce and cedar and various deciduous trees. But the birch abounds. Indeed, when the pine goes out the birch comes in; the race of men succeeds the race of giants. This tree has great stay-at-home virtues. Let the sombre, aspiring, mysterious pine go; the birch has humble every-day uses. In Maine, the paper or canoe birch is turned to more account than any other tree. Uncle Nathan, our guide, said it was made especially for the camper-out; yes, and for the woodman and frontiersmen generally. It is a magazine, a furnishing store set up in the wilderness, whose goods are free to every comer. The whole equipment of the camp lies folded in it, and comes forth at the beck of the woodman's axe; tent, water-proof roof, boat, camp, utensils, buckets, cups, plates, spoons, napkins, table-cloths, paper for letters or your journal, torches, candles, kindling-wood and fuel. The canoe birch yields you its vestments with the utmost liberality. Ask for its coat, and it gives you its waistcoat also. Its bark comes wrapped about it layer upon layer, and comes off with great ease. We saw many rude structures and cabins shingled and sided with it, and haystacks capped with it. Near a maple sugar camp there was a large pile of birch-bark sap-buckets, each bucket made of a piece of bark about a yard square, folded up as the tinman folds up a sheet of tin to make a square vessel, the corners bent around against the sides and held by a wooden pin. When, one day, we were overtaken by a shower in traveling through the woods, our guide quickly stripped large sheets of the bark from a near tree, and we had each a perfect umbrella as by magic. When the rain was over, and we moved on, I wrapped mine about me like a large leather apron, and it shielded my clothes from the wet bushes. When we came to a spring, Uncle Nathan would have a birch-bark cup ready before any of us could get a tin one out of his knapsack, and I think water never tastes so sweet as from one of these bark cups. It is exactly the thing—it just fits the mouth, and it seems to give new virtues to the water. It makes me thirsty now when I think of it. In our camp at Moxie we made a large birch-bark box to keep the butter in; and the butter in this box, covered with some leafy boughs, I think improved in flavor day by day. Maine butter needs something to mollify and sweeten it a little, and I think birch-bark will do it. In camp Uncle Nathan often drank his tea and coffee from a bark cup; the china closet in the birch tree was always handy, and our vulgar tinware was generally a good deal mixed, and the kitchen maid not at all particular about dish-washing. We all tried the oatmeal with the maple syrup in one of these dishes, and the stewed mountain cranberries, using a birch-bark spoon, and never found service better. Uncle Nathan declared he could boil potatoes in a bark kettle, and I did not doubt him. Instead of sending our soiled napkins and table-spreads to the wash, we rolled them up into candles and torches, and drew daily upon our stores in the forest for new ones.

POMPEII.—An illustrated review of popular and industrial archaeology and of art appears on our table for the first time. Its purpose is a happy one, and discovers all success in pursuing it. Its salutary announces the desire that archaeology, that science which to-day is the monopoly of a small number of scientific men, should for an hour or two each month don its severely precise cloak and, attractively clothed in the modern style, tell us the story of its deeds more simply than it has yet done.

The science is one which is itself most attractive, and which appeals to the highest tastes of the human mind. Pompeii, if it accomplishes what it has set out to do, will have rendered no small service to civilization. The review is finely illustrated. Augusto Melo, Rue de Chiaja, No. 209, Naples.

C. P. N., New York.—The early volumes of FOREST AND STREAM contained articles on the Muskoka region as follows: Vol. III. Nos. 8, 21 and 26; Vol. IV., No. 2; Vol. V. No. 1. In our issue of March 17, 1881, you will find a list of places where we get excellent "bass-skidded trout fishing, the south branch of the Muskoka is. Al. The head waters of the Nipissing River are hard to beat for the speckled beauties, and the Nanibuttygong or South River will hold its own with any of them. Trains for maskinonge, the Muskoka and Moon rivers are first-class, and I can safely say that French River cannot be beaten for maskinonge, pike and pickerel; and lakes Rosseau, Joseph, Spider, Turtle and Manitowabing and the hundreds of other smaller lakes cannot be excelled for the fine lunge and fair chance for black bass fishing. In the autumn deer are plentiful, partridge are found everywhere. Moose are killed in the vicinity of Lake Nipissing in good numbers, also wild geese and ducks. The routes to reach these sections are as follows: For Toronto per Northern Railway to Gravenhurst, thence by steamer to Bracebridge, and then by stage fourteen miles to Baysville, on Trailing Lake, for trout fishing on the South Muskoka and North rivers. For maskinonge fishing on the Muskoka and Moon rivers, take the steamer from Gravenhurst to Hoda. For bass fishing on lakes Rosseau, Joseph and Turtle, take steamer from Gravenhurst to "Pratt's." For trout fishing on the Maganetawan and the Nanibuttygong, or South river, take stage from Pratt's to Maganetawan Village thirty-seven miles, and for South River, stage twenty-four miles further north to Commonda. For bass fishing on Spider and Manitowabah lakes, take stage from Pratt's to Parry Sound twenty-four miles; and for French River, take steamer from Parry Sound to French River. Guides and canoes can be had at all the different places mentioned." Go to Phillips, boat from Baysville, and engage Allen or Alven Phillips as guide. See number referred to.

Natural History.

THE SEALS OF NORTH AMERICA.*

MR. ALLEN'S latest work renews and adds to the obligations which the scientific world already owed him. It is a fact which might easily escape the observation of one whose attention was not specially called to it that up to the publication of this work astonishingly little has been known of this highly-important sub-order of carnivora. It is true that many observations had been made on the group, but these were not at all in shape to be accessible to the general reader, but were scattered through a number of works—in books of hunting, of science, of commerce, of manufactures, and in the records of the proceedings of legislative bodies is to be found some fragmentary material bearing on the history of the seal family, but these fragments possess, when standing alone, but a slight value. To serve any useful purpose it was necessary that they should be collated, examined with care, sifted and woven into one harmonious whole. To satisfactorily perform a labor of such magnitude, in which scientific acquirements of the first order had to be added to a capacity for an enormous amount of labor, and to the most scrupulous exactness, there was required a master hand, and happily the work was undertaken by one who was, perhaps, above all others, best fitted to perform it. Those who are familiar with Mr. Allen's works, notable among which are his monographs on the buffalo, and on certain families of North American rodentia, will turn eagerly toward his latest volume, and, whatever their tastes, will find in it much to interest them.

The present work, which is published by the Interior Department, forms No. 12 of the Miscellaneous Publications of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, F. P. Hayden, geologist-in-charge. Of its 800 pages, 163 are devoted to the walrus family (*Odobænidæ*), 224 to the eared seals (*Otariidæ*), and 344 to the earless seals (*Phocidæ*). The last named family is the only one represented on our Atlantic coast, the common *Phoca vitulina* being abundant in winter along the New England shore.

The following extract from a review of this volume recently contributed by the writer to a daily contemporary, will serve to give our readers some idea of this work and its importance:

The pinnipeds, although so different in appearance from the typical flesh-eaters, represented by the dogs, cats, bears, etc., are really neither more nor less than amphibious carnivora. They are little adapted for progression upon the land, where their movements are much confined, but are truly at home in the water, for a life in which the modifications which they have undergone most admirably fit them. In form they are more or less fish-like, resembling in this respect the more truly marine mammals, such as the porpoises, whales and manatees. Their limbs have become true swimming organs, and, as their name implies, they are finfooted.

Of the three groups here treated, the walruses and the eared seals are far above the earless seals in the zoological scale, the latter representing much the most generalized type. The *Odobænidæ* and *Otariidæ* stand about on the same plane, and are united into one group or sub-order, *Gressigrada*, while the *Phocidæ* represent a second group of the same value, *Reptigrada*. The walruses, from their stout, awkward bodies and enormously developed canines, are widely different in appearance from the active eared seals, but the differences are superficial rather than structural.

The walruses are found only in the arctic seas. Various authors have alleged the existence of three or more species, but a careful examination of a large amount of material leads Prof. Allen to conclude that there are but two, one inhabiting the Atlantic and the other the Pacific Ocean. For the genus the time-honored appellations *Trichechus* and *Rosmarus* are discarded, and in their place, according to the laws of priority which govern scientific nomenclature, the generic name *Odobænus*, for some time in use among German zoologists, is adopted. Besides the two living species, fossil remains of walruses have been found, indicating the existence of two additional genera, *Alachtherium* and *Trichechodon*. As an indication of the exhaustive method which Prof. Allen has employed in the treatment of his subject we may quote some of the subjects into which he divides his article on "*Odobænus Rosmarus*," the Atlantic walrus. He gives as synonymy and bibliographical references, external characters, sexual differences, individual variations and variations depending upon age, measurements of skulls, dentition, fossil remains, geographical distribution, past and present, nomenclature, etymology, literature, habits and the chase, products, food, functions of the tusks, enemies and domestication.

To the general reader the past and present distribution of the walrus and its habits will no doubt prove the most interesting subjects in this list. The chase cannot be spoken of apart from its habits, for these habits have been scarcely at all observed except by those who have penetrated to its arctic home for the purpose of killing it. It is hardly necessary to state that, like all other large mammals, and especially like all those that furnish some useful commercial product, the walrus has found its worst enemy in man. During the sixteenth century the walrus was hunted for its tusks and oil, and Richard Fischer, speaking of the Island of Ramea (probably Sable Island), says: "On which Isle are so great abundance of the huge and mightie Sea Oxen with great teeth in moothes of April, May, and June, that there have bene fifteene hundreth killed there by one small barke, in the year 1591." "Thomas James of Bristoll," quoted by Hakluyt, says of the same island: "The fish cometh on banke (to do their kinde) in April, May, and June by numbers of thousands, which fish is very big; and hath two great teeth; and the skinne of them is like Buffes leather; and they will not away from their young ones. The young ones are as good meat as veale. And with the bellies of five of the saide fishes they make a hogshead of Traine, which Traine is very sweete, which if it will make sope, the King of Spaine may burne some of his Olive trees."

Early in the seventeenth century the morse, as it was generally called in the old works, was slaughtered on the coast of Northern Europe in enormous numbers. The account of the Jan Mayen walrus "fisheries," as compiled from the writings of that day, tells a pitiful story of wholesale slaughter, and fully explain, if any explanation is needed, the rapid disappearance of the walrus from localities where it once abounded. Even as recently as 1852 these animals were found in such numbers on some of the Ten Thousand Islands as to furnish the material for the following account by Mr. Lamont in his "Seasons with the Sea-horses." He says: "It seems that this island (one of the south-westernmost of the group) had long been a very celebrated place for walruses going ashore, and great numbers had been killed upon it at different times in by gone years. In August, 1852, two small sloops, sailing in company, approached the island, and soon discovered a herd of walruses, numbering, as they calculated, from 3,000 to 4,000, reposing upon it. Four boats' crews, or 16 men, proceeded to the attack with spears. One great mass of walruses lay in a small sandy bay, with rocks inclosing it on each side, and on a little mossy flat above the bay, but to which the bay formed the only convenient access for such unwieldy animals. A great many hundreds lay on other parts of the island at a little distance. The boats landed a little way off, so as not to frighten them, and the 16 men, creeping along shore, got between the sea and the bay full of walruses before mentioned, and immediately commenced stabbing the animals next them. The walrus, although so active and fierce in the water, is very unwieldy and helpless on shore, and those in front soon succumbed to the lances of their assailants; the passage to the shore soon got so blocked up with the dead and dying that the unfortunate wretches behind could not pass over, and were in a manner barricaded by a wall of carcases. Considering that every thrust of a lance was worth $20, the scene must have been one of terrific excitement to men who had very few or no dollars at all; and my informant's eyes sparkled as he related it. He said the walruses were then at their mercy, and they slew and stabbed and slaughtered and butchered and murdered until most of their lances were rendered useless and themselves were drenched with blood and exhausted with fatigue. They went on board their vessels, ground their lances, and had their dinners, and then returned to their sanguinary work; nor did they cry 'Hold, enough!' until they had killed *nine hundred* walruses, and yet so fearless or so lethargic were the animals that many hundreds more remained sluggishly lying on other parts of the island at no great distance. * * * When I visited the island six years afterward, there still remained abundant testimony to corroborate the entire truth of the story. The smell of the island was perceptible at several miles' distance, and on landing we found the carcasses lying as I have described them, and in one place two and three feet deep. The skin and flesh of many remained tolerably entire, notwithstanding the ravages of bears, foxes, and gulls. So many walruses have been killed on this island at different times that a ship might easily load with bones there. * * *"

Of the Pacific walrus less is known, but enough to show that it is by no means so active and fierce as its Atlantic congener. The accounts given by Mr. Elliott and by Capt. Scammon in his "Marine Mammalia" are the most extended and trustworthy, but even these are lacking in many important points. Affection for its young is a touching characteristic of both species of this genus, and it is the practice among walrus-hunters, as among whalers, to harpoon, when this is possible, a calf. The cries of the little animal not only bring its mother to the rescue, but the whole herd, even if in headlong flight, will turn about on hearing the screams of a "junger" and attack their pursuers with determined fury.

The two enemies, after man, from which the walrus has most to fear are the great white bear and the orca, or killer. The latter animal, a carnivorous cetacean, destroys the young also of both the fur seal and the sea lion.

Passing now to the family of the *Otariidæ*, or eared seals, we find accounts of seven species of unquestioned validity, and of two others the authenticity of which is as yet doubtful. This family, containing as it does, the fur seals, is, from an economic point of view, by far the most important division of the group under consideration. The walrus yields valuable oil and a little (from three to four pounds to the individual) ivory, while the hair seal produces nothing of special commercial value except its oil, the skins being but little used except by the natives of the countries which the animals inhabit. This is true also of such of the eared seals as are without fur, but the value of the pelts of *Callorhinus ursinus* and other species of fur seals probably at present equals or exceeds that of all the other products of the seal tribe.

The history of the fur seals from the date of the discovery of the value of their products up to within a short time is only a repetition of the old tale of slaughter which has been narrated again and again in connection with each species of the marine mammals. Captain Fanning, in his "Voyages to the South Seas," states that in a few years there were taken, toward the close of the last century, a million sealskins on the island of Masafuera. This little island is on the coast of Chili, and is about 25 miles in circumference. Capt. Scammon states that in 1801 the sealing fleet which was cruising off the coast of Chili, consisted of no less than thirty vessels, almost all of which bore the American flag. In the year 1800 there were taken at the Georgian Island 112,000 fur seals. During the year 1820 and 1821 over 300,000 were taken at the South Shetland Islands, with the result that, at the close of the second year, the species was almost exterminated. From the Antipodes Islands, off the coast of New South Wales, 400,000 skins were obtained in 1814 and 1815. Fur seals were killed at about the same time in the Aleutian Islands at the rate of 200,000 per year; and but for the fact that the market was so glutted with skins that they did not sell for enough to pay the cost of transportation, the animals no doubt would have been exterminated on these islands, as they have been elsewhere.

Steller's sea lion is the largest of the eared seals, a full-grown male measuring from 13 to 14 feet in length, and weighing considerably over 1,000 pounds, though the females are much smaller, being only 8 to 9 feet long, and weighing one-third less. Its range extends along the north-west coast of America from the Farallone Islands to latitude 61 deg. north, or about to the southern limit of floating ice, and it occurs on the Arctic shore of the Pacific as far south as the Kurile Islands. The sea lion of California is a different species, somewhat smaller than Steller's. To the inhabitants of the Pribilov Islands the sea lion is scarcely less important than the fur seal. The skins are used for covering the canoes employed for hunting the sea otter; the linings of the throat, after being tanned, serve for making the legs of boots; the intestines are sewed together to make waterproof suits; the stomachs are cleansed to contain oil, the sinews are stripped into threads, and the flesh is dried and preserved for use through the Winter.

The accounts of the habits of Steller's and California sea lions, as observed on the western coast of America and the islands of the Pacific, which are quoted from Mr. Elliott and Capt. Scammon, are extremely interesting, as is also an account of the breeding of the sea lion in captivity, the only

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* History of North American Pinnipeds. A monograph of the walruses, sea lions, sea bears and seals of North America. By Joel Asaph Allen, Washington, Government Printing Office, 1880.

instance of the kind on record. This record of the habits of these little-known animals is due to the careful observation of Mr. Frank J. Thompson, of Cincinnati, who has charge of the Zoological Garden, and who contributed this observation to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

The fur seal is less in size than the sea lions, but the difference between the males and females is still greater than in that genus, the males weighing from 500 to 700 pounds, and the females from 80 to 100 pounds. Opportunities for observing the habits of the fur seals have, of course, been exceptionally good at the Pribilov Islands and the material for a biography of this species is very full. But little, however, is known of their habits except during the time that they remain on the islands, that is from April to November. Where they pass the Winter is as yet a matter only of conjecture, and further observations on this point are needed.

Of the habits of the *Phocidæ*, or family of earless seals, though these are much more numerous in species than the groups before mentioned, perhaps even less is known than about the *Otaries*. From their mode of life they offer less opportunity for observation and study than the latter. Prof. Allen mentions nine genera of earless seals, represented by seventeen species, of which seven, or possibly eight, are found on the coast of North America. The business of sealhunting has been, and is still, followed with such energy that several species are threatened with extermination, and in more than one case, notably that of the sea elephant (*Macrorhinus angustirostris*), the pursuit of the species has been abandoned, as the animals are no longer to be found in any numbers. As some indication of the yearly destruction of seals, the following figures are given: The annual catch of the West Greenland "fishery" is estimated by Dr. Rink as about 89,000 seals. Here they are captured by the natives with harpoons or shot with rifles. In 1873 the "catch," so-called, of the Newfoundland fishery is said to have been 526,000. In the Jan-Mayen, or Greenland seas, the annual catch is about 200,000, and so wasteful and improvident is the slaughter of breeding females that the European nations interested have all passed more or less stringent laws for the protection of these animals during certain seasons. With regard to the "fisheries" of the Kara Sea and Nova Zembla, the White Sea, the Caspian Sea, and the North Pacific, we have no figures, but from all the accounts which we have it is certain that a shortsighted policy of indiscriminate slaughter is pursued in all these localities.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that the Caspian Sea an inland brackish lake having no natural communication with the ocean, is the seat of a most important sealing industry—one, in fact, second only to that of the Jan-Mayen seas. The figures given by Schultz for six years ending with 1872 will give some idea of the magnitude and importance of the "fisheries" of these waters. The number of skins taken in 1867 was 131,723; in 1868, 150,947; in 1869, 128,701; in 1870, 137,030; in 1871, 90,468; and in 1872, 156,759, or an average of about 130,000 for each year. The species taken here is the *Phoca caspica*, by some authors regarded as identical with our common *Phoca vitulina*, but considered by Prof. Allen as a perfectly good species. It is a small animal, weighing from 75 to 150 pounds, or about as much as the common seal found in winter in Long Island Sound and sometimes in the Bay."

It will be seen from what has been said above that the history of the seal is simply one long tale of butchery, and that the extermination, certainly, of the more important groups, has many times been threatened. The fact that their resorts are distant from the haunts of man has alone protected them up to this time. The governments of Europe most immediately interested have of late been legislating for these animals, and it is high time that the United States and Canada took some effective steps in the same direction.

A DUCK NEW TO NORTH AMERICA.

FROM advance sheets of the Proceedings of the United States National Museum for 1881 we learn that another new bird has been added to the North American fauna. The story of the identification of the specimen, which has been in the National Museum for nine years, is worth telling. Mr. Ridgway says:

"About nine years since (February 2, 1872), Mr. George A. Boardman, of Calais, Maine, sent to the Smithsonian Institution a mounted specimen of a duck obtained in Fulton Market, New York city, and supposed to have been shot on Long Island Sound, which he was unable to determine satisfactorily, but which he supposed to be a hybrid between the redhead (*Aythya americana*) and some other species. The specimen was in immature plumage, with the feathers of the first livery much worn, while those of the new moult, which were generally interspersed, indicated a very different garb when the moult should have been completed. At the time the specimen was received at the Smithsonian I (also supposing it to be a hybrid) made comparisons with nearly, if not quite, all the American species of ducks, but was unable to get the slightest clue to its parentage. It was then put back in the case and not again thought of until a few days ago, when in removing the specimens with a view to their re-arrangement I happened to take the one in question in one hand and an adult female of the European rufous-crested duck (*Fuligula rufina*) in the other; and having the two thus in a very favorable position for comparison, I at once perceived a striking similarity in general appearance and in the form of the bill, which induced me to extend the examination to an adult male, the result being that no question remained of the bird in question being an immature male of *F. rufina*, a species hitherto not detected in North America. I have written to Mr. Boardman, requesting full particulars as to circumstances and date of capture, but have been unable to elicit any further particulars than those given above.

"As the species has never been described in any work on North American birds, I give below a description of the three stages represented in the collection of the United States National Museum, as well as of the downy young, the latter quoted from Dresser's 'Birds of Europe;' also the principal synonyms and references, compiled from the leading European authorities."

For the benefit of our duck shooting readers we quote below Mr. Ridgway's very full description of adult male and female and immature male:

HAB.—Southern and eastern Europe, northern Africa and India; occasional in northern and central Europe, and casual in the British Islands; accidental in eastern U. S. (New York market; Boardman; spec. in U. S. Nat. Mus.).

Adult Male (57207, U. S. Nat. Mus.; Hungary, W. Schluter). Head and upper half of the neck delicate pinkish cinnamon, or vinaceous-rufous, the full, soft crest (occupying the entire pileum) paler and less reddish, the feathers light buff at tips; lower half of the neck (including a narrow stripe which extends up the nape to the occiput), neck and jugulum, breast, abdomen, anal region, crissum, upper tail coverts, and rump brownish black, deepest on the jugulum, and with a decided dark-green gloss on the upper tail-coverts. Back and scapulars uniform light umber-drab or Isabella-color; wing-coverts and tertials brownish gray; speculum white basally, changing gradually into pale grayish, then succeeded by a rather broad subterminal bar of dusky, the tip narrowly and abruptly white; four outer primaries with outer ends dusky; inner quills pale ashy, with broad dusky ends; tail dull dark grayish. A broad bar or transverse patch across anterior scapular region, anterior border of the wing, lining of the wing, axillars, and a very large patch covering the flanks and posterior half of the sides, pure white. "Bill bright vermilion-red, the tip white; irides reddish brown; legs orange-red. Total length 21 inches." (DRESSER, B. Eur. pt. xxii.) Wing, 10.30; culmen, 2.00; tarsus, 1.50; middle toe 2.25.

Adult Female (57209, U. S. Nat. Mus.; Hungary, W. Schluter).—Crest much less developed than in the male, light hair-brown, this color descending to the level of the lower border of the eye, and posteriorly continuing in a narrow stripe down the nape; rest of the head and neck very pale ashy, as are also the lower parts in general; jugulum, sides, and flanks light raw-umber brown, the tips of the feathers lighter; anal region and crissum uniform light drab, the latter whitish terminally. Upper parts in general umber-drab (the wing being more brownish than in the male), darker on the rump; white patch at base of scapular region wholly obsolete, and white border to the wing indistinct; speculum pale ashy, becoming gradually dull white basally, and brownish dusky subterminally, and with a narrow white terminal margin as in the male. "Eyes hazel; beak blackish, with a pink tip, a portion of the lower mandible being yello pink; legs and feet pinkish, webs blackish." (DRESSER, *l. c.*) Wing, 9.90; culmen, 1.90; tarsus, 1.50; middle toe, 2.20.

Immature Male (61957, U. S. Nat. Mus.; vicinity of New York city, Feb, 1872, G. A. Boardman).—Similar in general appearance to the adult female as described above, but crest much less developed (the tips of the feathers much worn) and decidedly more reddish in color; sides and under parts of head thickly interspersed with cinnamon-colored feathers (new moult); the jugulum, breast, and under posterior parts also mixed with black feathers, indicating the approaching adult livery; white patch at base of scapular region plainly indicated, and broad white border to anterior portion of the wing very distinct; speculum much as in the female, lacking the distinct subterminal dusky bar of the adult male. Wing, 9.80; culmen, 1.80; tarsus, 1.50; middle toe, 2.15.

A MORNING'S WALK.—Taunton, Mass., May 7, 1881.—5 A. M., wind south, thermometer 50 deg., foggy. No school to-day. Frederic, a boy 11 years old, wants to go to the trout pond to see and feed the trout. We started at 5.30. The birds were singing merrily, and he proposed to take the names of all that we saw, and send them to the FOREST AND STREAM, a paper he thinks much of. Last autumn there were flocks of perhaps hundreds of English sparrows about our streets, but there are not one-tenth as many now as there were then. But our native or summer birds are as plentiful as usual. In walking three-and-a-half miles on the Taunton and New Bedford R. R., we saw 1 fish hawk, 4 hen hawks, 3 sparrow hawks, 8 crows, 6 blue jays, 4 red thrashers, 6 peewees, 14 barn swallows, 25 bank swallows, 12 or 15 robins, about the same of bluebirds, and flocks of blackbirds, 2 bobolinks, 1 humming-bird, 6 marsh-quails, 4 yellow-birds, 5 woodpeckers and a great number of smaller birds. We heard quite a number of quails whistle. They are quite plenty here, but partridges are not. We let the dog work along by the side of the R. R. where he started 1 partridge and 4 woodcocks, three of them in air at one time, and a pretty sight it was. We arrived at the springs about 7.30. There were two hounds following rabbits as we went up the brook. One rabbit, about one-quarter grown, or perhaps six weeks old, attempted to cross the trench that runs to the pond, and fell in, and was quite dead when I got him out. We also saw 3 red squirrels and 1 gray one. The dog worked on some good snipe ground, but did not start any. I have not seen one this spring.—C. B.

NOTES FROM CANADA.—Niagara, May 16, 1881.—I send you, to-day, per sample, a little bird that was picked up dead in my yard this A.M. What kind of a bird is it? I noticed, the other day, some people fishing for black bass on the other side (N. Y.) of the river, just off Fort Niagara. I thought the close season was not up until June 1? Below I give you the arrival of several of the birds here: bluebird, March 14; robins, about the same time; swallows, April 19; cat-bird and oriole, May 5; crows were here off and on all winter. Have heard of no snipe this spring; they are protected here by the game laws. The "Cowreens" have left us. Although we are in Canada, a country supposed to abound in ice and snow and wolves, the black Hamburg grape is grown here out doors, and we have as fine peaches, in their season, as can be grown.—W. S.

The specimen sent is a rose-breasted grosbeak, one of the most beautiful and sweet-voiced of our birds. The bass season in New York does not open before June 1.

SNAKES CLIMBING TREES.—Webster City, Iowa, May 10, 1881.—While passing over the battlefield of Belmont, in the summer of 1863, I heard a slight noise just over my head. Looking up I saw, in close proximity to my face, and resting upon the leaves and twigs of a pawpaw tree, one of the small, pale-green snakes so common in that region, and sometimes met with here. As I was on horseback, the snake was seven or eight feet above the ground. The tree was six or eight inches in diameter. How the snake got up there I did not know, but he seemed perfectly at home on his airy perch.—CHARLES ALDRICH.

GUIDE BOOKS OF THE SEASON.—"Homes and Sports Along the Erie. A directory to hotels, boarding-houses, lakes and streams in the romantic regions near New York reached by the Erie Railway." This is a useful epitome of information for city residents who are looking for summer boarding places or who want to take a flying trip into the country. Sent free by John N. Abbott, General Passenger Agent N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R., New York city.

"The Hills and Homes of Berkshire." A pamphlet setting forth the summer attractions of the Berkshire hill country. By Clark W. Bryan, Great Barrington, Mass.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE HAUNTS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

WING SHOOTING VS. TREEING.

HAVING noticed the reports from New Jersey of the mortality of 40, 60, and 100 per cent. of quail and ruffed grouse "from the effect of cold and snow," I cannot but think, with all due respect for your reporters' veracity, that in relation to ruffed grouse these reports come mostly from hearsay or a superficial knowledge of the habits of this bird, and should be corrected as being liable to mislead the amateurs in forming a just estimate of their valuable qualities for cold climates. Some of them seem to make no distinction between the quail, whose food supply is liable to be cut off by snow at any time, and the ruffed grouse whose ample larder hangs in tempting display far above the possible reach of this enemy. Admitting that a winter like the past may be more trying to the constitution of game raised in a warmer climate than this, I still think that a bird that can make a bountiful meal off a handful of birds and a warm sumptuous couch from a snow bank (thawing the snow considerably where they sit over night) will "stand a pile of weather."

I suppose that there is no game bird on this North American continent whose habitat covers so wide a range, of whose habits and peculiarities the average sportsman is so poorly informed as this same namesake and especial friend and protege of mine. There is a larger class that fairly detest the name of this king of birds; for is not this the chap that has so many times outwitted their half-broken dogs and caused them to display anything but desirable field qualities, and are not they the gentlemen that have been the butt of so many jokes and caused so much fun by their constant misses and striking display of "grouse fever?" They affect to dispise the lordly grouse and in the same breath rave about the beauties of woodcock shooting, a bird which (in my opinion) bears about the same comparison to the noble grouse that a bull butterfly does to a December quail. In fact the warbling, fluttering rise, short flight and abrupt, ungraceful descent of a summer woodcock strongly re-embles the action of those overgrown butterflies, which boys chase and capture with sticks.

There are also many aspiring youths that go tearing and smashing through the brush and screaming at their dogs and come home and report "no birds this year," and all this when they have unknowingly flushed more grouse that day than they ever killed in their lives. The secret of their seeing no birds being that "Umbrellas tetrao" not fancying so much racket makes a little run through the first thicket and, with a spring and a few strokes of his powerful pinions, quietly sails to some distant thicket without "showing his hand at all." And the game reports of our non-sporting, noisy farmers and lumbermen are usually still more inaccurate.

Meeting a neighboring farmer, in March, I asked him if he had seen many grouse, while lumbering this winter. His reply came quickly, "Not a durned one, and what's more I knew last fall, when I seen near a dozen blooded pinters and setters at your kennels and heerd the crackin of your infernal old Parker gun every day, that there wouldn't be scarcely a bird left within ten mile o'here; and what few there was left has all froze to death long ago." My reply was that if he would give me half an hour's time for two or three nights I would show him more grouse than he ever saw. He quickly consented thinking to enjoy my discomfiture.

Half an hour before sunset I quietly took him to a hill one half mile back which commanded a view for half a mile of a secluded valley and mountain side, covered with a vigorous growth of young timber, largely yellow birch. This was backed by a heavy spruce forest, interspersed with frequent small swamps and dense thickets of hemlock and the whole well back from civilization. Seating himself the granger grimly bade me "fetch on yer partridges." We sat in silence less than ten minutes when *whiz* came a brown streak from a dense thicket on his mountain lot, and a fine cock grouse struck a tall birch opposite, his glossy ruff glistening in the sun, as he nipped a few buds, and finding them rather tough descended to the smaller growth, where he made a hearty meal unconscious of our proximity. Before he had finished, his kinsmen began to arrive from various directions until there were fifteen in sight up and down the valley, all brisk and strong as game cocks. When the first bird arrived a look of blank astonishment surmounted the granger's phiz; and as they continued to come in, his eyes and mouth continued to extend and when the show was over and we turned homeward he merely gasped "I'd no idee, don't tell the boys on't," and actually kept silence until home was reached. However, I hauled him out two nights more for half an hour to favorable localities far enough apart to insure a new lot of birds each time, and showed him no less than fifty fine vigorous grouse in these three trips. The last night I labored him up fearfully and he ejaculated "I'm beat! but for massy sake don't tell the boys on't, for I have told everybody that every last bird was dead."

His mistake consisted in supposing them all dead because he saw none in their summer haunts, and if he happened to go through their winter haunts he made so much noise that he could get no sight of them

And, by the way, speaking of grouse reminds me of a little incident that occurred a few days since. Happening in at the hotel in a neighboring town, I found fifteen or twenty young men who had lately formed a shooting club, purchased new breech-loaders, etc., and were "going in for some fun," as one of their number stated. After discussing various matters pertaining to sport, the subject of shooting grouse from trees came up, whereupon one of the leading members of the club took the floor and stated that he had been "reading up" on sporting matters generally for several months past, and that he had been particularly impressed by several letters to the FOREST AND STREAM from men who, he was confident, would scorn the imputation of shooting a quail while sitting, describing the best dog, best methods, etc., for obtaining a large bag of grouse by shooting from trees. He further stated that this kind of slaughter had always rather disturbed his sense of manhood and fair play, but that, inasmuch as many of these letters came from men that scorned the quail pot-hunter, and had also received the sanction of silence (if nothing more) from so eminent an authority as the FOREST AND STREAM, he had come to the conclusion that his sense of honor had perhaps been rather over-sensitive on this point, and that he must have been misinformed as to the general public sentiment among sportsmen in relation to this matter, and that in view of the foregoing and also the fact that every other kind of game bird that we have is speedily approaching annihilation, and further, that man

much as the leading sportsmen are endeavoring by hook or by crook to obtain the largest bags of grouse possible, and last, but not least, that if we fail to grab for this public pie with the rest we shall not get a piece big enough to swear by; therefore I make the motion that we establish a fund "at once to be appropriated to the purchase of a pack of the best 'treeing dogs' that can be found, no matter of what breed, pedigree or style so that they procure the 'heavy bag.'" I regret to record that the closing sentence of this harangue was received with shouts of acclamation, and the motion was carried without a dissenting vote.

Perceiving the urgent need of a little missionary work, in which these youthful knights of the trigger stood, I took the liberty of introducing myself, and labored long and earnestly to convert them from the error of their ways. It was little use to present the argument that their standing with neighboring sportsmen and clubs would be affected by this course, for, said they, "Are they not all in the same boat with us, only, perhaps, a little more sly about it?" But their main stronghold that they fell back on and refused to give up when routed elsewhere, was the fact that there had been published in the FOREST AND STREAM for the space of nearly a year frequent letters, giving full directions for the most deadly method of accomplishing the destruction of this beautiful game bird by the most ignoble pot hunting, and from among all the numerous throng of the FOREST AND STREAM readers not a single voice had been raised to plead for fair play for the king of game birds. Here they had me "on the hip," and I pleaded guilty, but urged extenuating circumstances in the form of sickness in my family and unusual pressure of business, and also the constant expectation that some noble knight, equal to the occasion, would arise to defend the right. I reminded them that the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM was not responsible for the views of correspondents, and that to my certain knowledge he was the avowed enemy of pot hunting in every form. And as for the authors of the above letters, I would guarantee that they would not advise any one to take measures to exterminate the only resident game bird in the vicinity. I pictured to them the contrast in the feelings of the owner of a pot-hunting ill-bred cur, and those of the possessor of a finely bred dog well broken for legitimate manly sport, and a constant honor and delight to his master at home or afield, the exquisite pleasure of seeing such a one at work heightened at each shot by the excitement attendant upon all games requiring skill and "nerve," and the proud satisfaction of having honestly earned their spoils in a fair, manly way. Observing signs of a truce, I dropped the question of right and honor, and brought to bear what proved (Oh, FOREST AND STREAM, how can I confess it!) to be one of the heaviest guns in my armament, by urging that they never, no, never, could become good wing shots, especially on ruffed grouse, if they indulged in even occasional sitting shots. And by further appealing to human nature, I reminded them of the fact that if they persisted in their course they might as well hang their new breech-loaders "on a willow tree" for a few years, as such murdering pot-hunting would leave them no use for them. I called their attention to the growing popularity of this bird, as evidenced by our sporting papers of late and predicted that at no very distant date the party that took sitting shots at King Umbellus would be shunned by true sportsmen as fully as the pot-hunting quail shooter now is. And finally, by having a good friendly "talk" with them, and promising all the assistance in my power to help them on in this new way, they came to the conclusion that true sport lay only in this direction, and recorded a unanimous vote to "*take no sitting shots*" for one season at least. And, between you and me, if they stick to it for one season, I am not a whit concerned about their taking the back track. RUFFED GROUSE.

Ashfield, Mass.

PENNSYLVANIA WOODCOCK HUNTING.

See old Duke in stately statue
Rendered rigid by the scent,
And his comrade, younger Bruno,
On a graceful "back" intent.

WHILE deprecating the fact that the laws of our State allow the hunting of the woodcock prior to September 15, at which time both ruffed grouse and woodcock should become lawful game, yet each 4th of July for the last half decade (excepting when the latter date has fallen upon the Sabbath, and in that case the 5th) has found me in the company of a choice companion at break of day, donned in my corduroys with gun in hand and dog at heel, ready to breast the rank growth of nettles, willows, alders and other varieties of spontaneous vegetation with which the islands of the Allegheny River at this season are matted, in quest of *Philohela minor*.

Of the nettles let me say that they frequently attain the height of six and even seven feet and grow as densely as standing wheat. Not seldom have my hands and feet received from a dozen to twenty of their aggravating points simultaneously, while the dog, if unused to the ground, will refuse to be initiated. The birds are seldom if ever found here, but lying in the path the nettles must often be passed through.

The foliage is so heavy that the scorching rays of the sun are excluded, and the ground remains damp and cool, and the soil being of a rich, sandy nature, swept over and enriched yearly by the vernal freshets, requires no manure where cleared for cultivation and is *par excellence* the feeding ground of the cock, being easy for them to bore, and furnishing an abundance of food. There is the towering button ball and leaning shady butternut with branches drooping to the ground, beneath which or close at hand it were almost an exception not to flush one or more birds.

These islands are usually bordered with a matted growth of dwarfish willows which serve to retard the attrition of the freshets, as where the willows whose roots intertwine are lacking these islands yearly decrease in area, and during my recollection of some fifteen years a number of them within a length of fifty miles on this river have wholly disappeared from the above causes.

In these willow borders, which are about fifteen yards in width, and through which it is necessary to force a passage at any season, and in which a clear space of a gun's length were hard to find, many a noble bird may be flushed before the quivering form of your dog—yes, and not unpardonably missed, too, but as he darts over the tops of the willows your companion on the outskirts may cleverly "wipe your eye" as the shot then usually is an easy one.

Perhaps 25 per cent. of the area of the islands is overgrown by a particular species of weed of a matured height of three feet whose name I have never heard. Towering above this are numerous button balls and alders in occasional spots, and among these weeds at certain times the heroes of my tale affect in fair numbers, affording the easiest of shooting as they clear the tops of weeds and present themselves to unobstructed view, affording no excuse for a miss.

As a medium the shooting as it is found, say September 15, in the cornfields affords the keenest, most enjoyable sport. The birds have about recovered from the effects of their moulting and the young and old birds are hardly distinguishable from each other.

By the way, speaking of the moulting of woodcock, the writer has never noticed a diminution of their numbers at that season from their accustomed ground during a period of five years, during which time he has made a number of trips in their quest each year; but he has noticed, however, an abnormal disposition on their part to skulk and hide under piles of dead brush and weeds from which they stubbornly refuse to flush for some time.

The corn-stalks are then well matured and tower rankly above the head. Your dog has reached the acme of his steadiness, being tempered by the previous month's sun and work. The sun is yet powerful and even more penetrating than in July or August, yet is toned down by the first whisperings of the fall breezes. Your dog systematically weaves back and forth through the waving grain, which is interspersed with barely enough weeds to cover the bird.

Suddenly your dog checks his speed into the most careful of gaits, and in a moment after, as you mechanically throw your gun into position, becomes rigid. Carefully passing ahead, or of necessity stepping directly over him, most likely a few yards to the right or left of where you expected, the bird flushes with a twittering whistle and a rustling as his wings strike the leaves, affording but a momentary glance as he barely raises the tops of the corn—nothing but the waving leaves to mark his flight. Quickly, yet not too quickly, but thoughtfully deliberate, bring your gun into line with the course he has marked out. If a straightaway shot, fire—yes, a score of times with barren returns if the man behind the gun be a novice—but to the graduate such shots will be successful in perhaps three-quarters of the chances offered. There is an unexplainable knack in it, either natural or acquired, and when the latter you fail to see the difference in your shooting, excepting that now you kill when before you missed. Should the bird cross on either hand, the most scientific points of your shooting education are called into play. Throw your line of sight to the rear of the bird, guided as before by the nodding leaves, and pass it forward until your "eye of faith" sees the point of his bill, and as you press the trigger and the charge showers the tassels of the corn, your companion on the opposite side of the field asks, "Did you get him?" and you answer that you don't know, feeling pretty sure that you did all the same, and adding a moment later, as your dog, knowing fully as well as yourself, rises in obedience to instructions and goes carefully forward lest another bird lie before him, and returns holding up to your hand the rufus beauty. "Yes, I did get him," at the same time smoothing out the ruffled plumage of the bird and caressing the equal partner of your sport or dividing your lunch evenly with him.

Of a goodly number of woodcock which fell to the writer last season perhaps fifty per cent. were killed fully a second after completely disappearing amid the foliage, although the writer makes no pretensions to being a crack shot or a really good one.

While disliking to hunt alone, yet it is much preferable to hunt in company with the dog only to consorting with one of those uncongenial spirits (they are not mythical beings, either) who invariably claims to have killed the bird when both fire together, or who ever betrays an obnoxious ambition to lead the score and is never barren of explanations as to the reason if he fails in so doing. Fully one-half of the sport consists in a genial companionship.

A team (two) of hunters are best adapted for this work if well matched in gentlemanly qualifications, especially between themselves, in which case there is hardly a sport comparable to it, and many such a day have I enjoyed, and I hope many are yet in store for me. It hardens the muscles, gives zest to the appetite, clears the brain after months of poring over monotonous journals and ledgers, and, well stuck to throughout a hot summer's day, converts straw, or even corn-husks with an occasional cob (within my experience), into downy feathers, and, if your sleep has been uncertain, returns at least a night of solid slumber for every day thus invested.

Reader, go thou in the proper season and do likewise.

BELL-MUZZLE.

HOUNDING VS. STILL HUNTING.

WE continue the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. There is no necessity of calling attention to the value of the data we are collecting and setting forth here. The views are those of experienced, well-informed observers. The particular points of the inquiry are as follows:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and its effects.
5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
8th. What is the open season for deer?
9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

DEER IN FLORIDA.

The communication from Mr. Hughes in your issue of February 24 is well put. I do not advocate deer driving as the sport par excellence, but why it should be condemned as illegitimate, I am unable to understand. Certainly the sport attendant is of the very finest. If there is anything more exciting, more thrilling than standing on a runway and listening to the far-away music of the hounds as they scent the game, then, with devious course or direct run, bring the bounding deer nearer and still nearer you, the music momentarily growing louder and more distinct, until the noble game bursts upon you, to be skillfully dropped or to turn and tantalizingly wave his flag in your face as he goes hence, if there is anything more enjoyable than this, some one else must hunt it up. And yet I never shot a deer from a runway, nor do I own dogs. I came very near getting a shot, or being shot, off my mule once when driving. I was aboard Sampson, a sixteen-hand game-and-gun-shy monstrosity of a mule, whose lively ears would show more game in field or forest than my eyes; and a companion afoot was in a strip of hammock bordering the river where the dogs had winded deer. I stopped Sampson, cocked my gun, and awaited developments. The mule's ears worked nervously and I gathered the reins. Presently a dog yelped, then a rifle cracked and Aleck sung out "Look out," and I heard the shrubs rattle and caught a glimpse of a buck as he rose and fell among the tall palmettoes, coming directly toward me, but that glimpse was all I got. Sampson whirled, and I pulled, not on the trigger, as I wished, but on the reins. I pulled, and he whirled, until the circus that ensued must have been a funny sight, and I lost all direction of the buck until I got the beast partially stopped, when the deer was a hundred yards away, going like the scared deer he was. I sent a load of buckshot after him, but they failed to find him, and Sampson indulged in some more lofty tumbling.

But, although I never killed a deer on a "stand," and but seldom indulge in the pleasure of a "drive," I can fully appreciate the sport that accompanies it. All the deer I have ever killed have been either shot still or fire hunting, both of which I very much enjoy; but if I were in a locality where still hunting were practicable, that method would be my favorite. When a sportsman takes the field, he goes first of all to get game, that is the primary object. He may and ought to combine other pleasures with it—sights and sounds of nature, tints of sky and foliage, beauty of bud and blossom, of shimmering stream and shady wood; but he goes to get game, else would he leave his Scott or old "pot-metal" at home, and enjoy these other things without impediments.

Now, what success, think you, he would have still-hunting in a Florida hammock, where saw and cabbage palmetto, inextricable confusion of vines, bushes and all the rank growth and tangle natural to such places exist, and where deer love to resort after their night rambles? A deer would hear a hunter long enough before he got anywhere near him to take a nap and think about it before he got up and off, and when he did the hunter would be none the wiser. Still-hunting would be folly in such places. In the neighborhood of such spots, from September to March, deer seek the open pine and black jack lands at night to feed on acorns and such herbs as they can find, so that they must either be driven with dogs or fire hunted if shot at all. The day finds them securely hidden in the hammock. A method of hunting which will answer in one locality will not work in another.

As to dogs running deer out of the country, I do not believe it. Deer become accustomed to dogs easily, and well understand how to double and outwind them. Two years since while still-hunting in the more open country south and west of here, I heard, one evening when returning to camp, the notes of a hound some distance away, and in a few moments three deer appeared on my left, running on a course at right angles to mine, and about a hundred yards in front. I stopped and watched the game in progress. The deer were in no hurry at all, but loping easily along, stopping now and then to feed a moment, and listening to the dog (which was a slow one) about a quarter of a mile in the rear. When he got where they thought he was close enough, they loped on easily, and after a while stopped again. They were having their own amusement with that dog, but they were nearing me, and when they were directly in front I dropped one with a single shot rifle, and the other two left there at once. The dog came up soon and shortly turned back, as it was nearly dark. A swift dog would have stirred the deer up in a more lively manner, but I doubt not they would have got away easily without greater alarm. Deer will not so readily leave their haunts.

If deer cannot be got except by hounding, and that is prohibited, what good are deer to men? As Mr. Hughes says, sportsmen will resort to such arts and implements, as experience and observation show, are most efficacious in securing game. So long as methods are lawful and seasonably used all are alike legitimate. If one method is unadvisable in certain localities it does not follow that it is in all, and should not be sweepingly condemned. S.

Twin Lakes, Fla.

THE ADIRONDACKS—"FLOATING."

I wish to indorse the views of "Adrian Ondack" as embodied in the article which appeared over his signature in your issue of March 10. The article is evidently the offspring of practical experience and honest convictions. Many incidents tending to prove the correctness of his views occur to me, but I will relate only two.

I was stalking deer in Oceana County, Mich., during the month of November, 1878. One morning I was cautiously "working up" the trail of two deer when a hound came in hearing, and a few minutes later a deer went crashing by about twenty rods from the place where I stood, followed in due course of time by the hound in full cry.

After listening until the voice of the dog was lost in the distance I threw off all caution, and pushed forward thinking that had the deer I was working on been anywhere near the clamor of the chase would certainly have stampeded them. However I had scarcely taken half a dozen steps when, with a snort and crash, they sprang from their beds not over eight rods from the trail on which the hound had gone past them. This circumstance would seem to show that deer care very little for the presence of hounds when they are not the objects of their pursuit.

During a fall hunt on the Cedar River, Hamilton County, N. Y., a party of which I was a member drove no less than seventy-five races from one mountain (Old Roundtop). There could not have been over a dozen deer on the mountain when we commenced operations and I think there were about that number on the mountain when we stopped exercising them. I also think that the deer we left were the same we first experimented with. Certain it is we failed to kill any before the hounds, and just as surely as we drove a deer from the mountain just as surely could we find a fresh track leading up the side of the mountain on the following morning. This circumstance would seem to show that when deer are driven from their chosen haunts by hounds they soon return to them again. It would also seem to show that "hounding" is not a very destructive method of hunting deer.

In point of destructiveness I think there is not much difference between these two methods, when both are practiced by experts in a locality alike favorable to both. Personally I can kill two deer stalking while I would be trying to kill one before the hounds, and as to sport, it affords me more pleasure to stalk one than to stand on a runway and shoot a dozen. The mere act of pulling the trigger and sending the charge into an animal as big as a jackass is of secondary importance to me. It is the sharp struggle between human muscle, skill and cunning and the keen senses and instincts of the animal that afford me my greatest pleasure.

I agree with "Adrian Ondack" in thinking our present deer

law pretty good. However, I would urge slight changes as to time of open season, and would utterly taboo "floating," were it not for that class of sportsmen who delight in it as furnishing the only chance for them to kill a deer. Perhaps if I suggest a substitute for that sort of sport I will be forgiven, if I do urge the suppression of floating.

My advice, then, to the sportsman who desires the prominence which is achieved by killing a deer ahead of the "jack" is: Take the money with which you would pay your guides, hotel bills and other expenses, and with it buy a cow, tie her to a tree, then stand at the distance of twenty feet and shoot her. You will be entitled to fully as much credit for skill, be subjected to less discomfort, and secure more meat than you would should you kill a deer before the "jack." Should you desire to do something particularly brilliant, give the cow the run of the barn-yard when you open your battery upon her. Killed at the first fire, under these conditions, the exploit will win more fame for you than you can ever hope to secure by "floating" for deer.

I think if the open season were to commence Sept. 1 and close December 15 the change would be beneficial. When a deer weighing 200 pounds is killed four or five miles from any road or habitation of man, as is frequently the case, and is exposed to an August temperature somewhere up among the nineties, the chances are that by the time it is put upon ice it will be more suitable food for buzzards than human beings. Deer are in much better condition after than before September 1. The fawns are larger and better able to take care of themselves. No reasonable objection can be urged to changing the close of the open season from December 1 to December 15.

The deer are usually in good condition up to January 1. Snow is not usually deep enough to make crusting possible before January 1. Then, it would more nearly equalize the opportunity for stalking and coursing.

What I have written is written because I believe it to be true, and because I would insure to all an equal chance to enjoy sport in the way that pleases them best, consistent with efficient game protection. I like the idea of basing game laws upon the practical experience of sportsmen, rather than upon the selfish demands of a class. I am glad that we hear no more about renting shooting privileges and taxing guns.

However well such measures may work in other countries, I think they would work only mischief here. The average American is too intelligent, his love of equality and hatred of anything that smacks of class distinction too strong for such measures ever to become popular in this country.

Replying briefly to the questions you propound, I would say:

1st. I have hunted deer in several States, and find their habits practically unaffected by the "character of the country" they inhabit.

2d and 5th. Since it has been the fashion to "do the Adirondacks," viz.: for the last three or four years more deer have undoubtedly been killed or destroyed during the months of May, June and July, in that section, by the method commonly called "Floating" than by all other methods combined. It is practiced principally by "sportsmen" (?) from the city.

3d and 4th. "Hounding" and "still hunting" deer does not drive them permanently from their chosen haunts.

6th. In some sections they would. In the great majority of sections they would not.

7th. Such a law would be impracticable.

8th. Practically from about the 1st of May to the 1st of December in this State.

9th. "The winter habits of deer," like their habits at other seasons of the year, are governed by their instincts of self-preservation. To answer the questions fully and in detail would be to "write a book." The answers given above are based upon personal observation and reliable statements of guides and residents. JOS. W. SHURTER.

We have, awaiting publication, a farther communication on the subject from "Adrian Ondack."

DEER IN MASSACHUSETTS.

PLYMOUTH Woods in Eastern Massachusetts is some 70 miles in length by from 8 to 16 miles in width, extending from Plympton to Falmouth and beyond, and a rather barren hilly district of scrub oak and stunted pitch pine, with once in a while a cedar swamp or piece of lowland white pine, with many ponds and brooks.

All over the land is the blue huckleberry and the roxberry, which the deer are very fond of. There are yet quite a number of deer there, and a day's ride from Plymouth to Sandwich will reveal quite a number of tracks crossing the roads. Forty years ago deer were very abundant, and it was not an uncommon thing to see droves of from fifteen to twenty. I well recollect when my father used to fix up things in his corn and rye fields to frighten away the deer that would come and trample down and destroy his grain. Still-hunting was the only way generally allowed, and if hunters owned and used a hound in killing deer, the dog would soon be killed someway. Finally some of the wealthier or more prominent men in Kingston clubbed together and bought two or three deer-hounds, and there were two or three owned in Plymouth, and that winter there were not as many deer killed as when still-hunting was practiced; the deer were more often wounded, and the dogs would sometimes return bloody, having come up with and killed the deer, which could not afterward be found. The next year deer were scarcer, and when routed would seem to bound away for Sandwich, and the dogs could not find their way back, being often lost or stolen. Deer soon became so scarce in the northern end of the woods that the Kingston party, uniting with the Plymouth hunters, would not start a deer in an all day's hunt. Finally deer hunting was given up for a few winters at the north end, and the hunters, by hounding them at the more southern part of the woods, drove them north again, and they were quite plenty, but on hunting them again with hounds we drove them all off south, and for ten years past but one or two deer have been seen in all the woods north of Plymouth, with one exception. A large buck's track was seen at the old guide board crossing, and I was one of the party that went for him. We started him in Watson's Valley, and he struck out straight for Falmouth, and the dog was soon out of hearing, and we have never seen him since. The deer now seem to abound most in the more quiet wilderness in the neighborhood of Great Herring Pond, some fifteen miles below Plymouth, although their better feeding-ground is at the northern end of Plymouth Woods. From my experience in both still-hunting and hunting with dogs, more deer are wounded and lost and driven away from their feeding-grounds by hunting with dogs. More deer when shot and wounded are secured by still-hunting, and they do not seem to be so disturbed nor frightened away.—G. F. W.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

CONSTITUTION.

Article I—Name.

This Association shall be known as "The Middlesex County Association for the Protection of Fish and game."

Article II—Object.

The object of this Association is to insure a rigorous enforcement of the game laws of this State throughout Middlesex County, and to promote the increase of game of all kinds, including fish, wild birds and animals.

Article III—Officers.

The Officers of this Association shall consist of a President, and four Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, a Counsel and an Executive Committee, consisting of the above-named officers and five active members of the Association, whose duties shall be such as the by-laws prescribe, all of whom shall be elected annually by ballot at the yearly meeting in January.

Article IV—Members.

Any resident of this County over eighteen years of age, and of good character, shall be eligible to membership in this Association.

Article V—Quorum.

At any meeting of this Association seven members shall constitute a quorum, and a majority vote shall be necessary to the election of any officer, or the transaction of any business.

Article VI—Amendment to Constitution and By-Laws.

The By-Laws shall be of equal binding force with the Constitution, and no alterations or amendments shall be made in either, unless proposed in writing at a preceding meeting and adopted by the concurrent votes of two-thirds of those present.

BY-LAWS.

No. 1—Executive Committee.

The general management of the business of the Association shall be intrusted to the Executive Committee.

No. 2—Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Association shall be held the third Wednesday in January of each year, at such hour and place as the Executive Committee may direct. If by any cause such meeting shall fail to be held on such date, it shall be held the corresponding day of the following week.

No. 3.—Duties of Officers.

Section 1.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings; to see the rules and regulations strictly enforced; to give the casting vote whenever there is a tie, and perform such other duties as usually appertain to the President of an Association.

Sec. 2—The Vice President shall assist the President when necessary, and in his absence perform all the duties and be invested with all the powers of President.

Sec. 3.—In the absence of the President or Vice Presidents from any meeting of the Association; any member present may be elected to preside, but shall have no power for any other purpose.

Sec. 4.—The Secretary shall keep an accurate record of the proceedings of the Association, issue all notices required, and keep the records and papers of the Association.

Sec. 5.—The Treasurer shall receive all the moneys of the Association, and see that all fees, charges and subscriptions are regularly collected; keep an account of all moneys received and expended, subject to the investigation of the Executive Committee. He shall at each meeting of the Association present a list of all delinquent members, and at each annual meeting shall furnish an account of all the moneys received and dispersed during the year.

Sec. 6—It shall be the duty of the Counsel to attend to all legal affairs of the Association; to bring suit immediately on information of any infraction of the game law; to report all suits, instituted or pending, at each regular meeting of the Association; and to deliver to the Treasurer, as fast as received, all penalties collected for such non-observance of the game law, after deducting his expenses.

No. 4—Executive Committee.

Section 1.—The Executive Committee shall make all purchases authorized by the Association, have a general supervision and jurisdiction over the internal concerns and regulations of the Association, and assist the Counsel, when required by him, to prosecute any infraction of the game laws. They shall audit the accounts of the Treasurer; they shall serve as a Court of Appeal, by whom all questions shall be decided as to the true meaning of any part of the Constitution and By-Laws, and their decision shall be final; and they shall have power to suspend any officer, whose conduct shall have been prejudicial to the welfare of the Association, until the next regular meeting.

Sec. 2.—The Executive Committee shall have full power to fill any vacancy which may occur from death, resignation or otherwise, among its officers, and any appointment so made by them, shall be valid until the next annual election. It shall also prescribe such rules regulating the affairs and conduct of the Association as, in their judgment, may from time to time be necessary; provided, they do not conflict with the Constitution and By-Laws.

No. 5.—Dues.

The annual dues of active members shall be two dollars ($2.00), payable at the annual meeting in advance.

No. 6.—Proposals and Election of Members.

Section 1.—Propositions for membership may be made at any meeting of the Executive Committee, if, on a two-third vote of the members present, it be accepted, the candidate may become a member; but no person shall be considered a member until he has subscribed to the Constitution and By-Laws and paid the dues of the current year.

Sec. 2.—Every gentleman, by becoming a member of this Association, shall be considered as having pledged his honor to promote and carry out the objects of the Association; and whenever a member shall have knowledge of any violation of the game laws by killing game or fish, or having the same in possession during prohibited seasons, it shall be the duty of such member to communicate the facts immediately to the Counsel of the Association, whose duty it shall be to enforce the penalties of the law, in such case made and provided.

No. 7.—Forfeiture of Membership.

In case a member shall neglect to pay his dues for a period of six months after notice given, he shall, *ipso facto*, cease to be a member of the Association, and shall forfeit all right or claim to the property of the Association. The names of such delinquents shall be striken from the list of members, on motion, at a regular meeting, and the Secretary shall notify him or them of the fact; but such member may be reinstated, within twelve months from the period of forfeiture, by the unanimous vote of the Executive Committee, provided that all his arrears are paid,

No. 8.—Expulsion of Members.

Any member guilty of violation of the game laws of this State, or having knowledge of any violation of the same by any person, and failing to report to the proper authority, may be expelled by a two-thirds vote of the Executive Committee; but any member so expelled shall have the right of appeal to the Association, which appeal shall be decided by a majority vote of the members present, at a meeting called for said purpose.

No. 9.—Matters Not Provided For.

All matters not particularly provided for in the Constitution and By-Laws shall be controlled by the Executive Committee, until specially passed upon by the Association at a regular meeting.

No. 10.—Special Meetings.

Special Meetings may be called by the President and Secretary on three days' notice, and it shall be their duty to call a meeting on the written request of three members.

CHARTER.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, ss.: *Office of Secretary of State.*

General Assembly, January Session, A. D. 1878. (Senate Joint Resolution No. 31). 128. Incorporating a Game Club in Middlesex County.

Resolved by the Assembly:

Section 1.—That Joseph W. Alsop, Jr., Silas A. Robinson, Samuel Russell, O. Vincent Coffin, C. W. Harris, J. C. Broatch, Robert N. Jackson, George A. Chaffee, Charles G. R. Vinal, A. Putnam, John R. Pitt, Jr., O. F. Grover and George M. Pratt, all of Middletown; George H. Comstock, of Center Brook; Isaac Arnold, of Haudam; Wm. Glover Buell, of East Hampton in Chatham; W. W. Coe, of Portland; Wm. Lyman, of Middlefield; H. R. Wooster, of Deep River; Charles S. Hough, of Essex, and George H. Davis, of Durham, and all such other persons as may be from time to time associated with them, together with their successors, be, and they hereby are, constituted a body corporate and politic, by the name of "The Middlesex County Association for the Protection of Fish and Game;" and by said name shall have perpetual succession, and be capable in law to purchase, lease, hold, possess and convey real and personal estate, and to receive any real and personal estate devised or bequeathed by any person or persons capable of making the same; *provided*, that the said corporation bill shall not at any time hold real estate exceeding in value the sum of ten thousand dollars. And said Corporation shall have power to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, in all courts and places whatsoever; may have a common seal, and may change and alter the same at pleasure; may elect such officers as they may find necessary and convenient, and make and carry into effect such by-laws as they may deem necessary, not repugnant to the laws of this State and the United States.

Sec. 2.—This Act may be altered, amended, or repealed at the pleasure of the General Assembly, and shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved, March 26, 1878.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, ss: *Office of Secretary of State.*

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of record in this office.

[L. S.] In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the Seal of said State, at Hartford, this 30th day of March A. D. 1878.

DWIGHT MORRIS, *Secretary of State.*

FORM OF LEASE.

Know all men by these presents, that.....of the Town of.....Middlesex County, State of Connecticut, for, and in consideration of One Dollar to each of us in hand paid by "The Middlesex County Association for the Preservation of Game and Fish," and an Honorary Membership to each of us in said Association with all the privileges of regular membership except that of voting, during the term of five years, or so long as we shall respectively continue this license, have let unto said Association for the term of five years from the.....day of.....18... the right to stock with game any and all lands and farms owned by us respectively, within said County, and all streams and ponds thereon with fish, together with the right to protect the same, and the sole right and privilege of hunting and fishing thereon and therein; said rights of hunting and fishing to be exercised by its individual members under such regulations and restrictions as the said Association may itself adopt.

It being understood and agreed that all damages done to our walls and fences by said members while in the exercise of the above granted privileges, shall be promptly repaired by them; and further, that upon six months notice, in writing, prior to the first of April in any year, either of us may revoke our share of this license, and the same privilege is reserved to the Association.

Signed with our hands and sealed with our seals this.....day of.....18

FORM OF PERMIT.

Middlesex County.

Association for the Protection of Game and Fish.

This Permit is not good unless endorsed with name of the holder and countersigned by the President or Secretary of the Association.

Not Transferable.

N.B.—Members are cautioned to keep this permit by them, as if they cannot show it when called for they will be liable to be turned off the lands of the Association.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD FOGY—No. 1.—I have shot wild geese and wild turkeys in the same corn-field on the Missouri, between the Osage and the Gasconade. I have shot deer in Pennsylvania and Missouri, duck and wild fowl in New Jersey, Ontario West and in Virginia; but old age will tell, and now I can only think about those things, for I am too old and have laid aside my gun, rod and tackle. I did have a son who, as they said here, could catch fish where there were none, but, alas! last summer he went to the "Happy Hunting Ground," and so I am left with only my recollections. They may amuse your numerous readers, and so I send them.

In the fall of 1868 we had a hard storm of wind and rain

My house fronts the west. One room in the second story was unoccupied, and as at that time there were no ladies in the house, it was not often entered. A pane of glass was out in one of the windows, and it was not put in because hawks often lit in the locust trees in the lawn. If a door was opened they took the alarm and flew off; so we shot them through the broken pane. One day, when the room had been long unentered, I went in for some purpose, and on the mantel I found sitting a dead bird. It had perfectly dried up sitting on its feet, and was, to my astonishment, a "Stormy Petrel." I can only suppose that in trying to cross from the bay (Chesapeake) to the seaside it accidentally in the storm flew into the room through the broken pane, lit on the mantel, died there of starvation, and in its attenuated condition dried up.—C. R. M.

ADIRONDACK VISITORS who intend to enter the woods by way of Ausable Forks will learn with satisfaction from our advertising columns that a new stage line will be started July 1, to run from that point to the Saranac Lakes. What has long been wanted by sportsmen going over this route is some one on the stages, who, during the long day it takes to reach the lakes, could inform them regarding localities, guides, equipments, etc. Now Chas. J. Greenough proposes to conduct a first-class mail line of Concord coaches, especially for sportsman going into the woods. He has been known for years as one of the most popular guides of that country; he knows every square foot of ground in the North Woods, and has, moreover, the faculty of making friends, hosts of whom, among them Mrs. R. B. Hayes and Mr. Wheeler, will be glad to hear of his fortunate prospects. We recommend our friends to go by way of the Greenough line of stages; they will find comforts not to be had on other lines, and from the proprietor they will receive square and fair treatment.

SMALL CALIBRE FOR GAME.—Westerly, R. I.—In reply to the query of T. J. S. in your issue of May 12, I will say I use a 22 Ballard rifle, 28 in. barrel, 8 lbs. weight. I consider weight and length of barrel matter of taste only, not having any effect on the shooting after a person gets used to the arm.

With the best of ammunition, (and no other should be used under any circumstances) no reasonable person can find any fault with the accuracy and penetration of this rifle at 100 yds. For the first 50 yds. the trajectory of balls of this calibre does not vary perceptibly from that of the large calibres, but above that distance the curve is more noticeable. I would like nothing better than to give T. J. S. ocular demonstration of the powers of this little weapon, which looks so harmless to the unfamiliar eye. I am sure he would buy one. For several reasons they are the best of any for squirel shooting; the cost of shooting is next to nothing; the report will not scare your game if you do not kill it; you can practice indoors, and when hunting you will not need to use quite as much care in shooting toward inhabited territory.—N. E. M.

HAWKS AND OWLS—Northumberland, Penn., May 13.—Many reports have been given me of the quail that have wintered over here. No doubt the large amount of corn that was left in the fields last fall rescued their lives, and they are heard now in the evenings as plenty as before. Last fall was the best quail season we have had for several years, and no doubt a great part of it is due to our club paying fifty dollars bounty on hawks last summer. I advise all clubs to look after the hawks, and the birds will increase more than anticipated.—J. H. E.

CANTON, *N. Y., May* 9.—George Muir, of this county, recently treed with a dog and shot a large panther a few miles from the head of Cranberry Lake; also got a wolf in a trap in the Big Inlet Swamp. George is a guide, but is somewhat out of health this season.—X.

CALIFORNIA—San Francisco, May 16.—I was shooting last night at Niles, Cal., and had the success to kill 6 (six) Jack snipe; they are coming in large flocks, and the prospects for the season are very good.—C. K. C.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Rock Hill, May 12.—The cold Winter did not kill out the partridges in this section, we have enough left for next season, even if these are never hatched this year.—F. H. L.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Some of the migratory quail released in Monroe County, this State, last season, are said to have returned.

—Deer at any price—venison.—*Lowell Courier.* On the contrary, it is generally sheep.—*Boston Post.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A NAMELESS NOBLEMAN is the initial volume of the Round Robin series of anonymous novels, publishing by James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, which is to contain works of American authors. The plot of the book shows some originality, but the story cannot be said to be particularly well told. The scene is laid partly in France and partly in America, and the story is said to be founded on the traditions of an old Massachusetts family. The second volume of the Round Robin series, A LESSON IN LOVE, is now in press. Price, $1 per volume.

ODE TO A HORSESHOE.

THOU relic of departed horse!
Thou harbinger of luck to man!
When things seem growing worse and worse,
How good to find thee in the van!

A hundred thousand miles, I ween,
You've traveled on the flying heel—
By country roads, where fields were green,
O'er pavements, with the rattling wheel.

Your toe-calk, in that elder day,
Was sharper than a serpent's tooth;
But now it's almost worn away;
The blacksmith should renew its youth

Bright is the side was next the ground,
And dark the side was next the hoof;
'Tis thus true metal's only found
Where hard knocks put it to the proof.

For aught I know you may have done
Your mile in two nineteen or twenty;
Or, on a dray-horse, never run,
But walked and walked and pulled a plenty.

At last your journeys all are o'er,
Whether of labor or of pleasure,
And there you hang above my door,
To bring me health and strength and treasure.
—*From the June St Nicholas.*

No one can be sick if the stomach, blood, liver and kidneys are well. Hop Bitters keeps them well.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MAY.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salmo fontinalis.*	White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	Rock Bass, *Amblopites.* (Two species).
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*	
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizolothium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.	War-mouth, *Chænobryttus gulosus.* Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.* Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*	Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*	Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*	
Scup or Porgie *Stenotomus argyrops.*	

FISHING ABOUT NEW YORK.—We are prepared to direct anglers to fishing resorts easily accessible from this city. This information will be given upon personal application to this office or to those who may inclose self-addressed envelope. The kind of fishing, the distance and the time to be spent should be stated.

The angler, I think, dreams of his favorite sport oftener than other men of theirs. There is a peculiar excitement in it, which perhaps arises from somewhat of the same causes which make the interest in searching for ancient treasures, opening Egyptian tombs, and digging into old ruins. One does not know what is under the surface. There may be something or there may be nothing. He tries, and the rush of something startles every nerve. Let no man laugh at a comparison of trout fishing with antiquarian researches. I know a man who has done a great deal of both, and who scarcely knows which is the most absorbing or most remunerating, for each enriches mind and body, each gratifies the most refined tastes, each becomes a passion unless the pursuer guard his enthusiasm and moderate his desires. It is nothing strange that men who throw their flies for trout should dream of it.—W. C. PRIME.

SOME FISHING CLUB RULES.

THE famous actor, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, once drew a set of by-laws for the rules and regulations of a fishing club. These, in the handwriting of Mr. Sheridan, are now in the possession of the Walton and Cotton Fishing Club, London, having been presented to it by W. Dunn, Esq., treasurer of the Drury-lane Theatre, who was also a member of the club. We give them for the humor contained, much of which is local and applies to persons long since dead, believing that there is enough to interest the angler of to-day, if he have humor, and if he have none, let him imitate the lively flea and skip it, for a man with no sense of humor is a poor companion at any time.

His "Rules and Regulations" were: That each male member of the party shall forthwith subscribe the sum of five pounds five shillings toward the general expenses, and that such subscriber do really pay the same into the hands of the treasurer.

Henry Scott, Esq., Captain of the Light Infantry of the South Hants, to be collector of the said subscriptions in the town department, the said captain having given a great proof of ability for that office, inasmuch as he has already collected five guineas from Gigas, alias Matthew Lee, Esq., and the society have the strongest hopes that he will give an equally unexpected proof of his integrity by paying over the said sum into the hands of the treasurer.

A journal is to be kept of the occurrences of each day, which, among other interesting matters, is to contain an account of the number of fish caught, their respective weights, by whom caught, etc., etc.

The said journal is, at a proper time, to be printed and published; and although the party are confident that the said journal will also be a record of wit, humor, pleasantry, and possibly even of deep observation, from the acknowledged and various talents of the said party, yet, disdaining all personal advantage, it is resolved, in humble imitation of the example set by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, that in case any copies of the said fresh-water log-book should be sold, the profits shall be solely applied to the benefit of the widows and orphans of deceased fishermen.

No drawing, painting, sketch or model of any trout shall be taken at the general expense, unless such fish shall have exceeded the weight of five pounds, and shall have been *bona fide* caught by one of the party, and not privately bought at Stockbridge.

Any member describing the strength, size, weight of any immense fish which he had skillfully hooked, dexterously played with and successfully brought to the bank, when by the clumsiness of the man with landing-net—only conceive how provoking—the said fish got off, shall forfeit half-a-guinea—and so, *toties quoties*, for every such narrative. To prevent unnecessary trouble, the said forfeits are to be collected by the Rev. I—— O——.

There shall be but one hot meal in the course of the day, and that shall be a supper at nine o'clock; cold meat and other refreshment in the tents, or at the water side, at two o'clock.

A committee is to be appointed to provide these repasts, and shall be called and entitled the Catering Committee, and their decision as to snack and supper shall be final.

Any member willing to send in any stores for the general benefit, at his own expense, shall be permitted so to do, and is entitled to be laughed at accordingly.

All fish, by whomsoever caught, are to be considered as general property; and if there are sufficient to send any as presents, the choice of the fish shall be determined by lot, always excepting such as shall be sent to the drawing-room, which are to be a tribute from the firm.

Any gentleman, falsely, shabbily and treacherously concealing the number of fish he had caught, and slily sending off any of the same as a present to ladies or others, shall forfeit, on detection, one guinea for each fish so purloined from the common stock, and be publicly reprimanded at supper for the same. Mrs. Sheridan is not to draw up the form of this reprimand.

Any person restless and fidgety, presuming to insinuate that sea-fishing is preferable to the tame and tranquil occupation of this party, and detected in endeavoring to inveigle elsewhere any of the liege and dutiful subjects of Izaak Walton, shall, on conviction, be sentenced to fourteen minutes abstinence from ale, beer, porter, wine, brandy, rum, gin, hollands, grog, shrubb, punch, toddy, swiperus, caulkers, pipe, cigars, quid, shag, pigtail, shortcut, varinas, canaster, pickater, and if such culprit shall appeal against the severity of the above sentence as a punishment disproportioned to the utmost excess of human delinquency, he shall be entitled to have a hearing, and Nat Ogle assigned to him as counsel.

The Rev. —— is not to chew the tobacco called pigtail after sunset, as he will then join the society of the ladies; nor for the same reason is Jos. Richardson, Esq., M.P., and author of the "Fugitives," to flick his snuff about during supper, even though he should have been competing with Nat Ogle.

If any of the party, deserting the rod shall assume the gun, it is recommended to them—as white-*wales* are not likely to be seen and black-whalers are unworthy their pursuit—to direct all their attention to green whalers, alias plovers, which will afford not merely good sport to the shooter but considerable aid to the larder.

A copy of these rules and regulations, fairly and legibly transcribed, is to be posted over the chimney of the eating-room of the society's house at Lickford, provided the panel on any side of the said room is of size to contain such paper. If not, authentic copies thereof shall be delivered to each member.

HUMAN AGENCIES AS AFFECTING THE FISH SUPPLY.*

IT may safely be said that wherever the white man plants his foot and the so-called civilization of a country is begun the inhabitants of the air, the land and the water begin to disappear. The bird seeks a new abiding place under the changed conditions of the old, but the return of the season brings him again within the dangerous influence, until taught by several years of experience that his only safety is in a new home. The quadruped is less fortunate in this respect, environed as he is by more or less impassable restrictions, such as lofty mountains, deep rivers and lakes and abrupt precipices, and sooner or later reaches the point of comparative extinction, or reduction to such limited numbers as not to invoke any continuance of special attack.

The fish, overwhelmingly numerous at first, begin to feel the fatal influence in even less time than the classes already mentioned, especially such species as belong to the fresh waters and have a comparatively limited range.

The cause of this rapid deterioration is not to be found in a natural and reasonable destruction for purposes of food, of material for clothing or other needs. The savage tribes, although more dependent for support upon the animals of the field and forest than the white man, will continue for centuries in their neighborhood without seriously diminishing their numbers. It is only as the result of wanton destruction for purposes of sport or for the acquisition of some limited portion only of the animal that a notable reduction is produced and the ultimate tendency to extinction initiated.

Of the abundance of animal life in North America, in the primitive days of its occupation by the European immigrant, we have an ample history in the accounts of the earlier travelers. Buffaloes in enormous hordes reached almost to the Atlantic coast, wherever extensive plains existed. The antelopes rivaled in numbers those of Central and South Africa. The deer of various species were distributed over the entire continent from the Arctic regions southward, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The moose existed far south of its present limit. The elk was a familiar inhabitant of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Wild fowls, such as ducks, geese, swans, etc., of many species, were found during the winter in countless myriads in the Chesapeake and other Southern bays and sounds.

Now what remains of this multitude? The buffalo has long since disappeared from the vicinity of the Mississippi River, the deer is nearly exterminated in many localities, though still holding its own under favorable circumstances, and the antelope is restricted to limited areas. The wild fowl, congregated at one time in bodies miles in extent, are now scarcely to be seen, although still proportionably more abundant in the winter season on the coast of California and toward the mouth of the Rio Grande in Texas than anywhere else.

Perhaps a still more striking illustration is seen in the fishes. It is still within the recollection of many old people (showing how plentiful the fish must have been) that the apprentice and pauper, in the vicinity of the Connecticut River, protested against eating salmon more than twice a week. This noble fish abounded in all the waters of New England as far west as the Connecticut, and even to the Housatonic, though we have no evidence that they ever occurred in the Hudson River or farther to the south. The shad was found in every stream of the coast from Georgia to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, although still ascending most of these waters during the spring, has been sadly reduced in abundance. Within even fifty years no waters of the same extent in the world could show such numbers of shad and herring as the Potomac River below the Great Falls. Martin's *Gazetteer* of Virginia, published, in 1834, at Alexandria, states that the preceding year twenty-five and a half millions of shad were taken by the various Potomac fisheries, as well as seven hundred and fifty millions of fresh water herring. This, by a moderate estimate, would amount to six hundred million pounds of fish secured in six weeks in this single system of waters. This *Gazetteer* also states that during the same year nearly one million barrels of fish were packed on the Potomac, requiring as many bushels of salt. These were consumed in the United States or shipped to the West Indies and elsewhere. What is the condition of things at the present time? In 1866 the catch of shad on the Potomac had dwindled to 1,326,000, in 1878 to 224,000, the latter not 1 per cent. of the yield of 1833. The catch of herring in 1833, estimated, as stated at 750,000,000, had been reduced in 1866 to 21,000,000, in 1876 to 13,000,000, and in 1878 to 5,000,000; again less than 1 per cent. of the yield of the first mentioned period.

A similar reduction has taken place in the abundance of the striped bass or rockfish, a species inferior to none in its excellence and economical value for food. John Josclyn, gent., in 1660 says that three thousand bass were taken at one haul of the net in New England. Thomas Morton, in 1632, says of the Merrimac, that he has seen stopped in the river at one time as many fish as would load a ship of a hundred tons, and that at the going out of the tide the river was sometimes so full of them that it seemed as if one might go over on their backs dryshod.

Mr. Higginson, in 1630, says that the nets usually took more bass than they were able to land. Even so recently as 1846, one hundred and forty-eight tons are said to have been taken on Martha's Vineyard at two hauls of the seine. Per

*From Report of U. S. Fish Commissioner Baird for 1878.

contra, the catch in the Potomac in 1866 amounted to 316,000 pounds; in 1876, to 100,000; in 1878, to 50,000.

Many more instances of the enormous abundance of the anadromous fishes (marine species running up from the ocean into fresh waters for the purpose of spawning) in different parts of the country in former times could easily be adduced. Similar illustrations of the former abundance of fishes exclusively inhabitants of the salt water can be brought forward to any extent. In the early days of the Republic the entire Atlantic shore of the United States abounded in fish of all kinds. Where cod, mackerel and other species are now found in moderate quantities they occurred in incredible masses.

The halibut, one of the best of our fishes, was so common along the New England coast as not to be considered worthy of capture, and was considered a positive nuisance when taken. It is only within a few years that our people have come to learn their excellence and value, but they have already disappeared almost entirely from the inshores of New England, and have even gradually become exterminated in nearly all waters of less than five hundred feet in depth.

The inquiry now arises as to the causes of the terrible depletion of the inhabitants of the water, and one so detrimental to human interests. The question relates in part to an actual extermination, and in part to a disappearance from accessible fishing grounds. The practical result to the fishing interest is about the same in either case.

It is quite safe to assume that most species of the ocean fishes, in their abundance and ability to escape the pursuit of man, are less amenable to destructive influences than those of the interior waters, the halibut being perhaps one of the few exceptions of a species that may be considered actually exterminated over a certain area. That the supply of nearly all other kinds in the inshore fisheries of America everywhere has diminished in enormous ratio is unquestioned. What were and are the causes, and what the remedy?

One most plausible solution of the problem is to be found in the very close relationships between the so-called anadromous fishes and those permanently resident in the ocean. The anadromous species are represented by the salmon, the shad, the fresh water herring or alewife, and some other kinds, which, although spending the greater part of their life in the ocean, periodically enter the fresh waters, in greater or less numbers, and ascend as high as they can for the purpose of finding suitable places wherein to deposit their spawn. This done, the parent fish soon returns, leaving the young to follow. The young shad or herring remain in the river three or four months and then go down to the ocean. The salmon is more persistent, the young remaining from one to two years, after which they too descend to the sea, and, like the shad and herring, for the most part there attain their entire growth. It is not thought that either the parent fish or the young go to any great distance from the mouths of the rivers, and it is believed that the fish born in one stream never think of entering any other than that in which they first made their appearance.

Bearing in mind the countless myriads of these fishes formerly entering our rivers—the shad and herring along the entire coast of the United States to the Bay of Fundy, the salmon from the Connecticut eastward—and noting the extent to which they are preyed upon by the more rapacious inhabitants of the sea, we may understand why such multitudes of the larger fish formerly approached the shores in pursuit until deterred by the increasing shoalness or freshness of the water. Even then, however, they would remain near the shore, lying in wait for the parents and their young returning in such vast quantities during the later months of the year. In all probability these constituted a chief inducement to the movement of the predacious fish to the coast in such numbers during the spring and summer. In autumn and winter the sea-herring and the fish of the cod family visit the shores for quite another purpose, namely, to deposit their eggs. But from whatever motive, the fact remains that years ago throughout the twelve months an ample supply of the finest fishes was within the reach of every one, so that a fisherman with a small hand-line and an open boat was able to support his family without any difficulty.

Now, with the continued reduction in abundance of the salmon, shad, and fresh water herring, the summer fisheries have dwindled and nearly disappeared, leaving only those of winter with its inclement weather to furnish occupation to the fisherman, and compelling him in the most dangerous season of the year to betake himself to the Georges, La Have, Quereau and other banks, especially to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, to prosecute his work in expensive vessels, and exposed to perils and privations of a terrible character.

Assuming, then, that the chief agency in the decrease of the ocean shore fisheries has been the reduction in the number of the anadromous fish, *i. e.*, those passing up from the ocean into the fresh waters to spawn, let us inquire into the causes of the diminution of the latter. They certainly were very plentiful in the early days of European colonization in America, but at that period all the rivers were open to the sea, without dams or other artificial obstructions. Few or no sawmills cast into them sawdust and other refuse; no gas works polluted them with coal-tar, creosote, etc., and paper mills, factories, etc., running off poisonous compounds, were unknown. The fishing apparatus was confined to lines and nets of no great extent, not sufficient to barricade the streams and impede the upward movement of the fish.

After the settlement of the country began, these possible dangers came to have an actual existence. It is probably to the erection of dams, however, that the first great diminution was due. The salmon, the shad and the herring proceeding from the ocean to the headwaters of their native stream, were met by an impassable barrier, which they were unable to surmount, cutting them off from their favorite spawning ground, and, indeed, in many cases, from the only localities where the operations of reproduction could be properly performed. They wore themselves out in fruitless attempts to overcome these obstructions, and were compelled finally to return to the ocean without depositing, or, at least, utilizing their spawn. A second year, a third, and even a fourth would probably make but little difference in the number making the attempt to ascend, this being due to the fact that four years is the average period from birth at which most fish are mature and able to exercise the reproductive act. By the end of the fourth year, the last crop of young fish hatched in the upper waters of the river will have made its appearance as mature males and females. After this the diminution takes place with increasing rapidity, until five or six years afterward the fish are found to have disappeared entirely from the stream. So much for the dams. As for the other causes, sawdust and other refuse matter get into the gills of fish and produce irritation and subsequent death. Coal-tar efuse is known to be a very great detriment to the healthful condition of water so far as fish are concerned, and it is probable that a part at least of the decrease of shad and herring in the Potomac is due to the discharge from the gas works of Washington and Alexandria.

The rapid increase in the size and number of the nets, whether pounds, seines, drift or gill nets, that has manifested itself within the last twenty years has doubtless had a similar effect with the dams in producing a decrease. The fish are harassed and worried by them, and hindered in an equal degree from reaching their spawning ground, and thus another drain on the supply is added to the many already in operation.

What, now, are the remedies to be applied to recover from this lamentable condition of the American fisheries (a condition which, we may remark, has existed in all countries of Europe, but which in some of them has already been greatly lessened by the proper measures)? These are twofold. One consists in the enactment and enforcement of legislation protecting what we have, and allowing natural agencies to play their part in the recovery; the other consists in the application of the art of artificial propagation of the fish. Either, alone, in some circumstances, will answer a very good purpose. The two combined constitute an alliance which places at our command the means of recovering our lost ground to a degree which, but for the experience of the last ten years, would hardly be credible.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

WE print the list of prizes, as arranged by the Prize Committee of the New York State Sportsmen's Association at the coming tournament. The list is larger than ever before, and of greater value. We think that the arrangement will give perfect satisfaction to all, the amateurs having a class by themselves which should bring out new fly-casters.

This has been a change long needed, as heretofore the amateurs have had to cast against acknowledged champions, if they cast at all, and this is a point for which Mr. Mather, the director of fly-casting this year, has labored. Some proposed changes in the rules will be given in our next issue.

Salmon Fly-Casting. Entrance, $5.

Thursday, June 23, 1881, at 10 A. M.

First Prize.—One split bamboo salmon rod, 18 feet in length, in three pieces with two tips in grooved case, and sack. Especially constructed for this contest, and donated by B. F. Nichols & Co., 36 Beach st., Boston. Value, $50

Second Prize.—One split bamboo fly rod, reel and line, donated by Peck & Snyder, 124 Nassau st., N. Y. Value, $25.

Third Prize.—Five dollars, gold.

Fourth Prize.—One year's subscription FOREST AND STREAM, donated by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., through Fred. Mather.

Striped Bass Casting, Cuttyhunk Style. Entrance, $5.

Thursday, June 23, 1881, at 11 A. M.

First Prize.—One split bamboo striped-bass rod, with steel pivot, rubber and German silver reel filled with a 21 thread linen line. Rod silver mounted and in fine case. Donated by J. F. Masters, 55 Court st., Brooklyn. Value, $75.

Second Prize.—Automatic reel with hard rubber discs, gold mounted and appropriately inscribed and decorated. Donated by Loomis & Plumb, Syracuse, N. Y. Value $50.

Third Prize.—Five dollars gold.

Fourth Prize.—One year's subscription FOREST AND STREM, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., through Fred. Mather.

Trout or Black Bass Fly-Casting. Entrance $5.

Thursday June 23, 1881, at 2 P. M.

Class A open to all members of the Association.

First Prize—Fishing tackle to be selected by the winner, of the value of $50. Donated by Chas. F. Imbrie, of Abbey & Imbrie, 48 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Second Prize—One greenheart fly rod with click reel and waterproof line. Donated by J. B. Crook & Co., 50 Fulton st. N. Y. Value $35.

Third Prize—One split bamboo fly rod German silver mounted, cane wound butt, two tips, with bamboo tip case, rubber click reel and fly line. Donated by Wm. M. Cornwall, 81 Warren st., N. Y. Value $25.

Fourth Prize—Five dollars in gold.

Fifth Prize—One year's subscription FOREST AND STREAM, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., by Fred. Mather.

Class B.—Open to all members of the Association, excepting those who have won a first prize at this or a previous convention in a casting contest open to all.

First Prize—Two rods, (trout and bass), all lancewood and silver mountings. Each rod consits of one butt two second joints of different weights and three tips with extra bamboo tip case. All in handsome black walnut case lined with velvet and bound with four bands of silver. Specially made for this occasion and donated by Fred. B. Divine, 76 State st., Utica, N. Y. Value $50.

Second Prize—One split bamboo fly rod with click reel and Holberton's full length fly book with improved Hyde clips, Russia leather cover. Donated by Conroy, Bissett & Malleson, 65 Fulton st., N. Y. Value $40.

Third Prize—One pair MacKintosh wading pants with boots. One Hallock hunting coat, donated by Goodyear's Rubber Manufacturing Co., 488, 490 & 492 Broadway, N. Y. Value $40.

Fourth Prize—Five dollars gold.

Fifth Prize—One year's subscription FOREST AND STREAM, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., through Fred. Mather.

Class C open to all members of the association who have not won any prize at this or a previous convention.

First Prize.—One Leonard split bamboo Catskill fly rod, gold mounted, with Mills & Son's best rubber click reel, filled with their "Standard" enamelled water-proof fly-line. Donated by William Mills & Son, 7 Warren st., N.Y. Value $60.

Second Prize.—One trunk rod, with reel and line complete. Rod silver mounted and in fine case. Donated by J. F. Masters, 55 Court st., Brooklyn. Value $25.

Third Prize.—One Henshall black-bass rod, with extra second joint and two tips. Donated by S. W. Goodridge Grafton, Windham Co., Vermont. Value $15.

Fourth Prize.—One elegantly bound copy of Dore's "Ancient Mariner." Donated by Harper Bros, Franklin sq., N. Y. Value $10.

Fifth Prize.—One expensively bound copy of "Pastoral Days" (W. H. Gibson). Donated by Harper Bros. Value $10.

Sixth Prize.—One oil painting, "Quail Seeking Refuge from Stress of Weather." Donated by Henry W. Abbott, 11 Commonwealth ave., Boston.

Seventh Prize.—One hundred cigars. Donated by F. W. Mertens & Son, 175 South st., N.Y. Value $10.

Eighth Prize.—Five dollars gold.

Ninth Prize.—One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, by the FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Co., through Fred Mather.

N.B.—No more than one prize can be awarded in any class or contest to the same contestant. If the prizes should outnumber the competitors, the awards in each class will be made in the order of merit, and the surplus prizes revert to the Long Island Sportsmen's Association.

WESTERN FISHES.

WE have received advance sheets of the "Proceedings of the United States National Museum, 1881." It contains a check list of duplicates of fishes from the Pacific coast of North America, distributed by the Smithsonian Institution in behalf of the United States National Museum, prepared by David S. Jordan and Pierre L. Jouy. The list contains 62 families, 157 genera and 245 species.

Mr. Jouy describes a new species of cyprinoid, *Squalius aliciæ*, from Utah Lake, which is closely related to the *Tigoma intermedia* of Girard. Rosa Smith describes a new Gobioid fish, *Othonops eos*, from San Diego, California. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean describes *Uranidea marginata*; *Potamocottus bendirei* and *Myctophum crenulare*. The two first were received from our correspondent, Capt. Charles Bendire, U. S. A., and one of them has been named after him.

Under the heading of "Notes on the Fishes of the Pacific Coast of the United States," Prof. David S. Jordan and Charles H. Gilbert give a list of the species known to occur along our Pacific coast, between the Mexican boundary and British Columbia, together with notes on the distribution, habits, size, value, etc., of each species, in advance of the publication of a general descriptive work. The common names in use by the fishermen are also given. We will refer to these notes again and give some extracts from them.

BASS, RED-SNAPPERS AND TARPOM.

A CORRESPONDENT of your paper, writing from Putnam Co., Florida, describes with spirit his experiences in fishing for red-snappers and bass on that coast, together with a tarpom adventure, in which he, like most anglers who have encountered the fish, came by the worst. He appears to have used the rude method of fishing commonly practiced on that coast—the heavy hand-line and hook which is necessary in dealing with red-snappers in fifteen fathom water, but not so with the shoal water fish, like red bass, sea trout, mangrove snappers, cavalli or ladyfish, all of which may be taken on that coast with rod and reel, affording the finest of sport. In that way we take at Mosquito and Indian River inlets bass up to thirty-five or forty pounds. As to the tarpom, called by naturalists *Megalops Atlanticus*, it is a fish of such immense strength and swiftness, as well as size, that it can seldom be taken with rod and line, either in its furious leaps tearing itself loose—its mouth being tender, like the herring family, to which the tarpom belongs—or parting the line, or breaking the hook. It enters the inlets in April in schools, pursuing the mullet, and may often be seen leaping five or six feet from the water like an immense salmon, which it resembles in silvery brightness and activity. It is sometimes taken with the "grains," a strong line and buoy being attached, which controls the rushes of the fish.

I myself have twice hooked a tarpom while fishing for bass with rod and reel, but my line was all taken from the reel at the first rush, and parted without in the least checking the fish, which went off seaward in great leaps.

I am told that the great feat of killing this fish on a rod was performed last winter at Indian River Inlet by a veteran angler of Philadelphia. The time expended in the contest I did not learn, but the weight of the tarpom was said to be 140 pounds—about double the weight of the heaviest salmon ever killed on a rod. With rod and reel of the strongest, and three hundred yards of 15 thread linen line, strong muscles and skill in using them, and good luck—it is therefore possible to kill the tarpom on a rod. The fishermen tell me that no common net will hold this fish, which has sharp labial bones which cut their way through the meshes; also, that it is a rich and well flavored fish on the table.

S. C. C.

Halifax Inlet, Florida, May 3, 1881.

TROUT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

MOIRA, FRANKLIN CO., N. Y., May 17.

TROUT fishing in this part of the Adirondack region is now at its best. The late warm weather cleared out all the ice and snow, and during the past week many fine lots of trout were caught in the St. Regis and Salmon rivers and also in Meacham and Ragged lakes and many of the ponds. Many salmon trout were caught at Meacham Lake the past week, one weighing fifteen pounds. From now until the middle of June or the first of July is, in my opinion, the best part of the season for trout fishing.

If any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM would like to get a fine specimen of the crane for mounting they can do so by coming here. In a large piece of woods three miles north of here there are hundreds of them now nesting. Every dead tree has from one to five nests in it. They choose the dead trees, of which the woods are mostly composed. This is the third season they have nested in that vicinity. Many boys and men go there to shoot them for the sport. It seems hardly right to shoot them, but residents near claim they have caught all the fish out of the large brook that runs through the woods they are nesting in. Two young men last Saturday afternoon shot a dozen with rifles in a short time.

A. C.

TAKING SWALLOWS WITH THE FLY.—The Rochester *Union* tells us that Mr. John Harris, the Arcade confectioner, laid aside the cares of business Tuesday, and made a visit to Caledonia Creek, trout fishing. The day was cold and unfavorable for taking trout, but he managed to put a few good ones in his creel. If he had not caught a fish at all, the experience he had would have been ample compensation. He was using the very small fly essential to success on the creek, and an unusual number of swallows were skimming over the water, and when Harris began to whip the stream the birds commenced to dart at the flies. There was no way of preventing them taking the flies, and before he stopped fishing he caught three of the birds on his hooks. Very light tackle

was employed, and when a bird took the fly it would sail off in the air and afford a novel experience to the angler. They were all released uninjured, and soon after their liberation joined the flock and began their gyrations as if nothing had happened.

A NEW GAME FISH.—The San Francisco *Call* records the taking of "*Stingarees*," *Anglice* sting rays, *Trygon centrura*, for sport. This might be done on the Atlantic coast as well. It says: "Excellent sport may be had in Richardson's Bay, near the whistling post, at Sausalito. Those who have repaired to this place for the love of sport report that stingarees are numerous, and that the fish affords excellent diversion. The requirements for success are a stout line, and care must be taken to have the hooks properly affixed to wire, and the angler must further provide himself with a gaff-hook, which is strongly tied to a short pole, with which the fish is landed. The water at this place is shallow, and the stingarees vary in weight from five to forty pounds. They are very powerful, take the hook freely, and are exceedingly game, and at times cause the line to whizz through the reel. Only a small portion of the fish—the fins—are good eating."

MINNESOTA BASS FISHING—Pillsbury, Minn., May 7.—Magnificent black bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel fishing here now. For the above species of fish I believe this to be the best locality in the United States.—J. FRANK LOOKE.

Fish Culture.

[Continued from page 311.]

EPOCHS IN THE HISTORY OF FISH CULTURE.*

BY PROF. G. BROWN GOODE.

XX. 1853—*Beginnings of Fish Culture in the United States.*—In 1853, Dr. Theodatus Garlick and Prof. H. A. Ackley, of Cleveland, O., succeeded in artificially propagating the brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*). This may be considered as the beginning of fish culture in America, though there is some reason in the claim of Rev. Dr. Bachman, of Charleston, S. C., who has published an account of experiments successfully carried out, in 1804, upon the corporal (*Semotilus corporalis*) and the trout. Bachman's experiments bear much the same relation to the history of American fish culture that those of Dom Pinchon bear to those of France. Dr. Bachman's results were published in 1855, those of Dr. Garlick in 1857. [MILNER: Rep. U. S. F. C., Part II., p. 533. GARLICK, Ohio Farmer, 1857].

In Mr. Milner's excellent paper on "The Progress of Fish Culture in the United States" may be found accounts of the experiments of other pioneers, Kellog & Chapman in 1855, Muller & Brown in 1857, Ainsworth in 1859 and Seth Green in 1864. The experiments of Captain N. E. Atwood in 1856 are also deserving of prominent mention [Report Mass. Commissioners, 1856].

In 1854 was published, in New York, by the Appletons, a treatise on Artificial Fish Breeding. This, in connection with the publication of the results of Garlick and Ackley's work in 1857, and the report of the Massachusetts Commission in the same year, to which was appended a translation of the essay of Jules Haimer, had a most important influence on the development of public interest in fish culture. The writings of Coste, too, were in the hands of many Americans.

XXII. 1854—*Beginnings of Fish Culture in Belgium.*—In February, 1854, a fish-breeding establishment was organized by the Belgian Government, De Clerg, an engineer, having been sent, in November, 1853, to France to investigate the subject of fish culture therein. [MOLIN: op. cit., p. 8.]

XXII. 1854—*Beginnings of Fish Culture in Holland.*—In 1854, the King of Holland established a fishery commission, and set up a hatching apparatus in his palaces at Bois and Wiss. [MOLIN: op. cit., p. 8.]

In 1860, a fisheultural establishment was founded in the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam, which was successful in the culture of salmon. [DE BONT: La Culture du saumon et de ses congeneres et la Pisiculture au Jardin Zoologique d'Amsterdam—Amsterdam, 1872. BOUCHON-BRANDELET: op. cit., p. 215.]

XXIII. 1854—*Beginnings of Fish Culture in Russia.*—In 1854, V. P. Vrasski, after studying the French literature of fish culture, made experiments on the eggs of the eel, pout and the trout, and after independently discovering the process of dry impregnation, in 1860, established an extensive breeding station at Nickolsky, in the province of Novgorod, which was afterward extensively subsidized by the Russian Government. [SOUDAKEVICZ: Report of U. S. Fish Commission, Part II., 1853, p. 604.]

A large government establishment was founded in the province of Suwalki, in 1860, breeding trout, salmon, and several species of whitefish. [IBID, p. 512.]

XXIV. 1856—*Beginnings of Public Fish Culture in the United States. Massachusetts Fish Commission.*—May 16, 1856, the General Court of Massachusetts appointed three commissioners "to ascertain and report to the next General Court such facts respecting the artificial propagation of fish as may tend to show the practicability and expediency of introducing the same into the Commonwealth, under the protection of law." Capt. N. E. Atwood, one of the commissioners, experimented with the trout and succeeded in fecundating, though not in hatching, their eggs. He also made observations upon the breeding of mackerel, having in contemplation their artificial propagation. The committee published a report giving a resume of past progress in fish culture, and a translation of Jules Haime's famous essay in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Public opinion was not, at this time, quite ripe for the substantial encouragement of fish culture, and it was not until 1865 that Massachusetts established its fish commission upon the present basis. [Report of Commissioners appointed under resolve of 1856, etc. 1857, p. 64.]

XXV. 1856—*Discovery of the Russian Method of Dry Impregnation.*—Mr. V. P. Vrasski, a Russian fish culturist, discovered, in 1856, the dry method of impregnation, not publishing his results, however, until 1871. The same or a similar method was described by Carl Vogt as early as 1857. [MILNER: op. cit., p. 540.]

XXVI. 1857—*Early action of the States of Vermont and New Hampshire.*—In October, 1857, a report on the artificial propagation of fish was made to the General Assembly of Vermont by Mr. George P. Marsh. At almost the same time a similar report was made to the Legislature of New Hampshire by Mr. A. H. Robinson. These had an undoubted effect on public opinion, and led to the efforts at restoring the salmon streams which shortly followed. [VERMONT: Report made under authority of the Legislature of Vermont on the artificial propagation of fish, by George P. Marsh, Burlington, 1857. 8vo., p. 52, appendix.]

XXVII. 1857—*First Attempt at Propagation of Whitefish.*—In November, 1857, Mr. Carl Muller, of New York, and Henry Brown, of New Haven, obtained whitefish eggs, in Lake Ontario, impregnated them, and transported 1,000,000 to Lake Saltenstall, near New Haven. In 1858 the experiment was repeated. No results are reported. [Report U. S. F. C., II., pp. 534-545. Report of Commissioner of Patents for 1859, 1860, p. 227.]

XXVIII. 1857—*First Attempt at Propagation of Lake Trout.*—In the same manner, in 1857 and 1858, Messrs. Muller & Brown transported several millions of lake trout eggs. No results are reported. [Report U. S. F. C., I. c.]

XXIX. 1857—*First Attempt at Propagation of Pike-Perch.*—In May, 1857, Messrs. Muller & Brown obtained fertilized eggs of pike-perch, and planted them in Lake Saltenstall. They are supposed to have been destroyed by the fall freshets. [Report U. S. F. C., I. c.]

XXX. 1862—*First Attempt to Introduce Salmon into Australasia.*—This attempt was made by Mr. H. R. Francis, from England to Tasmania, and was a failure. In 1864, and in subsequent years, successful effort were made. From 1869 to 1876 many hundreds of these planted salmon were found. [Report N. Y. F. C. II., pp. 7-24; VI., pp. 319-23.]

XXXI. 1864—*First Breeding of Salmon in America.*—In 1864 Mr. James B. Johnston, of New York city, hatched out in the studio building in New York city the eggs of salmon procured by him in Europe. None of the fry were liberated. [NORRIS: American Fish Culture, p. 114.]

In 1865, it is said, Seth Green applied to the French Establishment at Huningue for some salmon eggs, and received 5,000, which died, however, in the New York Custom House.

XXXII. 1864—*The Establishment of the Green Hatching House.*—Mr. Seth Green was the first American fish culturist who carried on fish culture upon a basis pecuniarily profitable. [NORRIS: op. cit., p. 99. MILNER: op. cit., p. 535.]

XXXIII. 1865—*Establishment of the New Hampshire Fish Commission.*—In 1865 Henry A. Bellows and W. A. Sanborn were appointed Fishery Commissioners and Dr. W. W. Fletcher, of Concord, N. H., was sent by the State Legislature to Canada to obtain salmon eggs. This was the first practical move in public fish culture in America, though Massachusetts, as has been seen, made a preliminary step ten years before. [MILNER: l. c., p. 543. Report of the Select Committee on Fisheries, 1865. Reports of the Commissioners on Fisheries made to the Legislature of New Hampshire. I., 1866; II., 1867; III., 1868; IV., 1869; V., 1870; VI., 1871; VII., 1872; VIII., 1873; IX., 1874; X., 1875; XI., 1876; XII., 1877; XIII., 1878; XIV., 1879; XV., 1880; XVI., 1881.]

From 1866 to 1879 the State of New Hampshire appropriated $22,668 for purposes of public fish culture.*

XXXIV. 1865—*Establishment of the Fish Commission of Vermont.*—In 1865 the Fish Commission of Vermont was established, Albert D. Hagor and Charles Barrett being appointed commissioners.

From 1871 to 1879 $7,800 was appropriated for purposes of public fish culture. [Reports of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Vermont. I., 1866; II., 1867; III., 1869; IV., for 1871–2 (1872); V., 1873–4 (1814); VI., 1876; VII., 1877–8 (1878); VIII., 1879–80 (1880).]

XXXV. 1865—*Beginning of Fish Culture in Austria.*—In 1865 the Government establishment at Salzburg was founded, and in 1873 every province in the Empire was provided with its own breeding establishment. [BOUCHON BRANDELET: Report U. S. F. C., Part II., p. 518.

XXXVII. 1866—*Establishment of the Fish Commission of Connecticut.*—In 1866 the Fish Commission of Connecticut was established, F. W. Russell and Henry C Robinson being appointed Commissioners. From 1868 to 1880 $43,300 was appropriated by the State for purposes of public fish culture. [Reports of the Commissioners, I., 1867; II., 1868; III., 1869; IV., 1870; V., 1871; VI., 1872; VII., 1873; VIII., 1874; IX., 1875; X., 1876; XI., 1877; XII., 1878; XIII, 1879; XIV., 1880.]

XXXVIII. *Establishment of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.*—In 1866 the Pennsylvania Commission was organized, but no regular commissioners were appointed until 1870, when James Worrall was elected by the Legislature to that office. From 1873 to 1880 the State has appropriated $99,630 for purposes of public fish culture. [Reports of the Commissioners for the Restoration of the Inland Fisheries, I., 1870 (1871); II., 1871 (1872); [see Report U. S. Fish Culture, II., p. 782]; III., 1873 (1874); IV., 1874 (1875); V., 1876 (1877); VI., 1877 (1878); VII., 1878 (1879).]

XXXIX. 1866—*The Establishment of the Canadian Commission of Fisheries.*—The Dominion of Canada this year established its Fishery Commission, which has since, under the direction of Commissioner W. F. Whitiker, performed such efficient service.

XL. 1867—*The Establishment of the First Hatching Establishment in the United States for Public Fish Culture.*—Although New Hampshire, as has just been stated, was first to take active measures toward restocking its streams, Massachusetts in 1867 again took the lead, establishing a hatchery for shad at South Hadley Falls on the Connecticut River. [MILNER: op. cit., p.542, Massachusetts Reports.]

XLI. 1867—*The Invention of the Seth Green Shad Box.*—While operating on the Connecticut River in 1867, Mr. Seth Green devised that form of floating hatching box, with wire bottom, tilted at an inclination toward the current, which bears his name and which has been so extensively used in shad hatching in all parts of the United States. [MILNER: op. cit., p. 543. Rep. Mass. Comm. Fishories, 1868, p. 35, pl. 11.]

XLII. 1867—*Successful Propagation of the Shad.*—The shad was this year successfully propagated at South Hadley, Mass., by Mr. Seth Green, working in behalf of the New England Commissioners, and at his own expense, though the apparatus was provided. This was the first attempt to propagate any member of the herring family. [MILNER: l. c., Mass. Reports, II. c.]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*A paper read before the American Fisheultural Association, and here reprinted from advance sheets of Report of U. S. Fish Commission, Part VII.

*For the statements of amounts appropriated by the several States given in this and other instances I am indebted to Mr. Charles W. Smiley.

A NOVEL SHIPMENT OF CARP.

LAST Saturday the Pacific Mail steamer Colon took out thirty carp for Ecuador, in charge of Mr. Aguirre. They were sent by Professor Baird through Mr. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission, and as after their arrival in Ecuador they will still have a ten days' journey to the plantation of Signor Jijon, near the city of Quito, upon the backs of Indian carriers, they required special cans for their transportation.

These cans are made of strong tin, flattened on one side to fit a man's back, with places for the strap, which passes across the Indian's forehead, from which they depend. They are covered with felt and have perforated wooden covers to protect them from the tropical heat, and, when filled with water, will weigh one hundred pounds. The water will not be changed from the time of leaving New York, but will be aerated by dippers, Mr. Aguirre accompanying them to the end of their journey, Messrs. Hoadley & Co., the New York agents, having given them every facility on shipboard. This is the greatest feat yet attempted in fish transportation, and we will watch for reports of the result with great interest. Ten days' journey on the backs of men, in a tropical climate, is enough to break down the endurance of even a carp.

CARP IN CALIFORNIA.—I have taken much interest in your articles on the growth of carp in America. I made the assertion about nine months ago in a Sacramento paper that I believed that we could beat the world on their growth. I will cite an instance or two. We have plenty of them that at twenty months old will measure fifteen inches in length. I let one man have two small carps eight months old, and at the age of twenty months they were twenty-one inches long and weighed five pounds. Now this and similar results are very flattering to the carp producers, and it shows those who are aquainted with the carp about what we may expect from them. Yet I hardly think that these statements (although partly beyond contradiction) properly set them before the minds of those unaquainted with them. I fear they will expect rather too much. I think from experience that about five inches for each season is a fair average growth, at least that is about what I obtained, although I always have been over-stocked since the first season.

With the same number of fish to the same area I think we can obtain one-fourth or at least one-eighth more pounds here than they can in Germany as my carp hardly ever go into winter quarters. This may be the reason of it. LEVI DAVIS.

REPORT OF THE MISSOURI COMMISSION.

THE first report of the Missouri Fish Commission, for 1880, is naturally small, the bill creating the commission being only a little over a year old. They report an increased interest, on the part of the people of the State, in their work, and the fact that the fishes of the State were becoming scarce in places of former plenty. They complain, however, that the protective laws are violated everywhere, a not unusual complaint in States to which fish protection is new and where the people have not been educated to respect public rights to fish and game, and common enough in States where they have had years to become thus educated.

After examining many springs, with a view to establishing a hatchery, they finally established one in Buchanan County, on what is called the "Brown Spring," about three miles south of the southern limit of the city of St. Joseph, on condition that ten acres of land on which the spring was situated be conveyed, in fee simple, to the Fish Commission. The citizens of St. Joseph very liberally contributed $1,000, and bought the land and presented it to the Commission. Mr. C. H. Brownell, a fisheulturist, lately of Michigan and formerly in the employ of the New York Commission, was engaged as superintendent, and the work begun. 200,000 eggs of the California salmon were obtained from Prof. Baird, hatched and distributed. Live brook trout for breeders were bought and placed in Schicht's Pond, in Pulaski County.

In the appendix to the address to the people of Missouri by the Fish Commission" gives a copy of the fishery laws and an appeal to support and obey them, a list of Missouri food fishes, etc., and letters from Prof. Baird and others on the subject. The Missouri Commission are evidently on the right track, and have done well in securing a practical man in Mr. Brownell to do the work.

WHAT TO STOCK WITH.—We have just finished making a lake which is about 380 yards long and 85 yards wide, varying in depth from four and one-half feet to one foot. The bottom is mud and gravel. It is fed by a running brook and runs out over draw gates. What fish are best adapted to stock the water with, and to whom should we apply for them? We want a fish that will give us good sport to catch them in time. We are told that German carp would be best, but we prefer your opinion in the matter. —J. S. H.

If your pond is cool enough in summer try brook trout. For them it should not rise above seventy degrees. If not right for them try carp. Your pound is not deep enough for black bass. Read the articles on carp breeding in our last four issues. For trout apply to any trout breeder, and for carp to E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York. We know nothing of the sporting qualities of carp, if they have any, but old writers credit them with fighting qualities.

CENTRAL FISHCULTURAL SOCIETY.—We have republished, in pamphlet form, the papers and discussions of the Central Fishcultural Society at their last meeting in Chicago. The reprint contains, in handy form, much matter of permanent value to fisheulturists. Six copies have been mailed to each member, and to others it will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents.

—Those of our friends who may desire reliable information and advice as to investments in stocks and securities will do well to consult, either in person or by mail, Mr. Frank Blydenburgh, of No. 66 Pine street, New York.

Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Nervousness and Miserableness all cured with Hop Bitters.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

October 1 at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB RULES.

WE republish such of the rules of this club as were amended at their last meeting. The other regulations remain as published in our issue of May 12:

RULE 2.—The judge or judges, shall be selected by the Executive Committee, and their names shall be publicly announced as soon as possible after their selection, and before the closing of the entries. When a judge from ill-health or other satisfactory cause is prevented from attending a meeting or finishing it, the Executive Committee shall have the power of deciding what is to be done.

RULE 11.—A natural bye shall be given to the lowest available dog in each row. No dog shall run a second bye in any stake unless it is unavoidable. When a dog is entitled to a bye, either natural or accidental, his owner or nominator may select any available dog to run off the bye from the beaten entries in his stake, if required by the judges.

RULE 12.—Every dog must be brought up in its proper turn without delay; if absent for more than twenty minutes its opponent shall be adjudged the winner and entitled to the heat, and shall in that case run a bye. If both dogs be absent at the expiration of twenty minutes from the time of call to run by the judge or judges, said judge or judges shall have the power to disqualify both dogs or fine the owners any sum not to exceed the amount of ten dollars.

RULE 16.—If any subscriber, his deputy or handler, openly impugns the action or decisions of the judge or judges, during the progress of a trial, he shall forfeit not more than $20, or less than $5, at the discretion of the majority of the Executive Committee of the club.

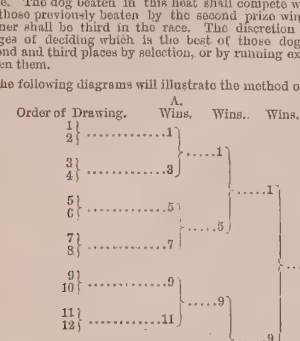
RULE 17.—When two dogs, the property of the same owner, or of confederates, shall remain in for the deciding trial, the stake shall be considered divided, and also if the owner or deputy of one of the two dogs, induce the owner or deputy of the other dog to draw him for a consideration or bribe of any nature whatsoever. If however, either dog be drawn without consideration, from lameness, injuries, or from any cause clearly affecting his chances of winning, the other dog may be declared the winner, on the facts of the case being clearly proved to the satisfaction of the judge or judges. This same rule shall apply when more than two dogs remain at the end of a stake which is not run out; and in case of a division between three or more dogs, of which two or more belong to the same owner, these latter shall be held to take equal shares of the total amount won by their owners in the division. The terms of any arrangements to divide winnings, and the amount of any money given to induce the owner of a dog to draw him must be declared to the Secretary.

RULE 20.—Dogs shall be drawn in braces by lot, and run in heats, and the beaten dogs to be retired (except as hereinbefore

mentioned) and the winners to be run again in the order in which they ran their successive heats. The last dog beaten by the winner of the first prize shall compete for the second prize with the best of those dogs previously beaten by the winner of first prize. The winner of this heat shall be declared the winner of second prize. The dog beaten in this heat shall compete with the best of those previously beaten by the second prize winner, and the winner shall be third in the race. The discretion is given the judges of deciding which is the best of those dogs beaten for second and third places by selection, or by running extra heats between them.

The following diagrams will illustrate the method of running:

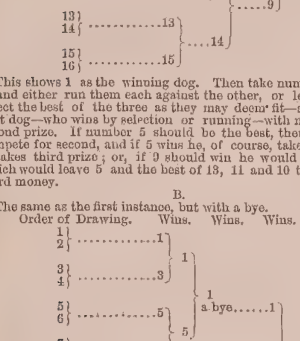
A.



This shows 1 as the winning dog. Then take numbers 2, 3 and 5, and either run them each against the other, or let the judges select the best of the three as they may deem fit—and run such best dog—who wins by selection or running—with number 9 for second prize. If number 5 should be the best, then 5 and 9 to compete for second, and if 5 wins he, of course, takes second and 9 takes third prize; or, if 9 should win he would take second, which would leave 5 and the best of 13, 11 and 10 to contest for third money.

B.

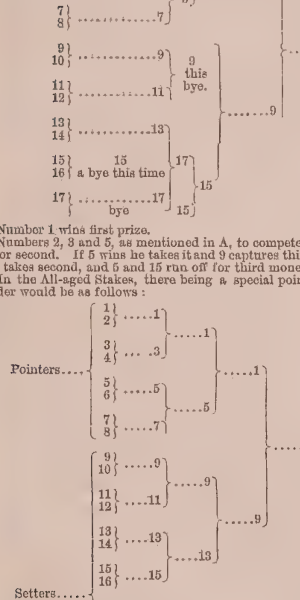
The same as the first instance, but with a bye.



Number 1 wins first prize.

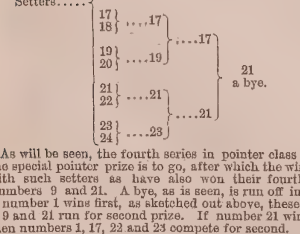
Numbers 2, 3 and 5, as mentioned in A, to compete with number 9 for second. If 5 wins he takes it and 9 captures third. If 9 wins he takes second, and 5 and 15 run off for third money.

In the All-aged Stakes, there being a special pointer prize, the order would be as follows:



As will be seen, the fourth series in pointer class decides where the special pointer prize is to go, after which the winner competes with such setters as have also won their fourth heats, viz.: Numbers 9 and 21. A bye, as is seen, is run off in its own class. If number 1 wins first, as sketched out above, these numbers 2, 3, 5, 9 and 21 run for second prize. If number 21 wins first money, then numbers 1, 17, 22 and 23 compete for second.

If in the first case the winners should be different, and should be placed among the pointers, the following should explain the positions taken:



RULE 21.—The judges shall order up the dogs as soon as they have determined which is the best according to the scale of points in rule 23. Unless a dog shows such lack of merit, that in the opinion of the judges he cannot be placed, all dogs shall, if time permit, have at least two chances to show their behavior on birds.

RULE 22.—Pointing fur, feather or reptile, if the judges deem the same e xcusable, shall not be considered false points. A dog making a false point and discovering it to be such, without any encouragement from his handler, shall not be penalized.

RULE 23.—Positive points of merit: Pointing, nose and staunchness, 40; pace, quartering and style, 20; retrieving, 10; backing, 10; obedience and disposition, 10. Total, 100. Two wilful chases lose the heat.

RULE 24.—No person, except the judges, attendants and reporters, will be permitted to accompany the handlers of dogs. Two persons will not be permitted to work one dog at the same time. If, from any cause, etc., as given before.

KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

[From the London Field.]

THE Kennel Club Field Trials were this year, by the kind permission of Mr. Geo. Brewis, held over his Chesterford Park estate. The attendance on the first day was very good, the day being fine; but very few spectators saw the proceedings throughout on Wednesday, as a thunder and hail storm visited the scene of action, and scattered all but the very enthusiastic few, the officials and the reporters, and on Thursday the meet dwindled to a mere handful of field-trial men. The judges were Messrs. Whitehouse and Shirley, with whose decisions I do not entirely agree; but the "heats" plan, on which they worked the awards, was very much to blame in the matter. Moreover, in one or two cases, the judges came to their decisions with unaccountable dilatoriness, and in others with equal unsatisfactory rapidity. Thus, a brace of dogs were down, on one day for an hour and a half, and another brace on the same day for only two and a half minutes! Now, granting that in the latter case one of the runners had certainly committed egregious mistakes, yet it is certainly rather quick work to put out a dog in such a short time, and more inexplicable when the identical mistakes performed by other dogs were overlooked. The draw took place, as usual, at the Rose and Crown, Saffron Walden, Essex, 9:30 P. M., on Monday, when a good many sportsmen put in an appearance—a great contrast, this, to last year's draw, when only very few were present. Mr. Wilson, the new Kennel Club Secretary, assisted by Mr. Geo. Lowe, managed the draw quickly and in a business-like manner, and the cards were out early in the morning on Tuesday with commendable punctuality.

TUESDAY, MAY 3.

We met at Chesterford station at ten o'clock, and at once a move was made to a promising wheat field, where we began the SEVENTH FIELD TRIAL DERBY, for pointer and setter puppies bred in 1880; 152 subs.

Pointers.

Sir T. Lennard's liv w d Gunner, by G. Lowe's Y. Bang—owner's Teal (Priam and Scamp's dam), 10mo. ..... beat Mr. G. Pilkington's liv w d Morit, by Mr. S. Price's champion Bang—owner's Fancy (6067), 14mo.

Mr. R. Lloyd-Price's liv w b Fatima, by Bang—Hebe, 12mo. ..... " Mr. J. H. Salter's bd fk b Romp's Baby, by owner's Mike—Romp, 13mo.

Mr. J. H. Salter's liv w d Wild Drake, by Mike—Belle, 12mo " Mr. G. Pilkington's liv. w b Mirth, by Bang–Fancy, 14mo

Mr. R. Lloyd-Price's liv w La Vole, by Luck of Edenhall—Belle Faust, 10mo. ..... " Mr. F. Lowe's liv w d Borax, by Mr. S. Price's champion Bang—owner's Princess Kate, 10mo.

Mrs. R. Lloyd-Price's lem w b Luck of Bron-y-Garden, by Luck of Edenhall—Ready Money, 10mo. ..... " Mrs. F. Lowe's lem w b Blanche of Devon, by Bang Princess Kate, 10mo.

Mr. G Pilkington's liv b w Moffat, by Mr. A. P. Lonsdale's Bow—sister to Garnet, 14mo " Mr. R. Lloyd-Price's liv w b Lady Zoe, by Luck of Edenhall—Belle Faust, 11mo.

Mr. H. Grant's liv w b Willo' the Wisp, by Mr. Pilkington's Garnet—owner's Maggie (3012), sister to Bow Bells, 15mo (a bye).

Setters.

Mr. G. Thomas' bk w t b Rose of the Valley, by Lanark—Bess, 13mo ..... beat Mr. E. Bishop ns (Mr. Barclay Field's) bk w t Belgium, by Ranger—Duchess, 12mo.

Lord Downe's liv w b Silk, by Emperor Fred—Silk, 15mo. ..... " Mr. T. Armstrong's bk w d John O'Groat, by a son of Dash II.—Bess, 12mo.

Mr. W. Bartram's bk w b Gentle, by Mr. G. T. Bartram's Duncan—his Wise, 15mo.. " Mr. Purcell's Llewellin's bk w t b Dashing Novice, by Dash II.—Novel, 10mo.

Lord Downe's lem w d Fred, by Mr. Robinson's Emperor Fred—owner's Silk, 13mo.. " Mr. Joe Platt's w bk d Rollo, by Rhyll—owner's Liz, by Ranger II., 13mo.

Mr. Purcell Llewellin's bk w t Dashing Ditto, by owner's Dash II.—Rifle, 11mo. ..... " M. Joe Platt's bk w b Bloom, by Struggle (son of Rhyl)—Wreath by champion Rock, 15mo.

Major Platt's bk w d Wild Rose, by Tam O'Shanter—Mr. James' Daisy, sister to Dash II., 15mo. ..... " Mr. G. Brewis' bk w d Bobbie Burns, by Tam O'Shanter—Fussy, by Blue Prince, her dam Rhoda, 13mo.

II.

Pointers.

Gunner beat Will o' the Wisp | La Vole beat Moffat
Fatima beat Wild Drake | Luck of Bron-y-Garden (a bye)

Setters.

Rose of the Valley beat Silk | Dashing Ditto beat Wild Rose
Fred beat Gentle

III.

Pointers

Gunner beat Luck of Bron-y-Garden | Fatima beat La Vole (drawn)

Setters.

Rose of the Valley beat Fred | Dashing Ditto (a bye)

IV.

Pointers.

Fatima beat Gunner.

Setters.

Dashing Ditto beat Rose of the Valley.

Final for Winner of the Derby.

Dashing Ditto (setter) beat Fatima (pointer).

Awards—First prize in setters, and absolute Derby winner, Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's dog Dashing Ditto; first prize in pointers, Mr. R. Lloyd Price's bitch Fatima; equal second prizes in each breed, Mr. G. Thomas's setter bitch Rose of the Valley and Sir Thos. Lennard's pointer dog Gunner.

The pointers were first taken in hand, and we began with the first brace on the card, viz., Sir Thos. Lennard's Gunner and Mr. G. Pilkington's Merit. Gunner was throughout the better goer of the two, but he occasionally went too fast for his nose, and he began by running slap into a brace, disregarding wing *in toto*, and beat evidently upon having his fling first, before settling into steady work. This done, however, he did well, as he found two brace of birds successively, and although Merit backed him well each time, the flag of course went up for Gunner.

Mr. R. Lloyd Price's Fatima and Mr. J. H. Salter's Romp's Baby ran next, and at first start Fatima drew up, a goodish way, to a brace which both had winded. She next chased a hare for a hundred yards or so, and her chances looked anything but bright for the time being, as Romp's Baby, who is a grand goer, something like her mother, old Romp, was going in style; in a fallow, however, she flushed, and had to be ordered down. Fatima then roaded a long way again, and pointed a brace; Romp's Baby declined backing. Then both got on point, but Fatima's was false, whilst Romp's Baby, on the contrary, was on a brace. Then Romp again pointed a brace and a rabbit, and was well backed, and in the next field both found a brace of birds; but a moment later Romp ran into three birds, and then again put up an odd bird, and did not notice wing at all in either case, whilst Fatima was pluming down a brace, and her flag went up. Romp's Baby will be a rare good one with time and care.

Mr. J. H. Salter's Wild Drake and Mr. G. Pilkington's Mirth were next. Wild Drake false pointed to start with, when Mirth declined backing, and to a hare the latter had to be spoken to, though not evidently very strongly inclined to chase. Drake then false pointed again, and then flushed a brace, pottering right into them. This he repeated in the next field, and Mirth joined him. Then the dog flushed again twice, and the bitch once, and as she went after two hares for some fifty yards Wild Drake won.

Mr. R. Lloyd Price's La Vole and Mr. F. Lowe's Borax were the next brace, and we expected grand things of La Vole, but she was getting in use, and began rather stale. However, she warmed up a bit to her work, and soon drew up for a long way to a bird, but could not make it out, and we put it up, when she dropped well to wing. Borax backed her well, and then he took a false point. He, by the way, was not running fast by any means—seemed out of form, in fact—and the brace, therefore, showed no great work, as the bitch did not run near her previous form either. However, she false pointed, and then took a capital point on a brace, then a false point, then dropped to fur well. Finally, in a fine clover field, she ran right into a brace, knocking them up badly, and in the next clover again she took a false point, but the dog was not working at all, and she won.

We then went to the tent wherein luncheon was spread, and, this over, we took in hand Mr. F. Lowe's Blanche of Devon and Mr. Lloyd Price's Luck of Bron-y-Garden, who were started in a lovely wheat field, when Blanche took at long range a point, which Luck took also, declining to back. Then Luck flushed a brace, and in the next field again put up an odd bird. He next pointed a brace, and Blanche dropped to a hare. Then Luck flushed a bird, and dropped; and then both found birds, Luck dropping to gun well. But next, when Blanche pointed a brace, she dropped well to gun. Finally Blanche found a brace, when Luck, backing her back, caused her to put up her birds jealously, and Luck won; but I thought Blanche had done well, and the decision was questionable.

Mr. G. Pilkington's Moffatt and Mr. R. Lloyd Price's Lady Zoe had a short thing. Moffatt found well, and dropped to gun capitally; then she took three false points running, and Lady Zoe flushed two birds badly, then both pointed, each a brace, in the next field. Finally, Moffatt ran right into a brace; but her flag went up. Something else might have occurred, which I did not see, to account for this decision. Mr. H. Grant's Will o' the Wisp scored a bye. This ran us through the card, so far as the pointers were concerned, and we began the setters by running Mr. E. Bishop ns (Mr. Barclay Field's) Belgium and Mr. G. Thomas' Rose of the Valley. To a hare the bitch behaved exceedingly well, then she took a point immediately afterward, Belgium backing her well. She next dropped to wing well to a bird, and to gun was perfect. Rose then took to pointing larks, was well backed each time, then Belgium found birds, blinked her point, and Rose took it. Rose twice false pointed, and was backed admirably each time; she is a very pretty, merry worker, full of life and dash, and she won easily, as Belgium did not seem to know Charles Bishop, who was working her, hence, very probably, her want of dash and confidence.

Mr. Thomas Armstrong's John o' Groat ran against Lord Downe's Silk. John first false pointed, but found a brace well immediately afterward; then he chased a lark, and false pointed. Then Silk pointed a bird, while John was wasting his time pottering near the fence. Again Silk pointed, a hare this time, and won. Silk had been improving very much since Shrewsbury, and ran more smartly.

We then ran Mr. G. Thorpe-Bartram's Gentle against Mr. Purcell Llewellin's Darling Novice. Gentle pulled up neatly to a brace of birds, Novice backing beautifully; then Gentle flushed a bird down wind, dropped to it, and another bird got up, she remaining down very steadily. Both then false-pointed once or twice; it was getting late, the birds were on the run evidently. Howbeit, in the next field both turned for a point on a hare, but Novice had it first; Novice, however, could not make out her game, and the flag went up for Gentle. Mr. Joe Platt's Rollo and Lord Downe's Fred came then forward. Rollo ranged well, but he chased a hare up to the fence, while Fred pointed larks once or twice. Then Rollo took a good point, and Fred also found the same birds; and Rollo once more found another brace, but in the next field he chased again, and was put out. Mr. Joe Platt's Bloom and Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's Dashing Ditto had also a very decisive spin. Bloom false-pointed, Dashing backing readily; Bloom next put up a brace of birds, which not only Ditto was pointing, but to which she herself had drawn for a point, and into these birds she deliberately rushed, thereby taking the point and knocking up the birds, and, as she chased them, all these misdeeds rightly put her out. The next brace were Major Platt's Wild Rose and Mr. G. Brewis' Bobbie Burns, and they had probably the very shortest trial on record. Bobbie false pointed, and the bitch took a lovely point on a brace whilst going in her usual superb style. She next pointed a hare, and then a brace of birds, and won. This trial lasted two minutes and a half, so that Mr. Brewis (Bobbie Burns' owner) can boast of not having been over-favored by his two friends, the judges, as the ground over which his dog ran was very bare indeed, and the dogs were down such a very short time that but little could be seen of them. For the ties, Gunner ran his bye with Will o' the Wisp. Gunner, going very fast, flushed twice, and then found a brace. Will did not extend himself at first, but he soon warmed up to his work, and they pulled up together capitally on a brace. Will, however, soon after pottered up another brace, and Gunner, behaving remarkably well to a hare, won. Fatima and Wild Drake then came on. Wild Drake twice false pointed, Fatima backing to perfection both times, but she next flushed. Drake pointed a brace of birds well, while Fatima false pointed twice. This, however, Drake was also guilty of; but it was nearly dark, and no good work could have been expected at that time from any dog.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4.

We met at 9.15, at Chesterfield Park, Mr. Geo. Brewis's seat, and the brace which had been taken up overnight were slipped behind the house in a stubble. Going down wind, Fatima flushed, then Wild Drake false pointed, and also flushed wild birds, and again false pointed, Fatima backing well. He then pointed a wild brace, and in the next field he pulled up just in time to another brace, which Fatima had unaccountably passed over without finding. In the next field, a rough common, Wild Drake flushed a brace, and, refusing to obey whistle, he went on, and put up another and lost. The dogs, however, had been slipped down wind, and he had gone on his own "hook," to take the wind, for which he was blamed; but so far he was right in my opinion. His flushing, however, was inexcusable. Moffat and La Vole were slipped on the same common, when La Vole, drawing for a point, the birds were put up by the breakers; then both bitches false pointed, and this Moffatt repeated again in the next field, being well backed throughout. Then La Vole took a false point, which Moffatt shared, and Moffatt pointed a brace, having roaded them well. Moffatt then had two more false points, then she found and left her point, putting up the birds, and in the next field she again flushed a brace after having found them; then she dropped well to a hare, and then she found a brace, and put them up once more, and, of course, La Vole won, although her chances had been anything but rosy at one time. She had had a tremendously long trial, and was perfectly knocked up.

We began the setter ties with Silk and Rose of the Valley. Rose, going beautifully and quartering splendidly, began badly by flushing a brace—dropping, however, to wing readily; she then dropped well to a hare, then pointed near the fence, and as we saw a bird rising beyond she won. It began then raining very hard, and Fred and Gentle were slipped in the midst of a shower; Gentle found a brace well, and Fred flushed another brace, then the bitch dropped in time to a wild brace, and the running was stopped for refreshing the inner man. After luncheon Fred found, left his point, and we flushed them; then Gentle flushed a brace twice running, one in each of the next two fields, and the dog won. Dashing Ditto and Wild Rose ran next; Dashing Ditto pointed a brace which Wild Rose ran into, and when Dashing again found a bird she did not back her, so that Dashing Ditto's flag went up readily, poor Wild Rose having for the nonce forgotten her previous good behavior.

The weather then cleared up a bit, and the two pointers Gunner and Luck were sent on. Gunner false pointed, and Luck took a good point on a brace of birds, when Gunner made an excellent back. Then Gunner took a false point, Luck backing him; then both flushed when running side by side down wind; then Luck found a brace and blinked them, and at the bottom of the next

field she winded a brace and went up to them, putting them up and not dropping; this she repeated in the next field, and in her next cast she found a brace, trotted them up again in an exasperating manner, and only dropped when repeatedly ordered; so the dog won with nothing particularly good to his credit.

Mr. Lloyd-Price's Fatima then came on the card against his La Vole, but Mr. Price drew the latter, Fatima thereby scoring a win; and for the second ties Rose of the Valley was called against Fred. Fred found a brace of birds in style, Rose backing him only to order; then the bitch found also a brace in very excellent form; then Fred got again on a brace; then he stopped short, well, to a wild brace, and the bitch dropped well to wing; she then found a brace well, and won, but it was, to say the least, a very near thing, as, so far, their score was very evenly balanced; so why the bitch won then was rather a puzzler, if points only were considered. At the same time her style was undeniably superior to Fred's.

Gunner and Fatima were next. Gunner flushed, and did not drop, but he next pinned down a brace, only fairly well, as they were very close under his nose. He then flushed two birds, Fatima pointed a brace, and Gunner flushing a third brace, the bitch won well.

Rose of the Valley and Dashing Ditto had a good though short run. Dashing Ditto winded a brace a tremendously long way, roaded them carefully, and stood them beautifully; this was a truly grand bit of work, and she repeated it again on another brace, showing marvelous nose and breaking throughout, and she won, putting Rose quite in the shade for the time being, as she never gave her a chance to score, doing all the work herself. For the final, we had this winning setter bitch Dashing Ditto and the winning pointer bitch Fatima brought into an immense field with capital cover, and they were sent on with tremendous excitement among the field. Fatima flushed and refused to drop, and then false pointed, and both were very steady to fur, several hares being afoot together at the same time, but Fatima did not drop to them; then both false pointed, and both found a brace.

Just then a clap of thunder gave us warning that a storm was brewing. Great coats were requisitioned; but proceedings had to be stopped while the storm lasted, as the hailstones would have punished the dogs badly. Finally, Fatima pottered up and found a bird in the fence, and the setter getting a brace in style in the middle of the field, and the pointer declining to back her, Ditto won the Derby outright.

It had been proposed to give up the All-aged Stakes; but the proposal was reconsidered, and, at ten past five, we began the

ALL-AGED STAKES, for sixteen all-aged pointers or setters, dogs and bitches.

Viscount Downe's liv w d Sam III., by Dash III.—Silk, 4yrs (setter)	beat	Mr. J. P. Platt's w bk d Don, by Rhyl—Liz, 3 yrs (setter)
Mr. Pilkington's liv w b Laurel, by S. Price's Champion Bang—owner's Jessamine, 2yrs (pointer)	"	Mr. Barclay Field's liv w b Sal, by Riot; dam by S. Price's Bang, 3yrs (pointer)
Mr. R. Purcell Llewellin's lem w b Countess Rose, by Count Windom—Norna, 3yrs (setter)	"	Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's rd w d Baron, by Fred V.—Rue, 1yr, 10mo (setter)
Mr. R. Lloyd-Price's liv w b Tick, by Drake—Ready Money, 3yrs (pointer)	"	Mr. F. Lowe's bk w d Ilis Grace (late Duke of Devon), by Tam o' Shanter—Nott's Blue Bell, 2yrs (setter)
Baron Von Amerongen's w b d Prince II., by Champion Prince—Rilie, 4yrs (setter)	"	Rev. S. East's bk w d Day Star, by Mr. Pilkington's Dash—Duchess, 3yrs (setter)
Mr. R. Purcell-Llewellin's bk w t d Dashing Bondhu, by Dash II.—Countess Bear, 2yrs (setter)	"	Messrs. Wyman and Buchanan's rd b Kathleen, by Rover—Pamela, 2 yrs (setter)
Sir T. Lennard's liv w d Priam by Y. Bang—Teal, 4 years (pointer)	"	Mr. Lloyd Price's liv w b Belle Faust, by Faust—Belle, 3 yrs (pointer).

II.

Laurel beat Sam
Tick beat Countess Rose | Dashing Bondhu beat Prince II.
Priam (a bye).

III.

Laurel beat Priam | Dashing Bondhu beat Tick.

IV.

Dashing Bondhu beat Laurel.

Awards.—First prize, Mr. R. Ll. Llewellin's setter dog Dashing Bondhu; second prize, Mr. Pilkington's pointer bitch Laurel; equal third, Mr. R. Lloyd Price's pointer bitch Tick and Sir Thos. Lennard's pointer dog Priam.

The first brace on the card were Viscount Downe's Sam III. and Mr. J. Platt's Don, both setters. Don began by committing a bare-faced flush, and did not drop to wing; and Sam also flushed, but his birds settled close to him again, and both dogs declined pointing—no scent, clearly; then Sam behaved well to a hare, whereas Don put up a bird, and, chasing it, extinguished his chances.

Mr. Pilkington's pointer bitch Laurel then ran against Mr. Barclay Field's pointer Sal. Sal twice false pointed, the birds having evidently run through the hedge, and Laurel dropped only when told. Both then took two good points, and Laurel again found, but was unsteady; then, when Sal got another point, Laurel backed her, and, in so doing, she turned round and got the birds too; then Laurel pinned down a brace, was well backed, and won.

Mr. Purcell Llewellin's setter Countess Rose was then called with Mr. Lonsdale's setter Baron. It was then ten minutes to 7 P.M., and really much too late for running dogs. Both dogs went off at a remarkably good pace, but Countess Rose finished, then pointed twice, Baron backing her only when quite close to her, whereas, when he also false pointed, the bitch backed him at some hundred and fifty yards in grand form, and then she took a point on a brace of birds. In their next cast Countess Rose found a brace in beautiful style, Baron being again not quite steady in his back, and, of course, Countess won.

It was then 7:10 P.M., and quite time we should give up work.

THURSDAY, MAY 5.

The meet was announced for nine o'clock, but we began only at a quarter to ten. The first brace on the card were His Grace and Tick, but the judges, thinking that Mr. F. Lowe had drawn his dog, and the second brace not being on the ground, ran the third brace. However, Mr. F. Lowe explained matters, and eventually ran his dog; but for the sake of clearness I now append the beat, so as to keep right with the card. The morning was lovely and everything that could be desired for hunting dogs; but in the afternoon we were again treated to a steady downpour, the last runs taking place under very depressing circumstances on that account—so much so that only half a dozen spectators or so witnessed closely the deciding trials.

Mr. F. Lowe's setter dog His Grace and Mr. R. Lloyd-Price's pointer bitch Tick. Tick first false pointed near the hedge, His Grace acting well behind. As regarded quartering, the dog beat his ground well; Tick did not, much to our surprise. However, His Grace also false pointed, Tick being also very steady behind. She then found a brace, according to her breaker's statement, but right out of sight, and the setter flushed twice. Then Tick pointed a brace, then both false pointed, and the setter again flushed, and Tick pointed another brace. In a rough fallow both false pointed, and His grace pottered up a bird, so he lost his heat well right throughout.

The Rev. S. East's setter Day Star and Baron von Amerongen's setter Prince II., ran next. At 11:15 they were slipped in the same fallow (the Baron and Mr. East working their own dogs), when Day Star found, and Prince, dropping to back, took also the point, neither being very steady to wing. The Prince was staunch to two hares, and dropped in the midst of two brace of birds in the hollow. Prince then pointed two larks, then he found a brace of birds in capital form, Day Star meanwhile false pointing on two larks. Then Prince in the next hollow turned to whistle suddenly, and a brace got up, but it was not his fault certainly. Day Star then flushed a brace, and Prince won. Baron Amerongen should be complimented on his pluck in bringing his dog all the way from Germany to compete against English dogs on their own ground. Prince is English bred, of course, and is a fine and really good dog. Properly broken and more freely worked, he would prove a very hard nut to crack for most dogs.

Messrs. Wyman and Buchanan's Kathleen and Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's Dashing Bondhu were really the first brace worked. Kathleen, who was four weeks gone in pup, of course went slowly, Bondhu showing off well. The bitch began with a false point, and was indifferently backed. The dog then found a brace, Kathleen backing him readily. In a rushy meadow, the dog false pointed too, but in the next he pointed a hare, and was well backed again, and in a clover field he found a bird capitally. He again found, a brace this time, and won very easily. Sir Thos. Lennard's pointer Priam and Mr. R. Lloyd Price's pointer Belle Faust had a short but decisive run. Priam took a false point, and was backed superbly from one end of the field to the other. Then Priam dropped beautifully to a hare, and the bitch chased another hare clean out of the field, yapping after it, and was thereby put out.

For first ties, Laurel and Sam appeared. Sam finished a brace, and Laurel pulled up just in time to another, Sam backing her well; then both ran into another brace. Then Laurel false pointed and Sam found a brace, and Laurel also pointed another, then Sam again knocked up a bird, there being palpably no scent. We then went to a fine clover field, when Sam pointed a hare, Laurel performing an excellent back. Then she found three birds, they were running on bare ground in front of her and she blinked them, then ran back to them again and put them up. She then pointed a lark and found a bird, Sam taking the point unwittingly, and the bitch won.

After luncheon Countess Rose and Tick came up, and were slipped in a long narrow wheat field, where Tick false pointed, and in the next field Countess Rose did the same, but in some rushes she pointed, and it turned out to be a moorhen. Throughout she quartered her ground beautifully, but in the next field she missed a bird which she might and ought to have found, and in her next run she flushed a brace of birds, dropping to wing. Then Tick pottered up to two birds which were running before her; she dropped, and they rose: it was not a good point by any means; but still it was a point, and she won.

Prince and Bondhu had a very sharp and quick trial. Dashing Bondhu found a brace at very long range, roading them well, and in his next sweep he found another brace again. Both dogs went at a rattling pace, but Prince wants "finishing" touches to his education. However, he next pointed, and Bondhu backed him exceedingly well; the birds got up, settled again, and then Bondhu found the birds also; a very good bit of work on Bondhu's part.

For second ties Priam and Laurel came up, when Priam put up two brace which he should have pointed, and when Laurel got on birds he went behind her and took them too. Then he false pointed, and the flag went up for the bitch. This had been a very long and tedious trial, as no birds could be found. Tick and Bondhu ran next. Bondhu found a brace, roading them up the hill a tremendously long way; and Tick also found a brace, and then another, and Bondhu again pinned another brace down in the hollow near the fence. Tick then false pointed, while Bondhu took two good points in superb style and won. For the final he came against Laurel. In a bare field Bondhu found a brace, and in the next they repeatedly picked up the scent of a hare which had cantered across the whole length of the field; but the bitch having declined to back Bondhu on his previous point, and he being always ready to do so, he won. A drizzling rain was then steadily pouring down, and the meeting dispersed without any votes of thanks being offered to the judges or to Mr. Brewis; an oversight, clearly, on the part of the few spectators whose spirits, however, proved too much damped to admit of any enthusiasm being fictitiously raised. And thus ended, very quietly, the K. C. Field Trial Spring Meeting for 1881.

No mention was made by the judges of their award as to the K. C. challenge cup, which, it was officially stated some time ago, was to be run for simultaneously with the All-Aged Stakes; but we presume that Mr. Pilkington takes it this year with his Laurel, since that bitch ran second to the winner, and her owner is (we believe we are right in saying) a number of the K.C.

NEBRASKA BENCH SHOW.—The Lincoln Annual Bench Show of Nebraska sporting dogs opened at the Fair Grounds on May 17, and continued on the three succeeding days. As already noticed in the FOREST AND STREAM, thirty classes were provided for in the entry list, and these contained twenty-eight entries. The management was in the hands of Lieut. Isaac T. Webster, U. S. A., who proved himself to be as efficient in bench show matters as he is known to be courteous and painstaking, and the awarding of the prizes was attended to by Messrs. Samuel M. Chapman, J. T. McCartney and F. E. Brown. Subjoined is the list of entries which is followed by the list of awards:

Class 3.—Pointers—dogs: Bucher, entered by J. H. Harley, Lincoln, Nebraska; Bird, William Bracey, Osceola, Nebraska; Rock, W. T. Irwin, Topeka, Kansas; Prince, J. E. Baum, Lincoln, Neb.

Class 4.—Pointers—bitches: Queen and pups, Morris Ottmans, Omaha, Neb.; Grace, Lieut. I. T. Webster, Lincoln, Neb.

Class 7.—English Setters—Fleet the 2d, Ed. Johnston, Omaha, Neb.; Major, W. T. Irwin, Topeka, Kansas.

Class 9.—Champion Irish Setters—dogs: Tim, C. H. Buford, Lincoln, Neb.

Class 10.—Setters—bitches: Topsey, C. H Buford, Lincoln, Neb.; Nora, B. E. B. Kennedy, Omaha, Neb.

Irish Setters—dogs: Hugh, S. C. Elliott, Lincoln, Neb.; Hamlet, C. H. Buford, Lincoln, Neb.; Medas, H. Martin, Lincoln, Neb.

Class 12.—Irish Setters—bitches: Nellie B. Mamie and Lute, C. H. Buford, Lincoln, Neb.; Diana, Dr. C. Strassberger, Lincoln, Neb.

Class 15.—Gordon Setters—dogs: Jack, Wm. Carnaby, Omaha, Neb.; Colonel, J. E. Baum, Lincoln, Neb.; San, Lt. I. T. Webster, Lincoln, Neb.

Class 16.—Gordon Setters—bitches: Topsey, R. H. Collins, Lincoln, Neb.

Class 21.—Irish Setter Puppies—Tim and Jerry, Dr. Livingston, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Class 22.—Puppies—bitches: Nell, Dr. C. Strassberger, Lincoln, Neb.

Class 23.—Spaniels—Prince, Chas. L. Baum, Lincoln, Neb.

Class 29.—Greyhound—Split, C. H. Buford, Lincoln, Neb.

Class 30.—Deerhound—Bugle, C. H. Buford, Lincoln, Neb.

The awards were: Class 3—W. T. Irwin's Rock, 1st; J. E. Baum's Prince, 2d.

Class 4—Pointer Bitches.—Lieut. Webster's Grace, 1st; M. Ottmann's Queen, 2d.

Class 9—J. D Jones' Tim (entered by C. H. Buford) 1st.

Class 10—Bitches—B. E. B. Kennedy's Nora, 1st; J. C. McBride's Topsey, 2d.

Class 11—C. H. Buford's Hamlet, 1st; S. C. Elliott's High, 2d.

Class 12—C. H. Buford's Mamie, 1st; C. H. Buford's Nellie, 2d.

Class 7—E. Johnson's Fleet, 1st; W. T. Irwin's Major, 2d.

Class 15—C. Baum's Colonel, 1st; Lieut. Webster's San, 2d.

Class 16—R. H. Collins' Topsey, 1st.

Class 21—R. H. Livingston's Jennie, 1st; R. H. Livingston's Line, 2d.

Class 29—C. E. Strassburger's Nell, 1st; C. H. Buford's Split, 2d.

The list, though small, is said by our correspondent to have contained some excellent dogs, and next season we trust to see the number of entries largely increased.

VALUABLE BITCH POISONED.—I have had the misfortune to lose the fine Gordon bitch Fannie. She was poisoned in or near my yard on Tuesday last by some scoundrel. She was out of imported Hope by imported champion Grouse, and was the property of my friend, Mr. A. H. Thomas, of Warrensburgh, N. J., who valued her very highly and greatly feels the loss, as she was not only thoroughly broken and an excellent field dog, but so kind, affectionate and intelligent. She had many friends. I will give fifty dollars for any information that will lead to the discovery of the brute that poisoned her.—W. H. PIERCE.

THE COCKER SPANIEL STANDARD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to reply to the communication from Mr. M. P. McKoon which appeared in your last issue. This gentleman is taking a good deal upon himself in the way of assuming that he alone is correct in everything he has done, whereas the whole or nearly all the trouble in connection with the scotching of the wheels of the Cocker Spaniel Club can be charged to his account. Firstly, he was the instigator of the ridiculous cry against Mr. Geo. D. McDougall's attempting to get the club together, and succeeded in so disgusting that gentleman by the accusations he made that he withdrew his name as Secretary *pro tem.* After the election of the committee the course of Mr. M. P. McKoon ran in the same grooves, and his insult to Mr. Moore caused that gentleman also to retire in disgust from the club. This committee, which we elected to frame a standard for our acceptance, dilly-dallied for one reason and another, losing the opportunity to give us extra prizes at New York, until at last a meeting was got together. At this meeting appeared Mr. M. P. McKoon armed with three proxies, Mr. Geo. D. McDougall and Mr. J. Otis Fellows. The latter gentleman will not, I am sure, concede I am taking a liberty in saying that through an unfortunate accident he has lost his hearing, consequently the use of a slate is necessary, and at a meeting of this kind he is placed at a great disadvantage. Here, then, we had one member (Mr. McKoon) with four votes for what the other might suggest it was Mr. M. P. McKoon and his three proxies who ruled the roast, and it was his production almost entirely which was presented at and so severely cut to pieces at the meeting of the club.

I, as a club member, felt that the committee had not done its work properly, and considered that the manner in which the standard had been forced upon us a direct violation of the trust we had placed in the hands of the committee, and I am sure the majority of the members will agree with me that we wanted something besides proxy votes all held by one member.

The opinion entertained by Mr. M. P. McKoon, that he as a committee man had greater authority than the power which gave him office, is so contrary to all rule and precedent, that no person of common sense will indorse it. Were we as a club to accept his and his three proxy votes as greater than our voice in the matter? I guess not.

The committee reported a fraction of the work intrusted to them to arrange for us, and the members present received their report and proceeded, as all similar bodies do, to make such amendments as they considered necessary. I quite agree with your correspondent that the standard did come through this ordeal "in quite an acceptable form," thanks to the sound sense of the gentlemen whom he calls "a small handful of the club who were certainly incompetent to do such work creditably." What about the small handful of the committee, and the one man with the controlling power of three proxies in his pocket?

As instances of the competency of this four-vote majority, I may say that the standard reported provided for long ears, and the representative of the four votes fought this theory to the bitter end, saying, as an evidence of his knowledge, that the ears should extend to the split of the nose. Let any member take the longest eared spaniel he knows, and see what kind of a monstrosity a dog with ears of the description would be. He also went in for long legs, voting against a cocker being low in the leg, and reached the crowning absurdity in giving the following description of the head:—"Head (15) should be of medium length, with prominent brow rising from nose; nose broad and open: muzzle of medium length and breadth." Could anything be more indefinite than that, and is it not a good thing that the club exercised its right to adopt a standard to its liking, and not the crude attempt recommended by the proxy votes?

The question as to exact wording of the adopted standard will doubtless be brought before and investigated by the organization committee, and I have nothing, as a private member, to say pending such investigation. As to the threat of Mr. M. P. McKoon not to send in his two dollars unless he has his way entirely, I certainly for one will not grieve over his decision, as thereby he may secure the much-to-be-desired harmony necessary to the welfare of the club. JAS WATSON.

Editor Forest and Stream: The Committee on Organization respectfully request the favor of space in your columns for an open letter, which is also in part a reply to the communication of Mr. M. P. McKoon, which appeared in your last issue.

A letter from Mr. McKoon, dated May 14, and sent under cover to Mr. McDougall, was handed to our secretary. It began as follows: "I notice in FOREST AND STREAM the published Standard Constitution and By-laws of the American Cocker Spaniel Club, and I notice alterations in the standard since its adoption by the club. Now, these errors must be publicly corrected by having the standard (only published with the errors corrected, or else we will be obliged to make an exposure of the thing, which would place those having it to copy after adoption in rather an embarrassing position before the public and general clubs. The errors I refer to are * * * * * * Correct them and have them appear, by all means, in next issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Not being present at the adoption of Constitution and By-laws, I cannot speak of any errors that might have crept in them. * * * I am sorry, for your sake, any errors crept into the standard, and you will have them corrected, of course, at the very first hour."

Our secretary objected to the tone of this communication, which implied guilty falsification by him and ourselves, while the threat of exposure and direction to alter the published standard at Mr. McKoon's dictation were, in his opinion, ungentlemanly and not a proper way to address the committee. On his own responsibility and in order to facilitate matters, he returned Mr. McKoon's letter, and left out the objectionable matter he eliminated, but it be returned to him as secretary of the committee having the matter in hand. The committee desires to unqualifiedly indorse the action of its secretary in so returning the letter for the reasons assigned, and it confidently appeals to the good sense of the members to support it. In reply to this letter of the secretary, the following communication was received:

"FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y., May 19, 1881.

"JAS. WATSON: Your impertinent epistle is at hand. I have had about all the abuse from your hands I intend to stand, personal or otherways. I inclose you again my letter calling for the standard the committeemon made, or else the one the club adopted, and you better attend to it forthwith, if you do not want the whole world to collapse on you. I am not a great deal surprised at the tone of your epistle before me, as I never knew a singed snake but what squirmed and sizzled as you do, but you will have a chance to squirm more if you don't attend to this matter as you should. Your letter calls for the disgust and contempt of any decent man, and certainly of M. P. McKOON."

We, as a committee, are at the service of any and every member of the club, when appealed to in a becoming manner, but we object, and shall continue to do so as long as we hold office, to recognize the subject matter of any letter which is accompanied by insinuations against our good faith, or personal abuse of the committee or its individual members. We have declined to permit the secretary to lay the questions of errors in the standard as set forth by Mr. McKoon, before us, not that we are unwilling to investigate the matter and have any errors corrected, but because of the tone of Mr. McKoon's letters, and we ask you to let us make the matter public in order that all may be able to form their own opinions as to whether our action is justifiable or not.

To Mr. McKoon we have simply to say—present your request for investigation with what you claim are errors, in a gentlemanly manner, and we will, as in duty bound, attend to it. Pending that, however, our secretary is instructed to cease correspondence with you.

Yours respectfully,

J. L. MORRILL, Chairman.
A. MCCOLLOM,
JAMES WATSON, Secretary.

Committee of Organization of the American Cocker Spaniel Club.

[The FOREST AND STREAM has received from Mr. M. P. McKoon with a request for its publication a copy of the following communication which he has sent in printed form to the members of the club:

"As one of the Cocker Club entrusted committee, I am certain that

I owe to those many reputed breeders and admirers of this breed who were led to follow several of us into the club—and with the same honorable intentions for the general good of the breed—my *public resignation from anything and everything* pertaining to that club. We were in hopes, after the committee and public club meetings, and *adoption of a standard* by them, to see an end to the disgusting frauds, and to see that standard published in its virgin form. But, alas! our hopes in *this were also blasted.* Were the genuine club in a position to know of the many frauds forced upon them and us? I know that *not one decent man* with any respect for himself, or interest in the welfare of this breed, would allow his name to be connected in *any form* with this organization, and I am as fully aware that no such show managing committee will so disregard their own interests as to think for one instant of countenancing the thing in their midst, and have no hesitancy in signing my name hereto. But I do blush with shame that I ever suffered myself to dirty my hands and name with this affair, and my only excuse is, that I *hoped* general good might be obtained from it. Such being impossible, I now wash my hands after this contest, and step *out.* M. P. McKOON.'

This letter has also been sent to us by some of its recipients, with inquiries as to the alleged frauds named therein. Of the merits of the case we do not profess to be informed. Mr. McKoon's charges, however, are vague; and they are still further weakened by the intemperate language which he employs. The committee express their readiness to submit to investigation any charges which may be preferred in a proper way, and we can see then no obstacle to a speedy termination of the present unhappy condition of affairs. If any member of the Cocker Club entertains the belief that the gentlemen entrusted with preparing the adopted standard for publication allowed alterations to be made in it before its publication, that member owes it to the gentlemen concerned, not less than to the club, to present his charges in a specific and temperate way. Until such a direct charge is made and sustained, the public is not warranted in withholding its hearty support from the committee.—ED. F. & S.]

AN EXPLANATION GIVEN—New Haven, Conn., May 20.—I notice in your edition of May 12 that the owner of Elcho (in an article headed An Explanation Wanted), takes exception to my advertising for sale a red Irish pup, claiming him as from "Highland Lass" by Elcho. I will give him all the explanation that I can. The pup was presented to me last December by a gentleman in Washington, D. C. The following letter, which preceded him, gave me all the information that I have on the subject. In it, you will observe, he says that the dog is what I represented him to be. If I have fallen into error please set me right, as I would not misrepresent anything for my whole kennel of dogs, knowing what trouble it is liable to make, and especially as I should seriously object to the owner of Elcho or any one else laying claim to anything of mine if he was not entitled to it.—G. E. OSBORN.

The following is a copy of the letter referred to by Mr. Osborn, the original of which has been submitted to us:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 27, 1880.

"I send you by Adams Express a little dog by the celebrated dog Elcho and out of the bitch Highland Lass, both imported by Col. Right Reeves, of Maryland. I hope you will give him all the chance you can. I know you will be glad to get him. The father is a tan and the mother is red."

[Mr. Osborn is a gentleman well known to us, and it is evident that the duplication of names has been the misleading cause of this mistake.—ED.]

SLIPS.—Mr. W. Potts, of Oldham, England, has sold to a well-known gentleman in this city the superb bull terrier dog Young Royal and a bitch of same strain. The brace arrived here about ten days ago in fine condition. During the past year the dog Young Royal has been a great winner in the best of company at the big shows on the other side, and even the critical Mr. Harry Jennings tells us that "he is the very best dog of the kind he ever saw come to America"....112 dogs have been lost and advertised for in our local papers during the present month....A worthy priest of Pennsylvania has just imported from Essig two Leonburg dogs; they were consigned to Mr. Goldsmith, forwarding agent, this city.... Mr. Chas. D. Scott, Schenectady, N. Y., has resigned from that bone of contention the Cocker Club.

WANTED.—Will the owner of orange and white setter dog known as Phelps' Dick please send his address to this office? Will Mr. Blake, of this city, owner of Gordon setter dog Duke, please send his address to this office? Will our correspondent who wrote to us regarding the pedigree of the Gordon setter dog Grouse please send his address to this office, as his letter has been mislaid?

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Lang—Mr. J. W. Bragg, Pittston, Pa., claims the name of Lang for his Gordon setter pup, whelped March 16, 1881, by Dr. Aten's Glen out of Mr. R. E. Fisher's Dover Lass.

Strap—Mr. John W. Ricker, Dover, N. H., claims the name of Strap for his red Irish setter, whelped March 22, 1880, by Elcho III. out of Ruby.

Nimbus—Mr. Thomas Rudman, Washingtonville, N. Y., claims the name of Nimbus for liver and white cocker spaniel dog puppy by Mr. M. P. McKoon's Captain out of his Beauty.

Sandy—Mr. Edwin S. Neal, New York City, claims the name of Sandy for red Irish setter dog puppy, whelped March 14, 1881, by Lister's Bang out of Tappan's May.

Duke—Mr. W. H. Courson, Newton, N. J., claims the name of Duke for black, white and tan beagle dog puppy one year old by Ringold out of Bridget.

Dutchess—Mr. W. H. Courson, Newton, N. J., claims the name of Dutchess for fawn, black and white beagle bitch thirteen months old by imported Rambler out of Bessie.

Flush—Mr. R. J. McKay, Pittsburgh, Pa., claims the name of Flush for red Irish setter puppy whelped August 15, 1880, winner of first prize at the Pittsburgh Dog Show, January, 1881, by Mr. W. N. Callender's champion Rory O'Moore out of Mr. W. H. Pierce's bitch Norah.

Nell—Mr. L. W. Dart, Jr., New London, Conn., claims the name of Nell for his red Irish setter dog, whelped September 7, 1879, by Messrs. Lincoln & Bellyar's Arlington out of Mr. Max Wenzel's Dot.

Chloe—Mr. S. Leonard Albert, Jr., Boston, Mass., claims the name of Chloe for his white, black and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped February 2, 1881, by Royal Blue (Gladstone-Mersey) out of Diana (Rock-Maud).

Max and Dan—Mr. T. L. Sartwell, Bradford, Pa., claims the names of Max and Dan for brace of Irish setter dog puppies by Kent out of Flo. Purchased of Mr. W. P. Graham, Madison, Ind.

Zetta—Mr. William A. Rea, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Zetta for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped February 2, 1881, by Royal Blue (Gladstone-Mersey) out of Hardy's Diana (Rock-Maud).

Smoker—Mr. W. J. Percival, Paw, Mich., claims the name of Smoker for black and tan beagle, whelped July 12, 1880, by Ward's Sport out of Muse III.

Maid—Mr. Jacob J. Kirkman, St. Paul, Minn., claims the name of Maid for beagle bitch puppy by Barber (imp. Brilliant-Imp. Equity) out of Freckle (imp. Trumpeter-imp. Faithful).

Blackie II.—The Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennel, So. Acworth, N. H., claims the name of Blackie II. for imported black spaniel bitch by champion Rean out of champion Blackie. Bred by Mr. A. H. Easten, Hull, England.

Brush II.—The Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennel, So. Acworth, N. H., claims the name of Brush II. for imported black spaniel dog by champion Brush out of champion Rhea. Bred by Mr. A. H. Easten, Hull, England.

Florance—The Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennel, So. Acworth, N. H., claims the name of Florance for liver bitch puppy by Snipe out of Cute.

Jess and Juno—Mr. Fred. W. Thornber, Bristol, Pa., claims the names of Jess and Juno for black, white and tan dog and bitch foxhound puppies out of Vr. H. B. Low's imported bitch Fanny of Orangeville (sire's name omitted).

NAME CHANGED.

Rowdy Boy—Mr. Wm. H. R. Du Bois, New York City, claims the name of Rowdy Boy for his brindle and white bull terrier dog, formerly Tobey, eighteen months old, bought of Mr. J. S. Bacon and bred by Mr. Isaac Varian's bull terrier dog Jemmy out of Mr. Henry Bomberry's bitch Nell.

BRED.

Ailsa-Johnnie Fae—Mr. John Davidson's (Monroe, Mich.) imported English setter Ailsa to Johnnie Fae, May 6.

Abbess-Johnnie Fae—Mr. John Davidson's English setter bitch Abbess to Johnnie Fae, May 10.

Glenlintass-Prince of Orange—Mr. John Davidson's English setter bitch Glenlintass to imported Prince of Orange, May 10.

Doll-Prince of Orange—Mr. John Davidson's English setter bitch Doll to imported Prince of Orange, May 14.

Tyne-Benledi—Mr. John Davidson's English setter Tyne to Benledi, May 14.

Madge-Elcho III.—Mr. Thomas I. Egan's (Halifax, N. S.) red Irish setter bitch Madge to Mr. Adolph Nelson's champion Elcho III. (Elcho-Rose), April 15.

Music-Victor—Mr. M. M. Nessley's (Elizabethtown, Pa.) beagle bitch Music (Dan-Fanny V.) to Victor.

Countess-Royal—Mr. Washington A. Coster's (Flatbush, L. I.) Dilley pointer bitch Countess Royal to Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth, May 17.

Lofty-Brush II.—The Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennel's cocker bitch Lofty to same owner's imported Brush II.

Victoria-Brush II.—The Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennel's cocker bitch Victoria to same owner's imported Brush II.

Chain's Bitch-Joe, Jr.—Mr. Will Chain's (Columbia, Tenn.) white and lemon setter bitch to Mr. G. W. Campbell's Joe, Jr., May 15.

Zip-Joe—Mr. C. N. Goodman's (Springfield, Mass.) pointer bitch Zip (Snapshot-Fanny II.) on May 15 to Dr. Chas. A. Lyman's imported Bob (champion Don E. K. C. S. B. S. 4,201-Ainsworth's Beauty).

WHELPS.

Peggy—Mr. A. E. Godefroy's (Guymard, N. Y.) pointer bitch Peggy whelped April 7 nine puppies by Croxteth.

Flirt—Mr. A. E. Godefroy's cocker spaniel Flirt whelped May 14 four puppies, three dogs and one bitch, by Mr. McKoon's Captain.

Zulette—Mr. H. W. Hill's (Hartford, Conn.) cocker bitch Zulette (Romeo-Juliette) whelped May 9 seven puppies, four dogs and three bitches, by Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's champion Charlie.

Fan—Mr. A. M. Martin's (Stamford, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Fan whelped May 14, 1881, ten puppies, five dogs and five bitches, by Mr. E. L. Suley's red Irish setter Sard.

Ollie—Mr. H. W. Gauss's (Wilmington, Del.) setter bitch Ollie (Dan-Peach) whelped May 20 ten puppies, by owner's Warwick. In color the puppies are lemon and white, lemon Belton, blue Belton and black, white and tan.

Floss—Mr. G. W. Campbell's setter bitch Floss whelped May 16 six puppies, four dogs and five bitches, by Otso. One white dog and two white bitches living.

SALES.

Ruff—S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., has sold to Mr. Frank L. Usher, Potsdam, N. Y., his pointer puppy Ruff by champion Ranger out of Fleet (1st N. Y.)

Monarch—Mr. M. Rathburn, New York City, has purchased from Mrs. A. Hitchcock, Hackensack, N. J., her imported mastiff dog Monarch (King-Phillis).

Spaniel Whelps—Gen. W. S. Tilton, Togus, Me., has purchased from the Laclede Kennel Club a liver colored bitch spaniel puppy by imp Benedict out of Vanda. Also the liver colored dog puppy Bachelor by Benedict out of Mr. Fellows' Pansy.

Roscoe—Mr. Wm. H. Hawkins, Fall River, Mass., has sold to Mr. E. Odell, of New Orleans, his lemon and white setter dog Roscoe.

Bloomer—Mr. Eugene Powers, Cortland, N. Y., has sold to Mr. G. E. Perlee, New York City, the liver and white cocker bitch Blossom by Wildair out of Mignon.

Trim—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Mr. Frank Sowers the beagle dog Trim (Chandler's Sport-Baker's Milly.

DEATHS.

Drag-Curlew Whelps—Mr. J. Otis Fellows has had four puppies by cocker spaniel Drag out of Curlew died of diarrhœa May 23.

Remember that a little Hop Bitters saves big Doctor bills and cures when all else fails.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

May 22.—Quaker City Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 23.—Shinnecock Y. C. Annual regatta.
May 23.—Cooper's Point Y. C. Annual regatta.
May 24.—Gananoque open regatta, second and third-class yachts.
May 24.—Southern Y. C. Professional races.
May 26.—Southern Y. C. Professional races.
May 26.—Fordham Y. C. Challenge cup.
May 27.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Vallejo.
May 28.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Napa.
May 30.—Knickerbocker Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—South Boston Y. C. Inland regatta, City Point.
May 30.—Atlantic Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—Cape Ann Y. C. Spring regatta.
May 30.—Seawanhaka Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—Jersey City Y. C. Opening cruise.
May 30.—Warwick Y. C. Open regatta, Fall River.
May 30.—Bunker Hill Y. C. Open regatta 22 ft. and under.
May 30.—Pennsylvania Y. C. Spring regatta
June 1.—Southern Y. C. Corinthian races.
June 3.—Southern Y. C. Corinthian races.
June 4.—Harlem Regatta Association. Canoe races.
June 4.—Quinsy Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 6.—East River Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 6.—Hudson River Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 6.—Quaker City Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 7.—Empire Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 9.—New Jersey Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 10.—Eastern Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 11.—Delaware River open regatta.
June 11.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Martinez.
June 11.—Atlantic Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 11.—Pacific Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
June 15.—Newburyport Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—New York Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—Boston Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 17.—Lynn Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 17.—Marblehead open regatta.
June 18.—Dorchester Y. C. Nahant regatta.
June 18.—Seawanhaka Y. C. Corinthian races.
June 20.—East River Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 20.—Quaker City Y. C. Chester regatta.
June 23.—Jersey City Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 25.—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor cruise.
July 1.—Gananoque open regatta, second and third class yachts.
July 1.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Monterey.
July 1.—Royal Canadian Y. C. Governor General's Cup.
July 2.—Quinsy Y. C. First championship regatta.
July 2.—Nellie-O'Conner match, San Francisco.
July 2 to 5.—Quaker City Y. C. Chesapeake-Bay cruise.
July 4.—Larchmont Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 4.—Cleveland, Ohio, A. A. Annual regatta.
July 4.—Lynn harbor. Open regatta.
July 4 and 5.—Quaker City Y. C. Corinthian regatta, Penn's Grove.
July 9.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Swampscott.
July 12.—Pacific Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 15.—Atlantic Y. C. Annual cruise. Black Rock.
July 16.—Dorchester Y. C. Club house regatta.
Aug. 3.—New York Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 2.—Quinsy Y. C. Second championship regatta.
Aug. 6.—Beverly Y. C. Champion regatta, Nahant.
Aug. 6.—Pacific Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 6 to 20.—Quaker City Y. C. Annual cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
Aug. 6.—San Francisco Y. C. Annual regatta.
Aug. 11 to 14.—American Canoe Association. Lake George meet.
Aug. 31.—Quinsy Y. C. Third championship regatta.
Sept. 1.—Quinsy Y. C. Championship cruise.
Sept. 3.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Drake's Bay.
Sept. 3.—Dorchester Y. C. Fall regatta.
Sept. 7.—Royal Canadian Y. C. Annual regatta.
Sept. 10.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Marblehead.
Sept. 17.—San Francisco Y. C. Corinthian matches.
Sept. 18.—Quaker City Y. C. Fall regatta.
Sept. 24.—Beverly Y. C. Special regatta, Swampscott.
Sept. 25.—Quaker City Y. C. Closing cruise.
Sept. 26.—San Francisco Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
Nov. 5.—San Francisco Y. C. Closing cruise.

CRUISE OF THE SCHOONER SUNSHINE, 1880.

(CONCLUDED.)

THURSDAY, Aug. 19—Pilot on board at five A. M., and those below were soon awakened by his familiar chatting and guffaw while trying to make himself agreeable to the captain. A cold wind from the southward brought us out of the harbor and on our way. No difference in this region which direction the wind blows from—cold blasts are from every quarter. The sail in and out among the islands northward to Bar Harbor is exceedingly picturesque—innumerable wooded spots and bold, rocky shores, mainland, southwest Harbor nestling at the foot of the Mount Desert, and the eastern slope of the island covered with beautiful summer villas. The highest mountain rises to the same height about as the Highlands of West Point on the Hudson, and is not dissimilar in appearance. Imagine all this facing directly on the ocean and you have an idea of the looks of the place, I trust. Bar Harbor came in sight at eleven A. M., and at the same time, behind us, the steamer from Bangor, on which our pilot wished to return. The breeze freshening, we hurried along, and at half past eleven rounded to off the steamboat wharf, the anchor chains rattling through the hawse-holes as we brought up at the eastern termination of our cruise. No time was lost in lowering a boat and rowing the pilot on board the steamer, which was reached as it was casting off from the dock. After getting ourselves to rights by putting the sails we had a chance to look around and view this much lauded seaside resort. Several yachts were at anchor and looked as if they had been at anchor all summer. A noticeable feature of the harbor is its "bar," from which it derives its name. At high tide it is covered with three or four feet of water, and, apparently, any vessel might sail over to the water beyond; but at half tide the water commences to rush over with much noise, and at low tide vessels which at high tide were seen beyond the bar are then only visible by their mast heads—the rise and fall is twenty feet or more. After a hearty lunch Dolliver and Trio went ashore to see the sights and hunt up friends. The village is an odd-looking place. The hotels, stores and out-buildings have sprung up without the remotest regard for taste or propriety—they look as though they had dropped in a heap from the clouds. Here will be seen the handsomest hotel covered by stores and buildings, another tucked away in a hollow under the shelter of a hill, the view of the ocean, studded with its beautiful islands, entirely forgotten.

The air is delightful, the watering place style prevailing in paddling in canoes and driving about the country. Bathing is impossible, the temperature of the water forbidding it. One of our party tried a plunge, and it was comical to watch the expression of his face when he arose to the surface and "put for" the yacht again. The drives are the finest views imposing when the sky is clear, but why any one should leave the vicinity of Boston, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, Buzzard's Bay or Newport, to choose so cold, foggy and desert a place, passes comprehension. As good fishing, as pleasant driving and sailing are to be had on the coast of these places mentioned, and also surf and still water bathing. Let us not forget to mention among the attractions of Mount Desert its delightful and long continuing fogs, raw, cold, damp and dispiriting. They shut down and you cannot see a hundred feet, and they pierce to the very soul and marrow. Such a fog we woke to look out on the next day.

Friday, Aug. 20—Out we haul our thickest garments and heavy overcoats, those who with forethought had provided winter underwear gladly put it on, and tried to look happy. Breakfast and a hot cup of coffee helped to warm us, but we were glad to sit below in the cabin until the afternoon, when at last the sun managed to break through and give us hopes of getting away the next day with a clear horizon.

Saturday, Aug. 21.—Weighed anchor at six A. M. and stood out of the harbor with a clear sky and light southerly wind. At half-past six o'clock a fog shut down so thick that it was with much difficulty we found our way back to the anchorage. All day the fog refused supreme until sunset, when, like the day before, it peeped through the mists to see if we were all there, and, finding us all safe, quickly went to sleep behind the hills. 'Tis truly named Mount Desert.

Sunday, Aug. 22.—In the morning we went to church. The day was bright and clear with a northwest wind, and in the afternoon we "up anchor" and stole away. It did not take long to hoist the sails. In the dimness of evening we sailed by the southward point of the island, the wind came around southwest, and, setting watches, we prepared for all night work. Mt. Desert Rock Light was the only one in sight until 12:30 A. M., when the light on Matinicus Island opened up.

Monday, Aug. 23.—Breakfast at 6 A. M., wind light and dead ahead. Matinicus bore north five miles distant. Wind remained light all day. At times we scarcely moved, and at sundown had proceeded only as far as Muscongus. At midnight Seguin, Halfway Rock and Cape Elizabeth lights were visible.

Tuesday Aug. 24.—Calm all forenoon, and, as the yacht was surrounded with dog-fish, we tried to amuse ourselves catching them, but it was no go—at least they are a lazy fish and delightfully hook and, without resistance, allow themselves to be hauled aboard. We soon wearied of this, and having once more reached the regions of the southwest winds, and a welcome breeze springing up, we were quickly heeling to our sails as the steward reported, the water short, and we resolved to make Portsmouth harbor that night. Sighted Boon Island at half-past three and entered the Merrimac River at 5:30 P. M. In order to make certain of water and provisions we decided to push on to the city, about some two miles from the mouth of the river according to charts; but a head tide came to greet us, and three miles were two miles "long drawn out" before we covered them. It was the last halt of the ebb, and a "Heligate" of an ebb it was. The channel is narrow, and, once in it, there is no turning around without risk. Fortunately the wind was fair and fresh. For one hour we reached with a full roll of land bearing the appropriate name of "Pull and be d—d Point." We did not pull, because we couldn't, nor did we indulge in swearing, because of the Commodore, but we did keep up considerable quiet thinking. Eight-thirty P. M. and Kittery Point on one side, a red stone beacon on the other; a mile and a quarter on our way. The wind then slackened and the eddies for the next hour coyly endeavored to lead the yacht to the other side of the beacon and land us safely in some tempting mud berth. Nine o'clock, and a man coming down the river in a small boat hailed us as he approached, the current took him by so fast that it was not until he had passed a hundred yards astern that his voice reached the yacht. This we believe to be the swiftest current on record—ice boating is nothing to it. Finally, at 9:45 P. M., we dropped anchor off the eastern part of the city within sixty feet of the shore and in twelve fathoms of water. No other vessels were anchored either near us or opposite the city; but a few were hauled to the docks with strong-set lines. Lieutenant and T. and H., on their way to Boston, went ashore to find out, we believe, the lay of the town. The town, to our surprise, is a noble-looking old place with stately buildings and wide streets, bordered by the beautiful elms of New England. But even here there is the usual "more-dead-than-alive" appearance characteristic of the Eastern seaports, and there is one thing even New Englanders are not sleepy about, and that is in their curiosity to learn other persons' business. They can "spot" a stranger as far as they see him, and will immediately besiege him with inquiries such as "Who be you?" and "What from?" and, if you inquire for a certain person, "What do you want him for?" It was quite amusing on our way back to the yacht, after visiting stores, post office, etc., to listen to these kindly inquiries. On reaching the dock the flood tide had begun, and Charon, in his way across the styginan stream, had never pulled harder than he did on carrying us to the yacht. Reaching there we found all had turned in, and we almost stumbled over the sleeping form of the sailing-master on deck, who did not dare go below, not knowing where the flood tide in its strength might drift us. Fortunately we were well found and, unmooring out of the current, and the night passed uneventfully. The next morning we were told that vessels seldom dared anchor there, as they would drag all over the stream, and we heard strange stories of vessels being carried up the river pulled harder than we ever strove under the bridge and sinking in twenty fathoms of water. The Yankees are pretty good story tellers, but we could easily believe these.

Wednesday, Aug. 24.—A steamboat wharf above us was the only place to coal, and at 6 A. M. got a breath of wind in order to bring up in the opposite direction from the dock. We began to think we were not to get any water after all. At the suggestion of some of our interested friends ashore we placed a flag in the rigging, though there were no visible signs of a tug-boat. Shortly the ferry-boat running between Portsmouth and Kittery came alongside and agreed to return in half an hour and fill our tanks from theirs and also tow us to the entrance of the harbor. By the time the tug-boat returned the yacht had worked her way into the strength of the current and was darting from side to side on her anchors like a race horse at the mooring. Two soldiers in a Government boat, shooting by for Kittery, remarked that there was a "regular Hancock current in around here," and we agreed with him, when our Commodore replied that it certainly was ebbing fast enough for them. Our friend H. left us here in order to join family and friends at Prout's Neck, much to our regret, as we had hoped to keep all together to the end of the cruise. It was not until 10 A. M. that the tug took us in tow. In fifteen short minutes we shot down and out of the river, bidding a hearty adieu to the ferry-boats, the stone Beacon and the point of unmentionable name. As we rounded the antiquated fort at the entrance the hawser was cast off and, spreading our canvas, with a northerly wind, swiftly put Portsmouth and surroundings out of sight. We were in the humor for a long run and fortune favored us. There were occasional drizzles of rain in forenoon and a steady and moderate wind until 4 P. M., when it became calm. We were then some three miles off Cape Ann lights. Though the wind had ceased, the sea did not go down and all the afternoon and evening the masts and rigging swayed and creaked from side to side, "a sure sign of storm in the distance," sailors say. We exam

fined the barometer frequently, occasionally scanning the horizon and watching the seas roll in from the ocean. The sailing-master advised putting in for Marblehead or Gloucester, but, anxious to get back to the city, we decided "stick her through." Fortunately we got only the tail end of the blow, which we afterward learned swept the piers at Long Branch and sank some vessels near Fire Island. Lieut. Hunt and one of the men took the first watch from 10 P. M. till half-past 12 A. M.

At half-past 9 A. M. a gentle N.E. breeze filled the sails and we started on our journey across Massachusetts Bay. A sudden gust struck us twenty minutes later and the mainstopmast buckled almost double before we were aware and saved it, quickly lowering topmast, staysail and other light sails, and bought a new jacket again. On her course and the little boat settled nobly down to her work with three standing sails. At half-past 10 P. M. Cape Ann lights were still visible. Our course for Highland light on Cape Cod was S.S.E., distant forty miles. The wind freshened steadily and at 11 P. M. Cape Ann lights went down below the horizon, we lifted the clear, beautiful light on the Highlands. It is remarkable with what accuracy these guiding stars along our coast have been located. From Eastport to New York the coast is dotted with lights, and at night, again by her course and the little boat settled nobly down to her work with three standing sails. At half-past 10 P. M. Cape Ann lights were still visible. Our course for Highland light on Cape Cod was S.S.E., distant forty miles. The wind freshened steadily and at 11 P. M. Cape Ann lights went down below the horizon, we lifted the clear, beautiful light on the Highlands. It is remarkable with what accuracy these guiding stars along our coast have been located. From Eastport to New York the coast is dotted with lights, and at night, again by her Elizabeth, Cape Ann and the Highland lights are visible twenty-one knots away. The only one surpassing them in brilliancy is on the Navesink Highlands, which can be seen twenty-four knots at sea. The moon, which had risen about 9 o'clock, was rapidly ate its way through the clouds and, excepting a mist that shot across its surface, shone strong and clear, lighting up the snow-white crests of the waves as they came plunging toward us. It was difficult to sleep down below, the little boat pitched so, and all hands found it hard to enjoy the sight. The wind drew around N.N.E. and settled there. At 1 o'clock A. M. the Highlands bore W.S.W. and nearing fast. We had been sailing a point better than our course for the last half-hour, fearing the wind might haul around ahead and keep rapidly at its lee shore. The little boat behaved splendidly, ducking into and taking the waves as though brought up to such work. We congratulated ourselves on not having racing sails and booms. The waves dashed over the bow, but none reached aft—a great good for a 30-foot schooner." Perhaps our friend of the FOREST AND STREAM would have preferred being at the helm of one of his Monitor-sided cutters, with the waves washing from stem to stern—and so would not we.

At half-past 1 A. M. Highlands bore N.W. by our compass, then S. ½ W., so we were nearly dead before it. The log in the last two hours had registered over twenty-two miles and we were glad to lower the mainsail and take things easily. We ran along the Cape about four miles off, the distant rumbling of the breakers at times audible at occasionally we caught a glimpse of the surf. Now and then the side-lights of a coaster would bear down upon us, every sail set. It was their breeze, and many of them would have troubled our large yachts that night.

Thursday, Aug. 25.—At 6 A. M. we had passed over Nantucket Shoals and were in the sheltered waters of the Sound. The breeze was still blowing fresh and a grand spectacle was around us. The previous day not a vessel was in sight and now we were surrounded by a large fleet of coasters waiting for the wind to haul. The land wind had brought them together during the night—schooners, three-masters, barks, brigs, two sloops-of-war, etc., all canvas to the breeze and as much as they could stand. America may at least be proud of her coasting navy. Most strong-headed tide in New York harbor, the wind slackening in the afternoon, did not reach Newport until half-past 5 P. M.—a good twenty-hour run, seeing we were off Cape Ann at half-past 9 the night before.

Friday, Aug. 26.—Despite of reaching home before Sunday, sails were set, anchor weighed and we passed out by Fort Adams at 5 A. M. Wind light from N. E. Our "balloons" again in requisition and at 1 o'clock were through the "Race" and in the familiar waters of Long Island Sound. A southerly wind helped us on and by the time noon had arrived, skimming along the Long Island shore, quickly left astern Horten's, Mt. Misery and Old Field. At midnight lay becalmed off Eaten's Neck, but a light morning air brought us to the "Gate" at 9 o'clock A. M.

Saturday, Aug. 27.—There the tide met us and we took tow to Governor's Island. After a short sail we rounded to off the A. Y. C. clubhouse, at Bayridge, at noon. After a hearty farewell dinner we parted, each to his home, but with pleasant associations of a month's cruise in the little schooner Sunshine. JUNIOR.

THE AMERICA CUP.

THE formal challenge issued by the Bay of Quinte Y. C. in behalf of the new sloop Atlanta, now building, was forwarded to the New York Y. C. May 11. It reads as under:

BAY OF QUINTE YACHT CLUB,
BELLEVILLE, Ont., May 10, '81.

SIR—At the annual meeting of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, held on Friday evening, May 6, the following resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote moved by D. E. Robertson, seconded by W. H. Campbell: "That this club do issue a challenge on behalf of Captain Cuthbert to the New York Yacht Club, the present holders of the America Cup, to compete therefor in September next." In pursuance of the above resolution the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club hereby for and on behalf of Captain Alexander Cuthbert, a member in good standing of said organization, challenges the New York Yacht Club to sail a match or series of matches, as may be mutually agreed upon, for the possession of the cup known as the "America Cup," according to the rules and upon the conditions under which the same is held by the New York Yacht Club. The challenger names as its challenging sloop yacht Atlanta. Certificates of the measurement and ownership of said yacht are inclosed herewith. In consequence of the season being so far advanced, the Bay of Quinte Yacht club are constrained to ask that the New York Yacht Club will waive the six months' notice to which they are entitled and name an earlier period for the contest than that which it is their privilege to fix. The month of September is therefore suggested, as above, as a suitable time. You will oblige the undersigned by laying this communication before the New York Yacht Club at your earliest convenience.

Yours truly, RICHARD S. BELL,
Sec'y Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, Belleville, Ont.
To CHARLES A. MINTON, Sec'y New York Yacht Club, New York.

Accompanying the challenge are certificates from W. A. Bramish, Customs Surveyor, that the Atlanta will measure about forty-five tons, by Custom House rule, and from Messrs. S. T. Greene and J. H. Starling, Measurers of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, stating the length of the yacht to be 62 feet 10 inches on the water-line and 7 feet 1 inch over all.

A FLAT DENIAL.

SOME silly brains have started the story that Philip Elsworth sent Cuthbert the model for the Atlanta. The same source has again been interviewing spurious "prominent members" of the N. Y. Y. C. and making them say that they knew the Canadian to be no fair sailing else than an American yacht they would meet her nevertheless. This whole story is without foundation, and we are authorized to deny that Elsworth furnished Cuthbert with any model as well as the romance that John Sawyer, of this city, had engaged to make the sails for the Atlanta. The attempts made by certain journals to curry favor with yachtsmen at home by pandering to popular clamor in prejudicing their readers in advance against the challenging yacht are as disreputable as they are unsportsmanlike. We pride ourselves on fair play and regard to the usages of this time, and would rather have him get away with the cup than see the good name of the yachting community tarnished by truth emanating from the curbstone and kitchen cabinets.

DRIFT.—Hamilton, Ont., has a fleet of fifteen "luggers," after the Clyde pattern. Sharpies are being introduced on the Canadian side. Cuthbert is to build more of his kind. The Canadians are laughing at the efforts of the penny-a-liners of the New York daily press in their attempts to exclude the Atlanta from the America Cup. The vulgarity of the attack made upon the standing of the Bay of Quinte Y. C. is the parent when we say that the scum of the city, judges on the bench, members of Parliament and the principal merchants form the Club. No wonder the journal in which this shoddyism first found vent has had to cat its own words. Oriole, schooner, Royal Canadian Y. C., has been entirely rebuilt. Mr. Hughes offers the yacht Cuthbert built for sale; wants a larger one of the same sort; takes no stock in sandbag dingers. Yachting is going to be lively among the Thousand Islands this season; Dr. Holland's new steamer, built by the Herreshoffs, is guaranteed to run eighteen miles, and the Idlewild and Sport their new side-wheelers. Next Newburgh, at the Idlewild and Sport Islands. The flyer Lelia is creating astonishment on the lakes. It is now the fashion to form "syndicates" to buy a yacht. Sloop Veronica claims to be the fastest of her length in knockabouts; is 61 ft. on deck and 20 ft. 8 in. on water-line and has been bought by G. E. Jacobs; we wish we had little cabin craft like her in New York, in place of the silly sand-bag shifters. Classes and prizes offered by Boston Y. C. not popular; too much centreboard prejudice; about the only club in the East that takes its cue from New York hobbies. It is simply assinine to denounce the Atlanta as a joint-stock racing machine; we should like to know what else our own sloops are but racing machines. *Truth* gives space to canoeing notes; keep it up.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—Nineteen new members have been elected, as follows: Horatio Hathaway, John A Monsell, Alfred de Barry, George Work, Travis C Van Buren, Samuel A Wood, J Livingston de Peyster, Charles F Wetmore, B F Dawson, M D; William A Cole, John P Townsend, Francis A Stout, Arthur W Blake, Isaac Metcalf, Robert Goelet, Morris J Asch, M D; Frank Hinman, John D Prince and Lucian Blake. Long may this prosperous club increasing the fleet to the respectable number of 105 vessels. The committee on the America Cup reported no reason why the original deed of gift should be altered, and challenge for the cup is therefore still governed by the letter of the donors, dated July 8, 1857. Mr. E. A. Buck offered two cups, value $500, to be sailed for by schooners and sloops of the New York and Eastern clubs in August. The rendezvous of the fleet for the August cruise is to be New London harbor and the cruise is to be made to Newport. The recommendations to the by-laws are, as it will at last take the fleet to sea. A voyage to Boston has, however, been promised so often that a good August blow may again this year cause the high drafts to "funk" and turn tail to the westward

ALBANY, New York, May 26:

Life Membership Match—200 Yards.

J T Miles, Bal S..... 5545454—32 T Mosher, Bal S..... 4345445—29
W E Fitch, Bal S..... 5455544—32 W T Miles, S C..... 5534434—29
C E Wendell, S M....*2455443—32 J D Billing, Wes S.... 4453354—28
H Batchelder, R C.... 4455544—31 W Jones, S M.....*2454343—26
L Geiger, R S..... 4444445—29 P Smith, R S..... 4343443—25
* Allowance to military rifles.

P. E. Griswold Mid-Range Championship Match—500 Yards.

W E Fitch, R C..... 5555544—33 C P Wendell, S M..... 4534343—31
H Batchelder, R C.... 5544454—32 T Mosher, Bal S..... 4364438—28
Six competitors withdrew.

CONLIN'S GALLERY has been removed to No. 1257 Broadway, the northwest corner of Broadway and 31st street. Here are to be found the crack pistol and gallery rifle shots of the Metropolis. Why can we not have a New York and Boston pistol match?

STOCKTON RIFLE RANGE, N. J., May 18.—Mid-range Match—Open to all comers; 500 yards; rounds ten; any rifle; position, any; military rifles, used as such, allowed 4 points. Prize, a short and mid-range Remington rifle. Made in a heavy rain storm; light very bad.

E Oram..... 50 F George..... 49
W De V Foulke..... 50 G B West..... 48
L Thomas..... 50 H Mann..... 45
Ties shot off—2 Oram winner.

THE TRAP.

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB, May 12.—The annual shoot and opening of the new club house of the Washington Gun Club of the Eastern District, in Ridgewood Park, this afternoon, was a great event in the history of the association. Organized one year ago, under the presidency of Mr. Henry Altenbrand, the club rapidly grew in favor with the business men of that section of the city, so that to-day one hundred and seventy-six of them belong to it. It is the only club in the district belonging to the State and Long Island Sportsmen's Association. Although one of the youngest, it is the second largest club in the State Association, and out of the eighty prizes to be shot for at the coming tournament on Coney Island the Washington Club presented thirty. The club house, large and well commodious structure, pronounced by President Altenbrand to be, like the grounds, the finest in the State, was only completed the day before, so that the event was a dual one as already stated. In the gathering were several members of the Fountain and another gun club.

H Altenbrand.....23 yds.	1111111—7	Emil Zeller.....	21 yds. .1010110—4
P McGill.....	23 " .1111101—6	Jos Siebel.....	21 " .1111001—4
W Kampfmuller..	21 " .1111101—6	Jost Moller, Jr..	21 " .1101000—3
J Dierking.....	23 " .1111101—6	Theo Oblig.....	21 " .0110100—3
W E Tetch.....	21 " .1110111—6	H Hans.....	21 " .1010W —2
Geo Armbruster.	21 " .1101111—6	H Carrick.....	23 " .110W —2
T Kellett.....	23 " .1101111—6	W M O'Brien....	21 " .0000010—1
J Evans.....	23 " .1101111—5	H Miller.....	21 " .00W —0
R H Hopps.....	21 " .1110110—5	H N Watts.....	23 " .010W —1
H Hoffman.....	21 " .1111010—5	H Hollman.....	23 " .0100010—2
J E Morgan.....	21 " .0011110—4	F Wenzel.....	21 " .1110110—5

Amateur.

A Altenbrand..21 yds.	1 1 1—3	F Altenbrand..21 yds.	0 0 0—0
H Edgar.....	21 " 0 0 1—1	T B Jones.....	21 " 0 1 1—2
John Short.....	21 " 0 0 1—1	Thos McTisley..	21 " 1 0 1—2
J Smith.....	21 " 0 0 1—1	M Christopher..	21 " 1 0 1—2

The officers of the club are as follows: Hay. Altenbrand, President; Samuel Guthrie, Vice-Prest.; Herman Hederman, Treas.; T. L. Wenzel, Sec. Trustees: Alfred Hodges, Jost Moller, Wm. Denyse. The club has 176 members, and 10 new members proposed. Among our last members elected is our newly elected Congressmen Hyatt Smith.

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB.—Washington, D. C., May 21.—A match was shot this afternoon between two teams, each composed of eight members of this club, chosen by Messrs. Mills and McLeod, the two Captains. Cards rotary trap, screened; 20 yards rise; 20 glass balls to each man; the best total score of either team to win. The result was as follows:

E L Mills, Captain.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—19
J P Saffold.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—19
W B McKeiden.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0—17
T E Hine.....	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—17
Harry King.....	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0—15
O M Ball.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—15
J R Morhous.....	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1—14
W W Eldridge.....	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0—12
E M McLeod, Captain...	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—16
C J Stoddard.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—16
N H Wadsworth.....	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1—15
Clinton Adams.....	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—14
C M Dutnor.....	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1—14
Wm Wagner.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0—14
F B Farnsworth.....	0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—13
L H Miller.....	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1— 3—105

The club is now in its second year of existence, and is rapidly growing in numbers. Its members embrace some of the first business men of the city as well as several government officials, all of whom take much interest in the affairs of the club and its practice matches, the latter taking place each Saturday afternoon at Eagle Park, in the suburbs of the City, and afford fine recreation for men, the most of whom are engaged in sedentary employment. We made some fine scores last year, and the record of Forest and Stream will show, and hope to make still more improvement before the close of this season. E.

ESSEX ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Newark, N. Y.—On Wednesday, the 18th inst. a series of eight competitions, under the following conditions: Five single from H. & T. traps, one barrel, and 5 from 3 traps, both barrels; handicap rise, under 25 yards, which requires the hut of gun to be held below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, and which prohibits the shooting of second barrel at a bird on the ground. The birds were a mixed lot, and the wet weather made them slow to rise. The shooting as a whole was not up to the average of the club.

Breintnall.....	23 yds.	1 1 0 1 1— 4	30 yds.	1 1 0 1 1— 4
Kinsey.....	23 "	1 1 0 0 1— 3	28 "	0 1 1 1 1— 4
Crane.....	23 "	1 0 1 0 1	28 "	0 0 1 0 1— 3
Penzz.....	24 "	1 0 1 0 1	28 "	1 0 0 0— 2
Smith.....	24 "	1 0 1 0 0	28 "	0 1 1 0 1— 3
Pindell.....	23 "	0 1 1 1 1	30 "	1 1 1 1— 4
Belcher.....	23 "	0 0 1 1 0	28 "	1 1 1 0— 3
Hunt.....	25 "	1 1 0 1 1	30 "	0 1 1 0 0— 3
Decker.....	23 "	1 0 0 1 1	27 "	1 1 0 1— 4
Thomas.....	23 "	1 1 0 0 0	26 "	0 1 0 0— 2
White.....	23 "	1 1 0 1 1	27 "	0 1 1 0— 3
Stewart.....	25 "	1 1 1 1 1	30 "	1 1 1 1—10
Jones.....	23 "	1 1 1 1 1	29 "	1 1 1— 5

Koeller.....	23 "	0 1 1 1 0	28 "	1 0 1 1 0— 6
Campbell.....	23 "	1 1 0 1 1	28 "	1 0 1 1— 8
Frazer.....	22 "	1 0 0 0 1	25 "	1 0 1 1— 6
James.....	23 "	0 0 1 —	Withdrew.	
Hayes.....	25 "	1 1 1 1	30 yds.	1 1 1 1—10

† Second barrel.
* Dead out of bounds. WM. HAYES.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Monthly match, May 20; weather rainy; ground traps; 50 yards boundary:

Wingert, 27 yds.....	1111111—7	McLaughlin, 23 yds.....	1111111—7
P Ravenhall, Jr, 21 yds.	1111011—6	Kearney, 23 yds.....	1111111—7
Duryea, 21 yds.....	1011101—5	Duke, 19 yds.....	1001111—5
A George, 19 yds.....	0001001—2	J H Batty, 23 yds.....	1111011—6
L B Williams, 23 yds....	1111111—7	Grace, 23 yds.....	1100110—4
O L Madison, 21 yds.....	1010111—5	Montanus, 23 yds.....	1111110—6
Walton, 21 yds.....	1101111—6	E Bushnell, 20 yds.....	1101110—5

The shoot-off was won by Kearney with four straight, and he bore off the badge. The contestants for places on the State shoot team have made the following score:

Pike.....	1111111111—10	Dixon.....	1111010101—7
Kearney.....	0110111111— 8	Ravenhall.....	1110111001—5
McLaughlin.....	0110111111— 8	Pike.....	1101111111—9
Ravenhall.....	0111011111— 8	Slane.....	1111110111—9
Duryea.....	0110110111—7	Kearney.....	1110111111—9
McLaughlin.....	1110111111—9	Schwarer.....	1110111111—9
McLaughlin.....	1110111110— 8		

GREENPOINT SHOOTING CLUB.—The first annual free shoot at the Greenpoint Shooting Club took place on their grounds in Woodside. Club rules; handicap rise, 11 and 7 traps, both barrels allowed; 7 birds each:

W Krumbeck.....	1 1 0 1 1 1 0—5	C Berger.....	1 1 0 1 0 1 1—5
H Wahlen.....	0 1 1 0 1 1 0—4	L Chevallier.....	0 1 1 1 1 1 1—6
R Sprigade.....	1 1 0 1 0 0 0—3	M Stone.....	0 1 1 1 1 1 0—5
J Wholz.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 1—6	J Riker.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7
J Trask.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 0—6	L Conditus.....	0 1 1 0 0 0 0—2
G Rullwhikle.....	1 0 1 1 1 0 1—5	F Bogen.....	1 1 1 0 0 0 0—3
P Munz.....	1 1 1 0 0 1 0—4	R Burnagel.....	0 0 1 1 0 1 0—3
J Kroger.....	1 0 0 1 0 0 0—2	R Evers.....	0 0 0 0 1 0 1—2
N Terrell.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 0—6	J Helnecker.....	0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1
G Siems.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7	W Cameron.....	0 1 1 1 1 1 0—6
F Sauter.....	0 0 1 1 1 0 1—4	S Twaddell.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7

Ties: Siems, 6; Twaddell, 8; Ricker, 9.

MOBILE, May 16.—The following is the score of the Gulf City Gun Club for the monthly medal shoot, May 11:

Wm B Holt.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1—14
Jas S Alexander.....	1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—16
Edmund Carre.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—19
H P Wells.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—19
Jno Alston.....	0 0 1 2 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1—13

Ties on nineteen.

Carre.....	1 1 1 1 1—5 1 1 1 1 1—5
Vass.....	1 1 1 1 1—5 1 1 0 1 1—4

The above was a match at 20 balls, 18 yards, 3 traps, the winner of the medal to shoot at 21 yards. Vass and Carre had both won before.

Sweepstakes match, 10 balls, 21 yards:

Carre.....	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0—7 F S Fry.... 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1—8
Alston.....	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—8 Vass..... 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Alexander..	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9 SEM.

CAZENOVIA GUN CLUB, Cazenovia, N. Y., May 2.—The annual meeting of the Cazenovia Gun Club took place Friday evening, May 20. The following officers were elected:—President, Dr. E. M. Bass; Vice-President, Geo. H. Brown; Secretary, W. Deles Wells; Treasurer, W. J. Dwyer; Executive Committee, Burr Wendell, J. H. T. E. Burr, Geo. P. Atwell. Burr Wendell presented the club with a beautiful gold badge, to be shot for once a week. Card's trap, Card's rules; winner medal, worsted 3 yards each time, missing it, up to 30 yards. Quite a number of new members were elected. The club never was in so prosperous a condition, and expect to break all the balls shot at. HAMMERLESS.

VINCENTOWN, N. J., May 16.—The Coaxen Glass Ball Club of this place held their semi-monthly contest for badge here to-day; Card's trap, 18 yds.:

W S Hilliard.....	1111111110—9	Capt W D Haines....	1011111010—7
S S Butterworth.....	0101011011—6	W J Irick.....	1100000011—4
R H Irick.....	1000101100—4	F S Hilliard.....	0101011100—5

W. S. Hilliard won badge twice in succession for the first time. Should he succeed in wining it at our next shoot the badge will become his permanent property. SHELDRAKE.

SHEBOYGAN FALLS, Wis., May 18.—The boys have been having a busy time of it lately and think they are doing good work. The scores stood, 15 balls each, at 20 yards:

John Munier.....	9	12	7	8
L Baldwin.....	13	11	13	12
J Marshall.....	12	13	12	15
J Slyfield.....	8	6	11	14
	42	41	43	49

DETROIT, Mich., May 19.—Ed. Gilman won that everlasting State State medal again Thursday. He has won it so often that it ought to be given him by acclamation now. The score made was as follows:

Ed H Gilman.....	1111101111—9	John E Long.....	1111101110 —8
Charles Jewett.....	1101100110—6	Golf Stanton.....	0111111ow
E J Roos.....	1111110ow		

In the sweepstakes shoot, Messrs. Long and Roos divided first money, and second money was divided by Messrs. Gilman and Jewett.

CATAWISSA, May 21.—Regular weekly contest of Catawissa Club: Card's rotary traps, 18 yds:

Thomas.....	0111111010111111011—16	Stadler.....	0101111010011111001—10
Yetter.....	1101101100011101110—13	Fox.....	0111010100111111001—13
Aldrich.....	1111111111111111010—18	Reifsnyder	1101011111110010011—14
Eyer.....	1001001111111111001—14	Rinard.....	0010111010110011001—12
G Waters..	1101111011111010111—16	Harman...	1001010100100000110— 7

H. B. A.

GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.—Regular monthly contest at Hempstead, L. I., for a gun; 5 ground traps, 80 yards boundary:

Barker, 23 yds.....	1111111111—10	Brooks, 29 yds.....	1111111110—9
Carman, 28 yds.....	1111111111—10	Little, 28 yds.....	1111111101—9
G W Creed, 29 yds..	1111100111— 9	Charles, 28 yds.....	1111101011—7
Seaman, 30 yds.....	1111111011— 9		

Barker won the shoot off with three straight.

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB.—President, Henry Altenbrand; Vice-President, Samuel Guthrie; Secretary, J. Wenzel; Treasurer, Herman Hiederman; Trustees, Supervisor Alfred Hodges and Captain C. Trustow. There are 124 active members in the club.

BEATING THE RECORD.—On the 30th inst., Decoration Day, John C. Haskell, of Lyon, will undertake to surpass the record of Capt. Adam H. Bogardus in breaking 500 glass balls in 25m. 16s., the balls to be thrown from two of Bogardus traps, 14 yards rise, traps 12 feet apart, balls broken in the air to count. Capt. Bogardus will offer a cup to amateurs and he and his four sons will give an exhibition of their shooting.

THE STATE SHOOT.—Twelve thousand wild pigeons have been trapped in Indian Territory and are now at Jersey City, where special coops have been prepared for them, and where they will remain until the tournament.

THE IOWA TOURNAMENT, held by the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish, is postponed for want of birds. When time is fixed due notice will be given.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., proposes to have "the best shoot of the year." Owing to the uncertainty of procuring pigeons, the postponed date has not yet been fixed. It will be announced in these columns.

$500 will be paid for any case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help. Doubt not.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

W. M., South Worcester.—A letter for you at this office.

S. R. H., Plainfield, N. J.—The last edition of Hallock's Gazetteer was published in 1880.

J. W. B., Pittston, Pa.—We do not know of any book that treats of the Gordon setter exclusively.

C. B. D., Providence, R. I.—Your treatment was quite right; give him also a little sulphur each day for a week and then a dose of castor oil.

M. B. McK., Mercer, Pa.—You can get young carp this summer or fall by applying to Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C.

R. W. N., Plattsburgh, N. Y.—Ans. In Lake George black bass fishing begins July 20. In other parts of New York on June 1. In Vermont July 1.

DETONATION, Cincinnati, O.—You will find "detonation" defined in our Dittmar powder pamphlet, of which we have sent you a copy. If you have any regard for your gun do not use Dittmar in it.

SETTER, Philadelphia.—The Volume II. of National American Kennel Club Stud Book should have been published one year ago. For information on the subject address Mr. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn.

E. C. F., Bellows Falls, Vt.—1. The saltpetre has probably congested the kidneys. Give a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda twice a day in water, and two grains of quinine three times a day. 2. Apply preparation recommended W. B. G., issue March 10, page 116.

S. W. M., Galveston, Texas.—Do brook-trout have scales? Ans. They do. A careless observer will not see them, because they are small and covered with a thick mucous coating. If a piece of the skin be dried they show plainly. The scales are not removed in cooking.

W. E. H., New York City.—The case of your cat is an extremely interesting one to us. We would suggest a fish diet; it is excellent for cats. Give a little sulphur in his milk once a day for a week or two, and while undergoing this treatment avoid giving him a bath on the dock.

C. F. O., Eaton, N. Y.—Read the article on gun barrels in our last issue. The drop of stock best adapted to yourself you can determine by experiment, and you can then have the drop altered to suit you. The cheek should be so that when brought to the shoulder the eye readily catches the centre of the rib.

INQUIRER, Clinton, Wis.—1. In selecting a pointer or setter puppy how can I tell whether he has a good nose? 2. How can I prevent a dog from biting his game? 3. Can food be given to a dog that will destroy his scenting powers? Ans. 1. By trying him on game. 2. By following the instructions given in our article on dog breaking, published in the FOREST AND STREAM, April 15, 1880. 3. Yes, improper feeding will lessen the power of scenting.

W. F. S., Woonsocket, R. I.—Where and when can I get carp for the purpose of stocking a natural pond, finely adapted to the culture of this excellent fresh water fish of which we have learned so much through your paper? Ans. Apply to Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C. You may get them in September or October, and the expense will probably be the transportation from New York. There is no charge for the fish.

J. J. S., New Brighton.—The three names, fyke net, hoop or set net, are applied to one form of net. The body of the net is a cylinder distended with hoops and having from one to three funnel-shaped traps, which are so easy to enter, but hard to get out of. At the point of entrance there are wings spread in a V form to lead the fish in. They are set with three poles, one at the bag and one at the outer end of each ring.

C. E. J., Zanesville, O.—1. What is the best bait for bass and salmon besides live minnows? 2. What kind of bait is used for trout in July? Ans. 1. For black bass use the "dodson" or helgramite and the crayfish. There are no salmon in Ohio, notwithstanding your note says they are biting freely. You probably mean the pike-perch, which is in some parts miscalled "salmon." If so there is no better bait for them than minnows. 2. Worms, minnows and trout flies.

W. B. P., New York City.—1. Will a red setter pup that is kept out of doors (exposed to sun) grow darker than if he were kept in the house? 2. Does bathing make his coat darker or lighter? 3. What effect does salt water have on his coat? 4. Can anything be fed to him or rubbed on his coat which will make him darker? 5. Does a confined partridge (quail) give out enough scent to make it worth while to get some to train pups on? 6. Can you tell me of some man who can supply them? Ans. 1. No, it will probably fade. 2. No. 3. None that we know of. 4. Food will not affect his coat. The coat can be artificially darkened, but nothing can be rubbed over it that will permanently keep it so. 5. Yes, but training dogs on trained birds we cannot recommend. 6. We know of no one who has any live quail for sale; it is too late in the season.

Any gentleman who would like to purchase a fine country residence on Manhasset Bay, North Shore, L. I., should consult advertisement of J. P. Travers this week.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

70 YOUR NAME in New Type 10c 70 Cards 10c
New styles, by best artists: *Bouquets, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Water Scenes, etc.*—no two alike. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Great variety *Advertising and Bevel-Edge Cards.* Lowest prices to dealers and printers. 100 *Samples Fancy Advertising Cards*, 50c. Address STEVENS BROS., Box 22, Northford, Ct.

SPORTS A complete 194 page Illustrated Catalogue sent on receipt of two three cents stamps.—PECK & SNYDER, Manufac'rs, 124 & 126 Nassau St., N.Y.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.
VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.
Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.
For sale by druggists or mail, $1. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

FRANK BLYDENBURGH,
STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,
MINING STOCKS.
66 Pine St., New York.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "campfire," indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE.
Price $1.50.
For Sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Four live deer. A buck and doe four years old, a doe two years old and a doe one year old. The two oldest does in kid. Address EDWARD THAYER, Box 705, Pawtucket, R. I. Apr28,4t

FOR SALE—Fast 22-foot Cat Boat; speed guaranteed; will take breech-loader in part payment. For particulars, address ALMIRA, Forest AND STREAM office. May26,1t

SHOT-GUNS and rifles for sale cheap. Also bought and exchanged. E. W. SMITH, P. O Box 76, Brooklyn, L. I. May26 1t

For Sale.

Property out of the City For Sale.

Manhasset Bay, North Shore, L. I., opposite Great Neck.—Gentleman's Residence, large stone house modern improvements, six acres, lawns, garden; ice, house filled; large barn, coach house, etc.; trotting bond, rustic bridge, dock, salt water front, boating, fishing, etc.; macadamized road half way to New York; accessible boat or rail; in the vicinity of residences of his Honor Mayor Grace, Joseph S. Spinney, Thomas Messenger, James E. Ward, and other distinguished citizens; stock, cows, horses, carriages, sleighs, fowls; nearby drives to Creedmoor, Queens County Hunt, Long Beach, Rockaway, etc. Apply to owner, J. P. TRAVERS, 36 Beekman st., N. Y. May26,1t

FOR SALE, Centerboard Cabin Sloop Yacht, "Phantom," 36 ft. 6 inches by 13 ft. 5 inches. Cabin finished in hard wood. Has two full suits of sails and spars, and is well found throughout. Winner of several first prizes. Will be sold cheap. Adress either Charles H. Foote, Crown Point, N.Y., or T. F. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y. May5,4t

FOR SALE—Winchester Rifle, model 1873, with fine open sights and set trigger; also, reloading tools, cartridge pouch and ammunition; will be sold cheap; may be seen at HENRY C. SQUIRES', No. Cortlandt st., New York. May26,2t

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Soft or Chilled.

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No. of pellets to oz.	535	473	668	1054 to 66
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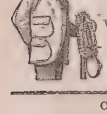
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HOLABIRD
Shooting Suits.



Write for circular to

UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,

VALPARAISO, IND.

CONVENTION OF
N. Y. STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASS'N.

E. H. Madison, of 561 Fulton street, Brooklyn, has, by especial courtesy of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, been granted the exclusive right to furnish ammunition, etc., on the Brighton Beach Grounds in June during the Grand Tournament, where a choice selection of sportsmen's sundries will be constantly on hand. Shells loaded at reasonable prices.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. Also, all kinds of Glass Work done to order. Catalogue Free of Charge by Mail.
89 WALKER ST., NEW YORK.

The Dudley Pocket Cartridge Loader,
with the last improvement, is now ready—8, 10, 12 and 14-gauge. It extracts "tight shells," uncaps, recaps, rams and crimps. Nickel plated sample sent by mail on receipt of two dollars. For extracting tight shells and recapping only, the original Dudley Recapper is all that is needed, as thousands can testify. Sample sent on receipt of fifty cents; P. O. stamps taken in payment. Send for circulars to DUDLEY & CO., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE—Handsome, large-size, well-bred brood bitch, good worker, by Colkitt's Echo (imported), $25. A bargain. I. H. R., P. O. Box F., Phila. May26,1t

FOR SALE—A good, sound liver and white cocker dog, nicely marked, one year old; ready for field work. Also liver and white bitch, whelped Jan. 5, 1881, by imported Snip out of imported Feather. Price, $20 each. Address ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. May26,2t

OULEOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For Cockers of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. May26,tf

The Inventors and Only Manufacturers of Genuine "MIST COLOR"

Leaders, of which SETH GREEN says: "I HAVE TRIED THEM AND FOUND THEM TO BE THE MOST PERFECT I HAVE EVER SEEN."

PRICES PER DOZEN.

SINGLE.	Fine Quality.	Highest Quality.
Heaviest Salmon, 9 feet long	$20 25	$22 50
" " 6 " "	13 50	15 00
" " 3 " "	6 75	7 50
Very Heavy " 9 " "	17 25	18 75
" " 6 " "	11 50	12 50
" " 3 " "	6 25	6 75
Heavy " 9 " "	12 00	13 50
" " 6 " "	8 00	9 00
" " 3 " "	4 00	4 50
Salmon 9 " "	10 50	12 00
" 6 " "	7 00	8 00
" 3 " "	3 50	4 00
Ex Hvy Bk Bass. 9 " "	9 00	10 50
" 6 " "	6 00	7 00
" 3 " "	3 00	3 50
Heavy " 9 " "	7 50	9 00
" 6 " "	5 00	6 00
" 3 " "	2 50	3 00
Black Bass 9 " "	6 00	7 50
" 6 " "	4 00	5 00
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Trout 9 " "	4 80	6 00
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DOUBLE AND TREBLE.	Fine Quality.	Highest Quality.
Extra Heavy Treble, 9 feet long	$32 00	$48 00
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" " " 9 " "	24 00	36 00
" " " 6 " "	16 00	24 00
" " " 3 " "	8 00	12 00
" " " 2 " "	5 50	8 00
Regular 9 " "	16 50	24 00
" " " 6 " "	11 00	16 00
" " " 3 " "	5 50	8 00
" " " 2 " "	3 75	5 50
Extra Heavy Double, 9 " "	27 00	31 50
" " " 6 " "	18 00	21 00
" " " 3 " "	9 00	10 50
" " " 2 " "	7 50	9 00
" " " 9 " "	16 50	24 00
" " " 6 " "	11 00	16 00
" " " 3 " "	5 50	8 00
" " " 2 " "	3 75	5 50
Regular " " " 6 " "	11 25	16 50
" " " 4 " "	7 50	11 00
" " " 3 " "	3 75	5 50
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Our "Mist Color" has not the faintest tinge of blue or green. All imitations are either blue or green.

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Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES.

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $100; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City. J. OTTO DONNEL, President.

Special prizes to follow others according to their value.



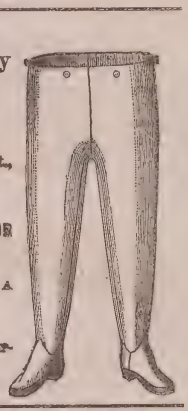
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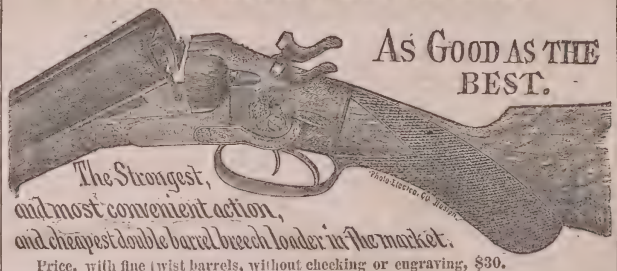
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The Kennel.

BARONET IN THE STUD.—The lemon-and-white pointer Baronet, whelped Nov. 24, 1879, (by Orgill's champion Rush, ex-Livingston's Rose, by imported champion Snapshot), winner of third prize, puppy stakes, Eastern Field Trials, Robbins' Island, Nov. 30, 1880; Y. H. C. in open class, and special prize for best pointer dog with a field trial record, W. K. C. Show, 1881, to a limited number of bitches. Breeders furnished with full printed pedigree. Address HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 West 42d st., New York. May12,tf

The Kennel.

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 6 Newmarch Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Lousie, Leicester, Limerick, Lluna, Launcelot, Lena, Lydney, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar31,tf

The Kennel.

Draft of Black Cockers.

The undersigned offers for sale the following draft from his kennel:

(1) Queen, imported brood bitch, about eight years old, winner of prizes, healthy, strong, well-broken and good breeder. Grand coat, heavy and flat and heavily feathered. Pure black. Weight, about 25 lbs. in condition.

(2) Kris, young dog, magnificent coat and feather. Splendid color and shape. Fit to win prizes in any company. Never shown. Age, 18 months. Full weight will not exceed 26 lbs.

Full particulars on application to J. P. KIRK, 44 King St., West Toronto, Ontario. May26,2t

FINE DUCK RETRIEVERS.—We have for sale a few puppies (whelped April 14) by the fine imported Irish water spaniel Judy (imported by Gen. W. B. Shattuc as a mate to champion Barney); sire Sandy. Pedigrees furnished. These pups when of suitable age will be delivered f. o. b. at $20 each. Orders filled in rotation of receipt. These puppies are beauties, and just the age to break for this fall's shooting. Those who have shot on Redfoot Lake, Rice Lakes or slash bottoms know how invaluable this breed of dogs is. Natural retrievers, easily taught, devoted to the sport and capable of great labor even in icy water, they are truly the duck shooter's friend as well as servant. Address orders to W. T. DORTCH, P. P. F. & D. Club, Clarksville, Tenn. May19,2t

FOR SALE—(1) Red Irish setter dog Pier, bred by Ridstone, perfectly broken, and fit to win on the show bench, 3d. (2) Lemon and white setter dog Lothario, 2 years and 3 months old (Royal Ben-Lady Beacon-field), a very promising young dog, retrieves well and fit to shoot over, $100. (3) Web, black smooth-coated retriever dog 3 years and 6 months old, perfect on land and water, prize stock, and would win anywhere on the bench, $50. Apply to FRANK BLYAN, Monroe, Conn. May26it

TRAINER.—I can take one brace of dogs to be trained on prairie chickens the coming season; also, one retriever, land and water; best of references. Address W. B. STAFFORD, Mankato, Minn. May26,tf

FOR SALE—Four dogs and one bitch, pups, born April 17, 1881; sired by King from Rufus I. bitch, imported Irish Setter. Address NATHAN STERN, Meadville, Penn. May26,tf

$10 will buy a red Irish Dog Pup, 8 weeks old, with a pedigree for 50 years; I will also dispose of a very fine Irish Setter bitch at one-third her value. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. May26,6ot

FOR SALE—Eight Red Irish Setter Pups, whelped April 24; six dogs and two bitches; purest strain; cheap. Address BOX 622, Towanda, Penn. May26,4t

FOR SALE, Llewellin setter dog and spaniel bitch, both thoroughly broken. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. May19,4t

FOSTER MOTHER wanted for setter pups, due to whelp by July 12. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. May19,4t

FOR SALE—Gordon setter puppies by Lock ex-Kenoza-Kit. Lock is by Doane's (now Bailey's) Tom ex-Pansy. Apply to J. FRANK JOHNS, Haverhill, Mass., P. O. Box 677. May19,3t

MONARCH—This beautiful imported English mastiff will be in stud for a short time only. For particulars address M. RATHBUN, 453 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. May26,1t

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS.—For sale, the produce of imported and home bred animals that have been hunted since able to follow the game on the trail, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa. May 2,tf

FOR SALE—Red Irish setter dog 18 months old; well broken. Full pedigree. Address E. SANDS, Lock Box, 483, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. May12,4t

GLADSTONE and Joe, Jr., puppies for sale; four out of Kirby, Jr., (Druid-Kirby by Joe, Jr., and four out of Lelia (Leicester-Kirby) by Gladstone. Address L. W. FOSTER or I. L. MCINTOSH, Leesburgh, Va. May12,4t

FOR SALE—A black and tan Gordon setter brood bitch two years old, by Doane's Tom ex-Bess. Cheap. Apply to "BUT," care this office. May19,3t

FOR SALE—Rare chance—one brace Champion Berkley pups ex. Nora, four months old. Address A. A. SAMPSON, Troy, N. Y. May5,tf

IN THE STUD—DORR, from imported pure Gordons Don-Lady Dorr, was a winner in Nebraska field trials (1880); had a large amount of game of all kinds shot over him and is the getter of first-class field dogs. FRED. A. TAFT, Dedham, Mass. Mar ,tf

The Kennel.

THE KENNEL OR THE

Cocker Spaniel Kennel

—OF—

M. P. McKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y.

I keep only Cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz.: Liver with white ruffle in bosom, even liver and white, and beautiful black with white ruffle in bosom, are now open for service; fee $15; usual conditions. Correspondents inclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs.

A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

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ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS.

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Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

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Dogs have daily access to salt water.

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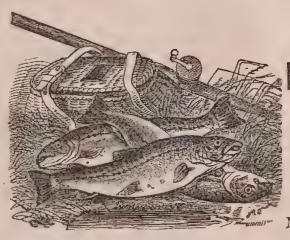
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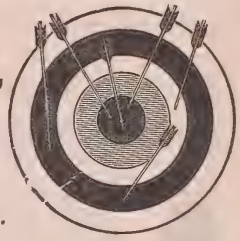
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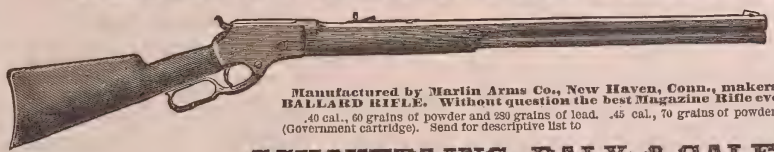
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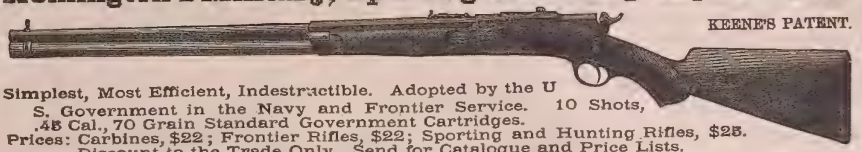
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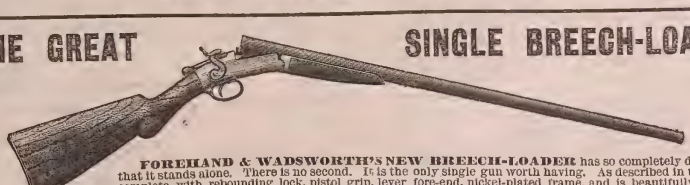
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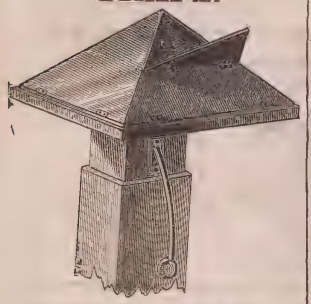
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Yachting or Sailor Shirts,
With anchor or star embroidery on the collars, and either button or lace. Handsome; well fitting.

SIZES:
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Broadfall Pantaloons,
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Size 1, 36in. waist, 33in. inseam.
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The price, $1.50 per pair, is extremely low; lower than first cost of material.

They can be altered at small expense.

Please understand that these are a special lot of Navy goods, ready made, and cannot be varied or made to special measure at a less cost than $5.

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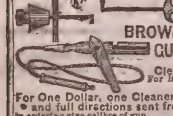
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THE BEST
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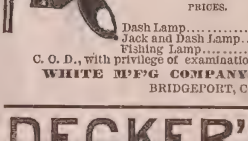
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Under one management the Rathbun House has been enlarged to double its former capacity, and both houses refitted and refurnished throughout. They are located in the immediate vicinity of the very

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Competent oarsmen with first-class boats at reasonable prices can always be obtained. Malaria, mosquitoes and hay fever are unknown at this point. The terms for board at either of the hotels are from $7 to $14 per week, according to location of room.

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FISHERMEN.
RANGELEY, RICHARDSON
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ARE NOW ON SALE AT COMPANY'S TICKET OFFICE,
306 Washington Street,
Next Door to Old South Church, and at Depot on Causeway Street, Boston.
Also at offices of THOMAS COOK & SONS, 261 Broadway, New York.

Boston to Farmington and return.....$9.50
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TRAINS LEAVE BOSTON
For all Points in
Rangeley & Kennebec Region
At 7:30 A. M.
(After June 27, 8:30 A. M.)
FOR MOOSEHEAD, 7 P. M.

Excursion Lists will be ready about June 1.
LUCIUS TUTTLE, GEN. PASS. AGT.
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TAKE THE
Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R.
THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE
Trout, Grayling & Black Bass Fisheries,
AND THE
FAMOUS SUMMER, HEALTH AND GAME RESORTS AND LAKES OF
NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the
Grand Traverse Region.
and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.

BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in these waters.

The TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept 1.

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BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSCALONGE, also abound in large numbers in the many lakes and lakelets of this territory. The Sportsman can readily send trophies of his skill to his friends or "club" at home, as ice for packing fish can be had at nearly all points.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The scenery of the North Woods and Lakes is very beautiful. The air is pure, dry and bracing. The climate is peculiarly beneficial to those suffering with

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Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at owner's risk.

It is our aim to make sportsmen feel "at home" on this route. For Tourists' Guide a handsomely illustrated book of 160 pages sent free. Time Cards, Folders and further information, address

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Guns, fishing tackle and one dog for each sportsman carried free.

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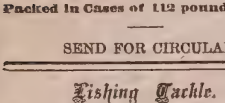
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Sixty varieties manufactured, suitable for Trolling for all kinds of fish that will take an artificial bait, and adapted for any lake or river in the United States.

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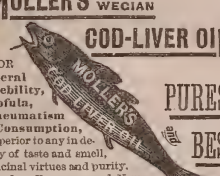
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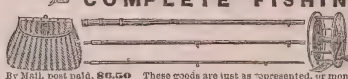
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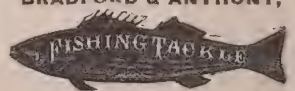
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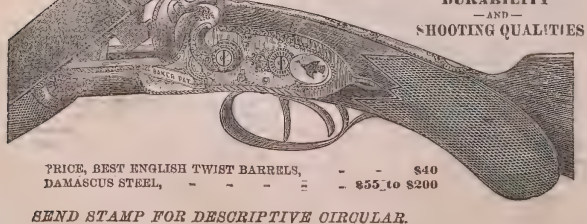
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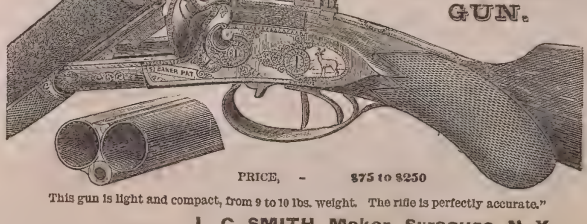


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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881.

Vol. 16—No. 18. Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, June 2.

INTRODUCTION OF SKY LARKS IN AMERICA.

THE good influence of the charming writings of Mr. John Burroughs are not confined to this country. Many of our readers will remember, in "Notes of a Walker," published not long ago in *Scribner's*, his description of his feelings on hearing the song of a stray English skylark which he came upon during one of his walks. In the same paper Mr. Burroughs suggested that this species should be introduced into this country, and that it would thrive here as well as in Europe. Acting on this suggestion, Mr. Charles R. Rowe, of Cornwall, England, sent out to Mr. Burroughs a number of the birds, which reached this city April 23d last. The story of their importation and subsequent treatment is told, in answer to our inquiries, by the recipient of the birds, in the following letter :—

ESOPUS, N. Y., May 24, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream :

You ask about the skylarks sent me from England. Twelve pairs were procured for me by Mr. Rowe, but only ten birds lived to be shipped. Of these seven reached me April 24 in good condition. I kept them in confinement about a week, when two of them died from the effects of myriads of small lice. The remaining five I liberated in a wide, low meadow just back from West Park landing on the Hudson. Up till a few days since I have daily seen a pair of them in the meadow, and had hopes that they would breed there, though I could not determine the sex of the birds. I have heard no song from them, but only their call note. On one occasion I saw one so-called meadow-lark drive one of them from the grass. I do not regard the experiment of introducing the larks a success, and all similar experiments will doub less fail. The birds become dispersed and lost in our vast territory. A likely way to succeed, I think, would ne to liberate the birds on some island off our coast, where the climate would be more like that of Britain, say on Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard. The birds would not be so apt to lose each other, and would probably plant a colony from which in time they would spread to the mainland.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Mr. I. W. England's attempts to acclimatize the skylark have been undertaken on a larger scale, and consequently with a better promise of success. Two hundred birds were shipped to him in December last, one hundred and seventy-five of which reached New York. During their transportation to Ridgewood, New Jersey, some escaped, and others afterwards died, so that when they were turned out, about May 1, to shift for themselves, there remained but seventy-four healthy birds. Since their liberation they seem to have done very well. They have been heard to sing, and some of them have mated, and their nests have been found containing eggs, and later, young. No doubt a number of these will reach maturity.

Will the birds survive the coming winter? Will they migrate in the fall, and thus escape the fate that is sure to overtake them if they remain with us? We trust that they will. In the mean time, however, they should be protected by every means that can be devised. The professional collector is one of the worst enemies that these newly introduced birds have to fear, and it is to be hoped that he will spare these little strangers.

"ONLY A TALLY OF NOSES."

IN 1878 the National American Kennel Club gave birth to its first offspring in the shape of Volume I. of the Stud Book. It is a production that has never reflected especial honor on its parent, being a complication of inaccurate entries. In looking back at the means employed in its creation, we are not surprised at the paucity and defects of its information as a record. It was a long time, some eighteen months, before it was ready for distribution, even after registers, collected from various sources, had been placed in the hands of the compiler. At least it came in a lump, and then had to be taken as a dose. But no sooner had it seen the light than the public was promised Volume II., and entries were solicited from the breeders and owners of dogs for that purpose. Many have responded to the call, but from the outlook at present we are about as far off from having a really accurate and authentic record as ever. For a long time we possessed our soul in patience, awaiting the action of the club that had the matter in charge; but at last, worn-out by having to answer numerous correspondents, that we knew no more of the matter than they did, and fearing that several of them might lay violent hands on themselves at the supposed loss of their twenty-five cent pieces, we applied to headquarters, and at last not in vain, as the following reply from Mr. Dew will show. It reads thus:—

COLUMBIA, TENN., May 24, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your favor, making inquiry as to time of closing entries and publishing Volume II of the Stud Book has been received. I regret I cannot answer your questions definitely. The publication depends upon the action of the National Association and as Secretary I only receive and file properly the entries forwarded. I think it high time that some action looking to the closing of entries and publication should be taken, and it will not be amiss for the sporting papers to ventilate the matter. I was much in hopes that some action looking to this end would be the result of the New York called meeting. The correspondence that it necessitates more than doubles the duties of the Secretary. I am in almost daily receipt of letters such as yours and also letters of inquiry as to pedigrees furnished the late Secretary, many of which I am at a loss to answer. Suppose you start the ball. JOSEPH H. DEW, *Secretary N. A. K. Club.*

Now there is much of practical and outspoken sense in Mr. Dew's communication, and at the same time he shows clearly where the burden of blame should rest. To strike at the root at once, it is clear to us from correspondence now in our hands that the National American Kennel Club was not in 1877 and 1878, or since, in a financial condition to justify the attempt of the publication of any such important work as an American Kennel Stud Book. A reference to the letters of Mr. L. H. Smith, chairman of the publishing committee, in 1878, justifies us in this opinion, for a delay of months was occasioned in higgling over a very paltry sum. We agree fully with Mr. Dew, it is full time that something should be done, for over a year has elapsed since it was officially announced that the entries had closed. The book was promised early in the summer of last year, then immediately after the November trials, and now the entry is open again for an indefinite period, and every dog in the land may have had his day before the record is in the hands of the printer.

It is a certain thing that the entry should close at once and the book be published immediately, or the scheme should be abandoned and the money returned to the subscribers. But unless the book is accurate it will be of no possible value. It would be greatly to be deplored if the club should have to give up the publication of the record, for only an organization of the kind should be allowed to take the matter in hand. No private enterprise should be considered sufficiently responsible. The National American Kennel Club is unquestionably the best of its kind in the country, but still it is not doing itself justice or commanding the position it should occupy. In its long list of members there are many respectable and wealthy men, but they cannot be expected to pay the expenses of the organization. The club must be put on a sound financial basis; this is absolutely necessary for its success. The dues should be increased, and a fund provided for contingencies. Guarantee funds and passing the hat around are always means to be avoided, and no man should be allowed to pay more or less than his neighbor. If members do not pay their dues they should have no quarter, but be dropped from the roll. As a well filled larder is indispensable to a well-appointed house, so is a balance in bank necessary for the success of any organization. The meeting called at the New York show was for this express object of devising a plan to raise funds to pay off a long-standing indebtedness. Those behind the scenes "were conspicuous by their absence." But Mr. C. H. Raymond was there, and he offered to personally assume the club's indebtedness, but the generous offer was most properly declined. Thus the matter stands.

CAMPING OUTFITS.—Now is the time for camping parties to look over our advertising columns to decide on what they want to take in the woods. Rods, reels, lines, flies, boats, clothing, rubber goods, etc., will be found in profusion until the weight of the outfit becomes a serious question, and then the subject for discussion will be "what can we do without?" No matter what may be decided upon to leave behind the party must eat, and here we would call attention to the canned goods of Thurber & Co. We have long known the firm, and find their goods of first quality and reliable in every respect. They have their vegetables packed on the spot where they are grown, and so secure the highest perfection possible. Sportsmen will do well to follow our advice and ask for Thurber's canned goods.

TO STUDY AMERICAN FISHCULTURE.—Mr. George Eckardt, Jr., son of the proprietor of the great carp ponds at Lubbinchen, near Guben, Germany, arrived by steamer Mosel on Sunday. Mr. Eckhardt will remain in America about a year and study our methods of fisheulture. He will first go to the shad hatchery of Col. McDonald, in Virginia, then on board the Fish Hawk to see the hatching of Spanish mackerel. In August he will go to the U. S. salmon-breeding ranch on the McCloud River, California, with Mr. Stone, and later will visit the salmon works of Mr. C. G. Atkins, in Maine.

THE LIGHTEST FLY ROD.—The first prize in Class C, for amateurs, at the coming fly-casting tournament is, "One Leonard split bamboo Catskill fly-rod, gold-mounted, with Mills & Sons best rubber click reel, filled with their 'standard' enameled water-proof fly-line. Donated by Wm. Mills & Sons, 7 Warren street, New York. Value $60."

We especially mention this prize because we believe it to be the lightest fly-rod yet made. It weighs less than four and three quarter ounces, and is a nicely-balanced little tool. It is ten feet in length, and in expert hands no doubt will do good service.

FOOD AND HEALTH is a bright weekly published in this city and edited by Mrs. Amelia Lewis. It is sensible, able and growing in influence. It is not an organ of the long-haired men and short-haired women disciples of any food craze, but is a practical paper for everyday life.

MESSRS. WILLIAM READ & SONS, of Boston, Mass., inform us that the Scott & Sons gun has been awarded a special gold medal at the Melbourne Exhibition of 1881. As will be seen by their advertisement elsewhere, the Messrs. Read have in their warerooms a full stock of these guns.

HOW THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINED.

THE dinner of this famous club came off on the evening of the 27th of May, as advertised, and was a great success. At 5 P. M. the steamer left the foot of Fulton street and proceeded up the East River to Thirty-third street, where more guests were waiting to be taken on board, and then steamed away through Hell Gate and up to the hotel of Mr. John H. Starin, at Glen Island, which is above Throg's Neck, where the East River becomes Long Island Sound. The hotel is seventeen miles from the starting point and is beautifully situated for a summer resort.

About one hundred persons sat down to the table, which formed three sides of a square. Many more would have been present but for the false impression that the Club is a private affair, when in reality it consists of only the President and three others, who are a committee of arrangements. Invitations are sent out and the "members" are those who choose to attend. The nominal sum charged for tickets hardly covers the wines, all deficiencies being otherwise provided for. The country had been scoured for weeks for things aquatic which are not eaten, through absurd prejudice against their appearance. Now, the Ichthyophagous holds, if it holds anything, that much good food is lost to man through this ridiculous prejudice, which says that certain things "were made to eat" and certain other things "were never meant to be eaten." "How do you know?" asks the Club; "did you ever eat them?" "No," says popular prejudice, "but I don't believe they were made to be eaten." "Why not?" again queries the Club. "Because they don't look fit to eat and nobody eats them," answers prejudice. This is all that prejudice has to say, his grandfather never had them on his table and he is satisfied to feed things to his pigs or let them



THE ICHTHYOPHAGIST'S DREAM.

be wasted for this slight reason, if it is a reason. The motto of the Club is: "He who eats a hog, or any portion of one, has no right to despise the flesh of any creature that the Creator has made."

No shark was to be obtained, but, by one of those fortunate chances, a fisherman from Cape Cod came into Fulton Market with a "man-eater," which he brought in as a curiosity. Blackford bought it and, notwithstanding its stomach contained the left leg of a colored boy, with a boot and a piece of his tarry trousers, the Club considered it a prize and was happy. The hellbenders were obtained through the kindness of Dr. Beachley, of Meyersdale, Penn., who personally interviewed the fishermen and secured them. Their absence would have disappointed Prof. Cope, who came from Philadelphia on purpose to eat the menopoma which he has so often dissected and found to contain wholesome-looking muscle, but which it never occurred to him to eat until he saw that the Ichthyophagi proposed to serve it.

The company sat down at 7 P.M. At each plate was a card with a nightmare in shape of a sleeping individual, who, having dined on the hellbender, was visited by them in his sleep. The reverse contained the following:—

MENU.

Little neck clams. Sauterne.

Potages.

Consomme of Mossbunker. Bisque of Razor Clams.
Amontillado.

Hors d' œuvre.

Boudins of greysnapper a la Blackford.
Horse-shoe crabs a la diable. Sardines. Anchovies.

Releves.

Drum a la Cope. Filet de boeuf a la Richelieu
Pommes duchesse. St. Emilion.

Entrees.

Raie au beurre noir. Sheepshead a la Normandie.
Saute of shark—Chinese style. Squid a la Starin.
Pain de menhaden a la Goode.
Asperges. Niersteiner.

Sorbet des Princes.

Roti.

Striped bass a la Mather. Pomery.

Gibier.

Hell benders. Sea robins. Angle worms.

Pieces Froides.

Lophius a la Baird. Sturgeon a la Ichthyophage.

Salade.

Seaweed.

Dessert.

Glaces nantiques. Petits fours. Fruits.
Fromages. Cafe. Liqueurs.

The first new thing was the consomme of mossbunker menhaden). This was made from "Goodale's Extract of Fish," an article made on the same principal as Liebig's extract of meat, but not yet put upon the market. It contains the pure muscle juice, and later in the evening was referred to by Dr. Hammond as having more life-giving and stimulating qualities in it than champagne. The razor clams (*Solenensis*) made a fair bisque, and the wonder is that they are not eaten in this country. They are said to be best when broiled (Jones' Animal Creation). The greysnapper (*Lutjanus caxis*) is a fine fish from the Gulf Stream much esteemed in Burmuda, but rare here. The deviled horseshoe crabs, (*Limulus polyphemus*) were lacking in delicacy, their pronounced character might suit some palates better than ours. The drum, like the filet of beef, was good, but not uncommon; one of the members voted it "too respectable." The raie (*Anglice* Ray or Skate) with black butter was not good. We have eaten skate and called it delicious, this whether the fish or the cooking, seemed coarse and strong. Why the sheepshead, the best of salt-water fishes, was served, unless as a concession to the weakness of some of the brethren who had a little prejudice left, we don't know. The shark was very fair, not as coarse nor as strong as might be expected, and the tarry trousers of the African sailor had not flavored it with pitch as was feared. It was noticed that the niersteiner was freely used with this dish. The squid needed more of it to our thinking. Menhaden a la Goode was good, but bony. Striped bass, another concession to the weak stomachs.

The hellbenders were most excellent, the only fault being the small pieces consequent upon a limited supply. Seabobins (or sculpins) were also good. Lophius is the genuine name of the monster known as goosefish, fishing frog, angler, monk-fish and great sea-toad. It had a flavor of all the fishes which entered its ponderous jaws never more to return, it seemed like one of those things which one could eat but not "banker after." The angle worms and sea-weed salad did not appear because, being easy to obtain, they were left to the last and not attended to in time. The "angle worms" were not to be the earth worm, *Lumbricus (terrestris,)* but the sand worm found on the sea coast at low tide, called lobworm, or bug-worm, (*Arenicola piscatorium.*) They are said to be good when first placed in warm water to make them eject the sand and then dropped into hot fat like dough-nuts.

The President, Mr. John Foord, arose with the coming of the sorbet and congratulated the club on the improvement in the *menu* from last year, and said that in time it might be possible to get up a dinner of articles which no human being had tasted of. He then stated that the club contained a poet, and called on him to recite his verses, and Mr. Fred Mather read his alleged poetry, "When the Ichthyophagous Dines," from FOREST AND STREAM of May 12th. Mr. George Werrenrath, the accomplished tenor of Plymouth Church, sang in Italian, German and English, to a piano accompaniment by Mr. Benedict. Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt was then called upon and maintained his character of one of the best of after-dinner speakers. He referred to the fact that these dinners were having an effect upon the members; Mr. Phillips had increased in weight to 250 pounds, while the speaker equalled to 312 pounds, Mr. Blackford weighed 200, and the President of the club had increased his waist measure. Professor Cope being called on gave then a little scientific nomenclature which nearly broke his inferior maxillary. Captain J. H. Mortimer told some good stories, the military band from David's Island serenaded the club, and at 11:30 they rose and went to the boat. On the way home songs were sung and nothing marred the harmony of one of the most famous dinners on record which language cannot describe and only those who were there can thoroughly appreciate.

—Mr. William E. Dorwin, who has been known for a long time as the capable and efficient superintendent of the Brighton Beach Railroad, has retired from that office to take charge of the extension of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. Being a railroad man, Mr. Dorwin is, perforce, an expert angler. He recently made a vacation trip to the Vermont hills, whence he returned laden with the finny trophies of his deftness.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.—In the *Evening Post* for June 26, 1806, the New York Sporting Club announces the expulsion of two members for shooting woodcock out of season.

The Sportsman Tourist.

EL CONQUISTADOR.

"Half-way down, while picking our way through an old windfall ignotus kicked something which rattled. Stooping to see what it was he picked up a jagged, rusty knife and a bleached human skull. Nothing else could we find though we searched carefully. Of what tragedy these were the sole mementos we could only conjecture. Was it red man or white, hunter, warrior, miner or prospector, who had perished miserably in this gloomy thicket? What was the manner of his taking off—by wasting disease, by famine, by ravening wild beast or by his brother man? Was it, indeed, a man's skull at all, and not, perhaps, a woman's?—FOREST AND STREAM, *May 19.*

TWO hunters toiling up a cliff
Of the blue Colorado range,
Paused for a moment to survey
The landscape, wild and strange;
Far off, chain of mountains dim
Along the horizon crept,
While groves and valleys soft below
In tranquil beauty slept.
Near by El Conquistador rose,
Its steep sides dark with tufted woods,
Its peaks wind-swept and lightning-scarr'd,
All seamed and rent with torrent-floods.
And here a little mountain vale
Its natural garden fair outspread;
Fair with its grass, its trees, its bloom,
And the bright, blue heavens o'erhead.

And here the careless foot upturn'd
A skull, a jagged, rusty knife.
Were these the sole memorials
Of some foul, murderous strife—
Sole relics of a tragedy
That stained these grasses green;
These moldering bones that here have lain
For years, unknown, unseen?
Was it the red man or the white,
Hunter or miner, Indian brave,
That perished in this lonely spot,
Dead, and denied a grave?

Or, haply, 'twas some tender maid,
Some Indian squaw, some emigrant,
Sailing across Atlantic seas,
To die in this sequester'd haunt.
But who this mystery may solve,
The story of these bones unfold?
Ah, never! 'till the last Great Day
When all earth's secrets shall be told.

Ah, many who seek this Western clime
Were outlawed men from foreign shore;
Men steep'd to the very lips in crime
With heart of iron and hand of gore.
They blast the rock, they dig the mine,
They sift the sands where nuggets shine,
And ever in savage midnight fray
Are prompt with the bloody blade to slay.

Shelter Island, May 21. ISAAC MCLELLAN.

NOTES OF AN ANGLER IN THE NORTH.

BY FAIRCHILD, JR.—FIRST PAPER.

AS Canada is to be the anglers' and sportsmen's paradise in the coming years, I shall endeavor, in the following series of short sketches, to describe some of the most marked features of that portion of the Dominion embraced between Quebec on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River and Lake St. John and the Saguenay River, the discharge of this lake, together with some slight account of the people dwelling upon the outskirts of that mighty wilderness, and what facts in the natural history and fishing of the country may appear to me to be new or of interest to the general reader.

I shall avoid the continuous narrative, and thereby some of the dull, trite and stupid incidents of the daily journal, as I am quite convinced that the hour at which the writer may have arisen, or the detailed account of what he may have had for breakfast, have very little interest to any one but himself.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE COUNTRY.

Canada is destined before many years have passed to enjoy a supremacy as a resort for those enthusiastic and adventurous anglers and sportsmen who, no longer content with the tame sports of the East, and the West having passed into the hands of the husbandman, must seek for game worthy of their prowess in the primeval wilds of Canada. Such they will remain for generations to come; for the long arctic winter and immense snowfall, together with the unproductiveness of the soil, unfit it for settlement. So inhospitable is the climate that the cultivated lands on the north shore of the St. Lawrence are but a mere fringe. Quebec, the venerable and antiquated, still stands within the shadows of the forests. From the summit of the storm-beaten cape which surmounts the town, the eye roves over a well cultivated valley, dotted with smiling homesteads, and rests upon a range of mountains, whose blue summits blend into the azure of the sky. These mountains—the Laurentides—extend to the Labrador coast, and are the barriers which agricultural development will never surmount. To the hardy and intrepid sportsman they are but the sentinels that guard his domain from the ruthless and rapid destruction that is overtaking some of our fairer but too accessible regions.

This boundless wilderness is intersected with a network of lakes and rapid shallow rivers, all of which absolutely teem with trout, and many of the latter with salmon. The vast forests are the ranging grounds of the lordly moose and fleet-footed caribou—the reindeer of the western hemisphere—while the mink, otter, beaver, lynx, fisher, and bear are also found in abundance. The widely scattered and solitary posts of the Hudson Bay company are still to be seen beside the lonely lakes of the interior. The nearest post to Quebec is at Lake St. John, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant. Since the completion of a government road to this lake, which is the head of the Saguenay River, a section of the country has been opened to the angler that is prolific in fine fishing, but strict candor necessitates the assertion that the latter must be musquito and fly-proof, as both insects appear to flourish amidst the dank, dark forests of the North. The thin-skinned man's life would be rendered utterly miserable from the attacks of these little pests.

Winter is the season of the year most affected by the Canadian sportsmen for their trips into the interior to hunt the caribou and moose, and for fishing. Inured to the cold from infancy, they defy its utmost severity, and find themselves as happy sitting before their little camp-fire in a hole in the snow, while the storm shrieks wildly through the shadowy pines above them and the thermometer marks 30 deg. below zero, as in their comfortable homes. Upon their broad snow-shoes they traverse the wilderness to its remotest parts.

THE INHABITANTS.

Upon the outskirts of this wilderness dwell a singular people, a race long settled upon the land they till, but who,

amidst the progress of the last two centuries, have successfully resisted its encroachments, and to-day exhibit the strange anomaly of French customs, manners and habits of the 17th century preserved to the 19th in the new world, under a foreign government. A happier, more contented peasantry do not exist, and their virtues are manifold. They are a social, loving people, and delight to live within sound of the parish church bell. Very devout, they have an immense number of *fete* days, during which all labor is suspended to enable them to attend the mass and the subsequent festivities. Sunday is pre-eminently the happiest day of the week. If in summer, no sooner is mass concluded than the whole parish adjourns to the greensward upon the river bank and partake of their frugal meal amid much raillery and laughter, and then the afternoon is given up to dancing and singing, courting and canoeing, and other innocent amusements.

They labor no harder than is necessary to provide for their simple wants. They are a self-contained people, and extreme indigence is rare among them. The wives and daughters spin and weave their own linen and woolen cloth wherewith they clothe themselves; their small farms yield sufficient for the family use; the maple bush the sugar and syrup; the nearest stream or lake abundance of luscious trout for fast days; the *sapin* swamp its quota of snared hares and partridges. They have little to sell, still less to purchase.

They are exceedingly courteous and polite in their intercourse with each other and toward strangers; even the little children bow and courtesy on the road when passing you. They are hospitable in the extreme, and anticipate the every wish of the traveler who seeks their door. Above all they are devoted to their native soil, the *beau Canada*. When the long arctic winter spreads o'er the land, and all labor is suspended, the people abandon themselves to the delights of that social intercourse of which they are so fond. Day and night the roads resound with the lively tinkling of sleigh bells and the merry laugh and song, as gay parties of young and old wend their way to and from each other's houses.

"Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers;
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

Happy the angler who, in his short respite from the harassing cares of the busy world, finds his way among such pleasant pastures green.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

The elevation of the banks of a river at the foot of a rapid mark the height of that rapid. In the estuaries of rivers and the head of rapids islands are always formed. Deep holes in rivers instead of filling up from the deposits brought down from above by the floods gradually grow deeper. To effect this there must be a strong under-current, during heavy freshets, or whirlpools with a set toward the lower end of the pool. In no other way could they purge themselves. Among ledges of limestone and blue clay in river bottoms large round holes are frequently found. These holes are formed by a hard flint-like spar stone, and the action of the current, which whirls them around and around precisely as the burr stones of a mill revolve.

Snow is dissolved by thawing to one-fortieth part of its bulk, and the process of melting it is so slow and toilsome that it is of the utmost importance in winter to find water near camp. It is always advisable, therefore, to camp beside a lake or a rapid stream. From the former enough water can be collected from the surface of the ice by scraping away the snow. The weight of the latter depresses the ice and causes the water to rise over it, which it also prevents from freezing. All frozen waters must have a breathing place, therefore air-holes are always to be found, or rather avoided, in lakes and rivers. They are necessary, too, for the life of the fish.

In summer thunder-storms are of frequent occurrence, and rage with great violence for a short time. They spring out of what was but a few moments before a bright, unclouded sky, but they as quickly disappear, and all nature smiles again. Wind storms are not uncommon that lay waste extensive tracts of country, leveling the mighty forest before them like so many reeds. Such tracks are termed windfalls by the settlers, and are execrated by every one who has occasion to cross them.

Forest Indians always walk intoed for two very good reasons. Were they to walk with the toes turned out they would be constantly tripping amidst the loose roots and the brush, and secondly, the habit of wearing snowshoes enforces the intoe step. It is an imperative law of snowshoeing, to red and white alike, to walk with toes well turned in; an at. tempted violation of this unwritten code is swiftly followed by a severe punishment—a "header" into four or five feet of snow, from which it is no easy matter to extricate one's-self.

Cattle on a bush farm, where they are much troubled with flies and mosquitoes, soon lose all dread of a fire, and often seek its protection as against their little winged tormentors. Often large smudge fires are burned for them in their pastures. I have often seen them rush headlong into it to obtain relief from the venomous attacks of the insects.

Large forest trees much exposed are often split by the extreme action of the frost, which expands their outer fibres more than they can bear. The rent is always accompanied by a loud report like the explosion of a small cannon, and is startling in the extreme in the quiet stillness of night. Rocks are sometimes similarly acted upon where there are seams into which the water percolates and then freezes.

Wherever extensive fires have burned off the coniferous forests an entirely different growth takes place. Birches, poplars, wild cherry, etc., spring at once into luxuriant growth and form a tangled gnarl through which it is difficult to force a way. Many bush fires are occasioned by the lighters striking some old dry *chicot*.

Trout are not often captured by the fish hawks, for they are about as quick as their feathered foe, and at the first flash they dart away. It is the heavy sluggish fish, such as the suckers, which lie motionless and asleep in the warm, shallow waters, that fall a prey to the keen-eyed hawk. As the capture of such vile fries is no small gain to a stream, the fish hawk must be considered a benefactor to the race of anglers. Suckers consume an immense amount of trout spawn.

People always smile incredulously when the angler relates his ill luck in losing his largest fish, but it is nevertheless the case that the very large fish more often escape than find their way into the angler's creel. I have captured some old stagers that from the numerous scars about the mouth showed their frequent acquaintance with the angler's fly.

Rivers upon which much logging is carried on, while they may abound with trout, afford poor fly fishing. The fish are so often disturbed by the drifting logs that they seek the still, deep waters, and feed upon the bottom. The Jacques Cartier, one of the most beautiful rivers in Lower Canada, and a famous one for large fish, has been almost ruined for fly fishing the past few years from this cause.

Trout, when they attain a very large growth, become almost entirely cannabalistic. The better to conceal their nefarious practices, they seek the deep, dark waters of some hole in the stream, sallying forth at night upon their smaller and more helpless brethren. Early in the spring they seek the rapids to cleanse themselves from the parasites that infest them, and they will then rise to the fly, but very rarely at other times.

Feeding and the nature of the water are the two principal causes of the diversity in the coloring of trout, and their form. In very rapid, clear streams the trout are very brilliantly marked, and are lithe and long. In the quiet waters of the lakes the lazy life and abundant food gives them a rotundity of form and duller markings.

Large trout are usually found in couples. Can it be that as they advance in life they permanently mate? Is it simply a platonic affection, the desire for the congenial companionship, the mutual aid and sympathy extended to each other? Who knows!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MICHIGAN FISHING TRIP.

I HAVE just received the neat pamphlet issued by the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway Company, and while looking through its pages at the illustrations and the general information therein contained, occasionally a headline would attract my attention, calling to mind a beautiful creek, lake, camping-place, town or hotel, and I found myself in a very short time with the book on my desk and thinking over the delightful trip one may take from Traverse City to Petoskey. I will try and sketch a trip that, to me, was one of the most enjoyable I have ever taken, and one you will not be satisfied with going over once, but will wait with anxious anticipation for the time to come when you can again traverse the same route.

The old reliable Grand Rapids and Indiana road, with its courteous attaches, will land you safely at Traverse City. Here you will find a neat, clean, cool little town, facing the west arm of Grand Traverse Bay, with as good a hostlery as one would wish to find—the Park Place Hotel. Stop here a day and rest, then take the early morning boat for Elk Rapids, thirty-three miles distant via Loug or West Bay routs, touching at Old Mission, arriving at Elk Rapids about noon, at which point you will change boats for the inland route. Take the spring-wagon, which meets the boat, and you will be whirled along the long dock—piled with iron ore high on either side—down onto a short stretch of level road, around a mill over a stream nearly above a large fish chute, and in about five minutes brought up whirling at the Lake View House, a clean, homelike little inn, where you will be treated well by a very gentlemanly landlord. As you step out on the hotel porch in front you have a beautiful view of Traverse Bay, and to the right and left attractions enough to interest you until time is called to take the little steamer for the Lewis House Landing at the head of Torch Lake. As you leave Elk Rapids you pass neat white houses, with their beautiful green lawns in contrast, lumber mills, a very large blast furnace, etc. Leaving these behind our little steamer puffs away taking us along at a lively rate through Elk River—two and a half miles long, and considerably wider than the usual Michigan River—into Elk River, nine miles long, a very beautiful sheet of water and clear as crystal. Crossing this we again go through one of those narrow, crooked, little streams for a short distance into Round Lake, three miles long, thence through Torch River, four miles long—a purely typical northern Michigan river—into Torch Lake eighteen miles long. The steamer makes two stops on the trip through this beautiful lake, landing you at the Lewis House dock early in the evening, where you stay all night. Mr. Lewis, the proprietor, is as genial and whole-souled a landlord as you would wish to meet. Should it be moonlight walk over a narrow strip of land about one fourth of a mile to the beach on Grand Traverse Bay, where you will find a beautiful, broad, sandy beach, a walk here gives a refreshing, rejuvenating feeling and then back to the hotel for a good night's sleep. After an early dinner the next day Mr. Lewis will take your baggage in his "street car" over to the bay shore where you again take passage on the steamer for Petoskey, on the way making a stop at a small (saw mill) town, and then into Charlevoix, a very pleasant and at the same time peculiar looking place, situated back a short distance from the lake, on both sides of a small stream, on quite a little bluff overlooking, to the east, a short distance, Pine Lake, and to the west, Lake Michigan. By evening you land at Petoskey, where you take up quarters at either of the comfortable hotels there—the Occidental or Cushman, both good. Here you will want to stop a day or more, as it is quite a bee hive, everybody you will see in good humor, and all evidently looking for something. This place is at present the terminus of the G. R. and I. Ry., and should you desire any information not obtainable elsewhere call on Mr. Quaintance, the agent of the company at this point, whose gentlemanly and accommodating manners have given him an enviable celebrity. At this point a stroll down the beautiful pebbly beach will be in order and amply repay for the time and trouble taken, and you will here, with little trouble, find many handsome stones, and many very fine agates are here picked up. The same can be taken to one of the number of lapidaries there who will polish or make from it a memento which you will long cherish as a souvenir, a glance at which, at any time, will bring back many pleasant recollections. From this point you will have the beautiful inland route through to Cheboygan, which all should take, and which I will not mention here further as I have taken up space in your columns heretofore with details of this trip.

I have made this sketch a flying one. You can well lengthen it to good advantage by making a longer stay at Traverse City, Elk Rapids or Lewis House. There is more sport and more to interest one at Elk Rapids, however, than at the other mentioned points.

Excellent fishing may be had at any place you may choose to stop. At Traverse City, deep water fishing, and near the town trout, bass, etc. At Elk Rapids shoulder your rod at the hotel, and you can be back again in one hour with quite a respectable string, and undoubtedly the same at the head of Torch Lake. At Elk Rapids I know you can, for I have tried it. Go, take this trip, see and be convinced.

Columbus, O., FRANK N. BEEBE.

ON THE SAWKATAWABET.

PONTIAC, MICH.

IN season, it is no exaggeration to say that the forests of the south shore of Lake Superior are "fairly alive" with game, consisting chiefly of pigeons in July and August, when the huckleberry is ripe, ruffed grouse and that variety commonly called spruce partridge, in September and October, and in fall and winter innumerable hare and red deer. Nearly every rill, rivulet and river has countless numbers of speckled trout, and the flesh of the same is invariably hard and compact, owing to the frigorific temperature of the waters in which they live and sport. In places where wild rice or celery grows, many varieties of water fowl may be seen, and owing, in a measure, to the fact that they are rarely disturbed, are comparatively quite tame and easily approached.

Not long since Friend B—— and myself decided to put in a week or two, fishing and hunting, in the vicinity of the Sawkatawabet River. This stream rises in the south range of Keweenaw county, the extreme northern county of the Upper Peninsula, flows in a southerly direction and empties into Keweenaw Bay. It drains about seventy-five square miles of territory, and in consequence of its being the receptacle of several small creeks increases to quite a volume ere it dashes, picturesquely, over the ledge of rocks at its mouth. It is of an icy coldness, and, moreover, is remarkably translucent, except in the season of freshets, when it is of a darkish red, and with its driftwood and other *debris* is anything but attractive to the eye.

In the early days of the month of September, with our camp outfit, with dogs, guns and ammunition, and with old Joe, our cook, guide and woodsman, a veritable Pathfinder, we took our places in a light spring-wagon and were transported over a well-kept road, through beautiful forests and romantic dells, past love yfarms nestling in the shadows, and over hills from whose summits ever and anon were afforded us charming vistas of land and water for a distance of about ten miles to the head of Lac La Belle. Here we procured a Mackinaw boat, and placing our baggage therein, were soon afloat, headed to the mouth of the canal which connects this lake with Keweenaw Bay. Meeting, as soon as we landed, our old friend John Mayhe, a half-breed who, with his family, occupied the old Government lighthouse, we engaged comfortable quarters for the night, and we also subsidized John and an Indian named Frank for our voyage to the river. We also at this point made preparations for an early start in the morning of the coming day. Inasmuch as Frank was the proud owner of a water craft which he guaranteed would outrun anything on the lakes, we concluded to follow his advice, to wit, discard the Mackinaw which brought us down and proceed on our journey in his yacht. Everything having been completed for the morrow's sail, it became incumbent upon us to while away in the a most agreeable manner possible the few hours intervening before bed-time. This we did in rowing around the foot of the lake near the head of the canal, at the suggestion of a fisherman, who assured us that we would probably have the pleasure of killing a beaver or two.

The conditions were indeed favorable to success, as the night was still and the waters glassy and smooth. As we approached a bayou we expected, from what we had heard of them numerically, to see one or more of the quadrupeds at no great distance from us, but for a time, however, we were doomed to disappointment. Carefully and patiently we paddled wherever we thought there was a prospect of obtaining even a transitory view of the game we were after, and it was not until some time had elapsed that we heard a splash, and at a distance of sixty yards or more we could see the miniature waves circling away from the spot where a beaver had dove to the bottom. In a moment or two another plunge was heard, and the ripples indicated the place where this one had taken his immersion. It was not long before plunge after plunge and splash after splash kept up quite a little tempest, but we were unable to get a shot at any of them, although they were apparently in close proximity to us. They kept along the margin of the lake, on the edge of the rushes, where the tall trees would cast their shadows and render them unobservable to us until they rippled the water, when it was too late for execution. We saw that it was necessary for us to change our base of operations, which we accordingly did, and it was not long after we had taken a position as near to the shore as practicable before an opportunity presented itself. Simultaneously B. in the stern of the canoe and I in the bow discharged our weapons at two handsome beaver, whose heads were distinctly visible, and moving slowly above the surface. We soon discovered that B. had fired with fatal effect; and, elated at his success, he lifted his beaver into the boat. My shot, however, was a failure, as not even a piece of fur could be seen to console me with the reflection that I had at least not missed entirely. It was now useless to attempt to kill any more of this species of game, as our guide, who knew well the habits of this animal, informed us that they were easily frightened, and would keep concealed or move away to safe distances.

In the morning we were up bright and early, made a hasty toilet, ate a light breakfast, and got everything into the yacht preparatory to starting. During the early morning a stiff breeze came up from the east, and by the time we were ready to pull out there was quite a commotion on the bosom of Bite-de-gris. However, our Indians were determined to brave the elements, and struck boldly out for Point Isabelle, three miles distant. Off this point the sea was running quite high, but inasmuch as the wind was quartering aft and our craft was riding the waves as easily and gracefully as a duck, we got along very nicely on our course to the mouth of the river. The direction we took, which at times lay near a bold headland and again at some considerable distance from the shore as we were passing a bay, presented to the eye an ever-changing and beautiful panorama. The agitated sea on the one side, and the dark, interminable forests on the other, culminating at the background in a high ridge with Mounts Houghton and Gratiot as distinctive features, displayed nature in her weirdest, wildest grandeur. The shore, in places, was rocky, and discovered no coves in which the hardy mariner could find a haven of refuge.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at our destination. As we were sailing into the river we observed a flock of thirty or more ducks of the red-head species, directly ahead of us. Becoming alarmed, they arose and flew in a line for the lake, which brought them over us. For a few minutes we had sport such as the most enthusiastic duck hunter might envy, and when it ceased we counted, as our trophy, ten fat, large ducks.

Selecting a spot for our camp within easy access of water, we bade adieu to John and Frank, who were to return to their homes and were desirous of taking advantage of the

favorable breeze which then prevailed. Our tent was pitched in a grove of pines, the ground was covered with pine-needles, and evidence was abundant that this had been the camping-place for parties of Indians in previous seasons. It was not long before Joe had a splendid fire before which we became comfortably warm, and over which he soon had a kettle of boiling water. The supper which our cook prepared for us was fully appreciated, and the piping hot tea was unhesitatingly pronounced by B—— to be the best he had ever tasted. I can assure you that we enjoyed our first evening in the woods. We sat and chatted by the bright light of the blazing wood, and listened with wrapt attention to Joe's recital of his experiences and adventures as a trapper, hunter, packer and guide in the forests of Northern Michigan and in the service of the Hudson Bay Company of British America. We were so close to Lake Superior that the noise of the waves breaking upon the shore was plainly heard, but it did not disturb us in the least, as we lay rolled up in our blankets upon beds of balsam boughs. We arose in the early dawn, greatly refreshed by our slumber, and after a hearty breakfast, with hot coffee, prepared ourselves for a days' sport of hunting and fishing. The game we were principally after were partridges, and we concluded to follow the river up to "the meadows," two miles perhaps in distance, and try our luck in skirting the same. I had my dog, "Prince," and as it was his first trip this season, I was a little anxious to know whether or not he would discover a track, follow it and "tree" the bird as well as in years agone. I have known that dog to remain under a tree barking at a partridge among its branches for over an hour at a time, and being half spaniel and half hound he had the scent of the one and the deep, sonorous voice of the other, which would enable one to know him as much as a mile away. In this region one can do no wing shooting with partridges, the forests are so dense and the underbrush so thick that it is rarely one ever sees the game. The first we know of its presence is, if the bird is near, its whir as it flies, which, if it be some distance away, the barking of the dog indicates that he has it in a tree.

We finally reached "the meadows" without bagging any game on the way. "The meadows" covered a tract of about one hundred acres, through which ran a good-sized stream. Into this we cast a fly, and were compensated with a half-dozen trout, which weighed from a half pound to a pound each. While enjoying this sport we heard Prince at our left barking deep and loud. We soon found him at the roots of a balsam tree, and from his agitated manner we knew that he had flushed a covey. Looking up into the limbs I saw a beautiful spruce partridge standing erect motionless, and apparently with a sense of absolute security. Aiming at his head he fell with a heavy "thud," and was soon bagged. The dog then started to the right and was soon barking up another tree, and B. brought down his first bird. In this way we managed to get five plump partridges, while some, frightened at the sound of the guns, flew away.

The shooting of ruffed grouse during the rest of the day was but a repetition of the above. After tramping eight or ten miles we found ourselves at camp at four o'clock in the afternoon, somewhat fatigued and fully prepared to enjoy the dinner which Joe soon placed before us. We killed fifteen birds in all since morning. Many more we might have had if we desired them, but game which is so easily shot with the aid of a good dog should not be wantonly destroyed. At this season they were quite large, weighing on an average a pound each.

We stopped in the vicinity of this river about a week, at the expiration of which time John and Frank hove in sight and carried us back to Lac La Belle. The return trip was somewhat more pleasant than the previous one. The water was not so boisterous, while the breeze was from the right direction and carried us along at the rate of five miles an hour.

We arrived home in due time, having had an enjoyable trip from the beginning to the end.

While in the woods we saw quite a number of bear and deer tracks, and with trained hounds undoubtedly could have had some splendid sport hunting them. The right time to hunt bear, however, is later in the season, when there are six inches or more of snow on the ground, so that they can be easily followed.

A trip such as we took will hurt no one. If he be inclined to dyspepsia the exercise of threading the forest will give him a keen appetite and aid him in digesting that which he has eaten. It is wonderful how much one can eat in the woods, undoubtedly much more than one does at home. Everything conduces to make one hungry. BALSAM.

THAT DUCK HUNT IN A STEAM LAUNCH.

THE ENGINEER-AND-FIREMAN SPEAKS.

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

I am the "my brother" in that piece in a recent issue of yourself entitled, "Duck Hunting in a Steam Launch." That was one of the expeditions that I did not wish told to a great extent. Knowing the writer's fondness for print, I had previously expostulated with him in regard to his publishing an account of it.

I talked of it but little here, except to a few who were disposed to be charitable toward us in the way of joking But with all my persuasion I had a strong suspicion that my brother would leak the whole thing out after he packed his household goods and moved to Nebraska. So I kept a nervous watch out through your columns for his ink. Well, it came very soon, it seems to me, in a graphically and elaborately written narrative, published May 5.

Of course I do not deny anything said therein, for it was a hard, rough and almost perilous trip to us, with our dilapidated craft and inexperience in steam navigation. Still I desire to add a supplemental account by way of letting light shine more fully.

The engineer-and-fireman (that's the writer) is represented, when the launch was stranded on a hard lump and took a great lurch from the waves of a passing steamboat, as leaping into the skiff *like a frog*. Now, the only reason B. H. P., let it be stated, did not leap like a frog, or something else, was that the skiff was considerably beyond his reach, and nothing more inviting within reach than water about ice cold, and of unknown depth, just outside the launch. This was his visible predicament as the glare of the fire through the open furnace door gleamed upon him, and of which I pressed him to an open confession afterward.

Now, as to Delta being taken for Vicksburg. That was entirely a matter relating to the pilot, *i. e.*, B. H. P. himself. I am described as "fireman-and engineer" with no lantern. The night is represented as dark, and I will add that the river was foggy. When the furnace door was shut darkness reigned around the little engine, and nothing was visible across the broad waters of the Mississippi save too dull lights, seen very dimly, about the size of apples. This was just after the misfortune at the mouth of Old River, while nearing the right bank of the Mississippi, and the two lights were supposed to be electric lights on steamboats moored at low water landing at Vicksburg, and so commented upon by both pilot and engineer. Ordinarily, from the present position of the launch at night, the Delta and Vicksburg wharfboats were nearly in line, and the thousand lights which dotted the hills of the historic city left no doubts as to the location of that place, but at this time the fog obscured the view. The engineer was busy with his coal of fire which he had burned on the end of a broom-handle watching the steam gauge on one side of the upright tubular boiler and the glass water gauge on the other, the passage being quite contracted and made the more difficult to movements by diagonal iron rods which served to stay the boiler. The question of landing was not strictly a part of his business, and it was only on occasions of emergency that he proceeded to give his views. He deemed it an occasion of this kind when he found that the pilot had mistaken Delta for Vicksburg and was trying to make a landing; and it took no little explanation to give said pilot a clear insight into the nature of things, though the fog had partially lifted and objects were more distinct. This was the Delta banks, that tree there was a tall gum, very familiar in daylight, but barely discernible now, those lights over there were on Delta wharfboat, those pale lights down yonder were at the Vicksburg wharfboat, and those still fainter lights to the left were along the shore at the foot of the Vicksburg hills. "Oh, yes!" "Well!" ejaculated the pilot, as he began to grind his little wheel, and dong, dong went the gong, a signal to the engineer to let on more steam.

The remaining distance was easy sailing, as the term goes; at least it should have been. Deep water, down stream, nothing in the way. But that pilot! Why, he ran the vessel down to the Vicksburg bank, found the only bar there was on a bank two miles long, and ran upon it, after first having tried to hit an empty coal barge. We syphoned to no purpose; we backed and went ahead; we raised steam until it hissed through the safety valve, and tried all the motions over and over again for half an hour. The pilot had put the vessel this time where no efforts of her own could release her.

Now, Mr. FOREST AND STREAM, my individual feelings were to get out of this dilemma as quietly as possible. We had failed the previous day from the incapacity of our vessel to reach the ducking grounds by two miles; had spent the following night beneath a leaky roof in a cold rain; had missed the opportunity of enjoying the evening and early morning sport—the cream hours in duck shooting; had an oasis at high noon of an hour of magnificent sport, during which time about forty game birds were bagged, including ducks, snipe, plover, and a large, unknown bird we wish to learn the name of, and that night had lost all, including ammunition, decoys, and other valuables, when the skiff broke loose and disappeared in the impenetrable darkness. I was black almost beyond recognition with soot from cleaning the flues. I was also tired. I had fired on one side of the boiler, and run a rickety engine on the other, and had a tricky pump to watch. I had further stood faithfully at the lead line between times and sounded while *my* brother slid the Gentle Savage up on the bars. I shall never forget his genius to do that. True, as he says, I steadily yelped "Hold her out, don't you see that bar yonder?" but the careful pilot as steadily held her in toward the most dangerous places. His talent on the entire trip had run in that way, so I was not only physically but mentally tired as we stuck in the mud on this last bar. I was also reasonably chagrined at having had so many accidents. I wanted to slip off home in the dark without disturbing any one. Now, what do you think was done? Why, the pilot took an elevated position and yelled. Yes, yelled. He yelled for the fisherman for help. His tone had the strength of forty voices. He stirred up everybody within a quarter of a mile; told them what we wanted and what was the matter with us. I thought of suicide, then of my wife and children, and deferred it. I think five or six skiffs came to our relief. We smouldered the fire, put out anchor (a useless precaution) and slipped off home with our guns, about all we had saved.

That night I swore my brother to future secrecy; but the next morning he gave the whole thing away to a local editor, who published a burlesque account in the following issue, and, amongst other absurdities, stated that we had killed two bears, an alligator and a mule. I still held my peace, and would have said nothing even yet to FOREST AND STREAM.

You know B. H. P.'s address. Please send him a marked copy containing this, and tell him that though he has agreed to come back here next fall on the back of the first Southward bound blue-winged teal, I can't hunt ducks with him again. He talks too much. W. L. P.

Vicksburg, May 23, 1881.

Natural History.

WHAT IS A SPIKE BUCK?

THE following extract from Hardwicke's Science Gossip, written by E. A. Brunetti, shows very plainly that the author, who in turn quotes Darwin, considers the spike buck in this country to be a new species, or that a spike buck of the *Cervus virginianus* variety has been enabled to propagate his peculiarity, and thus in time to have created that which will be an entirely new species. We have always been taught that a spike buck was one with a two-year-old head of horns, and that the branches or prongs did not appear until he was older. We may be wrong, however, and would call upon those acquainted with the habits and growth of our American deer to aid in the correction.

If a spike buck could propagate his peculiarity of horns, why should not the two-year-old eagle of the bald variety, which it is known does not gain his white head and tail until three or four years after birth, and which begins nesting the season after his being hatched in his dusky plumage, be enabled to propagate offspring that will continue in dark feather? But the young of these two-year-old eagles in their turn change as their parents do when three or four years old, and put on the white head and tail peculiarity of their race.

Mr. Brunetti says: "Can new species originate by crossing?" In Mr. H. D. Barday's letter of October he says: "There are some 20,000 species of animals, and not one instance is known of different species being crossed without sterility ensuing in the animal thus begotten."

In reply to this I would state that a new species of deer has originated under our eyes in the United States, the following being extracted from Darwin's "Descent of Man," vol. II., pp. 255, 256: "A writer in an excellent American journal (the *American Naturalist*) says he has hunted for the last twenty-one years in the Adirondacks, where *Cervus virginianus* abounds. About fourteen years ago he first heard of a spike buck. These became from year to year more common. About five years ago he shot one, and subsequently another, and now they are frequently killed." The new species has a horny spike projecting forward from the forehead more slender than antlers and about half as long, the end being a sharp point. The same writer thus concludes: "Undoubtedly the first spike horn buck was an accidental freak of nature; but his spike horns gave him the advantage and enabled him to propagate his peculiarity. His descendants, having a like advantage, have propagated the peculiarity in a constantly increased ratio till they are slowly crowding the antlered deer from the region they inhabit. I think we have here an unquestionable case of a new species arising. Other species may have originated in the same manner.—E. A. BRUNETTI."

We would call upon the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM living in sections of the country where deer frequent to likewise inform us if spike bucks are more numerous than formerly.—HOMO.

We well remember when the theory that the spike buck is a distinct species was first published. It has never, we think, received any general acceptance in this country, and we have often heard it ridiculed by old hunters who believe that the spike buck is simply a young male whose horns have not yet forked. At all events, spike bucks are not confined to *Cervus virginianus*. We have killed spike buck elk (*C. canadensis*), and have seen specimens of the mule deer (*C. macrotis*) that would come under the same category.

The claim that the single spike is advantageous to the deer is based on the belief that it is a more efficient weapon in fighting than the curved and many pronged horn of the older buck. It must be remembered, however, that while the stab of a single spike would no doubt make a more serious wound than the curved and branched horn, it is much less efficient for defence than the latter. The branching antler protects the face of the fighting deer, but the spike buck has no such protection. His horns would push through those of his opponent, but would not be long enough to reach the opponent's face. Every one who has seen two deer fight knows that they come together head to head, push for a long time, and then separate for another charge. Considering the method of fighting, and that the horns of the spike buck are very much shorter than those of the larger horned deer, it would seem that the spike horns would be a positive disadvantage to their possessor. And this view is confirmed by the testimony of hunters who state that the spike buck will always flee from the larger buck.

TWO BIRD BOOKS.

WE have recently received parts of two works now publishing, relating to North American birds.

The first of these is entitled "Illustrations of Nests and Eggs of Birds of the United States," with text by Thos. G. Gentry. The author is well known as an enthusiastic ornithologist and has contributed two interesting volumes to the literature of his favorite science. If he gives us a satisfactory work on oology he will have conferred an undoubted boon on all who are interested in our birds. A work on this subject is sorely needed, for although several such have been undertaken, and some of them by those well qualified to carry them to a successful termination, none has as yet been completed.

Every one will acknowledge the obstacles which stand in the way of the author of such a work. It would be hard to select objects more difficult of satisfactory delineation than the nests and eggs of birds, and it is most unusual to find the artist and the ornithologist united in one and the same person, as they should be for such a work. It is almost impossible for the average artist to depict these objects; for while he may be very accurate in details, he will fail to catch the general effect, the *ensemble* without which his pictures are hopeless failures.

Five parts of Mr. Gentry's work have appeared, and while some of the illustrations are deserving of great praise, there are others of which so much cannot be said. The plate of the nest of the Towhee Bunting is not happy either in treatment or in execution, nor do the nest and eggs of the Cat Bird at all resemble those that we are familiar with. The plates illustrating the nest of the Ruby Throat, the Downy Woodpecker and the Red Eyed Vireo are, on the other hand, very good.

The text by which the plates are accompanied is interesting, and written in a pleasing style, and the work is, on the whole, one that we think will find favor with many egg collectors. J. A. Wagenseller, 23 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, is the publisher.

Although Mr. Rathbun's "Bright Feathers" has no special reason for being, yet it is a work that will find favor, no doubt, with a large class who are interested in birds without knowing very much about them.

Mr. Rathbun has chosen the Rosebreasted Grosbeak for the subject of the second part of his work, and he certainly could have selected no more beautiful bird. The coloring, however, in the plate before us, is not what it should be. It fails to show the peculiar delicacy of plumage so noticeable in this species, and the work on the plate seems a little coarse. The text is very readable.

A TREE-CLIMBING WOODCHUCK.—*Old Chatham, N. Y., May* 23.—As I was out fishing to-day, we heard our dog barking around the foot of an elm tree, and thinking he had a cat up it, we paid no attention to it until we got up to the tree, when what was our surprise in seeing a large woodchuck up in the branches, as nimble as a cat. He was up at least 25 feet from the ground, and, as no one except the dog desired to kill it, we let it go. I have seen many woodchucks, but never saw one up a tree before. Perhaps your readers have, but I doubt it. RIO.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A SCHOOL GIRL.

May 13. The fly-catchers seem to be made of springs. Their motions are the most angular of any of the feathered tribe. They always choose some conspicuous place on which to alight, as the top of a tree, a fence post or a dead limb. The note of the least fly-catcher or "chebec" is as when one snaps a string—a quick jerk of the head and the "chebec" comes like the click of the spring.

The chimney-swallows have homes rather difficult to reach, though it may not seem so. When they wish to descend the chimney, they circle round and round till they think they are directly over the opening, then, lifting their wings till these are nearly vertical, flutter down. They sometimes miss the mark, and dart off to try again.

The summer yellow-bird catches insects with more grace than the fly-catchers. Every motion of the yellow-bird is a curve. It takes its time, yet it is always sure of the mark.

May 14 Saw a robin fly some distance to catch an insect in the air.

May 16. The wren is a perfect model among birds of the passionate lover. He is in perfect ecstasis over his mate. His song is short because he is so eager that he knows not what to say, and the notes nearly trip one another up, they come so fast. While he is singing his wings quiver with excitement.

May 17. In flight the bobolinks hold their wings down, not horizontal or up as with most other birds. They sing most commonly during flight, and bring their song to a close just as they reach the ground. If they light on a post or a tree the song is continued

The crows do not seem to be very much afraid of the poles and strings put around a corn-field. Two were sitting on a tree near a field, deliberating. "Caw, caw, caw, caw," says one. "Caw, caw, caw," replies the other. Then they slowly flap over and settle down in the midst of the poles and strings. Warning!—Farmers, always put string around your corn-fields. It is a first-rate thing for fly-catchers to alight on.

May 19. Saw a chestnut-sided warbler in our apple-tree. It caught insects like a fly-catcher.

The nut-hatch seems a very humorous little body. He runs around the trunk, his head oftener down than up, and squints under the bark with a most quizzical expression. There almost seems to be a twinkle in his eye as he pulls out the unlucky bug.

May 22. The woodpecker never runs down a tree-trunk. When he wishes to be lower down he flies or drops down. Authority—Prof. Scott, of Westneld. The nut-hatch goes oftener down than up.

Very many birds accompany their short notes, especially those of excitement by some motion of the body. The robin jerks out his chirp of excitement with his tail. It seems as if the chattering of the swallows was made by the wings, as the swift fluttering of the wings always comes with the twittering.

May 13. The cuckoo is a shy bird, keeping itself hidden in the foliage, turning its head from side to side on the look-out for danger.

Above the trees a crow is seen pursuing its heavy flight, with laborious flapping wings. On a sudden the enemy, in the form of a king-bird, or perhaps two of them, is upon him They dart down upon him with all their force, fly up in a short circuit, poise themselves and come down again, their swift movements contrasting with the crow's steady flapping Perhaps the crow is frightened, but his motions do not show it, though he does seem to be getting out of the way as fast as is consistent with the dignity of his character. When his pursuers have chased the enemy from their domains, they leave him to the tender mercies of the next king-birds who may happen to spy him, and return for more crows, hawks or insects, just which comes handiest.

Mr. B. was troubled by a colony of swallows which took possession of his large, old-fashioned chimney, one spring, sending the smoke down and causing great inconvenience. One day, while the birds were all away, he went up and put a wire network across the opening of the chimney. About sunset the birds returned. Imagine their feelings when they discover their doors barred against them! They rush wildly back and forth, they dash against the branches of the elmtree in the yard, they dart here and there in their frenzy till long after dark. At last they are obliged, in despair, to seek other homes. Poor swallows!

Hatfield, Mass., MARGARET MILLER.

RATTLESNAKES CLIMBING TREES—New Orleans, May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to the question, Do rattlesnakes ever climb trees, I will relate what I once saw.

In the spring of 1869, about the middle of April, I was behind the plantation hunting wildcats. The dogs had started one, and were leading him a lively race, and I was sitting on my horse listening to the music of the chase, when my attention was drawn to some object up a large water oak that was standing in an opening by itself, and leaning at an angle of about 15 degrees. There was water all around the tree, as there had been in the morning a heavy rain, but the land being high the water did not remain long after, the rain stopped, but went to the swamp, leaving the land dry. The object that I saw was about thirty feet from the ground, and lying on a limb about ten feet from the trunk of the tree that made out at about right angles, and forked where the object lay.

I rode up to the tree but could not make out what it was, and having my rifle with me I sent a ball up, when down came one of those large d amond rattlesnakes (*Crotalus adamanteus*) about six feet long.

On a former occasion I shot one out of the top of a tree that had fallen down, having some large limbs lying about ten feet from the ground.

Those are the only two that I ever saw on trees, but I have seen thousands on rocks that looked as hard to climb as trees.—T. P. LOVEJOY.

A WELL-MARKED TURTLE.—A box turtle was found in a field at Baiting Hollow, Long Island, a few days since with the following marked on its bottom shell:—"B. F. Y., 1836; B. F. Y., 1841; B. F. Y., 1851." B. F. Youngs, of Riverhead, marked the turtle first forty-five years ago, and also the second and third times. After marking it for the fourth time "B. F. Y., 1881," he let it go again.

The above item from the *Sun* reminds us of a snapper once found by a friend of ours, which was probably the oldest turtle ever found. It was marked, "In the year of our Lord 1."

BIRDS THAT EAT FISH.

MR R. BOWLDER SHARPE, the eminent British ornithologist, recently delivered, under the auspices of the National Fisheries Exhibition, a most interesting lecture on fish-eating birds. A novel and attractive feature of the discourse was the exhibition, by means of an oxy-hydrogen, of a number of excellent paintings of fish-eating birds. Mr. Sharpe's lecture is reported in the *Live Stock Journal*, and we give below an epitome of it.

Mr. Sharpe said, fish-eating birds were chiefly swimming birds—cormorants, ducks, gulls, etc.; but there were many birds of prey that were distinctly fish-eating birds. The white-tailed eagle was very fond of fish, though it did not catch them for itself. It was renowned for the way in which it followed the osprey or seafishing eagle, and robbed it of its prey. While the golden eagle was feathered to its toes, the tarsus of the white-tailed eagle was bare. The majority of birds of prey had a tibia or thigh-bone only just a little longer than the tarsus, but in the osprey the tibia was twice as long as the tarsus. While some birds had three toes in front and one behind, others two in front and two behind, the osprey had an outer or reversible toe, which he had the power of turning backwards or forwards, so that in catching hold of a fish his toes were at right angles to each other, which gave him a circular grasp, a great help to him in seizing such slippery prey as fish. But the osprey was now pretty nearly extinct in England. Owls were fish-eating birds. Waterton once saw a barn owl dive into a pond for a fish. In Africa there were some regular fish-eating owls which had the bare tarsus, so that they could wet their feet without fear of catching cold from damp feathers. Coming to the perching birds, there was a certain group which was separated from them by the osteological structure of the sternum or breast bone; and amongst these was the kingfisher. This bird, which would soon make a good meal of the contents of an open trout tray, did not do much damage in the river, where he caught small minnows, etc. People would be sorry to miss the kingfisher from our rivers; and, luckily, his habits were so shy that he was able to take care of himself. Ladies had much to answer for in the destruction of the kingfisher. When there was a demand for his plumage for ladies' hats, there was an immense slaughter of these birds on the Thames. Foreign kingfishers, though of the same shape as ours, lived in forests, and not on the banks of rivers, and had only three toes instead of four. The form of the kingfisher was such as to adapt him exactly to catch fish. He had no long tail to retard his motion when he plunged into the water; but he had a long bill with which to cleave the water, while his short tail served as a rudder. Then the robin had been seen to eat fish—a bird one would not have expected to take such food. Among the waders, or long-legged birds, the greatest culprit as a fish-eater was the heron. Though an arrant fish-eater, it was doubtful whether the heron did the damage attributed to him, as he lived principally on eels. He was not, however, averse to frogs and small animals; and the lecturer told the story of a heron in captivity which seized a rat that had been stealing his fish, held him under water in his bill, and then swallowed him at one gulp. He also mentioned an instance of an eel strangling a heron, an illustration of which is shown in the exhibition. The bitterns were rare visitors. Like the heron it ate small fish and frogs; but unlike the heron it was solitary, not sociable in its habits. The spoonbill, which ate small fish and aquatic insects, used to be found in Norfolk; and some of the large family of storks, much protected in Germany, were formerly residents in England Cranes did not do much damage to fish. The knot was an interesting swimming bird, from the mystery which surrounded its breeding haunts; but it was a credit to English naturalists that they had reduced the number of unknown haunts of European birds during the last few years from six to one. Another bird which was maligned because it was said to devour small fish and ova was the moorhen; but he had never found any evidence of its being a fish-eater. The same might be said of its cousin, the coot. These birds should be protected for their extremely tame disposition. Moorhens could be tamed so as to go about the house like common fowls. Coming to the swimming birds, Mr Sharpe said that there was no doubt that ducks at the mouth of rivers ate a good number of fish; but the golden eyed duck was under the accusation of being an absolute fish-eater. It would be difficult to defend the goosander from the like accusation, as he probably lived on scarcely anything else but fish.

ABOUT LOONS—Pocasset, MASS., May 12.—In your issue of April 28, "B. D. R.," of West Milford, W. Pa., asks for some information about loons. His bird was not very large The last one that I shot is before me now; it measures thirty-six and one-half inches in length and four feet five inches in extent. Weighs nine pounds, and is light for the dimensions. Here this is not called a large one. I am told that one was killed at Calaumet Beach which weighed twenty pounds. "Beach" weight, I guess, with the shooter's arms for balances. I once knew one to weigh by scales sixteen pounds; that was a white one—a female; they are said to grow to the largest size. I have seen them in Chesapeake Bay, where they are often caught in the fish pounds.

Both species—*C lymbus glacialis*—and *U. septentrionalis* are found at Buzzards' Bay in abundance. The last is locally known as "Pegging awl," "Peppershin" or "Tuckmunk." It is much smaller than the former species, and weighs about four pounds. It is spotted like its larger brother on the back. The male has a slate or drab-colored head, with a red spot on the throat, whence its name—red-throated diver. The female is like the larger white loon in colors.

Loons have been known to breed in Plymouth, Mass. A few years ago Mr. Warren Douglass found a nest on the shore of "Oliver's Neck." He was wading along the shore fishing for pickerel, and saw the loon on her nest. She fluttered off into the pond at his approach; there were two white eggs in the nest. Can any one tell if they lay more than two? "Oliver's Neck" is a point in White Island pond, and is owned by the White Island Club. Some of the members found the nest soon after, and took the eggs, my informant said. I am also told that they have bred on the island on Half-way Pond. I have seen loons there in the summer, but could not find any nest. In a former article I spoke of the loon as a tough bird—how tough you may judge by the following, which I had *verbatim* from the shooter. He had been on Hog Island Point and shot at a loon, which, he said, was thirty yards high; the bird fell at an angle of forty-five degrees, struck on a big flat rock and rebounded off into the water twenty-five feet, looked about him, then dove and went his way. One would think that a ninety-foot fall—though broken by a rock—might disjoint the framework of any bird. "B. D. R.'s" loon was about the average size; eight such loons slung on a pole, and the ends of the pole on the shoulders of a brother shooter and the writer, made a heavy load to tote up from the shore. A live loon can pick hard, and a dead one is hard to pick, nevertheless some of the softest beds in these parts have loon's feathers in them. MERGUS.

The information given by our correspondent relative to the breeding of the loon in Massachusetts is interesting, but are the eggs of either species of loon mentioned white? We think not.

THE IBEX IN THE ALPS.—The ibex, it would appear, promises to be again naturalized on the Alps. A herd which was turned out on the Grisons are reported to have survived the Winter without damage and to be making themselves at home in the vicinity of the glaciers. This cannot fail to be a source of gratification to the thousands who make Switzerland their Autumn play-ground. For some time past the Alps were each year getting barer and barer of life. The chamois had almost disappeared from some of the more accessible parts, and even the marmot could scarcely have long survived the edelweiss, which the Government of the different Cantons have also put under their protection. The ibex, or, as it is more familiarly called, the bouquetin, is a species of goat which shares with the chamois the upper reaches of the mountains. But it climbs even higher than that animal, and can rarely be seen far below the limits of perpetual snow. In German Switzerland, where it is known as the steinbock, the ibex was at one time comparatively common. But the persecution of tourists and the multiplication of cheap rifles have all but exterminated it on the higher alps, and of late years it could rarely be seen except on those of Valois and Piedmont, where, thanks to the enlightened efforts of the late King Victor Emmanuel, it was carefully protected.—*London Telegraph.*

A HINT FOR THE SMITHSONIAN.—We are permitted to publish the following from a letter of a well-known Canadian ornithologist, Mr. John Neilson: "I read with much attention all such notes as appear in the FOREST AND STREAM respecting the migrations of birds. Coming as they do from all quarters of the country, they afford the student a means to study the migratory habits of our fauna, so mysteriously erratic in many species. Stations of observation should be established at all points where the service of competent persons could be obtained, such persons to send in monthly and semi-annual reports to a centre, some one of your large institutes. The material thus collected and properly collated would present matter possessing very high ornithological value. The migratory course of each species could be accurately determined, and other information of paramount importance secured tending to perfect our knowledge in this most interesting science."

A FLORIDA GALLINULE—Hornellsville, N. Y., May 22.—I shot a bird here yesterday and want to know what it is, that is if you can tell from my poor description. General appearance like an over-grown rail; length 13 inches from end of bill to end of tail; bill about 1 inch long, the end of bill cream color, the base bright red; wings and back black; neck and breast blue-black; under tail coverts white; some white or gray on belly; legs about 5 inches long, three long toes and a short one; color of legs pea-green, and some bright red on thigh just below the feathers.

Nothing like it ever seen here before by the *oldest inhabitant.* I should like to know what it is, and in what position to mount it.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Your bird is a Florida gallinule (*Gallinula galenta*), a near ally of the rails and coots. It should be mounted in the position of a rail, as in habits it closely resembles those birds.

INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS.—The generally accepted belief that the insectivorous plants are nourished by the animals which they capture, is not believed by the veteran florist, Mr. Peter Henderson, of Jersey City. That gentleman has been making some experiments on this point, and concludes that these plants do not derive any more nourishment from their victims than do the pines and hemlocks, which destroy such great numbers of insects by their resinous exudations.

In the summer of 1878, Mr. Henderson and Mr. W. J. Tait made experiments, using 100 plants in each test, and the conclusions which they reached were that those plants which had received no "animal food" were quite as vigorous as those which had been fully supplied with insects. The plants used in the experiments were the well-known "Venus fly-trap." Further experiments on this point are required to settle this point definitely, but those which have been made are certainly extremely interesting.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW NUISANCE—Dedham, Mass., May 14.—I had, a week ago, a fine row of peas about a hundred feet in length, but now they are ruined by the English sparrows having cut off the tops of the largest portion, and they are still at it. I have three lots more yet to come up, which I wish to save if possible. Can you suggest some means of poisoning them? Something that, if they leave any, will not be dangerous for my dogs or hens, which will have the run of the ground after my crops are off in the autumn?—F. A. T.

Shoot the birds. That has been found effective in other instances. It will take some time and ammunition, but it is the only thing to be done.

NOTE ON THE SCARLET TANAGER—Westfield, Mass., May 21.—During the cold rain of this week, which lasted about four days, a large number of scarlet tanagers were noticed hopping about the dooryards and sidewalks unable to fly. Between men, boys and cats many were caught. The bird is seldom seen in this vicinity, and a great many thought it a new species. Other birds are as lively as ever. Why isn't the tanager?—S.

AN OLD EAGLE—Wilkesbarre, Pa., May 22.—In the middle of April an eagle was shot at Nakskoo, Denmark. It measured 78 inches from tip to tip of wings. Round its neck it carried a chain with a small sealed vial attached. In the vial was found a paper with the following inscription:—"This eagle was caught and again liberated anno 1792 by N. and C. Anderson, Boto, on the island of Falster, Denmark."—P. P.

SPRING NOTES.—Framingham, Mass., May 14, 1881.—Though the season may fairly be called a little "backward" here, I have noted the arrival of two of our warblers rather earlier than usual, viz., the black poll (*D. striata*) and the black and yellow (*D. maculosa*) on May 11.—F. C. BROWNE.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE NEBRASKA SPORTSMEN'S CONVENTION.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, May 17.

THE State convention of sportsmen met at the Board of Trade Rooms, at 8 P. M. President J. C. McBride called the meeting to order. Upon the calling of the roll of membership the following clubs were represented by full delegations, viz:

Omaha Sportsman's Club—B. E. B. Kennedy, John N. Petty, W. H. S. Hughes, J. F. McCartney and S. B. Hathaway.

Working Men's Club, Omaha—E. Lecder, F. R. Smith, Geo. Jones, John McDonald, Wm. Robinson.

Lincoln Sportsmen's Club—J. H. Honeywell, S. C. Elliott, S. S. Brock, C. E. Strassberger, Dr. F. S. Rouse.

Osceola Sportsmen's Club—J. M. Woods, N. W. Logan, L. A. Beltzer, W. F. Miller, J. H. Abbott.

Silsby Gun Club, Syracuse—Joseph Rogers, W. T. Peet, A. B. Barney, Ira. P. Conger, F. E. Brown.

Plattsmouth Sportsmen's Club—Gen. R. R. Livingston, Sam. M. Chapman, Geo. S. Smith, F. E. White, W. T. Matthews.

Norfolk Sportsmen's Club—J. S. McClary, C. P. Matthewson, Wm. Sattler, C. Selah, S. W. Hayes.

Nemaha County Sportsmen's Club—W. T. Den, W. M. Kauffman, W. W. Browning, Church Howe, A. R. Davis.

On motion a committee of three on credentials was appointed by the president. The committee retired and soon returned and reported the foregoing list of delegates entitled to seats. Report adopted.

The address of the retiring president was read, as follows:

Gentlemen of the Convention:

Custom seems to call upon the retiring president of this association for a few last words, something in the form of a message, reviewing the past and suggesting topics for consideration now and in the future. Since your last meeting quite a revival in shooting and fishing circles has taken place, as is witnessed by the number of new clubs organized in the State, most of which contemplate an early membership in this association. Whether they ultimately become members or not we have the satisfaction of knowing that in spirit they are valuable allies, and that the good work begun six years ago will be more carefully guarded in the future.

The stocking of the streams with valuable fish by the State Fishery Commissioners, all of whom are members of this association, has had a cheering effect upon Nebraska sportsmen, and we are still more encouraged by the splendid appropriation of $7,400 to be expended by them in their good work.

By the act approved Feb. 29, 1879, the catching of fish in any of the waters by means of nets, seines or baskets of any kind is prohibited, and a severe penalty is inflicted upon the guilty party; yet such is the greed of man, or more generally of boys, that many cases of violations have no doubt occurred and are occurring in the interior of the State, and a sharp lookout for violaters of this law is recommended.

In accordance with your instructions given at your last meeting, 2,000 copies of the game laws of the State, in poster form, were printed and distributed to the local clubs, a large number posted at railroad stations, and a copy mailed to each postmaster of the State with a request to post it up in the office. Railroad officials afforded facilities in this good work, and directed agents to post up the laws in a conspicuous place, all of which, your president believes, was of great benefit to the game and fish interests of the State.

Through the sentimentality of a few visionary persons the Legislature of 1875 enacted a most ridiculous law which protected hawks and owls from destruction, and permitted them to prey not alone upon the song-sparrow, the wren and hundreds of other native birds, but to appease their never-ceasing hunger upon the quail and the prairie chicken. There is no sportsman in the State who annually kills as many birds as the average hawk or owl destroys. He is a constant and unrelenting "pot-hunter." From break of day until nightfall he skims the prairies in search of the lesser of his tribe; and he is no respector of age, for he devours not only the old but the young also, and is particularly fond of the fledgelings and the eggs. After darkness sets in, and the hawk is compelled to retire, the "moping owl," his alert and nocturnal recruit, takes up the work of destruction, and thus, day and night, these ravenous bird killers plied their vocations, and were protected by law because of their reputed appetites for grasshoppers. Your president is not a believer in the theory advanced by the over zealous advocates of that law. The hawk and owl do not subsist upon grasshoppers, except in the absence of the more toothsome quail or sparrow, and if they did the large number of small birds annually destroyed by them would pick up millions of locusts and other noxious insects, where owls and hawks would destroy but few. It is in consideration of the destruction annually wrought by hawks and owls that I recommend their destruction on every occasion. I would go even further, and advise local clubs to offer a bounty for each head of hawk or owl delivered to them. This would incite the market hunter and the "pot hunter" to join in the work of extinguishing these most destructive enemies of our game birds.

There are many who think that the open season for quail shooting is too circumscribed by the present law, that December should be added to October and November. But for the fact that the past winter was unusually severe upon quails, and that thousands of them perished, an attempt would have been made to have the law amended in that respect at the last session of the Legislature. Under the circumstances, however, it was hoped that through the shortness of the open season and strict obedience to the law the birds would be spared and would multiply and replenish their decimated ranks and furnish better sport in the future.

If the loss has fallen less heavily upon quails than has been reported and they shall continue to increase as in the past it may be well to ask the Legislature of 1883 to extend the open season so as to include the month of December.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer show that by economical management the annual dues from members of the association are sufficient to meet all ordinary expenditures, and but for the expense of publishing the game laws, and the still greater expense of the bench show, the association would have a balance on hand sufficient to commence another year's work. However, these expenses have not been in vain, and their lessons do not go unheeded. The bench shows have not only taught many of us what good dogs are, but we have learned to appreciate a good dog and to own one. The field trial, while, owing to the slight attendance of our own members, was not a success, nevertheless, taught us several things, the most satisfactory and important of which was that we have a great many dogs in Nebraska that for practical purposes are as good as any sportsman can wish, and even better than some foreign dogs exhibited on that occasion. I am satisfied that many of our sportsmen who have good dogs, failed to attend, for the reason that they feared to run their dogs against the "crack" dogs of the country, anticipating a defeat that would have been ignominious; but now that they have witnessed the actions of the best in the field will be willing to pit their own against any that may come. For that purpose and to stimulate these trials, I recommend that a field trial be had the coming season on prairie chickens in August, and not to be deferred until the birds get old, wild and scarce. Such a trial, if open to the world and properly advertised, would bring a large number of fine dogs and an interesting time be had.

Finally, allow me to extend my thanks to the officers and members of the association for their kindness and willingness to aid me in the discharge of the duties of office, and to return my thanks for the honor you conferred upon me in this connection. J. C. MCBRIDE, President.

After reading of the President's message, on motion the President appointed a committee of five to agree upon a place for holding the next annual meeting of the association and report to-morrow evening.

J. F. McCartney, of Omaha, declined to serve as one of the judges at the bench show, whereupon Mr. J. S. McClary, of Norfolk, was appointed in Mr. McCartney's place. Upon request of Mr. F. E. Brown he was also relieved from a similar duty and Mr. Dew, of Brownville, Neb., was appointed in his stead. On motion, the meeting adjourned until to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock.

Lincoln, May 18, 1881.—Meeting called to order by Vice-President Matthewson, in the absence of the President. The following business was transacted:

The reports of the officers and committees being in order, they were severally received and placed on file. The treasurer's report showed a small balance of money on hand. The secretary's report contained sundry bills, etc., unpaid. The same were audited, and ordered to be paid.

The committee appointed at the last annual meeting to present resolutions on the death of Maj. T. T. Thornburgh, reported appropriate preamble and resolutions expressive of the sterling character of the deceased; the good fellowship he maintained with this association, and the loss sustained by his sad and unexpected death. The report and resolutions were adopted and were ordered to be spread at large upon the records of the association.

The committee appointed to fix the place for holding the next annual meeting reported in favor of Omaha, and their report was adopted.

Election of Officers.—The election of officers for the ensuing year being in order, the following gentlemen were duly elected:—

President, B. E. B. Kennedy, of Omaha; Treasurer, R. W. Furnace, of Brownville; Secretary, J. F. McCartney, of Omaha; Vice-Presidents, J. S. McClary, of Norfolk; J. W. Petty, of Omaha; Josiah Rogers; Edward Luder, of Omaha; J. H. Harley, of Lincoln; L. A. Biltzer, of Oscaolu; W. H. Hackney, of Brownville; Gen. R. R. Livingston, of Plattsmouth; C. E. Strassberger, Lincoln; W. L. May, of Fremont; E. S. Hawley, of Nebraska City. On motion, Sam M. Chapman, of Plattsmouth, was elected a member of the executive committee. On motion, it was unanimously voted to hold a field trial of dogs on prairie chicken the last week in August or first week in September next at or near Norfolk. The executive committee was given the matter in charge, and instructed to advertise the same in Eastern papers.

Mr. Chapman submitted the report of the judges of the bench show containing list of awards. Adopted. Resolutions of thanks to the outgoing officers were severally adopted.

Gen. Livingston, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Harley made report of last year's field trials with severe though merited criticism upon the lack of attention given to the matter by Nebraska sportsmen, attributing the same to cowardice, etc.

On motion, the president appointed John W. Petty, W. H. S. Hughes and C. P. Matthewson a committee to report resolutions at next meeting respecting the death of G. H. Collins, of Omaha.

On motion, the convention adjourned *sine die*.

THE LONDON SOCIETY.

AT the annual meeting of the London (Ontario) Fish, Game and Insectivorous Birds Protective Society, last week, Dr. Niven in the chair, the secretary, D. Skirving, presented his report, which was as follows:

"It is most gratifying to find that now most of the sportsmen in and around London take a deep interest in the protection of our fish, game and insectivorous birds, and that each year new members are added to our list of subscribers. The good effects of the society are being felt all over the district, as the number of head of game obtained in the London district by local sportsmen will attest. I think I am not exaggerating when I state that more game birds were found last shooting season than during any three seasons previous. From information received from various sources, which I consider most trustworthy, I can state that quail have wintered well in this locality, notwithstanding the severe frost of January and February, and I think next fall we will have more birds than ever if they are only well looked after the coming summer. I regret that the Legislature at its last session, at the solicitation of the fruit-growers, amended the Insectivorous Birds Act, and placed robins on the list of birds that may be shot. Still, they did it in a very gentle way. The Act reads: 'Robins may be destroyed during the fruit season by the owners of fruit-bearing trees or plants.' I wish to impress upon the society that any one caught shooting robins at any other time is liable to be fined as formerly. If the Legislature had seen fit to place meadow larks on the game list, making an open season from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, we would think they deserved praise. We, as a society, have asked this, but it has not been granted. Possibly, when the scientists, who are now experimenting on them, give a description of the contents of their stomachs, they may then be placed on the list of birds suitable for food. During the past year only two infringements of the law have been reported. The offenders in both cases, I am happy to say, were fined five dollars each and costs. I am satisfied that if the farmers would only report all violations of the law coming under their notice it would have a very marked effect, and not only would the pot-hunter become extinct, but the game birds would rapidly increase in numbers. We have issued during the year about 500 large posters with the close season for fish and game, and the fines and penalties attached for the violation of them. I would suggest, when getting out the new bills for this year, we, in addition, offer a reward for the head of each fox, skunk, weasel and hawk killed, or a prize to any one producing the greatest number of heads; as, undoubtedly, they destroy as much, if not more, game than all the shooters put together. The fishing interests are being well and closely watched by the energetic fishery officer, Mr. Peter McCann. Within the past few weeks he has had some eight or ten persons up for catching bass out of season, and the majority of them have been fined $2 each and costs. Mr. McCann reports the fishways on the Thames to be in good order, with the exception of Blackfriars' dam, which will be remedied this spring. Last year we had some correspondence with the Fishery Department at Ottawa relative to the close season for bass, suggesting that it be changed to, say, from 15th May to the end of June, as we consider that to be the time during which the fish spawn, but we were unable to get Mr. Witcher to change the time, which at present is from 15th April to 15th May. Some of the Chatham fishermen, last session, also tried to get the law changed, but were likewise unsuccessful. This is to be regretted, as during the latter part of May and beginning of June bass are quite unfit for food. The fish in the river this year are very plentiful, and already great quantities have been caught—below Cashmere—one family alone netting $300. Last year several enterprising gentlemen leased a well-known trout stream in the neighborhood, and replenished it with trout at considerable expense, with very gratifying results, and this year other two streams are being leased for a similar purpose. If the shooters would show as much energy, and get the farmers as a body to assist them in protecting game, in a few years we would have the best fishing and shooting grounds in the Dominion."

For the destruction of vermin, hawks, owls, skunks, foxes, etc., it was decided to offer $50 to the person who killed three hundred and over; second prize, $25, for two hundred and fifty; third prize, $15, for two hundred. The persons competing for the above prizes must give satisfactory proof to E. Raymond & Son, furriers, of having killed the birds or animals. Mr. Meredith brought up the question of prohibiting the destruction of trout under a certain size. He thought if anglers were allowed indiscriminately to take out trout of all weights and sizes the streams in Western Ontario would soon be depleted.

The election of officers was proceeded with, resulting as follows: President, Dr. Niven; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Woodruff and W. C. L. Gill; Sec.-Treas., D. Skirving; Executive Committee—T. H. Smallman, Harry Bruce, S. C. Elliott, W. T. Strong, J. Puddicombe, A. McCrae and L. McDonald.

GAME IN INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 9, 1881.

SNIPE, with us, have come and gone again. We had very little fit weather for snipe-shooting this spring, the atmosphere jumping from cold, up to and during the middle of April, to an uncomfortable warmth from the first week of May to the present time. Snipe and plover were rather plentiful for a short time, though. A company of four hunters are reported to have killed 116 plover in a single day on the flats west of the city, across White River. Your correspondent had the pleasure of bagging thirteen snipe and eight plover in a morning's hunt east of town. In company with a couple of friends, I am going down to Martinsville, Ind., about the 19th or 20th of this month, and spend a couple of days among the squirrels, which are reported as quite plentiful this spring. Should we have any luck it will be a pleasure to give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM an account of the ups and downs of a squirrel hunt in Hoosierdom.

During the recent session of our State Legislature a bill was introduced into the House prohibiting quail-shooting for two years. It passed the House, but was not brought up in the Senate. We are, therefore, to be governed by the old law, which allows quail-shooting during the months of November and December of each year. There are no partridges in this section, at least not enough to pay for hunting them, although they are found in considerable numbers in the northern part of the State, as are also prairie chickens.

The woodcock season opens here the first of July. The law on this point is very good, but by that time the weather is generally so intensely hot as to melt the ardor of the most enthusiastic sportsman, and but few care to indulge. For myself, when I have a spare day in midsummer, I prefer to seek the shady banks of White River, and there, with pipe and rod, while the hours away. SILAS.

WISCONSIN NOTES.

MENOMONIE, WIS., May 23.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dreariness of last winter, considerable sport was enjoyed by hunters and farmers in this vicinity; a large number of deer were killed during the season, with an occasional bear to make it interesting. All winter a destructive war was waged on the wild animals hereabout. From November to March Dunn county paid $471 bounty on scalps. There were killed thirty wolves, one hundred and twelve foxes and thirty-seven wild cats. Most of them were killed with poison.

A curious circumstance connected with the above-mentioned business happened. One Borland was putting out poisoned baits when he discovered three wolves in the bushes; he threw his baits and retreated a few rods, when one of the wolves advanced, ate, died; and in fifteen minutes was being dragged home by Borland.

The prospect of a plentiful supply of prairie chicken this season is flattering; but few were killed last season owing, in part, to their advanced age and consequent wildness at the opening of the season. Reports from farmers are to the effect that chickens are numerous, and appear to be attending strictly to business; nests with a score of eggs in each have been found.

Our Legislature last winter made few changes in the game laws. It is now unlawful to kill woodcock between the first day of January and the tenth day of July; quail, partridge, prairie chicken or grouse of any kind, or any wood-duck, mallard or teal duck between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of August; any deer between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of September; or any otter, mink, muskrat or fisher between the first day of May and the first day of November. MC.

SOME HINTS ABOUT GUNS.

FROM Mr. W. W. Greener's very comprehensive book, "The Gun and Its Development," of which we have received advanced sheets through the courtesy of Mr. Henry C. Squires, of this city, we condense the following useful hints. We have already spoken of the great practical value of Mr. Greener's work. It is a book which should be in every sportsman's library.

CONVERTING MUZZLE-LOADERS INTO BREECH-LOADERS.

Some guns will admit of this conversion; others will not. The barrels best adapted for this conversion should be very strong at the breech, so as to allow for boring the chambers to admit the cartridge-case, and yet be strong enough to resist the large proof charge that they are subjected to in England. There are but few muzzle-loaders strong enough for converting. If the work is properly done, the altered gun will shoot as well, and in some cases better than before.

CONVERTING PIN TO CENTRAL FIRE.

This must be done by a thoroughly practical gunmaker, for if the holes to receive the extractor legs are bored out of position, the breech-ends are materially weakened and the guns made exceedingly dangerous.

CLEANING GUNS.

Unless a gun can be properly cleaned after a day's shooting, it had better be let until the proper time can be given to it. The best plan is to wipe out with petroleum or turpentine, and then wipe dry, afterward oiling the barrels. Before putting away at the end of the season, or after shooting near salt water, the barrels should be well-cleaned inside and out with boiling water, wiped dry and oiled. Before being put away for a length of time the barrels should be stopped at each end by greased wads, muzzle stoppers, or the baize-covered sticks sold for the purpose. For oil, any animal oil is good if pure, such as refined neatsfoot oil. The breech-ends of the barrels should never be touched with emery, or other cutting or brightening composition. The lugs of the barrels and the working parts of the breech action should be oiled occasionally. For wiping out the barrels, a cleaning-rod, plenty of rag or tow, and a bristle brush are all that is necessary. If rust appears a wire brush may be used, care being taken not to scratch the barrel.

The best lubricant for gun-locks and gun-actions, Mr. Greener has found to be a mixture, one-half best neatsfoot oil, and one-half pure paraffin, well mixed; the oil prevents the paraffin from evaporating, while the paraffin keeps the oil in a liquid state.

THE COST OF GOOD GUNS.

A first-class gun, says Mr. Greener, is expensive because the best material and the best workmanship are employed. In every stage of the manufacture, from the first selection of the iron and steel, through all the successive processes of welding, boring, grinding and filing the barrels, and the preparation and fitting of the different parts, there may be a vast difference in the quality of the work. In the simple matter of filing the gun-lock, for instance, there are as many as ten different classes of workmen who do this one particular work at prices varying according to their abilities. The engraving is a branch of the trade which is thought to add greatly to the cost of the gun, but it is inconsiderable in comparison with other branches. It is possible to completely smother a gun with cheap, common engraving for a few shillings. The chief item in the cost of good guns is the regulating of the shooting, and alterations of the choking and boring. In addition to the expense of fine boring, occasionally large numbers of cartridges are required, and a deal of time occupied in shooting and regulating the first-class gun. Most of the best gunmakers test the arm both in the rough and when finished. Next to safety, this is certainly the most important point in a gun, and the greatest care should be taken by the maker to insure good results when the gun is in actual work But this, in turn, is a point about which the cheap gun makers take little trouble.

CHOKE BORES.

The term "choke-bores" means simply "barrels whereof the diameter of the bore at the muzzle is less than the bore at some point behind the muzzle, other than the chamber," while any barrel constricted at the muzzle to the extent of .5,000ths of an inch, may be termed a modified choke. A full choke is constricted to the extent of .30 to 40,000ths of an inch; but the larger the bore, the greater must be the muzzle. The constriction of the bore must be from one-half inch to one inch from the extremity of the barrel; this constriction if placed three inches or more from the muzzle, fails to throw the shot close together, but will give better penetration than a cylinder bore.

HOUNDING VS. STILL-HUNTING.

WE continue the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. There is no necessity of calling attention to the value of the data we are collecting and setting forth here. The views are those of experienced, well-informed observers The particular points of the inquiry are as follows:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and its effects.
5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
8th. What is the open season for deer?
9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

FLOATING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

The slaughter of deer in the Adirondack region has already begun. This week a party of six or seven hunters, with guns, jacks, etc., have gone up to the St. Regis and vicinity for a two weeks' hunt for deer by floating. And others are preparing to go soon. And between now and July 1 there will, I have not the least doubt, be more deer killed than in all the remainder of the season besides. That has been the case in the several years past, and I see no reason why it will not be the case this year. We have no game protector in the county, nor nearer than in Hamilton county, who for protecting this county might just as well be in New York city, for unless he tramps through the wilderness fifty or sixty miles, he could not reach here without going around a distance about as far as it would be from that city.

I never could understand why these three northern counties, Clinton, Franklin and St. Lawrence, which contain a large portion of the Adirondack region and many of the best hunting and fishing localities within the State, were without a game protector, while in the centre of the State they have appointed them in counties where there is but little game and little market for its sale. It looks to me as if the places or counties to appoint them would be where game is plenty and where it is sold. These persons who hunt deer in May and June hunt only for the sport, as they call it, of shooting the deer, and killing all they can in numbers to boast of afterward. If the venison was brought to their doors to sell they would not pay a cent a pound for it. They know the deer are tame in the spring, and easily approached at night with a light, and therefore go early to kill all they can. These first hunters are residents of the county mostly, but during June many come from abroad and night-hunt. There will hardly be a night when there is no moon between now and July 1 but what lights can be seen on the 16-mile level, 9-mile below and level on East Branch and many of the ponds south and south-east from here, and also as far east as Clinton county. This is what is killing off the deer, not hounding, as some hotel keepers and pot-hunters would like to make out. If a correct count of all the deer killed during the year by hounding and floating could be had, I would stake all I have got that two are killed by floating to one by hounding, in these three northern counties at least. ADRION ONDACK.

Near the Adirondacks, May 23.

THE BEAVER RIVER COUNTRY.

1. Undulating forest lands interspersed with streams, lakes, beaver meadows and burned timbered lands.

2d. May, June and July, out of season, prevailing custom, jack light hunting. August, September, October, November and December, in season, prevailing custom, hunting with hounds.

3d. Parties are placed to watch "runways" where the deer are most apt to take to the water. A guide or woodsman knowing the country then takes one or more hounds to a section known to contain deer that are most apt to run in the direction of the stream or body of water his party are to watch; sometimes several miles away. Late in the fall or early in winter they start the hounds not far from the water, as at that time deer are fat and "take to water" sooner than during hot weather. Hounding temporarily drives deer away from sections where practiced, and if persisted in effectually clears them out.

Still-hunting is the most scientific method of hunting deer. It is generally pursued during the first light fall of snow, which enables the hunter to track the deer and to move quietly through the woods; is attended with great privations and fatigue, many disappointments and constant vigilance. All combined will not guarantee a deer to the hunter between break of day and evening twilight. Still-hunters are so few (I do not in any way refer to crusters) in number that deer do not decrease in numbers very materially through their agency.

5th. Out of season, spring and summer non-residents of Adirondacks. In season, the first part, non-residents or sportsmen. When cold weather sets in, market hunters. And again out of season in winter—crusting. Contiguous non-residents kill more than all the rest combined.

6th. Residents of the Adirondacks would assist in enforcing laws that seemed to them more for protection of deer, and not so much for the benefit or pleasure of outsiders, who only go to them for pleasure. And I think they would approve of a law allowing only a few weeks of hounding, commencing Sept. 1.

7th. First, I do not think so. Second, I do not think it would.

8th. The fawns are dropped in May, and generally are able to care for themselves after July 15th. Open season would therefore naturally begin then and last till about January, or deep snow time.

I agree with one of your correspondents that "the present law, with a little alteration in the time for hounding to commence and duration thereof, would be good enough, even allowing floating, if it could be enforced." Just the point I should like to have settled. How is the law to be enforced? His testimony in regard to numbers of deer killed graphically states the customs of hunting in the Adirondacks—19 killed out of season and 12 during legal open season, to which he adds 4 killed since he left. Take the 19 killed during 46 days, 17 of them were killed in 15 days, at a time when deer should not be hunted even. They are easily fooled in June. The last of July they get more wary and are approached with greater difficulty. He gives July credit for only two deer killed, 17 in 15 days of June, 2 in 31 days in July. I should not wonder if the reason for only two being "recorded" as killed during that month was owing to a little more "music" day times than the deer liked. Floating in August would do no harm where hounds are used. He starts August off with 4 killed before hounds. There were but 15 days in August during which hounds could be legally used for driving deer. That was doing well for August. September should have been better, and October twice or three times better even than Sept., in a region where 17 can be killed in 15 days floating, for the fat deer does not like to run far, and will take to water quickly. Well, I suppose the deer were pursued in hot weather every day by the different parties and betook themselves to parts unknown to starters of dogs. They found "the 16-mile level" too hot. The starter of hounds generally knows where to go, but sometimes he will not go there. A starter might readily fool greenhorns by starting hounds in hot weather within hearing of his party, and let them hear the "music" for awhile, and allow them to convince themselves of the true reason for not killing the deer so started. They think he did his part, but the deer would run away off to some other stream or lake. Just so! I have known a conscientious starter to put out the hounds seven or eight miles away, then walk back to camp only to hear, "we waited till two o'clock and heard no dog, so gave up the watch. Just after we came in a big buck swam across the river," etc. Or if any number of the party got tired and went to sleep, the starter is happy to hear, "the first thing I knew a deer jumped in, the water not being deep enough for him to swim in. I could not get my gun up before he disappeared on the other side." A party of that kind will get very few shots, and every night their dogs come home with tails down, and a starter knows there is no use in over exerting himself. WOLLAT.

While here on my annual spring fishing trip, I have the FOREST AND STREAM regularly sent in to me. I read B. A. M.'s letter on the "Hounding vs. Still-Hunting" discussion in your number of May 19th with much pleasure, as I can from quite a number of years' experience verify his conclusions. But on one point that he does not touch, I think special mention must be made, and that is the proportion of deer wounded and not secured by the hunters by jack or still hunting is far greater than by any other way of hunting. My guide, "Honest John" Plumley of Murray's Rock (whose statement is that of all guides who honestly tell what they know of the matter), is that on the average not over one out of five shot at is ever got by the night hunter. He says that he has paddled a sportsman up to as many as twenty-four deer in one month and only one deer was secured, though most of the rest had probably been wounded by a few buckshot and had died in the woods. He says that on some carry or lonely inlet he has often came upon the carcass of a deer that had thus been wounded by some midnight fusilade, and had died where skin and venison could benefit no one.

For five years past I have made one of a party to come in on an October hunt with hounds, and during that five years not one deer that was shot at and wounded got away from us. We have always had excellent success (an average of one deer each for a week's hunting, but find we must go farther back every year, as the pot or still hunters, who spend the summer hunting for the hotels, are fast clearing all the easily accessible places. I have considerable hopes that the State Game Constables will stop at least part of this early killing this season, as they appear to be more active than usual this spring; and I hope that the fear of the $75 fine may save the life of not only many a doe and her fawn that are sure to die if she is killed, but of many a noble buck that would cheer the heart of the real hunter, as on some crisp October day he stands on some river runway listening to the hounds on the mountain side ready for the quick shot with his Winchester rifle as the lordliest of all our game gives a few bounds in sight.

I think that if my brother sportsmen would follow my plan, viz.: a two-weeks' or more fishing trip in the last two weeks of May before black flies bother much, and fishing is the best; then take the same time in October for hunting, and not try and combine the two in July or August they would not only enjoy themselves much better, but find their general health improve, and would join the guides and myself in condemning the useless slaughter that always accompanies floating or still-hunting.

I believe that all reputable guides in the Adirondacks would sign a paper requesting all visiting sportsmen not to ask them to paddle them up to a deer, and not to run their hounds till after the middle of August under any circumstances.

As they know and all say, that unless this summer hunting is stopped their "occupation will soon be gone." Winter killing is now practically stopped, and we must attack the next objectionable feature, and I thank you for the opportunity given to thus thoroughly place the matter before the public. M. S. NORTHRUP.

In Camp, Racquette Lake, May 24.

THE YELLOWSTONE BUFFALO SLAUGHTER.

IT is estimated by competent authorities that 100,000 buffalo hides will be shipped out of the Yellowstone country this season. Two firms alone are negotiating for the transportation of 25,000 hides each. When to this is added the immense amount of skins and furs of other kinds—deer, elk, antelope, bear, beaver, etc.—some idea may be formed of the extent of the Yellowstone pelt and fur trade.

Most of our citizens saw the big load of hides that the C. K. Peck brought down last season, a load that hid everything about the boat below the hurricane deck roof. There were 10,000 hides in that load, and they were all brought out of the Yellowstone on one trip, and transferred to the C. K. Peck. How such a load could have been piled on the little Terry, not even the men on the boat appear to know. It hid every part of the boat, barring only the pilot house and the smokestacks. But such a load will not be attempted again. For such boats as ply the Yellowstone there are at least fifteen full loads of buffalo hides and other pelts. Reckoning 1,000 hides to three carloads, and adding to this fifty cars for the other pelts, it will take at least 350 box cars to carry this stupendous bulk of peltry east to market. These figures are not guesses, but estimates made by men whose business it is to know about the amount of hides and furs awaiting shipment.

Nothing like it has ever been known in the history of the fur trade. Last season the output of buffalo hides was above the average, and last year only about 30,000 hides came out of the Yellowstone country, or less than a third of what is there now awaiting shipment.

The past severe winter caused the buffalo to bunch themselves in a few valleys where there was pasturage, and there the slaughter went on all winter. There was no sport about it, simply shooting down the famine-tamed animals as cattle might be shot down in a barn-yard.

To the credit of the Indians it can be said that they killed no more than they could save the meat from. The greater part of the slaughter was done by white hunters, or butchers, rather, who followed the business of killing and skinning buffalo by the month, leaving the carcases to rot. When the buffalo are all killed off, as they bid fair to be in a very few years at this rate, then everybody will wonder that the government did not do something to preserve this, the noblest of animal game, or at least prevent the killing of the buffalo for the hides alone.—*Sioux City Journal.*

PROGRAMME OF THE STATE SHOOT.

FIRST DAY—MONDAY, JUNE 20, 1881.

At 12 o'clock, noon, the Reception Committee, Judge Henry S. Lott, Chairman, will attend at the Long Island Sportsmen's Association Headquarters, at the Hotel Brighton (Breslin's), at Coney Island, to meet delegates and friends, to exchange courtesies, to assist in the location of visitors in satisfactory lodgings, and generally to make such final arrangements as may be advisable.

A special chowder, with appropriate accompaniments, will be provided.

Delegates and others from abroad are especially invited to avail themselves of this appointment.

After all preliminaries shall have been consummated, an opportunity will be afforded to view the grounds selected for the tournament, and also by special train to visit the city of Brooklyn with the committee, and inspect the prizes, which will be grouped in attractive form in the exhibition windows of the Brooklyn Furniture Company, 561 Fulton street.

Return trains will leave the city for Coney Island to accommodate those wishing to participate in the meeting of the Convention.

At 8 o'clock in the evening the Convention will meet in the east

dining hall of Breslin's Hotel, Brighton, when the credentials of delegates will be received and the Convention organized. Delegates are respectfully requested to wear their club badges during the Convention.

All the contests for prizes during the Convention are open to members of the Association only, and will be conducted under the rules of the Association.

Special Notice to clubs.—Express tents and bulky baggage to "Long Island Sportsmen's Association," care Wm. Engeman, Coney Island, N. Y.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY, JUNE 21.

Contest No. 1.—At 8 o'clock A. M.; class shoot; ten single birds; entrance fee, $5. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: Brooklyn Furniture Company, one parlor suit of eleven pieces; value, $1,000; second prize: $50 gold. Class B, or second class of ties.—First prize: Daly gun, Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 81 Chambers street, New York, $225; second prize: $50 gold. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: suit of clothes, S. L. Pettit & Co., $100; second prize: $20 gold. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—First prize: regulator clock, Benedict Bros., $50; second prize: $15 gold.

Contest No. 2.—Amateur Match. Open to those never having won a prize at this or any previous convention of the Association in a contest for which entrance has been charged; class shoot; seven single birds; entrance fee, $5. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: Parkergun, Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., $250; second prize: Domestic Sewing machine, Henry Bristow, Brooklyn agency, $75. Class B, or second class of ties.—First prize: One case of Nonpareil shirtings, F. C. Chamberlain, New York, $200; second prize: Old Judge tobacco or cigarettes, Goodwin & Co., $50. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: Two pairs of Bobbinette Swiss lace curtains, W. & H. Mumford, Brooklyn, $100; 2d prize: Twenty-four gentlemen's dress shirts, Wechsler & Abraham, $75. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—First prize: $10 gold; second prize: $5 gold.

THIRD DAY—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.

Contest No. 3.—At 8 o'clock A. M., or upon completion of previous shoots; single trap shoot; Pierce Diamond badge. Class A, or first class of ties.—Prize: The badge, to be held by the winner each year in trust, and to be accounted for to the State Association. The winner to receive the entrance fees at the next annual contest; entrance fee, $10. Class B, or 2d class of ties,—Prize: $100 gold. Class C, or third class of ties.—Prize: $50 gold. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—Prize: One case Curtis & Harvey's powder, E. H. Madison, Brooklyn.

Contest No. 4 (on conclusion previous shoot).—Ten double rises; class shoot; entrance fee, $5. First prize; Bronze piece, "An American Hunter on Horseback shooting a Bison," the Le Roy Shot and Lead Manufacturing Company, New York, $300; second prize: Schilling gun, Wm. Read & Sons, Boston Mass: case donated by Schuyler & Duane, New York, $125; third prize: Elaborate baby carriage, also two children's "Tally-Ho" sulkeys, C. W. F. Dare, New York, $75: fourth prize, Suit of clothes, J. Barnum & Son, New York, $50; fifth prize: $25 gold.

FOURTH DAY—THURSDAY, JUNE 23.

Contest No. 5.—At 8 o'clock A. M., or on completion of previous shoots; class shoot: seven single birds; entrance fee, $5. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: gold watch, Tatham & Bros., N. Y., $250; second prize: "Picturesque America," D. Appleton & Co., $50. Class B, or second class of ties.—First prize: Three barrel Baker gun, A. C. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y., $250; second prize: Pair Impbien pheasants, Welch & Creighton, New York, $50. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: Colt gun, Hodgkins & Haigh, New York, $150. Second prize: Ebony wall cabinet, Herts Bros., New York, $50. Class D, or fourth class of ties.—First prize: $10 gold; second prize: $5 gold.

Contest No. 6.—2 P. M., or on completion of previous shoots; not class shooting. First prize: Livingston Sportsmen's Association Cup, donated by James W Wadsworth, Geneseo, N. Y., $300; second prize; Garden City Club trophy, Garden City Gun Club, Hempstead, L. I., $150; third prize, $20 gold: fourth prize: Case of 24 one pound cans Curtis & Harvey's powder, W. Stitt, New York, agent.

FLY-CASTING.

For programme of the fly-casting, Thursday, June 23, see last issue of this paper.

FIFTH DAY—FRIDAY, JUNE 24.

Contest No. 7.—At 8 A. M., or on completion of previous shoots; class shoot; ten single birds; entrance, $5. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: Hammerless breech-loading shot gun, W. W. Greener, Birmingham, England, through Henry C. Squires, American agent, New York. Second prize: "Game Birds of America," Charles Scribner's Sons, $50. Class B, or second class of ties.—First prize: Case of cigars and cigarettes, Straiton & Storm, New York, $100; second prize, violin bow and box, Dr. I. C. Monroe, Brooklyn, $40; third prize: One case of 24 one-pound cans of Laflin & Rand powder, Laflin & Rand Powder Company, New York. Class C, or third class of ties.—First prize: Remington gun, E. Remington & Son, Ilion, N. Y., $75; second prize: suit of clothes, James Dilphant, New York, $50. Class D, or 4th class of ties.—First prize: Refrigerator, McGill & Cooper, Brooklyn, E. D., $50; second prize: $10 gold.

SIXTH DAY—SATTRDAY, JUNE 18, 9 A. M.

Contest No. 8.—Not class shooting. First prize: Dean Richmond trophy. Second prize: The Star Stirrup Cup, Theodore B. Starr, New York, $150; third prize: $30 gold.

Press Shoot.

Contest No. 9.—At the conclusion of the Dean Richmond Trophy Contest, Saturday, June 25, 1881, five single rises, open to writers employed on the newspaper press and representatives of sportsmen's papers. Entrance complimentary. First prize: "Around the World with General Grant," donated by the author, John Russel Young, $25; Diphant, New York, $50. Class D, or 4th class of ties.—First prize: Refrigerator, McGill & Cooper, Brooklyn, E. D., $25; third prize: Morocco writing desk, Sears & Cole, New York, $25; fourth prize: One hundred cigars, F. W. Mertens & Son, New York, $10.

Best Average.

For best average in contests 1, 3, 4 and 7, the FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN medal, Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York, $100.

Best Consecutive Score.

For best consecutive score of birds killed without miss during the first week of the tournament. Open only to members of the following clubs, viz.: "Monroe County." "Dansville Sportsmen's Club," Audubon Club, Rochester," "Rochester Gun Club," and clubs of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association. Oil painting, "Pair of Canvas Back Ducks," painted by J. B. Stearns; donated by M. A. Stearns, Dansville, N. Y., $250.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Thursday, June 23, at 12 noon. Contest No 1.—Individual; ten shots; distance, 100 yards; off-hand; entrance, $5. First prize: One Remington, Creedmoor, long range rifle, E. Remington & Sons, through A. Alford, New York, $50; second prize: Special badge, A. M. Shepard, New York, $30; third prize: Dash lamp, Wm. Porter, Jr., New York, $25; fourth prize: $5, gold.

Contest No. 2.—Team shoot. Teams of three members of a club belonging to the association; each members to be residents of the county in which the club is located; ten shots each member; distance, 100 yards; off-hand; entrance, $15. First prize: Best aggregate score, the Nonpareil Sporting Club Tankard, of sterling silver, Nonpareil Sporting Club, Brooklyn, $75; second prize: Second best aggregate score, the Tiffany cup of sterling silver, Tiffany & Co., New York, $75; third prize: Third best aggregate score, $25, gold.

PISTOL SHOOTING.

Friday, June 24, at 12 noon.—Ten shots at the word; distance, 15 yards; string measure; entrance, $2. First prize: One fancy revolver, Smith's 5-shot, Charles J. Godfrey, New York, $15; second prize: Two 6¼ pound kegs Dupont's Eagle Duck Gunpowder, New York, $15; third prize: Two 6¼ pound kegs Dupont's Choke Bore Gunpowder, F. L. Kneeland, New York; fourth prize: One malleable iron, loading board, Farnham Loading Board Company, White Mills, Pa., $3; fifth prize: One loading board of same character and value as the last above prize, $3; sixth prize: $2, gold.

The illustrated programme of the week will be ready for delivery before the convention, and will contain an authenticated history of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, with verified scores, prepared by Abel Crook, Esq., President of the association. Also a history of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, prepared by E. N. Cook, Esq., the Corresponding Secretary of the State Association. Also an illustrated sketch of Coney Island, prepared by S. S. Conant, Esq., of Harper Bros., from statistics furnished by Judge A. G. Cropsey, of New Utrecht, and other appropriate matter.

On conclusion of the foregoing contests, the State Tournament will stand adjourned, and the following contests will take place, in which any member in good standing of any organized Club within the United States of America may participate.

These additional contests are by request of many friends of the New York Association, and the prizes are by consent of the donors, most of whom have expressed a preference that their gifts should be placed in an "Inter-State Tournament." The New York State Association Shooting Rules, so far as they may be applicable, shall govern. Contestants, in addition to entrance, to pay cost of birds shot at by them.

MONDAY, JUNE 27, 1881.

Contest No. 10.—At 9 o'clock A. M.; class shoot; ten single birds. Entrance $5. Class A, or first class of ties.—First prize: W. & C. Scott gun, $150; second prize: Suit of clothes, Treadwell, Jarman & Slote, New York, $50. Class B, or 2d class of ties.—First prize: Sterling silver dinner set, 36 pieces, F. & H. Lemmerman, $100; second prize: Leather trunk gun case, Thomson & Sons, New York, $35. Class C, or 3d class of ties.—First prize: Chest of tea, Robert Wells, $50; second prize: Three hundred cigars, F. W. Mertens & Sons, New York, $30. Class D, or 4th class of ties.—First prize: Split bamboo trout fly rod, B. F. Nichols & Co., Boston, $25; second prize: Card's latest trap for glass balls, W. H. Cruttenden, Cazenovia, N. Y., $15.

Contest No. 11.—On conclusion of previous shoot; five double rises; class shoot; entrance $5. Class A, or 1st class of ties.—First prize: Bronze piece, representing an English woodcock rising from the marsh, McCoy and LaBrie, New York, $100; second prize: One case specialties, donated by Pond's Extract Co., Brooklyn, E. D., $50. Class B, or 2d class of ties.—First prize: Henry Richards gun, manufactured by W. & C. Scott & Sons, John P. Moore's Sons, New York, $75; second prize: English corduroy hunting suit, Edwin S. Harris, New York, $35. Class C, or 3d class of ties.—No. 6, eight day, regulator clock, E. N. Welch Manufacturing Co., New York, $25.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28.

Contest No. 12.—At 10 A. M. or conclusion of previous shoots. Fifteen single birds and ten double rises. Entrance $25. Class shoot. First prize: for leading aggregate score, $1,000, gold; second prize: For second aggregate score, $500, gold; third prize: For third aggregate score, $300, gold; fourth prize: For fourth aggregate score, $200, gold.

N. B.—Twenty-five per cent. of all the entries in this contest will go to the Long Island Sportsmen's Association for expenses, and the balance will be apportioned in above ratio, and the prizes will be prorated by proportionate decrease if different entries be not made to fill, and by ratable increase if entries shall exceed the number necessary to fill.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29.

Contest No. 13.—At 10 o'clock A. M; class shoot; five traps: Hurlingham rules; ten birds to each contestant Entrance $5. First prize: One Charles Mortimer gun, John W. Hutchinson, New York, $75; second prize: Sole leather gun trunk and traveling trunk combined, Crouch and Fitzgerald, New York, $25; third prize: Split bamboo, heavy Newport bass rod, John P. Moore's Sons, New York, $20; fourth prize: One split bamboo bass rod, B. F. Nichols & Co., Boston, Mass., $20.

Special Contest.—Flying clay pigeon and trap. On Friday, June 24, if time will permit. If consest cannot be held on that day, it will take place on completion of the Inter-State contests. Conditions—Each contestant to shoot at ten (10) single clay pigeons and five (5) double rises. Rules of New York State Association to govern, so far as applicable. Entrance, three dollars ($3). The pigeons and traps are manufactured by Ligowski & Co., 33 Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Class shooting.—First prize: $10, gold; second prize: One Ligowski trap and 1,000 clay pigeons. Both above prizes are donated by the manufacturers.

EXTERMINATION OF WOODCHUCKS.—In one of your March numbers I noticed an article from "G. F. W.," stating that he had used the pond turtle successfully in the extermination of woodchuck. His mode of operation was as follows: To secure the turtle by tying a string to one of his legs and dropping a few drops of turpentine under his tail; he would then scramble into the hole and the woodchuck would come rushing out. I would like to state that I have carefully tried the experiment—not once but many times—with various species of turtles, and I find the receipt will not work, for two reasons. In the first place the turpentine has not the desired effect, and secondly, the turtle will not enter the woodchuck hole, and cannot be forced to do so. I have grave doubts that "G. F. W." was ever successful, and would like to hear further from him.—W. B. L.

A TIP OR TWO TO WOODCOCK SHOOTERS.—Avoid if possible the country "gin mill," with its gang of loafers, bad liquor and swarms of flies. When there is yet time locate in some clean and wholesome farmhouse, where good food, quiet, and a good night's rest will make up for supposed business. Dress in a flannel shirt with a rolling collar, it being somewhat of a protection against the mosquitoes, and wear a light linen shooting coat without sleeves. For pantaloons stout flannel is the best. Light but strong laced ankle shoes, with low, flat heel, and broad soles for the feet, and for the head a straw hat with crown high enough to stow away several leaves of cabbage, or a small flat sponge, which keep wet. And remember that for keeping birds free from taint, there is nothing equal to a wicker fish creel, which is light and easily kept out of the way on the back by a couple of straps.

IN Oregon, the other day, a farmer scattered poison about the holes of the ground squirrels, which are a great pest there. The next morning he found a number of dead squirrels. The second morning he found a dead crow that had eaten of one of the poisoned squirrels. The next morning he found a dead skunk that had eaten the crow that had eaten the squirrel that had eaten the poison.

OREGON.—A well-informed correspondent of the Portland (Oregon) *Rural Press*, says that a good game law is imperatively demanded for that State. "The slaughter of deer and birds is carried on unhindered through the months of May, June and July, and in a few years the people will complain of the scarcity of game where once the woods and prairies were teeming with it. Only yesterday a boy was hunting, and boasted of shooting a hen grouse as she was sitting on a nest of eggs."

FOXES RELIEVING EACH OTHER.—I could verify the statement made in a recent issue of your paper, stating that the red foxes when pursued by hounds will relieve each other, as I have often known them to do so. And hereabouts, where the hunting is for sport entirely, and the fox rarely killed, I think the foxes enjoy the sport quite as much as the others engaged in it.—T. S. (West Chester, Pa.)

SHOOTING PUMPKINS.—One way to learn to shoot moving objects is thus told by Mr. C. O. Smith, of Tuscarora: "My father taught me to shoot on the run, long years ago when we were living in Chenango county, and when I was but a little boy. We would go out on a side hill, and my father would roll a pumpkin down it. While it was under way I fired, and I practised so constantly and patiently that I got so I could hit the vegetable every time. I did this so I could learn to shoot a deer on the run, and it gave me excellent practice and skill."

TENNESSEE.—Savannah, May 11.—Squirrels have been unusually plentiful this spring, and large numbers have been shot. A couple of men came in this afternoon with twenty-six. In about three weeks black mulberries will be ripe, and at that time young squirrels will be fully grown, and can be easily found in the early morning and late afternoons feeding in the mulberry trees. A good many fine gobblers have been shot in the bottoms near here this spring.—WILL.

POISONING QUAIL.—A California paper says that quail are very abundant in Santa Barbara county. In some places the farmers are compelled to poison them in order to protect their growing crops. Five acres of Lima beans were wholly destroyed by these birds on one farm.

TEXAS.—Dallas, May 20.—Prairie-chicken, pheasants, grouse and other small birds promise to be plentiful. Many hundreds of deer have been killed this season only for their hides. Such work should be stopped.—RENO.

LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—A special meeting will be held at the Royal Arcanum rooms, Friday evening, June 3, at 8 o'clock, sharp.

It is impossible to remain long sick or out of health where Hop Bitters are used.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

By the way, that reminds me—

CAN anything equal the solemn grandeur of a forest at night? Can anything approach the feeling of perfect solitude that steals over the weary sportsman as he wraps his blanket about him and lies down to sleep in the wilderness, while the pine trees murmur a lullaby?

Well do I remember the first time I slept alone in the trackless forest. The solemn stillness of the scene and the sense of utter isolation from the rest of mankind impressed me deeply, and I was sad. When I awoke, also, I had a feeling of vague unrest. This I can explain. It was due partly to the general feeling of stiffness which pervaded my frame, and partly to the demonstrations of a company of ants that had crawled down the back of my neck and started a caucus. But now I am never sad in the forest. I have become accustomed to the feeling of loneliness, and the appropriation of my person by various forms of animal life has no novelty for me. A man can accustom himself to almost anything. I have a friend who, when he awoke one morning and found a rattlesnake comfortably established by his side, swore in four different languages that the person who ever again found him tempting Providence by sleeping in the woods was authorized to conduct him to the nearest lunatic asylum. To-night that man is snoring peacefully in the Adirondack wilderness.

Did you ever notice what a difference a fire makes? I have slept in the woods summer after summer for a number of years, but I can never build a camp-fire at night without watching the change which it works in on the surrounding forest. Before the fire is lighted you feel like a pigmy—a nothing—in the sombre vastness; but touch a match to the collected dry leaves and twigs, and what a change! A world of your own is immediately created, aglow with the warm, red light, and limited by the surrounding gloom. It seems as though this small portion of the wilderness was your own, and the loneliness which you may have felt is gone, dispelled by the cheerful light of the camp-fire. I love to lie within this circle of light and watch the sparks as they rise through the branches to die out in the blue heaven beyond, and I have often thought that if a man wants to think, with his mind free from all outside influences, the place to do it is encamped in some grand old forest, and the time—

"Silent night, peaceful night."

SAM.

THE tales of great slaughter on turkeys, recently narrated in FOREST AND STREAM by "Splasher" and "J. H. J," bring back to my memory the circumstances of a noteworthy single shot I made long ago. It is about fifteen years since I and another boy, W. W., both flowing over with love for shooting, took a periodical tramp to Irondequoit Bay to hunt ducks. I say "hunt," for we seldom shot more than one a day, but enjoyed rowing up on the flocks and blazing at them with our light single barrels. On the ever-memorable day of my great shot we had pulled our punt for miles without shooting anything and were about to start for home, when on rounding a point, we came on a youth of about our own age, who was also after ducks. He had six decoys and was armed with an old musket of enormous calibre, the barrel about four feet long and heavy in proportion. His luck had been no better than ours, notwithstanding his superior equipment, for although there were a good many ducks in the bay they would not come into his decoys and his great gun had not spoken with any effect during the day. This we learned after a short conference with him, in which he announced his ill-fortune with a profusion of adjectives that would not look well in print. We soon struck a bargain that promised ill to the ducks. The stranger and I were to get in the blind while my friend W. (who has since, poor boy, solved the great mystery) was to take one of the boats and drive a flock of red heads that were a short distance out in the bay. The owner of the big gun said he had two ounces of No. 1 shot and eight drams of powder in it. My fourteen-gauge gun contained three drams of powder and an ounce of No. 6. My friend W. did his part of the work well and in half an hour seven or eight fine red heads were within thirty yards of the blind and huddled together. At the word there was one report and all but one of the ducks lay flopping on the water, while one flew away, evidently hit hard. The boy with the big gun jumped up and shouted, "I killed them all!" As we were to divide, I did not dispute him, but while

..we were trying to push off his boat to pick up the birds they one by one recovered strength enoug to fly away and left nothing but feathers on the water. It then occurred to me that the big gun should have done better execution, and I told its owner to put in the ramrod and try if it went off. He did so and found the charge in the gun. Then his remarks on the situation would discount "our army in Flanders."—ROXEBY.

Why do Hop Bitters cure so much? Because they give good digestion, rich blood and healthy action of all the organs.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*	*Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo irideus.*	Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma.*	Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus.*	White Bass, *Roccus elongatus.*
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus.*	Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	War-mouth, *Chænobryttus gulosus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*	Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike)	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
	Chub, *Semotilus corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*	Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*	Weakfish or Squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis*
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*	
Scup or Porgie *Stenotomus argyrops.*	

FISHING ABOUT NEW YORK.—We are prepared to direct anglers to fishing resorts easily accessible from this city. This information will be given upon personal application to this office or to those who may inclose self-addressed envelope. The kind of fishing, the distance and the time to be spent should be stated.

Though Cheviot's top be frosty still,
He's green belaw the knee,
Sae don your plaid an' tak' your gad
An' gang awa' wi' me.
The pools are glittering i' the beam,
The primrose blooms in Brinkburn Ha';
The sawmon's lyin' i' the stream,
The western breezes saftly blaw.

R. ROXBY.

HINTS FROM AN OLD ANGLER.

KEEP your flies from moths in tight vessels (wide-mouth glass bottles, small preserve jars, etc.), except when on your vacation angling.

Before going into the woods provide yourselves with cotton gloves with elastic wristbands, to which add light silesia or light twilled cotton gauntlets, with elastic bands. Let the gauntlets reach above and outside of the coat sleeve, to halfway to elbow. Clip the ends of thumb and forefinger stall of gloves, for convenience in baiting your hook or handling your flies. A lace bag veil, with elastic cord to close up on your hat and long enough and wide enough to tuck in under your coat collar, will be of comfort during some blackfly days as well as nights when insects pester you

Take a bottle of tar and oil to keep off black flies and other insect pests (¼ tar, ¾ olive oil). Don't turn up your nose as to the tar and oil until you have tried it. I have used it for twenty years in preference to all other preparations, and my nose is on its line yet

Always carry India-rubber (such as is sold by stationers), to smooth out and straighten your sinew or worm gut on hooks and flies.

Take a supply of guide rings and strips of metal, with plenty of thread. You may break your fly rod and have to extemporize one from a young cedar or wild cherry. One made in this way will give satisfaction to the user, if not to the home rod maker.

The use of cotton gloves has a further use than above-mentioned. You can hold a fish without it slipping through your fingers, and they will prevent your hands getting sunburnt.

W.

FISH IN MINNESOTA.

NOW that the season has opened, let me claim a corner and relate to the interested readers of the FOREST AND STREAM a tale so harrowing of death among the finny beauties that it will make you all feel like coming and joining in the battle. But come, there's room for you, fish for you, and welcome for you all. Two weeks ago Detroit Lake once more cast off its icy fetters, and sparkled again in the shining light. We open our season here with the spear and pitch-fork. As soon as the ice goes out the pickerel begin to run up the Pelican River which is about twenty feet wide by a foot deep, and very swift current. Then the suckers follow, then the buffalo fish and redhorse, until the river is literally a mass of fish, and when you descend in a boat they move ahead in a mass that raises the water a foot, and it flows over them like a cataract. They literally dam the stream. Large numbers of them are speared, and the Norwegian farmers secure wagon loads, and salt them down for summer use. Their method is to post a man in a bend of the river, another will walk down in the water driving the fish before him while the other fellow will scoop them out with a common fork, and they secure a wagon box full in a few hours. But the people soon tire of this barbarous mode of sport. Black bass and wall-eyed pike soon after will take the hook and then comes the sport.

Yesterday morning myself and partner started out to try our hand on the bass and wall-eyes, and six o'clock saw us with our minnows, rods and all, headed across the lake for the fishing grounds. But they didn't bite. No; in three hours we only caught three fish, two rock bass and one wall-eye. We were determined not to give up without trying again so we portaged out boat about a quarter of a mile to another neck of the lake, and tried again. This time we had better luck. I had a new rod which I was desirous of trying and I soon had the chance. The first one I hooked was a large pickerel, and he put the rod to a good test. I gave him about fifty feet of line and he then slacked up, and I had him pretty well tuckered out when he gave a lunge and "away into the unknown depths." Then they began to bite lively, and we soon landed about fifty pounds among which were four fine big-mouth bass which weighed about three or four pounds. My rod stood the test like a charm, and bent nearly double sometimes without a crack. We then started home, and after losing a fine trolling hook and line arrived home without any further mishap at 3 P. M., and then took our breakfast and dinner in one, but we made up for lost time in a hurry. We considered this rather poor luck, and hope for better success next time.

To-day I saw the finest lot of fish I have seen for many a day. Four gentlemen started at noon for Lake Sally about three miles from town, and at six they returned, and proudly, too, for they had just reason. Two hundred and fifty pounds composed their "pile," and it was a sight to behold. Fourteen of their largest bass weighed exactly fifty pounds, and the largest one "tipped the beam" at six pounds. They caught them in a few hours, and they report that the fish bit as fast as the lines were thrown.

We are soon to go off on a trip, and its account will be duly furnished to the FOREST AND STREAM readers. Look out for ten-pound bass stories. HIAWATHA.

THE SALMONIDÆ OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

FROM advance sheets of "Proceedings of United States National Museum" we take the following list of the salmon family of our western coast. It is embodied in "Notes on the Fishes of the Pacific Coast of the United States," by David S. Jordan and Charles H. Gilbert.

We have given some account of the revision of this interesting family by Prof. Jordan and Mr. Gilbert before, but it was merely a list of species and their synonyms and the changes in nomenclature, but in the present case we have the name, some of the synonyms, common names, seasons, habits and other important items, as well as a table showing the distinguishing marks of the five different species of salmon.

FAMILY SALMONIDÆ.

52. *Salvelinus malma* (Walb.) J. & G.—Dolly Varden Trout; Bull Trout; Salmon Trout.

(*Salmo spectabilis*, Grd.; *Salmo campbelli*, Suckley; *Salmo lordi*, Gunther; *Salmo tudes*, Cope; *Salmo callarias*, Pallas; *Salmo bairdii*, Suckley.)

Abundant in lakes and streams of the Cascade Range from Mount Shasta northward to Alaska. Large numbers are found in the salt waters of Puget Sound, where they are taken in seines and with hook and line.

In the mountains it is usually quite small; in the lakes larger. At Seattle and in Frazer's River it often reaches a weight of 12 pounds. It is an excellent food-fish. It feeds on sticklebacks (salmon-killers), herring and other small fish.

53. *Salmo irideus*, Gibbons.—California Brook Trout; Rainbow Trout.

From Mount Shasta to San Luis Rey River, in streams of the Coast Range and west slope of the Sierra Nevada. Less common north of California, and seldom seen in salt water. It is not often sent to the market of San Francisco. It seems to be much smaller in size than the other species of the coast, rarely becoming more than 18 inches in length. The largest specimens seen are from McCloud River, and very deep bodied.

54. *Salmo gairdneri*, Richardson.—Steel-head; Hard-head: Black Salmon.

(*Salmo truncatus* Suckley.)

Found in the mouths of the large rivers from the Columbia northward, and occasionally in the Sacramento. It appears with the salmon and is usually thought to be migratory, but is probably not so, or migratory to a small degree. It spawns later than the salmon, and most of the individuals taken during the time of the salmon run in the spring are spent, and their flesh is of no value. In other rivers than the Columbia and at other seasons it is esteemed an excellent food-fish. Its length is about that of an ordinary Quinnat salmon; the body is less deep and the tail heavier. The usual weight is from 14 to 18 pounds. It is never canned, as the flesh is pale and grows paler when boiled, and the bones are firm and stiff.

55. *Salmo purpuratus*, Pallas.—Oregon Brook Trout; Salmon Trout; Lake Trout

(*Salmo clarki*, Rich.)

Very abundant in all waters north of Mount Shasta and through the Great Basin and Rocky Mountain region; occasional southward to Santa Cruz. Found in abundance in salt water in Puget Sound and about the mouth of the Columbia. It is usually seen of but 2 to 8 or 10 pounds in weight, but occasional specimens, weighing as much as 25 pounds, are taken in the Columbia in summer (C. J. Smith). These latter are known usually as steel-heads, although the common steel-head is *S. gairdneri*; the young as brook trout, and the partly grown as salmon trout. This is the most widely distributed of our trout, and it is subject to many variations.

56. *Oncorhynchus kisutch* (Walb.), J. & G.—Coho Salmon of Frazer's River; Silver Salmon; Kisutch; Bielaya Ryba. Skewitz.

Sacramento River to Puget Sound and northward; very abundant in summer and fall. It is rarely taken in the Columbia in the spring, but great numbers run up the river in the fall. It is one of the smallest of the salmon, reaching a length of about 30 inches and a weight of 4 to 8 pounds. As a food fish it ranks with the young of *O. chouicha*, which it much resembles. It may be readily distinguished by the few (40-50) pyloric cœca. In *O. chouicha* there are about 180 pyloric cœca. In fall the males become greatly distorted and hook-jawed, and specimens in every stage can be found in late summer.

57. *Oncorhynchus chouicha* (Walb.), J. & G.—Quinnat Salmon; King Salmon; Chouicha; Chinnook Salmon; Spring Salmon; Columbia River Salmon; Sacramento Salmon; Winter Salmon; White Salmon. Sawkwey.

From Ventura River northward to Behring's Straits, ascending Sacramento, Rogue's, Klamath, Columbia and Frazer's rivers in spring, as well as the streams of Alaska, Kamtschatka, Japan and Northern China; in fall ascending these and probably all other rivers in greater or less abundance; the young taken in Monterey Bay, Puget Sound, etc., in summer, in considerable numbers. This salmon, by far the most important fish in our Pacific waters, reaches a weight of about 70 pounds. The average in the Columbia River is about 23 pounds; in the Sacramento River about 18; in other rivers usually still smaller.

58. *Oncorhynchus nerka* (Walbaum) Gill, & Jordan.—Blue-back; Sukkeye; Redfish; Rascal; Frazer's River Salmon; Krasnaya Ryba.

From Columbia River to the Aleutian Islands; the principal salmon of Frazer's River; unknown in Eel River, Rogue River and in the Sacramento. In the Columbia River it is much less abundant than the Quinnat salmon, and its flesh is less firm and paler. It reaches a weight of 5 to 8 pounds, four "blue-backs" being counted at the canneries equal to one Chinnook salmon. It runs chiefly in the spring, few of them being seen on Frazer's River or the Columbia in the fall. Like the Quinnat, it ascends streams to great distances. It is known in the fall as redfish. In the upper courses of the Columbia and Frazer's River this species and the preceding are the only salmon found. The blue-back, in all its protean forms, can readily be distinguished by the much longer and more numerous gill-rakers.

59. *Oncorhynchus keta* (Walb.), G. & J.—Dog Salmon; Quarlsch; Kayko; Le Kai.

San Francisco to Behring's Straits; very abundant in the fall, when it runs in all streams, but not to a great distance. Not seen by us anywhere in the spring. It reaches a weight of 12 to 20 pounds. As it is taken only in fall, after the development of the organs of generation has caused the deterioration of the flesh, it has little economic value. Considerable numbers are salted or dried by the Indians.

60. *Oncorhynchus gorbuscha* (Walbaum), Gill & Jordan.—Humpback Salmon; Haddo; Hone; Holia.

Sacramento River northward to the Arctic Sea; abundant in Puget Sound on alternate years, 1880 being a year of scarcity. Occasionally seen in the Columbia and Sacramento, but not sufficiently abundant to constitute a distinct run. It reaches a weight of 3 to 7 pounds, being the smallest of the salmon. The females are canned in summer and fall, the hook-jawed males being rejected.

The following table gives some of the specific characters of the species of *Oncorhynchus*. The figures given are the averages of variation, so far as known:

Name.	Number of gill-rakers. Number of anal ray (developed).	Number of pyloric cœca.	Number of scales in a longitudinal series.	Number of branchiostegals.	Average weight (pounds).	Markings.
Kisutch	10/13	13	70	128	13–14	6	Back spotted; tail unspotted, except upper ray.
Chouicha	10/14	16	160	142	15–19	20	Back and tail spotted.
Keta	9/14	15	160	145	13–14	12	Dorsal region with fine spots, which are often obsolete.
Nerka	16/28	14	80	132	13–15	6	No spots anywhere in spring; young with vague spots on back; tail speckled in fall.
Gorbuscha	11/17	14	225	180	12	4	Back and tail spotted.

61. *Hypomesus pretiosus* (Girard), Gill.—Surf Smelt.

From Monterey to Alaska; very abundant north of San Francisco, and often seen in the San Francisco markets. It deposits its spawn in the surf in the spring. It reaches a length of nearly a foot and becomes very fat. As a pan-fish it ranks very high, being scarcely inferior to the eulachon. The *Hypomesus olidus* of Kamtschatka has been shown by Dr. Bean to be a different species, spawning in fresh waters.

62. *Thaleichthys pacificus* (Richardson), Grd.—Eulachon; Hoolakin; Candlefish; Greasefish; Smelt.

From Oregon northward, ascending the rivers in spring in enormous numbers, but not for a great distance. It is especially numerous in Frazer's River and Nass River, and very many ascend the Columbia. The run in Frazer's River takes place in May. They are exceedingly fat, and when dry are said to burn like a candle. On Nass River is a factory for the manufacture of eulachon oil, intended as a substitute for cod-liver oil. The fact that eulachon oil is semi-solid as lard-like at ordinary temperature is a serious hindrance to its salability for this purpose. When fresh, the eulachon is one of the very finest of pan-fishes, and many of them are sent to the markets of Victoria. Pickled eulachons are sent to San Francisco. It reaches a length of a little less than a foot.

63. *Osmerus thaleichthys*, Ayres.—Smelt.

From Monterey northward; rather common, but not in such great numbers as the surf smelt and the eulachon. It is smaller and less valuable than these. Little distinctive is known of its habits. Those brought into market are usually soft, and are less salable than the spurious "smelt," *Atherinopsis*, with which they are often mixed. It is rarely more than 6 inches in length,

64. *Osmerus attenuatus*, Lockington.—Smelt.

Everywhere round with the preceding, and scarcely less common. Nothing distinctive is known of its habits, and it may possibly turn out to be the female of the same species.

THE COOKING OF THE CARP.

MRS. AMELIA LEWIS, editor of that useful paper, *Food and Health*, says:

There are various ways of cooking the carp in an appetizing manner. We shall mention them here: 1. To plain broil it. 2. To stew it in gravy. 3. To bake it when stuffed.

1. To plain broil it. Scale and clean the carp well, dry it, wrap it round with a piece of larded paper and now put it on the pan that has been slightly greased. When done, sprinkle a few drops of lemon juice over it, if you prefer it.

2. To stew it in gravy. Make a gravy with a small piece of melted butter, some flour stirred into it, add a couple of shalots chopped very fine, some peppercorns, mace, two cloves, salt, and now amalgamate with a little warm water. Put in, additionally, some claret or port, or, if you do not wish to use these, some malt vinegar and a spoonful of sauce or musbroom catsup, also a couple of lemon slices. Place your carp into the sauce, either whole, cut in half or in pieces, according to its size, cover up tight and let gently simmer for half an hour or so. Some put a few slices of ham under the carp. The carp and gravy, eaten with potatoes, salad, parsnips and cabbage stewed or mushrooms, make a very good dish.

3. To bake carp when stuffed.—Clean the carp and prepare your stuffing, some bread, finely chopped suet, a little parsley and thyme, a small chopped onion, pepper, salt and nutmeg, chopped lemon peel, moistened with the yolks of two eggs, stuff the fish with it and tie up.

Wrap the fish in greased paper, and either place butter in

tin, or some lard or a few slices of bacon. Place this in oven or cover over on top. When done, make a brown gravy with the fat in the pan, and pour over the fish, or eat dry, if you prefer.

Beetroot salad or potato salad can well be eaten with it. Also, mashed or fried potatoes, and various vegetables, green peas or beans.

The flesh of the carp represents among fishes the tastiness of the fowl among poultry or the pig among the meat of the domesticated animal. It is savory, aromatic, and also nourishing to a degree, and carp will become a very valuable fish food.

TROUTING WITH AN AUTOMATIC REEL—Syracuse, N. Y.—I wonder if many of your readers have already taken their rods and made as delightful trips as I enjoyed last week. It makes one mourn when he starts toward a trout stream in Central New York, to think that there are now so few of them left, where the beautiful fish are not so badgered and persecuted that little attraction is left for the sportsman. But I know of one little brook, fed by numerous springs, that winds in the cool shades of an old wood, or tumbles over shallows and under fallen trees, making innumerable favori e haunts for the wary fish that, not many years ago, fairly swarmed in them. That is down in the southern portion of Cortland county. Of course, the little stream is much visited, but I have never failed of a respectable catch from its pure waters; and this year, from the marvellous backwardness of the spring, I found it had been less fished than usual at this season. So much the better for me, and I passed two days with friends beside its banks in the enjoyment that is known only to the angler and the lover of Nature's peaceful scenes.

By the way, I made at that time my first trial of the new automatic reel, invented and made in this city by Messrs. Loomis and Plumb. Have you tried it yet? I think I have seen it advertised in your columns. From my limited experience with the new device, I can say nothing but good of it. You understand, doubtless, that the entire work of reeling in the line is accomplished by a spring, and one who has not used the reel can hardly imagine the felicity of holding his rod, freeing the reel of the brake, while an exciting contest goes on between the fish and the spring. The least slack line is impossible, and, indeed, all crank drudgery, if I may so term it, is done away with, while the enhanced sport remains. I hope to hear from you an editorial expression on this topic.

Do you and your readers know that here in Central New York the work of protecting fish and game is more actively prosecuted, perhaps, than anywhere else in the country? So vigorously have the game constables prosecuted unlawful fishers, that a wholesome fear of heavy penalties exists, which must work for good. A few nets have been found in our little Onondaga Lake, where those peculiar whitefish breed that are so much coveted, while a general warfare has opened on Oneida Lake, and several arrests have been made. In this connection the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club has done excellent work.

Good-bye for three weeks, when I hope to write you from the best bass fishing grounds in the country.—WALTON.

TROUT AND BLACK BASS.—It is not entirely safe nowadays to recommend to sportsmen any near-by locality as offering any great inducements in the way of trout fishing, so diligently has not only the rod, but the base uses of pot-fishermen been applied to lessening the resources of streams and lakes. But it is safe to say that a day's travel will not take the angler to any fishing grounds where better sport may be engaged than that still offered by the streams of Ulster, Sullivan and Delaware counties, N. Y., and Pike county, Pa. Milford, Stockwater and Hawley, in the latter county, are centres from which start brooks that still yield good returns to the fly. The Sawkill, Vandemark, Raymondskill, Drymans and Adams brooks, near the former place; the Shohola, Taylor's creek, Beaver brook and West Hope brook, near Lackawaxen; and a number of streams easily found from Hawley, are all good ones. First-class accommodations in the way of stopping places, guides, &c., are amply provided. Monticello, Callicoa, Fallsbury and Morston, in Sullivan county, and Ellenville, in Ulster county, are likewise well surrounded by trout streams.

Black bass fishing will open on June 1. The Delaware River is now acknowledged to be the favorite bass-fishing water within easy reach of New York. Six-pounders were taken at Milford, Port Jervis, Pond Eddy, Shohola, Lackawaxen and Narrowsburg last season. It is estimated that over 15,000 bass were captured with the hook and line between Milford and Narrowsburg during the summer of 1880—a distance of forty miles. Besides the river, there are over fifty lakes within from two to eight miles from the above places, stocked with bass, which are daily resorts of lovers of black bass fishing. Norrambury, the farthest distant of the places named, is 123 miles from New York; Milford and Port Jervis are 88; Shohola, 107; Lackawaxen, 110, all reached by convenient trains on the Erie Railway only.

A GAME PROTECTOR SPEAKS.—Ithaca, N. Y.—The conspiracies which seem to be formed in nearly all sections of the State in violation and in defiance of the fish protecting law have, I trust, been at last—if not broken up—at least thwarted in their illegal aims in most localities

The result of my investigations last fall and winter, in which I succeeded in bringing some well-laid schemes to light, I was in hopes would deter such practices at least in the fisheries of Cayuga Lake. Recent developments, however, show that the rascals are still at work, and also that fish piracy is not confined to the lower slums of the community with which the authorities have heretofore had so much trouble. Respectable, in other respects law-abiding, citizens are found to carry on the illicit business. At the head of Cayuga Lake I recently captured and confiscated two fykes, the property of Harvey Barker. A seine belonging to ex-Game Constable Van Drool was raised in the same locality. In response to an appeal of some parties at the foot of the same lake, I went there and after considerable vigilance discovered twenty-seven fykes and one gill-net scattered around in the various fisheries which I immediately took possession of and confiscated. The plans of those outlaws seem to be deep-laid and almost defy detection. So general do they appear, that the co-operation of officers and citizens alike is necessary to break them up. Their retreats are at last discovered, and their practices unearthed, and by proper vigilance on the part of the local officials, I trust that the unlawful trade may be extinguished, and the offenders punished as they deserve.

D. B. NORTON, State Game Constable.

TROUTING IN ULSTER AND DELAWARE COUNTIES.—New York, May 23.—Just returned with Mr. A. Whitney, of Brooklyn, from Ulster and Delaware counties, on our annual hunting expedition. We fished every day for two weeks, and had it not been for the Rev. James Beecher, a genial, kind-hearted gentleman whom Mr. Whitney was well acquainted with, we would have come home completely disgusted. Beecher's Lake was the only place where we could catch any number. Mr. Whitney and myself caught 224, and only stopped because we had enough. Mill Brook, I am afraid, will be a failure this year; water was very low last fall. The mink and a few net fishermen took off there was left in the large pools. And the winter, we must remember, was very hard, the water freezing to the bottom. Fish, I am told, were frozen in. The break-up of ice came, and a great number of trout were killed by being dashed against rocks and stones before they thawed out. They put in thirty thousand trout in streams at Shandaken and Big Indian last Saturday. The people in this locality are waking up to the fact that it is necessary to keep fish in streams or city folks will not come their way and leave the mighty dollar.

We fished Furlough Lake, a lovely spot, four miles from Grant Mills, and owned by Mr. Ward De Silva, whom we stopped with, and caught only a few, but were satisfied that it is a good place, and when trout take a notion, I know one can get all he wants. Go to Arkville on Ulster and Delaware R. R., and private conveyance 15 miles to Mr. De Silva.—H. C. WEST.

TROUT IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY—Spokan Falls, W. T., May 8.—Trout-fishing has begun. To one accustomed to one-quarter and one-half pound speckled beauties, the privilege of taking them varying from one to eight pounds seems immense. Cour d'Alene and Pen d'Oreille lakes and the Spokan River are full of fish, which take the fly at this season very readily. I landed one weighing six and one-quarter pounds to-day and several weighing from one and a half to three and a half pounds. I will write you shortly about the country and the manner and way of getting to it.—J. H. R.

SWALLOWS AND BATS TAKE THE FLY—Rochester, N. Y.—In your last issue you tell how John Harris, of this city, was fishing for trout on Annin's preserve, Caledonia Creek, and, although the fish did not take the fly well, he had the novel experience of catching three swallows on his hook, the birds mistaking the small artificial fly for their natural food. The late Sam. Drake, of this city, one evening had his fly taken by a bat, and to his astonished comrade explained that it was probably a cherubim.—ROKEBY.

WRISTLET FOR FLY-CASTING—Providence, R. I.—In an article on "Quacks and Anglers," you ridicule "Galvanic Wristlet." I would say, however, that any one who will try it will find that a good silk elastic wristlet, 2½ inches wide, such as can be ordered of any druggist, will prove an excellent support to the wrist, and I for one could not cast but a short time without mine, which I never fail to take when going for a trip. Let fellow-anglers try and report success.—"PHIL."

THE CRAFT FOR TROLLING.—Oceanic, N. J., May 24.—The fishing season may be said to have opened. I have taken, this morning, six fine bass striped, the first of their season—average 2 lbs. I have fished on the waters of the North Shrewsbury for twenty-five years, and I have never had a boat that pleased me so much as my 12 ft. 50 lbs. Rushton canoe. I recommend this canoe to all fishermen, more especially trollers like myself.—G. H. W.

A BIG STRIPED BASS.—New Rochelle, N. Y.—On the 24th of May Mr. Walter J. Davids caught with a hook and line, using a squid for bait, a striped bass four feet two inches long and weighing fifty-eight pounds! It was taken in New Rochelle harbor, Long Island Sound, in about twelve feet of water near the village dock.—H. W. M.

ADIRONDACK TROUTING—Moira, May 24.—Trout-fishing is just splendid. Many have been up to the ponds and streams and caught big strings of them. One man caught thirty pounds alone at the outlet of Meacham Lake, last week. The boys continue to shoot the cranes nesting in the swamp below here. There are are hundreds of them.—A. C.

GRAND LAKE STREAM SALMON,—A correspondent, G. A. B., writes, under date of May 14, that the salmon fishing (*Glaveri*), at Grand Lake Stream is first rate; fish, large and plenty.

—Anglers going from Boston to the Maine trout country have a choice of routes, among them that of the Eastern Railroad, which carries one through at excursion rates, which are noted in our advertising columns. Send to the agent for an excursion list.

No matter what your feeling or ailment is, Hop Bitters will do you good. Prove it.

—The beaver is one of those animals whose instinct and intelligence have been most discussed among naturalists. Cuvier, it is well known, used to demonstrate by a series of experiments with a beaver taken when quite young and artificially suckled, that the admirable industry and intelligent appreciation of certain laws of nature evinced by the works of beavers spring from a blind mechanical force—pure instinct, unrelieved by the higher faculty. Cuvier fed his young prisoner with branches of willow, of which it ate all the bark, cutting up the peeled stems into pieces, piling them up in a corner of the cage as building material. He then provided it with earth, pebbles and tree branches; they were all used by the beaver in the manner peculiar to his species. "This," argues Cuvier, "was blind instinct; no good could result from the trouble which it gave itself, for it needed no house." Buffon's argument, that solitary though free beavers do not know how to construct dams, is refuted by Cuvier's young prisoner, who constructed and built his dams and dykes.

There are numerous traits in the beaver's activity that appear incompatible with the argument that only blind instinct moves the little workers. To watch two beavers at work gnawing down a big tree—I have seen them on several occasions at work on cottonwoods not infrequently two and two and a half feet in diameter—each worker keeping strictly to his side, the incision being made with perfect, one might say mathematical accuracy, to bring the tree in its final plunge to the very spot they want it, athwart a creek, or, as an additional protection to their dam, a foot or two on the upper side of it, where the danger from the swift current is greatest, is a sight which will probably convince even the most unbelieving. An experiment made on several different occasions by me tells its own tale.

Coming in the course of my rambles upon quite fresh beaver work, say a moderately big cottonwood tree five or six inches in diameter, standing on a slope, and already cut through by them, I would put my shoulder to it, and, if possible, break it down, so that it fell up the slope in a direction opposite to that which the beaver evidently intended. Visiting the spot the next day, or two days afterward, the tree was invariably lugged round, with the top downhill or athwart the little creek, the foundation work probably of a new dam.—*London Field.*

Fish Culture.

THE CODFISH.

FROM advance sheets of a future report of the Report of Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries of the United States, we make the following extracts from "A report on the history and present condition of the shore cod fisheries of Cape Ann, Mass., together with notes on the natural history and artificial propagation of the species," by R. E. Earll:

"The recent inquiry into the decrease of the food-fishes of the east coast of the United States by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, under the direction of the commissioner, Prof. Spencer F. Baird, has led to the establishment of temporary stations at different points along the coast, where special attention has been given to the study of the more important species for the purpose of gathering definite information of their relative numbers past and present, their geographical distribution and their habits. Of late the commercial importance of what might be styled the great ocean fisheries, together with the complicated questions that are continually arising between our own government and our more northern neighbor regarding them, has led Professor Baird to give particular attention to this subject, with a view to becoming more thoroughly acquainted, not only with the habits and movements of these species, but also the methods employed in their capture and the extent and money-value of the fisheries.

"With this end in view, he selected Gloucester, Mass., as the most suitable location for the fishing in 1878, where he arrived with his assistants early in July, and at once began the investigation of the subject."

"The late James W. Milner, deputy commissioner, arrived early in the fall to take charge of the experiments, and Mr. Frank N. Clark, a professional fishculturist in the employ of the Commission, came soon after to personally superintend the work in the hatching-room. Mr. Milner remained long enough to see the preliminary apparatus and machinery placed in position and the first eggs taken, when he was obliged to return to Washington on account of his serious sickness. A little later Mr. Clark was called away to look after the interests of the Commission in another State, and Capt. H. C. Chester superintended the work in the hatchery during the remainder of the season."

"A 4-inch pipe was laid from the hatching-room to a point in the harbor at the end of the wharf, and sunk below low-water mark. The outer end of this pipe was fastened to the piling of the wharf, and inclosed in a box with wire-cloth openings to keep out the animal life of the harbor. The inner end communicated with two 300-gallon tanks, placed in an elevated position in the center of the room, to be used as reservoirs for the salt water. These reservoirs were tapped from beneath by smaller pipes that extended along the walls of the building, at a height of 4 or 5 feet, with faucets at short intervals, from which the water was supplied to the eggs by means of rubber tubing. In one end of the room was an 8-horse-power steam-engine, for working the pump that brought the water from the harbor to the reservoirs in a constant stream, the quantity being regulated by the outflow.

It was of course unknown what hatching apparatus could be successfully used, as no eggs of the cod had ever been artificially hatched; and indeed it was not then quite clear to the minds of those in charge to which of the three classes, sinking, floating, or adhesive, the eggs of the cod belonged. Cones similar to those used in shad hatching (figured in the report of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for 1873-74 and 1874-75, p. 370) were selected as likely to give the best results, put up along the sides of the hatching-room, and connected with the faucets by the rubber tubing."

After recording the failure of the cones, and of Mr. Milner's inverted cone with a twisted tube at the apex to give the water a spiral motion as it ascended, while the outflow was in the form of a circle surrounding and just above the inflow, in a line with the sides of the cone, through the buoyancy of the eggs clogging the screens. Of Clark's hatching-box, the Ferguson bucket and a hatcher, of Mr. Earll's designing, through the sediment and mud in the water, he says:—

"Captain Chester was at this time devising an apparatus which should not only give a certain change to the water, but also partially keep the sediment from the eggs. This apparatus is known as the Chester bucket. It consists of a tin cylinder 18 inches in diameter and 24 inches deep, with four rectangular openings, each 2½ inches wide, extending from near the bottom to within 5 inches of the top. These and the bottom of the cylinder are covered with wire-cloth to prevent the eggs from escaping and the dirt from entering.

"On the outside of the cylinder, along one side of either opening, are placed strips or pockets of tin, at an angle with the side, and extending partially over the openings, so that the adjacent pockets face in opposite directions. As the cylinder rotates on its axis the water is forced in at the two opposite openings and out at the others.

"Beneath the wire-cloth bottom are four more strips of tin, radiating from the centre, and placed at such an angle that the rotation of the cylinder forces the water against them, and up through the bottom. The whole is placed in a trough nearly filled with constantly-changing water, and sunk to such a depth that the water nearly fills it. The cylinder turns on a pivot, the power being applied from the engine by means of shafting, to a horizontal arm firmly fixed to its axis, and is kept constantly turning back and forth through an arc of 90 deg., thus keeping the water changing and giving the eggs a tendency toward the top centre.

"When this apparatus had been thoroughly tested, and found to give good results, the cones were taken down, and water-tight troughs placed along the sides of the hatching-room to receive the Chester buckets, and from this date the hatching operations were conducted with a fair degree of success; and while, with pure water, the modified Clark trough or some equally simple apparatus might give excellent results, yet to Captain Chester belongs the credit of having partially overcome the existing difficulties, and of inventing the first apparatus successfully used in hatching floating eggs.

"The time required for the development of the eggs of the cod-fish, after they are thrown from the parent, varies greatly, being dependent largely upon the temperature of the surrounding water. Of those taken November 13, the first hatched in 13 days, while of those taken December 17, the last did not hatch until February 5, thus requiring 51 days, giving a difference of 38 days for eggs taken within little over a month of each other. The period of 51 days represents an extreme case, and the circumstances may be worthy of consideration. These eggs, as above stated, were taken December 17 from four fish apparently in good condition, and placed in a basket in the hatchery. January 28, the basket was thought to contain too many eggs, and a few were taken out and placed in a floating box, with wire-cloth bottom, anchored in the harbor. The difference in temperature of the water in the two places averaged from one to two degrees.

"Of those remaining in the building, the first hatched January 17, and the last on the 23d, making a variation of six days.

"On January 25, the first fish were noticed from the harbor lot, and from that time they continued to hatch slowly until February 3, when not more than 10 per cent. were out, and two days later, when the first fish were 11 days old, and the eggs 51 days from the parent, a few still remained unhatched.

"The number of fish hatched during the experiments was not far from 550,000. At first, while the apparatus remained so imperfect, the loss was great, and nearly or in some cases quite all of the first few lots of eggs were killed. But with the introdution of new methods one difficulty after another was overcome, and the percentage of loss was gradually reduced. The manner of caring for the eggs while hatching soon came to be better understood, and this too had a decidedly beneficial effect, so that, barring the loss resulting from impure water, there was a constant gain in the percentage hatched, and the loss during the last of the season did not exceed 40, and was frequently not over 30 per cent.

"When first hatched, the little fish remain nearly motionless, or, at times, indulge in the same spasmodic efforts so noticeable when freeing themselves from the eggs. In a day or two they become more active, darting about for short distances in the water, with a peculiar motion and considerable rapidity. In a few days they begin to absorb the yolk-sacs, and seem quite vigorous, while the pigment cells increase rapidly, giving them considerable color. When they had reached this stage they were usually taken to the outer harbor and liberated to become accustomed to their future surroundings before the yolk-sacs were absorbed, thus giving them the opportunity of seeking their natural food when the first instincts of hunger should lead them to desire it.

"The young cod seem more hardy than those of most other species, and may be kept for a considerable length of time with small loss. In one case fully 50 were put in an 8-ounce bottle and kept in a room at a temperature of 50 deg. F., without change of water for four days before the first ones died. Early in January a number were sent by express to Professor Baird in Washington, where they arrived in good condition, with no care on the way except that given by the baggage master on the train."

[Continued from page 332.]

EPOCHS IN THE HISTORY OF FISH CULTURE.*

BY PROF. G. BROWN GOODE.

XLIII. 1867—*Establishment of the Maine Fish Commission.*—The Maine Fish Commission was organized by the election, as commissioners, of Nathan W. Foster and Charles G. Atkins. From 1867 to 1880 appropriations were made to the amount of $36,975. [Reports of the Commissioners (later Commissioners) of Fisheries for the State of Maine, I., II., 1877, 1868 (1869); III., 1869 (1870); IV., 1870; V., 1871 (1872); VI., 1872 (1873); VII., 1873 (1874); VII., 1874; VIII., 1875; IX., 1876; X., 1877; XI., 1878; XII., 1879; XIII., 1880.]

XLIV. 1868—*Establishment of the New York Fish Commission.*—The New York Commission was organized in 1868, the Hon. Horatio Seymour, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt and Seth Green being chosen commissioners. From 1868 to 1879 $165,000 was appropriated for fish culture. [Reports of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York, I., 1869; II., 1870; III., 1871; IV., 1872; V., 1873; VI., 1874; VII., 1875; VIII., 1876; IX., 1877; X., 1878; XI., 1879; XII., 1880.]

XLV. 1868—*The Successful Propagation of the Lake Whitefish.*—The successful propagation of the Lake whitefish was first accomplished in 1868 by Mr. Seth Green, at the New York State Hatching House at Caledonia, and by Mr. Samuel Wilmot of the Canadian Fish Commission. In 1869 Mr. N. W. Clark, of Clarkston, Mich., was successful in several efforts. [MILNER: Rep. U. S. F. C., II., pp. 545-552.]

XLVI. 1869—*Beginning of Shad Culture in the Hudson River.*—In 1869, Mr. Seth Green, acting for the New York Fish Commission, began the culture of shad in the Hudson River. [MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., II., p. 544. Reports, New York Commission.]

XLVII. 1870—*Establishment of the Deutscher Fischerei Verein.*—In 1870 was established a German Fishery Society, which has had so powerful an influence upon the progress of fish culture in Europe. Prominent among its originators were Messrs. Von Behr, Von Bunsen and ——. [Circulars of the German Fishery Society, 1870 and 1880.]

XLVIII. 1870—*Establishment of the California Fish Commission.*—In 1870, by the election of B. B. Redding, S. R. Throckmorton and J. D. Farwell as commissioners, the California Commission was established. From 1870 to 1879 $37,000 was appropriated for purposes of fish culture. [Reports of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of California, I., 1870–1871 (1872), II., 1872–3 (1874), * * * * *.]

XLIX. 1870—*Establishment of the New Jersey Fish Commission.*—In 1870 the New Jersey Commission was organized, R. P. Howell and J. H. Slack Commissioners. From 1872 to 1880 the appropriations were $29,560. [Reports of the Commission of Fisheries of the State of New Jersey, I., 1871 (1870?); II., 1872 (1871?); III., 1872; IV., 1873; V., 1874; VI., 1875; VII., 1876; VIII., 1877; IX., 1878; IX., 1878; X., 1879; XI., 1880.]

L. 1870—*Establishment of the Rhode Island Fish Commission.*—In 1868 Rhode Island appointed commissioners to investigate the practicability of restocking the waters of the State with salmon and other migratory fish. In 1871 regular commissioners of fisheries were to have been first chosen, these being John H. Barnard, Newton Dexter and Alfred A. Reed, Jr. Between 1870 and 1879 the State appropriated $10,500 for purposes connected with fish culture and the fisheries. [Reports of the Commissioners on Inland Fisheries, I. (?), 1869; II., 1872; III., 1873; IV., 1874; V., 1875; VI., 1876; VII., 1877; VIII., 1878; IX., 1879; X., 1880.]

LI. 1870—*Atkins' Device for Penning Migratory Fish.*—This device, which was provided for in 1870, but not carried into effect till the following year, consisted in obtaining seed fishes by purchase through the whole period of immigration into the rivers prior to spawning, and preserving them in ponds for from four to six months. "This," says Milner, "is an original method, never, I believe, before adopted in any country." [MILNER: l. c., p. 543.]

LII. 1870—*Successful Propagation of Lake Trout.*—Although experiments with this species were made in Connecticut as early as 1857, and also by Mr. Wilmot in 1868, and by Mr. N. W. Clark in 1870. The first considerable success was that by Mr. Seth Green in the same year. [Reports New York Commission. MILNER: Rep. U. S. F. C., Part II., p. 553.]

LIII. 1871—*Establishment of the American Fisheculturists Association.*—In 1871 the American Fisheulturists Association was organized. Its original members were William Clift, A. S. Collins, Fred. Mather, Dr. J. H. Slack and Livingston Stone. Its influence upon public opinion, and the aid it has rendered to fish culture, have been important beyond the possibility of statement. Its meetings have all been held in New York city, with the exception of the special meeting in Philadelphia in October 1876. At the seventh annual meeting, 1878, the name of the society was changed to "The American Fisheultural Association." [Transactions American Fisheulturists Association, I., 1872; II., 1873; III., 1874; IV., 1875; V., 1876; VI., 1877; VII., 1878; VIII., 1879; IX., 1880.]

LIV. 1871—*Establishment of the Alabama Fish Commission.*—The Alabama Commission was organized in 1871 by the appointment as Commissioners of Charles S. G. Doster, Robert Tyler and D. R. Hundley. [Report of the Commissioners to encourage fish culture: I., 1872; II., * * *.]

LV. 1871—*Discovery of the American Method of Dry Impregnation.*—The American method of dry impregnation was discovered and practiced by Mr. C. G. Atkins in 1871. [MILNER: l. c., p. 541.]

LVI. 1871—*Invention of the Atkins Hatching Tray.*—The device of providing the hatching troughs with trays placed at a distance from the bottom, first used by Mr. C. G. Atkins in 1871, was regarded by fishculturists as a decided advance. [ATKINS: Report U. S. F. C., II., p. 238.]

LVII. 1871—*Transportation of Fish Across the American Continent.*—In 1871 young shad were successfully transported from the Hudson River to the Sacramento River, California. [MILNER: Rep. U. S. F. C., II., p. 544.]

LVIII. 1871—*Introduction of Shad into California.*—See LVII. above.

TO BE CONTINUED.

*A paper read before the American Fisheultural Association, and here reprinted from advanced sheets of Report of U. S. Fish Commission, Part VII.

FISHCULTURE AT THE BERLIN EXHIBITION.

WE have received the official report of the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin in 1880 on Fischeulture.*

It is prepared by Messrs. Max von dem Borne, H. Haack and K. Michaelis, and is in octavo form, uniform with the other reports, which are as follows:

II. The Sea Fisheries; by Dr. M. Lindeman. III. The Fresh Water Fisheries, by Dr. A. Metzger, with an account of the Pearl Fishery, by Dr. H. Nitsche. VI. Fishery Products; by Dr. H. Dohrn. V. The Scientific Portion; by J. Asmus, Dr. O. Hermes, Dr. P. Magnus, Dr. E. von Martens, Dr. E. Thorner and Dr. L. Wittmack.

The fish eultural report contains 84 pages, printed on good paper and in clear roman type. It opens with the exhibit of fisheulture in Germany, and describes the different forms of apparatus shown and gives figures of egg-transporting devices. "It says: In relation to other portions of the International Fishery Exhibition, which were so rich, in fact bountifully supplied with riches, this portion would have been quite weak but for America, which here, as in other departments, had a strong display. This is more singular when we consider that in Germany there is so much attention paid to fisheulture and there are so many establishments for the purpose."

Austria and Hungary come next with a short account, and are followed by Switzerland, Holland and Italy. As the report includes the exhibits of artificially bred fish of different ages, in alcohol, Russia has considerable space in it because the exhibit of fisheulture from that land was largely composed of these. Sweden is given six pages, while Norway and Denmark are summed up in half a one each. The United States has twelve pages, with cuts of different apparatus for hatching the salmonide and shad, a sectional view of the "Fish Hawk," with buckets and cones in position, and one of Winans device for feeding fry in glass cones. The fishways are treated of separately.

In the appendix Herr von dem Borne describes the angling apparatus shown by the different countries, and figures some of the more important. Many American dealers whose stock was in the general collection of the National Museum, and so not entered for competition, come in for a description of their rods, reels and lines.

*Amtliche Berichte uber die Internationale Fischerei—Avstellung zu Berlin, 1880. I. Fischzucht, von M. von dem Borne, H. Haack, K. Michaelis. Im Anhange: Die Angelfischerei, von M. V. D. Borne, mit 39 in den text gedruckten holzschnitten. Berlin, von Paul Parey, 1881.

REPORT OF THE COLORADO COMMISSION.

THE report of the Colorado Fish Commission for 1879–80 takes up the question of violations of the fish law, in unlawful killing by explosives, the emptying of sawdust into streams, etc. This is a common cause of complaint in our free country, where the "Great American Trout Hog" supposes all fish to belong to himself, and never, by any accident, considers that the community have any rights at all in them. As this very lax opinon as to the rights of the people is so common in all parts, we would have been surprised not to find it in Colorado.

The Commissioner went to Washington in 1879 to receive a lot of German carp, and returned with 357, which were distributed between twenty-six persons, ranging from Fort Collins on the north to Cucharas on the south. A shipment of 50,000 whitefish eggs and 1,000 brook-trout eggs was expected from Hon. E. D. Potter, Toledo, O., in January, and arrangements were made with the Denver Water Company to hatch the former, and with Col. De La Vergne to care for the latter, the State having as yet no hatchery.

The report for 1880 shows that 221 more carp were received in June of that year. The complaints of violations of the law continue, and in speaking of the use of giant powder the report says: "There is no excuse, no palliating circumstances for the use of explosives for the purpose of killing fish. One prominent citizen of Lake County will doubtless agree with me that it is a rather unfortunate, if not disreputable, business for him to be engaged in, and that the missing hand will ever be a sad reminder to him of giant cartridges attempted to be used in violation of a just law."

The carp have grown finely, and Col. De La Vergne writes under date of Nov. 18, 1880, as follows: "I transferred my carp to their feeding ground about May 20, last. They then measured 1½ to 2½ inches. July 26, some measured 7 inches." In September they measured 9½ inches, and were plump.

Colorado is making progress in fish culture, but the Commission needs help from the State to build a hatchery, which we hope will be cheerfully given.

CONNECTICUT OYSTER BEDS.—A recent law of Connecticut gives the Commissioners of Fisheries control of the oyster beds and other shell fisheries. Section 1 of the new law provides that: "The State shall exercise exclusive jurisdiction and control over all shell fisheries which are located in that area of the State which is within that part of Long Island Sound and its tributaries bounded westerly and southerly by the State of New York, easterly by the State of Rhode Island, and northerly by a line following the coasts of the State at high water which shall cross all its bays, rivers, creeks and inlets at such places nearest Long Island Sound as are within and between points on opposite shores, from one of which objects and what is done on the opposite shore can be reasonably discerned with the naked eye, or could be discerned but for intervening islands. And all shell fisheries not within said area shall be and remain within the jurisdiction and control of the towns in which they are located under the same laws and regulations, and through the same selectmen and oyster committees as heretofore. If a difference shall arise between any town and the commissioners as hereinafter provided for, as to the boundary line between said town and the area so to be mapped, said town, by its selectmen, may bring its petition to the Superior Court for the county within which said town is situated to determine said boundary line, and said Court, upon reasonable notice to the parties, shall hear said parties, and appoint a committee to ascertain the facts in such case and report the same to said Court, and said Court shall thereupon make such order as may be proper in the premises."

THE FIRST AMERICAN FISHCULTURIST.—Bedford, O., May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I ask for a little space in your excellent paper, and when I say excellent, I mean what I say. Prof. G. Brown Goode, in his second article in your paper on the History of Fish Culture, as published in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, does my dead friend, the late Prof. Ackley, and myself great injustice. A historian should not only tell the truth, but the whole truth. I had supposed Dr. Bachman's claims to priority in artificial fish culture were dead and buried. The Professor says Dr. Bachman's results were published in 1855, those of Dr. Garlick in 1857, in the *Ohio Farmer*, thus giving the priority to Dr. Bachman by not telling the whole truth. It is true that my experiments were published in the *Ohio Farmer*, as stated by Prof. Goode. But the first publication was made in a scientific paper, edited by Prof. Hamilton Smith. The paper had a wide circulation among scientific men, and was known as the "Annals of Science." My experiments were made in 1853, and I read a paper before the Cleveland Academy of Natural Sciences, at a meeting held February 4, 1854, detailing my experiments, which were immediately published in the "Annals of Science" and other Cleveland papers. For facts see the published proceedings of the Cleveland Academy of Natural Sciences.—T. GARLICK.

CARP CULTURE IN OHIO—Cincinnati, Ohio, May 19.—It will be remembered that last fall Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, etc., sent several lots of German carp to the State of Ohio for distribution. Some of these fish came into the possession of Messrs. Mulert and Muth, of Cincinnati, who have built several ponds near Mt. Healthy, Hamilton County, Ohio, with the view of going into carp culture as a business. Monday, May 16, the first young scale-carp made their appearance, followed on the next day by some young mirror-carp. The young carp are now, at the age of two and three days, one-half to one inch in length, and already show the peculiar marks of their tribe. Stating the above as a success of carp-culture in Ohio, the experiment has succeeded far beyond the most sanguine expectations in regard to them. The winter has been an unusually severe one, and yet the fish stood the cold remarkably well, and the young are hatched in the middle of May. In Germany the time of hatching is about the middle of July, so that gives two months in favor of this climate, even with a severe winter. In addition, when it is remembered that we have a month's advantage in the fall weather, three months in favor of Ohio must be counted.—HUGO MULERTT.

THE McDONALD FISHWAY.—After tedious delays, resulting from engineering difficulties which required time and skill to overcome, the large fishway on the James River, to which we have before referred, is finished, and the water was to have been turned on last week. Although the season is far gone for shad, there are still fish enough in the river to make a fair test. If successful, it will be a grand triumph, for the shad are shy of entering fishways. We have no doubt that they can go up this form of way if they will enter it. The McDonald fishway is constructed on an entirely new principle, and we have faith in its being the long looked-for fishway.

The greatest nourishing tonic, appetizer, strengthener and curitive on earth. Hop Bitters.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

October 1 at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 224, New York City.

November 1 to 6, Louisiana State Field Trials. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La.

November, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

MANUFACTURING A PEDIGREE.

IT is seldom that such a barefaced attempt to manufacture a pedigree has been made as came under the writer's notice last week. Becoming interested in the matter, as I was once the owner of the dam from which it was claimed the puppy came, and from which the effort was made to create the pedigree, I have taken the pains to follow up the clews given me, and without mentioning names shall give an account of the whole affair as an illustration of the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain of some dog men.

During a late fly-fishing trip to Pennsylvania I was asked by a friend of an acquaintance I was visiting if I know anything of a litter of puppies out of a bitch Jilt by Carlowitz. Having once owned a bitch out of Orphina, by Pedigree, by that name, I at once surmised she was the same I had given to a Dr. ——, of Philadelphia, who, in turn, had given her to a Mr. ——, of Coatesville, Pa., who shortly afterward bred her to Carlowitz. I at once set my opinion to my friend, and remarked that if he had such a dog it would be a valuable one, for Orphina, the dam of Jilt, was half Laverack, and, being bred to Pedigree, Jilt would be three-quarters bred, and her puppies by Carlowitz would be very nearly pure bred setters of that blood. He replied that he had been presented with a dog with this pedigree declared for him by the donor, and the printed record to this effect had been sent with the animal. I was much pleased that my friend should own so promising a dog, but without expressing my doubts promised that I would make further inquiries regarding him when I returned to Philadelphia.

On my arrival I wrote to the gentleman to whom Dr. —— had presented the bitch Jilt, and asked him how many puppies she had had by Carlowitz, and what had become of them. His answer described nothing like the puppy given my friend, besides he stated that the bitch had been dead two years, and therefore I saw that it was impossible for the animal in question to be hers, for he would be a year old only the coming May. With this letter in my pocket I at once sought the party who had given the dog to my friend and stated that I wanted some information regarding it. As he could, or would, not give me any additional points, I asked him for the address of the last owner of Jilt that I might write to him for particulars. He told me that Mr. ——, of Coatesville, had sold Jilt, but when he had returned from Europe, whither he had gone six weeks ago, he would procure the information I demanded. All this time I had in my pocket the letter from the gentleman "who had sailed for Europe six weeks ago," and the epistle (written in this country) not twenty-four hours old.

As this is the second dog whose pedigree has been purposely falsified by the party in question it is hoped this warning may have the effect that is intended. HOMO.

Philadelphia, May 28.

MEASUREMENTS OF FIRST PRIZE WINNERS.

IN issue of May 19 we gave the age, weight and measurements of the pointers Rush, Rue, Rhona, Princess, Water Lily and Rapp, and of the setters Spark, Petrel II. and Chief, first prize winners at the late Westminster Kennel Club Show, held in this city. Subjoined will be found the same data of other blue-ribbon dogs:

DASH.

Mr. Chas. T. Brownell's black and tan setter dog Dash, winner in open black and tan setter class for dogs, age 5 years, weight 60 lbs. Height at shoulder 25½ in., length from nose to set on of tail 44in., length of tail 18in., girth of chest 29½ in., girth of loin 23 in., girth of head 19½ in., girth of forearm 6 in., length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 10½ in., girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 10½ in., length from corner of eye to end of nose 4¼ in., length from elbow to top of shoulders, 13¾ in., length of ear, 8 in.

May 15, 1881.

LADY GORDON.

Mr. Garrett Roach's champion black and tan setter bitch Lady Gordon, winner in champion black and tan setter class for bitches: Age 4 years, weight 60 lbs, height at shoulder 22½inches, length from nose to set on of tail 37 in., length of tail 15 in., girth of chest 28½ in., girth of loin 22½ in., girth of head 18 in., girth of forearm 11in, length of head from occiput to tip of nose 9¾in, girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose 9in, length from corner of eye to end of nose 4½in, length from elbow to top of shoulders, 12¾in, length of ears when extended (measurement taken across the head) 18in.—*May 28, 1881.*

SPOT.

Mr. B. F. Wilson's English setter dog Spot which was winner in Native English Setter Class for dogs, age, three and one-half years; weight, forty-nine pounds; height at shoulder, twenty

three and one-half inches; length from nose to set on of tail thirty-inches; length of tail, thirteen inches; girth of chest, twenty-nine and one-half inches; girth of loin, twenty-one inches; girth of head, seventeen and one-half inches; girth of forearm, seven and one-half inches; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, nine inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, nine and one-half inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, four inches; length from elbows to top of shoulders, twelve inches; length of ears when extended (measurement taken across the head), sixteen and one-half inches.—*May 26, 1881.*

NEBRASKA BENCH SHOW.—In our last issue we gave the full list of entries at this show, and the awards distributed by the judges. We now publish an interesting report of the show for which we are indebted to one of our regular correspondents.

The fourth annual bench show of sporting dogs was held at Lincoln, Nebraska, under the auspices of the State Sportsmen's Association, May 17, 18, 19 and 20, 1881.

The show of dogs was more noticeable in quality than in numbers. Fifty or more hunting dogs were exhibited, while only about half that number were entered for competition for prizes

The red Irish setters largely predominated in numbers, and next came the pointers. Of the English setters only two were entered for competition, these being Mr. Johnston's (Omaha, Neb.) Fleet II., by Belton out of Floss, and W. T. Irwin's (Topeka, Kas.) Major, by E. D. Thompson's Shot out of a field trial dam owned by J. P. Usher, Jr., of Lawrence, Kas., name not known. Fleet II. showed best on the bench, and walked away with first prize. This was no doubt correct.

In the open class for pointers there were five entries. The most finely bred ones being W. T Irwin's Rock II., by Harries Rock out of Nell, in the dog class, 14 months old—and in the class for bitches Lt. Webster's liver and white Grace. The others could be contented with second place, where the judges have rightfully placed them, as will be seen by the appended list of prize winners. Of the red Irish setters there was but one entry in the champion class for dogs, and two entries for bitches. The former, Tim, by Race out of Red Kit. He is a very large, deep-chested dog, blood-red in color; he is owned by J. D Jones, of Omaha, but is now in the stud at the Rockwood kennels, at Lincoln, Nebraska, C. H. Buford & Co., proprietors. Tim is a little over two years old. He took first prize in the open class last year, and is fairly entitled to the favor shown him by the judges this year, although he had no competitor.

In the champion class for red Irish bitches the two contestants have come together before, two years ago, at Omaha, when Draco (Miller, of Creston, Iowa) and Gen. E. Estabrook, of Omaha judged them Nora, now 3 years and 8 days old, was bred by Gen. R B. Livingston, of Piattsmouth, out of his Mona by Brian both from the celebrated kennel of J. M. Niall, Killaloe Island, and raised and owned by B. E. B. Kennedy, of Omaha. Nora has taken two first premiums in the open class, and received first in champion class this year. Her competitor, J. C. McBride's Topsey, was her half-sister, by Brian out of McCracken's Nell, she by Scott Rodman's Dash. Topsey is a finely bred bitch, and although twice beaten by her half-sister, need not lower her flag to any bitch outside of the family. She is now in the Rockwood kennel and is to be bred to Tim.

In the open class for red Irish setter dogs there were several entries, but only two dogs in this class are entitled to special mention. The first is Hamlet, bred by Dennis Reidy, Esq., Castleland Kennel, County of Kerry, Ireland, whelped October, 1879, and imported in 1880. He is medium sized, well proportioned and deep red in color, and shows strong indications of being highly bred. His pedigree has not been received, but will be forwarded to his owner, C. H. Buford, soon. Hamlet received first on merit, and deservedly so. His competitor, S. C. Elliott's High out of Topsey by McCracken's Shot, is a fine deep red young dog, and in company with a majority of dogs would score first.

In the open class for Irish setter bitches there were a number of entries, all prime; but C. H. Buford's Mamie by G. W. Holdridge's Shot out of Juno, imported by Mr. Osborne, and C. H. Buford's Nellie by Holdridge's Shot out of McBride's Topsey took first and second premiums in the class named.

[In class 21 Livingston's Irish setter dog puppy Tim received second, not Line, as printed; no second prize was awarded in class 22 for Irish setter bitch puppies; and in class 29 for greyhounds C. H. Buford's Split got first.]

CONDITIONING DOGS FOR SUMMER SHOOTING.—If those who intend to try the woodcock shooting this July would remember the old saying that, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," they would not only be acting humanely to their dogs, but would fit them before the season opens to stand in some degree the heat of the swamps. In doing this they will be repaid by securing better sport, and run less chance of seeing their dogs overcome with heat or stagger into fits All dogs before the shooting seasons, and especially in the summer, should be given regular exercise in the cool of the mornings and evenings. Their flesh should be reduced by placing them on a cooling diet, there being nothing better than boiled rice and Indian meal in equal quantities mixed with a little vegetable matter. Giving meat in large quantities is to be avoided, and plenty of fresh, pure water should always be at hand. To insure good sport all dogs should be fitted for the field as race horses are for the turf. There is nothing better at this season to insure good health than the following treatment: Give several days before taking the dogs out a teaspoonful of sulphur at night, followed in the morning by a dose of sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts) varying from a dessert to a tablespoonful. Perhaps the best way to administer this mild cathartic is to dissolve it in a little water and pour it down the animal's throat omiting all food until an hour or two after Later in the day when the medicine has taken effect, the usual exercise can be given. Care should, however, be taken when administering the sulphur that the dog should not be exposed to the wet.

Once in the swamps remember to locate the water pools on your beat, and at intervals leave the cover and refresh your dogs with a swim. If the water-courses are not of sufficient depth, then sop up the water with your hands and continually wet their heads and necks. The evenings and mornings are the proper time for work, and a shady spot in some opening where the air has a chance to circulate should be the resting place at noon.

ARE THERE TWO CHAMPION ELCHOS?—Claremont, N. H. May 28, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of May 26 Mr. Osborn's explanation of pedigree of that Irish pup, yet the letter of his Washington friend says nothing of champion Elcho, though Mr. Osborn's letter calls pup as by that dog. However, I can see how he might have been led "of all sad words of tongue and pen, the saddest are those, 'it might have been'" mislead into prefixing the title champion to the Elcho, so as to clinch the idea that champion Elcho was the sire, and so make a more ready sale. As for that Washington letter, the gentleman that wrote it was rather vague in his expressions in regard to the "little dog by the celebrated dog Elcho, etc.," and his importation by a Capt. Right Reeves, of Maryland. There is, I think, a screw loose somewhere, and I will tell you why. At the last New York show a gentleman came to me—a stranger—and asked me if champion Elcho had ever served a bitch called Highland Lass, that some one, I don't remember who, had tried to sell him a pup out of Highland Lass by champion Elcho. I asked him where Highland Lass was owned, and he said, "I am confident Washington." I told him no such bitch had visited Elcho, and he left. When I saw Mr. Osborn's advertisement it recalled the conversation at New York, and so I thought it best to find out about this Highland Lass-champion Elcho breeding. In order that there shall be no more confounding of names, will Mr. Osborn kindly favor us, through your columns, with name of his friend in Washington, and will that friend also favor us with full particulars of Highland Lass and the celebrated dog Elcho, imported by Col Reeves, of Maryland. For if there is another celebrated imported red setter called Elcho it is well for us to know it, so as to avoid all mistakes in the future like Mr. Osborn's. OWNER OF ELCHO.

A BRACE OF LEONBERG DOGS.—The steamer *Vandalia* from Hamburg, reached here on May 23, having on board two Leonberg dogs for the Rev. Chas. F. Kelly, of Towanda, Penn. They were shipped by Herr T. A. Verkruzen, and consigned to Mr. Goldsmith, forwarding agent, of this city. The present owner will call the dog and bitch Marco and Mina, the latter being a slight change from Minka, her former name. Neither of the dogs are fully grown, being only a little over one year old, as it is not until they attain the age of three years that they reach their full size. At present the dog measures 30 inches at shoulder, and the bitch 27 inches. We give the above notice not only as a matter of news but we think it is timely here to express our opinion regarding this gigantic mongrel. Unquestionably the dog is one of many breeds, with little but his great size to recommend him. Mr. Vero Shaw, in writing of the Leonberg, says, "This variety of German dog, or rather commixture of many varieties which has been produced in Germany, has undoubtedly received more attention from the press than its merits entitle it to." No doubt Mr. S. took for his text when saying this the articles which appeared in the *Live Stock Journal* in 1878, which were answered very much to the point by Herr Von Schmiedeburg; editor of the German sporting papers. *Der Hund* and *Der Waidmann*, who plainly denounced the Leonbergs as humbugs. Mr. Shaw is, however, careful to say that he introduces the Leonberg into his book more as a warning to purchasers than from any desire to land the breed, and it may be interesting to know that the Berghund, or mountain dog of Germany, several of which were shown in the miscellaneous class at the late show, is a breed which was fabricated in opposition to the Leonberg.

GILTRAP'S FARM.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Notice in one of your contemporaries the following: "Frank—Mr. Charles S. Lincoln, Warren, Mass., has bought of Mr. J. J. Giltrap, England, the celebrated Irish red setter dog Frank, the winner of 2d prize, Birmingham, and V. H. C., Alexandra Palace, 1880. He will arrive in season to be exhibited at the New York Bench Show." I have now before me the catalogue of the show, from which I have taken the following Extract: "Class 47, No. 515—Charles S. Lincoln, Waaren, Mass., Frank, red, winner of 2d Birmingham and other prizes; full pedigree; $2,500." I beg that you will allow me to contradict the foregoing statements. I am the owner of Frank; he was not exhibited at the New York show; he is still in my possession, and never was in America. As I never had any communication from Mr. Lincoln or any other gentleman in America in reference to the sale of Frank, I presume Mr. Lincoln must have been imposed upon, and as some of your readers may meet with a similar fate, I think it right to mention that I have not parted with any of my four prize Irish red setters, viz.: Garryowen (K. C. S. B. 8,262), Lady Palmerston (K. C. S. B 10,328), Frank (K. C. S. B. 10,302), Mary Machree (K. C. S. B. 10,330), or Cora. The only Irish red setter bred by me that has left my kennels for America is Noreen (by Garryowen-Cora), winner of 1st prize Dublin and New York, now the property of Dr. William Jarvis, of Claremont, N. H. JAMES J. GILTRAP.

Whitehall House, Durgan Terrace, Dublin, Ireland, May 14.

SLIPS.—Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, writes us that the celebrated English setter and field trial winner Darkie, whose picture we published in our issue of April 21, came over in the steamship Bothnia, which arrived in this port last week. The Louisiana State Field Trials will commence on November 26; the prize list is being made up, and it will appear at an early date .....Mr. Charles Lincoln writes us that he has been appointed superintendent for the St. Louis Bench Show, which is to be held on the Fair Grounds at St. Louis, Mo., October 4, 5, 6 and 7. The show this year promises to be the best ever held in the "Muddy" State. .... Mr. J. J. Harrigan, the proprietor of the *Pacific Life*, has been presented by Mr. J. J. Murphy with a splendid greyhound puppy, by California Boy out of Beauty .... It is said more good dogs have been seen in San Francisco since the show than ever before. Perhaps the "Slopers" are getting their eyes open,.....The New York Dog Pound opened yesterday for the season. Its sanitary condition last year was far in advance of several of the kennels in this neighborhood. .....The deadlock between the two factions in the Eastern Field Trials Club still continues. The gentlemen members are afraid to propose their friends for fear of the blackball, and other element dare not put up their pals, fearing a just retaliation....

IMPORTED FOXHOUNDS.—A pack of English foxhounds, nineteen in number, has just arrived in Philadelphia via Boston. They have been carefully selected from the best English strains for a Philadelphia gentleman whose name I do not mention, as he wishes to avoid publicity. As the steamers running to this port from England will not take animals, the dogs had to be shipped to Boston and from thence reshipped to Philadelphia. They are all ear-docked, and will be at once taken to the home of the owner in Montgomery county, just beyond the city line, and will figure conspicuously at the fall meetings of the Hare and Hound Club. We are quite interested to know how these English hounds will work in our rough and wooded country, and are sure they will find trailing Reynard in Delaware and Montgomery counties, Pa., differs from a hunt in their native country where most of the chase nowadays is in full view. The importation, however, is a move in the right direction, for the intermingling of the blood with our natives will greatly benefit, and we opine the offspring of these British bitches may companion dogs sent over will learn a woodland hunt as our own Yankee dogs have.—HOBO.

STOLEN.—*Harlem, N. Y., May 27.*—Since claiming the name of Rowdy Boy through the columns of your valuable paper for my bull terrier dog, I have had the misfortune to lose him. On Tuesday last, the 24th inst., Rowdy strayed out in the front of my home, and was stolen. I regret this very much, as my dog was very much attached to me and I to him. Brave as a lion, yet gentle enough to be fondled by little children, he had become a favorite not only with all of us, but was a great pet with the neighbors. I have offered a reward through the columns of the local papers here in Harlem, but without any result. I am now going to put a detective on the case, and shall make an example of the miscreble rascal if caught. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I write this letter to you, hoping that some of the readers of y ur paper may run across Rowdy and return him to his bereaved and disconsolate master. The dog was a brindle and white, evenly marked on the head, ears cut close, and weighs about 25 lbs.

WM. H. R. DUBOIS.

44 West 125th st., New York City.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—*New York, May 24, 188 . Forest and Stream Publishing Company,* GENTLEMEN: Your kind offer of a cup as one of the prizes to be competed for at the next running meeting of this club was duly announced at its last business meeting, as also your request that the same be given to the best amateur handler. The offer was accepted, and the thanks of the club ordered to be transmitted you, which please consider accomplished by this note of acknowledgment.

At the suggestion of Mr. Donner, the cup is to be added to the prizes in the all-aged stakes, in accordance to your expressed wishes, to be awarded the best amateur handler in that stakes.

JACOB PENTZ, Secretary.

THE COCKER STANDARD.—Franklin, N. Y., May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing in late FOREST AND STREAM the secretary of Cocker club organization committee's false and personal attack upon me, and realizing the unpleasantness of publishing all replies to attacks of this nature, will you state in next FOREST AND STREAM that those who are interested in this case and wish to see my reply to it in circular form can get the said reply by applying to me for it with stamp for postage?—M. P. MCKOON.

SPANIELS IN THE FIELD.—Now that the time has almost approached for disappearing into the swamps for woodcock let us hear a little about our friends the spaniels in the field. What with the Cocker Club, the bench show, the standard and late importations, there surely must be some one who intends to put them to a practical use. We will go a day's journey to shoot over a good, well-trained brace. Let us hear from our friends on this subject.

THE BELL IN THE COVER.—Blasphemy is not absolutely necessary to make a man intelligible to his dog, but there was an old-time custom that disturbed the quiet of the beat fully as much, that was working a dog in cover with a bell. Even to-day in certain sections we still hear its tinkling sound, which is the open sesame to the conviction that some one is "out a-hunting" with a wife ranging uncontrollable dog that may or may not be staunch on his point. The method is by no means a sure one to fill the bag, for no range can be swept clean by unsystematic beating.—BELL.

A CUR-TAILED TALE.—In the classic shades of Long Island City there is a little black short-haired dog that came from Germany. He has no tail, never had a tail, was born without a tail, hasn't any place for a tail, and will never have a tail (except the one I am now giving you). He is the illustrious parent of seven promising pups three of which have nice long tails, and the remaining four have nary a tail. It is a sad tail you get from them, but true. Any one can see him and his, by addressing me in your care.—S. S., *Long Island City.*

Cases similar to that quoted above have from time to time appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM. The late Mr. W. M. Tileston, former associate editor of the journal, owned a litter of short-tailed setter puppies born of parents whose tails had been docked. Although we but seldom hear of such cases, yet there is nothing remarkable or improbable about the tail unfolded by our Long Island correspondent. We clip the following from the London *Field:*

"At the end of 1879 I bred a litter of wire-haired fox terrier pups; they were by a son of a well-known winner of many prizes, out of an Alexandra Palace prize winner; there were six dogs and one bitch. One of the dogs was born without a vestige of a tail, and was destroyed. I disposed of all the dogs, but kept the bitch to breed from. She was three times exhibited and twice V. H. C. at good shows. Her first litter was born while she was suffering from distemper, and the pups all died About a fortnight ago she brought forth her second litter (three bitches and one dog), and one of the bitches was born entirely tailless. The pups are by a son of a winner of over fifty cups and prizes. In each case the rump was perfectly rounded off and covered with hair, no stump or stump being visible. Would not these facts lead one to suppose that in course of time, by selection, one might succeed in breeding tailless terriers?—ROUGH JACKET.

"[There can be no doubt about the possibilty of this result, if you go on selecting tailless puppies.—ED.]"

LOST.—On Sunday, May 22, from the kennels of Mr. Edmund Orgill, 1096 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y., a lemon and white pointer bitch, about three years old. Twenty-five dollars will be paid for her return to the above address.

KENNEL NOTES.

**** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Croxteth II.—Mr. A. E. Godeffroy, Guymard, N. Y., claims the name of Croxteth II for liver and white pointer puppy, whelped April 7, by Croxteth out of Peg.

Countess—Mr. A. E. Godeffroy, Guymard, N. Y., claims the name of Countess for liver and white pointer puppy, whelped April 7, by Croxteth out of Peg.

Raissa—Mr. Elliott Smith, New York city, claims the name of Raissa for lemon and white pointer bitch puppy by Sensation out of Mr. Luke White's Grace, whelped Feb. 28, 1881.

Gilderoy—Mr. Geo. C. Marsh, Sycamore, Ill., claims the name of Gilderoy for his lemon Belton Llewellyn setter puppy, whelped March 4, 1881, by Druid out of Princess Draco (Rob Roy-Livy).

Nelson—Mr. Thos. Anson, Bay View, Wis., claims the name of Nelson for pointer dog puppy by Henry Clay (Bow-Queen) out of Dream (Sleaford-Waddell's Fan).

Correction—In last issue, under this heading, the name of Mr. S. Leonard Abbott, Jr., appeared as Mr. S. Leonard *Albert*, Jr. We take pleasure in correcting the mistake.

Bob White, Commodore, and Minnie Warren.—Dr. H. B. Wygant, Peekskill, N. Y., claims the names of Bob White for lemon and white cocker dog puppy, Commodore for liver and white cocker dog puppy, and Minnie Warren for liver and white cocker bitch puppy, the trio by Music out of Fly.

BRED.

Lady Gordon-Bob—Mr. Garrett Roach's (New York city) champion black and tan setter bitch Lady Gordon to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Bob.

Princess Belle-Count Noble—The Mohawk Kennels, Chatham, Ont., have bred Princess Belle (Pilkington's Rums-Dodge's Rose) to Mr. D. C. Cameron's Count Noble (Count Wind'em-Nora).

Charlotte Queen-Rake—Mr. L. W. Fenner's (Charlotte, N. C.,) lemon and white setter bitch Charlotte Queen, by Scout (Rock-Kirby) out of Andrew's Anne Boleyn (Leicester-Kirby) to Mr. Bergundthal's Rake.

Beezy-Chief—Mr. Pentz's (Hempstead, L. I.) red Irish setter bitch Beezy to Mr. Max Wenzel's Chief.

WHELPS.

Black Bess—Dr. I. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) black cocker spaniel Black Bess whelped May 22, eight puppies, seven dogs and one bitch, by Bobb II.

Jessie—Mr. G. W. Campbell's (Carter Creek, Tenn.) setter bitch Fannie whelped May 21, seven puppies, five dogs and two bitches, by Joe, Jr.; color, three red dogs, two white dogs and two bitches.

Juno—Mr. J. E. Dicht's (Beverly, N. J.) liver, white and tan Gordon setter bitch Juno whelped May 17, eight puppies, four dogs and four bitches, by Mr. W. H. Hamilton's imported Gordon setter dog Norna.

Fly—Mr. O. France's (Caldwell, N. J.) imported collie bitch Fly whelped April 9, four puppies, two dogs and two bitches, by Lindsey's Rex (Cora—Nell) 1st N. Y. 1880.

Fany—A. Galloway's (Linden, N. J.) imported collie bitch Fany whelped April 13, seven puppies, six dogs and one bitch, by Lindsay's Rex, 1st N. Y., 1880.

Nellie—F. Bliss Walker's (Elmira, N. Y.) foxhound bitch Nellie whelped May 27, nine puppies, five dogs and four bitches (name of sire omitted in notice).

SALES

Rags—Mr. Gard. G. Hammond, New London, Conn., has sold to Mr. George Mixter, of Boston, Mass., the Chesapeake Bay dog Rags, by Mr Curtis' Foam out of owner's Ruth.

Minnie—Mr. Elliott Smith, New York city, has purchased of Mr. C. DuBois Wagstaff the champion pointer bitch Minnie, by Sensation out of Whiskey.

Sensation-Grace Whelps—Mr. Elliott Smith, of New York city, has purchased of Mr. Luke Smith, of Bridgeport, Conn., a lemon and white pointer bitch puppy by Sensation out of White's Grace.

Music-Fly Whelps—Dr. H. B. Wygant, Peekskill, N. Y., has sold to Dr. F. H. Mason, same place, a liver and white cocker spaniel dog puppy, and to Mr. Wm. Du phy, same place, a liver and white bitch puppy, both being by Music out of Fly.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

C. F. Z., Washington, D. C.—The gland was inflamed, the result of pressure from straining against the collar. Time will probably put him all right.

C. H. B., Allentown, Pa.—During the intense cold weather the tear glands of my puppy drove out. Do you think the spring weather will make it good or worse? Ans. Bathe every day with warm water for five minutes' time and pleasant weather will probably bring about a cure.

W. D. B., New York City.—My bull terrier's eyes are weak and slightly inflamed on the inside at times. I have used zinc and water, but it does not seem to have any effect. The dog is about 18 months old. Ans Probably the dog has too much meat. Give him less. Plenty exercise and a few purges of sulphate of magnesia, administered in the morning, will soon bring his eyes all right.

J. K., Pa.—My beagle has a lump on her head between the skin and skull about the size of a small marble, like a wen or cancer. Ans. Any surgeon can cut it out, if necessary.

H. L. Z., New York.—Mastiff bitches as a rule do not breed up to a long age, and generally give up from six to eight years old. We do not know an instance of a bitch having bred at the age pointers and terriers get to.

J. J. D., Boston, Mass.—We have sent you pedigree of Fanny Belle of the East, now owned by Mr. P. B. Baughan, Providence, R. I

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, May 28.—Better weather conditions never presented themselves to riflemen than to-day, but only a small number took advantage of the opportunity to make large scores. On the arrival of the early train the wind dial indicated northeast, with hardly force enough to disturb the red signal flags. The light was nearly perfect. The sun was obscured just enough to prevent any approach of the dreaded mirage. The spectators were numerous, several carriages being upon the grounds, the occupants watching the sport eagerly at all the ranges. These conditions lasted until after one o'clock, when an entire change occurred, the wind became south, the clouds had disappeared and the sun shone in all its glory with an intense heat. These conditions remained until far close of the contest.

Sharpshooters' Match (Massachusetts target).

A C Adams	11	12	11	11	12	10	11	12	12	10	12	—112
O M Jewell	11	11	11	11	10	12	12	12	10	11	—111	
E O Everett	10	10	12	11	11	10	11	11	12	12	—110	
A C Spence	10	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	—108	
G F Ellsworth	10	10	12	9	12	10	11	11	11	10	—107	
F E Otis	11	10	10	11	12	12	8	11	10	10	—105	
G Carson	11	11	11	11	12	8	10	11	10	10	—105	
C Good	11	11	10	10	10	11	10	11	11	9	—103	
H Osgood	10	8	11	10	10	11	11	12	11	9	—103	

Handicap Match (Creedmoor target).

T S Bennett	455555544—47											
J H Fellows	4455455555—46											
J Borden	4445554445—44											
A C Spence	4454455544— 44											
H S James	5455554444—44											
W E Guerrier	4444444455—42											
G Watson	4545354544—42											

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—The past week at this famous resort for riflemen has been one of unusual success, and some very fine scores have been made in the experts' pistol match, Mr. J J Dunne, of N. Y. City, has exceeded all previous records, and has the fine score of 240, with an 82 target to his credit.

J J Dunne	77	81	82—240	W Williams	78	69	72—209					
J Ames	72	76	84—232	J Habbeth	63	67	72—2 4					
J H Williams	65	75	78—228	E Wilder	57	68	69—204					

Amateur Pistol Match.

S W Farrar	64	59	47—67	J Prescott	61	52	52—165					
S Chase	62	60	44—166	C Edwards	45	48	53—146					

All Comers' Rifle Match

H W Marsh	38	38	38	38	39—191	W Gardner	37	36	35	36	37—181	

Amateur Rifle Match.

E Welder	37	37	37	37	37—185							
S Fogg	36	35	36	36	37—179	D P Holden	32	24	35	37		
E Fairham	34	34	35	35	35—173	R Burlingame	36	36	47			
G Hastings	33	24	34	34	35—160							

BRIDGEPORT, Ct., May 27.—The regular shoot of the Bridgeport Rifle Club to-day had fair weather most of the time, excepting about 30 minutes when we were visited by a shower, wind blowing fresh across the range; 7 shots in all matches.

200 yds., 26 entries A C White, 33; Geo Quitmeyer, 32; S H Hubbard, 29; D E Marsh, 32; H. Nichols, 31; F M Beers, 25.

200 yds. Silverware Match, 27 entries—Geo Quitmeyer, 32; D E Marsh, 30; John Kienzy, 40; S V Nichols, 28; A C White, 32; P S Bassett, 30; F W Barber, 29; H Nichols, 23.

200 yds. Record, Special Target—A C White, 32; D E Marsh, 24; Henry Nichols, 24; J Kinzie, 18; Geo Quitmeyer, 28; S V Nichols, 24; F M Beers, 19.

500 yds. Aneid and Afloat Rifle, first 10 shots—S H Hubbard, 50; M L Reynolds, 45; D N Congar, 49; S G Kingman, 43.

500 yds. Sharps rifle Match, cartoon target, 10 shots—S H Hubbard, 59; S W Peck, 56; W Malory, 46; D N Congar, 58; S V Nichols, 48; S G Kingman, 45.

500 yds. Carton, Record Badge, 7 shots—D N Congar, 36; S H Hubbard, 35; S G Kingman, 41; M L Reynolds, 36; F M Beers, 32.

200 yds. Military Rifle, 7 shots—S H Hubbard, 39; S W Peck, 32; S V Nichols, 24; D N Congar, 33; M L Reynolds, 31.

THE LEECH CUP.—The 7th annual contest for the trophy representing the individual championship of America at long range took place at Creedmoor on Monday last. This trophy was presented to the club by Major John Bodine, Quartermaster-General of the Irish long-range team which visited this country during that year. It is a large silver cup, and there is a fac simile of one of the famous towers of ancient Erin in relief on its lid, forming a handle to the cover. Under the conditions prescribed by the donor, the trophy is to be shot for annually. It is open to all native-born citizens of the United States, and has therefore been dubbed the "Know-nothing" trophy. All members of the Amateur Rifle Club, regardless of their nationality, are, however, eligible to compete in the match. The name of the winner in each year, and his score, is inscribed on the cup. The record is as follows: 1875, Col. John Bodine, 205; 1876, Col. H. A. Gildersleeve, 204; 1877, Major H. S. Jewell, 213; 1878, Frank Hyde, 206; 1879, J. S. Sumner, of Boston, 215; 1880, C. E. Lamb, 218. The veteran long-range rifleman, Leonard Geiger, of Hudson, N. Y., was on the ground, but his eyesight has become impaired from constant shooting during the past decade, and he was compelled to be content with "spotting" shots for his old companions. Among the competitors were Messrs. Morris and Rockwell, of Boston, who came on for the express purpose of competing for the cup. At 11:30 o'clock the match was begun with twenty-two entries. The weather was hot, but a stiff breeze blew down the range during the day from the rear of the firing-point toward the targets. The conditions of the match were as follows: Distances, 500, 900 and 1,000 yards; 15 shots at each range. The range at 800 yards was covered at 1 o'clock P. M., and a half hour was taken for luncheon, during which the traps of the competitors were removed back to the firing-point at 900 yards. The match was finished at 4.15 o'clock, and the cup was transferred from Mr. Lamb to President Bruce, who made the handsome score of 217 out of a possible 225 points. Following are the leading scores:

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.
L C Bruce	73	72	70	217
W M Farrow	72	74	68	214
Dr S P G Dudley	73	74	64	211
H P Rockwell	73	65	69	207
H Fisher	73	68	65	206
William Gornish	75	68	63	206
W W De Forrest	74	70	62	206
F H Holton	69	67	69	205
I L Allen	69	72	74	205
L Webber	70	66	67	203
Col John Bodine	73	67	63	203
R Bathbone	71	63	67	201
J W Todd	68	70	61	199
G L Morse	72	65	60	197
N D Wash	64	68	59	191
Dr S Babershaw	71	61	56	188
D F Davids	69	70	58	187
C E Overbaugh	64	58	55	177

Col. J. P. Clark, W. H. Brown, J. P. Waters and A. B. Hodgman withdrew.

JUNE PROGRAMME AT CREEDMOOR.—Secretary Donaldson has issued the programme for the matches during the present month at Creedmoor, providing the following contests: 8th, Remington Gold match, ninth competition; 900 and 1000 yards; rounds, 20 at each distance; position, any.

9th, Off-Hand individual match; professionals only handicapped; first competition; open to everybody; 200 and 300 yards; fifteen shots at each; any rifle; military rifles to receive two points allowance at 200 yards and four points at 300 yards.

10th, 11th and 23d; first competition the Three Distance match; professionals only handicapped; open to everybody; 100, 200 and 300 yards; seven shots each distance; any rifle and position; two entries allowed, but only the highest score to count; winners to be determined by aggregate of scores made at two out of the three competitions; twenty-four cash prizes; total, $100.

16th, Ballard Rifle match; seventeenth competition; open to all comers; winners to be handicapped one point for each time won; 100 and 200 yards; position standing; any rifle; rounds, seven at each distance; no cleaning allowed between either shots or distances; the rifle to be won three times (not necessarily consecutive), before becoming personal property, but any competitor making a full score (35 points) at each distance at any one competition to become the final winner. The We Will match; eleventh competition; open only to members of the National Guard of any State; 200 and 600 yards; position at 200 yards, standing; at 600 yards, any with head toward the target; seven shots at each distance; weapon, the authorized military rifle in use by the State of which the competitor is a member; prize to become property of competitor winning it three times. The Winchester Rifle match; sixth competition; at the running deer target; distance, 100 yards.

25th, The Champion Marksman's Badge match; first competition; open all day; no handicaps; open to all members of the N. G. S. N. Y.; 200 and 500 yards; five shots at each; Remington rifle N. Y. State model; position, for infantry, standing at 200 yards; any, with head to the target, at 500 yards; competitors allowed two entries in each competition, but only the highest score to take a prize.

29th, Off-Hand Team match; no handicaps; open to teams of four men each from any civil, military or naval organization; 200 and 500 yards; fifteen shots at each; any rifle; teams using all military rifles to receive an allowance of ten points at each distance.

AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB.—The matches for June are as follows: June 3.—Extra Long Range match; 48 shots; 1000 yards.

June 15.—Second Championship match; 15 shots; 800, 900, and 1000 yards.

June 22.—Bronze Medal Mid-Range match; 30 shots; 700 yards.

June 22.—Season match; 20 shots; 1000 yards.

June 29.—Third Championship match; 15 shots; 800, 900 and 1000 yards.

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—For the week ending May 28.—At 30 yds., Creedmoor target reduced to the distance; 3 scores, possible 150, the 3 scores added:

P G Fenning	149	J G Joiner	144
J H Brown	148	C Judson	144
E Bennett	148	J N Marghaler	143
H Oehl	147	W H Reed	141
M L Riggs	144		

E. B.

ALBANY, May 27.—Winchester match, set apart for the military men and under the usual military conditions. However, they have never taken any interest in it, and the competitors are composed mainly of small-bore men who use a military for diversion. Yesterday but two military men entered the match. The scores were as follows:

	200 yards.	500 yards.
J I Miles, S M	4 5 4 4 4—21	5 4 5 5 4—23—44
A Thorne, S M	4 4 4 4 3—19	5 5 5 3 4—22—41
A Carpenter, S M	3 5 4 5 3—20	3 4 4 5 4—20—40
G H Charles, Sal S	4 5 4 4 4—21	2 3 5 5 5—19—40
Wm E Fitch, S M	4 4 3 3 4—18	5 4 4 4 3—20—38
Wm T Miles, S M	4 3 4 4 3—18	5 4 3 3 5—20—38
C G Cheever, R M	4 4 3 3 4—18	4 3 3 4 4—18—36
Theo Mosher, S M	3 2 3 4 3—15	0 4 3 5 2—14—29

200 yards, subscription match:

James I Miles, S M	44555—23	C G Cheever, R M	45444—21
S Baldwin, Bal S	44554—22	O Dexter, S S	45444—21
Theodore Mosher, Bal S	45454—22	Wm T Miles, Bal S	45444—21
Wm E Fitch, Bal S	54544—22	A Thorne, S M	44444—20
H R Sanders, Bal S	44445—21	A Carpenter, S M	34444—19
P Tobin, Sal S	44544—21	J Donegar, Wes S	54342—18
G H Charles, Sal S	44544—21		

Thirty duplicate entries were made. Next Thursday the John Hodge match and the 500-yard life membership will be on the programme.

THE STOCKTON RIFLE-RANGE ASSOCIATION, of Camden, has issued its programme of matches for the ensuing month as follows: Saturday, June 4—Sharps match for military rifles; open to all comers; distance, 200 yards; position, standing; 10 shots; weapon, any rifle, without cleaning; prize, a Sharps military rifle. Wednesday, June 8—Mid-range match; distance, 500 yards; any position; other conditions similar to the preceding match; prize, a Ballard rifle. Saturday, June 11—Short-range military match, open to the rank and file of the New Jersey National Guard; weapons, Springfield rifles; 10 shots, off-hand; seven prizes, consisting of various quantities of cartridges, and the Champion Marksman's badge; match, open to the First Infantry, Pennsylvania National Guard; distance, 200 and 500 yards; five shots at each range; weapons, Springfield rifles; prize, a gold badge. Wednesday, June 15—Short-range match, open to all comers; distances, 100 and 200 yards; seven shots, off-hand, at each range; no cleaning; prize, a Remington short-range rifle. Saturday, June 18—"Second" gold match, open to all comers; distances, 100 and 200 yards; 10 shots at each range, off-hand; four money prizes of $50, $25, $15 and $10, respectively, and second contest for the Sharps military rifle. Wednesday, June 22—Remington match, open to all comers; distance, 200 yards; 10 shots, off-hand; prize, a Remington breechloader rifle. Saturday, June 25—Champion Marksman's Badge match, open to the Second brigade, New Jersey National Guard, on conditions similar to those in the match previously mentioned, and second competition for the gold prize. Wednesday, June 29—Second short-range match for a Remington short-range rifle.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 24.—The rifle contest between the Milwaukee, Geo. H. Thomas, of Chicago, and Minneapolis Rifle Clubs to-day, was an exciting and spirited affair. At 8:30 the representatives of the three clubs and their friends took a special train for the range at Lake Park Manor Bissaert Leech, Captain of the Irish long-range team which visited this country during that year. It is a large silver cup, and there is a fac simile of one of the famous towers of ancient Erin in relief on its lid, forming a handle to the cover. Under the conditions prescribed by the donor, the trophy is to be shot for annually. It is open to all native-born citizens of the United States, and has therefore been dubbed the "Know-nothing" trophy. All members of the Amateur Rifle Club, regardless of their nationality, are, however, eligible to compete in the match. The name of the winner in each year, and his score, is inscribed on the cup. The record is as follows: 1875, Col. John Bodine, 205; 1876, Col. H. A. Gildersleeve, 204; 1877, Major H. S. Jewell, 213; 1878, Frank Hyde, 206; 1879, J. S. Sumner, of Boston, 215; 1880, C. E. Lamb, 218. The veteran long-range rifleman, Leonard Geiger, of Hudson, N. Y., was on the ground, but his eyesight has become impaired from constant shooting during the past decade, and he was compelled to be content with "spotting" shots for his old companions. Among the competitors were Messrs. Morris and Rockwell, of Boston, who came on for the express purpose of competing for the cup. At 11:30 o'clock the match was begun with twenty-two entries. The weather was hot, but a stiff breeze blew down the range during the day from the rear of the firing-point toward the targets. The conditions of the match were as follows: Distances, 500, 900 and 1,000 yards; 15 shots at each range. The range at 800 yards was covered at 1 o'clock P. M., and a half hour was taken for luncheon, during which the traps of the competitors were removed back to the firing-point at 900 yards. The match was finished at 4.15 o'clock, and the cup was transferred from Mr. Lamb to President Bruce, who made the handsome score of 217 out of a possible 225 points. Following are the leading scores:

Milwaukee Team.

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
J C Wells	75	69	71	215
John Johnston	73	69	64	206
H Drake	73	67	63	203
E D Bangs	71	63	65	198
G C Markham	73	68	58	199
H P Yale	66	70	60	196
	429	406	381	1,216

Minneapolis Team.

D N Hoblet	73	68	67	208
C Y Skinner	71	67	62	200
M Maudin	66	69	62	179
Ole Quaine	71	69	55	195
J H Haukinson	65	70	59	174
A F Elliott	52	63	44	159
	398	406	349	1,155

Chicago Team.

E R Hubbard	71	73	68	212
M Tyrrell	74	65	71	210
J A Shaffer	73	72	60	205
C M Bill	68	67	59	174
D B Freeman	59	58	50	162
J O Hobbs	57	55	48	160
	381	385	356	1,122

At a meeting held at the Kirby House in the evening there was a large attendance. The following clubs were represented: Geo. H. Thomas, Chicago; Minneapolis Club; Orion, Racine; Sheboygan Club; Lake Side, Lake View, Ill., and the Milwaukee club. C. M. Skinner, of the Minneapolis club, presided, and Col. Lon. H. Drury officiated as secretary. It was resolved to proceed to organization by nominating a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. The committee on nomination consisted of E. R. Hubbard, of the Thomas Club; John Johnston, Milwaukee; J. B. Till, Lake Side; A. F. Elliott, Minneapolis; W. S. Humphrey, Sheboygan. They nominated the following gentlemen, and they were elected: President, C. M. Skinner, of Minneapolis; Vice-President, E. W. Hincks, of Milwaukee; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, L. H. Drury, Chicago; Recording Secretary, H. L. Chenowth, Chicago. The officers of the association were appointed a committee to prepare a set of rules and regulations to govern the association. U. A. Burt, U. S. A., John McConnell and W. S. Humphrey were appointed as additional members of the committee.

NEW ORLEANS, May 15.—The second contest between battalion teams for the first Denver prize took place this afternoon at the New Orleans Rifle Club Park. The score was as follows:

	200 yards.	500 yards.
Dudley Selph	4 4 4 4 4—20	5 4 4 5 4—22—42
Manton	5 3 4 4 4—21	3 5 4 4 5—21—42
Ward	4 5 4 3 4—20	3 3 4 4 3—17—37
G W Charlton	4 4 5 5 4—20	3 4 3 4 5—17—37
Sporl	4 4 3 5 4—19	5 2 5 3 2—17—36
Bradford	3 3 3 3 4—16	3 4 4 3 2—15—31
Miller	4 3 3 4 4—18	3 2 3 2 4—14—32
W W Wilkins	3 2 3 4 3—15	4 2 0 4 4—14—29—181
Continental Guards.		
Knight	5 5 4 4 3—21	4 5 4 5 3—21—42
Henry	5 5 4 4 4—20	4 3 4 4 4—18—38
Doolittle	4 0 3 4 4—16	4 6 3 4 5—21—37
Pierce	3 4 4 3 3—16	3 4 4 3 4—17—33
Howe	3 4 3 3 3—16	2 3 3 4 3—15—31
McCall	3 2 4 2 3—15	4 0 0 5 3—12—27
Maltby	5 3 0 3 3—14	2 0 0 5 4—11—25
Franklin	4 4 3 4 4—19	0 0 3 0 0— 3—22—255

NEW ORLEANS, La. May 22.—Owing to the competitive drill of the last three days and presence of some of the visiting military in town, the attendance at the park was very slim, only six entries being made. Selph was ruled out, owing to his late arrival, according to the rule. The following are the scores:

	500 yards.	200 yards.	100 yards.	Total.
Gschwind	17	22	21	60
Sporl	17	21	20	58
Henry	17	19	22	58
Charlton	17	19	22	58
Sgchind	12	20	22	54
Hauswald	13	16	20	49

To day on the grounds of the New Orleans Gun Club there was a bat shooting match, handicap from 18 to 26 yards rise, 10 double rises, three prizes being offered. For this event there were twenty-two contestants, among whom were most of our noted amateur shots of the city. The match was a most interesting one throughout.

THE camp at Wimbledon will open on the 9th prox., and the fortnight's shooting on the 11th.

THE TRAP.

NEBRASKA TOURNAMENT.

THE shooting tournament held at Lincoln, Nebraska, under the management of the Lincoln Sportsman's Club, May 17, 18, 19 and 20, was well attended, although the weather was cold, raw and rainy during the first two days. The following are the official scores made the first, second and third days. Our reporter was not able to get scores of last day's shoot. Ten glass balls; distance, 18 yards; 1ree for all. Following is the score:

Brucker	1110111111—9	Den	1000111111—7
Arbuthnot	1111101110—8	Kauffman	1111000111—7
Farmele	1011111111—9	Sinclair	1111101111—9
Hughes	0120101011—6	Browning	1011010111—7
Woods	1011110111—8	Berg	0001010001—3
McCarthy	1111110111—9	Jones	0111010110—6
Hathaway	1001111011—7	Leeder	1111001011—7
Johnson	0101111011—7	Bracey	1001111011—7
Petty	1111111111—10	Collins	0001000011—3
Robertson	1111111111—10	Spriggs	1111110111—9
Hallett	0110111110—7	Denham	0111101111—8
Egan	1111010010—6	Carpenter	1101000010—4
Bray	1101011101—7	Beltzer	0001010111—5
Still	1111101001—7	Page	1111111110—9
Shellenberger	1011101111—8	Brown	0101111110—7
Barney	0100011011—5	Baum	0111111110—8
Peet	1111111110—9	Irwin	1111111111—10
Dunham	1111111111—10	Henton	1111001111—8
Babcock	0000111001—4	Millis	1110111111—9

Referees—Messrs. McDonald, Shields and Rogers. Messrs. Robertson, Dunham, Petty and Irwin divided. Mills won second money on a tie with Farmelee. Peet broke five balls straight and won third place. Bray and Johnson shot for fourth prize; won by the former, who broke five balls.

Contest No 2, 10 balls at 18 yards, resulted as follows:

Babcock	0100101010—4	Bray	1011101110—7
Leeder	1101111111—9	Johnson	1101001010—6
Shellenberger	1110111111—9	Spriggs	1101111001—7
Petty	1111111111—10	Hallett	1111111110—9
McCartney	1011101101—7	McKee	1111101101—8
Farmelee	1101110111—8	Still	1110111110—8
Henton	1001111001—7	Budd	1111101110—8
Mills	1111111111—10	Hastings	1111111111—10
Robertson	1111111110—9	Arbuthnot	1101110110—7
Hathaway	1100111101—7	Beltzer	0011111111—8
Hughes	1001110101—6	Denham	1111110111—9
Shields	1110111111—9	Bracey	0011111011—7
Jones	1111010000—6	Collins	0111011110—7
Kauffman	1101111111—9	Baum	1111011110—8
Woods	1111111111—10	Hostetter	0011110110—6
Browning	1111111110—9	McBride	1111111111—10
Barney	1011110001—6	Brown	1111001000—5
Peet	1111111011—9	Page	1100111011—7
Sheldon	1101111111—9	Irwin	0111111111—9

Referees—Messrs. McDonald and Tomson. Ties: First, J.W. Petty; second, divided by Shellenberger and Robertson; third, J. E. Baum; fourth, Daniel Bray.

Second Day.—The rain of the night before did not greatly interfere with the sport. The first contest was for the prize silver cup, 15 single birds, at 21 yards rise. This cup was won last year by the Lincoln Club. It was won to-day by the Omaha Sportsmen's Club.

Omaha Sportsmen's Club.

Mills	111111011—9	Hathaway	1111111111—10
Hughes	1111111110—10	Petty	1111001111— 8—37

Lincoln Sportsmen's Club.

McBride	111010 111— 8	Hathaway	1111101111— 9
J E Baum	1111010110— 7	Hallett	1111111111—10—34

Nemaha County Sportsmen's Club.

Browning	1111111101— 9	Den	1111111101— 9
Kauffman	1111111101— 9	Irwin	1111101111— 8—35

Syracuse Silsby Gun Club.

Bray	1111101111— 9	Still	1111111000— 7
Barney	1111011011— 8	Peet	1110111111— 9—35

Omaha Workingmen's Club.

Leeder	1110101001— 6	Farmlee	1110111101— 8
Bracey	1111011111— 9	Robertson	1111010110— 7—30

Osceola* Sportsmen's Club.

Woods, J M	1111111111—10	Woods, C B	1110100—4
Beltzer	1110110— 5	Logan	1110110—5

* Withdrawn.

Contest No. 4, 5 single birds, 21 yards rise:

Johnson	01111—4	Kauffman	10110—3
Young	01001—2	Browning	1111*—4
McCartney	01011—3	Page	11111—5
Babcock	11010—3	Peet	10111—4
Shellenberger	11100—3	Brown	10011—3
Woods	01101—3	Hallett	11111—5
Budd	01111—4	Beltzer	01110—3
Petty	11111—5	Leeder	11110—3
Hathaway, S B	11011—4	Livingston	01111—4
Hastings	11011—4	McBride	01100—2
Mills	11011—4	Farmalee	01001—2
Mathewson	11100—3	Still	01111—4
Smith	11110—4	Bracey	01111*—3
Carpenter	11001—3	Robertson	00111—3
Bray	10011—3	Hughes	01001—2
Brucker	11101—4	Dunham	01101—3
Collins	10011—3	Lyle	01111—4
Barney	01001—2	Logan	10010—2
Egan	10011—3	Arbuthnot	11111—5
Tucker	01111—4	Denham	01010—2
Sheldon	01111—4	Irwin	10011—3
Hostetter	11110—4		

* Dropped dead out of bounds.

First prize was divided among Petty, Page and Hallett; second, S. A. Tucker; third, S. M. Shellenberger; fourth, Geo. Jones. The prizes were $50, $60, $40 and $20. A sweepstakes purse was then shot for with the following result: First money divided among Petty, Irwin, Jones and S. B. Hathaway; second, Tucker; third, divided between Bond and Hastings; fourth, Geo. Dunham.

Third Day.—Three double birds at eighteen yards, canvas hunting boat as first prize:

Mathewson	11	11	11—6	Sheldon	11	01 01—4
Harley	00	10	11—3	Browning	10	11 11—5
McBride	11	11	11—6	Kauffman	10	11 11—5
Babcock	11	01	01—4	Bond	00	00 00—1
Shellenberger	11	10	10—4	Bray	11	11 11—6
Hathaway, S B	10	11	11—6	Carpenter	10	00 00—1
Farmalee	10	11	11—5	Brown	00	10 10—2
Petty	11	11	11—6	Hughes	10	11 11—5
Baum, J E	00	11	11—5	Kennedy	10	11 11—5
Hallett	00	11	11—4	Johnson	01	11 00—3
Elliott	11	01	11—5	Mills	1*	11 11—5
Woods	10	11	11—5	Brock	11	11 11—6
Beltzer	10	11	11—5	Hathaway, H D	10	10 01—3
McClay	10	10	11—4	Dunham	10	11 01—4
Lyle	11	11	00—4	Denham	10	11 01—5
Arbuthnot	00	11	00—2	Leeder	10	11 10—4
Logan	10	10	01—3			

The first prize was won by Petty, the second was divided between J. B. Hathaway and Browning, the third between Schellenberger and Leeder, Logan received the fourth, and the fifth was divided between Arbuthnot and Brown.

Team shooting: 10 glass balls, 18 yards:

McBride	1000101111— 7	Sheldon	0001101101— 5—12
Summers	1110111110— 8	Den	1111011111— 9—17
Shellenberger	0010001111— 6	Shellenberger	1111011111—10—16
Harley	1101100101— 6	Baum, J E	0111100110— 6—12
Farmalee	1110101110— 7	Hughes	1111010011— 7—14
Still	1110101111— 8	Carpenter	0001010110— 5—13
Leeder	1110101111— 8	Jones	0011111111— 9—17
Petty	1011111111— 9	Mills	1111111111—10—19
Woods	1111101111— 9	Johnson	0101000011— 4—13
Brown	1101101111— 8	McKee	1111110010— 7—15
Irwin	0111010101— 6	Dunham	1111[illegible]— 8—16

Matthewson	1010111000—5	Kennedy	1110111110—8—13
Shields	0000111111—6	Robertson	1010011110—6—12
Lyle	0110121111—8	Tucker	1011111011—8—16
Hallell	1100110111—8	Ha'kaway, H. D.	0101011000—3—12
Peet	1111111111—10	Bray	1011111111—9
Budd	1111111001—9	Hastings	1111111110—9—18
Hathaway, S B	1111110001—7	Denham	0011100111—6—13
Page	0011011011—6	Hostetter	1111111111—10—17
Brucker	0101111111—8	Kelley	1011111101—9—17

Petty and Mills won the first prize, Hastings and Budd second, Leeder and Jones third, Kaufman and Shellenberger fourth.

The next contest was open to members of the State association, 7 single birds, 21 yards rise.

Berg	0011110—4	Logan	1110001—4
McBride	1111111—7	Hathaway	1111111—7
Matthewson	1111111—6	Harley	0000101—2
Johnson	0111111—6	Strassburger	0011110—5
Babcock	1101100—4	Jones	1101101—4
Hallell	0011111—5	Lewis	1101111—6
Parmelee	0211110—5	Peet	1111111—6
Hathaway, H. D	1111101—6	Leeder	0111011—5
Smith	0110011—4	Still	1100011—4
Woods	1111111—7	Kelley	0011111—6
Belzer	1111111—7	Arnusbuurt	1101000—3
Browning	1110 11—6	Brucker	0011000—2
Baum, J. E	1101101—5	Curry	1011011—5
Petty	1111111—7	Mence	1000000—1
Mills	1111111—7	Carpenter	1111100—5
Shellenberger	1111111—7	Lyle	1111100—5
King	1010001—3	Dunham	1111011—6
Page	1111111—6	Brock	1011111—6
Sheiden	1111011—6	Denham	1111111—6
Bray	0011110—4	Den	1100011—4

S. B. Hathaway won the first prize. The other ties will be shot off this morning. Match between Mr. Irwin, of Topeka, Kan., and Mr. Tucker, of West Meriden, Conn., fifteen birds, from five ground traps, according to English rules. Both gentlemen killed thirteen out of fifteen birds, and began shooting off the tie. Mr. Irwin killed four consecutive birds; the fifth was hit, but fell out of bounds and was lost. Mr. Tucker killed five birds in succession. Mr. Tucker was therefore the winner. This contest was close and interesting. A feature of it was the retrieving of the birds by Mr. Irwin's dog.

PITTSBURG SHOOTING.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 27.

To-day has been unusually interesting to our sportsmen, the occasion being the regular semi-annual contest of the Allegheny County Sportsmen's Association. The event has been looked forward to anxiously for several reasons, but most of all, because this association has a larger number of crack shots than can be found in any other association of the size in this State. The day was all that could be desired, and the birds were an exceptionally strong lot. The meeting took place at Bridgeville on the Chartiers Valley Rail Road, about 11 Miles from the city. Twenty-six members answered the roll call and made the following excellent scores; distance 29 yards; Haws' trap, use of both barrels:

Ed Armstrong	1011111111011111—12	A B Nevin	1111011111111111—13
J Richards	1110 01111 00—10	H C Nevin	1011010111111100—9
W S Bell	1011 1011111—9	D M Marsh	1111111011111—14
E F Smith	1111111111111—13	T J Keenan	1110111111111111—15
James Dean	1101 0011011—8	Register	1111111111111—14
E J Donner	1011101011011—8	Wm McGee	0110011011111101—8
Giessenkamp	1111011101011—10	E Taggart	0101010010111—9
J Hicks	1101010 1111—8	S Bishop	1111111011011—11
C M Hostetter	1111111111111—14	Dr C H Voight	1111111111011011—12
Dr J B Johnson	1011 0011011101—7	J L Ward	1011101011111010—9
C B Lovett	1111111111110—13	L S Hamilton	1011111111101001—11
J Lovett	1111111111111—14	W S Woods	1111111111101001—11
McCracken	1111101011010—11	A Wilson	0100000101001—4

The tie was then shot off, Mr. Martin missing his second and Mr. Hostetter his fifth bird. The result of the shooting off of this tie was as follows, the distance being thirty-one yards:

Register	1111111111—1	Hostetter	1110
Martin	0000000000—0	Lovett	1111111111110

Mr. Register was declared winner of the Hague cup. It was won last year by Mr. C. B. Lovett. There was a tie between Messrs. C. B. Lovett and A. B. Nevin for the second prize, and it was not shot off owing to the fact that there were not birds enough. The second prize is a fine souvenir silver cup lined with gold. After this match was decided, the second event of the day was a 50 glass balls from rotating trap, of which the following is the score:

S S Dorion	36	D M Martin	36
Florence Brown	34	Collins	10
Clark	34	Work	10
C M Hostetter	29	W S Bell	29
G A Giessenkamp	37	J W Thorp	31
J L Ward	33	W J McCracken	31
J Register	39	J W Michaels	15
D Johnson	5	Dr Johnson	11
Dr. Voigt	15		

The first prize, a handsome silver cup, went to Mr. Bell, and the second, also a cup, to Mr. Register, as he won in shooting off his tie with Mr. Hostetter, as the score shows:

Register	1111—5	Hostetter	11110—

The judges were Mr. T. J Keenan and Mr McMunn, the referee was Mr. Seager, and the scorers Mr Bishop and Mr John Thorp.

The six gentlemen who made the highest scores in the pigeon match will compose the team and alternates for the State match at Meadville on June 7 for the state cup. This elegant trophy was won last year at New Brighton by the Allegheny team by a score of 93 out of 100. The team has yet to be composed of three, and they will be selected at the meeting of the club before the match. The gentlemen having the best scores were: Messrs. Register, Bell, J. Lovett, Martin, Hostetter and A B Nevin. The team last year was the Lovett brothers, Bell, J P Donaldson, Hostetter, with Martin, Donnell and Thompson as alternates Mr. Bell and Mr. Register, who won the first prizes yesterday, each used the Wesley Richards hammerless guns.—R. F. DEXTER.

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB, Washington, D. C., May 26.—A match between two teams of this club, chosen and captained by Messrs. Eldridge and Stoddard, respectively, was shot on Saturday afternoon on the club grounds at Eagle Park. Twenty balls per man, from Card's rotary trap, screened; twenty yards rise; best total to win. As shown below, the team captained by Mr. Eldridge won by fourteen balls. Messrs Hasbrouck and Parker are new members of the club, the latter never having sook before. The score was as follows:

W W Eldridge, Captain	11111 11111 01101 11111—18
E L Mills	01111 11111 11111 11111—17
Harry King	11111 11111 11111 11001—19
E M Seibert	11111 11111 11111 11111—20
Jas P Saffold	11111 11111 11011 00111—17
G M Ball	11111 11001 11011 11100—16
Jno B Morbons	11100 11101 11010 11101—15
J E Hosfeld	00000 01100 11001 11000—7
C J Stoddard, Captain	10011 11111 11111 10111—17
Wm Wagner	10111 11111 11111 11111—19
F B Farnsworth	11111 11111 01111 11111—19
T E King	11011 01110 11111 11111—17
P F Nagle	11101 11111 10011 11110—16
C E Dodge	11111 11111 10111 10111—18
N H Wadsworth	10110 10011 10011 11000—11
E P Parker	00000 00000 00000 00000— 0—113

E. .

LONG ISLAND SHOOTING CLUB, May 21.—Regular monthly contes of the Long Island Shooting Club for the city cup; shot for at 7 bird each, from 11 and 7 traps, handicapped rise, 80 yards boundary.

E H Madison	26 yds	R Midway	23 yds
R Robinson	22 "	H Van Sladen	24 "
F G Gillette	24 "	G W Tait	21 "
A Eddy	27 "	W Lenken	24 "
Mr Burnett	24 "	W Wesley	25 "
W Wilson	26 "		

Referee—Mr. Reed.

Madison won the with 3 killed.

BROWN'S DRIVING PARK, Boulevard, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 23.—Match for a $50 Scott gun, 50 birds each, from 5 ground traps, 28 yds. rise, 90 yards boundary, unhandicapped rules:

Allan P Nichols	11111 11111 00111 11111 11111 00111 11111 11111 11001 11111—45.
Edwin Henderson	11111 11111 11111 11001 10000 11101 11111 11110 10111 11110—40.

Mr. Nichols—Drivers 1, killed 3; right quarterers 30, killed 20; left quarterers 9, killed 8; incomers 1, killed 1; towerers 3, killed 2; killed with second barrel, 8; dead out of bounds, 1.

Mr. Henderson—Drivers 11; killed 4; right quarterers 16, killed 15; left quarterers 16, killed 15; incomers 7, killed 4; towerers 1, killed 1; killed with second barrel, 17; dead out of bounds, 8. Referee, W. R. Henderson. Time of match, 2½ hours.

CATAWISSA GLASS BALL CLUB, Rupert, May 23.:

Aldrich	1111111001101111101—16
Setter	1011010011010110101—11
Fox	1111001111111111111—18
Stadler	1101111011111011111—16
Eyer	1111111111111111111—20
Drinker	1111100110011000001—10
Kresh	1011011111111111010—16
Reifsnyder	0111111111011111110—17
Rinard	0100011001100000101— 7
P Waters	1111101111111011010—16

MISSOURI STATE TOURNAMENT.—Louis, May 2.—The programme for the annual tournament of the Missouri State Association to be held here, May 23 and continue six days, has been arranged. An effort will be made to secure Capt. Bogardus to manage the interests of the shoot during the week. Birds have been secured.—J. W. M.

Yachting and Canoeing.

THE SEASON OPENS.

FAVORED with a moderate breeze and a tolerably clear sky, Decoration Day in New York proved just the weather for the light-draft fleet, manned by an assorted crew of landsmen in best city togs, from silk stockings and low-quartered shoes up to stovepipes of vendorabe respectability, mixed with a small sprinkling of amateur sailors in the way of owners and old "stand-bys." Although the season has witnessed a very material reduction in the number of large yachts hailing from New York, owing to the sale of so many craft to the East and the building of but half a dozen boats to take the place of thirty odd gone, a very fair muster of ships in their best points and new appointments was made for the annual opening sail down the Bay and return. We are not among those whose hearts are turned at the sight of a score or so of yachts, and have to nearly lie to cuicken an enjoyable and successful sail to the fleet, the turnout was very far from what ought to have been the case in a city having the wealth and suburbs of New York. It is safe to say that four or five times as many yachts got under way in Boston waters, though they averaged less in tonnage, and what New York lacks in numbers may be considered in part made up on the score of size. Contemporaries may indulge in puffery of the home fleet to their hearts' content, but we think a truthful statement of the case is more to the interests of the sport than sensational glorification, the main object of which is to fill up space. The most notable feature worth recording, barring the general spick-span new appearance of fresh paint and clean canvas, is the growing popularity of double head sail for sloops, thus virtually giving in adherence to the principles of the cutter rig. For this we believe FOREST AND STREAM may justly take the credit, having been the first and only champion of double head sail in opposition to the single jib. Indeed, so universal has the modification of the sloop become in this respect that we think a few years more will see the single jib abandoned altogether in single-stickers, except perhaps for the smallest class of cabin boat, though even many of these evince a tendency to follow the fashion set by their larger sisters. When two years ago this question of handiness of sail was first brought into these columns we had hardly a single follower, the usual stale objections of "our summer weather" were trotted time and again and double head sail was regarded as only a "theoretical" chimera of FOREST AND STREAM, and no literary scrap of Bohemian of Lagoons, who took their lack of experience for "practical" knowledge. It has taken only a year or two of trial, however, to convince the majority that this journal was right after all, and the decoration day sail showed our yawlrig and cutter made a very fair half of the sloops under way. Housing topmasts, forty ones at that, have likewise displaced the stumpes spiked to the masthead, which were formerly the rule, until the latter have become so scarce as to excite comment as old-fashioned, and no flatlass yacht is seen of late years in the spik spank longer. Having fought unceasingly for the latter we rejoice should go up and down with the topsail and has no more business aloft when not required for sail than a spinaker boom has over the side when on the wind, we note with gratification the rapid conversion of the fleet to our ideas. Moreover, we are glad to note that seamanship is improving with time and that FOREST AND STREAM is eminently practical in all it advocates, with perhaps the reservation that it is always a little ahead of the times. Since the fall of last season we have had occasion to observe the new ships and those recently repaired, giving thereby a more effective sail and less weight aloft, while the very latest wrinkle was exhibited by Caprice coming out as a full fledged yawl. She did very well under that rig in spite of the report of the Fleet Surgeon, which set Caprice's mizzen down as a failure, because forsooth she was passed by sloops twice her size and by yachts which always had outsailed her even with a big mainsail boom. But concerning the yawl more anon. It is enough at present to observe that the new ships and those recently repaired, giving thereby a more effective sail and less weight aloft, while the very latest wrinkle was exhibited by Caprice coming out as a full fledged yawl. She did very well under that rig in spite of the report of the Fleet Surgeon, which set Caprice's mizzen down as a failure, because forsooth she was passed by sloops twice her size and by yachts which always had outsailed her even with a big mainsail boom. But concerning the yawl more anon. It is enough at present to observe that the new ships and those recently repaired, giving thereby a more effective sail and less weight aloft, while the very latest wrinkle was exhibited by Capr

guide book of Lake George with maps, will be forwarded to those needing minute information.

Mr. Marvin Truesdell, Hillview P. O., Lake George, N. Y., will erect a booth in the Canoe Camp, and will serve meals at 37 cents each. He will furnish straw for bedding at a reasonable price. Canoeists are requested to bring their tents and blankets.

Upon arriving at the canoe islands canoeists will please report to Mr. Charles A. Cressy, Supt. of Camps, who will assign them their camping grounds.

Regatta Committee. { EUGAN SWAIN, CHARLES F. GARDINER, NATHANIEL H. BISHOP.

Persons desiring to unite themselves with the American Canoe Association can obtain a copy of the Constitution, by-laws and instructions by application by addressing the Secretary. None but *amateurs* can become members. When canoes are used for the purpose of earning money, or for racing for purses, their owners will be considered professionals, and are ineligible to membership in the American Canoe Association. The initiation fee and first annual due ($2.00) should be sent in a registered letter. The first number of the "Canoe Pilot" will be issued in December of the present year. The first annual Association Book, with a list of members, canoes, etc., will be published in the course of a few weeks. Applicants for admission will expect the issue of this work by sending in their membership fees at an early day. More than one hundred members have been enrolled in the Association within the last eight months.

NATHANIEL H. BISHOP, Secretary of A. C. A.

Lake George, Warren Co., New York.

CANOEING IN NEW YORK.

IT is strange why New York has not taken the lead in canoeing, considering population, wealth and unsurpassed facilities of every kind. The paramount institution of this fascinating, clean and interesting sport, the New York Canoe Club, has hardly flourished as it ought, nor has it succeeded in propagating a love for the pastime, which would have redounded to its own strength and reputation. While in the West, and even the East, have been advancing with rapid strides, New York to-day can hardly muster a score of active canoeists—men who really swing the blades and are not content with simply figuring in print on the club books. The Minneapolis, Detroit, Hartford, Cincinnati and other young organizations already equal the older one in point of numbers, and lead it by long odds in enthusiasm and active life. This is not likely to remain so, at least not if we can help matters with our pen. The New York C. C. has now commodious quarters, is free from debt and should be far more popular than the meagre display of boats in its house would seem to indicate. A whole week often passes and not a vestige of life is to be seen about the club house; for aught any one knows there are no owners. Once in a great while a solitary individual with a downcast look wanders in and gets a few hours afloat, then slinks back like a sinner guilty of some heinous crime. It cannot be expected that every one belonging to the club will consider himself an appointed missionary, with the assigned duty of converting every one he meets to his pet hobby in the way of sport, but the members of the N. Y. C. C. enough who have the matter at heart to the extent of giving time and trouble to praiseworthy efforts, and to them the club must look for a brighter future. Nothing can be accomplished without work and a little of that is just what canoeing in this region seems to require. No better location than Staten Island could have been selected for headquarters. It is accessible by ferry every half-hour, comparatively free from tides inshore, protected against all but northerly gales, affords the best basis from which to start short cruises, and is itself a field likely to be profitable to fresh converts to the paddle if efforts were made to bring in the straggling sheep to the fold. We hear that a new pier and float are to be built from the house to the beach, something which needs to be consummated at once to render the quarters of practical benefit to boat-owners. In the meantime the officers should do more than talk and hope if they wish to see tangible results before the winter comes along and again delays everything for another year. Sister clubs, we are glad to see, are springing up and doing well, but, taken altogether, New York has fallen behind lamentably and needs new blood, new boats and all the time and work that can be spared. Brooklyn should have a club, so should Jersey City, Bay Ridge, Bayonne, Yonkers and suburban towns generally. Any person is a likely candidate, for it requires only $50 or $100 for boat and outfit and, with the masses to draw upon for recruits, there is no reason why our vision of a score of clubs in this neighborhood, each counting a fleet of fifty boats or more, should not come true in a very few years from now. In the meantime we announce with pleasure the successful establishment of the Knickerbocker C. C. with a new club house at the foot of Eighteenth street, Hudson River. The officers of the club are wide awake and their earnestness insures prosperity in the future. R. J. Wilkins is Commodore, Arthur Bretano, Vice-Com., and Simon Bretano is Secretary. The club mustered for a cruise on Decoration Day and will attend the Lake George meet in August in a body.

YACHTING NEWS.

☞ *The Southern Yacht Club offers* $1,500 *if a single Northern racing yacht will sail.*

QUESTION OF TYPE.—The type of yacht most prominent is so much the result of measurement by length that we are glad to see the clubs owning small boats making a move to follow the lead of the large clubs in either abandoning such a faulty rule or else setting limits to its ill effects by prohibiting more than a certain area of sail. We do not necessarily approve of such limitation as the best way out of the difficulty, as we would prefer to see the root of the evil—measurement by length—dealt with rather than one of its natural effects. Still as a step in the right direction, the limitation set to sail by the Pennsylvania Y. C. is deserving of approval. Of such importance is this limitation deemed that the club has incorporated this feature in its charter, as follows:

"This certifies that we, the undersigned, citizens of Philadelphia, desiring to associate ourselves for social and recreative purposes, do make and acknowledge this certificate.

"First.—The name or title by which the club shall be known is the Pennsylvania Yacht Club, of Philadelphia.

"Second.—The particular business and object of this club is to encourage the building of yachts, termed tonnish-class tuck-ups and to limit the sails to a size that can be safely carried by the same, thereby doing away with over-canvasing, which has been the chief object of Delaware River yachting. Yachts not to measure more than 15 feet 2 inches in length, 4 feet 6 inches beam and 15 inches in depth amidships. Sails shall not measure more than 44 feet 8 inches around the bolt rope before being stamped, and shall be allowed to stretch no more than 18 inches thereafter, making 56 feet of bolt rope.

"Third.—To encourage social recreation in yachting and the cultivation of a friendly and brotherly feeling among the members of the club.

"Fourth.—The principal rooms and place of business of this club shall be in the city of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania.

"Fifth.—The number of trustees to manage the business of the club shall be five and their place of residence in the city of Philadelphia, Penn.

"Signed—Oscar F. Kern, George Hardman, Charles Meyner, Herman Bassett, George Bosler, Jesse Vandegrift, Walter Gilbert, Enos L. Seeds, Frank Shaw, William Hardman, Jr., Harvey T. Weber, Frank Klusenback, Leslie Wood.

A RETROSPECT.—Now that everything is plain sailing with the proposed America Cup Match, a retrospect showing which journal took the right tack from the outset is instructive. When the challenge was first mooted in these columns weeks ahead of contemporaries, all sorts of objections were raised, culminating finally in a piece of grotesque shoddyism published in a contemporary which turned up its parvenu nose at the idea of a "joint stock racing machine" to sail on upstart little club as as the R. of Q. Y. C. having the effrontery to challenge the New York Y. C. without any more ado. It was even proposed to ignore the matter entirely; but now soon contemporaries were compelled to put about and sing a very different tune is now on record. This, we believe, was effected through this journal, the only one free enough from local prejudice to demand for the Canadians the full recognition to which the deed of trust entitled them, and from which the New York Y. C. could not escape under any pretences without relinquishing their claims as trustees of the Cup. We are therefore glad to know that everything is now smooth sailing, and that our views of the question have prevailed. How absolutely devoid of reason the senseless clamor raised against the Atlanta really was is shown by the fact that to meet that unsound the flag officers of the home club propose to build a thorough racing machine, and a "joint stock" one at that. We propose to continue in our course and see to it that the foreign yacht receives fair play from the press and the public, as she is certain to receive at the hands of the New York Y. C.

A FLEET OF CUTTERS.—Contemporaries still living in antidiluvian ideas will be "thoroughly astonished" by the continually-growing fleet of cutters, in spite of their stale cant of "our smooth waters," "our shoal waters," etc. The most notable thing is that the new accessions to the entire fleet are to the order of gentlemen who have owned the smartest light drafts in America. The testimony of one and all, however, is against their boats for anything but harbor sailing, and they ought to know, for they have had all the chances for observation necessary among both cutters and sloops and, in spite of their natural predilection being in favor of the sloop, have gone over to the other side and have learned by experience to agree with FOREST AND STREAM that cutters of fair beam are the most satisfactory yachts for all-round work. Mr. A. Cary Smith is designing a new one 40 ft. long, two are now building in Greenpoint and two more will be announced next winter. Before long our contemporaries will "talk cutter," just about the time when the sloops are no longer the fashion, say five or ten years after this journal first gave prominence to the whole question of type.

MEASUREMENT ABROAD.—Many English yacht clubs are adopting Mr. Kemp's proposed rule (length square multiplied by beam and divided by twelve hundred) on their own responsibility. The Yacht Racing Association has also called another meeting, at which it is likely some definite date next year will be set when the new rule is to go in force. The Evolution is opening the eyes even of the dullest, and Messrs Watson & Co. are beginning to think a change deserving of a little more "critical examination" on their part, as the present rule simply threatens to wipe out their profession of yacht designing, no talent beyond addition being needed to build one yacht longer than another.

LIVADIA.—A paper read before the Institution of Naval Architects, London, at their last meeting, establishes the fact that the Imperial Russian yacht Livadia is a success economically and otherwise. Then comes the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times* and says it is no such thing. The damage attributed to striking wreckage was really due to "pounding;" that the Russians are disgusted with her; the Czar won't step aboard of her; she is to be laid up to rot with the circular ironclads, and that the authorities already contemplate building a steamer of the usual type to take her place.

A MISGIVE.—So far as an opportunity has been afforded for judging, the yawl rig on the Caprice is pronounced a decided success. We even hear that she is faster than as a sloop, but whether or no, that she is extremely handy, the mizzen taking care of itself and no one noticing, in actual practice, any complication of gear. Those who have sailed in her are delighted with the change, and we already hear of many contemplating the adoption of the rig. Let the small schooners down East shift to the yawl if they want a fast, handy rig for racing or for cruising. The world is moving.

NEW BOOKS.—We have received a little volume entitled "Furydice Among the Pirates, by the Author of "One More Unfortunate." The story is an account of a cruise in a sloop from Montreal to Lake Champlain. It is well-written and, if without stirring incident or technical detail, will serve to incite others not only to go yachting, but to give the public the benefit of their experiences as well. We are also in receipt of Lloyd's Yacht Register for 1881, which will be reviewed at greater length. Readers are in the meantime referred to the advertising columns.

FAST BOATS.—Mr. Thos. Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., recently sent two yachts of his own model South. We hear that in the regular Savannah spring regatta, May 19, they both did remarkably well, the Zinga beating everything and the Jule coming in a good third. These boats are 24½ ft. long, 10 ft. beam and 3 ft. deep and have long doors and a sharp knuckle at the bilge, the timbers being of straight stuff. He has orders in hand for other boats of the same kind, including one from England.

INTER-STATE REGATTA.—The enterprising yachtsmen of New Orleans have gone so far as to offer $1,500 if a single Northern yacht can be induced to sail on Lake Ponchartrain, and they furthermore offer to make a special match for $1,000 a side on a subsequent day with the stranger. But we fear to no purpose, the "open boat" interests in New York are next to dead.

CHICAGO'S FLEET.—Chicago is gradually acquiring a very respectable fleet of yachts. When once the fever takes a good hold in the West the sport will grow with lightning rapidity. Chicago now owns the large schooners, Idler, Viking and the Countess of Dufferin, of America Cup fame. These, with the large craft of the Royal Canadian, ought to be productive of some international racing.

MARBLEHEAD REGATTA.—The open regatta off Marblehead June 15 promises to draw a large list of entries. From the circular before us we judge the arrangements to be perfect and the management in the hands of competent yachtsmen. Entries should be made to Wm. Bridger, Marblehead, or to Frank H. Brown, 23 Doane St., Boston, who will furnish information also.

FOR SALE.—Attention is called to the advertising columns where yachts and canoes are frequently offered for sale or wanted.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

W. S.—For names of reliable guides in the Adirondacks write to Chas. J. Greenough, Ausable Forks, New York, of whom see notice in last issue, p. 330. You can arrange so that members of the party can leave at any time. Map of the Adirondacks $1.

E. S., Smithport, Pa.—I have a bet that brook trout have been taken in the waters of Pennsylvania which have weighed over two pounds: Am I correct? Ans. Yes. They have been taken above that weight although we do not know what the weight of the largest trout ever taken in Pennsylvania waters was. Perhaps some of our readers will give the weights.

Keep's Shirts, the Best.

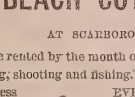
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N. Y. STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASS'N.

E. H. Madison, of 564 Fulton street, Brooklyn, has, by especial courtesy of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, been granted the exclusive right to furnish ammunition, etc., on the Brighton Beach Grounds in June during the Grand Tournament, where a choice selection of sportsmen's sundries will be constantly on hand. Shells loaded at reasonable prices.

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The quality of these goods is so well and widely known as to require no comment. It is not only unequaled, but also unapproached by that of any similar manufacture in the world. By a special arrangement with the Messrs. MacIntosh, we are enabled to place their goods in the hands of Sportsmen at prices which will certainly drive all inferior makes out of the market.

Stockings, full length, any sized foot, per pair,	$8 00
Pants, reaching nearly to armpit,	14 00
Heavy Flax ground sheets, weight 6 1-2 lbs., size 7 1-2x4 1-2 ft., each,	8 00

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For sale by druggists or mail, $1. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

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Apply at offices, 261, 401, 957 Broadway, N. Y.; 2 Court street, Brooklyn; 34 Hudson street, Hoboken; 184 Market street, Newark, N. J.; at station ticket offices along the lines, or by mail to
JOHN N. ABBOTT,
Gen'l Pass'r Agt., N. Y.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.

A rough, coated tongue is a sure sign of a deranged stomach. It is nature's thermometer, showing how the system is working. In all such cases resort should be had at once to
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.
It will uncoat the tongue, by removing from the system the cause of the disturbance. It cures, as by a charm, all who use it.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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66 Pine St., New York.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Winchester Rifle, model 1873, with fine open sights and set trigger; also, reloading tools, cartridge pouch and ammunition; will be sold cheap; may be seen at HENRY C. SQUIRES', No. 1 Cortlandt st., New York. May26,2t

FOR SALE—A handsome Mexican Fawn (buck), about five months old and in good condition; is quite a pet. Inquire of J. J. KING, 132 W. 35th St., N. Y. City. June2,1t

FOR SALE—A Winchester, '73 model, full magazine, in perfect order. Price, $20. Address F. HALLOWELL, Sandy Spring, Md. June2,2t

FOR SALE—The open sloop yacht Anita; length, 30 ft.; 11 ft. 6 in. beam; depth, 3 ft. 6 in.; built by Kirby; very fast and able; sails new; well found in every respect. Apply to THOMAS CUMMING, Stamford, Conn. June2,1t

VALUABLE OLD RELICS FOR SALE.—Two old-fashioned tall clocks, wood movements, cases sound and all right; seven feet high, in good running order and good for a hundred years more. For particulars, address M. W. STICKNEY, Jacksonville, Vt. June2,2t

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The Kennel.

ROUGH-COATED COLLIE DOGS IN THE STUD. REX, one of the truest types of Collie ever exhibited; the sire of six prize-winners at the last New York dog show. AYRSHIRE LADDIE has won numerous first prizes and cups in Scotland and first prize N. Y., 1881. Puppies for sale by Rex out of imported bitches. Send stamp for description and price. Will send photographs of Rex and Ayrshire Laddie on receipt of 25 cents each.—J. LINDSAY, 346 Communipaw Ave., Jersey City, N. J. June2,1t

FASHION KENNEL offer for sale—1st Little Dorrit, wire-haired fox terrier, 15 mos. old, by Champ. Rick out of Dusky; bred by Burgess and imported by myself. Price, $20. 2d. Prt cess, mastiff bitch, 9 mos. old, by Romeo out of Juliette; bred by A. D. Warren, Esq., Worcester, Mass; very large; fawn, black muzzle. Price, $35. I will exchange either or both of the above for A1 black or black and tan cocker spaniels. Full and reliable description of J. B. WINSLOW, P. O. Box 472 Baltimore. June2,1t

NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed Also, a number of well-trained Setters and Pointers for sale. Address BOX 335, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. June2,1t

MR. C. H. MASON'S STUD DOGS.—Salisbury, mastiff, fee $50; Mayor of Bingley, Newfoundland, $50; Don, pointer, $25; Moslem II., fox terrier, $25; Slingsby, greyhound, $25; Noble, bull dog, $25; Glengyle II., sheep dog, $20; Sandy, Yorkshire terrier, $15; Romeo II., Italian greyhound, $15. Address C. H. MASON, Hamilton Park, sixty-ninth st. and Third ave., New York city. June2,1t

LLEWELLIN SETTER BITCH, four years old; thoroughly broken on ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail; good nose; good retriever, land or water; staunch; will be shown in field. Address S. D. BINGHAM, 206 Broadway, N. Y. June2,1t

WANTED—A well-bred, thoroughly-broken liver and white or lemon and white Pointer Dog, about three years old. For a really good field dog a fair price will be paid. Address, with full particulars, stating how bred, price, etc., G. W. D., office of FOREST AND STREAM. June2,2t

TO EXCHANGE for Broken Pointer Dog, Black and tan Setter Bitch Bessie (Drake's Skip-Queen Bess II); handsome, fine fielder, fast, good retriever and a superior brood bitch; been hunted three seasons. H. E. BUCKMAR, Rockland, Maine. June2,1t

ENGLISH MASTIFFS.— Three litters of very choice thoroughbred pups, with best of pedigrees, whelped April 7, May 1 and May 23. Address R. A. HENRY, Box 2,900, Boston, Mass. June2,1t

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FOR SALE—A well-bred, partially broken Setter Dog 13 months old; good retrievers. Address W. Y. CLARKE, 1,729 8th st., N. W., Washington, D. C. June2,2t

POINTER PUPS for sale cheap; no better stock in the country. A. T. GREENE, 810 Grand st., Jersey City Heights, N. J. June2,eot

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FOR SALE CHEAP—Irish setter bitch, broken and winner of two prizes. Address E. L., 171 E. 87th st. June2,1t

FOR SALE—A fine Pointer Dog, 18 months old well broken. Address E F., P. O. Box 2,345 New York. June2,1t

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COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

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Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRALS CUP OF 1881.

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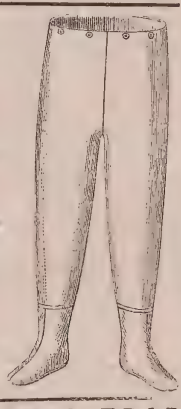
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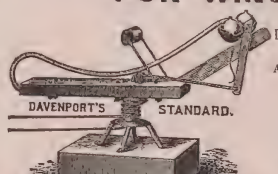
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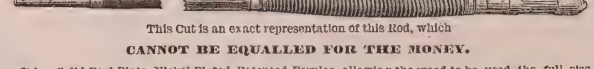
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FOR SALE—Handsome, large-size, well-bred brood bitch, good worker, by Colkit's Echo (imported), $25. A bargain. I. H. R., P. O. Box P., Phila. May26,tf

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The undersigned offers for sale the following draft from his kennel:

(1) Queen, imported brood bitch, about eight years old, winner of prizes, healthy, strong, well-broken and good breeder. Grand coat, heavy and flat and heavily feathered. Pure black. Weight, about 22 lbs. In condition.

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Full particulars on application to J. F. KIRK, 44 King St., West Toronto, Ontario. May26,2t

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. F. LOTZ, 3,912 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSEY & SEDRACH, Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, Lasalle County, Ill. June2,4mos

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Gamest Fox Terrier in the country; winner of a one hour and seventeen minutes fight at Hunter's Point (see N. Y. *Herald* of May 13, 1881), May 17, 1881, defeating the best sixteen pound built terrier bitch in New York. Ike is lemon, white and tan and a perfect dog. Fee, $15. Address

BEACON KENNEL,
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Five Dog Puppies from H. T. Bloodgood's celebrated Nat (see FOREST AND STREAM's report Robin's Island Field Trials) ex Juno (Rogers' Don John Davidson's Bessie). They are in natural hunting qualities unexcelled by any strain; have been bred solely for the field and are confidently offered to sporting men. Pedigree authentic and furnished if desired. For particulars, address F. S. KELLEY, Druggist, New Bedford, Mass. June2,1t

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address,

LE ROY Z. COLLINS,
Sept 18-tf Lancaster, Mass., U. S. A.

BARONET IN THE STUD.—The lemon-and-white pointer Baronet, whelped Nov. 24, 1879 (by Ogden's champion Rush, ex-Livingston's Rose, by imported champion Snapshot), winner of third prize, puppy stakes, Eastern Field Trials, Robbins' Island, Nov. 30, 1880; V. H. C. in open class, and special prize for best pointer dog with a field trial record, W. K. C. Show, 1881, to a limited number of bitches. Breeders furnished with full printed pedigree. Address HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 West 23d st., New York. May12,tf

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarch Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Lonsdale, Leicester, Limerick, Lloma, Laurence-lot, Lena, Lydney, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. March,tf

FOR SALE—A good, sound liver and white cocker dog, nicely marked, one year old; ready for field work. Also liver and white bitch, whelped Jan. 5, 1881, by Imported Snip out of Imported Feather. Price, $20 each. Address ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. May26,2t

TRAINER.—I can take one brace of dogs to be trained on prairie chickens the coming season; also, one retriever, land and water; best of references. Address W. B. STAFFORD, Mankato, Minn. May26,1t

FOR SALE—Eight Red Irish Setter Pups, whelped April 24; six dogs and two bitches; purest strain; cheap. Address BOX 622, Towanda, Penn. May26,4t

FOR SALE, Llewellin setter dog and spaniel bitch, both thoroughly broken. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. May19,4t

FOSTER MOTHER wanted for setter pups, due to whelp by July 12. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. May19,4t

FOR SALE—Gordon setter puppies by Lock ex-Kenoza-Kit. Lock is by Doane's (now Bailey's) Tom ex-Fanny. Apply to J. FRANK JOHNS, Haverhill, Mass., P. O. Box 677. May19,3t

MONARCH—This beautiful imported English mastiff will be in stud for a short time only. For particulars address M. RATHBUN, 463 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. May26,1t

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS—For sale, the produce of imp tred and home bred an mals that have been hunted since able to follow the dam on the trail, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa. May 2,1f

FOR SALE—Red Irish setter dog 18 months old; well broken. Full pedigree. Address E. SANDS, Lock Box, 483, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. May12,4t

GLADSTONE and Joe, Jr., puppies for sale; four out of Kirby, Jr., (Druid-Kirby by Joe, Jr., and four out of Lelia (Leicester-Kirby) by Gladstone. Address L. W FOSTER or I. L. McINTOSH, Leesburg, Va. May12,4t.

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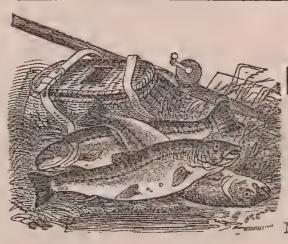
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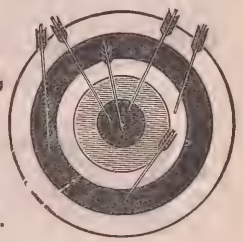
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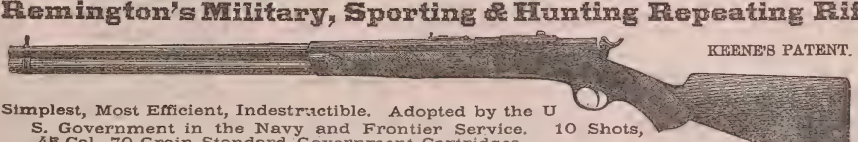
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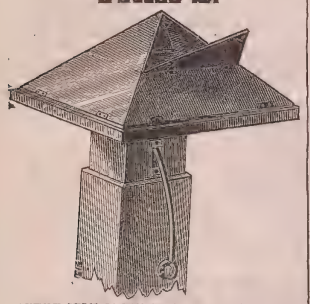


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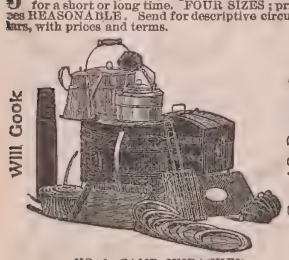
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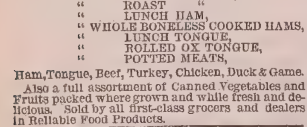
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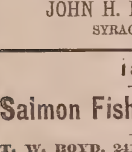
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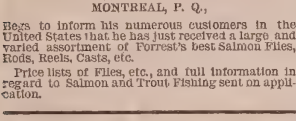


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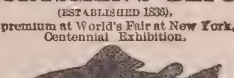
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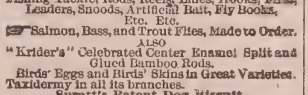
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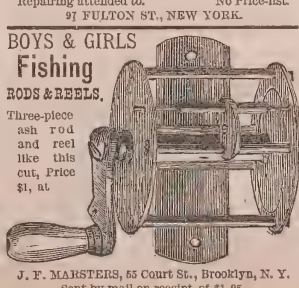
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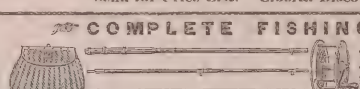
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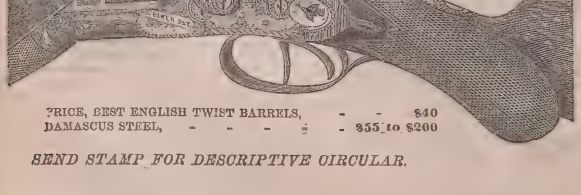
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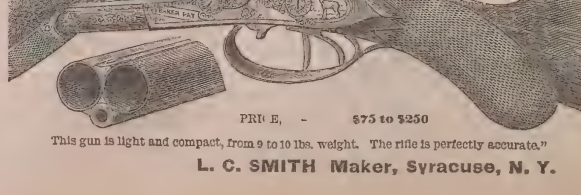
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1881.

Vol. 16—No. 19. Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, June 9.

FROM our valued correspondent, Gen. E. W. Rice, of Arizona we learn that the miners and stockmen of Catalina, in that Territory, have combined to suppress the vandalism of the tramps and vagabonds, and with these outlaws they put the scoundrels who shoot the sitting quail and the pregnant doe. A committee of the citizens announce through the press that they mean to protect their property, and they also demand a vigorous enforcement of the game laws. It is evidence of a healthy public sentiment when game butchers are classed where they belong—with tramps and vandals. By this movement, which we take much pleasure in recording, the people of Catalina, Arizona, have shown themselves to have a higher appreciation of decency in respect to the capture of breeding game than can be claimed by many apathetic communities of the older States. On the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains the citizens of Catalina might without difficulty find numerous benighted regions in which is ample room for home missionary effort.

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DIRECT COMMUNICATION between all the standard dealers in sportsmen's goods and purchasers of the same goods is established by means of our advertising columns. The pages devoted to this kind of information are well worth careful reading; everything that the sportsman needs can be obtained by communicating with the firms there represented.

THE ROBIN'S ISLAND CLUB.

THE little island, which has acquired prominence as the scene of the Eastern Field Trials, has just passed into the possession of a club of twenty New York gentlemen, which is styled the Robin's Island Club. The officers of the club are: President, Wm. R Kendall; Vice-President, Dr. J. Fleet Speir; Secretary and Treasurer, Abrm. B. Baylis, Jr. It is proposed to keep the preserve well stocked and cared for.

The new club have acquired a most desirable piece of property. Robin's Island, of which a map was published in our issue of December 2, 1880, divides Great Peconic Bay from the little Peconic Bay and lies in the middle of the entrance to the former. The island lies nearly north by west and south by east and is a mile and three-quarters long, but a large portion of this length is due to the narrow sand spits which extend to the northward and southward from the main body of the island. It is of moderate height and grassy, being destitute of trees, but stunted scrub oak thickets cover the crowns of the hills that rise from the centre of the island and extend to the southward. From the water the island shows steep faces from ten to forty feet high on all sides save to the northward. The soil is sandy as a general thing, but there are several clay pits toward the northwestern shore. The extent is said to be about 500 acres, seventy-five of which are under cultivation. The vegetation is rank, and the rolling hills to the north remind one of those near Reedy Pond on Montauk Point. Salt water grass and bay-berry bushes, with a deal of nasty briers, form the principal cover and make it a hard place for youngsters to run, indeed, a strong lusty dog finds his work cut out for him to make any kind of speed. But there is a large portion of the island to the westward where dogs can be speeded on the rolling hills and where they can be seen at all times.

It was generally understood that the Eastern Field Trials Club were intending to purchase the island for their annual trials. The change of ownership will not, however, we presume, interfere with the successful running of the trials. On this point Dr. Speir writes to us: "Being myself the originator of the club I have kept constantly before the members the interests of the 'Eastern Field Trials,' and I think I can safely say that every courtesy will be extended to them. Anything I can do to advance the interests of the Field Trials I shall do with the greatest pleasure."

A CANOE VOYAGE OF GEOGRAPHICAL STUDY AND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

TWO gentlemen, members of the American Canoe Association and of the Lake George Canoe Club, will start from Lake George at the close of the August meeting, for a canoe voyage of some twelve thousand miles. They will go down Lake George to old Fort Ticonderoga, through the neck of Lake Champlain to Whitehall, thence through the Champlain Canal to Troy, following the Erie Canal to Buffalo, thence Lake Erie to city of Erie, and thence via canal to Allegheny River to Pittsburg. From the latter city they will follow the Ohio river to its junction with the Mississippi at Cairo. They will go down the big river as far as Point Breeze or Turnbull's Island, then taking Atchafalaya Bayou will follow it into bay of same name on Gulf of Mexico.

Up to this point the trip has been simply a passage. Now the genuine work will commence. The coast of this part of the Gulf is comparatively unknown. Cote Blanche Bay, Vermillion Bay, the Mermenton River and lake of same name will receive some attention. Calcassien Lake and River visited, they will paddle to Sabine Pass, through the pass to Sabine Lake. The Sabine River will be explored as far as time will allow, and then away for Galveston, Texas. The bays and watercourses here are so well known that nothing but a passing glance will be given them. Below Galveston comes West Bay, San Louis Pass, and then some forty miles of open coast. A short portage will take them into Matagorda Bay, when they will have a clear inland route to Point Isabel at the mouth of the Rio Grande River. From the latter point there will be an uninterrupted opportunity to study, not from books, but from nature herself. The route from this out abounds in interest to the student—rare birds, unknown plants, beautiful shells, specimens of coral, many-hued flowers, and a thousand and one things to see, admire and study. Following along the coast to Gulf of Campeche, and around to Uxmal River—ascending this river about fifty miles will bring them near to the famous Uxmal ruins, which were probably ruins before the Pyramids were built—around Cape Catoche, past the Island of Cozumel and into the Bay of Honduras. Visiting the principal of the Bay Islands, they will now go on again, around Cape Cameron, past Segovia River, through that wonderful collection of coral reefs and keys that belt the Mosquito Coast. San Juan de Nicaragua is passed, and Chagres is looked over; Carthagena and Point Gallinas are passed, and then comes a perfect network of islands, coral reefs, etc., etc., as far as the Island of Trinidad. Here the voyagers will bid farewell to the continent for awhile, and follow up the chain of the Caribbee Islands as far as Havana, Cuba, when they will strike off across the Gulf Stream to the Florida reefs, and home by the Atlantic coast, expecting to reach their starting point some time in August, 1882. The entire voyage will be made in a double canoe, 16 feet long, 32 inches beam, 14 inches deep. There is no standpoint from which to observe nature so favorable as the cockpit of a canoe, and these gentlemen are disposed to test this fact to the utmost. While on the trip they will be entirely dependent on their own exertions, and the voyage from start to finish will be made by canoe alone. There will be, probably, a large and enthusiastic gathering of canoeists to wish them *bon voyage* at the start, and a larger one to welcome them home in 1883.

NO LIFE IN METEORITES.

AN account is now going the rounds of the daily papers to the effect that traces of organic life have been found in meteorites, and that hence the other members of the solar system are inhabited by living beings. The following extract from the London *Telegraph* gives the substance of the supposed discovery, and we quote it as follows:—

Two interesting problems, which have long perplexed the scientific world, appear to have been at last definitely solved by the eminent geologist, Dr. Hahn. These questions are, first, whether or not celestial bodies, other than the earth, belonging to our solar system, are inhabited by animate beings; and, secondly, whether the meteoric stones from time to time cast upon the surface of this globe emanate from incandescent comets or from volcanic planets. That they at no time formed a part of the earth itself has been conclusively demonstrated. Dr. Hahn has recently completed a series of investigations upon some of the huge meteoric stones that fell from the skies in Hungary during the summer of 1866. Thin laminæ of these mysterious bodies, subjected to examination under a powerful microscope, have been found to contain coralline and spongeous formations, and to reveal unmistakable traces of the lower forms of vegetation. All the organisms, animal and vegetable, discovered by Dr. Hahn in the delicate stone shavings he has thus dealt with indicate the condition of their parent world to be one of what is technically termed "primary formation." But the presence of water in that world is proved by the fact that the tiny petrified creatures revealed by the magic of the lens, one and all, belong to the so-called subaqueous classes of animals. They could not, therefore, have possibly existed in comets, at least if the assumption be correct that these are in a state of active combustion.

This supposed discovery, about which such a pother has been raised, is no discovery at all, and the work of Dr. Hahn merely shows how utterly he has misconceived the character of the material which he has studied. The plates of his volume are beautiful, but they only serve to illustrate the mineralogical nature of the material What he has supposed to represent coralline and spongiform organisms are in fact only concretionary forms which the common minerals of meteorites often take These forms are well understood by mineralogists, have long since been described and are to be seen in nearly all the stony meteorites.

While we know that there are other worlds than ours, and while it is possible that they may support life in some form or other, there is, we believe, as yet no evidence whatever that this is the case.

Somewhat on the same level with this meteorite story is the one recently published by a San Francisco paper with regard to the enormous magnifying power of a large telescope in California. It was said that when the telescope was directed toward the planet Mars, the whole topography of one face of that orb could be distinctly seen. Rivers, seas, lakes and forests were plainly distinguishable, even cultivated fields were known by their shape and color, rectangular ob-

jects were supposed to be buildings, and certain small moving bodies were undoubtedly the inhabitants of the distant planet engaged in the pursuit of their daily avocations.

All of which was good.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION MEETING.

THE thirtieth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. on Wednesday, August 17. Great efforts are being made by the Local Committee to insure the success of the meeting and, from present appearances, it seems probable that this will be one of the largest and most important scientific meetings ever held in the West. The general programme for the week has not yet been announced, but is in process of preparation and, when completed, will, after having been approved by the Standing Committee, be made public.

The headquarters of the Association will be at the Music Hall, where members are requested to register as soon as possible after their arrival. The hotel headquarters will be at the Grand Hotel, on Fourth street. The offices of the Local Committee and of the Permanent Secretary will be at the Music Hall, where also the general meetings and those of the sections, sub-sections and committees will be held. The special arrangements made and to be made with hotels, railroads, etc., will be announced later.

At the Boston meeting several changes in the Constitution were proposed, which will come up for action at Cincinnati, the object of the changes being the reorganization of the sections, and also to extend the scope of the association. Should these changes be adopted the association will embrace eight sections of equal standing, each presided over by a vice-president, and having its own secretary and sectional committee. The following is the division proposed and upon which final action will be taken at Cincinnati:

Sec. A.—Physics. Sec. B.—Astronomy and Pure Mathematics. Sec. C.—Chemistry, including its applications to Agriculture and the Arts. Sec. D.—Mechanical Science. Sec. E.—Geology and Geography. Sec. F.—Biology. Sec. G.—Anthropology. Sec. H.—Economic Science and Statistics. Also I.—A Permanent Subsection of Microscopy, which shall elect its own officers and be responsible directly the Standing Committee.

Several excursions will be arranged for by the local committee, and will be announced on their circular. Special excursions will be arranged for the Anthropological Section to "Fort Ancient," Madisonville, and other places of interest.

All communications relating to the local arrangements for the meeting should be made to the local Secretaries at Cincinnati, while all matters relating to membership and to the presentation of papers will be attended to by the permanent Secretary.

The following is a list of the officers of the Cincinnati meeting:

President—G. J. Brush, of New Haven, Conn.

Vice-President, Section A.—A. M. Mayer, of Hoboken, N. J.

Vice-President, Section B.—[Dr. Engelmann was elected but has resigned, as he is in Europe.]

Chairman of Permanent Subsection of Chemistry—William Ripley Nichols, of Boston, Mass.

Chairman of Permanent Subsection of Microscopy—A. B. Hervey, of Taunton, Mass.

Chairman of Permanent Subsection of Anthropology—Garrick Mallery, of Washington, D. C.

Chairman of Permanent Subsection of Entomology—John G. Morris, of Baltimore, Md.

Permanent Secretary—F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge, Mass.

General Secretary—C. V. Riley, of Washington, D. C.

Secretary of Section A—John Trowbridge, of Cambridge, Mass.

Secretary of Section B—William Saunders, of London, Ontario.

Secretary of Permanent Subsection of Chemistry—H. W. Wiley, of Lafayette, Ind.

Secretary of Permanent Subsection of Microscopy—S. P. Sharples, of Boston, Mass.

Secretary of Permanent Subsection of Anthropology—J. G. Henderson, of Winchester, Ill.

Secretary of Permanent Subsection of Entomology—B. Pickman Mann, of Cambridge, Mass.

Treasurer—William S. Vaux, of Philadelphia, Pa.

THE JUNE MEETING of the Coney Island Jockey Club promises to be a very interesting one, and the list of events for the nine days racing offers unusual attractions All the prominent stables are well represented in the list of entries published, and there is every indication that the June meeting of 1881 will be a memorable one in the annals of racing at Coney Island. One of the most interesting of all the races to be run at Coney Island this year is that for the Great Long Island Stakes, four mile heats, to be run at the last day of the fall meeting of the club. It is a sweepstakes for all ages, $250 each starter, with $5,000 added; $3,500 to the first, $1,000 to the second, and $500 to the third. To this is added the Woodlawn Vase, to become the property of the subscriber winning the race two years in succession. Entries to close September 1.

CONEY ISLAND.

THE delegates from the different Sportsmen's clubs will be welcomed to Coney Island by a poem of greeting, entitled "Field Sports," written by Mr. Wm. E. MacMasters, of the Albany *Argus* and the Philadelphia *Press*.

Papers on topics within the scope of the State Association have been promised; and it is proposed that these shall be read and discussed at the evening sessions of the convention. A paper by Gaston Fay has the suggestive title, "What Shall We Do About It?"

In response to some inquiries received concerning the feature of the week's programme, the FOREST AND STREAM suggests that the amount of time devoted to such matters will depend wholly upon the choice of the members assembled. We know that the President of the Association has secured the promise of a number of essays, which will serve as the groundwork of conference if anybody wants to confer.

Those members of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game who resented the suggestion in these columns a year ago that that body was at present misnamed, will have an ample opportunity at Coney Island to make good the Association's claim to being a "game and fish protective organization." It is to be hoped that the public may be set right on this point. We shall see what we shall see.

Whatever may be done, if anything, beyond the pigeon-shooting and other contests, the Coney Island meeting of the New York sportsmen will be a memorable one. The whole entertainment will be on a scale never attempted before, and a most beautiful souvenir of the event has been prepared by the indefatigable executive of the society, Mr. Abel Crook, in the shape of an illustrated hand book. This will be a volume, of the current monthly magazine size, of one hundred and fifty pages, and handsomely illustrated. The engraved antique title-page is a real work of art, and the frontispiece—well, that is art, too, in its way, being none other than the famous "Shot 'Em on de Wing," which is loaned for the occasion by the Harpers. The contents of the book will comprise an elaborate history of the State Association, which has been prepared by Mr. Crook, together with the records of the prize winners in previous years; a history of the Long Island Association; an illustrated sketch of Coney Island, past and present; the programme of the meeting; the well-known *Punch* cartoon, "They Will Fly Into It Sometimes," and the cards of the prize donors. Taken altogether the book will reflect credit upon the Long Island clubs and upon those who have been most concerned in its preparation.

The prizes, which are to be contested for, are now on exhibition in the show-windows of the Brooklyn Furniture Company, Nos. 559-565 Fulton street, Brooklyn. The window was arranged under the supervision of Mr. C. W. Wingert, of the prize committee, and the tasteful manner in which it was done reflects great credit on that gentleman. The display surpasses anything of the kind ever seen before, and guns, fishing-rods, silver cups, gold watches, medals, etc., are there in profusion. The prizes on exhibition, Tuesday night, were those secured by the clubs of the western district, although the Washington Gun Club have obtained a number of prizes that have not yet been delivered. The street in the vicinity of the window was thronged with people, all trying to get a glimpse at the gorgeous display, and it is well worth a day's journey to see the exhibition. For the benefit of the delegates coming to the convention, excursion trains will be run on the Erie and New York Central railroads.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—The Governor has signed the appropriation bill giving the Commission $15,000. He vetoed the bill last year, and it was feared that he would do so again. The press of the State has generally urged the necessity of the appropriation. There was great danger of losing the results of the labor of former years at the State hatchery and of making a break in the series of hatchings of shad and other fish. Governor Cornell is a close economist, but he has probably learned that it is not economy to withhold the appropriation from the Fish Commission. The Commissioners have agreed to expend one-third of this year's appropriation on the fisheries of Long Island, which have been sadly neglected. The salt water fisheries have never received the slightest attention from the Commission, and they are worth more than all the rest of the fisheries of the State. It is a matter for rejoicing that our economical Governor has had his eyes opened to what are the true interests of the people in this important matter of food supply.

UNSUCCESSFUL SHIPMENT OF CARP EGGS.—In our last we recorded the arrival of Mr. Geo. Eckhardt, Jr., from Germany, for the purpose of studying American fish culture. Mr. Eckhardt attempted to bring over 100,000 eggs of the leather carp to Prof. Baird. They were packed in the refrigerating boxes which Mr. Mather successfully sent white-fish eggs to Germany in last fall, but on opening them in Washington they were all dead and covered with fungus. Dr. Hessel is of the opinion that they cannot stand a temperature as low as the refrigerator gives. We incline to this opinion also, as the eggs of summer spawning fish do not seem to bear what those of the winter spawners will thrive under.

GUN GROUNDS NEAR NEW YORK.—The Jersey City Heights Gun Club have leased a tract of land, of which they propose to make commodious club grounds. The location is within twenty minutes of the New York Post Office, and as the Club propose to arrange for the accommodation of outside individuals and clubs the new grounds will prove a very decided acquisition to the gunners of this city. It will be just the place to run out to try a new gun, to test one's skill with the glass balls, and to repair for an afternoon's target shooting. The grounds will be opened within a short time, when further particulars will be given in these columns.

METALLIC CARTRIDGES.—We are informed by Messrs. Hartley and Graham, of this city, that Judge Lowell, of the United States Circuit Court, has rendered a decision in the case of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, of Bridgeport, against the United States Cartridge Company, of Lowell, Gen. B. F. Butler, President, on the Allen Header Patent, sustaining the patent on every point. This suit was commenced in 1874 and covers one of the most important principles in the manufacture of metallic ammunition. It is used by the principal cartridge manufacturers in this country and Europe, and by most of the Governments.

THE bill known as the Armstrong Bill having passed at Albany, and been signed by the Governor, is now a part of the game law of this state. We publish its most important provisions to-day, and will supplement them with the remainder next week. Whatever merits or defects this new law may be thought to have, one thing about it, at least, gives satisfaction; that is the conspicuous absence of any thing like the "refrigerator amendments" which the market-men of this city attempted to foist upon us.

FISHERIES EXHIBITION FOR SCOTLAND.—The English Exhibition at Norwich has been a grand success, and it is now proposed to hold one at Edinburgh, in April, 1883. This is one of the most important points in Great Britain to hold such an exhibition. The Scotch herring fisheries are of the greatest value, and the whole fishing interest of Scotland centres in Edinburgh.

THE members of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association are rejoicing over the adoption of the game bill which they prepared, and for the passage of which they have been working. The new law is, therefore, the result of their concerted, systematic and persistent effort.

THE PRIZES in the coming New York State shoot aggregate $12,000. In solid worth they have never been equaled by those of any other shooting in this country. Coney Island may some day become the Monaco of America

THE PLAN of the Middlesex, Conn., GAME Association, as detailed in our issue of May 26, is recommended to the attention of sportsmen who are about to organize game protective associations.

THE name of *Scribner's Monthly* is to be changed to *The Century*. The magazine has over a hundred thousand paying readers now; with its new name may it have another hundred thousand.

SOME further particulars of the Gaston Club are given in our game columns.

GOLDEN OPINIONS.

WE give a very few—say one in ten thousand—of the opinions, more or less approving, eulogistic and encouraging, which come in the FOREST AND STREAM'S mail, from all the four quarters of this Yankee nation, and some also from Queen Victoria's Dominion across the line. However gratifying it might be to our personal vanity to publish all the flattering letters we receive, such a task would involve too great a tax upon our space, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with the following. We are assured that the regular weekly issue of this journal is its own best voucher. If we may believe the kind words of old and new friends it is now universally conceded that in the successive volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM *is contained the best sportsmen's literature ever furnished by any publication in the world.* Read what is said of the paper:

BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE.

The title page and index of Vol. XV. came as bright as a dollar, and fully as valuable. I have every number of the FOREST AND STREAM and the ROD AND GUN in all their changes ever published, and prize them highly, but would consider them comparatively valueless without the index. I think FOREST AND STREAM better to day than ever before.—E. S. HOLMES (Grand Rapids, Mich.)

MARKED SUCCESS—STEADY IMPROVEMENT.

I have introduced the FOREST AND STREAM in many localities throughout the United States and the Canadian Dominion, with the object of assisting by my mite (or might) the establishment of a sportsman's paper of higher tone than previously published on this continent, and hope that its financial success has proved commensurate with the marked success and steady improvement in other respects.—EVERETT SMITH (Portland, Me.)

A SINGLE DEPARTMENT WORTH THE PRICE.

I have been a constant reader for the past four years, and esteem your journal very highly. The original articles in Natural History are alone worth many times the price to all true sportsmen who haunt forest and stream for instruction and recreation rather than to "kill, burn and destroy."—J. T. C. (Victoria, Ont.)

BETTER EVERY YEAR.

I have taken the FOREST AND STREAM for some time; have become very much attached to it, and think it grows better every year.—D. S. (Lebanon, N. H.)

ADVERTISERS HEAR FROM IT.

We are receiving very flattering results from our advertisement in your paper, in fact we should have written you before but for the great number of answers we have had to write in regard to the boats.—HUNT & Co. (Chagrin Falls, O.)

IS DOING MAGNIFICENT SERVICE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is doing magnificent service for sportsmen and the public generally. It is courageous in defence of prac-

tical things and ideas, and its fidelity is as conspicuous as its wisdom. It is *the* sportsman's—not sporting—paper of America; one that every family can read with profit, for it is ably edited, clean, interesting and educating. It is one of the best of natural history teachers to be found. Every one of its several departments is complete in every respect, and each is edited by a gentleman who has made its subject a life-study.—*Syracuse, N. Y., Journal, May 18, 1881.*

A FIRST-CLASS JOURNAL.

The card of FOREST AND STREAM in our advertising columns should attract the attention of all sportsmen who want to read for 1881 a first-class journal devoted specially to the subjects connected with the sports of the "Rod and Gun." We have read it for years, and can speak of its merits understandingly.—*Germantown Telegraph, Jan. 12, 1881.*

DEMANDS PATRONAGE OF BEST SPORTSMEN.

I recognize in FOREST AND STREAM a journal worthy of and demanding the liberal patronage of the highest and truest type of American sportsmanship.—H. B. RONEY, late Secretary Michigan Sportsmen's Association.

IT IS THE PAPER.

I have now taken the FOREST AND STREAM seven years. Every week I look forward with pleasure to the day on which the mail shall bring me my paper. Although passionately fond of hunting, yet I get very little time for indulge in this sport, and as the next best thing I like to read in your paper about the experiences of sportsmen, and keep myself posted on sporting matters. I regard the FOREST AND STREAM as *the paper* for American sportsmen.—W. M. D. (North Cambridge, Mass.)

NO PAPER CAN TAKE ITS PLACE.

There is no paper published which can take the place of the FOREST AND STREAM in the estimation of gentlemen who have the time and talent to enjoy the sport of the field, the forest and the stream. Besides the matters pertaining directly to these sports, there is a vast fund of information valuable to all gentlemen, whether addicted to out-of-door recreations or obliged to pass their lives in sedentary occupations. Time spent in reading this paper is well spent, and no one who reads and reflects will fail to be profited thereby.—*Bay City, Mich., Tribune, March 4, 1881.*

FLOODS OF ANSWERS TO "ADS."

I am going to let my "Ad." stand in FOREST AND STREAM. I often get a letter with the card cut out, showing it to be an old paper, perhaps a year or more old, so I know that it pays to keep at them all the time in season and out. I have received 385 letters in three weeks. Last mail brought me twenty-five in a bunch.—J. H. RUSHTON, Canton, N. Y.

HAD TO HIRE AN EXTRA CLERK.

I have had to hire a clerk who was kept busy with answering letters received through my advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM. —HENRY PIETCRASS, Greenpoint, N. Y.

A REASONABLE INFERENCE.

The FOREST AND STREAM must have a very large and honorable body of subscribers, I should judge from the result of a little advertisement which I inserted in that paper at so trifling a cost a short time since. But this is certainly no more than it deserves judging from the large amount of valuable and interesting information contained in its pages.—G. T. C., Buffalo, N. Y.

HAS COME TO THE FRONT.

It comes as a welcome visitor to our table, and every time has something in it both instructive and entertaining. Since Fred. Mather took charge of its "fishing columns" it has come to the front.—W. D. T., Chicago, Ill.

ITS INFLUENCE HEALTHFUL.

Although only twenty woodcock seasons have passed over my head I take an ardent interest in field sports. I am indebted to your instructive and well-doing paper for the greater part of the inspiration I feel for manly sport. If more young men took your valuable paper instead of whiling away their time on some worthless publication they would be wiser and better in the end.—B. A. M. (Austin, Minn.)

THE FOCUS OF SPORTSMANLIKE SENTIMENT.

I appreciate the FOREST AND STREAM. I believe you every week focus the sportsmanlike sentiment of the country, and in turn radiate the same out to the ends of our land. You are doing a good work in a manly way. *Macte virtute.* I read every paper through, advertisements and all; and I like the whole thing, even to the tint of the cover.—W. W. T., Jr. (Portland, Me.)

KENNEL ADVERTISEMENTS TELL.

My advertisement in the FOREST AND STREAM was well placed. I received correspondence from Maine to Texas.—J. F. J. (Haverhill, Mass.)

GIVES PROMINENCE TO REAL SPORT.

Please renew my subscription for one year. I find little time to shoot, but make up in part such lack of a good time in the field by reading your paper, which I am happy to see gives increasing prominence to matters of real sport with rod and gun.—L.

BEHOLD HOW GREAT A FLAME A LITTLE FIRE KINDLETH.

Please insert inclosed advertisement in some seldom looked at corner of your paper, as I have really suffered before by the many responses to my former advertisements. I keep an accurate kennel account, and was looking over it the other day to see how much it cost me to sell dogs through advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM, and I found that it cost me about ten cents for each dog sold. Could I have filled my orders received through your paper this cost would have been reduced to about five cents per dog. We would be suspicious of a commission merchant who should offer such low terms, but we have full faith yet in the FOREST AND STREAM. All my orders, save a few from local parties, were through the FOREST AND STREAM.—N. ELMORE (Granby, Conn., June 6, 1881).

GAME IN KENTUCKY.

MILL SPRINGS, Ky., May 25.

GAME came through the winter apparently as little reduced, numerically, as after a season as remarkable for its mildness as was the past for its severity. Probably due in a great measure to the fact that there was almost no shooting by sportsmen as a polar temperature nipped the early hunter in the midst of his preparations. Turkeys, partridges and especially squirrels are abundant. Quail are by no means annual tenants of the mountain small farms, but this spring there is scarcely a grain patch without its pair. Red foxes are multiplying alarmingly since the repeal of the scalp law, and the audacity of their open day raids on poultry yards keeps many good dames in a state of nervous solicitude about their darling ducklings and goslings. The hares are unfortunately too wily for reynard, or have become infected with the emigration mania and sought prosperity in localities convenient to pea and cabbage crops, upon which their regular forays are becoming a nuisance, exasperating gardeners of even Joblike forbearance. Hawks are very numerous, and sagaciously hold off until either one has fallen asleep on guard or the shotgun has been returned to its corner, when the hubbub amongst the old guineas and chickens informs you that another Methodistic tidbit has been unfeelingly snatched away in the "bloom of youth."

Attracted to the door a few mornings since by the "racket" of crows, martens and bluebirds, I discovered that they were harassing a huge hawk, and catching up my rifle I rushed to the fray. Before I got in range his enemies routed him, and as he flew over the yard I gave him a salute which he acknowledged by dropping almost at my feet a full grown squirrel, which bore only the marks of his talons. It proved a savory addition to a dish of broiled beefsteak at dinner.

KENTUCKIAN.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES OF AN ANGLER IN THE NORTH.

BY FAIRCHILD, JR.—PART SECOND.

FOREST BIRDS.

THE silence and solitude of the great northern forests is rarely broken by the blithesome song or presence of birds, yet in the trackless wilds of the far interior I have made the acquaintance of several rare and interesting species by habits of close observation. They are an unobtrusive family, as their predilection for the deep forests attests, and not much inclined to court the society of man, though there is one noteworthy exception to this rule, as I shall presently show. So full are they of the immensity and grandeur of these sombre old woods, that it has imparted to them a sober, quiet thoughtfulness, a joyous peal of light-hearted melody being rarely heard—not that they are gloomy or morose, but only earnest, intense, finding life something more precious than an idle holiday to be spent in frivolity. They no doubt also feel a quiet thankfulness in their escape from the manifold dangers that encompass their less thoughtful brothers of the field from the predatory attacks of hawks, crows, reptiles and man. The latter, by the way, ceases to be a foe of the small feathered race as soon as he is beyond the pale of civilization; the former rarely extend their journeyings beyond it.

There is a little dun-colored bird that has a call that sounds precisely like the thud of an axe in a log. The imitation is so exact that I have several times diverged from my course to find out who was encamped near by, to be suddenly recalled to a knowledge of the chopper by hearing the sound repeated in another direction as my shy little feathered friend flew off at my approach. There is still another little inhabitant of the forests, not in good repute, however, with old bushmen, as its presence and short, querulous k-a-t-e is said by them to be followed by a storm. It defies the severest cold of the long Arctic winter. It is called the red-bellied nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*).

The snowy owl—the great northern hunter as it is aptly named—the barred owl and the cinereous owl are to-day only stragglers into the depths of the forests, adventurous travelers, though their forefathers were dwellers therein. Their change of habitat has been brought about by the greater abundance of food to be procured upon the outskirts of the settlements or the barren lands. The northern hare, upon which the snowy owl and the cinereous largely subsist, has multiplied ten-fold within the boundaries of civilization, as has also the ruffed grouse. The barred owl is said to have the curious habit of burying its body in the soft snow, the large head conspicuous by a pair of bright black eyes only appearing above the surface, forming a grotesque sight.

At rare intervals I have had my camp intruded upon by one or the other of these owls, who, having satisfied its traveler's curiosity, uttered its blood-curdling, sleep-destroying cry, would betake itself again into the quiet shades of night.

Twice in mid-winter I have seen a pair of ravens circling high in air over the frozen lake. At times, uttering their hoarse croaks, they appeared the embodiment of loneliness. What could have tempted them from the sea-coast to the far interior I know not.

The woodpecker family is about the most fully represented one throughout the forest region, the most conspicuous, both for its size and rich markings, being *P. pileatus*. It is by no means common, though widely distributed. The woodpeckers play an important part in nature's economy. By their perforations in the trunks of dead trees they hasten their decay and fall. Four species winter in Canada, but during the prevalence of severe cold they entirely disappear; a slight thaw, and they are again actively at work. I have been led to think from this that they might hibernate for short periods.

The exception to the shyness of the forest birds to which I previously alluded is the Canada jay, alias whiskey jack, moose bird, etc. It is about the size of the blue jay, but unlike its congener, its plumage is of a dull, leaden color, and its song a soft continuous warble. I have never camped in the wilderness winter or summer that I have not had a visit from a pair of these singular birds. Fearless of man, they would take up their quarters on the nearest twig to the fire and watch their opportunity to steal whatever was left unwatched a moment. Growing bolder each day we remained, they would alight at our feet and scramble and quarrel for the tidbits thrown to them and otherwise cut up such queer sober antics as to constantly excite my risibles. It is said to breed in midwinter, but if such is the case the male must relieve the female upon the nest, as the germ in the eggs would perish upon the least exposure to the intense cold. I am rather incredulous about this, as I am about the stories that are told concerning its ability to capture fish in the water like a kingfisher.

The aquatic are a numerously represented family throughout the lake region where they breed, and in the early fall the angler, while fishing, obtains many a chance to bag a few ducks to add to his bill of fare.

THE RED SQUIRREL.

If there is a sedateness and sobriety on the part of the forest birds, the levity and volubility of this little denizen of the coniferous forests enlivens the general gloom. Summer and winter it is equally cheerful and active. While its favorite haunts are in the deepest recesses and solitudes of the wilderness, it is becoming a frequent visitor and resident of the settlements. The Indians of the lower provinces have a very pretty little legend about the red squirrel. According to this the squirrel was once upon a time a very large and ferocious animal much feared by the people, but the good Manitou, desirous of conferring a mark of esteem upon one of the old men of the tribe, asked him what it was he most desired. The reply was, "To have this mighty squirrel made smaller." The Great Spirit at once granted the request, and the old man going forth spread out his arms and commanded the squirrel to become smaller, and immediately it was reduced to its present size. This is the reason assigned by the natives for its querulousness upon the sight of man, its old enemy.

This little chatterbox is given to migrating occasionally, and if in the course of its journeyings it comes to a lake or a river it takes to the water unhesitatingly and appears as much at home in it as its first cousin the muskrat. In the coniferous woods the red squirrel lays by no provision for the winter, but depends upon the cones to furnish it with a sufficiency to carry it through the long months of snow and ice.

COUREURS DE BOIS.

To such lamentable straits were the Canadian *noblesse* reduced, about the middle of the seventeenth century, by their improvidence and the frequent depredations of the marauding savages, that their younger children went half-naked, while their wives and daughters were compelled to work in the fields. The sons of these mendicant *seigneurs*, with more energy, perhaps, than their sires, but with the same disinclination for honest labor in the fields, banded together in small parties and struck out into the wilderness to trade with the Indians for beaver skins or to trap them on their own account. I have a suspicion that a too close ecclesiastical supervision, and frequent penance for the freaks of young blood, may have hastened their departure, but upon this point the records are silent. In vain did the Governor proclaim their proceedings illegal and threaten outlawry against them; equally vain the threats of excommunication thundered after them by the Jesuit fathers and the Recolleto; the taste of the freedom and license of the camp-fire was far more potent, and defections from the ranks of the younger men in the colony still continued until it was estimated that over eight hundred of them was engaged in the "nefarious" pursuit of the beaver. Animated by a spirit of adventure, they penetrated the great unknown wilderness from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the Hudson's Bay. Many of them contracted alliances with the dusky maidens of the forests and acquired considerable influence in the councils of the tribes from which they took their squaws, and in time became almost as savage.

Once a year it was their custom to repair to one of the French towns. Francis Parkman thus describes the return of a party of these gentry from their rovings.

"Montreal was their harboring place, and they conducted themselves much like the crew of a man-of-war paid off after a long cruise. As long as their beaver skins lasted they set no bound to their license. The new-comers were bedizened with a strange mixture of French and Indian finery, while some of them, with instincts more thoroughly savage, stalked about the streets as naked as a Potawattamie or Sioux. Drinking and gambling filled the day and night. When at last sober, they sought absolution from the priests and once more disappeared within the shades of the forest."

After the conquest of Canada the Hudson's Bay Company sprang into vigorous being, and the *Coureurs de bois* at once found their alloted place in their service. Of late years the Company has dispensed with the services of many of these forest rangers, who have returned to the villages of their birth, and, marrying, have settled down on a bush farm upon the edge of that wilderness they love so well. The domestic ties are not sufficiently strong to wean them from their first love. Old Jean Le Blanc is a good example of his race. When the frosts of autumn have tinged the mountains with a thousand dazzling hues Jean becomes uneasy and restless. At all hours of the day he may be observed at the corner of his little log house, that commands a view of the forests, blowing thick clouds of smoke from his short, black pipe, and taking observations. Some fine morning he is seen entering the edge of the bush, old flintlock under his arm, snowshoes slung over his shoulders, together with his small pack of traps and other necessaries. What becomes of him afterward no one knows; but early in spring he reappears smelling strongly of smoke and drawing behind him a very heavily laden traineau, the proceeds of his winter work, the skins of the caribou and moose that have fallen before old flintlock; and the pelts of beavers, minks and martins to his traps.

Jean is a good trapper, a poor shot; he is full of the lore of the bush, but ignorant of everything else; superstitious as the Indians among whom he has so long dwelt, and as full of omens, but considers himself a good Catholic; cheerful and as light-hearted as a schoolboy, he is envious of no man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAND OF THE SIOUX.

THE first day of October, Dr. C—— and myself boarded a C. and N. W. train bound for the far Northwest. As we glided along over the smooth steel rails and began to realize that the noise and smoke of the great city of Chicago was rapidly fading from view, what a quiet, grateful sense of relief stole over us, for had we not a month before us, a month we could devoteto buffalo, deer, antelope, geese, ducks and—rest! We almost felt that a score of years had fallen from our heads, and that we were "boys again." I often wonder if only those fortunate individuals imbued with a great love for nature's solitudes and handiwork ever enjoy this delicious feeling, if not they miss one of the keenest and most subtle of life's fleeting joys.

We had in view the game fields contiguous to the N. P. R. Like all lovers of the rod and gun we were desirous of finding a sportsman's paradise, and where were we more likely to find it than in "the land of the Sioux?" We made brief stops at St. Paul and Minneapolis, but long enough to meet several gentlemen fond of like pursuits, among whom was the evergenial Charles Hallock. Mr. Footner, the obliging superintendent of the N. P. Ex. Co., we found anxious to do all in his power to assist us, and as he is very expert with the implements used by sportsmen he knows how to do it. We can say for the whole management of the N. P. that they are generous and obliging to the sporting fraternity, in strong contrast to some Eastern railroad officials I could mention. After leaving St. Paul our first stop was at Perham, about the centre of the "park region" of Minnesota, so called from its farcical resemblance to our city parks. Here is a vast country, several hundreds of miles in length on the south, reaching into Northern Iowa, and northwardly far toward Manitoba. It consists of a high, undulating prairie, diversified by thousands of lakes of clear and limpid water, frequently so near to each other as to hardly admit of a roadway between them. Scattering oaks dot the surface of the land, with here and there a beautiful grove. The ground is covered with luxuriant grass, set off with hundreds of varieties of prairie flowers. It is perhaps needless to say that these lakes are stocked with apparently inexhaustible quantities of black bass, muskalonge, pike, pickerel and the various smaller fishes indigenous to this latitude. Otter Tail Lake, one of the largest, contains, in addition, whitefish. In many of these lakes wild rice is found in abundance. Otter Tail county is said to contain over nine hundred lakes, most of them nameless.

Here we luxuriated on the most delicate and gamiest of fish, and the plumpest of mallards and teal. The sharp-tailed grouse are also quite common. Deer are occasionally found, but withal we cannot say that we found it the paradise of which we had so forcibly dreamed, for "there is no rose without its thorn." We found a very sharp thorn in our guide; he knew too much. His superabundant knowledge

seemed to be as conspicuous as his dislike for hard work. How many of us have fallen into the hands of his counterpart! So when the great October snow storm struck us, eighteen miles from the nearest railroad station, we were obliged to depend on our own resources to extricate ourselves. It took us a week to do it.

To lovers of the rod and gun this region offers many attractions. The canoeist, or parties with light boats, can traverse this entire system of lakes finding royal sport, with picturesque and ever-varying scenery.

Its altitude averages about two thousand feet above the sea, its climate healthful and invigorating. A few pioneer settlers are found here and there.

Our next halting-place was at Fargo, the thriving young metropolis of the valley of the Red river of the North. This busy little city is already the centre of a large trade. It lies in the eastern edge of Dakota, and furnishes supplies for the wheat growing interests so rapidly developing in Northern Dakota But as our business is with the buffalo, deer and antelope of the vast plains beyond, we take the train for the far West

After leaving Fargo, the lakes and watercourses begin to show a strong solution of alkali. Geese and ducks by thousands could be seen rising from them, as the noise of the train startled them from their feeding grounds. Geese seem to delight in alkaline waters. I have seen them in thousands feeding in the shallow alkali lakes among the mountains of Wyoming and Montana, even as early as the month of August.

After a few days spent in the vicinity of Crystal Springs, which seem to be the headquarters of the Northern Pacific for wild geese, we went on to Bismark. This place, at present, is on the border. Beyond, the vast limitless plains stretch out, uninhabited and almost unknown to the white man. Within a few months it was not healthy for a white man to show himself out of sight of the railroad line. Much of this territory seems to be identical in character with the rich lands of Eastern Dakota. About two hundred miles west of Bismark we reach the bad lands. Here the scene changes. Vegetation almost ceases. The little Missouri flows through them in a northerly direction. Here could be seen antelope in thousands, gracefully bounding away from the approaching locomotive. Here, too, is the last resort of the buffalo, and following them like a Nemesis are the white and copper-colored butchers who, unless soon restrained, will exterminate them. Cannot and will not Congress, before it is too late, take means to put a stop to this reckless carnage, or must this noble animal become extinct?

Doubtless another season will see hundreds of sportsmen taking advantage of the completion of the N. P. to the Yellowstone to take a trip to that wonderful game resort. The head waters of the numerous streams that contribute to the formation of the Yellowstone still abound in a great variety of large game. In the autumn of 1878, in a somewhat extensive trip over this region, I saw herds of elk daily quietly grazing in the valleys and on the mountain sides. Antelope were rarely out of sight. Grizzly, cinnamon and black bears were frequently met with—mountain lion and mountain sheep occasionally. This region seems now to be the last great game preserve of the continent. The streams are full of trout, and it is in reality a sportsman's paradise. But our month had expired. We had no time left to visit the far-famed Yellowstone, so we have gone back to business, and must defer this pleasant trip till another season.

Chicago, January 7, 1881. H. L. STORY.

CATCHING WILD HORSES IN TEXAS.

SOME TIME since as we were returning from a hunting expedition on the plains of Texas toward evening, we came upon a wagon trail, and as we were by no means certain of our locality we concluded to follow it.

Going but a short distance we came to a ranch, and riding up we found the owner at home, and to our surprise an acquaintance, a Mr. Woods, whom we had met in Fort Griffin a few weeks before.

He gave us a hearty welcome, and as there was plenty of room outside the house if not in, we accepted his invitation and went into camp near his wood pile, that being about all the accommodation we wanted.

Staking out our ponies, and making a rousing fire, supper was soon ready, and as we had a good one, I invited Mr. Woods to join us and take a cup of coffee with us.

After supper was over, the table-cloth—I mean the rubber blanket—shaken out, our plates wiped off with a piece of flour sack, the frying-pan turned upside-down to keep the dogs from eating the grease out of it, and a large armful of wood thrown on the fire—for there was nothing mean about my man in making a fire when he did not have to cut or carry the wood—we were ready for a chat.

Our host filled his pipe, and after a few puffs proceeded to give us an account of his capturing a herd of wild horses a short time before. As I was interested in it, I thought some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM might like to hear of it.

Mr. Woods had noticed several times during the winter a small herd of horses, feeding not far from the ranch, and determined to try and capture them.

From his account of their habits it would seem that they always feed on a certain range, and that if driven they will go to the extreme end of it, then make a circuit and return to about the place they started from.

In the early spring, when the grass is short and consequently the ponies are poor and weak, is the time selected, as during the summer it would be almost impossible to ride them down.

The first preparation necessary being the building of a strong corral, he selected a place in a thick grove, on a trail leading to a water-hole; here he built his corral, leaving an opening where the trail entered, which he closed with a strong gate. The entrance he made V shaped, running out for forty yards on either side of the trail a strong fence of brush and stakes. Concealing all as much as possible he was ready to begin the drive.

This preparation took three days, with the help of two men.

They then selected four of their best horses. Packing a few days' rations and a little corn on one of them, they started out in search of the herd.

They sighted them about noon, five or six miles from the corral. Halting, Mr. Woods mounted his best horse. Putting a few quarts of corn into one of his saddle pockets, with a few days' rations of bread in the other, and filling his canteen with water, he was ready for a long ride.

He directed his men to camp where they were, and have their horses saddled by daylight ready to relieve him, as he expected to pass about that time.

The herd had all this time been quietly feeding about a mile off.

As Mr. Woods rode toward them they started off on a run; keeping after them, they ran a mile or two, then came to a walk and allowed him to ride within a quarter of a mile of them, when they again started off on a run, he keeping after them as before, never allowing them to get out of his sight.

They kept on a run all the afternoon until toward evening, when they came to a walk, seeming to think it was no use trying to get away from the strange horse that was always following them. He did not press them, keeping about a quarter of a mile behind, but giving them no time to stop and feed, feeding his own horse a little corn as he went along out of his saddle pocket.

Toward night the herd went to water, but Mr. Woods gave them no time to drink much, although allowing his own horse to drink all he wished.

The night was clear, with a moon, so there was no trouble in keeping them in sight.

By this time the herd seemed very much inclined to stop, and would allow Mr. Woods to ride within a few hundred yards before they would move on. He kept after them until toward morning, when it became cloudy and dark, so that he lost sight of them; he therefore stopped, unsaddled and fed his horse, ate some supper, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, was soon sleeping.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly, and on looking around he saw the herd feeding only a short distance away.

Saddling his horse, he was soon after them.

They started off on a brisk gallop, but Woods kept up, and they soon got tired and came to walk.

He kept them on the go as before, always keeping within a few hundred yards of them, and giving them no time to feed, but feeding his horse with a little corn as he rode along.

Toward noon they were approaching the place where his men should be to relieve him, they having made a turn in the night, and were now on their way back toward where they had been started from.

Woods kept a sharp look-out but could see no one, so he kept on all day.

By night he could ride within a few yards, and they had not indulged in a run for some time; he was very tired but kept on, still hoping his men would come to his relief, but no help appeared, and toward morning his horse gave out and he had to give up the chase. Taking the saddle and bridle off he turned his horse loose, thinking there was no danger of his going away, ate his last ration, rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep.

He woke at daylight, and looking around for his horse found he had gone off. He was certainly in rather a bad fix: but determined not to lose all his labor, he threw his blanket on a bush to mark the place where he had left his saddle; he started after the herd on foot; they were lying down only a short distance off, and as he came up started off on a run, but only kept it up for a short distance, then came back to a walk, so that there was no trouble in keeping up with them.

About eight o'clock Woods saw his men coming toward him with a horse; they had been out looking for him during the night, but seeing nothing of him went back to camp.

In the morning they found his horse near camp, so knew he could not be far off, and started with a fresh one to find him.

Mr. Woods thought that the ponies were so nearly exhausted that they could now pen them. Sending a man out on each side of the herd and bringing up the rear himself, they drove them slowly toward the corral, which was only five or six miles off.

They worked them slowly toward the trail which led to the corral, and when they struck it they started off in a canter, making for the water; the men kept after them and they trotted along, following the trail between the wings, without seeming to notice them, right into the pen. Mr. Woods kept close behind, and closed the gate after them.

He had the herd now safe, and after a short time more of fasting for them, they were tame enough to handle with safety. They then lassoed them, and hobbling securely turned them out to feed.

Toward night they were driven to the ranch, and they found they had fifteen good ponies besides two mules; the mules were branded U. S., and had evidently been abandoned by some government expedition on the plains; they were the wildest and hardest to handle of the herd.

In about two weeks Woods had most of the ponies broken to ride, that is, broken in a Texas sense. Some were very fine, and he sold most of them for a good price. The mules he broke for himself, and they turned out a very poor pair.

H.

WINOUS POINT CLUB.

IN nine cases out of ten, a long anticipated and impatiently expected week over decoys and behind blinds turns out like a precocious child with a big head; wonders are predicted of it, but, alas! it too frequently shrivels up and dies of water on the brain. Ducks don't fly, weather too warm and wind not favorable often wreck our fairest visions; and after three or four hours behind the best blind, with all his good nature frozen out, one readily realizes that weather and wind have much to do with successful duck-shooting, amply confirming poor Joe Long's oft-repeated advice, "Who are wise and would make the biggest bags must freely consult Old Probs and their own barometer."

With this experience and advice we started on receipt of a letter from "El-Liv-Ves" (the man who never smiles), which Finnegan triumphantly showed us, with the sententious remark, "That's the stuff," and were soon gliding along the Lake Shore Railway from Buffalo toward Sandusky.

The Bay of Sandusky has an extent of over 30,000 acres of marsh, which furnishes feeding ground in the fall and spring for millions of ducks and geese. Wild celery grows in the greatest abundance, and here the canvas-backs flock in great numbers. Twenty-six years ago a few old sportsmen of Cleveland, appreciating the immense advantages of such a locality, purchased and otherwise obtained control of over 5,000 acres of marsh and meadow, and at Winous Point, on Mud Creek, an affluent of the bay, erected their modest shanty. From this nucleus has grown the elegant and comfortable buildings of the Winous Point Club, limited to thirty members, now owning and leasing over 13,000 acres of the finest duck, snipe and quail ground in the West, and valued at over $100,000.

Barring the incident of a smash on the Lake Shore at Nottingham, that lost the lives of the engineer and fireman and destroyed $25,000 worth of railroad property, we arrived at Cleveland in due course, spending the night in the hospitable house of one of its oldest citizens. We took the early train on the following morning, and with the addition of another old Nimrod to our party, we arrived at Port Clinton at ten o'clock.

The kindly phiz of George met us at the depot, and after seeing our impedimenta stored for a sled transfer over the mud roads to the Club House, Finnegan, Sore and the writer started by the new route for the Point. How many times Mike lost his overshoes, how many dams Finnegan scaled and rested on with the plaintive inquiry, "How long, oh, how long?" and how straight Sore guided us through mud, slush and water, to the big, warm, comfortable lounging room of the Winous, and its old fashioned fireplace filled with four logs, I'll not now narrate Suffice it to say we reached there at last, and were amply repaid for the weary trip by one of George's best dinners

The club has two large substantial buildings containing some thirty sleeping rooms, with the necessary addition for kitchen, dining-room, laundry, etc. Adjoining the house is the tank house and boat house, in the former of which are the necessary counters and benches for loading, cleaning, etc., with tanks or lockers for each member, and in the latter over 40 duck boats of various models, including the Rushton, Osgood, Barnegat, Racine and others. Here also is an army of decoys, from the little blue bill to the big goose, all ready for their deceptive occupation. Along the south front of the house is a wide veranda flanked by a beautiful lawn, with a 40 ft. flagstaff, at the topmast of which flies the club flag, always signalling occupancy of the house. It is very seldom that the flag is not fluttering in the breeze.

On the right, as you enter the club lounging room, is a black walnut and glass case of ample dimensions, containing a large number of beautifully set up specimens of water fowl, all killed by members of the club—ducks, teal geese, swans, brant, quail, woodcock, snipe, eagles and hawks. A particularly beautiful specimen, a swan killed by Mr. Cross, is much admired. On the south side of the room is the library and a rack for guns. The club has a superintendent, the omnipresent and indomitable George, and four keepers, who patrol the grounds during the season, and woe to the luckless duckerbeat who is caught poaching. What George would do with such a one is best told by the Earl of Dunraven's game-keeper on being questioned in court as to his disposition of any one caught red handed: "Phat wud I du? I'll kill him and ate him."

Such a spot and its accessions may well be called a sportsman's paradise, and so we found it.

After a good old-fashioned game of whist and a well-spread supper and night cap we retired early with visions of ducks innumerable.

Breakfasting early, Finnegan, Bob and the writer started for Teal Pond, but finding the wind unfavorable we set up our blinds on the point. The wind blew a gale from the northwest all day, and the birds were akin to lightning bolts in their flight, scarcely noticing our decoys; still our bag of canvasbacks, teal, widgeons and redheads was fair, and we returned well satisfied.

It is no exaggeration to say that from almost any point on the bay could have been seen thousands of mallards, widgeons, canvasbacks, whistlers and teal, while occasionally our eyes were blessed and our fingers tingled by the sight of a string of old honkers.

The register of birds kept each season by the club members for many years shows an enormous number killed. Butterballs and coots are not counted. To the credit of the club be it said that mallard shooting is prohibited in the spring.

Unfortunately for the writer a telegram rudely dispelled his hopes of a week's vacation, and he was reluctantly compelled to bid good-bye to Winous Point and its hospitalities in the midst of his enjoyment. Another season and your correspondent may be enabled to discourse more eloquently of the varied attractions of the "Winous." EN GARDE.

Natural History.

THE FISH MORTALITY IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

THE following report into the causes of the recent terrible mortality among the fishes of the Florida coast has been made by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll to Professor Baird and will appear in the proceedings of the United States National Museum. Owing to the impossibility of procuring samples of the supposed poisoned water for analysis no definite conclusion as to the cause of the destruction of the fishes of the Gulf has been reached. The report is as follows:

Pursuant to your verbal suggestion, I made it an object, during my recent cruise down the western coast of Florida in the service of the Superintendent of the Census, to inquire into the so called "poisoned water" which was supposed to have caused the remarkable mortality among the sea-fishes that occurred in the autumn of 1880. I am sorry to be able to give so meagre an account of the matter as follows, but must beg excuses on the plea that I was too late to see any actual destruction, since the cause had wholly disappeared previous to my arrival there, and also from the fact that I was unable to carry out my intention of going to Key West, where most of the fishermen live who suffered injury, and who could perhaps have furnished additional information.

It appears that this misfortune is not a new experience in the eastern part of the Gulf of Mexico. One of the oldest residents on the Floridan coast, Mr. Benjamin Curry, of Manatee, told me, what others confirmed, that as far back as 1844 a wide-spread destruction of all sorts of salt-water animal life occurred, apparently due to causes precisely similar to those which produced the lately noticed desolation. Again, in 1854, the fishes suffered all along the southern shore, and have done so at intervals since to a less degree, until in 1878 an excessive fatality spread among them, which was wider in the extent of its damaging effects and probably more destructive in point of number of victims than the later visitation of 1880. Even the cooler half of 1879 was not exempt from some appearance of the plague.

In regard to some of the manifestations of this deadly influence in the sea during 1878, Mr. John Brady, Jr., an intelligent captain, told me that the time of year was January, and that the "poisoned water," to which universal belief credits the death of the fishes, could easily be distinguished from the clear blue of the pure surrounding element. This discolored water appeared in long patches or "streaks," sometimes 100 yards wide, drifting lengthwise with the flow

of the tide. The earliest indication of it was the floating up of vast quantities of dead sponges—chiefly "loggerheads." All those seen by Mr. Brady were less than forty miles north of Key West, in what is known as "The Bay," nor has anything of the sort been seen at any time outside (*i. e.*, southward or eastward) of the Florida Reefs; but it was soon discovered that all the hitherto profitable sponging grounds lying off the coast as far north nearly as Cedar Keys, and particularly off the Anclotes, had been ruined. These grounds are only now beginning to show signs of reproductiveness in sponges. At the same time, many portions of this area—for example, Sarasota Bay—seem not to have been affected, sufficiently at least to cause the death of swimming fishes to any great extent. In the case of the sponges, only a few of other species than the loggerhead would be seen floating; but when they were hooked into, all were found dead, though still clinging to the bottom. When a sponge dies naturally it gradually becomes white at its base, through the loss of its sarcodal matter, but all these were observed to have turned black. The abandonment of these sponging grounds from the Reefs to Cedar Keys, during the three or four years following this attack, entails a loss which it is hard to estimate, because partially compensated in the increased price of the article in the market due to its consequent scarcity, and because at all times the product there is an uncertain quantity; but I hazard the opinion that $100,000 would not repair the damage to this business interest alone. Had it not been for the fortunate discovery just at that time of the sponge-tracts off Rock Island, northward of the Suwanee River, almost a famine in this article would have ensued.

Concerning the attack of 1880 I am able to say more. It began suddenly, and immediately followed the terrible hurricane which is known as the "August gale," the fish and all other ocean life suddenly dying in hordes all along the southern (eastern) shore of Tampa Bay, on Egmont Key, at its mouth, which was the most northern point, and thence southward as far as Shark River, in Whitewater Bay, on the coast. Thence fatal localities were to be found in the currents that set southward through the Bahia Honda Passage, through the Northwest Passage beyond Key West, and even out in the neighborhood of the far isolated Tortugas.

Everywhere throughout this whole extent of coast, except in the mouths of the rivers and in the shallow bayous, all the forms of sea-life died as though stricken with a plague fatal alike to all, and were drifted upon the beaches in long windrows so dense that near human habitations men were obliged to unite in burying them to prevent a pestilential stench, or to haul them away by wagon-loads to be prepared for manure, as was done in some cases. Not only were swimming fishes destroyed, but sponges, crabs (I saw upon the beaches thousands of horseshoe-crabs laden with their chains of undischarged eggs), and great numbers of mollusks. The oysters at the mouth of Manatee River and in Tampa were spoiled (in imagination if not in fact!), and the excellent clams of Sarasota Bay became weak, tasteless, and of a repulsive green hue at their edges. A graphic account has been given me in a letter received from Mr Charles Moore, Jr., keeper of the lighthouse on Egmont Key, at the entrance of Tampa Bay, the original of which I transmit herewith. This point witnessed the height of the calamity, and as Mr. Moore was present during the whole season, his account of facts is valuable. Mr. Moore writes:

"EGMONT KEY, FLA., February 20, 1881.

"SIR: As I promised to give you all the information about the fish dying at this station, I will do so to the best of my ability. The first dead fish we saw was on Sunday, October 17, as the tide came in. There were thousands of small fish floating on the water, most of them quite dead. I saw only one kind the first day; they were small fish, four or five inches long; the Key West smackmen called them "brim." They were new fish to me. The next day other kinds were dying all along the shore; the pompano was about the next to give in, and by the 25th October nearly all kinds of fish that inhabit these waters were dying, except the ray family. I don't remember of ever seeing any stinger or whipper ray, or the devil-fish, as we call the largest ones of the ray family. From the 25th of October to the 10th of November was the worst time; during that time the stench was so bad that it was impossible to go on the beach. I sent my family to Manatee, and the assistant keeper and myself shut ourselves up in our rooms and kept burning tar, coffee, sulphur, rags, etc., night and day in order to stand it. It was warm, damp, and calm weather. They continued to die for about six weeks; they kept getting less every day. I counted seventy sharks within 80 yards, all small; I never saw a shark over four feet long dead. The cow-fish and eels were about the last to die. In regard to the cause of their dying, I have made up my mind it was caused by the fresh water, as there were immense quanties of fresh water coming down the bay, and the water here was nearly fresh on the surface, while the water underneath was perfectly salt. Now, if the fresh water could have passed off into the Gulf without being disturbed by winds, it would have naturally spread out thinner and thinner as it would have rolled on toward the Gulf Stream, and once it got there, then there would have been no trouble. But on the 7th of October we had a heavy gale from the southwest, and it continued to blow from the south and west until the 11th of October, and a very heavy sea running at the mouth of the bay, and it *churned* the fresh and salt water all up together, and the strong southerly winds set this mixed water back and kept it here for several days. I noticed, a few days before the fish commenced to die, a peculiar smell on the water, something like the smell of bilge-water, and the color of the water was a dirty green, mixed with small sediment. I noticed the fish while they were dying, when they first came in shoal water; they would act crazy, dart around in every direction, but in a short time would give up and float ashore. On examming them I found their gills all glued together with a slimy substance and of a whitish color,* and in a short time the gills would turn green and the fish bloat very large. I cannot make any correct statement as to the number that died, but thousands of barrels floated up on this island. There are no fish dying now; all we catch are fat and nice. I should have written to you before, but I have been very busy. I've had a new duty to perform, taking the tide every half hour. Any information I can give you at any time I will be happy to do so.

"My address is: Braidentown, Manatee County, Florida.

"Very respectfully, CHARLES MOORE,

"*Keeper of Egmont Light-House.*"

Along this region of the Florida coast are several establishments or "factories" devoted to the catching and salting of fish, chiefly the mullet and its roe, and to the making of superphosphates. All of these were obliged to suspend operations, and their winter's work has been ruined, or at least all the profits are gone. One gentleman told me of a single definite loss he had thus suffered of $800.

To this part of the coast, also, comes a large fleet of smacks and "smackees" every winter to catch fish for the Key West and Havana markets, principally the latter. These smacks found that, as before, the brownish, discolored water, "thick and glutinous" (as one described it), which seemed the cause of the mischief, lay in streaks drifting with the tide. The small fishes that swam into one of these patches (which had a vertical thickness apparently coextensive with the depth of the sea at that place) seemed unable to get out before they were stupefied, and died as though by suffocation. Even the large carnivorous swimmers, like the sharks and porpoises, often suffered the same fate, though frequently they would have strength to turn back and flounder out. In the pure element, between the deadly streaks, fish were as abundant as ever at the distance from the coast where the smacks operated, and their wells were often filled with promptness; but it was found that it was impossible, even by going straight out to the Tortugas, to run the gantlet of the poisoned water floating between there and Cape Sable, since if once it was encountered, and entered the well, a very few minutes sufficed to bring about the death of every fin of the cargo. I have a few notes, culled from the Key West journals, which show that a loss of nearly $10,000 resulted from only four or five such misfortunes. The consequence was that for some weeks the fishing throughout all that part of the Gulf had to be wholly abandoned, involving the idleness of a large number of vessels and their crews.

Seeking an explanation of the phenomenon, I everywhere asked what was the local theory to account for the matter, and was almost always told with confidence that it was due to an overflow of the swamps and the pouring into the Gulf of bodies of fresh water poisoned by a decoction of noxious "acids," etc., leeched from the roots which had been soaking for years in the pent-up floods—a theory which I fail to find supported by such facts as I have been able to learn.

Those who do put faith in the sufficiency of this explanation, point out that the winter of 1877-78 was unusually wet, and that this last fall saw more rain falling in South Florida than ever before in the recollection of the people there. This is probably true, and it may be, as asserted, that the years heretofore when the fish have died have been those noted for their excessive rainfall, but I have not compared meteorological records. It is no doubt true also that if a sea-fish should be plunged into water saturated with the tannin derived from decomposing roots and stems of palmetto, oak, sumach, etc., which do abound in the Everglades, he would find it eminently unhealthy. But further than this the hypothesis will not hold. It requires us to believe that the overflow of a small surface of swamp-land shall so tincture the wide area of the Gulf as to destroy its healthfulness through several weeks, while the tides are ceaselessly swinging back and forth, and rapid currents continuously replace the water of every part with new and send the old elsewhere. This is preposterous. Moreover, provided it was true of the Manatee River (as is claimed), or of the Caloosahatchie further south, why should it not be equally true of the Atlantic coast, where there is the same or greater drainage, yet no such trouble known; or of the Withlacoochee, Suwanee and a dozen other streams draining swamps like the Ofeekinofee, in whose tangled recesses grow plants as noxious as those further south, yet whose discharging currents do no harm to the fishes? Moreover, in the Manatee River itself no fish were killed over the free range of the tides, though daily breasting the swamp overflow.

Some, discarding any theory of the decoction of poison from plants as an explanation, will tell you that the excess of rainwater discharged by the rivers so freshened the surf as to cause the death of all shore-swimming fishes. This, as near as I can make it out, is Mr. Moore's explanation of the mortality at Egmont Key.

In a few confined spots, where fishes could not escape at will, this might now and then cause a death, but it is notorious that the fishes of the Gulf coast make little or no distinction between salt and fresh water. Alligators swim to the outermost keys, and the best sheepshead caught are those far up the Caloosahatchie, where the stream is always sweet, while the porpoise and shark chase the mullet away in toward the head of the bayous, or until the river-channel gets too shallow for them to swim further. A little fresh water, or a good deal, more or less, would receive no attention whatever from a Floridan fish. The Mississippi has been deluging the Gulf with a well-nigh Amazonian volume of water, fresh not only, but thick and nasty, yet no one supposes the fishes off the delta are obliged to stay in its murky flood unless they choose, or, if they do, that they suffer by it, except to the palate of the epicure.

But a more cogent argument, from facts perhaps overlooked heretofore, exists against any theory which seeks to explain the destruction of marine life inside the Florida reefs by any landward agency. This is that it was in all cases the dwellers on the bottom that perished first, while the surface-leaders were the last to be affected, and, as a rule, escaped altogether. (Until 1880, I was told, no mullets were ever known to be killed.) It was the death of sponges, conchs, sea-anemones, crawling horseshoe-crabs, of toad-fish, cow-fish, skates, and the like, which keep close down on the bottom, that first apprised the fishermen of the presence of their dreaded and mysterious enemy. Next came the bodies of red-fish, groupers, pompanos, and other deep swimmers, and last of all a few mullets and sharks. Fresh water, tinctured with tannin or untinctured, would not effect this. It would float on the surface, having a lesser density. If it exerted a noxious influence it would be the surface-life that would first succumb, the bottom-life longest escape. But quite the reverse has been the case, and this, with other appearances, leads to the conclusion that the "poison" springs from the bottom of the sea, or is formed in its waters.

The only way to account for this is by supposing that eruptions of volcanic gases may have taken place through the bottom of the sea along a line stretching from Tampa Bay to the Tortugas, and through the western half of the Florida Keys. Inquiring as well as I could whether there had been any evidences of plutonic action in that region within a few years, I heard a tradition that about the holidays of 1877-78 an earthquake shock had been felt on the west coast. I have had no opportunity as yet to verify this, but it is a well-known fact that just previous to the hurricane of last August, so well remembered by all the people of Florida West, as a time of almost unparalled destruction of shipping and height of tidal waves, a shock of earthquake was felt throughout the whole southwestern end of the peninsula. It did considerable damage in the city of Key West, and was so alarming at Tampa that several persons ran in fright from their houses. Immediately after it began the sudden destruction of fish I have described.

Whether the physical shock of such an occurrence, touching the fish and creepers on the bottom, would do them harm, or whether the subsequent patches of "poisoned water" owed their discoloration and undoubted deleterious properties to being saturated with sulphurous or carbonic acid gases derived from subterranean vents, I cannot presume to decide. But if the last supposition had been proved true, or shall be at some future time, would it not be a rational and sufficient explanation of the death of the fishes, sponges and their kin, whenever they came in contact with the discolored water alluded to?

Analysis of the suspected water would have done more to solve the question, probably, than anything else can do, and it is a matter of continued regret that I could not obtain specimens of it for that purpose. After the end of September, however, the evil diminished, and by Christmas all of the harmful water had disappeared from the Gulf.

Regretting that I could not have done more to get at the truth of the matter, in essaying which I was offered every aid by the citizens of Florida, but continually impeded by bad weather and other untoward circumstances, I beg to submit this little that I have learned, and I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours, ERNEST INGERSOLL.

PROFESSOR SPENCER F. BAIRD,
United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C.

*I failed to find any other instance in which this thickening or begumming of the gills had been observed. The deadfish were elsewhere reported as healthy in appearance, and in one case, at least, were eaten without harm, or even indigestion occurring.—E. I.

SPRING NOTES FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

AS it may prove interesting to some of your readers to compare dates concerning the leafing and flowering of trees and plants, arrival of migratory birds, etc., I have much pleasure in forwarding the following "notes," which, if acceptable, can be supplemented by others.

Willow (*Salix*). Of this genus we have several species, but, unfortunately, owing to the difficulty of identifying them, I am unable to give more than a general account. The earliest to blossom here is an osier, which appears to suit itself to moderately dry ground as well as moist. Its silky catkins appear generally about April 20, but in early seasons, like that of 1876, I have known them to put out as early as March 18. The catkins of the different species of willow are called "pussies" by the children of this province. In England I well recollect when a child we used to call them "goslings," each denoting its downy coating as somewhat like the animals in question. They generally leaf about the last week in May.

Alder (*Alnus viridis*, DC.). Catkins generally appear about the first week in May, but I have observed them (1876) as early as April 14. This year (1881) I noticed them first on May 1. This shrub—or trees it might be called in some parts of the province, especially in the Stewiacke Valley, Colchester County—attains a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and six inches in diameter of trunk, is extremely common everywhere in moist situations. It usually puts forth leaves about the second week in May. The wood is very brittle, and in clayey land no shrub is more easily grubbed up than the alder. The downy woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*) loves to inspect the lower parts of the alder trunks, where from the many holes pierced in the bark it evidently finds the larvæ of some insect suited to its taste. From this peculiarity no doubt the unscientific countryman calls it "sap-sucker."

Sweet Fern (*Comptonia asplenifolia*, Ait.). Bears catkins about the last of April. It is an extremely common shrub on the rich sandy loam of Kings County, and is generally supposed to denote good soil. It leafs the last week in May.

Wild Gooseberry (*Ribes*). I am not quite certain as to the species, but I take it to be *cynosbati*. It is very regular in leafing, generally the first week in May. The fruit is ripe about the second week in July.

Red Maple (*Acer rubrum*, L.). Usually flowers about May 10, and sheds them a week or ten days later. In full leaf about May 30.

Aspen (*Populus tremuloides*, Mich.). In flower last week of April, and leafs about May 20. It is called by the countrymen "popple-wood," and is held in high esteem for wharf logs, and for all purposes in salt water, as it is not attacked by the *Teredo* or other marine worms.

Balsam Poplar (*P. balsamifera*, L.). Leafs about the last week in May and flowers about same time, giving out its characteristic strong perfume, which is carried by the wind for some distance. It is called here "Balm of Gilead."

Dandelion (*Taraxacum Dens-leonis*, Derf.). The flowering time of this well-known plant varies much. The earliest date I have recorded (1865) was on May 2, and the latest about the middle of that month.

Common Frog (*Rana fontinalis*). The earliest croak of this species I have registered was (1865) on April 6, and the first spawn observed that season was April 10. We usually hear the first croak almost invariably on a wet or damp evening, about the middle of April. This season (1881) I heard it for the first time on April 17, and saw abundance of spawn in ponds on May 1. I have observed the tadpoles in ponds (1867) as early as April 10.

Common Snake (*Coluber sirtalis*). Usually appears about the second week in May, but sometimes earlier, according to the season.

Green Snake (*C. vernalis*). Generally appears about the same time.

Robin (*Turdus migratorius*). Several stay with us all winter, but the migratory flocks arrive about the end of the first week in March. It usually commences to sing about the first week of April, and the first song is almost invariably heard in the evening. The first song I have recorded was on March 26, 1862.

Song Sparrow (*P. melodia*). Generally makes its first appearance about the middle of March and treats us to the first bird song of the season.

Black Fly (*Simulium molestum*). This terrible plague to all anglers appears about the second week in May. They do not seem to attack the plain flesh of the hands or face, but always make for the roots of the hair of the head. I first observed this habit while lying on a woolly carriage rug, which they appeared to alight on eagerly and searched at the roots of the fibre for flesh, but when they came to where my hands lay upon the rug they instantly departed. Cows may be seen in pastures near the forest literally covered with these creatures trying to force their way down to the roots of the hair. J. MATTHEW JONES.

Fern Lodge, Waterville, Nova Scotia, May 30.

FROM SING SING, N. Y., May 29—*Editor Forest and Stream:*

May 5—Saw first Baltimore oriole (*Icterus baltimore*).

May 7—Saw bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*).

May 11—Found red-shouldered hawk's (*Buteo lineatus*) nest containing one egg, large embryo; also, phœbe's (*Sayornis fuscus*) nest, two eggs, and golden-winged woodpecker's (*Colaptes auratus*) nest containing five fresh eggs.

May 15—Found chipping sparrow's (*Spizella socialis*) nest, egg.

May 16—Saw ruby-throated humming bird (*Trochilus colubris*).

May 20—Found blue bird's (*Sialia sialis*) nest, one egg; also, yellow billed cuckoo's (*Coccyzus americanus*) nest, three eggs, large embryos, and yellow-breasted chat's (*Icteria virens*) nest, four fresh eggs.

May 21—Found yellow warbler's (*Dendræca æstiva*) nest containing three eggs.

May 22—Found two nests of yellow-breasted chat, each containing four fresh eggs, and wood thrush's (*Turdus mustelinus*) nest, four fresh eggs; also cat bird's (*Mimus carolinensis*) nest, four fresh eggs, and house wren's (*Troglodytes ædon*) nest, three fresh eggs; also, blue bird's nest, one egg. Same day, found blue bird's nest with large young ones and saw young blue birds that could fly.

May 25—Saw pair white-eyed vireos (*Vireo noveboracensis*) building nest. Saw pair least flycatchers (*Empidonax minimus*) building nest. P. D.

A MOTHER'S COURAGE.—This would be a good season of the year for those gentlemen who delight in treeing ruffed grouse to take their curs in the woods to practice the art of getting the birds into the trees, in order that their worthy masters may get resting shots. At least I would wish them so to do if they might be fortunate enough to meet with as determined a mother bird as I did this morning. The curs might learn a lesson. Having occasion to go some distance into the mountains to look after some foxes, I took along two terriers—a fox and Dandie Dinmont—both well known for their pugnacious qualities. After finding the fox den, and unearthing them with the help of the dogs, I turned homeward, and came suddenly upon a hen ruffed grouse, with at least twenty chicks. The dogs were at heel, but at once rushed on the bird, who sounded the danger for the young, and to call the male bird. I have seen a game hen defend herself against a large hawk. I have seen one particular game hen on more than one occasion kill a Norway rat of good size, that attempted to take an egg or a chick, but for fury and determination I never saw anything to equal the efforts of this female ruffed grouse. Never for the space of a moment of thought did she cease from a most determined assault until the dogs beat a retreat to heel. The male bird was scarcely less determined, but there was not the same kind of "do or die" bravery shown as with the mother bird.

This may be very common, but I record it as my first experience of the kind, and I know very well that no cur, however good at getting birds into the tree in the shooting season, could have withstood the attack of this morning, which adventure led me to write this article, wondering how honorable gentlemen reason within themselves to justify their honorable (?) way of bagging ruffed grouse.—BRISKSHOT.

May 30, 1881.

STRANGE CRABS OF MAURITIUS.—The following interesting account of some peculiar crabs appears in a recent issue of *Nature:* Two crabs of most extraordinary habits are described. Both belong to the family *Polydectine*. The crabs of this family have their front claws armed with large teeth. Latreille, who first named the crab *Polydectes cupulifer*, remarked that a gummy substance was always to be found at the ends of the claws of this species, and Dana described the animal as always having something spongy in its hands. Dr. Mobius has discovered the remarkable fact that these things held in the two claws of the crab are in reality living sea-anemones. These sea-anemones are attached to the immovable joint of each claw, while the teeth of the movable joint of the claw are kept buried deep into the flesh of the sea anemones, and thus hold them fast, although each anemone can easily be pulled away from its position with the forceps in specimens preserved in spirits. The mouth of the sea-anemone is always turned away from the crab. The same curious combination exists in the case of another species of the same family but of a different genus, *Melia tessellata*, which also inhabits Mauritius. A figure is given of this crab with its pair of Actinias, named by Mobius *Actinia prehensa*, with fully expanded tentacles, held out one in each hand. Mobius gives the following account of the matter: "I collected about fifty male and female specimens of *Melia tessellata*, all of these held in each claw an *Actinia prehensa*. The recurved hooks of the inner margins of the claw joints of the crab are particularly well adapted to hold the Actinias fast. I never succeeded in dragging the living Actinias out without injuring them. If I left the fragments of them when pulled out lying in the vessel in which the Melia was, the crab collected them again into its clutch in a short time. If I cut the Actinias in pieces with the scissors, I found them all again in the claws of the crab after a few hours. It is very probable that the Actinias aid the crab in catching its prey by means of their thread cells, and that the Actinias, on the other hand, gain by being carried from place to place by the crab, and thus brought into contact with more animals which can serve as food to them, than they would if stationary. This is a very interesting case of commensalism."

HOW A PARTRIDGE LEAVES HER NEST—Rockland, Me., May 30.—On the 13th of this month I received a line from a friend in the country, saying, if I would ride out, he would show me a partridge nest with nine eggs in it. So the next day myself and partner rode out, found my friend, who guided us—three men and two dogs—to the nest. We went carefully as we neared the nest, and got within about twenty feet, when she went off like a shot into the air, flying high and far. After admiring the nest and eggs a moment, we left, not forgetting to pronounce our blessing upon it as we walked away.

My friend informed me that he had found another, with twelve eggs in it, and, pointing to a house a mile and a half away, said the boys there would show us the nest. So, wishing to see all there were, and also to give the thing a fair trial, we went to the house and found the boys (three of them) at work in the field. We gave them a dime apiece to show us the nest. This time our forces were somewhat augmented, and consisted of two men, three boys and two dogs, and we approached to within about twelve feet of the nest, going very carefully. We saw the hen on the nest plainly for a half minute, and then she glided off and ran—not feigning lameness, but sneaked off—and as there was not much underbrush she was in sight for three rods. I have heard of another, and I intend to visit it to-morrow. If I do I will report.—JAMES WIGHT.

IS IT A HYBRID?—Natchez, Miss., May 26—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just seen what to me was quite a curiosity. It is a cross between an ordinary dunghill cock and a guinea-hen. The mongrel is now about two years old, is somewhat larger than an ordinary chicken, has the head and neck of the chicken (minus the comb and gills), with the plumage of a guinea-fowl. It has the graceful and easy carriage of the guinea, with the cluck or cackle of either or both at will. The guinea-hen, after receiving the attentions of the cock, and the usual season of incubation, hatched six of these little curiosities, but they succeeded in rearing only this one. Please let me know if you have ever heard of a similar case. Where could a curiosity of this kind be sold, and what price do you think could be obtained?—
S. M. D.

We have never known of a case quite similar to the one here reported, and if there is no mistake in the matter it is a very interesting one. We have no idea of the value of such a specimen.

A CURIOUSLY MARKED BUFFALO—Carroll, Missouri River—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This winter the Indian trader, Jos. Kipp, bought a buffalo robe so peculiarly marked that I think it deserves notice in your columns. All the "old-timers," men who have lived among the buffalo all their lives, say they never saw anything so remarkable.

The animal, a large cow, was killed in the vicinity of the Black Butte by a Blackfoot medicine man, and it was only by offering several rifles, blankets, etc., etc., that Mr. Kipp could induce him to part with the robe. The long, shaggy hair on the head and part way on the back is pure white, and a perfectly white border a foot deep extends along the edge away behind the fore shoulders. The tail is also white. Yellow buffalo, called "white cows," are often killed. But never in the history of Montana Indian trading has anything been seen like this. As I said before, the white is a pure white and perfectly regular in place and outline. It would well be worth $200 to any museum, which is Mr. Kipp's valuation of it.—APPRECIATE.

STILL THEY CHIME.—Lynn, Mass., May 27.—Three weeks ago to-day while out a few miles west of the city for the purpose of giving my hound a run after being chained up all the week, I was standing on a large boulder looking down through the thick second growth of pine and hard wood, trying to make out what the hound was baying so fiercely about. I espied, lying on the topmost branches of a small pine, what appeared to be a snake of some species. He was seven feet from the ground, and appeared to be taking a sun siesta. Calling my two chums to the spot we decided to interview his snakeship. Whereupon I immediately saluted him with a charge of No. 10 shot, which brought him to his senses and the ground at the same instant. At least this is my conclusion, as "a wise head keeps a still tongue," and he did not even enlighten us as to how he attained his elevated position, or for what purpose he went there, but on receiving my challenge let go and dropped. On closer inspection it proved to be a black snake, and by actual measurement 43 inches in length.
HORACE L. MAYO.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.—The April number of this excellent magazine contained a number of articles of great value. Among those more or less directly interesting to our readers is a review of Professor O. C. Marsh's Monograph on the Odontornithes, by Geo. Bird Grinnell; Elements in Orographic Displacement, by W. J. McGee; The Basin of the Gulf of Mexico, by J. E. Hilgard; Geology of Florida, with a map, E. A. Smith; Channel Filling in Upper Devonian Shales, by H. S. Williams; New Order of Extinct Jurassic Reptiles (*Coelurii*), Discovery of a Fossil Bird in the Jurassic of Wyoming, and Note on American Pterodactyls—the last three by Professor O. C. Marsh.

WILD HAWK EAT CROW?—Philadelphia, Pa.—A sporting friend of mine in Delaware, who saw the item in FOREST AND STREAM relating to that question, told me, a few weeks ago, that during our severe winter he saw a strange "muss" out in the field on the snow, and went out to investigate. He said that when he got near it the *gray* thing picked up the *black* thing and held it in his beak and looked at him, then dropped it and flew off. On going up he found the hawk had been feasting on a starved crow.—DIDYMUS.

OSTRICH EGG OMELET.—The female African ostrich at the Philadelphia Zoo, has begun to lay. One huge egg was sent to Uncle John Krider to blow. Being freshly laid, he saved the contents, and has been reporting on ostrich egg omelet to-day, and pronounces it "good, not a bit strong."—HOMO.

Game Bag and Gun.

HABITS OF DEER AND HOW TO HUNT THEM.

FAIRMOUNT, Walden's Ridge, Tenn., March 2.

I HAVE killed game of all varieties that we have in this State, such as deer, bears, etc.; also have hunted somewhat in the West. For twenty years or more I have hunted deer in the Cumberland mountains, and I think I can give you some information as to the different ways of hunting and the habits of deer.

In this part of the State we hunt deer in the Cumberland mountain and its spurs. Walden's Ridge is one of the Cumberland spurs. Mountains many miles in length and from twelve to twenty miles in width, only partially settled, leave a vast extent of wilderness, where are found a great many deer and a few black bears. There are many deep gorges and rough places that afford secret hiding-places for deer and bears to raise their young. The country is well watered and well timbered, and affords an abundance of mast for the deer to feed upon. In many places it is almost level for several miles. Thickets of undergrowth, covered with grapevines, are often found. So it will be impossible for the deer to become extinct in this country from still hunting or hounding.

The mode of hounding or driving deer here is as follows: Deer have certain runs, generally upon the dividing ridges and through the swags of ridges. Standers are placed on these runs and the driver takes his dogs, from two to a dozen or more, and generally drives against the wind, which is the way deer, especially old bucks, always run.

The deer hunter that understands his business, in taking a stand to wait for the driver to drive out the deer, always takes his position against a tree, fronting the way he expects the deer to come. In standing for deer you should never get behind anything, for the deer is almost certain to see you move, and then he will change his direction. Driving does not run deer out of the country. You may drive in certain localities one day and run deer several miles away from their range, and in three or four days you will find the same deer back in the same locality.

Still hunting is another mode, and that is to walk about slowly through the woods and watch for deer. The best time for still hunting is in running time, in the months of October and November, after the does are with fawn and are running and hiding from the bucks. When you see a doe running through the woods, go and take your position in shooting distance of where she passed, and keep a sharp lookout the way she came, and often, in a very few minutes, you will see a buck coming, tracking her. Let him come up near enough for you to get a fair shot, bleat or whistle at him and he will stop. If you are a marksman, then you will have venison. On some runs I have known three large bucks to be killed in less than two hours. Still hunting in the months of October and November is the most successful way of hunting. Sportsmen that are good rifle shots are the most successful still hunting. Shotguns will do for driving, but rifles are the best to use in still hunting.

Slow-tracking deer with a dog is another very successful way of hunting. The dog, from a small puppy, must be trained. A half-hound is generally preferred. A cross of a hound and cur or bulldog is best, as the hound gives the acute scent and the bulldog or cur the speed and bravery to take hold when he comes in contact with a crippled deer. The dog is trained to follow the track by scent in a slow walk, and you follow the dog ten or twenty feet behind, and keep a sharp lookout for the deer. When the dog has a strong scent of the deer you can discern it by the precaution he uses, and when he sees them he stops and waits for you to shoot, and at the fire of the gun he does not break and run, but waits to see what you want done. If you have crippled the deer, hiss him on, and if it be badly crippled he will catch it and kill it, and you wait on the track where he started from when you hissed him, and he will return and take you to the dead deer. This is the most successful way of hunting, and by it you can find out more about the habits of the deer than from any other mode of hunting.

Deer feed on mast, such as chestnuts, chinkapins, acorns, moss, twigs, buds, etc., but not much if any grass.

I have seen a great many deer dressed, but I have never, in this climate, seen a spear of grass in their food. They like peas, corn and other kinds of grain. In the winter they sometimes eat wheat and oats in their green state, but I do not think wild deer in this climate ever eat grass. Tame deer will eat anything.

After running time, deer, especially old bucks, go to the rough woods and stay until they shed their horns, which is in the months of February and March. Then they come out on highlands and into the flat woods. Young deer and does are not so particular. They roam about at all seasons.

The does have their fawn in the month of June, in thick underbrush, near water.

The bucks, after their horns come out and are full grown, begin to harden them the first of July. They make their beds upon the high hilltops, lie with their bodies in the shade and with their heads exposed to the sun. They feed at night when the moon shines, but when the nights are dark they feed early and late in the daytime.

Deer go to water once a day between the hours of twelve and two o'clock. Between those hours they feed a little and then return to their bed-grounds. In the month of August the bucks begin to rub their horns. They generally rub on a soft-barked bush, such as a small pine, and by first frost, which comes from the 10th to the 20th of October, their horns are hard and they begin to run.

The most deer are killed by men who live on the mountains, not for market, in particular, but for the meat.

The people here would not favor a law prohibiting the hounding of deer. We have a game law in this State, but it is not strictly enforced, as it should be.

In this section of country we have quite a variety of game, such as turkeys, pheasants, quail, rabbits, squirrels, coons, opossums, wildcats, and red and gray foxes in abundance. Chattanooga is our nearest city of any importance, fifteen miles from the hunting grounds mentioned. The mountains are well watered, both soft and mineral waters, and are very healthful. The soil is good for fruits and vegetables. It would be a good sheep country, but very little attention is paid to sheep raising. A great many cattle are grazed upon these mountains, and some make it very profitable.
THE WHOOPER.

THE GASTON CLUB.

SOUTH GASTON, N. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to the many inquiries from Maine to Texas received in response to your publication of my proposition to establish a hunting and sporting club at Gaston, I think it best to give through your paper more particularly the advantages which the locality offers.

The hotel is a very conveniently arranged house, and contains some twenty-three rooms, all with fireplaces. The ground floor is divided into large and capacious rooms, one of which can be used for cooking purposes. The second story is composed of bedrooms. The third story has a very large ballroom, with several fireplaces in it, and is so arranged with folding-doors as to make, when not used as such, three or four bedrooms. The hotel is on the north bank of the Roanoke, and immediately adjoining the extensive low lands of Dr. E. N. Wilkins and Mr. W. E. Brodnax. On the south side of the Roanoke is the South Gaston depot, post office and express office. The town of North Gaston is a place of the past, and exists now only in memory.

In reply to the special inquiries of a gentleman from Pennsylvania I will state seriatim; First—Gaston is on the north bank of the Roanoke. Second—The Roanoke is not navigable above Weldon and below Clarksville, Va., for any other class of boats than batteaux; but there is a deep sheet of water at Gaston some three miles long and half a mile wide, with but little current—not more than that of the Hudson or Susquehanna. Third and fourth—With the exception of the Roanoke bottom lands the adjacent country is hilly and well adapted to the usual Southern products. The Roanoke bottom lands are extremely productive, and rarely sell for less than $20 per acre. Fifth—I think as much as 10,000 acres in one body can be purchased for agricultural purposes and as a game preserve. Sixth—The winters are generally mild and subject only to the variations of a temperate climate. From the 10th of October to the 10th of August immediately following no part of the United States is more healthy. During the months of August and September we have occasional malarial diseases, which, by-the-bye, rarely require the attention of a physician. We

never have malignant fevers, endemical or epidemic. The game in this section consist of deer, foxes, coons, opossums, etc., of the fur class, and turkeys, geese, ducks, partridges, etc., of the feathered. While they are not over-abundant, as in some of the northwestern States, they are sufficiently so to make the sport interesting.

The location is specially convenient. Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk and Baltimore are in easy reach, and their respective markets can be used daily. I ought not to omit Wilmington and Charleston. They are quite in reach, and fresh tropical fruits are always obtainable. But this is not a matter of much importance to the sportsman and huntsman, privations and the uncertainty of success add zest to the sport, and are of high importance in keeping it alive.

Apart from all this, the location is specially adapted to residents of a rigorous northern climate. The hotel is so conveniently arranged as to admit of each member of the club bringing his family and enjoying as much privacy as at home. The family of every member will be regarded as honorary guests and be entitled to the special consideration and attention of every member.

It will be proper, in view of present indications, to enlarge the number of members. Forty would be just two to each room, while fifty would only comfortably fill them. The sectional number of members, I think, need not be insisted upon. Northern gentlemen will be most benefited, and as such, I think it just to give them preponderance in club organizations. The FOREST AND STREAM of April 28 gives a pretty correct idea of the club's design. On that point no additional explanation is necessary. It may not be amiss to add, the club property will not exceed that attached to the Gaston Hotel without the special authority of the club hereafter in council determined. It is not proposed by me to purchase 10,000 or 15,000 acres of valuable land as a game preserve, more especially when the club will have that privilege over a vaster extent of country by courtesy.

THOS. GOODE TUCKER.

A DUCK SHOOT ON THE WABASH.

IF memory leads me not astray, it was in the early April of '78 that a jovial companion and friend, Sam. K., and myself found ourselves comfortably domiciled in neighboring farm houses located one-half mile apart, and distant some sixteen miles north of the thriving little city of Terre Haute, Indiana. The attraction which had caused us to leave home and to ride forty miles over the worst and muddiest of roads was the reply about the ducks, "Come on, there are millions of them." What sportsman ever undertook a trip of like character that did not load himself down with superfluous ammunition and stores? True, it is well to be fully supplied, but imagination is a monster, and article after article must be added to satisfy his cravings. Let me suggest that to take the fewest things one can possibly get along with is undoubtedly the best plan. We were told that we could not go amiss, as the river had lately overflowed the low bottom lands and had filled the many bayous, the canal and the old river bed with water, all of which swarmed with ducks and a goodly number of geese drawn there by the excellent feeding ground formed by the overflow.

The next morning, after a hasty breakfast, we made an early meet at the place agreed upon. A short walk of perhaps half an hour and we were nearing a slough or pond, the outer edge of which had been overgrown with weeds, the dead stalks of which obstructed the view. Sam was in the lead when uprose, right in his front, several ducks, and simultaneously with their rising came the terrific roar of his ten-gauge, which echoed and re-echoed in the still morning air, when the air was full of myriads of ducks flying in every direction. Here we agreed upon a system of operations which was as follows: One was to station himself under cover of a blind at this place, while the other was to visit all the ponds within reach, get all the shots he could, and drive the ducks as best he could toward the blind. Hardly had our plan been put into operation before the shooting became interesting. They came in pairs, by the dozen and by hundreds. Notwithstanding the numerous misses, and the piercing nor'wester, accompanied occasionally by a shower of heavy meteors, our bag was not light, as the day advanced and the ducks ceased to fly. About noon we visited a wet prairie or piece of swamp land where we found the snipe were even more plentiful than the ducks. While walking through the wet prairie there would rise, from right under our feet perhaps, a solitary snipe, and immediately another and another, until from above in every direction came the plaintive cry of the scared birds.

As the shades of evening closed around us we were making our way across neighboring wheat fields toward our respective stopping places. Sam, who was slightly in advance and ever on the lookout for anything in the shape of game, came suddenly to a stop and asked if I did not hear a turkey gobble up in the woods among the brake, distant about half a mile. Being answered in the negative, he said that he was certain that he was not mistaken, and that he was going to visit the place from which the sound proceeded, and immediately started, leaving me to wend my way homeward. I had hardly reached the place at which I was stopping when I was saluted by the report of his tell-tale ten-gauge. He had reached the hills, and procuring the leaf of a plant locally known as "lamb's tongue," he made a call or two, and was answered by a turkey which soon made his appearance, at about seventy-five yards, and fell a victim to man's devices.

Cloverdale, Ind., LA BELLE.

THE INFAMY OF THE CAT LAID BARE.

I SUSPECT the erroneous statements in regard to Mr. Whittington's cat have put the whole civilized world in a very unfortunate position as regards the animal. That nightly marauder is actually permitted to live in fine people's houses and practice his destructive instincts on the beautiful little feathered warblers which seek to make our homes so delightful with their presence. The cruel cat is vigilant, and mourning among the innocents follows his trail. The number of bright, beautiful birds one barbaric cat destroys in a single season is something awful to contemplate. He ceases not his destructive vocation night nor day, but is ever alert, haunting and watching the unsuspecting mother bird, ruthlessly tearing her from the little family, and devouring her, while they are left to perish. So the shady, verdant lawn is deprived of its brightest and most pleasing ornaments.

If every good farmer's wife only knew how often the wicked cat is to blame for what the hawk is charged with—the mysterious disappearance of so many of her little pet chickens—I doubt not but this prolific race would meet a well-merited check, if not a total extinction. How many poor invalids with sensitive nerves have had the sleep they so much needed tortured from them by the nocturnal contentions of these wandering spirits, whose midnight wranglings are fit for diabolic emblems, and produce thoughts not easily composed even in the minds of the most placid and healthful brains. Worse than all, whole broods of beautiful quail are destroyed by the cat during his lengthened perambulations. Half-starved bevies, which seek the friendly precincts of the farm-house for protection and food during the merciless storms and colds of winter, are annihilated by the treacherous brute.

So, too, with the more gentle feline monster, which has really been domesticated, sleeps on mats or on soft cushioned chairs, his light floating hair, wafted by every passing draft into the cooking viands, rendering most disgusting the best efforts of the innocent cook.

In fact, the civilized world would be rid of many grievous annoyances to which it now submits if the whole feline race were a thing of the past; a few mouse traps would do vastly more good than all the cats in christendom. The barbaric age has passed, and let the cats go with it.

I would advise all philanthropists and well-wishers of our race, whenever it is possible, always to buy cats, and while removing them to some better place, as you approach a rock, seize the animal firmly by the hind-legs, and with a quick, violent motion describe a circle, with the head of the cat on the outer line, letting the rock hold a point in the circle. To make the operation a complete success repeat the process three or four times during the minute.

When the mellow autumn tempts you, and with dog and after gun you visit the friendly well to rest and cool yourself the heated tramp, see if there are any cats in range; if so, kindly inquire if your neighbor would like the nuisance abated. If he assents, change your shell for one of the extras usually carried for hawks. Hold point-blank and at short range, for the tenacity of a cat's life is only equaled by its meanness and uselessness. B.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE English foxhounds, nineteen in number, that lately arrived in our city, were imported by Mr. Ed. Waln, Jr., of Chestnut Mill, a great lover of thoroughbred horses and a member of the Hare and Hound Club, of Germantown. Ten couple of these finely bred hounds were purchased by Mr. Waln, but he was unfortunate in losing one on the passage over. Besides this pack, in the neighborhood of Philadelphia we have that of the Rose Tree Hunt, whose dogs have won many prizes at bench shows; the Schaffer pack at West Chester, and one at Paoli. A taste for the exhilarating sport of fox hunting is rapidly increasing in Philadelphia and neighboring counties, and during the coming autumn many meets will be held. Reynard is by no means scarce in Delaware, Chester and Montgomery counties; but the trouble has always been that the rocky nature of the country offers too many hiding places, which his foxship at once occupies and from which he cannot be dislodged. This and the great amount of woodland render it advisable to use hounds of good voice, for it is seldom that the dogs are seen in our hunts. These English dogs used to much open country will be puzzled, be assured; and we doubt not at first our Yankee hounds will discount them.

The writer learns that bass fishing began in earnest at Columbia, Pa., many fish being taken; few, however, were large.

Our sportsmen of Philadelphia do not seem to have taken advantage of the unusual flights of shore birds that have made their appearance all along the New Jersey coast near our city. Brownbacks, robin breast and bullhead plover are very plenty and seem to have come all at once. This argues that they will likewise leave in a body.

Messrs. Schrieber & Sons, animal photographers, have started for Baltimore to take the group of Percheron stallions and mares lately imported by Mr. W. T. Walters, of that city. This gentleman has just brought over seven stallions and thirteen mares of this grand breed of horses. Among the lot is one perfectly black—a great rarity. The French Government is endeavoring to breed them black for its cavalry and artillery services; the present colors, white and light grey, being too conspicuous. Messrs. Schrieber & Sons say they will make a grand picture.

The kennel of these latter-named gentlemen should be visited by all sportsmen who wish reliable field dogs. Their animals are yearly worked on game, and the kennel situated right on our snipe ground is within five minutes' run of the meadows.—HOMO.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section one of chapter 534 of the laws of 1879, entitled, "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 1. No person shall kill or chase any wild deer in any part of the State, save only during the months of August, September, October and November in any year. Nor shall any person during the night time have in possession upon any of the waters of this State, except during said months, any jack or other device used in floating. No person, corporation, association or company shall sell, expose for sale, transport or have in [his or her*] possession in this State, after the same has been killed, any wild deer or fresh venison, save only during the months of August, September, October and November. No person shall, at any time in this State, kill any fawn during the time when it is in its spotted coat, or have in [his or her] possession the carcass or skin of any such fawn after the same shall have been killed. No person shall, in any part of this State, set any trap, spring-gun or other device at any artificial salt-lick or other place for the purpose of trapping or [and] killing wild deer. It shall not be lawful to pursue deer with dogs in any county of this State, except from the fifteenth day of August to the first day of November. It shall not be lawful to pursue deer with dogs in the county of St. Lawrence or Warren at any time. It shall be lawful for any person to shoot or kill any dog while in actual pursuit of any deer in violation of the provisions of this act. It shall not be lawful for any person to kill, or cause to be killed, any wild deer in the counties of Warren, Suffolk and Queens at any time within five years from the passage of this act. Any person offending against any of the preceding provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each wild deer or fawn so killed or pursued or trapped, and for every spring-gun so set, or wild deer or fawn skin or fresh venison, or jack or other device used in floating, had in [his or her] possession, and may be proceeded against therefor in any county of the State in which the offence was committed, or in which the offender or prosecutor may reside, or in any adjoining county.

Sec. 2. Section four of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: 4. No person shall kill, or expose for sale, or have in [his or her] possession after the same has been killed, any wild duck, goose [or] brant, coot, rail, snipe, plover, or gallinule commonly called water-chicken [in any of the waters of this State] between the first day of May and the first day of September, except in the waters of Long Island, in which waters, none of said birds shall be killed between the first day of May and the first day of October, except rail, snipe, plover and gallinule commonly called water-chicken. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each and every [wild duck, goose or brant] such bird killed or had in [his] possession. And any person who shall at any time kill any of said birds between sunset and daylight, or pursue or fire at any of said birds with the aid of any light or lantern, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offense against this provision. And any person found between sunset and sunrise on the water with a gun and lantern in the act of attempting to pursue, fire at or kill any such birds, shall be deemed guilty of a violation of this section.

Sec. 3. Section six of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: 6. No person shall use any floating battery, machine or other device, whereby the gunner is concealed, for the purpose of killing any wild fowl, or shoot out of any such floating battery, machine or device, at any wild goose, brant or duck, in any of the waters of this state, or use any decoy or construct any bough-house at a greater distance than twenty rods from the shore, for the purpose of shooting at or killing any such birds. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offense. But nothing in this section shall apply to the waters of the Great South bay west of Smith's point, or to the waters of Peconic bay, or Shinnecock bay, or Lake Ontario, or the river St. Lawrence, or the Hudson river below Albany, or to Long Island sound and the bays adjacent thereto west of Crane Neck.

Sec. 4. Section seven of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: 7. No person shall sail for any wild fowl, or shoot at any wild goose, brant or duck from any vessel propelled by steam or sails, or from any [other] structure attached to the same, in any of the waters of this State except Long Island sound, outside of the headlands of the several bays thereof, Lake Ontario and the Hudson river below Nyack. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars. But nothing in this section shall be construed to permit shooting at wild fowl from any vessel propelled by steam in the waters or bays of Long Island sound.

Sec. 5. Section nine of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: 9 No person shall kill, or expose for sale, or have in [his or her] possession, after the same has been killed, any woodcock between the first day of January and the first day of July, in the counties of Queens and Suffolk, and between the first day of January and the first day of September in the counties of Oneida, Fulton, Hamilton, Ulster, Orange and Sullivan [and Herkimer], and in other parts of the State between the first day of January and the first day of August in each year, except as hereinafter provided. It shall not be lawful for any person to kill, or expose for sale, or have in [his or her] possession, after the same has been killed, any black or gray squirrel, between the first day of February and the first day of August in each year. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each bird or animal so killed or had in possession.

Sec. 6. Section ten of the said act is hereby amended to read as follows: 10. No person shall kill, or expose for sale, or have in [his or her] possession after the same has been killed, any ruffed groose, commonly called partridge, or pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, between the first day of December [January] and the first day of September, except as hereinafter provided. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each bird so killed or had in possession.

Sec. 7. Section eleven of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: Sec. 11. No person shall, at any time or place within this State, take or kill any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, or any pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, or any spruce grouse, commonly called Canada partridge, or any quail, with any net, trap or snare, or set any such net, trap or snare for the purpose of taking or killing any of such birds; nor shall any person [wilfully] sell or expose for sale, or have in [his or her] possession any of the said birds after the same shall have been so taken or killed. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for each bird so taken or [and] killed or had in [his] possession. And it shall be lawful for any person to take or destroy any such nets, traps or snares, whenever found set.

Sec. 8. Section eighteen of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: Sec. 18. No person shall at any time catch any speckled trout with any device save that of angling, with hook and line held in the hands, or attached to a rod held in the hands, except in waters which are wholly private, and only then by permission of the owner thereof; nor shall any person set or draw any net or seine of any description, or use any set-line in any lake, pond or stream inhabited by brook trout, or have on the shores [thereon] thereof any net, seine, set-line or other unlawful device for the taking of fish, except as above provided. [And no person shall at any time, or in any way, catch any speckled trout or salmon trout through the ice.] And no person shall at any time or in any manner catch, or attempt to catch through the ice, any fish in any waters inhabited by speckled or salmon trout, except in waters wholly private, and except in Otsego Lake during the months of February and March [prior to the first day of April]. Any person who shall offend against any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in

*Phrases in brackets denote the former reading.

addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each offense, and all nets, seines and other devices forbidden to be used by this section are hereby declared to be contraband, and any person finding the same in any place where they are forbidden to be used is authorized to destroy such contraband articles, and no action for damages shall lie against him for such destruction.

Sec 9. Section nineteen of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: Sec. 19. No person shall catch, kill, or expose for sale, or have in [his or her] possession after the same has been caught or killed, any speckled trout, save only from the first day of April to the first day of September. Any person who shall at any time catch or take any California speckled or salmon trout, from any of the waters of this State, less than five inches in length, shall immediately place such trout back in the waters from which it was taken, and shall use due care not to kill or injure the same. No person shall at any time take or catch any speckled salmon or California trout from any of the waters of this State for the purpose of stocking a private or a public pond or stream, and no California trout shall be taken, caught or killed in any of the waters of this State in any way, except only between the fifteenth day of May and the first day of September following, and it shall be unlawful to take speckled trout by any device from any stream within the towns of Denning, Hardenburgh, Olive, Shandaken or Wawarsing in the county of Ulster, for the purpose of sale. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each trout so caught, killed, exposed for sale or had in possession.

Sec. 10. Section twenty of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: Sec. 20. No person shall catch, kill, or expose for sale, or have in [his or her] possession, after the same has been caught or killed, any salmon trout or lake trout caught in any of the inland lakes of this State, in the months of October, November, December, January, February and March, and in Lake George the additional month of April. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for each fish so caugh, killed, exposed for sale or had in possession.

THE MICHIGAN GAME LAW.

THE new game law of Michigan reads as follows:

SEC. 1. *The People of the State of Michigan enact*, That no person or persons shall pursue, or hunt, or kill any * * * (deer), save only in the Upper Peninsula from the 15th day of August to the 15th day of November, and in the Lower Peninsula * * * * (from the 1st day of October to the 1st day of December, inclusive) * * * * * in each year, or kill * * * * (at any time any deer when it is in its red coat, or any fawn when it is in its spotted coat, or have in his possession the skin of such deer or fawn, in the red or spotted coat, and the having in possession of the skin of such deer or fawn shall be *prima facie* evidence of such illegal killing. No person shall, at any time, kill or capture any deer in the waters of any of the streams, ponds or lakes, within the jurisdiction of this State, or kill or capture any deer by means of any pit, pit-fall or trap. No person shall) kill or destroy, by any means whatever, or attempt to take or destroy, any wild turkey at any time * * * (except in the months of * * October, November and December, of each year, or kill or destroy by any means whatever any woodcock * * except between the 1st day of August in each year, and the 1st day of January next following,) or any * * * partridge or ruffed grouse, or any wood duck, teal duck, mallard duck or gray duck, save only from the 1st day of September in each year to the 1st day of January next following, or any (wild) water fowl, except between the 1st day of May and the 1st day of September of each year, or kill or attempt to kill any wild duck or wild goose after sundown at any season of the year. (The taking, carrying or sending, by any means whatever, into or through any county of this State, any of the game or animals which have been killed or captured contrary to the provisions of this section, or the hides of such animals shall be illegal, and is declared to be an offence against the provisions of this act, in any county in or through which such game, animals or hides may be taken, and such offense may be punished as provided in section six of the act hereby amended.)

SEC. 2. No person shall kill or destroy, or attempt to kill or destroy, any (colin) or quail, sometimes called Virginia partridge, save only during the months of * * * November and December of each year, * * * * (nor kill, nor attempt to kill, any pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, before September 1, 1882, and thereafter only in the months of September and October in each year.)

SEC. 4. No person or persons shall at any time kill, or attempt to kill, any wild duck or other wild fowl with or by means of a swivel or punt gun, or rob or destroy the nests of any wild duck, or wild goose (or brant), or in any manner kill or molest the same, * * (at night, nor at any time, on their nesting places).

SEC. 5. No person or persons shall sell, or expose for sale, or have in possession for the purpose of selling, or exposing for sale, any of the kinds or species of birds or animals protected by this act, after the expiration of * * * (eight) days next succeeding the times limited and prescribed for the killing of any such birds or animals: Provided, however, That it shall be lawful to expose for sale and to sell any live quail, for the purpose of preserving the same alive through the winter. And it shall also be lawful for any person to take alive, on his own premises, at any time and in any manner, any wild turkey for the sole purpose of domestication, or for scientific or breeding purposes; and possession and transportation alive of such wild fowl so taken on one's own premises, may be had for any such purpose: Provided, That in any prosecution for violation of any of the provisions of this act, the person claiming the benefit of this section shall prove on the hearing, or trial that in good faith he so took alive such wild fowl or fowls for one of the purposes specified in this section, and if prosecuted for transporting them, that he is in good faith transporting them alive for such purpose, and it shall not be necessary for the prosecution to aver or prove that the taking alive or transporting alive of any such wild fowl or fowls was not done for domestication or for scientific or for breeding purposes.

SEC. 6. Any person or persons violating any of the foregoing provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall likewise be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offense, and shall, on conviction thereof, stand committed to the common jail of the county until such penalty is paid: Provided, That such imprisonment shall not exceed thirty days.

SEC. 7. Any person who shall at any time, within this State, kill any robin, night-hawk, whip-poor-will, finch, thrush, lark, sparrow, cherry bird, swallow, yellow bird, blue bird, brown thrasher, wren, martin, oriole, woodpecker, bobolink or any song bird, or rob the nests of such birds (shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined five dollars for each bird so killed, and for each nest so robbed, or confined in the county jail for ten days, or both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court).

SEC. 8. That any railroad, express company or other common carriers, or any of their agents and servants, or other persons, having any of the above named birds or animals in their possession for transportation, or shall transport the same after the expiration of * * (five) days next succeeding the time limited and prescribed for the killing of such birds and animals, shall be punished by fine not less than ten dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars: Provided, That such penalty shall not apply to the transportation of live quail, which are to be kept alive throughout the winter, or to the transportation of such birds or animals *in transitu* through this State, from other States, where it is lawful to kill such birds or animals at the time of such transportation.

SEC. 12. All prosecutions under the provisions of this act shall be commenced within * * * (one year) from the time such offense was committed.

GAME NOTES.

Bucksport, Maine, May 26.—Woodcock returned early and are quite plenty for spring. They are already out with their young. Grouse have had a favorable winter, and well protected by law and interested wardens. They have come out this spring more plenty than for years, and as if in return for their protection they went early to work piling up their eggs. Some of them at least seem over zealous in their attempt to propagate. I found one old hen the 21st of this month trying hard to cover fifteen eggs that she had reared. When I came upon her she strutted off as if she were proud of her egg-piling ability. We are looking forward to our autumn season of shooting with pleasure and expectation.—M. S. B.

Vincentown, N. J., May 29.—This month of May brings forth the shrill call of Bob White in greater numbers than was at first anticipated. Rabbits are more numerous than ever; the farmers say they never saw so many young ones before. On Friday last a neighbor's cat brought in a young blue-breasted millbird, about half-grown, and in full plumage. The cat caught it in the snipe meadows, which are ten miles from the millbird meadows. Is not this a rare occurrence?

We are anticipating good woodcock shooting in July. Owing to the game law last year we had no woodcock shooting at all, as there were none at all here in September, but there were a great many here during the month of July and part of August.—J. W. H.

Tennessee, Savannah, May 20.—This spring squirrels have made their appearance in unusually large numbers, and a corresponding butchery has been carried on. On Wednesday I obtained the scores of five men. The first man was out shooting light hours and bagged 30. The second and third, shooting together all day, killed 47. The fourth and fifth, two boys hunting one-half day, brought in 37. The total number butchered foots up 114, giving an average of 22 4-5ths to each gun. Besides the squirrels killed, many quail are shot on the fences by pikes out squirrel shooting. It is hardly necessary to say that unless this kind of thing is stopped, there will soon be no game left to shoot.—WILL.

THIEVES NEED WATCHING.—So do many disreputable "cusses" who profess to be sportsmen. A year or two ago I was invited by a gentleman in a certain part of New York to be "on hand" on the first day of the season, and he would take me to a place where he had seen several fine coveys of quail, time after time, so he *knew* they were there. Of course I was on hand and with a fine dog, but the only covey to be found in all that region consisted of one half-grown bird. Several parties were out and scoured the country thoroughly to no purpose; the thieves had been there in time to secure the spoils, and the farmers paid no attention to them.

One of this "Hog Island" class of sportsmen, whose name I will not give unless I hear from him again in the same way, lives in Elizabeth, N. J. Two or three years ago he sneaked off to Monmouth Junction a day or two in advance of decent men, and secured about 40 woodcock.

This way of "taking Tempus by the front hair" may be *smart*, but if he had been kicked out of the woods and then fined for every bird, all honorable sportsmen would have been glad to hear of it.—DIDYMUS.



MEASURING GUN STOCKS.—Messrs Clark & Snelder, of Baltimore, Md., publish an instructive pamphlet descriptive of the Snelder gun, and containing many useful hints for all purchasers of firearms. This firm makes a specialty of altering muzzle loaders to breech-loaders, and have successfully treated in this way many scores of guns. The accompanying cut, which we take from their pamphlet, illustrates the manner of determining the desired crook and length of gun-stock. Lay a straight edge along the rib, as shown in the cut, extending to the butt of the stock; measure at points 1 to 2, 3 to 4 for the crook, and from the front trigger to the butt for the length.

NEAR Ralph's Hotel, on Chateaugay Lake, in the Adirondacks, the other day, a deer, chased by hounds, and panting and exhausted, came down from the woods and plunged into the lake near the hotel. Two boats were manned and pursuit was made. The deer was soon overtaken, and was so exhausted that he submitted without much of a struggle, and was taken by the ear and towed to the shore. After gaining his feet, resting for a moment, and surveying the surroundings, he pricked up his ears and bounded away. The party was organized by Mr. J. C. Pitman, the clerk of the hotel.

"HAUNTS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE."—Ashfield, June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is it possible that the compositor that "set up" my last article on ruffed grouse was himself slightly "set up" at the tin? On receiving the issue of May 26, and glancing over the article, a few minor mistakes, slightly affecting the sense of the paragraphs in which they occurred, were passed over as unavoidable. But when he made me accuse King Umbellus of cannibalistic tendencies, making "a bountiful meal off a handful of bird," and then a few lines below spells Umbellus with an *r* and an *a*, then I knew that something was surely "hup." Nothing short of sunstroke, being out late of nights, or incipient insanity, aided by an extremely lively inventive faculty, could have tortured my chirography into that shape. —RUFFED GROUSE.

JUST A TASTE OF HIS DESERTS.—Last Sunday, William Hall, of Brooklyn, E. D., went into the country with a cage to trap birds. After he had trapped a bobolink and several yellow birds, Constable King took him into custody and locked him up in Newtown. Yesterday Justice McKenna fined him $25, and being unable to pay he was sent to jail for twenty days.

ADIRONDACK DEER BITCHES.—It is reported by parties who have been fishing in the St. Regis district, that deer are being killed in large numbers on the 16 mile level of the St. Regis and in the ponds in that vicinity. We commend these men to the care of the State game constables.

MR. GWYNNE PRICE'S little book on "The Gun and How to Use It," contains much matter of interest to pigeon trap-shooters, among whom, we understand, it has had a favorable reception.

MIGRATORY QUAIL IN QUEBEC.—Quebec, June 3.—Grand Chief Jahourenche (Paul Picard) reports having seen on Sunday morning last, in the neighborhood of his house, St. Lorette, nine of the quail which Colonel Rhodes set at liberty in that vicinity last year.

THE LYMAN SIGHT is standing the test of trial; we hear favorable reports of it. See the advertisement elsewhere, and send to Mr. Lyman for an illustrated circular.

THE DAVENPORT BALL TRAP combines the various contrivances for double, single, rotary and stationary trap shooting. It is advertised in another column.

MESSRS WRIGHT AND DITSON, of Boston, publish an illustrated catalogue of lawn tennis, archery, cricket, baseball, football and other goods. The firm are widely known and their goods are in demand. See the advertisement of the house elsewhere.

Holibird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McClellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*	*Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum*, etc.
Rainbow Trout, *salmo iridea.*	Yellow Perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma.*	Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus.*	White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus.*	Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	War-mouth, *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*	Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike)	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
	Chub, *Semotilus corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*	Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*	Weakfish or Squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis*
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*	
Scup or Porgie *Stenotomus argyrops.*	

For though of all field sports the motive and origin is to kill for the table, and not to kill for the sake of killing, still the spot to be derived from them lies in the excitement of pursuit and difficulty of capture, not in the number or value of the game. Wanton butchery of useless brutes and greedy pot hunting are the Scylla and Charybdis between which the true sportsman, and he only, steers intermediate. It is the wariness, the subtlety and caution of the salmon, rendering it necessary to use materials of the slendcrest and most delicate nature, and to apply them with the utmost nicety, which makes the triumph over him so far more enthralling to the real fisherman than that over the pickerel or mascalonge of equal weight, whose greater voracity and inferior intellect permit the use of a gimp hook-length and a silken or flaxen line instead of the rine gut, tinctured to the very color of the water, and the casting line of almost invisible minuteness.—FRANK FORESTER.

OUR FIRST FISH OF THE SEASON.

TIRED of office duty, at one o'clock I lay aside its cares, seize rod and tackle, and hie for Green Moore's lake, that is embowered in the shade of giant water oaks, two miles from town. It is a bright, beautiful, propitious day. The warm sunshine falls in unclouded glory, while from the genial south gentle zephyrs wing their flight to toy with the young and tender leaves, and merrily stoop to kiss the young flowers and steal their sweet fragrance.

A pleasant, leisurely stroll, serenaded on our way by Bob White's musical call and the soft music of the mocking bird, I find myself at the lake and under the protecting shades of its noble trees. Here we prepare our lines, impale on our barbed steel the squirming worms, cast in, disturbing the quiet waters that sleep in smiles for a moment, until the hook with its seductive bait rests on the sandy bottom.

Knowing the wily perch would not begin their evening meal and take bait until the evening shadows began to fall along the lake, I rest my pole upon a friendly limb and stretch myself in inglorious ease under the shade, and had begun to doze, when I heard my pole jerked from the limb into the water. Got it in hand, but not in time to hook the piratical fish who, in stealing the bait, came near taking the pole. Baited the pole and waited results. In a moment's time something seizes it and dashes away into deep water. I pull, the thief is caught, and away he flies as swift as arrow "from Tartar's bow." After a desperate fight, a two-pound chub is landed.

Put our hook back and try for another, but nothing disturbs the alluring bait. The wished-for hour at last arrives. I gather up pole and bait, step in a batteau, and speed away to a large maple tree near the middle of the lake, under whose friendly shade the red-breasted perch are feeding.

Our line is cast into the clear water. The hook sinks slowly to the bottom. Eagerly our eyes watch the floating motionless upon the quiet waters. A few moments pass, and to our great joy we see the float slowly skim along the surface and suddenly disappear under the limpid water. A gentle pull, and our prey is hooked. Now comes the tug of war, for our red-breasts are gallant fighters and our tackle light. Down he goes to the bottom, and we yield him in his swift career the whole length of line. Back—almost to the very surface—he flies, and then in rapid circles wide he fights out the battle for life, and yields himself a prey to cruel man's dominion.

Nine more of his beautiful race, after gallantly fighting for their lives, are ours, and we are happy. By this time it is too dark to see our float, and we desist and return home satisfied with our evening's sport. O. G. GUALEY.

Bainbridge, Ga

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

IN our next issue we will publish the rules which will govern the fly casting the 23d of this month at the Tournament of the New York State Sportsman's Association at Coney Island. We will also print the record of all previous castings, with the distance cast by each competitor, and would request any person having information on this subject to correspond with us. Mr. Abel Crook, the President of the Association, has gathered much information in addition to the prize list published, which he will furnish us.

A prize has been offered by Mr. W. B. Hopson, of the Sea World of a gold-mounted split bamboo salmon rod, made by H. L. Leonard, 16 feet in length and weighing 27 ounces, worth $75. It is to be given to the person making the longest cast in any class in single handed fly-casting, and will be given in addition to any other prize won. This is the only case in which a contestant may be permitted to receive two prizes in this tournament of fly-casting. The interest in it is increasing, and general satisfaction is expressed at the number of prizes and their arrangement, and a good number of entries are promised.

The bass-casting, Cuttyhunk style, is attracting attention, it being the first time that such a contest has been held. Now we will see what distances can be cast in this style, and have something besides fabulous stories of enormous casts. If you can cast, bring down your rod and try your skill in this most beautiful of arts.

BASS THAT REFUSE THE FLY.

WILLIS, TEXAS.

I AM not satisfied yet. I did think that when I got my new "Stranahan canvass boat," and my rod, and my flies, and other tackle complete, together with sundry other baits natural and artificial, bobs of deer-tail and the like, that I would completely "slay and eat" the villainous bass, but "nary time," and now is the "winter of my discontent." I am bothered. I can stand disappointment as well as any man, when it is necessary, or only occasional, but when it becomes chronic I get fretted. I believe the fish in the South have been so accustomed to rough, old fogy and free-nigger methods, that it is impossible to ever school them to any thing genteel or delicate, at least until the present generations of fishes have passed into the frying-pan, and a new school reared up.

Last week my friend Thompson and I got our sporting wagon ready, hitched in the ponies, filled the vehicle full of everything on earth that a camper-out could wish for, took big rifles and little rifles, reed poles and pointed rods, all kinds of tackle and a minnow seine. We took along everything. We camped two nights at "Crystal Creek," 16 miles from town. I tried the flies first. I was crazy to witness a bass rise to a fly. I prevailed on Thompson to take some sun-perch with crickets, so as to be certain of a meal for dinner. I stole away to a splendid pool, some sixty feet long and 20 wide, with a fallen log across the middle. I crept up behind a bush and looked in. The water was clear, but too deep to see the bottom. I carefully rigged up my new rod with a braided silk line. I then selected a royal coachman for a leader and a La Belle for the dropper (I believe that is the word). I then drew off about three feet more of the line than the length of the rod. All ready, I made my cast—my first cast with an artificial fly—my maiden cast, you understand. I trembled for safety, not for my own, but for the delicate rod. I trembled because I expected something fearful was about to turn up. I always tremble under emotional excitement. The two flies settled beautifully on the water, causing but little splash or ripple. I waited the result until the waves began to subside, when I saw two fine bass rising to the flies. One was a two year old and the other three. They were beauties, however, and as they ascended slowly toward the flies with their bodies curved or bowed in a menacing manner, I expected every moment to see the flies disappear in their jaws, but—but they didn't take 'em. They came up to within three inches of the flies and took a good look, turned their tails and swam slowly and sensibly away, and leaving the world to darkness (disappointment) and to me. And left me to understand that I was the biggest fool of the three. I cast to them again but to no use. Couldn't fool *them*. Then I cast near the log, when a fine bass swam immediately behind the flies, until within three or four inches of them, then turned and swam away. I then cast beyond the log, and drew the flies along toward me, when I saw a fine 2-pounder slowly following the flies. I merely kept the flies in motion to prevent their discovering the fraud, but this one like the rest turned with big disgust and swam slowly away. I then cast toward another part of the pool, when a fine one arose and did just as the others had done. I quit that pool and went to another, and my efforts met with like results. So I just wound up my tackle and went to camp, and all the time lamenting that I ever read a word about fly-fishing for bass. I went then and got Thompson, and we drew the minnow seine and took a few minnows. I went to the same pool and tried with the minnow with little or no better success, although they took the minnow better than the fly. We then went to some splendid lakes some five miles below, said to be the best in the country for bass. We entered the canvas boat, and I tried the flies to my satisfaction. I tried different flies, but nary strike did I get. I then laid the rod aside and took my long cane or reed pole that I had arranged with reel-seat and guide. I fixed on that a deer-tail bob and tried that. I had several splendid strikes, and all large bass from two to four pounders, but from some cause I failed to hook them, only taking three in all. But I found the deer-tail bob to surpass any fly that I had to provoke a strike. The flies would raise them, but that was all—the bass would not take them. We took some minnows from the river with seine, but the bass would not take them—the bob being the most effective lure we had, nor did they go for that much. The only causes that I can attribute to this apathy on the part of the fish, one is that the moon is just on the full and the nights are light all night, rendering the fish sluggish and dull all the next day, as I have mentioned in some former papers. Or, that the fish are in their spawning season, and decline food in consequence. Something wrong, that's all. I would like if my handsome friend Dr. Henshall would rise and explain.

I shall not say much, however, until I get a hold on the Doctor's "Book of the Bass." He has shown me how to make the bass rise to the fly, but he has not shown me how to make him take hold of it. Did you ever think of that before? It is easy enough to lead a horse to water, but I defy the world to make him drink. I hid from the fish; they did not see me at all. I let the flies stop sometimes, and at others kept them moving, but nothing that I could do would induce them to seize them.

The weather was all one could ask. The water was in prime condition, and nothing else could I attribute their not biting except the "wrong time of the moon."

I have not quite despaired, however; I shall try them again and oft. The worst I hate in the whole matter is about my big expectations. The more one expects the greater the fall, when disappointment does come. I don't like to be snubbed by country lads and fogies. My only solace now is in the Doctor's book. When I get it I am going off by myself and take it all in *veritatim et literatim*. Probably he will tell me how to compel the bass to take my fly after I have got him within three inches of it; and if he does I am going to make another break for them; but until then, I shall lie on my oars and wait the inflowing tide. C. L. J.

BASS FISHING IN KENTUCKY.

MILL SPRINGS, KY., May 25.

WINTER persisted in lolling so long in the lap of spring that angling without overshoes, great coat and yarn mits was per force put off till last of April, and but little sport has been indulged in, as the few spring-like days were but preliminary to a skip from a frigid temperature to one of such unprecedented torridity that the average angler concluded it the overture to the grand Cataclysm as per Mother Shipton's programme for '81. 'Twas thought that that comet had certainly "set the sun afire." Bushwhackers are seining all the streams in as absolute disregard of the fish law as if no such existed. One fellow, while seining at night, was snake bitten, and there was some hopes that the venom of that reptile would guarantee him a through trip without change of cars, including ferriage at Styx, but a weekly outlook for a complimentary obituary in the country paper is yet unrewarded. Better luck to the snake next time.

During the short enjoyable spell "Uncle Joe" Taylor, a native pioneer, seventy-three years of age, came over to go fishing with me, "just to see me catch 'em with a reel," he said.

Uncle Joe never misses a fall deer and turkey hunt, and, living near a river has always set great store by his trot lines. Having never seen a reel in use, he wanted proof of the extravagant praises he had heard of that style of fishing, and I rejoice to report that our trip has resulted in the old man's equipping himself with an approved angler's outfit and cheerfully transferring his trots to Aunt Mat for clothes-lines. As transporting minnows over eight miles of mountain bridle-paths is not so comfortable as leading a three-pound black bass into a landing net, it may gratify some brother to learn that we put our minnows into a gallon jug two-thirds full of fresh spring water—balanced with a stone in a meal sack, as we hadn't enough to demand two jugs—and on arrival, at noon, found every minnow alive.

Fishing below a mill-dam in the swift water, pike-perch and black bass were taken rapidly; and when Uncle Joe had the pleasure of putting a bridle-rein through the under-jaw of an eight and one quarter pound pike-perch which a slatherer led into the landing net with a six ounce, eight feet Japanese rod and No. 2 Meek reel, his reconstruction was complete, for the ecstasies of rod and reel angling were established.

As soon as practicable I shall accompany Uncle Joe to his favorite fishing resorts, and hope there will be some in our catch that deserve to go on record. By the way, the old sportsman is responsible for the following, which I believe as if I had seen it:

On one of his trotting excursions, while amusing himself by tossing chips and pebbles on the water to see the black bass dart for them, a water-snake glided into the water and was immediately tackled by a big bass which heroically endeavored to dine off snake, but finally gave it up, the snake wriggling into hiding badly worsted by the protracted struggle. KENTUCKIAN.

TROUTING IN CANADA.—Trout fishing has so far been unusually good here in the Eastern townships this season. Hopps pond has yielded up some three-pounders, and yet retains its largest. In company with the veteran snow shoer, Mr. W. L. Maltby, the writer recently visited Lake Nick and Coons pond, where we basketed some fine *Salmo fontinalis* and for a change we went to Browne lake and killed a quantity (all we could carry) of pike and small-mouthed black bass. One of the bass kicked the beam at 4½ lbs. I have just returned with a party of sportsmen from Averill, Vt., where we had good sport in Big and Little Averill lakes and Little Leach pond. The largest of our trout taken there weighed 1 lb. and 16 oz. If these lakes were properly protected they would afford fine sport for the trout fisher. A French Canuck has built a steam saw mill on the shore of Big Averill and is depositing his sawdust in the lake. This, with sweeping the spawning beds with nets, will soon clean out the trout. Where are the Vermont Fish Wardens? STANSTEAD.

Eastern Townships, Canada.

BASS AND TROUT IN CONNECTICUT—Putnam, Conn., May 30.—The first black bass this season were taken by A. M. Wood, of Dayville, an expert with the fly. He took about a dozen a few days since at Alexander's Lake, a fine sheet of water some four miles south of this place. When the proper time arrives, and bass are off the spawn beds, there are a few "old salts" here in Putnam who drive up to Webster Pond, which lies just over our line in Massachussets, and they have such a taking way with the bass, that the fishermen up there look sad when they see the quantities of fish taken to Connecticut. But there is no end to bass fishing in Webster Pond; it is literally alive with them. This county used to be the best in this State for trout-fishing, but now there are but very few to be had. There are so many fishermen that the streams are kept pretty clear of fish. Something must be done toward restocking our streams, and more attention paid to the laws, or our trout-fishing will soon play out.—E. T. W.

PENNSYLVANIA TROUT.—In your issue of June 2, I notice an item asking for information in regard to trout weighing over two pounds caught in Pennsylvania waters.

Last year Mr Ben. H. Mulfold, of Montrose, caught, in Carm ll's Lake, this county, a brook trout weighing 3 lbs. 7 oz. This spring, His Honor J. B. McCollum, of Montrose, caught a trout which weighed 2 lbs. 8 oz., in the above-named lake. In the same lake Mr. W. W. McCain, of this place, caught a trout weighing 2 lbs. 6 oz. The same gentleman caught a brook trout in Bowman's creek, Wyoming county, two years ago, weighing 2 lbs. 4 oz. I have just returned from Bowman's creek, where I spent a few days angling in that well-known stream. My host, Mr. Wm. Culver, told us that he caught a trout, last year, weighing 3 lbs. 1 oz. If this does not settle the point, your Smithport correspondent can address any of the parties named and get the facts at first hand.

Rush, Susquehanna Co., Pa. J. W. G.

TENNESSEE, Savannah, May 30.—The new fish law seems already to be exerting a salutary influence in this vicinity. The net fishermen have suspended operations, and persons living near the head waters of the creeks, report that the shooting and gigging, formerly so largely practiced, has been stopped altogether since the publication of the law. Public sentiment seems to be largely in sympathy with the law, and I hope that after awhile something may be done toward protecting the game. There is a law in force in some of the counties, but does not apply to the whole State.—WILL.

A CALIFORNIA RESORT.—Soda Springs, Siskiyou county, Cal., May 23.—Your correspondent, "B. W.," will find this the place he is looking for. It is twelve miles from the foot of Mount Shasta, twenty miles from Mct loud River, on the headwaters of the Sacramento River. Good trout fishing is within rifle shot of the house. Horses and guides always on hand, with full outfit for camping. Plenty of deer, there being five licks within three miles of the hotel. No better salmon fishing in any of the waters of Canada than here during the months of July and August.—G. C.

NORWICH FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—Messrs. S. Allcock & Co., of the Standard Works, Redditch, have been awarded a gold medal and a special diploma by the jurors at this exhibition for sea and river fish hooks, swivels, etc., and for improvements and inventions of the same. This is the only good medal for sea and river fish hooks awarded at this exhibition.—*London Chronicle.*

SHAD IN THE DELAWARE.—Philadelphia, May 30.—The shad getting season on the Delaware River below Pennsgrove is nearly over. The market boat has made its last trip. She has carried to Philadelphia, since the opening of the season, 232,000 shad. The freight and commission on the shad amounted to $15,000. Very little is left for the fishermen—scarcely wages. The shore fisheries further up the river will probably cease operations the present week.—HOMO.

HINTS FROM ANGLERS.—I read in your issue of June 2, "Hints from an Old Angler." He recommends cotton gloves. Silk is far preferable, especially if the butt is, as it should be, unwound at the grasp, for a fly rod. Then he omits the small bottle with ground glass stopper for spirits of ammonia, a perfect antidote to the poison of the black flies, punkies and mosquito bites.—H.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Will G. H. W., of Oceanic, N. J., please inform a fellow fisherman, who is about to spend his vacation at Red Bank, in what parts of the Shrewsbury River good bass and weak fishing can be obtained? Also, if the latter part of this month will be late enough, and oblige J. L. C.?

RALPH'S, Lyon Mountain, N. Y.—Salmon-fishing has been good for the past three weeks, and now speckled trout are taking both fly and bait, and a full basket is the rule. Several parties from New York and Albany are here now, all charmed with the place.

Hop Bitters have more patience than Job, curing thousands of patients daily.

Fish Culture.

THE FIRST AMERICAN FISHCULTURIST.

I AM very much surprised that the wording of my statement in the Epoch paper should be unsatisfactory to Dr. Garlick. It was my intention to credit him with the introduction of fish culture into the United States, and, having the paragraph in question before my eyes, I am of the opinion that I succeeded in wording it so that it gives to Dr. Garlick the honor which he so well deserves. I feel much grieved that Dr. Garlick has not appreciated my intentions in the matter. If he will refer to my remarks at the close of the discussion Epoch I., in which the rival claims of Jacobi and Dom Pinchon are discussed, and to which allusion is made in the paragraph upon Epoch XX., he will see that I place Dr. Bachman's shadowy claim upon a par with the equally shadowy one of Dom Pinchon, while by implication at least Jacobi, "the father of fish culture," is compared with Dr. Garlick, who, in my opinion, should be styled "the father of fish culture in America." I shall be pleased to hear of any publications of Dr. Garlick prior to 1857. I made diligent search, and, as the members of the Educational Association will remember, read this part of my paper very slowly, hoping to call out criticism and emendation. Before the final publication of the paper of "Epochs of the History of Fish Culture" I shall be glad to make such changes as shall make it just to all. I can assure you that criticisms will be very welcome. At the same time, as a historian I cannot pass by the fact that Dr. Bachman has put forth certain claims—claims which since the recent successful experiments in transporting fish eggs in a partially dried state cannot now be ignored with as much reason as they might have been a twelvemonth ago. G. BROWN GOODE.

REPORT OF THE CALIFORNIA COMMISSION.

THE report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of this State for 1880 opens with the statement that 2,000,000 fry of the quinnat salmon which have been hatched and turned into the tributaries of the Sacramento are producing their legitimate results. Greater numbers are now taken than before. In 1872 and '73 they were scarcer than ever on account of the destruction of spawning beds in previous years by mining operations. Since then, thanks to artificial culture, they have increased. The catch in the Sacramento for the last six years is as follows for the years ending August 1, 1875, 5,098,781 lbs.; 1876, 5,511,428 lbs.; 1877, 6,493,563 lbs.; 1878, 6,520,768 lbs.; 1879, 4,432,250 lbs.; 1880, 10,887,400 lbs. This shows a steady gain year by year up to 1879, when there is a falling off, which is more than made up for the next season. This falling off is only apparent on paper, the cause being a strike among the fishermen and no fishing in consequence for three weeks.

The report shows much good work on the part of the Commissioners. Mr. Horace D. Dunn reports on the state of the salmon fisheries, their laws and violations by canners and others, as well as on the views of the canners regarding the laws. Of the shad they say they can be found at all seasons of the year in San Francisco markets. This fish did not exist on the Pacific coast until placed there, and they now sell regularly at 25 cents per pound. Whitefish, *Coregonus*, were also introduced and are occasionally taken in the lakes. The seventy-four catfish imported from the Raritan River, N. J., in 1874, have increased until they are common from Del Norte to San Diego, and are plentiful in market. Black bass have also thriven in their new home. Striped bass were introduced in 1879, and a few have been caught. The lobsters and eels have

been heard from, but none taken, although the former are expected to be found in market this summer. These importations show that California has a wide-awake Fish Commission, which proposes to have some of the good fishes which the East enjoys, as well as to increase their own valuable ones.

Mr. W. N. Lockington furnishes a valuable and voluminous appendix on the edible fishes of the Pacific coast of the United States.

GILL-NETS IN THE COD FISHERY.

[Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, 1881. Gill-nets in the cod fishery: A description of the Norwegian cod-nets, with directions for their use, and a history of their introduction into the United States. By Capt. J. W. Collins.]

CAPT. COLLINS has here given a little pamplet of sixteen pages and twelve plates which is of great practical value. The cod have been taken with lines and the question of bait has been a most important one. These lines have either been single or in "trawls" which are lines buoyed near the surface from which other lines depend. This bait question has been an expensive one to the fishermen both in money and time. Smacks have lost weeks of fishing through the spoiling of the herring taken out for bait and it occurred to Prof. Baird some time ago that the gill-net in use by the Norwegians might be profitably introduced upon our coast. Last year Capt. Collins, attached to the Commission, was sent with the party to the Berlin Fishery Exhibition to study all methods of fishing and sent home instructions how to use them. Prof. Baird had imported one in 1878, at Gloucester, but it was in winter and on the shore grounds, and was not a success owing to the fact that the net was too frail for the large cod which frequent our coast. Last winter the nets were tried in Ipswich Bay, north of Cape Ann, in thirty fathoms, with success. This is a most important matter, commercially, and may be ranked as another victory scored by the Fish Commission. If bait is abandoned and gill-nets substituted our coast fishermen will be saved thousands of dollars now expended for bait, and fish can be sent to market at a lower price.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON IN CONNECTICUT.

THE following letter from Dr. Hudson, of the Connecticut Fish Commission, proves that the whitnish can live in other waters than those of Maine. He writes under date of Hartford, Conn., May 21:

Editor Forest and Stream: I received last evening a fine specimen of a land-locked salmon just captured in Snipsic Lake, in Rockville in this State. It measured twenty-two inches in length and weighed 3 lbs. 14 ozs. It was presented by Messrs. E. J. Henry, T. Newcomb and Geo. Talcott, gentlemen who are largely interested in fish culture. The young fry of this species were first planted in this lake in 1875. WM. M. HUDSON.

WHAT SHALL WE STOCK WITH?—Webster, Mass.—As one of a committee chosen by the Rod and Gun Club of this town to investigate the following, I respectfully ask for the following information: There is a lake here of 1,370 acres containing pickerel, pouts, suckers, perch, eels, sunfish, dace and shiners. Some six or seven years ago the town spent $250 to stock it with black bass, which have increased wonderfully, but at the same time are spoiling all other fishing and threaten to eat up anything not bigger than themselves. Besides, they are hard to catch, and in the late summer were reported to be full of worms. We want different and better fishing. The lake has clear water from five small brooks and numerous springs, gravely and rocky bottom, with many sandy shores, and several cypress and meadow swamps, covering, perhaps, together, 50 acres; depth anywhere to 50 feet, perhaps 12 feet on average. One side is bordered by woods, the other by farms—a splendid lake generally; the outlet drives a cotton mill.

Now our idea is to stock it with lake trout (land-locked salmon) and German carp. I know something about the latter from my Vaterland, and wish you to answer these questions:

1. Do you approve of this?
2. Can we get lake trout fry of the Massachusetts Fish Commission, or where else?
3. Where (what place) and what address?
4. When should we put in fry, and should this be repeated for several years in succession?
5. How much will this fry cost?
6. Where can we get carp fry?
7. When should this be put in the lake?
8. How much will carp fry cost?
9. Would you advise stocking with fry or full grown fish?

I wish to add that our means are limited, and that all expenses would have to be raised by subscriptions of the Rod and Gun Club and other public spirited citizens.

Trusting that the above request will not be intruding too much on your valuable time, and that we will be favored with a reply.—C. GERBER, JR.

We should prefer black bass fishing to that of the fishes you name. The bass may be difficult to take because they have so much food. If hungry they are easily taken. If they have so much food they are thriving, and may reduce it so that you can readily capture them. In this case time will remedy your evils. We fear that it is too cold for carp in your lake, as you describe it as a spring lake. Rocky bottom is not good for carp, as the latter are mainly vegetarians, and bed in the mud in winter. Lake trout and land locked salmon are two different fish, and either might do well in the lake of 1,370 acres if there are gravel spawning beds. We prefer bass fishing to that for lake trout. We will, however, answer your questions as follows: 1. This is answered above. 2. Write to them. Their addresses are: Theodore Lyman, Brookline; E. A. Brackett, Winchester; Asa French, Boston. Land-locked salmon may be obtained from Mr. Chas. G. Atkins, Bucksport, Me. The New York Commission may have lake trout. Write to Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, 76 Chambers street, New York, or E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York. Better try your State Commission first. 3. Answered above. Write James Annin, Jr., Caledonia, N. Y. 4. In the winter, but write now. Yes; keep it up for three or four years or more. 5. We can't say. 6. Write to Professor S. F. Baird, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. 7. When you get them, in the fall. 8. Transportation from New York, only. 9. Stock with fry.

DISTRIBUTION OF CARP.—No carp will be sent out from Washington before September or October on account of the work of the Fish Commission with shad and other fish requiring the working force in the field. Mr. Hessel, Superintendent of the National Carp Ponds, reports that the carp hatched this season are of marvelous size, some of them measuring three to four inches in length at two weeks old. These are the scaleless or leather carp. It is evident that our waters or climate stimulates the carp to grow beyond its measure in its native land. It is well to send in applications for the fry now, and have them placed on file to be filled in turn. Address applications to Prof. S. T. Baird, Washington, D. C., who will furnish blanks to be filled out, stating size and character of the waters for which the fish are required, together with other information.

AT WHAT AGE DO CARP SPAWN?—Rixford, Fla., May 27.—My carp continue to thrive splendidly, but I see no signs of their spawning as yet. I have examined all the works and communications on the subject that I can find, but no one tells at what age they spawn. Do tell me if you can. Mine are two years old in June.—GEO. C. RIXFORD.

We think they often spawn at two years old. It is not too late for them to spawn this year. Perhaps Dr. Hessel will tell us how this is.

SALMON IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Columbia *Register* tells us that the Hon. A. P. Aldrich, of Barnwell, S. C., has written a letter to Commissioner Butler, informing him that Mr. Whaley, who has a mill on the Edisto River, about six miles from Blackville, last week set his fish-traps for red-horse, but was surprised and pleased when he took out several salmon as long as a man's hand. Mr. Whaley did not do what many would have done—fry them, but put them back in the river. In January, 1879, 5,000 California salmon spawn were put in the Edisto, and in December, 1880, 20,000 more were put there. This is certainly encouraging to the Commissioner.

THE IOWA FISHWAY LAW.—Le Roy, Minn.—How is it about that fishway law in the State of Iowa? I have been told by residents of the said State that we could not compel them to put them in; that a case had been tried at Des Moines, and the mill owners came off victorious; that the law was unconstitutional. If so, why is it that other States are pressing the same kind of laws?—V. A. NAILS.

Two cases to compel the putting in of fishways have been tried in the lower Courts of Iowa, and in one case the Court decided the law constitutional and in the other case the reverse. We expect the last case to go to the higher Courts to determine the question of constitutionality.

Purify the blood, Cleanse the Stomach and Sweeten the Breath with Hop Bitters.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 7, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. J. R. Slayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 4, 5, 6 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

November 26, Louisiana State Field Trials, Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November —, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

BLACK SPANIELS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 319.

[Reprinted from Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," furnished to the FOREST AND STREAM by the author, through the courtesy of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 739 Broadway, New York.]

"I LIKE to see my puppies grow like cucumbers, without a check, until they are over six months old. I often leave home for two or more days together, and on my return have exclaimed—How these puppies grow! When they have been neglected during my absence I should always discover it on my return, and, on inquiry, generally found their feeding had not been properly attended to. And now I will say a few words on feeding: As soon as my puppies can lap milk they are supplied with it twice a day, at milking-time, from a herd of goats kept by me for the purpose. Never give cow's milk, without you want your puppies to grow backward, have pot bellies, and be filled with worms. Years ago I used to lose 75 per cent. of the puppies I bred through this very cause; now I rarely see one like it. As soon as the puppies can swallow solid food they are supplied with two meals a day—oatmeal, Indian meal, boiled with sheep's heads and scraps from the butcher's, and once a day with raw flesh. 'What! raw flesh?' said one of these clever writers to me one day, 'you will kill the lot of them.' I only laughed at him, as my experience has taught me different—it is their natural food. I have it chopped into mincemeat first, until they get their teeth developed, when it is given in larger pieces and quantities. When they arrive at the age of six or eight months they are fed almost entirely on it when it can be procured, and I ask any of your readers who have seen my dogs if ever they saw dogs shown in better condition, with coats always like satin. Well, friends, I will give you a piece of advice, and let the cat out of the bag—the condition of my dogs is all due to raw flesh. Go and feed likewise, but don't overdo it. Feed at first with great caution if your dogs have not been accustomed to it, and then give them a certain quantity, not so much as they will eat; oh dear, no, you would make a pretty mess of them. Practice would soon teach you the proper quantity, which depends on the size and age of your dogs.

"Cleanliness I insist on. Every morning the kennels are all cleaned out, clean sawdust laid down on the floor, clean straw supplied for the benches, and any sickly puppies removed to the hospital; kennels once a month lime-washed with hot lime in which a little carbolic acid has been added. When dry, they have a daily run in an orchard of nearly two acres in extent. I rarely ever see deformed legs in my puppies; they are never chained until their bones are properly developed, and then only for training purposes, as they have large, roomy, well-ventilated kennels and sheds to run in should the weather be unfavorable for their out-door exercise. I seldom have any of my dogs washed, it is not necessary if they are regularly brushed with a dandy-brush.

"I always try to keep my puppies in the highest condition possible, never allow them to get thin and poor, so as to be prepared to meet that fatal malady—distemper. If visited with it when in condition above described, nine cases out of ten they will pull through it if properly nursed. Another piece of advice to your readers, and I have done, 'Be prepared.'"

With reference to the breeding of the black spaniel from Sussex, which is alluded to by Mr. Jacobs, we may remark that the dog he used, though a good specimen of the latter breed, and a very successful dog too, had a bar sinister in his pedigree which might have in some degree influenced his stock. The dog to which we refer, and of whom Mr. Jacobs made much use, was the liver colored Bachelor, who was by Buckingham, late Mat, out of Peggie, by Babb out of Ruby, by Chance out of Pop, a black bitch by Joblin's Rags out of Floss. This, we think, may in some degree save the reputation of the Sussex spaniel as regards his pretensions to purity of blood.

The illustration we give herewith of Mr. Thomas Jacobs' famous Kaffir, and is a remarkably truthful representation of that excellent dog. Kaffir was unfortunately somewhat nervous when Mr. Barber was sketching him, and consequently there was a considerable difficulty in making him stand in the orthodox position. Mr. Barber therefore elected to draw him as he was, and hence the admirable likeness of the dog. Kaffir was bred in 1879 by his owner, Mr. Thomas Jacobs, of Worlborough House, Newton Abbot, and is by the Sussex spaniel Bachelor, out of Smutty, by Lad o' Beverley out of Lass o' York; Bachelor by champion Buckingham out of Peggie. Amongst other triumphs Kaffir was first and cup for the best spaniel shown at Birmingham in 1880.

In the face of the description given by Mr. Jacobs, it would be a work of supererogation on our part if we were to attempt to describe the points of this breed more fully; we therefore merely append a

STANDARD OF POINTS FOR JUDGING BLACK SPANIELS.

	Value.
Head and eyes	5
Jaws	5
Neck and shoulders	5
Body	10
Forelegs and feet	5
Loins and quarters	5
Hind legs and feet	5
Coat	5
General appearance	5
Total	50

MOTTO FOR THE NEW YORK DOG CATCHERS.—"It takes a thief to catch a"—dog.

THE COCKER STANDARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a member of the committee appointed to frame a standard for the American Cocker Club, I feel called upon to reply to several of Mr. Watson's remarks in issue of May 26, of your paper. He complains: "The Committee dilly-dallied along, thus preventing a standard being perfected for the late New York Show." All this is true, and I used every effort in my power to bring about prompt action, but neither the President nor Secretary called a meeting, and of course the balance of the Committee were powerless to act. Then when a meeting was called, at which it was impossible for some of the Committee to be present, he complains because they saw fit to give authority to Mr. McKeon to present the standard which had been so kindly written out by Mr. Kirk embodying his views and those of myself, which I knew of, and I think had been submitted to Mr. Cummings with instruction to Mr. McKeon to present that standard if in accordance with his views, and register our votes for it, as we believed it to be as near correct in all the main points as could be perfected from the very best authorities, giving no preference to any breed or kennel in existence. I am of the opinion now if the standard as sent to Mr. McKeon signed by Mr. Kirk and myself, was submitted to the cocker breeders of the club, it would to-day meet with their approval in all the main points, and if the Secretary, in whose hands that standard was left, will return it to me, keeping a copy if he desires, I shall be obliged. Mr. Watson puts great stress on the point that Mr. McKeon and his three proxies ruled the roost. I had always supposed a majority of a committee should control, but as their views and his differed it seems it would have suited him better to have had the minority rule. But Mr. McKeon is said to have presented the standard in a very appropriate manner, arguing point by point in a very convincing way, thus securing its adoption. I consider this greatly to his credit, it being his desire of having a standard that should give satisfaction to the club—consequently stating good reasons for adopting it as it was, when he really had the power by aid of his proxies to present it, more to adopting and defeat the votes of a majority of the Committee for it—after the adoption of the standard by the Committee. I consider it the standard for the American Cocker Club until such time as a meeting of the club shall be duly called by the Secretary to ratify or reject it. I hardly believe that but few members of the club have ever been advised what the standard presented and adopted by the Committee was. If I am correctly informed, there has been quite an effort made to have a standard for cockers by which field spaniels could also be judged. The imported black field spaniel seems to play a prominent part in this. If any cocker breeder can accept a standard for cockers with long heads, long bodies, short, stout legs, eyes, the color of coat, etc., I certainly shall not object, but unless more convincing authorities than I know of are presented I cannot, and rather than belong to a Cocker Club whose aim should be harmony and the improvements of those rare little beauties, it seems instead to begin with a quarrel among its members. I would kindly ask the Secretary to erase my name from the list of the club members. I desire to thank the club members for the honor they saw fit to bestow upon me as a member of the Committee to form a standard. Having performed my duty conscientiously without fear or favor for any, I hope the ill-feeling that seems to have arisen may subside, and the Club be a grand success, so that in coming years the cocker may be as well-known as the Llewellyn setter at the present time.

Chicago, Ill., May 31, 1881. J. H. WHITMAN.

HOW TO NURSE SICK DOGS.

I.—BY A. J. SEWELL, M.R.C.V.S.

THE successful treatment of our canine friends in severe cases of illness is one of those subjects which are too often neglected. And yet if dog owners truly value the lives of their dumb companions every possible care should be taken of them. The diseases which affect the dog are numerous, and it is not only in cases of severe and dangerous diseases that treatment is necessary, but also in cases of skin diseases. In these complaints much depends on the daily food supplied to affected animals, if we are to insure a successful and speedy termination of the affection. However scientific and proper the doctoring may be, if it is not aided by good and careful nursing the veterinary surgeon's skill is all lost.

A person requires a large amount of patience to be a good nurse, for a harsh word to a dog badly affected with distemper will sometimes induce fits, and these, once established, more often than not prove fatal.

It is my purpose to draw attention to the general management of sick dogs, and then direct special attention to the nursing of dogs affected with specific diseases, such as distemper, jaundice, etc., etc.

I have been frequently requested to visit dogs affected with distemper, and on arrival have found the patient chained to a kennel containing no straw or other litter, and in a state of misery with stones. With such treatment dogs are often the subject of inflammation of the lungs, the result of exposure, besides being affected with distemper. When a dog is noticed to be ill, it should (if with other dogs) be removed to a room or kennel-house where it will be alone. He may not only affect others, but they will annoy and tease him, and so interfere with the patient making progress. The hospital should be warm (not hot) and well ventilated, free from all draughts, and the thermometer be kept as near as possible at 55 deg. Fahrenheit. A basket or box should be supplied for the dog to lie in. The bottom should be covered with straw or hay—the former is best, as dogs lying on hay for any length of time, as a rule, become infested with fleas. Besides, as straw is cheaper, it may be changed daily, which is essential, as it adds to the comfort and cleanliness of the patient. A large pipkin or pot of cold water should be placed within easy reach of the dog, and ought to be changed twice a day to insure its being fresh and cold. There are some cases where cold water is injurious, but these will be mentioned hereafter. All evacuations from the patient should be immediately removed, and a little disinfectant fluid (as Condy's) be sprinkled about. I mention this fluid particularly because it is very effectual in removing offensive odors, and at the same time it has no smell, or very little, of itself. The sick dog should be kept quiet, and by no means exercised. I have often witnessed a fatal relapse in distemper, the result of a few minutes' exercise.

I have known persons—when a dog has had a prolonged attack of illness, and become rather offensive—put him in a bath and wash. On no account should this be done, as it is most dangerous, more especially in the case of long-coated dogs, as these are very difficult to dry thoroughly. If left at all damp, the animals are sure to become chilled, and the disease is aggravated.

A dog when ill—say from distemper—should not be even brushed or groomed, as it excites and disturbs him and increases the weakness, which is always great in this disease.

To have their proper and desired effects medicines should be given regularly and at stated times, and not, as some persons do, to give a double one because they forgot one. I have known this to be done repeatedly, and wish to warn owners of its fatal consequences. The medicine should be given quietly and without disturbing the dog, if possible. One person, as a rule, is sufficient to give it, if a little tact is manifested. If it be liquid medicine it is best given out of a small vial, one which will hold about an ounce. In administering medicine the person should stand in front of the dog, and with the left hand the muzzle of the animal should be held, the head slightly elevated, and the teeth kept nearly closed. The bottle containing the potion should be held in the right hand, and the neck of it placed within the lips on the left side of the face, between the teeth and cheek. Thus small quantities should be poured into the mouth, and on no account should a second quantity be given until the first has been swallowed. Some dogs are rather obstinate in taking medicine, and hold it in the mouth some seconds before swallowing. Under these circumstances

many people pinch the throat with the idea of inducing the dog to swallow. This act is dangerous, as it often makes the patient cough, and, with the fluid in the throat, sometimes choke from drawing it into the windpipe. All that is necessary, in most cases, is a little patience to keep the dog's head elevated, and he will soon swallow. In very obstinate cases the end of the nose may be pinched, which soon compels the dog to perform the act of deglutition.

To give a pill or bolus the upper part of the muzzle should be grasped and the lips pressed between the teeth. This forces the mouth open, and it remains so, because the dog is afraid of biting himself. The head should then be elevated, and the pill or bolus dropped into the back of the mouth. The mouth must then be immediately closed and held until the dog has swallowed.—*Live Stock Journal.*

ARE THERE TWO CHAMPION ELCHOS?—Claremont, N. H., June 3, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to correct a few errors—the result of my rather illegible chirography—that appear in my brief note, published in your issue of June 2, this moment at hand. It should have read, "For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are *these*," it might have been;" and *misled* instead of mislead; and the gentleman *who* wrote, instead of that wrote. Also I asked him where Highland Lass was owned, and he said, I am confident, "Washington." I will furthermore say in this note that Mr. Osborn's personal explanation seemed all right, and I sincerely hope now through his friend in Washington we may hear more fully of this other famous Elcho, his breeding, from what kennel imported, and when, where and how he gained his celebrity. I had believed that I owned the only champion Irish setter Elcho in the world, and the dog recognized as such the world over, but if mistaken am willing to be forgiven. To be sure there is an Elcho II. imported, but not by Col. Reeves, of Maryland, and so he can't be the one; and there is an Elcho III., but his being bred in this country shuts him out. Both these are celebrated dogs, and both sons of champion Elcho, and there is, too, a puppy owned in Washington called Elcho IV., also a son of champion Elcho. But about this other celebrated Elcho I am sure there are many besides the writer who would like to hear. OWNER OF ELCHO.

Editor Forest and Stream: I see by your last issue that Dr. Jarvis, the owner of Elcho, is not satisfied with the explanation given by me in your previous issue as to the pedigree of a red Irish pup advertised for sale by me in your valuable paper. Dr. Jarvis now makes the assertion that the word *Celebrated* was twisted into the word *Champion* to make a more ready sale for the pup. This accusation is neither gentlemanly nor just, as either word would have applied to his dog. The expression "champion" was used without my knowing at that time that there were two Elchos, or who imported the one owned by Dr. Jarvis, and as for making a more ready sale for the pup by calling him an Elcho dog is nonsense, as Elcho or his get are at a discount in this part of the country. The pedigree was advertised with the dog, as I never sell a dog unless I can give his pedigree. He also says that there is a screw loose somewhere, and gives his reasons as follows:

At the last New York show a gentleman came to me—a stranger—and asked me if champion Elcho had ever served a bitch called Highland Lass, that some one, I don't remember who, had tried to sell him a pup out of Highland Lass by champion Elcho. I asked him where Highland Lass was owned, and he said, "I am confident Washington." I told him no such bitch had visited Elcho, and he left.

Now, the truth of the matter is this: Being at the dog show on Thursday, the week of the show, I became acquainted with Mr. W. N. Callender, the owner of Rory O'More, and in conversation with him made the remark that I had an Irish pup out of Highland Lass by Elcho, and that I would like to meet Dr. Jarvis as I wanted to know the full pedigree of the pup, etc. He (Mr. Callender) very kindly endeavored to find Dr. Jarvis for me, but was unable to do so. Later, as I was leaving the hall to take the train for New Haven, I heard a man say to some one, "Here is Jarvis, now." Turning, I saw three gentlemen talking together, and I stepped up to one of them and asked him if his name was Jarvis. He replied that it was. I then asked him if Elcho had served Highland Lass. He said that he had not. I thanked him and went out.

The pup had been advertised before I saw Dr. Jarvis, and I did not say that some one had tried to sell me a pup or that I wanted to sell the pup. As soon as I arrived home I looked for the letter I sent you last week, and read the same as I expected, that the pup was out of Lass by Elcho. I intended to sift the matter to the bottom at once, but was taken very sick and remained so for two weeks. When I was able to return to business I was so busy that I forgot the whole circumstance until I was reminded of it by having my attention called to the first communication from Dr. Jarvis in the FOREST AND STREAM, to which I took pains to answer as soon as possible. I have since refused to sell the pup at any price. I will send you the names of the owners of Elcho and Highland Lass, imported by Col. Reeves, as soon as I can get them from the gentleman who presented the puppy to me, and then Dr. Jarvis can pursue his investigations as far as he chooses. As for myself, I shall take no further notice of the affair, as I consider that I have done all that I can to rectify any mistake which may have occurred through my advertisement, but through no intentional error on my part.—G. EDWARD OSBORN.

New Haven, Conn., June 6, 1881.

ELCHO NOT DEFEATED.—Claremont, N. H., June 6, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me, through your columns, to inform the American correspondent of the *English Stock Keeper* that he got things a little mixed in his report of the New York show of 1881 in regard to Irish setters. If he will think again he will, I feel sure, remember that champion Elcho did not compete in champion class, and was not beaten at the show; that he only competed for best Irish stock dog prize, which he won; also was one of the winning Irish kennel; that he had not only "the honor of being sire of the winning puppies," but that the winner in champion dog class was a son of his; that the winner of second prize in open dog class was a son of his; that the winner of the only *v. h. c.* in same class was a son of his; that the winner of second prize in open bitch class was a daughter of his; that the winner of the only *v. h. c.* in same class was a daughter of his, and that the winner of this latter *v. h. c.* was also one of the brace winners of the special cup offered for "best brace of Irish setters in open classes regardless of sex." That is how the New York Show of 1881 went so far as Elcho and his sons and daughters were concerned, and I trust that the *English Stock Keeper* will correct its correspondent's statements after knowing the facts as above stated.—MONT CLARE.

BRUSH II. AND BLACKIE II.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of May 12 there appeared an article signed "Dido," wherein he seeks to cast a slur on our late importation of Brush II. and Blackie II. In the first place, let us say that his allegation in reference to Brush and Rhea being the best brace of black spaniels in England, in his remarks thereon, is only a little dust thrown in the eyes of some who, perhaps, may be influenced in favor of his own importation. He says, to begin with, that "Rhea has been dead nearly a year, and good little bitch though she was, it is many a long day since she might have been considered the best in England. She won a great number of prizes in her younger days, but had retired from the show arena some years ago, and indeed, was eventually killed on account of her great age." Now we ask what does this statement mean but a disposition to do injustice to one of the very best black cocker bitches in England?—one that had gained seventy-eight first prizes on the show bench, and was only ten years old when she died, which happened only a few months ago. Does "Dido" attempt to show that there has been a better one? Again he says: "Neither has Brush been considered the best dog in England since Kaffir and Zulu came out last June," and adds that "Mr. Easten sold Brush about the time that Kaffir beat him," which he considers a very wise proceeding on his part, as "his (Brush's) day was past."

Now, the truth is, Mr. Easton writes us, that neither Kaffir nor any of Mr. Jacob's dogs ever did beat Brush during all the time he owned him. The last time he exhibited Brush was at the Crystal Palace show last June, and Mr. Jacob's string was there, and among them Kaffir and Zulu; and they all came behind Brush, he taking first prize. This does not look as though he was not considered the best dog in England since Kaffir and Zulu came out. Mr. Easten furthermore adds that he "was offered a long price for Brush there and sold him, since which he has been exhibited in bad condition and wretched form, and has been beaten solely on account of his owner's inattention to preparing him for a sharp competition. Brush has won over seventy prizes, and was selected from all his competitors by "Stonehenge" as the correct and perfect type of a dog to illustrate his chapter on Spaniels in his book of "The Dogs of the British Islands." No man will have the temerity to deny that "Stonehenge" is not our greatest living authority on the standard of dogs in our bench shows, and his standard is considered by all sportsmen as the very embodiment of perfection in this direction.

"Dido" further says, "Bean and Blackie are not champions." We claim they are. In the same breath he says he has "no desire to detract from the merits of Mr. Cummings' importations, as they are both of very choice blood, Brush especially." Benedict has more of Brush's and Rhea's blood in his veins than Bean's, and Benedict belongs to "Dido." We know all about Kaffir's dam being by Rolf (sire of Brush). "Dido" is as unfair to others as he is unjust to himself, when the truth is, the color of poor Kaffir is denied him, which "Dido" so much boasts of and which he has given to a Sussex spaniel. Kaffir owes his honors largely to the Rolf (black) cross, while Bachelor is a liver colored Sussex spaniel and a prize winner in that class, and one of the last old England afforded of the breed, notwithstanding he is dead, and not of old age either.—C. B. CUMMINGS & SON.

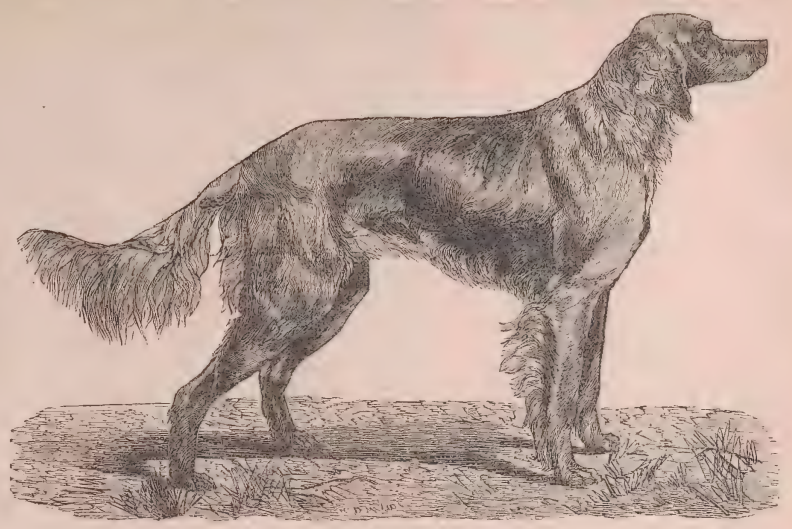
[We trust our esteemed correspondent, who has assumed the name of the illustrious Queen, will not drive us to commit harikari by continuing a correspondence which has too much of the odor of advertisement, and is decidedly out of place in these particular columns.]

ANOTHER LAVERACK IN AMERICA.—In our issue of April 21 we published a list of the pure Laverack setters in America, at the same time stating that we would be glad to publish the data concerning those not included in said list. Unfortunately, the list was printed without the supervision of our kennel editor, and several omissions occurred which have since been corrected. We are now reminded, upon turning over the files of February, 1880, that there is still another to be added to the list, the property of the Montview Kennel Club. On February 8, the Inman steamer, City of Chester, brought over two little sisters of Mr. Goodsell's Don Juan, from the celebrated kennels of Mr. H. F. Grant, Bank House, Newport, Isle of Wight, England. These bitches were Blue Queen and Blue Princess, by Tam o' Shanter (Rock-Rum) out of La Reine (Blue-Prince-Cora), whelped August, 1879, color white and black. Blue Princess has died since, but Blue Queen is still living, and has been described by Mr. Dow as bearing a striking likeness to Countess.

SLIPS.—Mr. J. R. Whitman, Chicago, Ill., has just received from England a cocker spaniel puppy five months old, liver and white, and he has also ordered from Skidmore an Irish water spaniel bitch as good as can be found.... We are prevented from answering several communications this week on account of the patent hieroglyphical signatures at the bottom of the letters. We also frequently receive other letters from which the address, place and State are omitted. These, of course, are never answered.... The measurements of Mr. A. H Moore's first prize winners will appear at an early date. Those sent us went astray in the mails.... It is said that three dogs went mad in Oceanville, L. I., last week, and bit several horses and cows.... It is believed that many of the licensed dog-catchers in this city depend for their living more upon the valuable dogs which they seize and sell without taking to the pound than upon the fees for dogs seized under the ordinance and impounded.... Dr. Jarvis will send us the measurements of his superb bitch Norcen as soon as she gets in shape; she has just become the mother of thirteen puppies.... Mr. Edward Odell, of New Orleans, has kindly sent us a photograph of an India ink sketch of his lemon and white setter dog Roscoe. Bets have been made that Roscoe will win first in the All-aged stakes in the coming field trials in Louisiana.

WITH THE BULLDOGS.—The Bulldog Club, of London, England, held their Seventh Grand Show of bulldogs at Aldridge's, London, on the 12th and 13th of May. Seventy-nine dogs were entered, and the quality was of the highest. The general arrangements were excellent, and there was no grumbling at the awards. In the champion class for the club's gold medal only two entries appeared in the catalogue, viz., Monarch and Smasher, and the honor went to Monarch. He is a grand big brindle dog, owned by Mr. D. S. Oliver, and was bred by Mr. J. W. Berrie, well known as an enthusiastic lover of the breed. To be eligible for the champion class a dog must have gained three first prizes under club rules. During the two days these dogs were the centre of attraction, and for my part I thought the sight of them well repaid me for my voyage across the sea. I noticed that white was the prevailing color, but I saw some very handsome dark brindles. Such a collection of short noses, fine tails and undershung jaws could not be seen elsewhere, and bulldogs being of a quiet nature, there was a total absence of the usual barking and howling so distracting to visitors to ordinary dog shows. The dogs were fed upon Spratt's biscuits. After the show a sale by auction was held, and many of the dogs were bought in at high figures. I purchased the dog Hero, winner of second at Brussels last year, and got him safely to Quebec, after a rough passage. Bull dog stock appears "booming" in England, if the prices asked and paid is anything to judge by. I saw old Sal o' Shoreditch, the dam, I believe, of your Boston Bonny Boy. She was in poor condition, and only exceeded in getting second in her class.

St. Leonard, Prov. of Quebec, June 2. HEMLOCK.



RED IRISH SETTER MEG.

The property of Mr. Benj. F. Clark, Manchester, N. H. Bred by Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.; born April 20, 1879; is by Elcho out of Rose, winner of 1st prize in Puppy class at New York show in 1880 and 2d prize in Open class New York show, 1881. She was trained by Mr. Samuel Scranton, Olneyville, R. I., and is thoroughly broken on grouse, quail and woodcock.

A MEMBER OF THE LIFE SAVING CORPS.—*New York, May 31, 1881.*—An incident occurred at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds at Babylon, L. I., last Thursday, an account whereof I think worthy of insertion in your columns. My little Skye terrier bitch, Wasp, is a great swimmer and frequently follows the Superintendent about as he rows over the lake adjoining the Club grounds. She did so on Thursday last, accompanied by Mr. F. O. De Luze's spaniel, Sankey. After swimming some time, Wasp gave a little cry as if in fear and sank to the bottom, probably having been taken with a cramp. Sankey heard the yelp, and turned toward where she had disappeared and swam over the spot several times whining meanwhile. Presently he dived, came up again, and dived a second time. This was repeated six or seven times till finally he found her at the bottom and brought her up, swam with her to the shore, and had drawn her quite out of the water before the Superintendent reached him. He seemed delighted with his success, rushing about and uttering joyful yelps. Wasp was nearly drowned, and it required active measures, rolling, rubbing, etc., to restore her.

I think Sankey's intelligence and persistence wonderful. The story I give as I had it from John Read, the Superintendent of the W. K. C., who was an eye witness of the performance. The water was, I believe, between five and six feet in depth.

MEMBER W. K. CLUB.

BINGO.—The *Sun* tells this story of a New York engine-house dog: "For six years he had held a responsible position in the Fire Department. It was his habit to lie directly in front of the engine in the engine-house, and when an alarm sounded he dashed out in front of the house and ran around in a circle, barking furiously. Every truckman in lower New York knew what that meant, and the street was cleared in an incredibly short time. Then Bingo ran ahead of the engine and cleared the way for blocks in advance until the fire was reached, when he lay down quietly till all was over. Then he trotted home with the air of a dog that had done his duty. One day he had been running ahead with the engine, but discovered that the tender was behind time. He ran back and found it blocked at Pearl and Fulton streets. It was while he was clearing the trucks away that he unluckily allowed his sense of the exigency to overcome his respect for the person of a nervous gentleman, in his zeal biting the man's hand, who thereupon went to Justice Murray and secured an order to have the dog killed. Bingo was martyred in the East River, and his stuffed form now holds a place of honor in the engine-house of company No. 32, in John street."

SINGULAR FREAK OF A SHEEPDOG.—A correspondent writes to *Land and Water*—"One of Sir George Wombell's Yorkshire tenants reports a remarkable occurrence from the locality of Newburghe Park. A sheepdog belonging to this person a short while ago presented her owner with five puppies. Shortly after the puppies were discovered the mother was seen acting in a mysterious manner in the vicinity of an old oak tree in the neighborhood. As this conduct was repeated, an examination of the tree, which was a hollow one, was made. Inside the trunk were found a vixen fox and five cubs. The vulps were left in the lair, but next morning, on the place again being examined, all the lot had disappeared, and shortly afterward one of the cubs was found apparently quite at home with the puppies of the kennel. Whether the sheepdog had carried off the cub to her own offspring with the intention of appropriating the rest of the vixen's progeny in the dam's absence, and whether the vixen, finding one of her cubs minus, sought safer quarters or not, is a matter for the curious to settle.

A LIE ABOUT A DOG.—A shepherd dog on the farm of Thomas Hain, at Seeleyville, Ill., has been creating a furore in that neighborhood during the entire past winter. He has been seen repeatedly to drag a large piece of bark up a steep hill back of the farmhouse, where a thick crust had formed, then deliberately seat himself on it and slide to the bottom of the hill. Many people have witnessed this strange freak of the dog, and after coasting down the hill several times the dog would carry the bark sled to a place of safety until he needed it again.—*Stolen from a California Exchange.*

THE GIRONDIN DISINFECTANT.—This compound has long had an enviable reputation as being one of the best deodorizers and disinfectants known for use about kennels and stable. We learn that Mr. James Meyer, Jr., the proprietor of the articles for this country, has recently organized a joint stock company for its manufacture. The Girondin is strongly recommended by the leading medical authorities of this city and of the country, and will no doubt have a large sale.

SIRIUS in *The Stock Keeper* says: "I wish some American gentlemen could be induced to bring dogs of their own breeding over here for competition; my opinion is our exhibitors and competitors at field trials would have to look to their laurels, and stand a strong chance of losing a leaf or two."

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Lary—Mr. M. S. Buker, Bucksport, Maine, claims the name of Lary for red Irish setter puppy by Mr. Everett Smith's Cale out of owner's Nell.

Bolah—Mr. M. S. Buker, Bucksport, Maine, claims the name of Bulah for red Irish setter puppy by Mr. Everett Smith's Cale out of owner's Nell.

Fritz—Mr. Dwight Wilson, Fall River, Mass., claims the name of Fritz for setter dog puppy by Blue Dan out of Flake.

Ned H.—Mr. Robert Haigh, Pawtucket, R. I., claims the name of Ned H. for setter dog puppy by Blue Dan out of Flake.

Lassie Jean—Mr. John J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., claims the name of Lassie Jean for a liver, white and tan setter dog puppy, whelped December 5, 1880, by Blue Dan out of Flake.

Jess, aluso—Hitch, Pa., June 1, 1881.—In your issue of FOREST AND STREAM, May 26, I claimed the names of Jess and Juno for my dog and bitch foxhound puppies, and omitted to give the sire's name, which I now desire to do. They were sired by Mr. Low's dog Sport. Apologizing for the omission.—Geo. W. Thorner.

Ben—Mr. S. Adcrry, Colusa, Cal., claims the name of Ben for dog puppy whelped March 8, 1881, by Sam out of Fanny. (Breed not named).

BRED.

Nell-Sensation—Mr. Joseph Lewis' (Apollo, Pa.) lemon and white pointer bitch Nell to Sensation, May 1-31.

Nell-Joe—Mr. John Fawcett's lemon and white pointer bitch Nell to same owner's Joe, May 2.

Juno-Joe—Mr. John Fawcett's red Irish setter bitch Juno to his Irish setter dog Joe, May 2.

Pearl-Cole—Mr. Andrew J. Ward's (Boston, Mass.) Llewellin setter bitch Flirt (Rock-Starlight) to Mr. Frank B. Fay's champion Llewellin setter Cole (Leicester-Rose) May 21.

Spot-Plato—Mr. J. G. Norton's (Ashland, N. H.) part beagle Spot to Mr. N. Elmore's Flute, June 1.

Lou-Guess—Mr. Sewell's (New York city) cocker spaniel bitch Lou to same owner's Guess.

Tilly-Chief—Mr. G. Hill's (Hudson, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Tilly to Mr. Max Wenzell's Chief, May 28. Tilly is of the Plunket stock.

Feather-Brag—The Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's (Claremont, N. H.) feather to the black cocker spaniel Brag, May 27.

Gracie-Brag—The Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's (Claremont, N. H.) Gracie (Snip-Juliette) to the black cocker spaniel Brag, winner of 1st and special New York 1881, May 29.

Fannie P.-Brag—The Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's (Claremont, N. H.) Fanny P. to Brag, June 1.

Sally-Charlie—Mr. G. F. Wilson's cocker bitch Sally to Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's liver and white cocker spaniel Charlie, May 30.

Fly-Parts—Mr. C. E. Lewis' (Suspension Bridge, N. Y.) English setter bitch Fly (champion Drake-Luna) to Mr. L. H. Smith's champion Parts, May 20, 1881.

WHELPS.

Polly—Westminster Kennel Club's lemon and white pointer bitch Polly (champion Shot-Sensation) whelped May 21, eight dogs and three bitches (six whelps now living) by Sensation.

Queen—Mr. John Fawcett's (McKeesport, Pa.) dashshund bitch Queen whelped May 7, seven puppies, five dogs and two bitches by same owner's Joker.

Belle—Mr. J. Hodge's beagle bitch Bell whelped May 10, four dogs and two bitches, by Mr. John Fawcett's dog Jim.

Lovely—Mr. John Fawcett's beagle bitch Lovely whelped May 20, two dogs and three bitches, by owner's Jim.

Nereis—Mr. Wm. Jarvis' (Claremont, N. H.) red Irish setter bitch Nereis whelped June 1, thirteen puppies, nine dogs and four bitches, one bitch since dead, by champion Richo.

Joe—Mr. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Doe has whelped twelve puppies, by owner's Chief.

Fannie—Mr. John McAulich's (Corning, N. Y.) liver cocker spaniel Fannie whelped May 27, eight puppies, six dogs and two bitches, by Mr. John Pennello's Barney.

Megon—Mr. Eugene Powers' (Cortland, N. Y.) black and white spaniel bitch whelped June 3, nine puppies, four dogs and five bitches, by Wildan.

SALES.

Jack.—Mr. M. S. Buker, Bucksport, Maine, has sold to Capt. Green, Bangor, Me., his orange and white English setter dog Jack.

Cale-Nell Whelps—Mr. M. S. Buker, Bucksport, Maine, has sold to Mr. Everett Smith, Portland, Maine, a brace of red Irish setter dog puppies by Cale out of Nell.

Cale-Nell Whelps—Mr. M. S. Buker, Bucksport, Maine, has sold to Mr. Moses Parker, Skowhegan, Maine, a brace of red Irish setter puppies by Cale out of Nell.

Cale-Nell Whelp—Mr. M. S. Buker, Bucksport, Maine, has sold to Mr. A. Burnham, Belfast, Maine, a red Irish setter dog puppy by Cale out of Nell.

Lugie No. 1.—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Mr. M. W. Stickney the beagle dog Lugie No. 1 (Knight's Sport-Beauty).

Brag, Hornellsville, N. Y., May 28, 1881.—I sold my black cocker spaniel dog, Brag, to Orange and White English setter dog Jack.—Mr. M. S. Buker, Bucksport, Maine, May 24, for $200. All orders for services should now be addressed as above. I believe this to be the highest price ever paid for a native cocker. As some of your readers may wish to know his measurements, I send them: Taken March 24, when he was less than a year old. Length from nose to end of tail, 39 in.; length of tail, 6 in.; height, 15 in.; height at elbow, 8½ in.; girth of chest, 24 in.; girth nose half way to eye, 9 in.; girth of skull, 15 in.; weight, 26 lbs.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Diana—Mr. Eugene Powers, Cortland, N. Y., has sold to Mr. J. Bland, of Singhing, the black and white cocker bitch Diana, by Wildair out of owner's Megon.

Blue Dan-Flake Whelp—Mr. John J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., has sold to N. D. Hathaway, M. D., Middleboro, Mass., a setter dog puppy, black, and white ticked with tan marking over eyes, whelped December 5, 1880, by Blue Dan (Dash III.-Opal) out of owner's Flake (Druid-Swell).

Blue Dan-Flake Whelps—Mr. William Hawkins, Fall River, Mass., has bought of Mr. John S. Scanlan, same place, a black and white ticked setter dog puppy with tan markings and a black and white ticked setter bitch puppy, whelped Dec. 5, 1880, by Blue Dan out of Flake.

Blue Dan-Flake Whelp.—Mr. John J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass, has sold to Mr. Dwight Wilson, same place, a black and white ticked setter dog puppy, whelped Dec. 5, 1880, by Blue Dan out of Flake.

Blue Dan-Flake Whelp—Mr. John J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., has sold to Mr. Robert Haigh, Pawtucket, R. I., a lemon and white setter dog puppy, whelped Dec. 5, 1880, by Blue Dan out of Flake.

Lock-Kenoza Kit Whelp—Mr. J. Frank Johns, Haverhill, Mass., has sold to Mr. Thomas Campbell a Gordon setter dog puppy by Lock out of Kenoza Kit.

PRESENTATION.

Cale-Nell Whelp—Mr. M. S. Buker, Bucksport, Maine, has presented Mr. W. W. Castle, Belfast, Maine, a red Irish setter bitch puppy by Mr. Everett Smith's Cale out of Nell.

IMPORTED.

Hero—Mr. Hammersley, of St. Leonard, Province of Quebec, purchased at the show of the Bulldog Club, held on the 18th of last May, in London, the bulldog Hero, and arrived with him safely at Quebec on the 30th. Hero is a white dog, with brindle head, and gained 2d prize (gold medal) at the dog show held at Brussels, July, 1880.

DEATH.

Lass o' Blythe—Westminster Kennel Club lost on May 26 the Bedlington terrier bitch Lass o' Blythe (Piper-Nancy Lee).

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

159 J. H. L. Camillus, N. Y.—My Gordon setter puppy, two months old, has two cutches on the under side of his neck, each about the size of a large egg. I have been using turpentine on them in hopes of causing them to disappear, but the bunches seem to increase in size instead of diminishing. If the bunches cannot be removed, will they injure the puppy for hunting when he arrives at the proper age? Ans Bathe the swellings with hot water several times a day and keep the puppy warm and comfortable. The swollen glands will probably go down in a few weeks if there is no constitutional disease.

151 A. C. T., Cleveland, O.—1. Boiled rice and Indian meal, mixed half and half, is good, sound, cooking food for the hot weather. Table scraps, such as bread, vegetables, meat, etc., are most excellent. All growing dogs need plenty of good stimulating food, and should be fed three times a day. 2. Meat will not injure a dog's scent if given with other food in proper quantities. 3. Your query regarding "the rim around your dog's eyes" is too indefinite. 4. Hutchinson's Dog Breaking. We can furnish it. Price, $3.75.

152 J. M. K., Washington, D. C.—I have a Scotch terrier bitch about eight months old; she is in heat; do you think the pups would be any good? 2. My terrier dog runs his teeth into his hind quarters two weeks. I have tried sulphur and lard, and tried carbolic acid and glycerine. Please let me know what to do for him? Ans. 1. Your bitch is entirely too young to breed to. Wait until she is six months older. 2. As you do not state age of your setter dog it is impossible to give exact directions, but if you follow the treatment recommended by H. G, page 115, in issue of March 10, you cannot go far wrong.

153 F. L. H., Hamilton, Ont.—My black cocker spaniel has been troubled all winter with what I think is rheumatism, crying out when touched, but since the warm weather set in he has been very much better, and has recovered his spirits, but I notice that the disease has left him very weak, especially in his hind quarters, and he moves one leg stiffly, more like a horse with the string halt. Besides this, he seems to feel the heat a good deal, and tires out very easily. What would you recommend me to do? Ans. I should like to get him in good working order before the Fall shooting begins. Any suggestions will be thankfully received. Ans. Give small doses of sal rochelle each day. Plenty of exercise in good dry weather and proper feeding are probably pre-requisites to health. The salts can be given in the morning with water an hour or more before feeding.

154 A. C. L.—Norwich, N. Y.—My pointer dog, four years old, was taken sick a month or more ago; eyes run badly; white thick matter in corners; coughing quite frequent, and a stringy white froth oozing from the corners of his mouth; appetite poor; flesh rapidly; finally diarrhœa set in; very weak in hind parts; would go sideways when walking. He is now much better, owing to your treatment, and gaining flesh, but is covered with what we call lice; perhaps they are dog fleas; I don't know which. He still seems weak through his hips. Should he be allowed to eat fresh meat. Ans. The lice are the result of his low condition. Take means to get rid of them and get his skin in a healthy state. A little fresh meat each day will do him good. The sole cure for lice is the following ration: Take flowers of sulphur, 2 lbs., unslacked lime, 1 lb.; water, 1 gallon. Slake the lime in the water, stir in the sulphur, and boil down to one gallon; let it stand till cold, pour off the clear liquid, and make the quantity to five quarts with cold water. If the coat and skin be thoroughly saturated with it it will kill or cure in a few minutes, all that will be left of the vermin will be shriveled carcasses. The dog should then be washed with soap and warm water and thoroughly combed and brushed till he is perfectly dry. Reduce the lotion by adding water for young dogs and those with delicate skins.

155 M. CLAIR, New York City.—My setter pup has a bad swelling of the throat and dry cough, also an eruption on the skin, which she has aggravated by her scratching till it is a mass of sores. I have been giving her sulphur and light feed, but she does not improve. Is it distemper? Ans. Your puppy is probably having distemper, with mange. She should be kept secluded and carefully treated for both ailments. We have so often published the proper treatment for mange in puppies that we must refer you to issue of March 10, which gives on page 115 directions to W. B. G. Please do you may follow, omitting the Fowler's solution of arsenic. Should your puppy have the distemper, write the symptoms more fully and we will answer promptly. In the meantime we advise quinine (one grain) three times a day. Keep the puppy in a dry, airy, sunny piece of fresh air, and give good nutritious broth which is readily swallowed.

Quiet nerves and Balmy Sleep in Hop Bitters, for sleepless Ladies and Invalids.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SMALL CALIBRE RIFLE.—Clarion, Pa., May 26.—In your issue of May 12 I noticed a communication signed "F. J. S." inquiring in regard to a small-bore rifle. I have four rifles—one .22 cal., one 32 cal., and two 44 cal. For small game and general shooting I prefer the .22 cal. My .22 cal. is an Allen. I was out some time ago and had a fine time with me and shot and killed a "fly-up-the creek" at a distance of 135 yards off-hand, off the top of a black oak tree, the body not being much larger than that of a robin. I have frequently when out put up just a common paint's button at a distance of 200 yards, and hit the button five times out of six. To prove the above I herewith inclose sample. Mr K. and I were out fishing, Tuesday, 24th, and had the gun with us. When coming home he proposed to shoot for the cigars, so you see he was compelled to set them up, as we only had one shot apiece. —F. M. A.

THE NORFOLK RIFLE ASSOCIATION was organized a short time since with a good list of members, the following officers being elected: W. R. Owen, Pres; Wm. H Cleveland, Vice-Pres; Geo. E. Titus, Secretary and Treasurer. A good 200-yard range has been selected and is being fitted up. The Club will soon begin to shoot, first matches with some of the younger clubs. The first practice was had Decoration Day, when the following scores were made.

W H Cleveland	4554444443—39	C F Stewart	3334433344—36
L Burgin	2334443344—37	E S Bugglton	4444444243—35
W E Freer	4434443343—37	F A Jewel	4444344404—35
M G Furlong	4544333344—37		G. FRANCIS.

WALNUT HILL, Boston, May 30.—But six riflemen competed to day. The scores made were shot under rather unfavorable weather conditions, the wind blowing erratically from the southwest. The best records are appended. Handicap March, 200 yards:

H B Farley	4455545545—43		4545455544—43
R Davis	5544554544—45	John Borden	4345554444 42
A Law	4444444443—39	W Gardner	4444444443—39

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 29.—There was a bat shooting match to-day at the gun club grounds at Frogmoor with twenty-four contestants, ten double rises, handicap 18 to 26 yards. The prizes were won by the following named gentlemen by the scores stated: First prize by L. P. Chaudel, 26 yards, who scored 14 out of 20 bats. Second prize, A. Loret, 26 yards, who killed 11 out of 20 bats, and killed 4 in shooting off ties. Third prize by Dr. Pangloss, 26 yards, with a score of 11 out of 20. Fourth prize by Mr. Druels, who scored 9, and in shooting off ties on 9 killed 1 straight and won. There was a second match at five double rises for a handsome stuff. It was won by Dr. Pangloss, who killed 8 out of his 10 bats, and followed it up by dropping three straight in a shoot off.

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—The following are the prize winners in the matches for May:

All Comers' Rifle Match.

H W Marsh	33	38	39 39 39—193

Amateur Rifle Match.

E Wilder	37	37	37 37 38—196
S Fogg	30	36	36 37 37—192

G Hastings.....35 35 36 36 37—179
D F Holder.....35 35 35 36 37—178

Amateur Pistol Match.

C Edwards	55	56	62—173

D F Holder.....55 57 58—170

Experts' Pistol Match.

J J Dunne	77	71	80—240
J Ames	75	76	80—231

J H Williams.....75 75 78—228

The following are the pistol matches for June: Match 1 will be the experts' pistol match, in which there are three cash prizes, $5, $3, $2; also off-red $25 for a clean score of eight consecutive bullseye Match No. 2 will be the amateur pistol match, open to all shooters pitcher and salver. Conditions, any 22 cal. pistol, rounds 5, possible 50; three scores to win or a possible 238; position off-hand, range 60 ft. The following are the new rifle matches for June: No. 1 will be the all comers' rifle match, in which there are $25 offered for a clean score of ten consecutive bullseyes. Match No. 2 will be the amateur rifle match for an elegant silver badge and three cash prizes of $4, $3, $2. Conditions, any .22 cal. rifle, 5-pounds pull, rounds 1, possible 50, five scores to win or a possible 250, position off-hand; range 150 ft.

BOSTON, June 1.—The third competition in the Victory long-range match was shot at Walnut Hill to-day, eight riflemen competing. The wind, blowing from between 2 and 4 o'clock, proved very fickle, and but five men were able to finish their scores. Their record is appended:

William Gerrish.

800 yards	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—75
900 "	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—74
1,000 "	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	6	4	5	4	4	4—69—218

J. F. Brown.

800 yards	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	6	5	5	4—73
900 "	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—69
1,000 "	5	3	5	2	4	5	5	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—69—211

F. J. Rabbeth.

800 yards	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—73
900 "	4	3	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	6	5—71
1,000 "	5	3	5	6	5	4	4	4	4	3	5	5	4	5	5—66—209

C. B. Kendall.

800 "	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—73
900 "	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	3	5	5	5—68
1,000 "	5	5	5	5	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	3	5	4—65—206

T. F. James.

800 yards	0	4	5	0	5	5	5	5	R	3	3	4	3	5	5—45
900 "	3	3	0	3	R	4	4	0	5	5	4	5	5	8	4—48
1,000 "	3	3	3	4	3	5	2	3	2	3	0	3	3	5	3—45—138

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—Weekly practice of the Knickerbocker Club:

J H Brown	50	M Harington	47
E Bennett	50	D Miller	47
H Oehl	50	W H Reed, Jr	47
F G Fenning	49	C Hitchman	46
J N Merganthaler	49	Dr Toal	46
C Judson	49	Col Litenee d	45
C Edgar	48	H J Gallary	45
M L Riggs	48	A Grecbh	44
G Joiner	48	H H Nels n	43
T G Dolan	47	C H Hawthorne	43

The shooting for the week at 35 yards, ring target, three scores to possible 750, stood:

E Bennett	244	222	217—683
J H Brown	219	214	224—657
M L Riggs	209	203	229—641
H Oehl	210	213	215—638

J F Merganthaler 203 213 215—630
C Edgar 206 184 184—574
W C Langdon 141 132 121—417

ALBANY, N. Y., June 2.—Ninth competition in the John Wedge match at Rensselaerwyck. The day was fine and the scores exceptionally good. Capt. William E. Fitch won the competition for the second time; 200 yards:

Wm E Fitch, Bal S										5	4	5	3	4—41
A Carpenter, S M										4	4	3	4	4—39
G H Charles, Bal S										4	5	4	4	4—41
James I Miles, Bal S										4	3	5	4	4—40
L Geiger, Bal S										3	4	5	3	4—37
S Baldwin, Bal S										4	4	4	4	4—36
H R Sanders, Bal S										4	4	4	3	4—35
B A Stalwart, Bal S										3	3	4	4	4—34
William T Miles, S M										4	3	4	3	5—32

Allowance to military rifles. Handicap.										2	3	3	5	5—41
										4	5	4	4	4—41
										4	4	4	4	4—40
										4	4	4	4	4—40
										3	4	5	5	5—42
										4	4	4	4	4—36
										3	3	4	4	4—34
										4	3	4	3	5—32
										3	4	3	3	5—32

*Allowance to military rifles.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The following gentlemen have been elected life members of the National Rifle Association, on motion of E. A. Buck, Esq.; Gen. B. H. Bristow, Gen. Horace Porter, Henry L. Horton, John D. Prince, Jas. Whitely, Benj. F. Carver, Frank Work, Fred. H. Gould, Chas. W. Griswold, S. Foster Dewey, T. Henry French, Chas. Delmonico, Henry N. Smith, Walter S. Neilson, Wm. F. Shaffer, J. B. Houston. A. H. Wester, the assistant secretary of the N. R. A., is making great efforts to increase the membership of that organization. He offers to give, 1st, a solid gold regimental badge of extra weight and finish to that active member (officer or enlisted man) of the National Guard of this State (excepting the 7th and 23d regiments) who, by July 5, at 6 o'clock P. M., shall have caused the greatest number of persons to become annual members of the National Rifle Association, at the usual rate of $2 per man, for the year 1881. 2d. A solid gold Seventh Regiment Badge to that member of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y., as above. 3d. A solid gold Twenty-third Regiment Badge to that member of the 23d Regiment of Brooklyn, as above. 4th. A revolver and box of cartridges, value $10, to be given as above to that civilian (not a member of any regular military organization). The rivalry is already very strong especially in the civilian class.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 1.—A match at 200 yards, 15 shots each, between a team of the Yale College Rifle Club and a team of the Bridgeport Rifle Club occurred to-day. The Bridgeporters were the winners by the following score: Bridgeport—Geo. Quitmyer, 41; D. E. Marsh, 64; H. Nichols, 63; A. C. White, 61; E. V. Latham, 59; total, 312. Yale—Tichuor, 64; Hitchings, 63; McChesney, 64; Hubbard 60; Durand 43; total, 304.

THE TRAP.

EATON, N. Y., June 1.—The Eaton Sportsmen's Club was organized in December last with the following officers: President, L. C. Huber; Vice-President, F. E. Short; Treasurer, A. E. Richardson; Secretary, J. B. Tuckerman. The president of the club presented a badge to be shot for twelve times during the year. At the fourth shoot, held Decoration Day, C. S. Ormsby won by the following score; Cord's rotating trap, Bogardus rules; Richardson handicapped 3 yards and Tuckerman 6 yards:

Taber	5	Short	6
Richardson	3	Morse	3
W Taber	2	Tuckerman	4
W Morse	6	Ormsby	10
G Richardson	1	Morton	4
Curtis	5	EIGHT-GAUGE.	

GLASS BALLS IN PASTURES.—Is there any danger to cattle in pasturing them in a lot where glass ball shooting has been practiced? Did you ever know of a case where they have been injured?—W. B. I.

WOODSIDE, Long Island, June 1.—Monthly handicap shoot of the Greenpoint Shooting Club for one badge; 7 birds each, use of both barrels allowed. As a rule the birds were easy flyers.

Muntz, 23 yds	1011111—6	Allen, 23 yds	1111110—6
Stone, 24 yds	1111111—7	Bullwinkle, 24 yds	1111111—7
Kroger, 23 yds	1110111—6	Eberhardt, 23 yds	1111111—7
Weblota, 23 yds	1111111—7	Terrett, 26 yds	1111111—7
Krumbeck, 23 yds	1011111—6	Sims, 23 yds	1111011—6
Evers, 21 yds	0101101—3	Chevallier, 21 yds	1111211—6

Stone, Terrett and Bullwinkle tied again on three at 27 yards and 30 yards; Bullwinkle and Terrett again at 34 yards, Terrett winning second shoot off at 33 yards.

WEBSTER, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Club had a prize shoot on Memorial Day at Union Point. The first match was at 11 balls each, Cards ordinary trap; A. Bowditch, of Oxford, 9 balls; H. Butterfield, 5; T. Bigelow, 8; V. Conant, 8; H. Bates, 8; E. Smith, 8; C. Powers, 7; E. Rich, of Oxford, 6; R. Todd, 5; L. Davis, 5; C. Gerber, 5; W. Tanner, 8; W. Haven, 2; A. Klebart, 1. The ties of eight divided.

In the second match, 10 balls each, sides were chosen and this is the score:

T Bigelow	8	C Powers	7
E Smith	8	H Bates	10
V Conant	6	R Todd	8
W Haven	4	L Davis	6
C Gerber	2—29	H Klabart	1—33

BROOKFIELD, Mass., May 30.—Holden's trap, 18 yards rise, 20 balls each: A. Shephard, 19; H. D. Mathewson, 16; Josiah Hobbs, 16; J. P. Crosby, 14; H. Herriden, 13; C. Varney, 12; C. H. Gibbs, 10; S. F. Moulton, 9; H. P. Gerald, 9; S. Whittemore, 9; H. L. Butterworth, 5; E. W. Twichell, 4.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB, Brooklyn, May 31.—Match at glass balls: Cards ordinary traps, 18 yards, club rules:

Capt E H Blackwell	1101011011—7	Capt J H Herring	1101111011—7
Robt Allen	0010010010—3	L B Field	1111111101—9
Fred Scharfenberg	0.00100100—3	F X Gehrling	1001000103—5
Henry Eger	0000011110—4	Samuel Knight	0010000 0 0—1
Total	14	Total	20

BRIDGEPORT vs. SPRINGFIELD.—Hampton Park, Springfield, May 24.—Match at glass balls, Card traps, Bogardus rules, 50 balls each man. Springfield Team: G. W. Simmonds, 42; H. Nichols, 41—total 83. Springfield Team: G. W. Wiemi, 42; J. Harrison, 32—total 74.

NEW PALTZ, N. Y., June 2.—Match at 18 yards rise, 15 balls; Card's rotary trap, screened.

Frazer	01101 11011 01101—10	Evans	01011 01001 11110— 9
Harp	11111 11111 11111—15	A K Hays	00110 11101 10100— 8

Hero.....10101 11000 00110— 7 Swartz.....11101 00101 11111—11
J H Hays.....01001 11001 01001— 6 Drake.....10100 00100 00000— 4
DuBois.....11111 00100 10000— 6 Oakley.....00100 10011 10101— 7
E. H.

VINCENTOWN, N. J., June 1.—The Coaxen Club held semi monthly contest for badge to-day; Card's trap, 18 yards rise, 10 balls each:

F S Hilliard.....0001 10 01—5 J G Haines.....01101 10110—6
R H Brick.....00110 00100—3 C Shreve.....00110 00011—4
W D Haines.....10110 11110—7 W C Haines.....01101 10111—6
J W Haines.....01001 00011—4 W S Hilliard.....11111 11010—7

Tie shot off at 8 balls: W D Haines.....1 0; W S Hilliard.....1 1. Hilliard having won the badge three times in succession it is now his own property. SHELDRAKE.

CATAWISSA, Penn., June 4.—Weekly score of Catawissa Glass Ball Club:

Adelph.....10101 11010 00101 10110—11
Ever.....11111 11111 11101 11001—17
Yeller.....00000 10101 01110 10110— 9
Fox.....11111 11010 01101 10011—14
Steller.....11100 11111 11111 11111—18
Sharpless.....01111 11111 01111 10011—16
Reifsnyder.....01010 00011 11010 11001—10
Harmon.....01010 10001 00111 00000— 7
P Waters.....11111 11111 11011 11111—19
H. E. A.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.—Concluding match for the prize clock and diamond pin. State Association rules, plunge traps, 10 birds each, 21 yards rise; ties—first 15 yards, subsequent ties 21 yards; the prizes to be awarded to the competitor making the best average in the four shoots. For the first shoot there were many entries:

W Wilson.....11111 11111—10 S H Appel.....10011 11011— 8
H Rhodes.....11111 10111— 9 Dr Steele.....11111 11111—10
G H Creed.....01111 11111— 9 G W Tait.....10100 11100— 6
A Eddy.....01111 11111— 9

The second match made in the series were: H Funson 8S, G H Creed 38, S H Appel 34, Dr Steele 32, W Wesley 28, A Eddy 26, G W Tait 19, J C Munn 16. Funson won the tie for first, Appel took second.

BROOKLYN, June 4.—Second regular monthly shoot of the Long Island Forester club at glass balls for the club badge:

C W Field.....111 1 1111—8 Hawks.....01111 01110— 7
Thorpe.....0 0 01 0 1 1—3 Edwards.....11111 11111—10
Banks.....1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0—3

Sweepstakes at five balls:

Banks.....1 1 0 0—2 Thorpe.....11010—3
C W Field.....01110—3

Match for the ball:

Banks.....010 11111—7 Thorpe.....11 1 10101—5
Hawks.....00 0 1110—4

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 30.—The shooting season at Lakeside Park, under the management of A. C. Luther and Edward Lodder, continued to-day when several well-known gentlemen of the city engaged in a pleasure shoot at the park and the following scores were obtained at 5 balls each:

G N Crouse, Capt.....0 George Larned.....5
F Denulson.....4 C Hedfield.....0
B Forces.....0 C E Crouse.....1—10
J S Fredericks, Capt.....1 W Larned.....2
L Denison.....3 Abbott.....1
Smith.....1 1 C Denison.....0— 8

After the first match the teams were re-chosen and the result of the shooting was as follows:

L Denison, Capt.....1 G N Crouse.....1
Smith.....2 T J Abbott.....2
W Larned.....1 C Denison.....0— 8
F Denison, Capt.....4 G E Crouse.....1
G Hedfield.....1 B Forbes.....0
C T Redfield.....3 J S Fredericks.....1—10

PORTLAND, Oregon, May 13.—Wednesday last the members of the Rod and Gun club met to-day to contest for the medal. Quite a large number visited the grounds and considerable interest was manifested. Edward Church, the youngest member of the club, came off winner; 20 birds:

Abell.....18 Daley.....17
Berger.....18 Howe.....16
Bolley.....15 Hudson.....16
Bybee.....18 Hughes.....12
Chapman.....17 Spencer.....14
Church.....14 Struble.....0
Clark.....15 Whaley.....12
Curry.....16 Zan.....12

The tie were then shot off, resulting:

Abell.....1 0 Church.....11111—5
Berger.....10 1 Spencer.....11110—4

At the recent annual meeting of the Portland Long Range Rifle Association the following officers were elected: President and Treasurer, H. F. Hudson; Vice-president, W. J. Reilly; Secretary, J. Williams. Board of Directors, W. J. Reilly in place of A. A. Cohn, re-ring. The fourth Saturday of each month was named as the regular shooting day of the association.

VICKSBURG, Miss., June 1.—Pigeon match, 19 single birds, privilege of both barrels, 21 yards rise, 19 yards boundary. The birds were fresh and average good flyers. Nearly all scored were killed with first barrels. The scores made were very good considering it was the first trap shooting for five of the shooters. Quite a number of spectators were present, including a number of young ladies. The shoot was for prizes offered by the Vicksburg merchants

Fred F Mylies.....1111111111—10 Ed H Haworth.....1010111111— 8
T G Dabney.....1 1110011 — 9 Dan Searles.....1110101111— 8
N Wedig.....1111101111— 9 Jno Polk.....1111111110— 9
B B Myles.....1111110110— 8 Jno B Mattingly.....1111110000— 6

Ominous clouds prevented the shooting off of ties.

VICKSBURG, Miss., May 23.—Pigeon and ball match, 19th inst.; 14 birds and 20 balls to each shooter. Pigeons, 21 yards rise, single birds, both barrels except F. Myles, who shot only one barrel; 10 yards boundary. Balls, 20 yards, sprung from a screened rotary trap, one ball. The birds were in the coop only a few hours, and were strong flyers. The following are the scores:

	Pigeons.	Balls.
Fred Myles	0101111010—8	11110 01010 00101—12
M E Taylor	1111011111—12	00011 11101 01110—14
B B Myles	1111111011—13	11011 11111 11111—18
N Wedig	0111101111—10	01111 00011 11111—14
Geo H Dorsey	0111011111 0 0—8	1 1111 10101 10011 01101—14

LAUREL, Md., May 31.—A match was shot here on Decoration Day, in connection with the festivities attending the *fete champetre*, gotten up by the St. Phillip's P. E. Church of this place, and was attended by several crack shots from Washington and Baltimore. Three prizes were offered—a silver cake basket and bouquet holder rendered as first prize, a silver card receiver as second prize, and a silver goblet as third prize. The conditions were 20 smoke target balls for each contestant, from a Card rotary trap, screened, 20 yards rise. Messrs. E. L. Mills and W. W. Eldridge, of Washington, and Capt. Russell, of Baltimore, tied on 19 each for first prize. In shooting off the tie Mr. Mills won, with five straight, Mr. Russell missing his second ball, and Mr. Eldridge his fifth. Messrs. Wm. Wagner and F. H. Case, of Washington, tied with 18 balls for second prize, Mr. Wagner winning on five straight, Mr. Case missing his second. Messrs. Jas. P. Saffold and N. Jensen, of Washington, tied on 17 each for third prize, which was won by Mr. Saffold, he breaking five straight and Mr. Jensen missing his fourth ball. After the shooting was concluded, Hon. Barnes Compton, State Treasurer of Maryland, proposed the ladies, accompanied by a neat speech, complimentary to the contestants and in praise of the management of the day's festivities, where all had enjoyed themselves so well. May the *fete champetre* be repeated is the wish of many of those who attended. CONFESTANT.

A NEW SPOON OAR.—"Forbes' Patent Ball and Socket Row Lock and Curved Oar" is the name of a new style oar that has recently made its appearance. It is meeting with great favor among professional oarsmen and boating men generally, and as its merits become better known is destined to become the leading oar of the country, both for pleasure boats and racing sculls. As its name implies, the row lock is made on the ball and socket principle, securely fastened to the oar, which is crooked downward toward the handles sufficiently to bring the line of draft directly on a line with the handle, the oar lock and the hand of the oar. It is made of the best second-growth Hickory wood, handsomely finished but not varnished, is very light, and so constructed that it will stand an immense strain. They are made from six to ten feet in length, and with two different styles of oar locks—the feathering and non-feathering—the former being adapted for racing and skilled oarsmen, while the latter is intended more for common row boats. They range in price from four to five dollars a pair, according to length, including oar locks. A. G. Spalding & Bros., of the Stadium street, Chicago, are the sole manufacturers of this oar. Attention is called to their advertisement on another page.—*Idler.*

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

June 9.—New Jersey Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 10.—Eastern Y. C. Opening cruise.
June 11.—Delaware River open regatta.
June 14.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Martinez.
June 31.—Atlantic Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 11.—Pacific Y. C. Moonlight cruise.
June 13.—Salem Bay Y. C. First championship race.
June 15.—Newburyport Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 15.—Columbia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 16.—New York Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 16.—Boston Y. C. Annual regata.
June 17.—Lynn Y. C. Spring regatta.
June 17.—Marblehead open regatta.

NOT A "SKIN GAME."

THE false position in which the New York Y. C. has been placed by the spurious "news" published in a contemporary becomes more evident every day. The *Toronto Globe*, for example, takes it for granted that the challenge of the Atlanta will be met by a different yacht for every race and denounces such an intention as a "skin game." But for the bad character given the club by a superficial and sensational journal of this city, no such suppost sou would ever have occurred to the canadians, though in the light of the fraudulent interviews reported with "prominent members" one can hardly blame the *Globe* for suspecting sharp practice. The New York Y. C., however, neither authorized nor indorsed the libels upon its fair name, and should not be held responsible for the idle vaporings of a journal which evidently pays more attention to its column-beats than to its original rather than truthful. The club has acted throughout with fairness and liberality and in the most honorable and sportsmanlike manner, nor did we ever expect it to do otherwise. The challenge was no sooner received than an immediate and straightforward answer was sent in acceptance. Only *one* yacht will be sailed against the Canadian. The New York Y. C. is composed of gentlemen and there need be no fear of sharp practice or loaded dice, as one might infer from our city contemporary's insinuations, as "original" as they are devoid of foundation in fact.

We can also deny the story started by it that the sloop to be built by the flag officers of the N. Y. Y. C. will be a racing machine. She is to be thoroughly well built of custom; and sailing fitted and furnished like any yacht of her size. In model she will resemble the Arrow, though with modified quarters. For the half-column account of the new sloop and the intentions of the flag officers our contemporary drew upon its imagination. It knows absolutely nothing about the sloop. An attempt to palm off such a manifest deception upon the public as "news" will be met with the proper exposure in this journal every time. We believe common honesty to be one of the ingredients to "news;" the yachting public is sufficiently intelligent to insist upon and that while appreciating enterprise they will resent imposition.

SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.

THE first Corinthian match of this club for the year was sailed on May 24, owing to unfavorable weather only 2 yachts started in the first class and two in the third. Albertine was sailed by Alex. Brewster, Cydnus by Saml. Gautier and Ruby by J. B. McConnell. The Phantom was in charge of Joe McNeil. They were started at 2h. 10m. 45s. Phantom and Cydnus being quickest away to a S. S. W wind. Albertine passed around the club mark with a lead of three minutes, Cydnus, Ruby and Phantom following in close order. At the next mark, Ruby went into second place. Cydnus carried away her throat and lost three minutes for repairs, then her peak gave way and she was passed one down by the ruby. On the run back to the start Albertine increased her lead, and Phantom went down to a puff, and loosing her way capsized her sand bags to windward and followed after them her self. The sloop Zoe went to her rescue, Albertine sailing over the race going in with a lead of three of the first round. The wind freshened to all they wanted and Cydnus again parried her gear, but on the second round she overp wered the little Ruby and went ahead only to break down again and round up once more to report off on the harbor bars. On the home run Albertine and Phantom passed the finishing line, the only finishers were entered to anchor and tied down a reef. The third round was Indian file between Albertine and Ruby, each sailing in her class, the former in 2h. 25m. 26s., the latter in 2h. 3m. 5.s. The Albertine's time is considered fast, being only 9m. 2is. slower than the fastest made over the course in the memorable professional race of May 1st year, when Albertine beat Lady Emma, Jennie Lind, Black-and-Tan and Startle. The judges were C. T. Beauregard, W. B. Parker and Gen. J. Glyn, Jr.

The next Corinthian race was set down for June 9, open to second and fourth class. No boats appearing in the former a special built between the cabin yachts Zoe, E. J. O'Brien, and Linwood, Com. A. A. Maginnis, was agreed upon. In the fourth class three boats—Gipsy, Juniata and May—came to the line, sailed resectively by S. Gautier, Alex. Brewster and J. McNeil. After an hours delay for wind a breeze came out from the west and the two big ones got away at 3h. 46m. 10s. with booms over the quarter and jib topsails drawing well. The small boats made a fair start at 3h. 56m. 55s., May being the first to get away. At the first stake Zoe and Juniata had taken the lead, but at the second mark Gipsy, by soon having a work to windward, had gone into second place, and the Linwood, for want of enough wind, brought up the rear. The same order was kept all through, with exception of the cabin yacht Zoe gradually dropping astern, for there was hardly wind enough for the big ones. The match finished without further incident, Gipsy at 7h. 6m. 8s., Juniata at 7h. 14m. 3s., May at 7h. 15m. 07s., Zoe at 7h. 18m. 33s. and Linwood at 7h. 56m. 49s. The prize in fourth class, a silver cup, goes to Gipsy and a private purse to Zoe among the cabin yachts.

NOT A RACING MACHINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A contemporary of yours, which claims to give accurate and original yachting news, and has made itself very busy trying to create a sensation concerning the fact that our New York yacht club has determined to challenge, on behalf of Capt. Cuthbert, for the America Cup, has succeeded in making itself supremely ridiculous. It commenced with the fatal mistake of calling in question the standing of our club, in a social sense, under the thin guise of an imaginary conversation with a "prominent member" of the New York Y. C., but the prompt acceptance of the challenge by the holders of the Cup has rebuked the attempted snubbing and covered it with confusion. In the same left-handed way it objected to Cuthbert's new craft as a mere "joint stock racing machine," but authoritative confirmation of the negation as to the ownership showed how little it really knew of the matter concerning which it prated so confidently. And now, to complete its discomfiture it turns out that the challenged, and not the challenger, is to be represented by a racing machine, for the new joint-stock sloop which is to be built to the order of the flag officers of the N. Y. Y. C. proves faster than the Mischief *et al.*, and holds to gether long enough to sail a series of three races. I can assure your pretentious, babbling contemporary that Cuthbert's sloop is not a yacht, as he asserts, but on the contrary, is very heavy in her scantling and will not only have all the necessary ceiling and bulkheads, but will be in every way capable of encountering the roughest weather. You may judge of this from the fact that her frames are of white oak 6 in. by 7 in., spaced 2 ft. 3 in. from centre to centre, and her planking is also of oak, 2¼ in. thick, while her keelsons are very heavy, being 6x8 in. and 6x6 in. So far, scarcely a word of truth has been spoken on this subject by this self-styled "authority" on yachting matters, and the wild romances have crowded on amusement here and served to render the journal in question ridiculous. But probably it will continue as it has begun, regardless of the fact that it is furnishing food for laughter to those who are better informed.

The *Forest and Stream* originating with the *Herald*, in Eleventh furnishing the model and Sawyer the canvas, you disposed of in your last issue in a manner which has earned the thanks of the public at large. Yachtsmen here appreciate your kindness—but then they always find in FOREST AND STREAM fair treatment, in sportsmanlike view of the subject discussed, and no ungenerous attack upon or unfounded assertions concerning strangers, merely because they choose to exercise a right which they, in common with the rest of the world, have been invited to exercise.

Work on the Atlanta has been progressing slowly of late, as Cuthbert has had a large amount of other work on hand. He has built a steamer of 70 ft. keel, which is now nearly finished; has repaired the Surprise, of Trenton; is rebuilding the Dauntless from the keel up to the sheer strake and giving her an overhanging stern, with new frames throughout, making her practically a new craft; has the Katie Gray on the ways for repairs; has done other odd jobs and has in hand a contract for a yacht 35 ft. keel, of ft. beam and 4 ft. draft of water. All this, combined with a scarcity of hands, has delayed operations on the big sloop.

The Kathleen, one of Cuthbert's fastest ten-tonners, has gone to Montreal, having been purchased there, but retains her place among our fleet, her owner being a member of the R. C. Y. C. She was challenged on behalf of the Gracie before her departure for a flag which she had twice won and would have held had she won again, but the challenge was not accepted, and the Gracie now holds the flag in consequence. PORT TACK.

Belleville, Ont., May 30.

CANOEING IN NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream: Whether the paragraph on "Canoeing in New York" in your last issue is editorial or contributed I do not know, but the extraordinary statement with which it begins seems to call for some comment. "What's the matter," you say, "why New York has not taken the lead in canoeing." Now, if New York has not taken the lead, I would much like to know who has. If there are younger and more enthusiastic clubs now in various parts of the country I am glad of it, but where were they when the New York C. C. was alone in its obscurity holding regattas only to be laughed at, writing books and editorials and letters, making long cruises, and striving, apparently in vain, for long years to arouse a general interest in this most manly and fascinating recreation? If now that these years of quiet work have borne fruit in a popular waking up on the subject of canoeing, New York—by which I naturally mean the New York C. C.—is to be calmly ignored, it does not seem to me quite right that FOREST AND STREAM should be the one to begin the ignoring business by signing that it (the N. Y. C. C.) has not "succeeded in propagating a love for the pastime." *Si monumentum quæris circumspice.* If you would see what New York canoeists have done look around you. There are the Jersey City and Knickerbocker Canoe Clubs in New York waters. The latter of these you characterize as a wide-awake and energetic organization, and I happen to know personally in support of your judgment that on Decoration Day it turned out with four canoes, and paddled up to Fort Lee and back. All this, however, does not justify the general assertion that now and then a solitary N. Y. C. C man stealthily visits the staten Island Club house, gets a few hours abaft and slinks back like a sinner guilty of some heinous crime." No doubt your informant described things as he found them at the time of his visit, but if he were a regular sailer he would find them very different. If I were to infer that the Knickerbocker Club is in a lifeless condition because I have been to their house (where, by the way, they are kindly permitting me to keep my boat at present) three or four times, and seen only a solitary member, I should think my inference a fair one. New York—and now I mean all the New York clubs—will give a good account of themselves during the coming season. Let all rivalries be generous, and the Brotherhood of the Blade will prosper as it deserves. CHAS. LEDYARD NORTON.

New York, June 6.

FOREST AND STREAM certainly will be the last journal to overlook the patriotic efforts of members of the N. Y. C. C. It is aware that the original introduction and propagation of the sport is due almost entirely to the hard work of half a dozen enthusiastic members of that club to whom the whole literally owes a debt of gratitude not to be forgotten. FOREST AND STREAM also was aware that his esteemed correspondent was one of the most intelligent among the hard men in spreading knowledge and a proper appreciation among the masses. Moreover, the credit of designing and bringing out the most successful and popular type of canoe yet devised, the "shadow," belongs to Commodore Chas. Alden, who is so long and worthily conducted as the club's chief officer. Our remarks were not directed against the N. Y. C. C. so much as against the lack-luster of the general public of this and neighboring cities in failing to respond to the propaganda as quickly and as widely as it should be cited, and as the men of the Bay and West have done. While giving the first club in America full credit for what it has accomplished, the fact remains that week in, week out, the active members of the club may be counted on one's fingers, a state of affairs not likely to exist from this on now that there is the club house, and which our remarks were intended to ameliorate, so that in the march of a widening popularity the part at club should lose none of its former influence nor the prominent lead it once possessed. The N. Y. C. C. has done much for the introduction of the sport, more than any other, but that is no reason why it should now lie on its paddle or rest content with inertly drifting with the tides of time. Fortunately, as our correspondent's letter shows, there is still life in the club of a vigorous sort, which, with the infusion of new blood, ought to make the double-decker a more lively craft along our shores, and the small urchin will no longer hail "say, boss, what kind of a racket do you call that?"

CRUISING IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Both the San Francisco and Pacific Yacht Clubs sailed for Vallejo on Saturday, May 14, the Pacific fleet leaving Front st. wharf at 1 P. M., and the San Francisco at 2 P. M. Although the squadron sails were independent ones, as most of the yachts belong to both clubs, a joint affair was made of the cruise down the following day. The yachts got under way at 2 P. M. from Commodore Hamilton's Frolic from Front st. wharf. The run up was a pleasant one, the schooner Nellie arriving first of the Pacifics, and the Consuelo first of the San Franciscos, at Vallejo.

The Consuelo and Chispa started close together, but the Consuelo beat her a few lengths only. The next A. M. was passed in friendly visits to the different yachts and talking generally as to the probable winner of the back race to the city, it being between the Nellie, Aggie, Consuelo, Chi-pa, Annie and O'Connor. The general opinion was that the Aggie would carry off the honors. The yachts at Mare Island were Frolic, Emerald, Consuelo, Chispa, Aggie, Arabine, Ariel, Nellie, Annie, Clara, Mollie, Lively, Emerald, Gazelle, Myrtle and Thetis. In fact these Vallejo cruises are only made races of by a few of the enthusiasts, the rest preferring to take their ease.

The start for the city was made at about 2 P. M. The Consuelo and Frolic where the last to pass the line, the latter bringing up the rear, the wind was light in Pablo Bay and the way of calling, lagging Point Pedro and the Islands (Sisters) in one tack from Mare Island light. The Consuelo grounded at Pedro Point, but was got off sharply. The fleet looked very handsome beating to windward, each one doing her level best, the Nellie and Chispa got abreast of Point at 4 30 P. M., with the first one to tack; the Aggie at 4 P. M., and the Chispa last. At Southampton shoal the latter ran out or a strong breeze into a dead calm. She lay there till the Aggie, a mile astern, came up with the same distance. All the yachts began to gather, when all got set a signal that she had lost or broken her board. After half an hour of this calm the Chispa got out her sweeps, while the Aggie put a boat ahead to worry the yachts, and to point them to a breeze ahead. A strong breeze in the distance and all hands home bounding, the Chispa getting in at 6:30 P. M., and the Aggie about five minutes latter with her staysail set in the strong breeze across.

The sail is convinced many that the Aggie can give no greater allowance to either Connor, Chispa, Nellie or Consuelo. She is powerful and fast, but cannot give much time to any of those mentioned.

A. W. C.

ANOTHER YARN SPOILED.

MR. R. S. BELL, the efficient Secretary of the Bay of Quinte Y. C., the honesty of whose intentions was recently called into question by the sensation mongers of a contemporary, compels the journal to take back its clumsy accusation. The explanation from Mr. Bell was hardly necessary, except, perhaps, in deference to his connection with a matter of public interest. The accusation against him was as stupid in conception and as unwarranted by facts as the charges vulgarity brought against the club he worthily represents.

YACHTING NEWS.

QUESTION OF TYPE.—Here is some sound sense on the question of model, which we take from *A field and A float*. It applies with full force to yachting about New York:

"The Baltic and Mediterranean seas seem to be natural and homelike training grounds for the English yachtsman. Four and five tonners map out their thousands of miles in these waters and always end at home. There is hardly a seaport in the known world that an Englishman has not stuck his yacht's nose into. And see the time they make in one little sea-skipping wonder-voyaging their 200 to 300 miles per diem and averaging their 175 to 200 miles!

"Recently a gentleman with a few friends left England for a trip around the world in a ten-tonner and she was lately reported in the South Pacific, having doubled Cape Horn successfully and all hands free from barnacles, as well as the little ship.

"The reader must not think these little pig on these trips as some of our fool-hardy folks cross the ocean in an 18-foot skiff for the monetary of the thing. They are wealthy and men of culture, accustomed to the good things of life, and when they start out on the broad ocean in their wee things they are almost as comfortable as in their parlors at home. The fact is, a thorough English yachtsman is always at home.

"Mr. Kunhardt, of FOREST AND STREAM, has recently made the drawings of a two-tonner adapted to our own waters, a one or two-

man cruiser. He has given his little boat sufficient beam and cut tailed her depth from the English extreme. She is, in fact, as near perfection as it is possible to make her, both in shape and rig.

"The owner of one of our inland 50-foot flyers, proposing to witness the regatta in New York this season, was a good deal exercised as to the practicability of going outside. We simply make the contrast and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

"We are favorable to the Herreshoff boats for light draft and small displacement for inland sailing and for speed. The wide "spread-out" cannot be beaten in her own water. But many long for other climes and a slight bey ond the every-day vision of the naked eye; or, as a friend of ours has it, a look from the back door of a farmhouse located on a creek.

"England's great navy sprung from yachtsmen, encouraged and protected by the Government. A fresh water sailor is very well in his place; salt him a little, and you will count your fish over night for the morning meal, and he is all the better for it.

"As it has been seen, small yachts can be made capable of oceangoing at a trifling more expense than on a lumber. There is no good reason why our yachtsmen should not have a smell now and then of the briny and a shake up on the old ocean. The hope of a little adventure beyond the confines of land-locked waters will cause them to venture off on the wide expanse, where the horizon is only seen setting down on the sea. Our Eastern friends, alive to this kind of sailing, go to sea in their small boats, well-adapted craft with an added complacency as a school-boy would paddle his scow over a pond after hours."

COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB.—The officers of the club are: Commodore, R. P. H. Abell; Vice-Com., G. S. Innis; Measurer, A. J. Kelleher; Treasurer, J. P. Wiegman; Regatta Committee, R. P. H. Abell, J. A. Weaver, G. W. Thomson, E. Weber and G. H. Heap. The clubhouse is at the foot of Eighty-sixth street, Hudson river, and their P. O. address is Box 2000, N. Y. The programme for the season is an extensive one, as follows: The annual club regatta will be sailed June 15 at 10:30 A. M., over a course from the club-house to Yonkers and return; Class B to literally only and return. Classification: Class A, sailing yachts; Class B, open yachts under 25 feet; Class C, open yachts over 20 feet; Class D, open yachts 20 feet and under. Time allowance, 1½ minutes per foot. Prizes will be on exhibition before the regatta. First Union regatta.—A large, handsome silver cup, to be known as the "Commodore's Cup," will be presented to the winner in a race open to all comers over 25 feet and under 25 feet on Tuesday, July 12, 1881, at 10:30 A. M., to be sailed over the Columbia Yacht club's triangular course, of Eighty-sixth street. A similar cup, to be known as the "Vice-Commodore's Cup," will be presented to the winner in a race open to all comers, 20 feet and under, on the same day and at the same time. Second Union regatta.—A large, handsome cup, to be known as the "President's cup," will be presented to the winner in a race open to all comers, under 25 feet in length and catrigged, on Wednesday, July 13, 1881, at 10:30 A. M., to be sailed over the Columbia Yacht Club's triangular course, off Eighty-sixth street. Third Union regatta.—For an elegant combination filling ice pitcher, tray and goblet, complete, presented by the Wilcox Silver Co., of No. 6 Maiden Lane, to the open Class B, sloop, catboat or sharpie, sailing for under the auspices of the Columbia yacht Club on Tuesday, September 13, 1881, at 10:30 A. M., over the club's triangular course and open to all cat-rigged yachts under 25 feet in length. Rules for the Union Regattas.—Entries close 3 hours previous to the time of the first boat of starting. Numb ers will be furnished on payment of $1 (U. Y. C.'s yachts free) and all yachts must have numbers in sight. Yachts will be remeasured if required by the judges. Time allowance, 1½ minutes per foot. No restriction as to crew, but no more required. No man allowed to leave a yacht during the race. Booming out or taking in ballast not allowed. Judges' decision on all points shall be final. Flying start. All ready to cross the line at 10 A. M. or within ten minutes thereafter. A yacht crossing after the expiration of the ten minutes will be timed as having crossed at the expiration of the ten minutes. Guns—First, to get ready; interval of five minutes; second, to start. All turning points or stake-boats to be left on the port hand. A yacht fouling a buoy, buoy or flag used as a turning point may be disqualified by the judges. All protests must be made in writing and made within one hour after the regatta. Race must be made within eight hours. Where required, the Columbia Yacht Club's regulations will govern. Any information not given, and which is desired, will be furnished on application to the chairman of the Regatta Committee, Mr. R. P. H. Abell, P. O. Box 2,070, New York.

HUDSON RIVER YACHT CLUB.—The ninth annual match was sailed June 6. Two yachts, the Hudson and Edith, came to the start besides a number of open boats. Of these two rolled over, but the rest managed to keep "right side up with care" in the puffy northeast wind. Hudson carried away her topmast before the race, and later on her bowsprit, so that she did not finish. The Edith had a proper proceeding to the Hour either did not know the rule of the Road or did not choose to observe it. It is about time open-boat sailors recognized something more in yacht racing than tossing sandbags and foolhardy "carrying on." The race was sailed from the club-house, foot of Seventy-fourth street, to Yonkers and home; for the catboats to a mark on Spuyten Duyvil and return. There was a lee going tide and head wind, so that some real work was shown on the way up by all hands. The wind, however, soon died away, and the incoming flood made the run home slow business. Neither of the yachts finished. Among the open boats, Clara S., 24 ft., J. Stigler, won in class A, beating St. Elmo and Irene; they, unless corrected, being 7h. 39m. 58s. In class B, Thomas, 22 ft., A. L. Kregmeyer, won in 7h. 39m. 41s., leading the Annie L., Idle Hour and Mollie B. In class D, Beach, Class D, catboats, from 18 to 20 ft., did not finish, and among the little shavers of Class E the race went to Molly McCarty, 15 ft. 9 in., J. McCarty, in 6h. 31m. 58s., beating the Little Dean

FALSE STANDARDS.—The case current given to popular opinion concerning model by deriving measurement rules is well illustrated by a laudatory paragraph in the London *Truth* of the new cutter Buttercup. This ten-tonner is extremely narrow, being 43.7 ft. long and 7.2 ft. beam, the narrowest cutter afloat next to Evonia. She has won all the matches she entered this spring for the simple reason that she is a quarter to a half as large again as her contestants, though tonning only the same by the rid iculous Y. R. A. rule. Consequently the general public, not conversant with the value of size, lays Buttercup's success to the credit of her model. Such is indeed the popular belief that long and narrow yachts are the fastest designs, just the same as we in America are deceived by the common-length rule into the very opposite faith. With us the shortest and widest are the fastest, because on a given length and tonnage the *largest* sail can be driven the deepest and not necessarily upon any virtues of model. As it is plain to see that builders invariably aim to produce the *largest* yacht possible under any measurement rule, it ought to be equally plain that their *size* should be the only competitive test of the worth of their model. Fortunately length measurement seems now on its last legs for all but sand-bag boats.

NEW JERSEY YACHT CLUB.—The annual regatta will be sailed to-day off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken. The start will be a flying one for all classes. All yachts must be prepared to cross the line at 10:30 A. M., and must cross within ten minutes after the second whistle is blown. The signal to prepare will be a blast from the steamer's whistle, and ten minutes later for all classes to start will be the same, all yachts to have ten minutes in which to cross the line. The course will be for classes A and B from a line between the Fourth and Twelfth street dock, thence to and around Craven Shoals Buoy, lying 1¾ miles S. S. W. from Fort Lafayette, leaving it on the port hand, and return to Communipaw Dock, south end of Jersey city, crossing a line between slanting from said dock to the Hoboken shore. Class D and E will be from same starting line, to and around Fort Lafayette, leaving it on the port hand, and return to the line as above stated. This regatta is to be wholly governed by the by-laws of the club. Classes are for yachts over 30 feet; from 25 feet to 30 feet; under 26½, and a special class, E, for catamarans. The steamer Only Son goes over the course, and leaves 14th st., N. R., at 9:30 A. M., and 8th st., Hoboken, at 10 A. M. Tickets 50 cents.

PORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.—Entries for the deep-water matches of this club, June 16, should be made to the secretary, Louis M. Clark, Harvard college, Boston, Mass., by Monday previous to the race. Yachts not flying the club burgee should send sailing length with their entry —length on water line, plus one quarter overhang, and the extreme beam. For measurement add two-thirds the length found as above to the beam. This salutary rule is in the interest of the sloops for, as ever looked, the Dorchester Y. C. having decided against the children's rule of "simple length." The yachts will sail in five classes. Those sloops and cutters and schooners that measure 40 ft. or over will sail in the first race. In class B, open to sloops measuring less than 40 ft. and less than 40 ft. Sloops and cutters of 22 ft. and less than 32 ft. measurement will compete in the third race. Sloops and cutters that measure less than 22 ft. will sail in the fourth race. Prizes as follows: In the first race a first prize of $25 for sloops and cutters and a first prize of $25 for schooners; second race, for sloops and cutters, first prize $20, second prize $10; third race, sloops and cutters, first prize $20 and second prize $10; fourth race, first prize $15, second prize $10. No prize will be awarded unless two or more yachts start, and no second prize will be given unless three yachts start.

NEW SLOOP.—Willets, of Cow Bay, L. I., has launched a very fine sloop for Mr. E. A. Willard, of the N. Y. Y. C. The sloop will class with Regina and Vixen and promises to be a close match for the very best. She is a perfect wave-line design and in model is exceedingly handsome. It properly canvased and sailed for the best we think she will be without equal in her lot. After frequent inspection while building we cannot suggest the addition or cutting away of a chip on her hull For a sloop of the usual American type she must be considered perfect. She is 49 ft. long on water-line, 17 ft. beam and 5 ft. 4 in. depth, top of keel to deck at side. Draws 8½ ft. forward, 4½ ft. aft and has a centreboard 16 ft. long. Freeboard amidships is 2 ft. 6 in. Height of mainmast from deck 70 ft., and of jibboom 14 ft. 6 in. Carries 12 tons of bed ballast. Cabin aft as usual, stateroom on starboard side, pantry, galley, etc., on port side and forecastle forward. The sloop was launched Saturday last and christened Regina. She has been built in the best manner of thoroughly well-seasoned stuff.

OUTSIDE LEAD.—We hear that Cora, Fish is well pleased with the addition of 4 tons of lead to the keel of his trim schooner Agnes. The Cruiser has likewise come out with lead outside. The strange prejudice against outside lead in the Atlantic Yacht Club's New York is at last wearing away, and the nonsensical theories of men dubbing themselves "practical" are going to the wall in the light of experience. Why any one announcing himself as "practical" should want to backstay rather than iron, and not allow racing to degenerate into a mere matter of athletes and foolhardiness, meets with popular approval, is shown by the good list of entries the regatta on Decoration Day called out. Twenty-one boats started, the course being from Kensington Water Works to Bergen Point and return, a distance of 12 miles. First prize, $25, was taken by the Smith; second prize, $15, by the Nellie, and the third prize, $10, went to the Millers.

CUTTERS.—Mr. Kirby, of Rye, has about finished a cutter 35ft. waterline, 50 ft. beam, with no iron keel. C. M. Graves, of Fair Haven, has also finished one 36ft. long. She also has an iron keel, which has no gripe; carries in lower sails 150 yards. She is built with straight frames, having a knuckle instead of a rounded bilge. Mr. Smith's new design is 36ft. waterline, 10ft. beam, draws 7.3ft., and has 21.4 tons displacement, with about 7 tons ballast, a portion of which will be on the keel. She is to be off in two months.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—The secretary reports twelve canoes on the list, including the Fairy, Mr. Bridgman, with a metal centreboard which can be removed by working a lever from the deck, which can be worked without leaving the seat. The club has a fine library and has a bright future. Officers for the year were elected as follows: Commodore, J. W. Bridgman; Vice-Commodore, Edward Leigh; Secretary, Robert Tyson; Captain, Harry Nelson; purser, Arthur Hughes. N. H. Bishop, of the American Canoe Association, and W. P. Stephens, of Rahway, N. J., were elected honorary members of the club.

DETROIT YACHT CLUB.—The annual regatta will be sailed July 4 on Lake St. Clair over a triangular course, fifteen miles long for first and second class and ten miles long for third class. Officers for the year: Commodore, O. W. Baker; Vice-Commodore, Geo. Newberry; Rear-Commodore, Theodore Buhl; Secretary, Alvin Harmon; Treasurer, S. H. Ives; Measurer, R. G. Riddell; Regatta and Executive Committee, G. H. Lesher, Morse Stewart, Jr., Oliver W. Baker, Samuel Cowan and Robert T. Warren.

POINTS OF SAILING.—The new club books shows this excellent organization to be flourishing and steadily gaining in strength. The "signals," or more properly, the burgees, show eleven schooners and nineteen sloops. There are eleven honorary members and one hundred and forty regular members. The club has had the independence to throw aside the measurement rule and has based its allowances upon an approximation to the water-line girth, so as to make beam pay for something of its share in the estimate of size.

LEAD KEELS.—Says the South Boston *Inquirer*: "Capt. Lincoln's fleet covered herself with glory in the various races this week and proved the wisdom of the alterations made in her for the present season. She has a new lead keel, new sails and spars and, as she has beaten the wider and shallower craft, it goes to prove that good depth, and a moderate beam are the requirements for speed." Which goes to show that experience is bearing us out in all we have written in FOREST AND STREAM concerning outside ballast.

CAPE ANN YACHT CLUB.—The following club signal has been adopted: A red burgee, with white star in the centre, and a star of white in the field, the flag to be two-thirds as wide as it is long. The Commodore's flag is a swallow-tail pennant of white, with blue stripe and a red star in the upper corner. The Vice-Commodore's flag is blue, with red stripe and white star, and the Fleet Captain's red, with white stripe and blue star.

VOLANTE.—Manning's Agency has sold the cutter Volante to Messrs. Tower & Hodges, of New York. The Volante has the distinction of being the largest yacht in America, and as a safe, roomy, staunch and stylish cruiser has given the greatest satisfaction. She was designed for that purpose by Commodore Robert Center, and was built by John Munan, in 1878, for Messrs. Hitchcock. She is 48 ft. over all, 40 ft. on deck, beam and draft 9 ft. 10 in. depth.

WINTHROP YACHT CLUB.—This is the title of a new club recently formed at Winthrop, Mass. Membership includes 45, owning 17 yachts. Officers for the year: Commodore, Henry Putnam; Vice-Commodore, Walter Hunt; Fleet Captain, William H. Allen; Treasurer, G. F. Belcher; Secretary, John Hunt; Measurer, Henry Belcher. Club signal, a blue flag, swallow-tail, with a white letter W in the middle.

HEADSHEETING.—Here is the way tarry talent tried to make Prospero improve in stays. Flying jib was added at one end and mainsail at the other. The keel was then cut off a foot fore and aft alike. Result, Prospero was slower in stays than ever before! Now they are giving her more rudder. The same topmast authority gravely says: A boat can't sail with copper on her bottom, and so it comes from Spero's copper. For a botch job get a sailor-tinkering at a vessel's hull.

VARNISHES.—Practical yachtsmen know the difference in wear between good and poor qualities of varnishes, etc. It is to both economy and satisfaction to use the best in the market. F. O. Pierce & Co., 70 Fulton street, make varnishes and a spar composition especially adapted to the yachtsman's use. It will stand salt water and the weather and is more lasting than the usual run of compositions in the market.

YACHT BUILDING.—Saml. Ayers now occupies new shops in Peck Slip, and is prepared to build all classes of boats and yachts from the smallest to the largest, with a large force of hands on the largest sloop yacht. The Rosus, built by him last spring for Mr. Marshall, has proved a great success, having done a good deal of cruising down East last season and shown very fair speed.

CAMBRIA.—The handsome English schooner Cambria reports that she made the passage from Cape de Gate, Algiers, to Europa Point in 44¾ hours, a distance of 410 knots, averaging 9 knots or 10 miles an hour. She ran before the regular levanter with reefed squaresail and double reefed foresail and standing jib, never shipped any water and was not steered as a wheel could be.

NAVAL EXHIBITION.—The Shipwrights' Company of London, Eng., have issued a public invitation to the ingenious of all nations to contribute to a competitive exhibition to be held in Fishmongers' Hall in April next, of models designed for the use of fishing craft, from fishing smacks and torpedo launches to clipper-built schooners and stately vessels of war.

NOTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.—Schooner Viva has been altered into a single-stick lumber yacht. Schooner Virgil is still lying up in Island Creek and will not fit out. Schooner Ariel has received a new keel with 2,400 lbs. of lead outside and will be raced against Aggie and class. Dr. Merritt has sailed in the big Casco for Monterey. The yacht fleet escorted the Corwin out of the harbor on her departure in search of the Jeannette.—C.

SALES.—Manning's Agency reports the sale through them of the cutter Volante, elsewhere noticed. Also, of the Emma T., cabin sloop, 40 ft. over all, to J. C. Hutchinson, of the flying cloud. The cutter Comfort has been chartered to E. D. Morgan, Jr., for the season and the schooner Resolute to F. A. Stout, for a cruise, or a three-months' cruise.

CONSISTENCY.—We call it none the less an American victory because an English jockey rode Iroquis at the Derby, but raise a howl at the mere thought that an American crew might sail the Atlanta in the American Cup match. Consistency, thou art a jewel—sometimes!

FASTEST OF HER INCHES.—The steam yacht Lelia was recently purchased from the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, of Bristol, R. I., by the Toledo Boat Club. In seven minutes after leaving Detroit, the other day, she rounded Sandwich Point, which would make her time to Wyandotte, a distance of 12 miles, about 30 minutes.

AMERICA'S YACHT LIST.—Capt. Nelse Olsen has completed a new list of American yachts in a handy little volume, which shoul be in possession of all yachtsmen. The book will soon be offered to the public, when we will review it at greater length.

TIGRESS.—The schooner yacht Tigress, built at Salem, Mass., this spring, by Mr. Joshua Brown, has been purchased by Mr. J. F. Nickels, of New York. She is 62 feet 5 inches on deck and 15 feet 6 inches beam.

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.—The Flushing Bay faction of this club has obtained a permanent injunction against the Harlem division, restraining the latter from using the club seal, name or signal. The whole squabble has been discreditable.

A CANOEING VOYAGE.—A gentleman proposing a two months' canoeing cruise this summer is desirous of meeting some brother of the paddle with whom to make the cruise in company. Addresses can be left at our office.

TO SECRETARIES.—Secretaries of yacht clubs sending us notices, circulars, etc., are requested to add their address, so that we may communicate with them, if necessary, without loss of time.

EAST RIVER YACHT CLUB opened the season last Sunday with a squadron sail to Little Neck, where a clam chowder formed a savory attraction. The cruise was enjoyed by all hands.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—The club will hold its annual regatta Saturday, June 25. A good list of entries is expected. The course will be a triangular one off the club house, Staten Island.

PUBLIC OPINION.—Says the *Detroit Intelligencer*: "If FOREST AND STREAM is always above the provincialism and narrow-mindedness of its New York contemporaries in general."

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB.—*Truth* says this club proposes a cruise from Quarantine bay, on Staten Island from July 2 to July 6, and all canoeists are invited to join.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—The colors of this club are a red point of burgee with white border and the letters T. C. C. in white Roman capitals.

NEW CANOE CLUB.—Cleveland, Ohio, has organized a canoe club

Remember Hop Bitters never does harm to the smallest child, but good, always and continually.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

READER.—There is no bounty on bears.

W. H. S., Turbotville.—We have no recipe for making birch beer.

M. W.—You can get the shells from New York dealers, if anywhere.

MERWIN, Geneva, N. Y.—For paper shells use wads of the same size; for brass shells two sizes larger. Crimp the paper shells.

CONSTANT READER.—For new gun barrels address the American agents of the gun, whose addresses are to be found in our advertising columns.

A. C. D., St. Louis, Mo.—We can learn of no agency of the Gibbs gun where the parts of the locks would be obtained. You can order them however through any one of the importers of foreign guns.

A NEW BEGINNER.—For ruffed grouse shooting use a 10 or a 12-gauge gun; weight to suit your own strength and build. Load with 3½ dr. powder, 1½ oz. No. 8 shot. You may address "Ruffed Grouse," care of this office.

H. P., Columbus, O.—You may address Mr. Fayette Giles, care of Mr. John Avery, Room 7, City Hall, New York City. The six-barrelled rifle is of late patent-date. We do not think that you need fear any interference in that direction.

J. H. A., Bingham's, N. Y.—1. Is there No. 22 cal. rim fire rifle made that used extra long cartridges? 2. If a shell of that size and length would burn all the powder? Ans. 1. Yes. A long chamber will use such a cartridge. 2. Yes.

F. A. M., Monroe County, Pa.—How late can brook trout be lawfully caught in Monroe County, Pa.? Ans. The season in the State is from April 1 to July 31, both dates inclusive. We have never heard of Monroe County being made an exception.

EVERGLADE, New Orleans.—1. The Dittmar powder people have adopted the scheme of mixing their powder with black powder, and are now trying to sell it as "gray powder." Let it alone is "our advice." 2. We have heard no complaints of the weakness of the gun.

A READER.—We think the gun safe for the charges mentioned, although we would prefer to invest money enough in a gun to insure its being of first-class workmanship. For the money you paid you ought to get an arm which would be unsurpassed and will perfectly safe.

H., Fortress Monroe, Va.—Go to the Rangeley Lakes by way of the Boston and Maine or Eastern railroad. See the advertisements of the two routes elsewhere. The roads are both first-class. See recent articles on Rangeleys. Go to Samuel Farmer's, whose house was noticed a fortnight ago.

G. C. P., New York.—For woodcock shooting use a 10 or 12-bore gun; barrels, 28 inches long, weight depends upon your own strength. The gun should not be so heavy that it will necessarily fatigue you excessively to carry it. Load with an ounce of No. 12 shot, and for late shooting No. 10. Powder, 2½ dr. to 3 dr.

T. C. S., Big Pine.—The defect will injure the shooting qualities of your gun. Have it removed by a first-class gunsmith. Better tend it to some one of those whose advertisements to repair guns are found in this paper. They are competent men and you will have the satisfaction pf knowing that the work is well done.

H. S. M., Bridgeport, Conn.—I am thinking of going down to Great South Bay, L. I., to try weakfish and bluefish next week. Can you inform me whether these fish are running in the spring? Ans. They are not plenty yet. A few have been taken down the New Jersey coast, and some in New York Bay and along Long Island in nets, but they are not taking the hook freely yet.

M. F. P., Tiffin, O.—1. Is it injurious to use a wire-muzzle brush on a fine Damascus barrel? 2. Is the new gun is chambered for 2-inch shells. Would it injure the chambers and make bad shooting if I would use a shorter shell. Ans. 1. No, not if you use plenty of oil. 2. It will not injure the gun to use a short shell, but the shooting will be of course poor if it fits the chamber.

OLD READER.—The Creedmoor targets are as follows: All distances over 600 yards, 6x12 ft. bullseye circular, 36 in. diameter; centre, 6 in. diameter; inner, 6x6 ft.; outer, remainder of target. For all distances over 200 yards, up to and including 600 yards, target 6x8 ft.; bullseye circular, 24 in. diameter; centre, 8 in.; inner, 64 in.; outer, remainder of target. Third class, up to and including 300 yards, bullseye circular 8 in. diameter; centre, 2 in.; inner, 16 in.; outer, rest of larget.

R. J. B., Philadelphia.—A friend of mine in Burlington Co., N. J., a lover of a good meal, is known to him. From his description it was, I suppose, of the crane species of wading birds, long yellow legs, long sharp bill like a heron, three long white feathers from top of the head, wings dove color, back bluish, breast yellowish white. Can you tell me from this meagre description what it was? Ans. From your description we presume that the bird was a night heron (*Nycticardea grisea naevia*).

A. D. E., Irvington, N. Y.—1. Will you be kind enough to inform me of some place, not to exceed 250 miles from New York city, where I can obtain good woodcock shooting this summer? 2. A few weeks ago I fired a charge of No. 8 shot from a breech-loader at what I took this one was by accident fired by a mongrel. Would you refuse the pup on that account? The pup to all appearances is promising. Ans. 1. We do not know of any such place; good woodcock shooting near New York is a thing of the past.

T. M. C., South Framingham, Mass.—Can you tell me what kind of fishing I will find in Jefferson County, N. Y., during the first two weeks in August, and what kind of an outfit to take with me as I know nothing of the kind of fish to be found there? Ans. The county is large and has a variety of fishing. If you go in the interior there are plenty of trout. If on Lake Ontario you will find pike, pickerel, muscalonge, black bass, etc. For the latter take stiffer rod than for trout, and heavier lines. Use spoons or minnows for bait.

GREEN TURTLE, Ohio.—1. What book is best for an amateur fisherman in Ohio to learn the haunts, habits, etc., of the pike, perch, bass, sunfish, chubb, catfish and silverside, they being the fish caught in the Eastern part of the State? 2. What book would be best in instructing a novice in breeding trout, salmon, carp and other fish? 3. Do the white bass and sunfish cover blue eggs as the trout do? Ans. 1. The "American Angler's Book," by Thad. Norris. 2. There is no good work on general fishculture in English. There are several on trout culture. "High Culture," by Norris, is the best general work, but it is antiquated. We have just published carp culture. 3. No, not as a rule; one catfish is so recorded.

T. J. B., San Jose, Cal.—Can you tell me where I can procure any work on carp raising, as it is my intention to enter into it on a small scale for my own benefit having the land to spare and good water facilities? Have made up your mind to do so, and if it is a success I am on the subject as carried on in an extensive manner. Ans. Our series of articles contained all that has been published on carp culture. You need not do it so extensively. We are continually pubtiisl ing articles on fish culture, and FOREST AND STREAM is the organ of fishculturists. Read it carefully and you will learn much.

R. H. D., New York.—I desire to know something about the country around Dalhousie, N. B., with a view to spending the summer there, for fishing (trout preferred), health and rest; kind of accommodations to be had, temperature, and if it is a good place for ladies and children, and whether physicians can be had if required? Is it likely to be raw and chilly most of the time? What kind or fishing prevails, salt or fresh water fishing? Ans. There is good brook trout fishing in the streams about there, and sea trout in the Bay of Chaleur. Salmon in the Restigouche. You can get both fresh and salt water fishing within easy distances. It is a large place and good accommodations can be found, and no doubt physicians who will visit. It is not usually chilly in summer. The climate is good.

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder—
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore;
Gay we sail, it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

NOTICE!

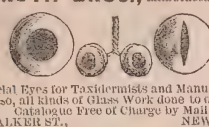
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Rates promptly furnished on application.

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GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c.
SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.
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631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

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Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. Also, all kinds of Glass Work done to order. Catalogue Free of Charge by Mail.
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A selection of the best Canned Meats and Fruits kept in stock and supplied at reasonable prices.
LIQUORS NOT KEPT.
Parties will do well to engage their men on the spot, thereby saving the steamboat fares and extra wages coming and going.
Best of men to be had for $1 per diem.
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"Berkshire Hills."

Headquarters for Sportsmen and their families; a trouting and gunning centre; numerous mountain lakes and streams easy of access. Bass and pickerel fishing; partridge, woodcock and other small game; excellent drives; city twice daily. A private family (in village) offer double and single room, also parlor and bedroom, detached, with piazza; high ceiling; good beds; wood fires; plenty of ice; $7 to $10. GILBERT, 140 Nassau, Room 22, New York.

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Will be rented by the month or summer. Boating, bathing, shooting and fishing.
Address EVERETT SMITH,
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Chronic Looseness of the Bowels results from imperfect digestion, and this again from stomachic irregularities and interruptions. Remove the cause, and of course Nature, unless overborne by drastics, will resume her work, reinforcing the bowels, and making them in their turn act properly.
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient
is just the thing for this work. Its mission is to cleanse and fortify. It never fails!
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

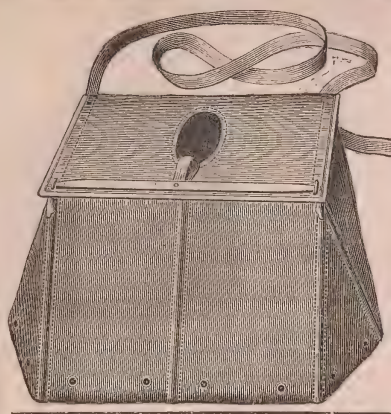
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TRAVELER BY LAND OR SEA.

Thurber's Reliable Canned Goods will be found just the articles required. They are packed in handy and convenient packages, and are ready for use at a moment's notice. Can be served hot or cold. The following will be found specially adapted to the requirements of the sportsman:

THURBER'S BONED TURKEY,
" ROAST "
" BONED CHICKEN,
" ROAST "
" LUNCH HAM,
" WHOLE BONELESS COOKED HAMS,
" LUNCH TONGUE,
" ROLLED OX TONGUE,
" POTTED MEATS,
Ham, Tongue, Beef, Turkey, Chicken, Duck & Game.

Also a full assortment of Canned Vegetables and Fruits packed where grown and while fresh and delicious. Sold by all first-class grocers and dealers in Reliable Food Products.



PATENT FOLDING CANVAS FISH BASKET.

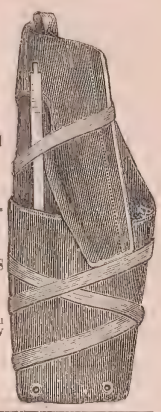
EACH: $1 75, $2 00 $2 50.
SIZE: A, B, C.
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HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.
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Composed of the **NERVE-GIVING** principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It **prevents** debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.
For sale by druggists or mail. F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PEONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES.

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.
Special prizes to follow others according to their value.

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Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP,



For NIGHT HUNTING Deer and other animals, SPEARING Fish. Indispensable on any Boating, Yachting or Camping Trip.
Not affected by Wind, Rain or Jolting. Burns kerosene safely without a chimney. Throws a powerful light 100 feet ahead. As a DASH LAMP for CARRIAGES it has no equal. Fits on any shaped dash or on any vehicle.

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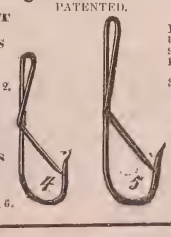
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Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz.,	332	472	658	1056 Soft.
" " " "	345	495	716	1120 Chilled.

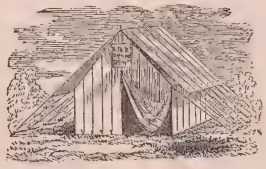
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Fits on any kind of Dash or Vehicle.
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Send stamp for Illustrated Price List. Name FOREST AND STREAM.
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Tents of all kinds for Sportsmen, Naturalists and Photographers, also for Camp Meetings. Fancy Tents for families made to order. Awnings of all kinds for Dwellings, Boats, etc.; also Yacht and Boat Sails. Flags and Banners of all kinds made to order. All work done in best manner and at very low figures. Send for illustrated circular. Address S. HEMMENWAY, over Wall street ferry-house, South street, New York.

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In the Stud to approved bitches only.

BRAGG won 1st and special N. Y., 1881.

CHAMPION CHARLIE, liver and white-ticked, winner of two 1sts, one special, one 2d

For terms, pedigrees, etc., inquire of the

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To a limited number of approved bitches.

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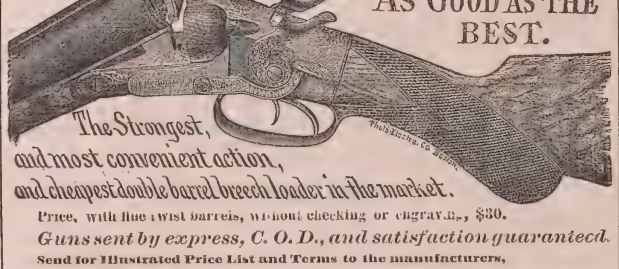
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AS GOOD AS THE BEST.

The Strongest, and most convenient action, and cheapest double barrel breech loader in the market.

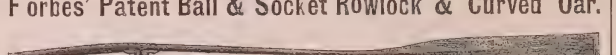
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Guns sent by express, C. O. D., and satisfaction guaranteed.

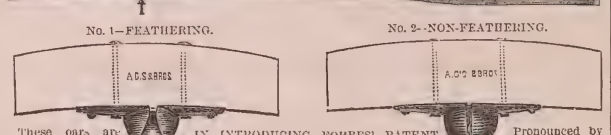
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N. R. DAVIS & CO., Assonet, Freetown, Mass

Forbes' Patent Ball & Socket Rowlock & Curved Oar.



No. 1—FEATHERING.



No. 2—NON-FEATHERING.

These oars are made of best second growth linden wood. Our locks of malleable iron, strong, very light and durable.

IN INTRODUCING FORBES' PATENT OAR, which is made on an entirely new principle, we believe we are presenting an article that, as its merits become known, will prove very popular among professional and amateur oar-men. The rowlocks are made in two styles, as shown in the above illustration—the feathering and non-feathering the former being adapted for professional or skilled rowers and the latter more for the novice, it being so constructed that the oar will feather itself a trifle without any effort on the part of the rower. The object of curving the oar is to bring the knee joint of the row lock in the direct line of draft. It is very easy to operate, will not blister the hands, and is not near as tiresome as the common oar.

Pronounced by professional oarsmen the most perfect thing in the way of a spoon oar ever brought out.

One trial of Forbes' Patent Oar will convince the most skeptical that it is the best thing in the way of an oar ever invented. Manufacturing the oars ourselves, in large quantities, we are enabled to place them on the market at the following very low prices:

	Per Pair.		Per Pair.
6 foot Feathering Oar	$4 00	6 foot Non-Feathering Oar	$4 00
7 " " "	4 25	7 " " "	4 25
8 " " "	4 50	8 " " "	4 50
9 " " "	4 75	9 " " "	4 75
10 " " "	5 00	10 " " "	5 00

Sent to any address upon receipt of price.

A more detailed description of these oars, together with an illustrated price-list of the

AUDUBON CANVAS FOLDING CANOE, COOK'S CANVAS BOAT, RACINE BOATS

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DAVENPORT'S STANDARD BALL TRAP,



For Wing Practice.



DOUBLE, SINGLE, ROTARY, STATIONARY.

ANY DESIRED DIRECTION, ALL IN ONE TRAP; ONLY ONE SPRING USED.

PRICE $8 00, BOXED AT DEPOT,

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The undersigned offers for sale the following draft from his kennel:

(1) Quer, imported brood bitch, about eight years old, winner of prizes, beauty, strong, well-broken and good retriever. Grand coat, heavy and flat and heavy feathered. Pure black. Weight, about 25 lbs. in condition.

(2) Sole, Young dog, magnificent coat and feather, splendid color and shape. Fit to win prize s in any company. Never shown. Age, 18 months. Full weight will not exceed 25 lbs.

Full particulars on application to J. F. KIRK, 44 King S., West Toronto, Ontario. May26,2t

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. F. LOTZ, 3,912 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSEY & SEBASTIAN, Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, Lasalle County, Ill. June2,4mos

FOX TERRIER IKE IN STUD.

Gamest Fox Terrier in the country; winner of a one hour and seven ten minutes fight at Hunter's Point (see N. Y. *Herald* of May 14, 1881), May 17, 1881, defeating the best sixteen pound bull terrier bitch in New York. Ike is lemon, white and tan and a perfect dog. Fee, $15. Address

BEACON KENNEL, June2,1t 23 Myrtle st., Boston.

BARONET IN THE STUD.—The lemon-and-white ED pointer Baronet, whelped Nov. 24, 1878 (by Ogden's champion Rush, ex-Livingston's Rose, by imported champion Shapshot), winner of third prize, puppy stakes, Eastern Field Trials, Robbins Island, Nov. 30, 1881; N. H. Kennel Club, and special prize for best pointer dog with a field trial record, W. K. C. Show, 1881, to a limited number of bitches. Breeders furnished with full printed pedigree. Address HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 West 42d st., New York. May19,4t

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarch Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Lousdale, Leicester, Limerick, Lona, Launcelot, Lena, Sydney, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shawe's new work to spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on hits books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. March,4t

TRAINER—I can take one brace of dogs to be trained on prairie chickens the coming season; also, one retriever, land and water; best of references. Address W. B. STAFFORD, Mankato, Minn. May26,1t

FOR SALE—Eight Red Irish Setter Pups, whelped April 24; six dogs and two bitches; pure Elcho strain; cheap. Address BOX 622, Towanda, Penn. May26,4t

FOR SALE, Llewellin setter dog and spaniel bitch, both thoroughly broken. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. May19,4t

FOSTER MOTHER wanted for setter pups, due to whelp by July 12. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. May19,2t

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ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address

LE ROY Z. COLLINS, Septl8,tf Lancaster, Mass., U. S. A.

NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs bought, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained setters and Pointers for sale. Address BOX 335, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. B. VAUGHAN. June2,1t

LLEWELLIN SETTER BITCH, four years old; thoroughly broken on ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail; good nose; good retriever, land or water; staunch; will be shown in field. Address S. D. BINGHAM, 206 Broadway, N. Y. June2,1t

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I keep only Cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz.: Liver with white ruffle in bosom, even liver and white, and beautiful black, with white ruffle in bosom, are now open for service; fee $15; usual conditions. Correspondents inclo-ing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.

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A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

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The Champion Llewellin Setter Dog Coin, white black and tan ticked, by Leicester out of Rose, has been placed in the Stud for a short period. For full particulars, address the owner,

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RUSH,	$50
ROCKET,	25
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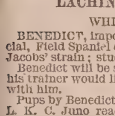
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Benedict will be sent to the breaker in June, and his trainer would like a few more spaniels to work with him.

Pups by Benedict ex Mr. Fellows' Pansy and the L. K. C. Juno ready for delivery. These are the grandest lot of pups ever offered for sale here—typical heads, short legs and plenty of bone; should make prize-winners and be A1 in the field.

May5,tf



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Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment. Dogs have daily access to salt water.

N. B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs for sale; full pedigrees. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J

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Oct 2,tf

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Our Hand-Made Fly Rods, Lancewood Middle, 2 Lancewood Tips. GERMAN SILVER, $8 BRASS, - - 6

MIST-COLORED LEADERS.

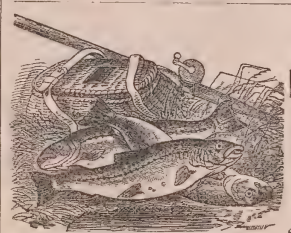
Trout, with loops for droppers, 3 ft., 15c.; 6 ft., 30c.; 9 ft., 40c. each. Bass, extra heavy, 6 ft., 50c.; 9 ft., 75c. each.

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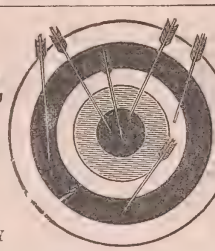
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ALDRED'S YEW BOWS: Gents, $18 up; Ladies, $16 up. ALDRED'S PEACOCK ARROWS: Gents, $10 per doz.; Ladies, $9 per doz. ALDRED'S FINGER TIP SCREW, $1.50 set; Plaid, $1; Quivers, $2; Bow Strings, 75c. each. FRANCIS DARK'S Cricket Bats, $3.50 up; balls, $1.50 to $3.50. AYER'S London Lawn Tennis, $20, $30, $40, $50 per set. LONDON TENNIS Bats, $3.50; Cork Handle, $4 and $5. J. B. CROOK'S Greenheart Black Bass Rod, $12 and $15. J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rod, $15; Patent Rubber Multiplying Reel, $30.

SEND 25c. FOR THE MOST COMPLETE CATALOGUE PUBLISHED.

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FOREHAND & WADSWORTH'S NEW BREECH-LOADER has so completely distanced all the others that it stands alone. There is no second. It is the only single gun worth having. As described in the above cut it is now complete, with rebounding lock, pistol grip, lever fore-end, nickel-plated frame, and is beautifully finished throughout. The barrels are either steel or twist. When steel they are bored out of a solid bar of steel, differing in this respect from all others, which are merely old musket barrels refinished. When twist they are the best imported barrels and of very fine grain. They are bored either cylinder for use in the field, or choked for very close shooting. When choked the targets will not suffer in comparison with Greener's, James', or even Colt's. Hitherto we have been far behind our orders, but having greatly increased the production we can fill orders immediately. The cost of these guns is a mere trifle. We are sole agents at New York for Colt's Club Guns, and also for Enos James & Co., Birmingham. We offer a small JOB lot of the celebrated Webley Guns of all sorts at about half price.

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MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE.



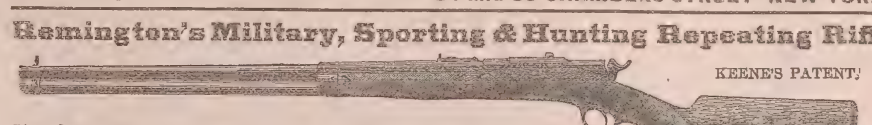
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.40 cal., 60 grains of powder and 280 grains of lead. .45 cal., 70 grains of powder and 405 grains of lead (Government cartridge). Send for descriptive list to

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Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



KEENE'S PATENT.

Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges.

Prices: Carbines, $22; Frontier Rifles, $22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, $25.

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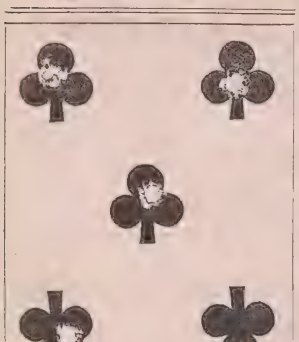
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POULTRY AND GAME

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Sportsman's Goods.



5 Consecutive Shots, 50 feet, off-hand.

WILD HARRY, the Indian scout, says that with a Stevens' Rifle or Pistol, at 50 feet, off-hand, he can knock the spots out of a playing card in this way all day long. He is obliged to use these arms to do the great feats performed daily in Barnum's Circus and elsewhere. Ringing a bell *every time* through a *quarter-inch bulls eye;* cutting the ashes from a cigar held in another person's mouth; piercing a dime held between another's fingers, and numerous other difficult and wonderful shots. The only objection to these arms is that they shoot so well, are so handy to take apart and carry about in a trunk or bag, that every body wants them, and the makers have had to enlarge the factory, and work nights to supply the demand, and even in the dull season cannot get much stock ahead. Send for illustrated price list to

CHAS. FOLSOM, 106 Chambers St., N. Y.
Dealer in
Fire-Arms, Ammunition, and all Articles connected with the same, and sole agent for
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Breech Loading Arms.

SINGLE GUNS: Plain, $12.5); Twist, $18.50; Laminated, $17
RIFLES: .22 cal., 24 in., $20; 26 in., $22; 28 in., $24.
.32, 28 or .44 " 26; " 22.
HUNTER'S PET RIFLES: .22, .32, .38 or .44 cal., 18 in., $18; 20 in., $19; 24 in., $21.
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GALLERY PISTOLS: Light, $20; heavy, $22.

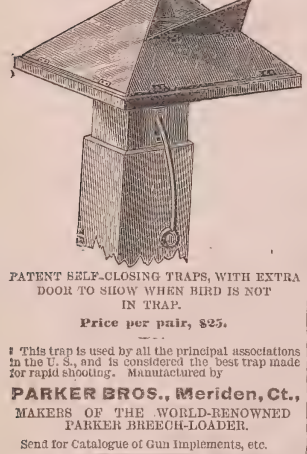
CHICAGO, Ills., April 12, 1881.

For nine years I have been a patron of a shooting gallery; have tried the different makes of rifles, and my experience shows me that the Stevens' Rifle excels all others, and is more in demand than any rifle in my gallery. For beauty of finish, accuracy of aim, reliability and durability it gives general satisfaction to the public. I can cheerfully and fully testify to its merits, as I have one now in use, and been in daily constant use for *seven years*, firing over 200,000 shots, *which is as good to-day in every respect as the day it left the factory.*

Yours, etc., R B. FULLER, 172 Clark st.

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SELF-CLOSING PLUNGE TRAPS.



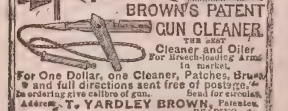
PATENT SELF-CLOSING TRAPS, WITH EXTRA DOOR TO SHOW WHEN BIRD IS NOT IN TRAP.

Price per pair, $25.

☞ This trap is used by all the principal associations in the U. S., and is considered the best trap made for rapid shooting. Manufactured by

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Ct.,
MAKERS OF THE WORLD-RENOWNED PARKER BREECH-LOADER.

Send for Catalogue of Gun Implements, etc.



EASTWARD HO! or, Adventures at Rangeley Lakes. A capital story of sport and adventure in the wilds of Maine. Interesting alike to old and young. Has received the highest commendations from the metropolitan press. Handsomely bound in cloth, and contains 316 pages, 6 illustrations Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.50. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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Black Bass and Maskalonge

THE CELEBRATED FISHING GROUNDS OF THE

THOUSAND ISLANDS.

St. Lawrence Hotel and the Rathbun House,

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y.

[Terminus of R. W. & O. R. R.]

Both under one management. The Rathbun House has been enlarged to double its former capacity, and both houses refitted and refurnished throughout. They are located in the immediate vicinity of the very

BEST FISHING GROUNDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Competent oarsmen with first-class boats at reasonable prices can always be obtained. Malaria, mosquitoes and hay fever are unknown at this point. The terms for board at either of the hotels are from $7 to $14 per week, according to location of room.

See FOREST AND STREAM of July 1, 1880, "Bass and Maskalonge Fishing," for description of the attractions, and send for circular containing full particulars.

H. L. FOX, CAPE VINCENT, N. Y.

RALPH'S

Upper Chateaugay Lake,

NEW YORK.
(ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.)

This popular resort is rapidly filling up with seekers after

H ALTH AND PLEASURE

The MAGNIFICENT SCENERY,

BRACING ATMOSPHERE,

EXCELLENT TROUT-FISHING,

combined with ease of access and first-class hotel accommodations, make this place especially desirable.

The Albany, N. Y. *Express* of April 23 says, *Editorially:*

"Life in the Adirondacks is very pleasantly written up in *Harper's Magazine* by Col. Marc Cook, whose article will undoubtedly induce many to seek the North woods in search of sport and health.

* * One of the most beautiful sheets of water in the Adirondacks is Chateaugay Lake. The mountain scenery around it is incomparable, the water deep and clear, and forest and water are not hunted and fished out. There is good shooting back from the lake, while speckled and salmon trout abound in its waters. The much-talked-of "Smith Weed Railroad" runs from Plattsburgh to Lyon Mountain, two miles by plank road from "Ralph's," the new hotel, which is everything it should be. Chateaugay Lake, from its beauty, its good sport, its accessibility and its excellent hotel, will soon be a famous Adirondack resort."

For further information see accurate description given in advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM of April 28.

☞ SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO WINTER BOARDERS.
Address

M. D. RALPH,
LYON MOUNTAIN,
CLINTON CO., N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS.

Sportsmen and Tourists going to the woods via Plattsburgh after July 1 can find me at the Fouquet House, that city, and on the train for Ausable Forks Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings to arrange for conveyances and seats in coach for the lakes. My coaches being new and of Abbott & Downing's latest approved pattern, I am not only able to offer more comforts and conveniences than other lines, but having guided over the entire Adirondack region so long I can furnish my patrons with such reliable information as may assist them in carrying out their plans for hunting or fishing. CHAS. J. GREENOUGH, Stage Prop. and U. S. M. Agt., Saranac Lake, Franklin County, New York.

Virginia Midland R. R.

The Safest, the Shortest, the Best Route to Florida and South.

Pulman Palace cars direct without change. Guns and dogs carried free. Leaves New York at 10 P. M. and 3:40 P. M.; Washington, 7:10 A. M. and 10 P. M. MERCER SLAUGHTER, General Ticket Agent, Alexandria, Va.

SARANAC LAKE HOUSE,
(Formerly "Martins,")
ADIRONDACKS.

I beg leave to inform the traveling public and old patrons of this well known and popular resort that I have purchased it and will open it to visitors on or about May 15. The house is being thoroughly renovated with new furniture throughout, and every comfort and convenience to make it equal or superior to any other Hotel in the country. An A1 table; best of attendance; superior and experienced guides. Neither expense nor pains will be spared to give my guests satisfaction.
Address MILO B. MILLER,
Saranac Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y.

Hotels and Routes for Sportsmen

EASTERN R. R.

ATTENTION!

FISHERMEN.

RANGELEY, RICHARDSON
—AND—
Moosehead Lakes.

EXCURSION TICKETS

ARE NOW ON SALE AT COMPANY'S TICKET OFFICE,

306 Washington Street,

Next Door to Old South Church, and at Depot on Causeway Street, Boston,
Also at offices of THOMAS COOK & SONS, 261 Broadway, New York.

Boston to Farmington and return		$9.50
"	Phillips "	11.00
"	Rangeley "	12.50
"	Mountain View H. and return	13.75
"	Indian Rock "	15.25
"	Middle Dam "	13.00
"	Upper Dam "	14.00
"	Mt. Kineo "	15.00
"	Andover "	9.00
"	Bethel "	8.00
"	Dead River "	13.00
"	Enfield "	13.50
"	Kingfield "	12.00
"	Forks of the Kennebec and return.	13.00

TRAINS LEAVE BOSTON,
For all Points in
Rangeley & Kennebec Region
At 7:30 A. M.
(After June 27, 8:30 A. M.)
FOR MOOSEHEAD, 7 P. M.
Excursion Lists will be ready about June 1.
LUCIUS TUTTLE, GEN. PASS. AGT.
Boston, May 12, 1881.

"THE FISHING LINE."

TAKE THE

Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R.

THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE
Trout, Grayling & Black Bass Fisheries,
AND THE
FAMOUS SUMMER, HEALTH AND GAME RESORTS AND LAKES OF

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the
Grand Traverse Region,
and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.

BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in these waters.

The TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept 1.

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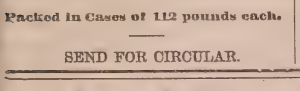
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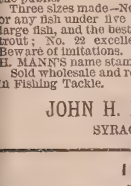
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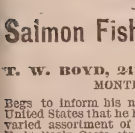


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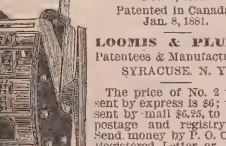
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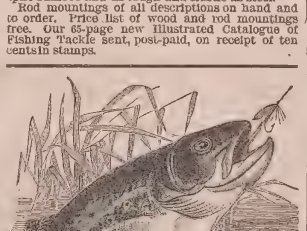
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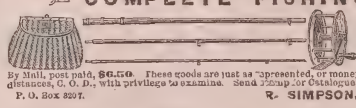
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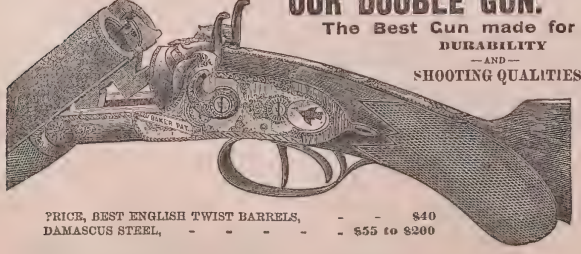
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1881.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

All communications of whatever nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, June 16.

WORMS IN FISHES.—We would call the attention of anglers to the article on this subject from Mr. Frederick W. True, of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. True is a rising young student, who has taken up the little-known subject of intestinal and other parasitic worms. We have always claimed that the worms in fishes were harmless and have offered to eat any fish containing them or to pick out the worms and eat them alone to prove our belief in their innocent nature when taken into the stomach of a warm-blooded creature. It is pleasant to find that Mr. True coincides with this view of it, because some rash newspaper correspondents have tried to get up a scare on "trichinæ in shad" and other sensational questions. Just as the mites in cheese have a flavor undistinguishable from the cheese itself and are harmless in the human stomach, so, Mr. True informs us, are the worms in fish. They have not reached the proper place for development and are destroyed by digestion. It is of course a matter of taste with a person whether they will eat a fish inhabited by these tenants or not, but if they do there is no danger. Some people are a little nervous about such things and cannot take a cherry on trust, but must open and examine it. This is merely disgust at worms in general, without fear of becoming a "host" to them, and it is gratifying to be assured that the parasites of fishes are as harmless as the worms in cherries. For ourselves, we eat cherries in full faith that there are no worms in them and if there are we never see them and the taste must be like that of the cherries. We do not care to have our pleasure marred by the doubt that our cherries are not inhabited, and so we regard a ripe, plump cherry as Cæsar's wife was held to be, above suspicion. Mr. True is certainly worthy to be enrolled among the noble band composing the Ichthyophagous Club, who will thank him for the hint that the Italians eat the "macaroni worms" from fishes. At the next dinner of the club perhaps "macaroni worms, *a la* True," may adorn the bill of fare.

THE STATE TOURNAMENT.

THE preparations for the tournament at Coney Island have been completed, and the Long Island clubs will be ready next Monday to welcome the delegates from other parts of the State.

Badges for the delegates and visiting clubs have been provided, each one being numbered and the name of the person receiving it to be registered. They admit to all the privileges of the grounds and are not transferable. None but members of the State Association will receive them. They will be distributed at the headquarters of the Long Island Association, Hotel Brighton, Coney Island, at noon on Monday the 20th, by Mr. T. C. Chamberlain, Chairman of the badge committee. Members must apply for them in person.

Members who have not provided themselves with hotel accomodations are requested to send their baggage to the Long Island Sportsman's Association, Hotel Brighton, and to be present at noon on the 20th to select their hotel. Price at Hotel Brighton will be two dollars per night for rooms without meals; or four dollars per day including board. Lower terms can be obtained at other hotels, and there will be plenty of room for all.

On Monday noon a special chowder will be served in the large dining room of the Hotel Brighton to members of the Association who can obtain tickets without charge upon application to Judge Henry S. Lott, chairman of the reception committee, at the Association headquarters. The grounds will be open for inspection on Monday and the prizes will remain on exhibition at the rooms of the Brooklyn Furniture Company, 563 Fulton street, Brooklyn. The committee will accompany those wishing to view the grounds and prizes during the afternoon. The convention will assemble in the east dining hall at Hotel Brighton at 8 P. M. The balcony will be reserved for ladies and their attendants. Admission to the convention hall and to the balcony will be by ticket which can be obtained at headquarters. Attached to the ticket will be a coupon to be retained for admission to the dining room where the collation will be spread and tickets will be issued to the ladies as well. The collation will be largely composed of sea-food, and seats will be furnished to all who may attend. These details are intended to insure the comfort of visitors and ladies who may accompany them, and to insure freedom from intrusion and from outside interference.

The ground committee have arranged the traps so that the inside columns of the grand stand will form the eighty-yard rear boundary, and the outside fence of the track will form the one hundred-yard boundary for double birds. The pond for fly-casting will be about 100 feet square. Entries can be made at headquarters or with Fred Mather on the grounds. The rifle contest will be placed near the fly-casting at a distance of over a quarter of a mile from the trap score. Platforms are prepared at the traps so that the shooters may stand either on the planks or on the turf, as they choose. Comfortable moveable settees have been provided for the shooters with a canopy to protect them from the sun. During the tournament the tent committee of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, Harry Miller, 451 Flatbush ave., Brooklyn, chairman, will provide a substantial lunch for those members who may not wish to leave the grounds during the day, without charge. Mr. Engeman, proprietor of the grounds, will provide an old-fashioned clam bake daily, and the Long Island Association will also provide a cook in order that no man shall hunger.

The bulletin, or illustrated programme, published by the Long Island Association, will be ready for delivery at noon on the 20th. Each delegate will be given two copies and each donor of a prize will receive one copy. The remainder will be sold at a price sufficient to cover cost of publication. This has been considered necessary by the extensive scale on which it has been gotten up as it will be a most elegant souvenir of the tournament. It will be a book of 172 pages on fine sixty-pound tinted paper and beautifully illustrated. It is from the press of William C. Martin, 111 John street, New York, and is under the direct supervision of Mr. Abel Crook, the President of the Association, and Mr. S. S. Conant.

Delegates are requested to present their credentials at headquarters at noon in order to avoid delay at the opening of the convention, and to allow more time for enjoyment of the elaborate musical and literary programme in the evening.

THE ORDER OF TROUT HOGS.

A PENNSYLVANIA subscriber, who by the way bears the honored name of Cotton, sends the FOREST AND STREAM this clipping from the Bradford, Pa., *Era*, and asks what is to be said of the exploit chronicled:

HAUL OF 4,000 TROUT.

To Gene Ford and Charley Eastman must be awarded the honor of Bradford's Champion trout fishers thus far this season. During an angling sojourn of less than two days along the green banks of the unpolluted streams at Cross Forks, Potter county, they caught four thousand of the prettiest specimens of the toothsome trout family. To remove that doubt, which mankind is so prone to attach to fish stories, the successful fishermen arrived in the city yesterday, in open daylight, with the full number of trout mentioned. The fish were fresh, fat and as tempting as the red lips of a maiden. The trout will be served at Henderson's Public Square restaurant.

Well, there is not much to be said in such a case of pure and unadulterated hoggishness as this. If the *Era* report be true, Messrs. Ford and Eastman deserve an exalted position in the ranks of the trout hogs. They have earned their shoulder-straps. We have no personal acquaintance with these Bradford fish scoopers, nor any desire ever to go fishing with them; but we take great pleasure in aiding them to make known to the universe their claims as "champions" of Bradford and of the whole country, for that matter—for let us hope that no one will be found anywhere else so shameless as to claim to have outdone this 4,000 trout haul. And while we are about it—provided no other claimant turns up—we propose a medal for the Bradford champions.

The editor of the *Era*, by the way, calls it "angling." Does he not know the distinction between fishing with a rod and line, and shoveling them out with scoops? And he says the streams were "unpolluted." Does he not know that sawdust and coal tar and lime and strychnine are not more polluting and destructive than this outrageously hoggish plundering he records?

Some of the fish commission reports contain drawings of the insects and other creatures which prey upon and destroy trout. Would it not be a most excellent plan for the Pennsylvania Commissioners to send a photographer to Bradford, and in their next report give us the portraits of these two "champion trout fishers?"

But perhaps the item is only an invention of some of the *Era* staff. If so, we do injustice to the parties mentioned; and as we would fain injure no one we invite Messrs. Gene Ford and Charley Eastman, of Bradford, Pa., to tell us how many trout they did catch, how long they were catching them and what style of tackle they employed.

It looks now very much as if they would come in for a medal. Can some one suggest a suitable design?

MIGRATORY QUAIL RETURN.—Last week we published a note of the return of migratory quail to one of their breeding places in Quebec, and we have received from Mr. C. B. Hazelton the pleasing intelligence that the birds put out at Winterton, Me., have also been seen there this spring, several of them having been observed on the 23d of May.

MR. BERGH has been talking to a *World* reporter about the coming pigeon-shooting tournament at Coney Island. How he talks and what his talk amounts to may be seen from the *World* extracts which we give elsewhere. Mr. Bergh's language needs no comment.

THE headquarters of the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society are at Plainfield. The organization is active, alert and prosperous. It is receiving accessions of non-resident members. A further notice of its mode of working will appear in our next number.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of June 30 will contain a supplement of four pages giving the full scores of the pigeon shooting at Coney Island.

IT'S a jolly company of *bon vivants* that will gather when that 'possum is served.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES OF AN ANGLER IN THE NORTH.

BY FAIRCHILD, JR.—PART THIRD.

THE JACQUES CARTIER.

THE last ray of sunshine hung lovingly around the summits of the eastern mountains that close in the valley when wearily we launched our canoe upon the swift, dark waters of the river, and paddled to the other shore where stood our little camp of a departed year of fragrant memories. We are just comfortably settled in our bark wigwam when

Night draws her sable curtain round
And pins it with a star.

The warmth of our good log fire, the narcotic odors of the balsams, the murmur of the river and the soughing of the wind through the pines, together with the fatigue of the long day's journey, invite a night of refreshing and undisturbed slumber.

Early fishing in these high northern rivers is productive of nothing but discomfort to the angler, if not worse—an attack of rheumatism. The early morning air is too cold for the fish to rise to a fly, and there is always a heavy mist over the water that is as soaking as a Scotch rain. We therefore leisurely prepare ourselves for the day's work. Our little craft dances merrily in the current and tugs impatiently at her rope to be off on her mad career down the foaming rapids. Etienne takes the helm, with anchor and rope close at his hand to drop when I give the word. We run the first few rapids without stopping as from past knowledge of the river we know them to be barren of fish, but a perpendicular blue clay bank directly ahead points our first stop. About midway down the rapid, anchor is cast out; there is a sudden tug, a straining to be free, a slight drag and the canoe brings up just where it admits of a good cast into the back current, foam-covered and dark from the depth of the water. A few fine fish are taken, and as the rises are then few, we again proceed. We cover nine miles of the river this day, confining our fishing to those pools and rapids that contained the large fish. On arrival at our destination the weight and score of our fish are duly recorded, which if given would startle the Eastern angler into making, perhaps, a resolve never to again wet a line in other waters.

The charming diversity of scenery along this romantic river would prove ample compensation for a journey thither were it not, besides, one of the finest rivers in Lower Canada for fishing and canoeing. Like all the tributaries of the St. Lawrence taking their source in the mountainous region of the North, the Jacques Cartier, for many miles of its course, is a rapid stream impeded by chaotic rocks. The middle reaches of the river are more tranquil and filled with innumerable elm covered islands. The settlements extend along its banks for about thirty miles from its mouth, but beyond this the forests still hold their sway. It is the only river emptying into the St. Lawrence above Quebec that has a run of salmon.

A good day's tramp from the Jacques Cartier is the St. Ann's *en haut*, the upper reaches of which abound in magnificent trout, as does also the Tuilleries, which is forded on the way. The little *Riviere Aux Pins* will yield a good string of small fish to the unambitious angler, as will the numberless lakes everywhere about.

For many years I have taken smolt in the upper Jacques Cartier, though I know of but one well authenticated case of a salmon's having been taken above Dayrees. Yet they must ascend this river annually to near its source, or how account for the annual presence of the young salmon?

THE BEAVER.

It is pleasant to bear testimony to the fact that this interesting little rodent is increasing in numbers very rapidly in the Northern wilderness. It is largely due, of course, to the falling off in the demand for its fur and to the extinction of the noble redman. It is a prolific little animal and, when unmolested, rapidly increases in numbers. In the Northern wilderness the beaver very rarely locates on a stream, but prefers the lakes. It is much easier to dam up their discharges, with small risk of their being carried away by floods. All the small lakes in the interior that I have visited bore evidence of the presence of beaver there at some period, and many of them were then occupied by families of these industrious little animals.

To such an extent was the beaver trade carried in Canada between the years 1650 and 1725 that even the Governors and Jesuits were charged with devoting more attention to it than to the secular and religious welfare of the colony. It entirely usurped the legitimate occupation of the people, and at one period the colony threatened to become simply a community of beaver traders. Beaver skins became the currency of the colony. The company that controlled the exports were compelled by royal decree to take all the skins offered at a fixed price. From "The Journal of the Late Actions of the French in Canada," Beyard & Ludovick, 1693, I extract the following bit of information from the evidence of one Andre Casparus, an escaped prisoner, before Gov. Fletcher:

"The said Andre says he saw a prodigious quantity of beavers at Ottawawa; an inhabitant of Canada called Jaques de Taille told him he had 3,000 beavers of his own there and that there was as many beavers now in Ottawawa as would load 200 canows to Canada, and each canow generally holds nine to ten hundred beavers."

This was simply the number collected in one district. When to this is added the supply from five or six other districts equally prolific some idea of the numbers of the little rodents annually slain for their fur may be formed. When beaver hats went out of vogue in Europe the colony became bankrupt. The storehouses were filled to overflowing with pelts for which there was no market, and it was decided to burn them, which was accordingly done.

Of late years the fashion for other furs has respited the beaver of which it has not been slow to avail itself and the naturalist-angler may oft find an opportunity to study its curious and interesting habits.

WINTER FISHING.

In Canada winter fishing is as much followed as a pastime as in the more balmy months of summer, and as illustrating the hardihood of the Canadians and their indifference to cold in following the gentle craft I will ask the reader to accompany me to a camp of these ardent lovers of trout fishing in all its guises.

Their favorite resort is some one of the large lakes several days' journeying from the settlements. Well, within the shelter of a large clump of balsam trees, they have made their camp—not much of an affair certainly—a hole dug in the snow and a lean-to of green branches and birch bark built up with space in front for the huge log fire, and an unobstructed view of the heavens.

It is yet early in the day, but the long Arctic night has descended upon the forest. The ruddy glow of the fire discloses a highly animate scene within the *cabane*. The three occupants are all busily engaged in some labor, while one of them carols forth some old ditty to which the others lend a hearty chorus. The night is divided into watches in order to keep the fire up, and woe be to the unlucky watchman who falls asleep at his post. His punishment is double duty the next night.

As our friends appear on the lake in the morning they present a striking and novel appearance. To protect themselves from the fierce blasts that blow over the lake they have pressed into service every particle of textile fabric in their possession. The blankets, doubled with a drawing string to fasten around the neck, a rope to further secure it about the waist make excellent overwraps to the rather worse-for-wear overcoats the tails of which fringe the blanket. Their feet have lost all semblance of shape, but are elephantine in proportions covered as they are with successive layers of socks, moccasins, pampoos overtopped with bagging secured at the ankle with rope again. They are undistinguishable from each other by their countenances, for these latter are invisible from the wraps with which they have encased their heads. These gentlemen are now upon pleasure bent! Its attainment, however, might be considered much like hard work by a captious critic. Each man is armed with a heavy chisel mounted upon a long pole and a paddle scoop. The fishing ground is reached and they all commence a vigorous pounding upon the ice with their chisels, working them about in a small circle, so as to form holes only sufficiently large to haul a fish through. It is a good half hour's labor and then the friendly emulation of catching the first fish keeps them in good humor and their blood in circulation. But as the bites slacken there is a vigorous running to and fro and much stamping and clapping of arms. The sun is bright in the heavens, but it apparently admits no ray of heat. More holes are cut for the exercise afforded, and a temporary heat is thus stimulated, but it is painfully apparent that a suggestion on the part of one of them for a return to camp would be promptly seconded and acted upon. Finally some one does hint that a short run to camp would prove an agreeable stimulus to fresh exertions on the lake and away they all go. Their chilled blood is warmed at the fire, and, undeterred by their former experience, they are all off again and fishing away as vigorously as ever. Thus they keep it up all day, and find enjoyment in it. There is no accounting for taste in this world as the old lady said when, etc.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TENTING IN MICHIGAN.

I HAD never camped out; and the idea of rusticating *a la sauvage* during the sultry August days was peculiarly inviting.

We started on a bright, warm morning on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, from our busy, stirring town of G——. The cars whistle, and ho! for the glorious North! Hurrah for the land whose whispering cedars tell of health and vigor; whose lakes are framed in many-hued flowers; in whose forests dwell, in joyous peace, the birds, and in whose brooks and streams revel bass and pickerel and dainty trout. On we flew behind our iron steed—past towns and villages that spring up in this Michigan of ours like mushrooms in a night; past saw-mills and flour-mills bordering every stream and lake; past the forest dispossessed of its kingly trees, dethroned and beheaded by the busy lumberman, and past the forest, untouched in its rugged grandeur, save where our fiery steed had hewn down for itself a road.

Our railway journey terminated at Traverse City, but, gay little resort as it is, it could not tempt us to remain, so we took the evening boat, little Jennie Sutton. Our destination for the night was Elk Rapids, but Traverse Bay was so rough that the captain refused to take us further than Old Mission that night. There was only one other passenger besides our two selves. The crew consisted of the engineer and a small boy, while our hardy captain combined in his own trim person mate, surgeon, chaplain, or whatever else might be needed that the aforesaid grimy engineer and small boy could not answer to. It was too bad the evening shadows were about us, for, in other days, that same Traverse Bay has reminded us of the Bay of Naples, with its wooded Island of Capri and its town nestling at the foot of the hills behind, and of the sunny days not so long ago that we sailed its blue waters with merry hearts.

We stayed, perforce, at Old Mission for a day or two, that quiet, dead-alive little hamlet that is worked up a little during its short summer season by families sojourning there during the height of city dust and heat. The inhabitant of the region who is widest known is Mr. Parmalee, whose vast fruit orchard (for this, you must know, is a great fruit-growing region) has sent samples across the big fish pond to Great Britain itself. In odd contradiction to this fact is the scarcity of fruit for sale to travelers; desiring one or two juicy apples for immediate consumption; we had to try a whole half-bushel basket of them which were being shipped from the dock to Chicago.

We rusticated here, in this paradise of small children, for a day or two, then crossed Old Mission in the trim little steamer, "Queen of the Lakes," whose bronzed and courteous captain we had styled, on a previous trip, "King of the Lake." And then—ah! the scenery we traversed! Now along a narrow lily-bordered stream, where flocks of birds, disturbed by our rough intrusion, rose hurriedly on light pinions and soared away; then across a lake whose woody shores seemed to afford no passage-way for our boat. Here and there were small hamlets which sent representatives to the docks to obtain the mail packages or news of the far-off world. And all this time we were traveling in a shimmering blue—a blue sky above flecked with fleecy clouds, and a blue sky mirrored in the clear waters beneath us.

We leave the boat at Russell's Landing. Here we stayed over night and the next morning came the ride in the wagon —"stage" by courtesy—through avenues of tall forest trees, by mossy, fern-grown glens, up hill and down dale, over stumps and corduroy, while purling brooks and bird and whispering cedar murmured an accompaniment to our driver's story—his narrative of life in the North Country, the richness of the soil, the plentitude of fish and game, the distance from the busy home of the world and his cares about the education of his children—no school within four miles. His words I heard as one not hearing, for I was listening to the hum and stir of life around us, in every tree and under every fern and bramble. There, also, was not the battle of life being fought?

Arriving at the Central Lake Mr. Krieger, our driver, helped John fix up the tent, an A tent, with a hinged centre-pole fixed in two forked trees at each horizontal extremity. This same hinged pole afforded a pleasant and cheerful break in the monotony of our tent life, for when we would be sitting beneath it and least expecting it, it had a way of twisting in its forked sockets, so that the hinge came undermost, then suddenly collapsed, and woe be to the unlucky cranium that received its weight.

Our location was on a wooded bank that ran down to the lake and near its foot was the merriest, coolest, prettiest little stream imaginable. We called it our refrigerator, for fixed in its stony bed we set our pail of cream and our crock of butter and actually kept the former sweet four days. Our bed was made of first a wisp of hay on the ground, then our rubber sheet, then a comforter and lastly blankets.

We gleefully opened our camp chests and, taking a fallen tree for side-board, I arranged our store of shining sil——, I mean tin-ware, along it. Sorely grieved was I to discover that with all our careful packing various disruptions and breakages had occurred among our provisions. The jar containing huckleberries had smashed and metamorphosed the bag of salt till it was black in the face; the canned cherries had risen in mutiny and had a set-to with the crackers and the single pot of jelly had been overturned and generally spread itself over everything and into every nook and cranny that it could find. The salt was all we had, so we dare not throw it away—and after all it tasted just as usual, if its color was a little uncommon; and as for the smashed cans of fruit, an adventurous chipmunk came slyly down from its leafy home and amused us for days by its appreciation of our civilized food.

John, you must know, is a first-rate cook and his coffee and broiled ham were perfection. His *chef d'œuvre*, nevertheless, was fish chowder—such Fish Chowder, too! let us spell it with capitals, as befits its rank. It was made with the delicious fish we caught ourselves, seasoned with green red peppers and onions, while potatoes and crackers floated in a sea enriched with pork—that, indeed, was a dish for princes!

We were not, you must understand, quite outside the bounds of civilization; and so the awful animal I heard prowling about our tent the first night was not a bear nor even a tiger—it was simply a stray cow that was exploring our provision chest. I was rather disgusted on going out next morning to take an observation to find that a "city" of half a dozen houses, with one acting as a hotel, another as the post office and store of the country round, was within call; but we found the nearness of the "city" quite a convenience when our bread was finished and our soup "waterlogged."

As we stayed in "Camp Annie" two weeks, we were looked on as settlers by the community, and they made us visits of ceremony and took us to their homes with a kind cordiality that was very pleasant; indeed, all the dwellers in that region seem people of more or less ability and intelligence. They are a picked people; the oldest resident has been there only about five years.

Other tourists came and went, while we stayed on. A party of Southerners roughed it, and a company of Cincinnati men put up their tent "Camp Pinafore" on the bluffs near ours. All these travelers were sufferers from hay-fever or asthma, and had come to these health-giving regions for escape or cure, the air having almost an enchanter's spell on these two complaints in particular.

One day was very like another in camp. After breakfast, when the dishes were washed (John used regularly to take an hour and a half for this job), we took our boat and went up the lake for minnows, then down again to some shady nook, where we soon got our cargo of black bass, sunfish, and that vicious-looking pickerel. When I learned that pickerel were cannibals, I could at once account for the degraded expression on their faces. I took a book with me, and when I tired of fishing I would read aloud. Such gorgeous sunsets as we saw, and such glorious moonlit skies! Given either of these, with trees and water, and who could not make a lovely picture?

At first the noise of the forest bothered me, especially by night, but I could soon distinguish between the whispering of the trees, the falling of one in our vicinity, and the tread of a human foot on the dried leaves and brush.

How delightful were the afternoons when lying lazily in our hammock, swung in a shady spot in view of the lake beneath where the sky was mirrored in the water and framed with goodly cedars, I could read or dream, as the spirit moved me, and feel no duty's call to be up and doing.

But all the days were not bright and sunny. One terrific storm came when we were fishing some miles from home, and we had to take refuge among thick cedars on the shore. I never saw such a storm in my life as that one was in intensity. We had one umbrella and our rubber coats, and for six mortal hours we stayed under that hemlock waiting for the clouds to lift long enough for us to row back. The wind, rain, thunder and lightning together raged and roared and were supreme, hurling down mighty kings of the forest and forcing them to yield an unwilling homage, and the crack of their powerful limbs added to the terror of the scene. Our boat was filled with water up to the seats in the first three hours, then at sunset, when the storm had reached its fury, the rain had again filled it as full. John sent me to the hotel that night, but himself insisted on going over to the camp where he would stay the night, unless things were too badly ruined to admit of that. At dawn he appeared at the hotel and reported all safe and not much damage done. But when, a few hours later, he permitted me to wade through the deep mud and climb smitten trees to the camp, I thought there was at least all the damage done that any reasonably content person could be satisfied with. I had been priding myself on certain bags I had made from towels and pinned to the walls of our tent as additional cupboards for our provisions, but I soon saw how each of these attachments had resolved itself into a spout for the rain trickling down the walls, not only soaking the food they themselves contained, but pouring down generous streams on things around the tent. This and the melting off of our coffee pot spout in the first evening's blaze were the most aggravating tests of Christian patience that occurred during our life in camp. If you think it easy to pour out a cup of coffee, without spilling it, out of what is left when the spout is gone, just try it, that's all.

Fifteen days passed delightfully in this pretty spot, "forty miles from a lemon," and then Camp Annie was dissolved by mutual consent, and stakes pulled up. Our plan was to take a guide through the Intermediate Lakes to a point a day's journey down where we should come out into the waters

sailed by the "Queen of the Lakes" again, and so finish entirely our camp life. The proprietor of the Central Lake House was our oarsman. I must not forget the kindness of Mrs. Smith at the hotel nor how cordially her hospitality was extended to us.

Of this journey down the lakes in our boat how can I write graphically enough! The morning was a perfect one; cool, bright and alive with the song of birds. I sat in the stern where a little nest had been made of fragrant hay while John and the guide occupied the bow. My nest grew by degrees into a bower; tall, nodding bulrushes waved round it, and we gathered, besides a mass of lovely ferns and flowers as we drifted along, scarlet, cardinal flowers, queenly pond lilies and sturdy blue flags.

There was at one turn the daintiest picture—a water color—a veritable *tableau vivant* at one point. In a spot where the rapids were shallower and the stream narrow and shaded with fine old trees we met a party of four boys from seven to fourteen taking their boat up stream. The three larger were in the water pushing, a shirt their only garment, while their rounded limbs gleamed white and wet. They seemed quite shame-faced at meeting us in such guise, but they looked so handsome and bright, and the sturdy little fellows in the boat so well and happy that one might pray "God keep them young and innocent!"

That night we camped at Cedar Creek where the water is the deepest, most intense blue, and where pretty little speckled trout float and leap and play, now jumping clear out of the water for the bait, then nibbling it off the hook or dancing round it. They are the most coquettish creatures I ever saw in the animal kingdom. One never knows how to handle them or catch them. In some other life they must have been inveterate flirts, and have but changed their dress, for their beauty and nature still remain. I slept on a couch of cedar branches, a most delightful spring mattress, believe me, and our guide swung the hammock under the trees. The next morning the two men went off a second time to get some "speckled beauties" leaving me behind as the tramp was too hard. The first fishing had been rewarded by fifteen I think it was, and right dainty food they were, too, broiled at our crackling camp fire, but this morning they could not get one, so capricious were they. I climbed down the bluff to the water's edge, and found some delicate mosses, tiny ferns and graceful water weeds while they were away.

On our next day's sail (or row, rather), we saw flocks of wild ducks, snipe and pigeons, but had not time to do much havoc among them as we needs must catch the "Queen" on her down trip.

And now we were in civilization again; well-kept farms and orchards, fields with busy laborers and mills going up on the banks of the flowing water, while neat and trim homes waited here and there for tired men, and little children played round the door-step looking for father. And we, too, were going home; going with brightened eyes and reddened cheeks, with renewed health and strength, with bright hopes and aims for the morrow.

Of the more practical part of our camping, the exact distances we traveled, the number, size and weight of our fish, the hooks, linesand poles we used, all the minute detail that men delight in I have left John to tell; he says I have left it all out.

This year John goes camping without me. He says Baby Nell, with her eyes of Cedar Creek blue, would be good for nothing up there, but for a good-sized pickerel—the very idea! A. L. PH. A.

POOR LITTLE PENN.

BY ANNE G. DALE.

"LYNNE GRANGER has made the children a present of a Skye terrier—one that Paul imported—the ugliest, *handsomest*, sauciest, *cunningest* little imp you can imagine; and Bud and Posie are crazy over him."

So wrote Pedagogus one day last March, and every letter since has contained allusions to "the ugly, *lovely* darling," who had become the household pet. Greatly to my annoyance has been this praise of "the nasty little bundle of rags," as somebody styles a Skye terrier, for my best affections for a long time have been set on Trump—*Trump*, the dignified, sedate pointer, who made his most polite bow to the FOREST AND STREAM last summer, in a card of thanks to the editor for the relief afforded his lame paw by a lotion prescribed by said editor.

This dingy, shabby scrap of canine sagacity, bounding so suddenly, so impudently into favor provoked my jealously most severely. I never saw the interloper, but having heard a great deal about his familiarities with Trump and Philip Sheridan—the portly and gentlemanly house-cat—who both received his advances with the most contemptuous silence for several weeks, I have been ready to say with rough Bob Jakin: "I wouldn't own such a dog, I wouldn't," and have let my thoughts rest with pride on sober old Trump.

Not that I can call Trump handsome, or remarkably attractive in any way. He is not demonstrative, either—seldom shows much feeling in voice or mien. Nor yet is he eager to assert his claims to praise, or even to attention. He knows his place and has the good sense to keep it; knows how and when to speak, and when to hold his tongue also. In fact, he behaves himself like a worthy, though a very common-place citizen, and deserves, and doubtless receives, in ways best comprehended by his dogship, the thanks of the entire community therefor. He certainly has proved himself an industrious, faithful and affectionate servant in his journeyings to and from Florida, the land of his nativity, with his young master. Besides this, has attended him unwearedly in many perplexing, yet most enjoyable, expeditions across the everglades of the South, along the sands or over the marshes of our eastern coast, and through the intricacies of our northern woods, in the pursuit of game.

Still, though loyal to Trump, I must confess I have had some curiosity to see the frolicsome and fidgetty little Skye. I pitied him somewhat, truth to tell, because of his cumbrous name, Pennsylvania, which had to be docked to *Penn* to suit the manikin's curtailed proportions; and, picturing him to myself as bouncing about under the burden of that weighty appellation, led me to think more leniently of his imperfections.

Yet, imperfections he had none, in the eyes of Bud and Posie, who hugged and kissed and petted him within an inch of his life, after his most mischievous pranks, even; and pampered him with all the dainties they could coax or cajole from Muggie, the cook, or surreptitiously obtain from the table or the pantry, or spare from their own tit-bits.

And I did come near to seeing him once, when, tying a blue ribbon about his neck, "making him look like a beauty," Posie thought, he was promised a journey in the cars with them to visit me. But he behaved so naughtily at the very start that, like all bad boys, he was punished by being left at home. And now I shall never see him, never know what I have lost by not seeing him, Posie thinks.

Last Monday came a letter from Pedagogus: "You will be sorry to hear that our dear little Penn is dead. He had a bad habit of flying out at horses passing by, barking furiously, and getting in front of their feet. He was killed instantly, run over by a carriage yesterday morning—probably stunned first by the horses' hoofs and then crushed by the wheels. He made but one yelp, and it was all over. He couldn't have known what killed him. I am glad his death was instantaneous; it would have been much worse to have had him bruised and mangled and dying a lingering death. The children are heart-broken. It is their first grief, and they can't get over it. Poor Bud mourns him continually. We buried him by the hedge, between two apple-trees, and the children have decorated his grave with flowers and a little flag."

The little grave between the apple-trees will always keep a tender spot for "ugly, handsome" Penn in the memories of Posie and Bud; and from that will spring into fragrant blossoming kindness and gentleness toward all living creatures; out of this first grief will grow sweet sympathies, pitying words and loving deeds for the suffering, the unfortunate, the despised. And when I recall to mind their affection for miserable little Penn, their ridiculous petting of the undesirable little beast, I hang my head with shame, and sharpen to the utmost all compunctions of conscience as a penance for the scorn with which I have regarded that "sauciest, cunningest little imp."

Yes, I ought to do penance in some way, because of my inconsistency, for previous to hearing about Penn I had accepted Dinah Morris' views, and often quoted her words (from Adam Bede): "I've a strange feeling about the poor dumb things, as if they wanted to speak and it was a trouble to them because they couldn't. I can't help feeling sorry for the dogs always, though perhaps there's no need. But they may well have more in them than they know how to make us understand, for we can't say half what we feel with all our words."

I have just read for the fifth time an almost forgotten letter of poor Bud, who mourns so deeply now his wretched pet. The tiny sheet, covered with big, sprawling, childish characters which he had taken such pains to form neatly, telling me of his birthday presents and thanking me for a few simple gifts, and then—with anxiety that set his words awry and hurried his sentences—saying: "Did you know that Penny, poor, dear Penny, had the mange? If you do not know what that is I will tell you. It is when dogs scratch themselves and are sore. So one afternoon papa went down to Mr. Marsh's store and bought two boxes of ointment to rub on him, and now he is almost well."

I should like to be the owner of those empty boxes, now that poor little Penn is gone, and to be able to remember that he was almost well, because of what they once contained, when the sharp hoofs and cruel wheels put a stop to his frolicsome life, and hushed forever the merry clamor of his shrill voice.

DEER HUNTING IN CANADA.

"UP, Freezy, up!" were the first sounds I heard as I disentangled myself from the coaxing arms of sleep. We had, the previous evening, reached our camping ground in the fastnesses of the Madawaska district, and, after having raised our cotton habitation, carried the boats to Poison Lake, housed the dogs and made things comfortable, we had retired to an early couch, wishing that the morrow would prove auspicious as to the weather and lucky in its results.

We were in number four. Our man, Friday, whose French name had on our tongues assumed the sound of Freezy, was the object of the ejaculation which opens this article. Gerald, the spokesman, was the life, soul, and in a great measure (especially at meal times) the body of the camp. A surveyor by profession, endowed with fine features, great agility and strength, and withal a most pleasing temperament, he had spent the greater part of his life in the wild woods of our Province, and had acquired while using his theodolite a thorough knowledge of the bush and its inhabitants. His brother John was No. 3. Though somewhat younger in years, he had all the good qualities which are admired in a camp-fellow—genial, good-humored, with a strong appreciation of the sense of the ridiculous, and a ready inclination to make himself useful and to share the burthen of his neighbor's pack. No. 4 was your humble servant, a limb of the law who believed in hurrying away annually toward the end of October, from office and courts, to enjoy the free breezes and the invigorating exercise of the chase.

Freezy's response was a growl indicative of an inclination to question the authority of *Monsieur Jar* (for Freezy retaliated our bad pronunciation with a will), but the persuasive powers of a well-directed gun-cover added greatly to the alacrity of his obedience. After wrestling for a while with an obstinate pair of frozen boots, he set himself to the task of starting the fire with the aid of green balsam, disdaining to use the dry splinters we had so zealously collected the previous evening for that purpose. His ill success made us all nimble, and we were up in a trice favoring Freezy with emphatic comments upon his stupidity as we went to work, and after enjoying a dip in the ice-fringed creek hard by were ready for the morning meal which the joint efforts of the whole community prepared.

The day was scarcely yet at hand, but the lowering clouds on the hill-tops that surrounded our cozy tenting ground gave promise of snow which was soon coming down quietly upon the dried leaves and wide-spreading branches.

The dogs had been lightly fed, and Jack started off with them to a hill-side some four miles from camp to look for tracks and get a start.

Gerald hied to the shore of the lake to take his chances in an Abenaki canoe which no one could be tempted to sit in but himself. The cook remained in camp while I sauntered off to a point which the experience of other years had taught me to be a well-frequented runway. Ere long the dogs give forth the joyful tongue—the first notes have an inquisitive pitch. Now, Paddy, the stand-by of eight seasons, is heard loud and deep, while Wallace and Hector answer back in eager, fitful strains.

The sounds seem to come from every point of the compass as the freshening breeze winds through the sinuosities of the gullies, growing louder and weaker, and then bursting suddenly on the almost startled ear within three hundred yards. A rush is heard, and the white flag, which the eye has looked for all along, appears among the trees. How beautifully the agile doe takes each leap, with ears thrown back, listening to the dreadful tongue of the hounds, but hurrying not as one might expect. Suddenly a puff of smoke issues from among the branches, and a tremendous report wakens the echoes of the hills and is prolonged through the valleys, and the awe-stricken deer, galvanized by the shock, halts, crouches down, and with useless eye, inquires into the cause of the commotion.

A false move betrays me ere I can insert a second cartridge, Up rises the white flag, and off darts the target through the thickest of the brush, and before the rifle can be raised the favoring branches cause further hope to die within me. I should not have missed, but I did.

In nine cases out of ten, if you see the deer coming toward you in the woods, you will obtain a standing shot by whistling or shouting *hah*. The animal will stand in its tracks until it finds out the source of this new danger.

A large amount of calculation and coolness is required in shooting at a flying deer. I have almost invariably discovered that shots delivered otherwise than when the animal is on the point of making its spring are useless, they either drop behind or under the object.

I felt somewhat crestfallen, for somehow I have the reputation of being a good marksman, but my chances for the morning were gone as the three dogs had, by some strange fatality, taken up the same trail. However, I remained at my post lest fortune should tempt the doe back on her tracks, and made up my mind that the second shot of the season would prove more telling than the first.

A rifle report from the lake tells me Gerald is in luck, and my experience of his accuracy of aim leaves me no doubt of the result.

Much has been written against hound hunting, and more ink will be wasted on the subject before the close of the chapter is reached. Some maintain that the music of the dogs frightens the deer from the neighborhood, but my experience and that of many to whom I have spoken on the subject lead me to think otherwise. The deer seem to know when the dogs are on their own particular trail, and do not apparently heed the tongue of a whole pack which may be rushing upon another of their own kind, and most deer, especially old stagers, take a delight in circling round, stopping to listen to the music of the hounds, and then scampering off toward their point of departure, again to repeat the same antics after a dash of a few hundred yards.

There was joy in the camp when Gerald returned with news of his success. I came in for some quiet hints as to the propriety of my turning cook and giving my gun to Freezy, whose visage is adorned with two swivel eyes, and who looks fixedly at you if you chance to be beside him, while he swings the axe over his head preparatory to sinking it into the tree he is chopping.

The snow fell quietly and dreamily at intervals during the day, so that when on the second morning we had got through the pantomime of breakfast it was proposed to devote the day to still-hunting.

Still-hunting is not a favorite sport of mine; it smells of the barn-yard; it looks too much like killing in cold blood, which, according to every authority legal, is murder. And yet I have indulged in it, and, thanks to the power of learning by imitation, which the Darwinian theory teaches me I came by honestly from a remote ancestor, I have acquired some knowledge of the ways and means of this branch of sport.

And first let me assure the novice he had better avoid leather in his apparel; leggings should be eschewed. The noise they make is too much for the equanimity of any deer of ordinary circumspection. The soft deer-skin or the short-legged beef-skin Canadian moccasin is the easiest and best covering for the feet, and if the trowsers are fastened round the ankles, the flapping of their lower extremities will be avoided.

The still-hunter must be a man of patient mould. His mind must be satisfied that no crouching or reclining form has escaped his eye as it sweeps the wood after every step. His attention must be, above all, bestowed on the upturned roots of fallen trees, lest beneath or behind them should rest the object of his researches; and while watching to the right and left he should not neglect the country ahead. I think fewer deer are passed by than are almost walked over before they are seen.

If you wish to follow up a trail do not choose one that follows the direction of the wind. Remember that a deer's nose is his very best friend, his ears the next, and his eyes the least trustworthy. Take notice whether the animal browsed on the beech-tops on its way, and whether the hoofs were lazily dragged along the ground. In the rutting season, the buck seems too lascivious to raise his feet after him. You can generally count upon starting your quarry soon if you notice these signs; but as you hope for success do not walk upon the trail. Sweep round it in curves having an arc of 200 or 300 yards, according to the thickness of the wood, alternating to the right and to the left in a very zig-zag line. Should you proceed in a straight line upon the trail you will certainly be seen before your eye meets its point of attraction. The advantage of making the curves is that it enables you to fix the position of the deer before he can be made aware of your presence. If when your half-circle is completed you find the trail, you know the prey is still ahead; if you find it not, you then are sure the animal lies somewhere between you and where you left his track 200 or 300 yards behind. And now you must strain your eye and ear, and watch your footsteps, lest one false move should spoil your morning's work and allow the king to escape the intended mate. Let no bush, no lump of earth, no upturned root, no lying log, no heap of brush large enough to conceal a few feet of succulent venison go unscrutinized.

You will generally find that when the deer is about to lie down it will sweep around in a half-circle on his track immediately before doing so. If the trail does not swerve to right or left, you may in almost every case make up your mind that you are still 300 yards behind the object of your inquiry.

A startled deer always takes time to dung after springing to its feet, and this gives you the best opportunity you may expect of placing your shot in position. In the thick woods of the Madawaska a second shot is not to be expected. Sending rifle-balls through intervening branches after a fleeting object is not as paying a transaction as an investment in U. S. bonds which have twenty years to mature.

If your eye takes in any spot likely to hold your game, approach it stealthily, but do not be neglectful of other points in the compass; use your neck as does the heron in the long grass, and if there are two or more of your party hunting in the same locality fix the direction of your companions in your mind's eye before the time comes for belch-

ing forth, or you may give them a treat of whistling that may fail to excite their risibles.

I am at a loss to give more hints now, except this: Aim well forward, and make no noise even after you have delivered your shot, but reload as quietly as possible, and then lie low and watch if you have missed; approach cautiously if you have tumbled your game.

If following single trails be not your idea of still-hunting, take to the crown of the hills on the south side, and if the country is as favorable as some I have visited, you may come upon the doe, buck and fawn either browsing or reposing side by side; and if you can, unseen and unsmelled, approach within shooting distance, the three will be yours so long as you remain so. Deer will not run even when the shot whistles round them so long as their eyes, ears or nose refuse to tell them of the point whence danger lies.

But I dread to wear out my welcome to the cheerful columns of FOREST AND STREAM, so I shall now say good-bye, friends, and may some one take up the trail where I have left it. T. P. F.

Aylmer, Que.

See Adv. of Moose, Elk, Caribou and Deer Horns for sale.—*Adv.*

Natural History.

A TAME CHIPPY.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Among our feathered favorites, whose return from their winter migrations is always so heartily welcomed by all who live in the country, the chippy or chipping sparrow, *Spizella domestica* (Bartr.) Coues, occupies the first place. His plumage is very modest and his song monotonous, and yet none of our wild birds is as fearless as he or shows a greater partiality for building his nest and rearing his young close by the house, and not even that noisy and quarrelsome foreigner, the English sparrow, enjoys more being fed with crumbs or seeds. For years at our place in Flushing, L. I., my father has fed some half-dozen of these chipping sparrows and the young birds have taken bread or seed from his hand when it was held near the ground, but the old birds would never allow any such familiarity. One of the adult birds, however, seemed more inclined to do so than his companions, and at last, in the summer of 1879, mustered courage enough to follow the example of the young birds and, finding no ill effects, jumped on to my father's finger and, sitting there, ate his breakfast. The ice once broken, "Dick," as we christened him, seemed to lose all fear, and from that time always ate his breakfast from my father's hand. As he became tamer he would come to the other members of the family if my father was not present, but he always showed a strong preference for his first friend. This continued all the summer, but when fall came, with the first cold blasts Dick took his departure for the summer regions of the South. The next April, however, he returned and without any hesitation came one morning to my father's call and in his old accustomed way ate his breakfast from my father's hand. Dick and his mate built their nest in the vines which clambered over our piazza and spent the summer with us. The young birds, however, were as wild as their mother, and Dick alone came when called. The others would eat at our feet, but nothing more. Dick became a prime favorite and when again he took his departure we wondered if he would again return. Sure enough, on April 27 he came at my father's call and, fluttering before him, lit as before upon his hand. This year he has gone further, as he has several times, while sitting on my father's hand, ceased eating and poured forth his song of thanks. He has never favored any of the rest of us in this way and only remains on our hands long enough to satisfy his appetite. It has long been known that birds would return to the same locality year after year, but that a wild bird should remember a person's voice and come back after his long wandering as tame and confiding as when he went away is, I think, very remarkable. Dick has lost one of the secondaries of his right wing and can easily be recognized. He is a great pet and we should be sorry to lose him. The only precautionary measure I have taken is to make a target of every cat I have seen near the house.

37 *Pine St., N. Y.* ROB'T B. LAWRENCE.

BEAVER TRAPPING IN THE NORTHWEST.

BOZEMAN, Montana Ter., May 21.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of April 28, I noticed an article from H. C. W., Wellsville, N. Y., describing different methods of trapping beaver. As I am an old trapper myself it interested me in some respects. As your correspondent's methods are different from most used here in this part of the country by most old trappers I concluded to give you some notes about beaver trapping as practiced in Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and the far Northwest.

Trappers generally start out trapping in September, provided with the necessary supplies, camp outfit, pack and saddle horses. After finding a stream with plenty of beaver on it, they pitch their camp and commence their operations. One man generally takes care of from nine to fifteen beaver traps, which he strings out either up or down stream from camp. After catching most of the beaver in a neighborhood of from two to five miles above and below camp, they move their camp to some other place, and so on. Most trappers prefer setting traps from six to eight inches under water near the bank of the creek or dam, fastening the end of the chain to a long, dry pole, the lower end of which is under water out of sight, the upper end being tied to some willows or stake up stream to allow it to swing either way. As soon as the beaver gets into the trap he plunges into the water trying to escape. In his efforts to extricate himself he soon tires himself out, and drowns, providing the water is deep enough. In some localities, where poles are scarce and the water deep, stakes are sometimes used. Stakes are objectionable, however, as the beaver will wind around it, and sometimes succeeds in either breaking the chain, gnawing off the stake, or twisting his leg off, and a good many beaver and traps are lost in this way. Where stakes are used, however, another stake about two or three inches distant from the first stake ought to be driven into the ground to facilitate the winding up of the beaver, and to prevent him from gnawing off the stake the trap is fastened to. As good and as sure a way as any (in beaver dams) to set a trap is to fasten the chain of the trap to a large boulder or rock, and put both trap and boulder under water out of sight. To the boulder attach some willow bunch so, in case the beaver drags the trap and boulder into deep water, the willow bunch which floats on top of the water will indicate the place where the beaver lies. For all my trapping I never caught a beaver in a trap on dry land, and I never saw a trapper who followed this method. Once in a while a man may be successful and catch a beaver in a trail on dry land, or near a tree stump on dry land, but I think if he earns his salt at it he is lucky. Beaver are very shy, and have a very fine scent, especially where they have been trapped to any extent—for that reason trappers splash water over the place on the bank where they have fixed the place for the trap.

Now, suppose a trapper finds a large beaver dam with several smaller ones above or below it, as is generally the case, he carefully ascertains where the beavers stop, which they generally do in the largest and deepest dam. The first night he sets no traps in the large dam at all, but as far as practicable away from it up and down stream in the smaller dams or near trails or mud piles. As soon as a beaver gets into a trap he gives a splash with his tail, as a warning signal, which can be heard at a distance of from fifty to three hundred yards. All the other beavers which may happen to hear this signal will strike for their respective holes or houses, and may not come out again for the rest of the night. By having traps far enough away from their houses at the start, so that they cannot hear the signal, the trapper stands a chance of catching several beaver that night out of one family, while if the traps were set close to the holes or houses one beaver would be about all he would be likely to catch, and the rest of the beaver family would be scared so badly that they might not come out again the next night at all, or might leave that dam and abandon their houses altogether. Besides, the old beavers generally reconnoitre up or down stream in advance of the younger ones, and the trapper, by setting his traps some distance below the houses, generally catches the largest and smartest ones first, but by setting near the houses or holes the chances are that one of the smaller beavers is caught first instead of the largest ones. Setting on beaver slides between dams or near houses is practiced at last. Most trappers use "medicine," especially in the spring of the year. As a general rule, every trapper has his own way of fixing his "medicine." The musk of the beaver, sometimes mixed with the oil (castors) of the beaver, oil of rhodium, oil of annis, or balm of Gilead buds are used to draw the attention of the beaver to a certain place. Most trappers set their traps to catch the beaver by the hind legs, thus securing the best hold and the surest way to drown them. By setting traps deep enough under water only large beavers will be caught, and the kittens saved for future trapping. Trapping in winter under the ice is practiced but very little in this part of the country. As a rule, trappers are very cautious, and take great pains not to disturb any beaver unnecessarily. Beaver feed here principally on the bark of alder, willow, cottonwood and balm of Gilead.

Pine or spruce poles or stakes are far preferable to any other kind of wood here, although some times they will cut them off. The only place where I found beavers using spruce and pine for building and repairing their dams was at the headwaters of the Yellowstone and Snake rivers, where they could not procure any other wood except dwarf willows, the altitude being too high for quaking asp, alder or cottonwood.

AN OLD HUNTER AND TRAPPER.

SOMETHING ABOUT WOODCHUCKS.

SINCE the publication in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago of the inquiry of a correspondent for a good dog to kill woodchucks, *Arctomys monax* has had a good deal of attention directed to him. Now the woodchuck, if we read his nature aright, is by no means an ambitious animal. He is far from seeking newspaper notoriety, and asks nothing better than to be left in his quiet obscurity to eat the farmer's cabbages and young clover, and to trample down his grass. There is no doubt, however, that the devastations of this animal are, in many localities, very serious, and in the aggregate cost the farmers no little loss.

We think, therefore, that in bringing this subject before our readers, a large proportion of whom are residents of the country, we are performing for them a real service. There is variety enough in the different methods recommended for destroying these vermin to suit all tastes, and that some of our agricultural readers will put one or another of them in practice we have no doubt.

We print below several letters recently received which bear on the habits of this, the largest of the rodents of our thickly settled districts.

Lynn, Mass., June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice Rio's article of May 23. He doubts if any reader of FOREST AND STREAM ever saw a tree-climbing woodchuck. If Rio had been with me one bright May morning in 1871, about three miles from Minneapolis, Minn., on the St. Anthony side of the river, where I went to shoot wild pigeons which were reported to be very plentiful in the oak woods there, he would have learned that the woodchuck knew the art of climbing trees at least ten years ago

I was sitting under a large oak, and had just raised my gun to shoot into a flock of pigeons as they were about to alight within range. While glancing along my gun barrels, and just before pressing the trigger, I caught a glimpse of some animal up in a small oak tree, and about twelve feet from the ground. After giving the pigeons the contents of both barrels, I slipped a shell into the left chamber and let loose at what I supposed was a cat, but judge of my surprise to see a woodchuck tumble headlong to the ground. What our festive friend was doing up there I couldn't possibly guess; but one thing is certain he was there.—H. L. M.

Berwick, Pa., June 4.—In FOREST AND STREAM of June 2 I see that W. B. L. says he cannot get a turtle to go into a woodchuck's hole. If he will drill a small hole through the back part of a turtle's shell and fasten a wire about four inches long to the turtle and tie a small ball of lamp cotton to the other end of the wire, wet the cotton with turpentine, put his turtle at the mouth of the hole and set fire to the cotton, he will see whether a turtle will go in or not. Let W. B. L. try it and report. I think he will find the turtle is as afraid of fire as the woodchuck is, and he will see some tall traveling done.—SUBSCRIBER.

Near Springfield, Mass., June 6—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Quite an amusing occurrence in the shape of a woodchuck hunt took place here this forenoon. I have been annoyed for some time by a woodchuck that has harbored near my garden the past two years, and this morning one of my boys chased him into his hole, and having stopped it up, came home for a shovel to dig him out. Having read in the FOREST AND STREAM of catching them by means of a turtle, I took a dip net and went to the river and caught a small snapping-turtle, so-called, and we went to the hole. In the absence of spirits of turpentine I took a match, and placing the turtle at the mouth of the hole, applied the match to his tail, and away went the turtle down the hole. Before we were at all ready for him, out came the woodchuck with a rush, over went my bravest boy backward, and the rest forgot their stones and clubs. I made a dip for him with my net, but before we could either kill or capture him he darted into another hole near by. While we were recovering from our surprise one of the boys said: "There goes another," and we saw a big fellow going across the garden for a heap of stones. We all went for him, but in spite of our best efforts he got into his hole under the pile of stones. Our turtle was gone, and we plugged up the holes and gave up the hunt.—C. A.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SCHOOL-GIRL.

June 3. The cave-swallows are getting the mud for their nests. They skim round and round, close to the ground, and finally light in the mud. They hold their wings nearly perpendicular and quiver them almost continually as to keep themselves up.

June 7. The red-winged blackbird flies in a straight line with three flaps of the wings, then a pause, then three flaps more, and so on with an occasional "chuck."

June 8. The tilt-ups build their nests a stone's throw from the river which they frequent. When disturbed they fly up silently and skim swiftly away over the tops of the clovers.

A discovery! As we neared the pasture fence the blackbirds spied us afar off and began to be alarmed at once. We walked down to a marshy place, overgrown with tufts of grass and low bushes, where we thought to find a nest. Sure enough there was an empty nest down in the middle of a clump of grass, and as the old birds were still scolding and flying excitedly around just over our heads, we concluded that the young birds were near by. I had just stepped from one bunch of grass to another when I heard a great squeaking and peeping from the clump I had just left. I turned back and searched through it, but no birds could I find, though the noise still came from the same spot. I put my ear down and listened. The sounds came from the ground. I pulled up some dry grass and found—ten little mice. The old blackbirds continued to scold till we were out of sight. Perhaps they were interested in their little neighbors.

June 17. The tilt-up's flight somewhat resembles that of the chimney-swallow. He, however, keeps close to the water and is apt to fly in a curve.

The catbird hops along the ground with his head up so as to resemble the robin in everything but color.

June 28. It is stated by a reliable witness that the best indication of rain is shown by the cave-swallows. Before there is to us a sign of rain the birds light on the ridge-pole of the barn. If there is going to be a heavy shower large numbers light, if not much rain only a few.

The red-start is a lively little fellow. When he is excited he spreads his tail so that the end is almost a half-circle.

Hatfield, Mass. MARGARET MILLER.

ANOTHER DRUMMING WOODPECKER—Waxahachie, Texas, May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed a communication in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM where the writer describes the performance of a woodpecker in the *role* of a drummer. This article had a peculiar interest to me, as I once had a similar puzzling experience with a bloody crested picus. About four years ago four or five young gentlemen besides myself were rooming in the second story of a building which had an iron roof, and early every morning, after taking up our abode there, we would be awakened by the most unearthly tattoo seemingly directly over our heads.

Investigation only increased the mystery, as nothing could be discovered to account for the noise. After enduring this ear-splitting rat-tat-tating for some time, and loosing three or four hours' sleep every day, I slipped quietly out of bed one morning just at daybreak, and taking up a position where I could overlook the whole roof of the building, I quietly awaited events. Nor was I kept long in suspense, for just as the sun was gilding the top of a neighboring church steeple a common red and black woodpecker, or, as it is often called, "white-tailed" woodpecker, lit on the very apex of the roof, and after gazing about for a few minutes, slowly dipped his head until his bill touched the iron, and the mystery was solved. I could see no motion of the bird's head or body while he was drumming, he would merely incline his head and body as if drinking, until his bill reached the iron, and then the noise began. And he was not hunting for a wife either, as he already had as many as the law allows in this State, and was also provided with a comfortable home on a telegraph pole, a few yards from the building. My story has a bloody sequel, for "Bachelor Bob" becoming exasperated at the noise one morning arose, and in his wrath, procured a shotgun and dealt death and destruction to that once happy family, and somehow we could not find it in our hearts to censure him for the act.—S. W.

NOTE ON THE WOODCOCK.—A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* gives an account of some curious observations made by him on the woodcock. Something similar to this account we have heard before, but never with any detail. If it has any basis of fact upon which to rest, further observations are required before the habit can be explained or accounted for. The writer says:

"On a number of occasions I have closely observed the woodcock's system of telegraphy. The bird's mandibles are furnished with extremely sensitive nerves, so arranged that when the point of the bill rests upon the ground the slightest sounds are conveyed to its brain. Standing upon the water-saturated earth of a spouty bog, our bird utters a faint, keen cry, scarcely audible at two rods' distance, then immediately lets fall his head till the tip of his bill touches the ground, and listens attentively. If his mate hears him she replies, puts her bill on the ground, and listens in turn. So the love messages go back and forth as long as the birds have anything to say. This sort of thing usually happens in the soft twilights from May till the middle of August, though occasionally I have seen and heard it in the broad light of a summer day. In June, 1863, I made the following note: 'To-day sketched a woodcock in the listening attitude. Shall try to get further studies.'

"Five years later I succeeded in getting three more sketches, and last year (1880) I got four more. Many of these and kindred sketches have been obtained at the end of indescribable care and labor. The woodcock is so shy, so attentive, so sensitive, that the least sound will cause it to skulk and hide—a thing it does with even greater cunning and success than the quail. The only way in which I have been able to get near enough to the bird to sketch its natural

attitudes is to crawl on the wet ground through tangled weeds and shrubs until I reached a hiding place on the border of its feeding range, and there patiently and silently watch for its coming. This I have done over and over again for days together before getting sight of the bird."

We have ourselves seen the woodcock stand in a listening attitude with his bill touching the ground, but we have always believed that the sensitive bill was held to the earth in order that the bird might perceive, whether by the sense of touch or hearing we are in doubt, the movements of the worms that might be moving just below the surface. It may be that love is the motive which actuates the woodcock in performing this curious action, but we are inclined to think that it is something much more prosaic—namely, hunger.

BIRDS AND ANTS.—Perth Amboy, N. J., May 21.—I noticed yesterday quite a number of black ants, with long wings, emerging from the cracks in the floor of my south porch. Procuring some hot water I destroyed several hundred in a few moments, but soon found that it was a waste of time as well as of water, for the insects continued to pour out in such prodigious quantities as to defy all attempts to reduce them. And so the living stream kept on, until the air was full of them too, for as fast as the sun's rays warmed them they would take to flight and drift away on the gentle breeze. And here came in the fun. My house is surrounded by shade and fruit trees, in which I have encouraged birds to build, and many are the English sparrows whose quarrelsome interference with my wrens and bluebirds has cost them their lives, for my little Stevens' pocket rifle, 22, is ever ready for instant use. So these foreign pests have learned to give me a wide berth, and the early morning is enlivened with the notes of robins, bluebirds, wrens and orioles (Baltimore and orchard), kingbirds, yellowhammers, peewee flycatchers, willow-wrens and cat-birds, while barn and chimney have their occupants, and even the voice of the meadow-lark and quail may be heard occasionally from adjoining fields.

Well, as may be imagined, it did not take the birds long to spy the winged ants, and such a frolic as they had! In less than five minutes nearly every bird on the place was chasing them, and it was indeed a pretty sight to see them darting and wheeling in the air, every second lessening the numbers of their prey. Oh, they had a royal feast! I could see the sparkle of their eyes and hear the snapping of their bills, so closely and fearlessly did they circle round my head. And as I watched them I called to mind the words of the Psalmist—"So they did eat and were well filled; for He gave them their own desire."—J. L. KEARNY.

WE will serve that 'possum hot.

Game Bag and Gun.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

AFTER my long and pleasant sojourn in the roaring metropolis whence FOREST AND STREAM is distributed all over the mighty nation I find myself once more in a position to acquaint your readers with those current happenings in which they naturally take the liveliest interest. I dare say most of them recollect my history of a fortnight's deer slaying (last November) in the North Woods of Michigan by Gillman, Rogers, Long *et al* under the guidance of those trained frontiersmen, Joseph Kurtz (Black Joe) and Albert Beaufor, who is better known to sportsmen as "Buck," the pioneers of Turtle Lake, since christened Roger's Lake in compliment to Detroit's enthusiastic and sportsmanlike police superintendent. This gentleman likes nothing better than an occasional camping respite from the exasperating demands of thief-catching, and it is a pleasant honor that his name and fame should be immortally associated with one of the most enchanting regions in our Western wilds. I dropped in at a favorite place of resort for Detroit sportsmen to-night, and stumbled upon those identical frontiersmen of Roger's Lake. They told me they had come down to civilization to learn by observation how the world wagged, and to gather food for mental chewing against the time when they will return to their guns and traps, and deer and bear, and fragrant hemlock boughs. The summer flies drove them out, but they look like a pair of cast iron men with their splendid muscular development, lack of superfluous flesh, and clear healthy skins that look as if their owner's could not so much as imagine the significance of a day's sickness. When I look at such men I long for the free life of the woodsman, I covet his powers of digestion, I admire his panther-like activity, and glory in his true manliness. His untrammelled life is the thing that makes the man. Let us all take to the backwoods and be just such men. What should we care about tare and tret, fuss and fret, and all the other enfeebling conditions that make up the sum of average life in the busy mart? I am rebellious under them, and it would require but little urging for me to cut loose and live the remainder of my life out in buckskin leggings and a woolen shirt. Hurrah for the woods!

Joe brought down with him a handsome and playful cub, the history of whose capture forms an interesting narrative as illustrating the way its captor and men like him live. He told me the story in his own modest way, and so I give it to FOREST AND STREAM as nearly in his own language as I can recall it. "One night about six weeks ago," he said, "I struck a deserted lumber camp in the woods near Roger's Lake. I kinder thought there was bear around, and so I made up my mind to watch. I knocked a bit of the chinkin' out from between a couple of logs of the cabin, locked the door, and took a peepin' position. I sat there nigh onto four hours without a sign of showin' up, but bime-by a big she bear showed up smellin' round for the scraps left by the lumbermen. I had a Winchester express rifle with explosive bullets and I let drive. The first hit her fair, but before she would give up I had to send three other bullets after the first, and I tell you she was pretty much torn to pieces. I dragged the carcass into the cabin, and lay down near it, with my clothes on, to sleep. It must have been about two hours after that when I felt something soft-like crawlin' over me, and when I was square woke up I see it was a cub. The little cuss had missed his mother, and as I had forgot all about fastening the door he had nosed it open and come right in without stoppin' to knock. I just quietly tied him up and got an eye out for the other one. I knew he couldn't be very far off, and sure enough he came waddling along in a little while, and I took him in, too. This one you see here I I thought I'd fetch down to the boys, and I've turned him over to Mr. Gillman to do what he likes with him. The old bear weighed about 400 pounds."

The high character of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association and its exceptionally good work have been very influential factors in procuring important game legislation during the session of the Legislature which ended to-day. The game bill passed in pretty good shape, under it the woodcock season opens August 1, duck, September 1, and quail November 1.

The only criticism of the law I have heard is in relation to deer, some hunters having expressed a modest regret that the killing season was not held off at least a fortnight later. However, it is now pretty nearly perfect, and the State Sportsmen's Association is entitled to congratulations.

Fishing at the Flats is booming now, and some lively stories are flopping around. The best work is got in on bass, muscalonge and pike. AMATEUR.

THE OLD GOOSE-BLIND.

FOR many a year on the edge of the bay
The old goose-blind had stood,
Where the marksman had watched like a bird of prey
To slaughter the innocent brood.
And now the sides had been freshly lined
With salt water bushes and boughs of pine;
And the fowler within the stand reclined,
Eyeing the wash of the ocean's brine.

A crystal stream by the structure's side
Trickled out to the ocean's brink;
And here the fowl, at ebbing tide,
Would come to sand and drink.
To gabble and tell of each other's sins,
And how on far Spitzbergen's shore
Miss Goosey had had eight pair of twins
When she never expected but four.

Around her axis old Terra may roll,
But only those silly creatures
Can enjoy the gossip and news of the Pole
In all its novel features.
And much they resemble the tender sex,
Who clatter together in noisy groups
Of dresses and jewelry, frailties and checks,
Engagements, births, perfumes and soups.

And now you may see by the sportsman's eye
That the tide is fast receding,
As with anxious gaze he watches the sky
With a face that is almost pleading.
The hidden rocks are beginning to bare;
The breakers cease their dreary moan;
The winter gull idly fans the air;
The fowler is there on the shore alone.

All is peace; not a sound or cry
Is heard at the lonely scene,
When suddenly in the seaward sky
A moving speck is seen.
Like the cinder of a burning reed,
That, parting from the parent stem,
Off through the cloudy air doth speed,
The tiny atom appears to skim.

It seems to approach the mainland shore.
See, the fowler prepares his piece,
For what was naught but a speck before
Is a flock of flying geese.
On past the inlet's lonely light,
And following the deep channel's bed,
In single file, with waving flight,
Toward the blind at last they head.

Great Nature! dost thou not control
The flight of birds aquatic?
Is there a loadstone at the Pole
To guide their course erratic?
Doth Agib's mountain stand there still,
Whose dense attraction draws them nigh?
Has each a magnet in its bill,
That northward they seem bound to fly?

Oh! Goose, thou vile, ill-omened bird,
Whose shrill, unearthly howl
Whilom the sleeping Romans heard,
Thou dark, historic fowl;
Though bitter gall to Gaul thy cry,
Avenging France now cries thee, hah
Thy screech preludes her famous pie,
Delicious *pate de foie gras*.

But now each silver-feathered breast
Sinks down upon the tide;
While the bolder ganders leave the rest
Beguiled to the streamlet's side.
"Honk! who!" they call their charge in trust;
"The *bar* is free; come one and all!
No excise law you need distrust."
They go to sup at the gander's call.

The fowler exultant with gleaming eye
Takes his sure, unerring aim.
Ye gods! what a roar salutes the sky;
What a belching mass of flame!
The blind disappears like the one-horse shay;
The geese in fright beat the smoky air;
The water reels back from the shores of the bay—
But naught can be seen of the marksman there.

From the house old Joe is heard to bawl,
"Boys, get out the cart and boat,
I loaded that gun; he has killed them all.
You'll have a smart lot to tote."
They found no blind or fowler there,
But under the shade of the cypress trees
They discovered a gory lock of hair
And a piece of one of his shattered knees.

And now old Joe wanders round the shore
With a wild and vacant state,
And he looks where the blind had stood before,
And he peers above in the air.
He mutters aloud, in a weird, sad way,
"To think that a quart of double B's
Should have sprinkled the poor lad over the bay
And all we could find was one of his knees."

A SPECIAL meeting of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association will be held Friday evening in the Royal Arcanum Rooms, Music Hall, Flatbush avenue and Fulton street, for the purpose of distributing the association badges and completing the arrangements for the convention.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 370.

Sec. 11. Section twenty-three of said act, as amended by section one of chapter 531 of the laws of 1880, is hereby further amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 23 No person shall kill or catch, or attempt to kill or catch, or have in possession after the same has been killed or caught, any fish, except minnows, in the waters of Lake Ontario on the American side thereof, for the distance of three miles from the mouth of Niagara River, or in Onondaga, Oneida, Seneca, Cayuga or Cross lakes, or in any of their outlets or tributaries, or in the American waters of the Niagara River above Niagara Falls, or in the Mohawk River or any of its tributaries in the counties of Oneida and Herkimer, in any way or manner, or by any device whatever, except with that of hook and line [and any person catching or killing any fish except minnows in any of the above-named waters shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each and every offense]. No person shall kill or catch, or attempt to kill or catch, any fish except minnows, bullheads, eels, suckers and catfish, in any other of the fresh waters, or in any of the canals of this State, or in the American waters of the St. Lawrence River, in any way or manner, or by any device whatever, except that of angling by hook or line, save only in the following waters, namely: The Hudson River below the dam at Troy, Black Lake in the county of St. Lawrence, St. Regis River, Grass River and Racket River below the line of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad, and in Lake Ontario, except Great Sodus Bay, Port Bay, East Bay in the county of Wayne, Henderson Harbor or Henderson Bay in the county of Jefferson; and also except in Lake Champlain, during the month of October and the first fifteen days in November; and also except in the waters of the Wallkill River within the county of Ulster, wherein it shall be lawful for any person or persons of one and the same family or household to possess and fish for suckers and eels in the waters of said river during the months of March and April and October and November, with a single fyke, the meshes of which shall not be less than one inch; and also except all that part of the waters of Lake Ontario, together with its bays or inlets lying and being in the county of Jefferson, and in that part of Oswego County lying between its Jefferson County line and the westerly line of the town of Mexico, and within one-half mile of the outlet or mouth of Salmon River, saving and excepting the shoals adjacent to Henderson Bay on the lake side from the main shore to and including Smoke Island, except during the months of November and December, which waters are hereby released from the operation of the provisions of sections twenty-three and twenty-six of the act hereby amended. No person shall [knowingly] sell or purchase, or have in [his or her] possession, any fish killed, caught or taken from any such waters contrary to the provisions of this section. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each and every such offense, and for each fish so caught, killed or held in possession. And all nets, seines, traps, weir or other devices forbidden by this section are hereby declared contraband, and any person finding the same in any place where they are forbidden is hereby authorized to destroy such contraband articles, and no action for damages shall lie against him for such destruction.

Sec. 12. Section twenty-five of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 25. No person, association, company or corporation shall throw or deposit, or permit to be thrown and deposited, any dye-stuff, coal-tar, refuse from gas houses [saw dust] lime, or other deleterious substance, or cause the same to run or flow into or upon any of the rivers, lakes, ponds, streams [or any of the bays or inlets adjoining the Atlantic ocean], within the limits of this State. Any person who shall violate this section, or any member of such company, association or corporation, who shall authorize and direct any such violation, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and, in addition thereto, shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offence. But this section shall not apply to streams of flowing or tide-water which constitute the motive power of the machinery of manufacturing establishments, where is absolutely necessary for the manufacturing purposes carried on in such establishments to run the refuse matter and material thereof into such stream.

Sec. 13. Section thirty-one of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 31. A State bounty of thirty dollars for a grown wolf, fifteen dollars for a pup wolf [and] twenty dollars for a panther, and fifty cents for any hawk except a night-hawk, shall be paid to any person or persons who shall kill any of said animals or birds within the boundaries of this State. The person or persons obtaining said bounty shall prove the death of the animal or bird so killed by him or them, by producing satisfactory affidavits, and the skull and skin of said animal, or the head and claws of said bird before the supervisor and one of the justices of the peace of the town within the boundaries of which the said animal or bird was killed. Whereupon said supervisor and justice of the peace, in the presence of each other, shall burn and destroy the said skull and brand the said skin of said animal, so that it may be thereafter identified, and shall burn and destroy the said head and claws of said bird, and issue to the person or persons claiming and entitled to the same, an order on the treasurer of the county to which said town belongs, stating the kind of animal or bird killed, the date of killing the same, and the amount of the bounty to be paid in virtue of the within section of this act, and the county treasurers of this State are hereby authorized and directed to pay all orders issued as aforesaid; and all orders issued in the manner aforesaid and paid by the treasurer of any county in this State shall be a charge of said county against the State, the amount of which charge on delivery of proper vouchers, the comptroller is hereby authorized and directed to allow in the settlement of taxes due from said county to the State.

Sec. 14. Section thirty-three of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 33. All penalties imposed by this act may be recovered, with costs of suit, by any person in his own name, or by any society in its name, upon such society giving security for costs, before any justice of the peace in the county where the offence was committed, or in an adjoining county, when the amount does not exceed the jurisdiction of such justice, or when such suit shall be brought in the city of New York, before any justice of the district court, or of the marine court of said city; and such penalties may be recovered in the like manner in any court of record in the State; but on recovery by the plaintiff in such case for a less

sum than fifty dollars, the plaintiff shall only be entitled to costs to an amount equal to the amount of such recovery; and it shall be the duty of any district attorney in this State, and he is hereby required to prosecute, or to commence actions in the name of the people of this State, for the recovery of the penalties allowed hereby, upon receiving proper information; and in all actions brought by such district-attorney, one-half of the penalty recovered shall belong to the persons giving information on which the action is brought, and the other half shall be paid to the treasurer of the county in which such action is brought. All judgments recovered in pursuance of the provisions of this act, with the interest thereon, may be collected, and the payment thereof enforced by execution against the person; and no person imprisoned on execution under this act shall be bailed or admitted to the liberties of the jail; and any person imprisoned upon any such execution shall be so imprisoned for a period of not less than five days, and at the rate of one day for every dollar or fractional part thereof of such judgment, and interest when the same exceeds five dollars; and such imprisonment shall not be satisfaction of such judgment; but no person shall be more than once imprisoned upon any such judgment or execution, and two or more penalties may be included in the same action.

SEC. 15. Section thirty-five of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

SEC. 35. Courts of special sessions in towns and villages and the several courts in cities, situated in the county in which the offence was committed, or in any adjoining county having jurisdiction to try other misdemeanors in their own county, shall have jurisdiction to try offenders in all cases occurring under this act, in the same manner as in other cases where they now have jurisdiction, and to render and enforce judgment accordingly. All fines recovered by the provisions of this act shall be paid over by the court receiving the same, to the treasurer of the county wherein the [offence was committed] offender was tried, except in the county of New York, and in the county of New York to the chamberlain in the city of New York, within ten days after their reception by such court, and such moneys shall be kept by such treasurer or chamberlain as a separate fund to be applied to the enforcement of the provisions of this act in such manner as the board of supervisors of the several counties, except in the city and county of New York, and in such city and county the board of aldermen may direct, either for the employment of special detectives or the payment of rewards for the detection and arrest of offenders, and each of the boards of supervisors of this State shall have power to raise by tax, in the same manner as other taxes are raised for county purposes, such sum not exceeding one thousand dollars in any year, as they shall deem proper to further aid in the enforcement of the provisions of this act. It shall be the duty of every sheriff, under-sheriff, deputy-sheriff, officer of police or policeman, and of every constable, and every game constable, and every bay constable, and every game and fish protector, to arrest, wherever found within this State, without warrant or process, any person whom they shall find violating any of the provisions of this act, and immediately to bring such offender before [the nearest] any magistrate residing in the county in which the offence was committed, or in any adjoining county having jurisdiction of the offence, for examination and for trial. Any justice of the peace, police justice or recorder, residing in the county in which the offence was committed, or in any adjoining county, shall have jurisdiction to organize and hold a court of special sessions for the examination and trial of offenders under this act in the same manner as in other cases, and to render and enforce judgment accordingly. Any officer or magistrate who shall neglect or refuse diligently to enforce the provisions of this act, upon proper information and complaint, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by fine or imprisonment, or by both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court.

SEC. 16. Sections thirty-four and thirty-six of said act are hereby repealed. SEC. 17. This act shall take effect immediately.

"SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS."

IN his "Lonesome Lake Papers," written for the *Journal of Commerce*, William C. Prime discourses at length on the subject of killing animals for food, sport and other purposes. His general views may be obtained from the following extracts:

There is a mass of accumulated correspondence on the cabin table. Among the letters are two or three, of a class not at all uncommon, from very good and very gentle persons, who share with more or less people the idea that hunting and fishing are cruel sports, and tend to the cultivation of brutal dispositions. One letter incloses a newspaper article of considerable length in which the writer uses very strong language about the evil natures and evil hearts of those who go about shooting deer and birds, and other beautiful living objects in nature.

To what extent man's rights over brutes may reach, how far he may subject them to slavery, compel their labor, kill them for food, clothing and other uses, it is unnecessary to consider here. The question fairly arises on those words "other uses." For food and clothing we agree that brutes are properly killed. So, too, I have never heard the killing of whales and other fish for oil condemned by any one. The newspaper writer referred to above, strongly condemns ladies who wear beautiful feathers as ornaments, for which innocent birds have been slaughtered. But the love of beautiful things is one of the purest and noblest characteristics of the human soul, and it may well be asked whether brute life is not rightly subjected to the cultivation and enjoyment of this high characteristic in man. It is not a question of the feathers in ladies' hats, but of innumerable uses in the arts in which animal life is destroyed to produce beautiful objects for the refinements and enjoyments of human life. Is the killing of animals for oil wherewith to light up God's darkness any more justifiable than killing them for æsthetic purposes? In short, the infinite difference between the life which is of man and that life which is of the beast or the bush, makes its exceedingly difficult to show why the picking of a rose or a violet is any less offence than the killing of a bird for a brilliant wing. The materialist who holds that the life of a man is no more precious than that of a dog or a horse, must be a very poor philosopher if he does not rank the life of a plant on the same plane. From his point of view he should extend his sympathies to the flowers.

But we will leave the question of subjection of brute life to our love of the beautiful and confine our attention to killing food animals to be used as food. This is the employment of the mass of hunters and anglers, and the fact that they do this for pleasure, that they find enjoyment in it, leads to the condemnation of some sensitive people.

By the law of common sense, the law of the natural world, the law of our physical structure, and the revealed law of God, such beasts, birds and fish as can be eaten are properly used for food. They must be killed. Killing is a part of the process of making them food. Killing them is, therefore, not cruel. It is duty—some one's duty. Now it is absurd to say that such a duty ought to be painful, and one which is to be abhorred. On the contrary it is plain that if it be duty to provide animal food for one's self and one's family, then it may be equally a pleasure to gather fruits, reap grain or kill animals for that provision. No possible argument can show that one ought to regard providing animal food as a sad and solemn necessity, a terrible affliction, which should be delegated to a special class of men, separate from their fellows, men of blood, working out a curse. For if the provision of animal food is a painful duty, in which the provider sins if he works joyously at his work, if the killer of beasts for food ought to be a mournful man and regard his duty as a constant pain, then the making of men to eat animal food is a curse instead of a blessing from God. Nay, the eating it should be with sorrowful countenance, for the killing is our own agent, and we should all share the curse and the sadness with the purveyor of our tables. All dinners should be funeral feasts, and all salads made of bitter herbs.

But it is plain enough that the butcher has right to be as happy at his work as the apple picker. Both work in God's appointed way for the good of mankind. It is equally plain that every man may rightly be happy in killing animals for the food of himself and his family or others. If the point were the cruelty and wrong of the wanton killing of animals, not to be used for man's proper purposes, killing for the mere enjoyment of the killing, there would be no discussion. I find no limit of this kind, however, in the writings now under discussion.

All sportsmen condemn killing game or fish which cannot be used for food, except in those cases where we kill fish which prey on others. I never knew a true sportsman who did not regard the final destination of his game for food as an absolute essential to his enjoyment of the sport. We will not stop to discuss the killing of venomous reptiles, beasts of prey, birds and fish which are enemies of the food animals. One writer describes all hunting as "slaughter of the innocents," and says it cannot be countenanced as "an element of culture:" "its object cannot be to sharpen the finer feelings and deaden the brutal ones. There is no poetry in destroying the animated poetry of Nature." These are somewhat rash sentences; and it will perhaps surprise him to hear that not only I, but hosts of men renowned in the literature of all ages and countries, churchmen and laymen, have held directly contrary views as to the effects of these sports on the moral character. They are accounted by us so elevating and refining in their influences that we think every father who can do so will do well to encourage his sons in the love of hunting and fishing. Eliminate the sentimental idea that the killing a bird or a deer for food is wicked, and you at once see why hunting has been esteemed a healthful, manly man-making occupation in all ages since Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord. No idle, dreamy stroller through "Nature's poetry" derives from the sight of beasts and birds and trees and streams such permanent lessons as the hunter or angler who is at home with nature, pursuing his objects in it. This part of the subject is much too long for discussion here, and it may be dismissed with a reference to the long list of great teachers of truth, in pulpit and books, who have recorded their obligations to field sports for the most valuable lessons of their lives. And it is proper to add that this notion—that brutality and cruelty of disposition are characteristics of anglers and hunters and increase with their practice of these employments—is of course absurd. The testimony of all ages is to the direct reverse and angling is proverbially known as the gentle art. There was once a quite prevalent idea that the life and labor of a butcher brutalized him, but that fancy has long since been abandoned. There are butchers and butchers, as there are lawyers and lawyers. The cruel and brutal are found in all stations and employments, as are the gentle and refined.

The sentimentalism to which allusion has been made prevents due consideration of the ordinary laws of nature which God has established and which are parts of His wonderful beneficence in providing this world for man. The question often asked, "Why was this insect or that plant created?" would be answered easily if we saw through the vast system which He has ordained for man's good. We can see part of it. The life of one being is sustained by the death of another. This is the grand law of natural succession of life. Millions of minute insects are made. They are food for larger insects, or for birds, or for fish, which in turn are food for man. Man cannot live on grass or green food alone, and deer, rabbits, cows, sheep, eat grass, make flesh and man eats the flesh. The decaying vegetable, the oozing sap of the tree is the food of the insect, the insect is the food of the small fish, the small fish is the food of the pike or the trout, or the bass, and finally man is fed. The great truth that the lower orders of animals are food for each other escapes the view of sentimentalism. You admire the superb oriole, singing in the sunshine, and do not know that he loves the brains of smaller birds and feeds on them when he can. The thrush, miscalled a robin, wakes you with his morning song, and you forget to think that he has already destroyed hundreds of animals in feeding himself and his young. It is not to disturb your love for the birds that you are to think of these facts, but that you may bear in mind that they too are to serve a purpose in the way of nature, and kill their food so that they become food to sustain other animal life, whether of plant or bird, or reptile, beast or man. Always at the summit of this grand system of life from death stands man, and God has placed him at the summit because he alone has a soul, and the soul is immortal. Everybody, whether of beast or bird, alas even the body of man, is to form food in its death, and nourish trees and plants or birds and winged insects, to serve the purposes of successive generations of mankind. Only the soul is free from this law, coming from God and going hence to Him. Only the dead dust of humanity is to be gathered again, wheresoever scattered, by the Giver of Life, and revived in immortal beauty.

BURSTING SHELLS.—Sauk Centre, Minn.—What is the cause of shells (paper) bursting in a No. 12 gun in very cold weather? I am stumped, and don't know what is the cause. The same shells, best quality Winchester make, do not burst in warm weather, as I have repeatedly shot five and six loads out of them before they gave out. They were loaded with 3¼ drs. powder, 1¼ oz. chilled shot, and every time they "ripped" open from the top to the edge of the flange. Please answer in correspondents' column and oblige.—AMATEUR.

If our correspondent really were an amateur—as he is not—we should suggest that his shells did not fit the gun. The cold weather has nothing to do with it. There must have been some irregularity in the loading, or in the size of the shells.

MR. BERGH ON PIGEONS AND SNAKES.

From the New York World, June 13.

"I have indeed heard of the intended insult to our civilization of the nineteenth century," said Mr. Henry Bergh when he was asked what he intended to do with regard to the shooting tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, which is to be held on Coney Island next month. "I hear the association is making great preparations, and is to have 25,000 pigeons ready for the slaughter. Just think of it. These poor creatures, which are emblems of our holy religion—for the pigeon and the dove are identical—are to be flung into the air, and while dazed by the change from a cramped trap are to be fired at and cruelly mutilated. But I can do nothing for my constituents—the dumb animals. I tried in 1874 to introduce a bill, a clause in which would have given our society the power to stop a pigeon-shoot. But I was told that the bill could not become a law. Senator Wagstaff was particularly active as the champion of the slaughterers. I have tried again and again to introduce similar bills, but the pigeon-haters not only put me off, but passed an act legalizing this sport. This act said that any incorporated society may conduct such an inhuman exhibition, provided that such birds as are mutilated shall be killed as soon as possible. In other words, brutes who are useless to put in a trap because they have no wings may hang away at pigeons, and when the birds have been so torn and mangled as to be of no further use their necks may be wrung. I am told that young ladies attend these exercises and honor them by keeping the score. I cannot for my life see how they can do such a thing. I rejoiced when we were able to turn back those Spanish bull-fighters, but I blush to see that the pigeon, which has as much right to humane treatment as the bull, is denied its rights. I'll tell you the secret of the whole thing. All these club-men vote, and the men at Albany know this, and the blood of countless pigeons goes to stain the ballot-box, and then, too, there are gun-makers and powder-makers and lead men and other persons who profit by pandering to this low form of so-called recreation. Yes," said Mr. Bergh, sadly, "I cannot do anything but go to Coney Island next month to see that pigeons half-killed are put out of their misery. I suppose those fellows will offer me a front seat and one of their horrid cigars. Oh, they are solid in their way, but I can portray their proceedings in a pen-picture that will make New York shudder to its very marrow. I only wish that I could induce every man and every women in New York city to see that show. Then such a grand chorus of protest would go up to Albany that the Empire State would follow the example of little Rhody, as Connecticut and New Hampshire have done, and make a law prohibiting pigeon-shooting in any way. Think, too, dosing pigeons with laudanum to make them fly slowly, or biting off a piece of their flesh and rubbing cayenne pepper on the raw part to make them fly quickly. One thing more. You know I am not a politician, or at best only a sort of a satellite in the Republican party, but I cannot help recalling that everything this society has secured in the way of legislation we owe to the Democrats.

"Here," continued Mr. Bergh as he took a bit of printed paper from his desk, "is a unique sample of a blot on the civilization of our age. Allow me to read it: 'The men employed in the hat factory of Sparrow, Venino & Co., Orange Valley, have caught three snakes, which they intend to fight on the Fourth of July. One of the reptiles is a copperhead, another a flat-headed adder and the third a black snake. They are confined in pasteboard hat boxes in which are small holes admitting air. In order to make them savage from hunger their captors give them nothing to eat. The men in the shop are making up pools on the fight, and to keep informed of the condition of their favorites they inspect them every week. The plan is to allow the snakes on the morning of the Fourth to escape from the hat box into a large iron tank which is used for soaking hats.'

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Mr. Bergh, laying down the slip. "Here, Mr. Secretary, write at once to the officers of the Essex County Society in New Jersey and put them on their guard that they may stop the perpetration of this great shame. I blush for these workmen. I will ask the New Jersey Society to see that these snakes are fed, and if there is a fight between them to arrest all the persons present at it. We do not stop such brutal exhibitions because they debase the men, but because they injure the animals. I have just received a letter from Copenhagen saying that on the 15th of last month the King of Denmark in person, assisted by the Grand Duke Vladimir, who is a brother of the Princess of Wales, presented the medal to those selected by the Danish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The medals were given to men who had saved animals from burning buildings; and this fact shows that persons of quality in Europe are alive to the importance of encouraging love for dumb animals."

MR. CROOK ON MR. BERGH.

From the Brooklyn Eagle, June 13.

Mr. Abel Crook, in the presence of several of the members of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, yesterday authorized an *Eagle* reporter to say; in regard to the above, that if Mr. Henry Bergh came to Coney Island and attempted to interfere with the pigeon shooting of the State tournament, he would be arrested by the officers who would be there under control of the State Association, and would be taken before one of the three justices of the peace on Coney Island, and, if necessary, would be locked up.

MR. BERGH ON MR. CROOK.

From the Brooklyn Eagle, June 14.

Mr. Bergh replies that if Mr. Crook thinks of opposing or violating the laws of the State in relation to cruelty to animals, and by preventing the society he represents from performing its duties, he labors under a mistake. Mr. Bergh will attend the pigeon shoot and take with him several officers. If the law is violated in the least he will arrest the offenders, and to do this he can call upon the local police if necessary.

ASIATIC BIRDS FOR CALIFORNIA.—Portland, Or., May 24.—The ship Oakworth, from Shanghai, arrived at this port about two weeks ago with seventy-five Mongolian pheasants consigned to Postmaster Coey, of San Francisco, for distribution in California. They came in good condition and were forwarded by steamer. The pheasants and grouse that were

turned out in Geo. Greene's place are doing well. Some of them have been seen ten miles from where they were turned out. I have not heard from the sand grouse sent to the coast.—STANSEL.

We shall watch this experiment with much interest, and trust that our correspondent will keep us informed.

THE 'possum will be served cold.

HOUNDING VS. STILL-HUNTING.

WE continue the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. There is no necessity of calling attention to the value of the data we are collecting and setting forth here. The views are those of experienced, well-informed observers. The particular points of the inquiry are as follows:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and its effects.
5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
8th. What is the open season for deer?
9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

PERTH, Ontario.

I had determined to keep out of this controversy, but I cannot do it. So, in brief, I would say that there is no doubt whatever that the number of deer killed by still-hunters is largely in excess of those killed by hounding, and that the outcry raised in some localities against using hounds is the mercenary clamor of the pot-hunter and the dog-in-the-manger settler; in a word, of that class who hunt deer not for sport but for profit.

In the northern section of this county, Lanark, the deer are plentiful, and the settlers, through their local member, have managed to get an act passed restricting the use of hounds to six weeks in the season, which provision the habitants most manfully assist in carrying out by shooting every hound they can slyly pick off. Yet these people have about as much regard for the season as their ill-bred curs which, when running at large, are continually watering deer, in season and out of season.

This class like to be able at all times and seasons to step to the neighboring wood and pot a deer for the next day's dinner, but object to the hound, probably on the ground that the deer are more on the alert when accustomed to be chased by dogs, and so they cannot pick them off as they would a cow at large in a pasture field.

As far as driving them away permanently from their haunts, my experience coincides with that of others, that this is not the case. I am in the habit of hunting in a small section of woods not far from here where there are very few deer; and although the laugh may go against me, I may say that I have found at the end of the season more deer in that particular woods than there were at the beginning. And a deer has been recognized more than once as one of those driven out by dogs. In fact, when I have driven a deer across the lake one day he has been seen to return the next; and again, other deer, when hunted on the far side of the lake, have at once returned to their former haunts.

The facts are on the side of using hounds for sport, and rare sport it is. I have seen nothing controverting the facts as appearing in your columns; why, then, should people who can occasionally find time to enjoy a few weeks' hunt be debarred because others, forsooth, desire to monopolize the game and line their pockets? I notice that one writer has the coolness to assert that it is quite right for a settler to shoot a deer out of season simply because he is a settler and wishes to obtain an easily-earned dinner.

To conclude, though I regret exceedingly that I cannot say all that I would like to say on this subject, since it is an undoubted fact that less deer are killed by hounding than by other methods, why should not the former method of hunting be sustained? From my experience I have noticed that those who are opposed to hounding are those who, not being able to kill enough with dogs to pay, resort to the more deadly method of still-hunting. RIFLE.

HURLINGHAM CLUB RULES.

April, 1881.

1. The Referee's decision shall be final.
2. The gun must not be held to the shoulder until the shooter has called "Pull." The butt must be clear below the arm-pit, otherwise the Referee shall declare no bird.
3. A miss-fire is no shot, provided the shooter has a cap or tube on the gun, and it be cocked and loaded, or, in the case of a breech-loader, if the cartridge does not explode.
4. If the shooter's gun miss fire with the first barrel and he use the second and miss, the bird is to be scored lost.
5. If the miss-fire occurs with the second barrel, the shooter having failed to kill with his first, he may claim another bird; but he must fire off the first barrel with a cap on, and a full charge of powder, or in case of a breech-loader, with a blank cartridge, before firing the second. And he must not pull both triggers at the same time.
6. The shooter in a match or sweepstakes shall be at his shooting mark at the expiration of two minutes from the last shot, unless in the case of an accident, when the Referee shall decide what time shall be allowed to remedy the accident.
7. The shooter's feet shall be behind the shooting mark until after his gun is discharged. If, in the opinion of the Referee, the shooter is baulked by any antagonist or looker-on, or by the trapper, whether by accident or otherwise, he may be allowed another bird.
8. The shooter, when he is at his mark ready to shoot, shall give the caution "Are you ready?" to the puller, and then call "Pull." Should the trap be pulled without the word being given, the shooter may take the bird or not; but if he fires, the bird must be deemed to be taken.
9. If, on the trap being pulled, the bird does not rise, it is at the option of the shooter to take it or not; if not, he must declare it by saying "No bird;" but should he fire after declaring, it is not to be scored for or against him.
10. Each bird must be recovered within the boundary, if required by any party interested, or it must be scored lost.
11. If a bird that has been shot at perches or settles on the top of the fence, or on any part of the buildings higher than the fence, it is to be scored a lost bird.
12. If a bird once out of the ground should return and fall dead within the boundary, it must be scored a lost bird.
13. If the shooter advances to the mark and orders the trap to be pulled, and does not shoot at the bird, or his gun is not properly loaded, or does not go off, owing to his own negligence, that bird is to be scored lost.
14. Should a bird that has been shot at be flying away, and a bystander fires and brings the bird down within the boundary, the Referee may, if satisfied the bird would not have fallen by the gun of the shooter, order it to be scored a lost bird; or if satisfied that the bird would have fallen, may order it to be scored a dead bird; or if in doubt on the subject, he may order the shooter to shoot at another bird.
15. A bird shot on the ground with the first barrel is "No bird," but it may be shot on the ground with the second barrel, if it has been fired at with the first barrel while on the wing; but if the shooter misses with the first and discharges his second barrel, it is to be accounted a lost bird, in case of not falling within bounds.
16. Only one person to be allowed to pick up the bird (or a dog, if the shooter will allow it). No instrument is to be used for this purpose. All birds must be gathered by the dog or trapper, and no member shall have the right to gather his own bird, or to touch it with his hand or gun.
17. In Single Shooting, if more than one bird is liberated, the shooter may call "No bird," and claim another shot; but if he shoots he must abide by the consequences.
18. The shooter must not leave the shooting mark under any pretence to follow up any bird that will not rise, nor may he return to his mark after he has once quitted it to fire his second barrel.
19. In matches or in sweepstakes, when shot is limited, any shooter found to have in his gun more shot than is allowed is to be at once disqualified.
20. Any shooter is compelled to unload his gun on being challenged; but if the charge is found not to exceed the allowance, the challenger shall pay forthwith £1 to the shooter.
21. None but members can shoot except on the occasion of private matches.
22. No wire cartridges or concentrators allowed, or other substance to be mixed with the shot.
23. In all handicaps, sweepstakes or matches, the standard bore of the gun is No. 12. Members shooting with less to go in at the rate of half a yard for every bore less than 12 down to 16-bore. Eleven-bore guns to stand back half a yard from the handicap distance, and no guns over 11-bore allowed.
24. The winner of a sweepstakes of the value of ten sovereigns, including his own stake, goes back two yards; under that sum one yard, provided there be over five shooters. Members saving or dividing in an advertised event will be handicapped accordingly.
25. Should any member shoot at a distance nearer than that at which he is handicapped, it shall be scored no bird.
26. That for the future the charge of powder is limited to four drams, chilled shot and "sectured" powder may be used. The weight of guns not to exceed 7 lb. 8 oz. Size of shot restricted to Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8. Charge of shot limited to 1¼ oz.
27. All muzzle-loaders shall be loaded with shot from the club bowls.
28. If any bird escapes through any opening in the paling, it shall be a "No bird," if, in the Referee's opinion, it could not have flown over the palings, but in no instance shall it be scored a dead bird.
29. From the 1st of May the advertised events shall begin at three o'clock, unless otherwise notified, and no shooter will be admitted after the end of the second round in any advertised event.
30. No scouting allowed on the Club premises, and no pigeon to be shot at in the shooting ground except by the shooter standing at his mark. Any one infringing this rule will be fined £1.

RULES FOR DOUBLE RISES.

1. In double shooting, when more than two traps are pulled, the shooter may call "No birds," and claim two more; but if he shoots he must abide by the consequences.
2. If, on the traps being pulled, the birds do not rise, it is at the option of the shooter to take them or not. If not, he must declare by saying "No birds."
3. If, on the traps being pulled, one bird does not rise, he cannot demand another double rise; but he must wait and take the bird when it flies.
4. A bird shot on the ground, if the other bird is missed, is a lost bird; but if the other bird is killed, the shooter may demand another two birds.
5. If the shooter's gun misses fire with the first barrel, he may demand another two birds; but if he fires his second barrel, he must abide by the consequences. If the miss-fire occurs with the second barrel, the shooter having killed with the first, he may demand another bird, but may only use one barrel; if he missed with his first barrel, rule 5 in single shooting will apply.

A bird falling dead on the scoring box is to be counted for the shooter.

THE (LONDON) GUN CLUB RULES.

April, 1881.

1. The gun must not be carried to the shoulder until the shooter has called "Pull."
2. A miss-fire is no shot under any circumstances.
3. If the gun be not cocked it is a lost bird.
4. If the shooter miss fire with the first barrel and use the second and miss, the bird is to be scored lost.
5. If a person pull the trap without notice from the shooter, he has the option to take the bird or not.
6. If, on the trap being pulled, the bird does not rise, it is at the option of the shooter to take it or not; but if not, he must declare it by saying "No bird." If the bird rises at once, it must be shot at.
7. SINGLE SHOOTING.—If more than one bird be liberated, the shooter may say "No bird" and claim another shot; but if he shoots he must abide by the result.
8. DOUBLE SHOOTING.—If more than two traps be pulled, the shooter may say "No birds" and claim two more; but if he shoots he must abide by the result.
9. A bird to be scored good must be gathered by the dog or man without the aid of a ladder or any other instrument.
10. All birds not gathered on the ground to be scored lost.
11. If a bird that has been shot perches or settles on the top of the fence, or on any of the buildings higher than the fence, it is to be scored a lost bird.
12. Or if a bird perches or settles on the top of the fence, or on anything on the ground higher than the fence, and then falls dead on the ground, it is a lost bird.
13. If a bird once out of the ground should return and fall dead within the boundary, it must be scored a lost bird.
14. Should a bird that has been shot be flying away, and a "scout" fires and brings the bird down within the boundary, the Referee may, if satisfied the bird would not have fallen by the gun of the shooter, order it to be a lost bird; or, if satisfied that the bird would have fallen, may order it to be scored a dead bird; or, if in doubt on the subject, he may order the shooter to shoot at another bird.
15. A bird shot on the ground with the first barrel is "No bird;" but it may be shot on the ground with the second barrel, if it has been fired at with the first barrel while on the wing.
16. A bird killed on the ground with the first barrel is no bird; if a bird be shot at on the ground with the first barrel and it escape, it is a lost bird.
17. The shooter is bound at any time to gather his bird, or depute some person so to do when called upon by his opponent; but in so doing he must not be assisted by any other person, or use any description of implement. Should the shooter be in any way baulked by his opponent, or by any of the party shooting, or dog, he can claim another bird with the sanction of the Referee.
18. The shooter cannot leave the shooting mark under any pretence to follow up any bird that will not rise, but is walking away from the trap after it is pulled; and having once left the mark after shooting at the bird, cannot return to shoot at it again under any circumstances.
19. In matches or in sweepstakes, any shooter found to have in his gun any more shot than is allowed, to be at once disqualified.
20. Any shooter is compelled to unload his gun on being challenged; but if the charge is found not to exceed the allowance, the challenger shall pay £1 to the shooter, which must be paid before he shoots again.
21. A shooter may at any time object to the use of a spring trap, either in a match or sweepstakes.
22. None but members can shoot, except on the occasion of the open handicaps.
23. That breech-loaders be not loaded until the shooter is at the mark; and on leaving the mark, should a cartridge not have been discharged, it is to be removed.
24. No wire cartridges allowed, nor is any bone dust or other substance to be mixed with the shot.
25. Should any shooter shoot at a distance nearer than that at which he is handicapped, the bird if killed is "No bird," if missed a "lost bird."
26. That 1¼ oz. of shot be the maximum charge for all occasions, except private matches.
27. That all muzzle-loaders be loaded with shot from the club bowls, and that is, per day will be charged each shooter for shot.
28. In handicap sweepstakes, winners of under £10 go back one yard; £10 and up to £20, two yards; £20 and over, three yards. Unless a sweep be worth £5 the winner does not go back.
29. In shooting in a sweepstake of three birds, five birds or six, shooters can only enter and commence to shoot up to end of first round, after that number of birds up to the end of the second round.
30. Distance of new members, 27 yards.
31. Thirty-one yards being the maximum distance, should any one win at that distance all remain as they were in such sweep.
32. In large sweepstakes, if the money does not amount to £100, it shall be divided into two prizes.
33. After the first three sweepstakes of the value of £5 and upward have been shot on any day, members joining in the sweepstakes to go back one yard beyond their regular handicap distance.
34. Winners dividing £9 or less in a handicap do not incur any distance penalty.
35. In even-distance shooting, should a winner win at or above his handicap distance, he is to be penalized for such win in the handicap book.
36. During shooting hours, or whilst any sweep or match shall be in progress, or be desired by any member, no shooting at birds thrown up, or other irregular practice with guns, shall be permitted on the ground.
37. Should two members agree to save stakes, and one of these divide with a third person, the member so dividing shall pay the full stake to the member who does not win or divide.
38. In case of any division of stakes in advertised events, the amount of division is to be declared to the Referee, and the members dividing shall be penalized to the amount they receive. This rule not to apply to the saving of stakes.
39. The size of chilled or ordinary shot is restricted to Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8.
40. No member allowed to shoot in any sweepstakes or handicap until he shall have paid the amount of his entry to the scorer.
41. No round shall commence in any sweepstakes previous to the advertised event of the day after three o'clock.
42. The handicap distances shall range between 21 and 31 yards.
43. The weight of guns is limited to eight pounds, and the charge of powder to four drams.
44. No guns above 11-bore allowed.

The following fines will be strictly enforced:

Pointing a gun at any one, £1.
Firing a loaded gun without permission, except at the mark, £1.

VICKSBURG, Miss., June 6.—Weather delightfully cool and breezy for the season. Squirrels more numerous here than for many years. Three gentlemen from this place killed 45 in about a half day. I was out one day last week and killed only 4 and a woodchuck. The wind was too high. The average number killed in a half day is 10. Too much rain for any successful fishing. The Grange outlook is fair, and the prospects for a good crop of quails is excellent, as many old birds were left over from last season.—GUYON.

ALLEGHENY SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION—Pittsburg, June 10.—At the annual meeting of the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association last night the following gentlemen were elected to fill the offices for the year: S. S. D. Thompson, President; D. M. Martin, Vice-President; Wm. A. McIntosh, Treasurer; J. R. Henricks, Secretary. Board of Directors—C. G. Donnell, I. R. Stayton, Edward Gregg, C. B. Lovatt, C. H. Voigt, M. D.—Resp'y, I. R. STAYTON, Reporter.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

THAT 'possum is now being frosted.

NOTES FROM PHILADELPHIA.

SEVERAL pairs of woodcock on their arrival in this section this spring took up their quarters along Cobbs Creek, the dividing line of Delaware and Philadelphia counties, Pa., which runs directly through Mt. Moriah Cemetery. The eastern portion of this burial ground is occupied by graves, while the western portion is woodland, through which, at its lower end, runs the creek I have mentioned. The spot is an admirable breeding place for woodcock.

I have learned from residents of that neighborhood that young birds, already quite large, have been seen. One would suppose that the sanctity of the breeding ground chosen by these woodcock would protect them from dog and gun, but it is not so; last year it was not, and it will not be this; and it will be found that notwithstanding the Cemetery Association forbids trespass of this kind, the birds will all be killed off before the season is open. Why do we have summer sporting at all? A pair of birds have bred in Eastwick's woods, Philadelphia, but ere this, doubtless, both young and old have been illegally slaughtered.

It is not generally known, certainly not excepting perhaps by the residents of Chambersburgh and surrounding country, that Conecocheague Creek, running through the above mentioned town, is literally alive with bass. The creek is not a wide one, but varies its depth in its course—now a deep pool, then a stretch of still water, and then a rapid swift—to the Potomac River. Parties who have just returned from the stream tell me before the heavy rains took place, which has made it very muddy, bass were freely taking the minnow, notwithstanding the season was chilly and unpleasant. There is a deal of nonsensing in reference to the bass with us, be it *Salmoides* or *Nigricans*, taking the fly. I'll wager seven out of eight are taken with either minnow or crawfish. I am well aware the bass of the northeastern lakes will rise, trout-like, to the fly, but he is a different fish. Our bass I take it—I do not pretend to be authority—is identical with the bass of the Potomac River and Western lakes, and has a larger mouth. Won't Mr. Mather rise to explain? The one thing I do want to say is our bass do not take the fly as those of St. Lawrence and Lake George do, and to me are different. There is a difference between a fish coming lazily to the surface and sucking in a fly, and that bold rush for his prey the genuine fly taker makes. Our fish, red fins and minnows,

will do the first, the black bass of our rivers will not do the latter.—HOMO.

[We think that your bass are all small mouth, *M. salmoides*, while it is probable that both species inhabit the Potomac. In some waters black bass do not take the fly well, but why not seem to be known at present.]

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus.*
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus.*
Mascalonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum*, etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*
Scup or Porgie *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Weakfish or Squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*

Few fish bite more eagerly than gudgeons, and this, perhaps, is the reason why so many persons may be seen patiently sitting in punts from morning to night on the river Thames employed in catching these fresh water smelts. There appears indeed to be a fascination in gudgeon fishing which it is not easy to account for, and the wonder is increased when we see three or four persons in a punt lightly jerking a rod every instant, and watching a float as it glides down the stream before them, the sun sometimes scorching them, and at others the rain wetting them through. Notwithstanding this, however, the fascination certainly exists, and it is mentioned as a fact that the clergyman of a parish in the neighborhood of Hampton Court, who was engaged to be married to the daughter of a bishop, enjoyed his gudgeon fishing so much that he arrived too late to be married, and the lady, offended at his neglect, refused to be united to one who appeared to prefer his rod to herself.—EDWARD JESSE.

WORMS IN FISHES.

BY FREDERICK W. TRUE.

WHEN the philosopher first affirmed that man is a microcosm it did not perhaps occur to his mind that he is a "little world" in a literal as well as in a metaphysical sense, and that he shares this peculiarity with the lower animals. It it indeed a strange fact that every creature which creeps the earth, flies through the air, or swims the sea, is a living, moving world in which animals are born, mature, grow old and die—and plants unfold their leaves and shed their ripened fruits. If the Helminths and the Bacteria reason, and there be scientists among them, they must long ago have advanced the theory which our ancient sages put forth, but more truly, that their earth is an animal, and they but parasites upon it.

Of all animals which are infested by parasites perhaps no group is more seriously afflicted than the fishes. From time to time the ichthyophagian portion of our community is thrown into a panic because in some locality a favorite fish is found teeming with worms which look exceedingly like the dreaded trichinæ, and seem to threaten with dire consequences the persons who should be rash enough to partake of the delicate viand. The matter is at once reported to the papers as something quite new, and specimens are sent to the doctor of science for his opinion. Now, if the doctor is wise he answers that all fishes are afflicted by such worms to a greater or less extent. The species of one large group, the *Hematodes*, or round worms, he will say do resemble the trichinæ, but only as the garter-snake resembles the copperhead. They are small, round worms commonly pointed at each extremity, and white or transparent. Another group, he will continue, are known as *Cestodes*, or tape-worms, and resemble the ordinary tape-worms, which at times are so annoying to man. They are very numerous and varied in kind and in details of form and proportion. He will also allude to two other groups of parasitic worms, which, however, are of less interest to the sportsman because they are commonly too small to be seen with the naked eye. These are the *Trematodes*, or flukes, and the *Acanthocephalis*, or thorn-heads. In conclusion, the doctor will assure his anxious readers that they need have no alarm in regard to the worms they have discovered; that they will do no harm, and that in fact in Italy there are certain kinds taken from seafishes which the epicures call "macaroni worms," and which they consider a great delicacy.

It may be food for meditation to some angler as he sits watching his trembling float, that he is about to bring the world to an end for a whole race of creatures when he draws out of its native waters the gleaming fish which is nibbling so cautiously. The salmon, in addition to a host of inferior animals, harbors at various times no less than sixteen different kinds of parasitic worms, or at least so many sorts have been discovered, and undoubtedly many others remain unknown. Four species are tape worms, and four round worms; the rest belong to the other groups mentioned. The yellow perch has been a favorite hunting ground for the helmintholologist, and he has already brought to light twenty-three species. The pike (*Esox lucius*) carries about with him at least twenty kinds. The parasites of our trout have escaped attention to a great degree, and it is credited with only one kind, but the European saibling plays host for five tape worms and three or four other worms. But one species is known to infest our shad, namely, the round worm, *Agamonema capsularia*, Diesing, although the German maifish (*Alosa vulgaris*), a close relative, carries at least seven. It must not be gathered from these facts that our fishes are more favored than those of other parts of the globe, but only that the parasites have been less carefully studied.

It was the shad worm (*Agamonema capsularia*) which caused some excitement among the fishermen in a certain part of New Jersey a few years ago, where it was found in great numbers. All anxiety was removed, however, by Dr. Leidy, of Philadelphia, the only American helmintholologist whose observations have been at all extensive, who pointed out the harmless character of the animal.

The carp, lately introduced from Germany by Prof. Baird, undoubtedly brings with it some of the twelve parasitic worms which make its life unhappy in its native waters. Every new animal thus introduced in this way adds more han one name to the faunal list.

I have in my possession, but yet undescribed, a tape worm which infests the herring of the great lakes. It is not content to live in the intestines of the fish, but at a certain season in its development must needs bore into the flesh, producing ugly marks and quite injuring the fish for sale, much to the disgust of the fishermen. It would appear from this that these worms are interesting not only zoologically but economically. In this and some other cases it is a matter of dollars and cents.

It seems that all our game fishes are more or less thickly settled, if I may use such an expression, but the census has been not yet carefully taken. Anglers and sportsmen generally would greatly aid in advancing the study of American helminthology if they would preserve in spirits and send to the Smithsonian Institution any specimens of parasitic worms which they find in the game fishes and other animals which their skill with rod or gun brings into their hands. The writer would be pleased to receive and to give information regarding any specimens sent.

Smithsonian Institution, June 8, 1881.

RECORDS OF FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENTS.

THE following records have been furnished us by Mr. Abel Crook, president of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, from the official records of their yearly tournaments.

We give it as it stands, although it is far from being complete in detail. The omissions are—the distance cast in many cases, the absence of statements regarding the cast whether it was actually cast or made up by an allowance for shortness of rod, and the absence of all data regarding the force and direction of the wind. In some cases the length of the rod is given, and in the record for 1871 it will be noticed that the second prize went to a shorter cast than the third one. Here is the record, it being for single handed casting in all cases except where "salmon fly-casting" is stated:

PALMYRA, MAY 29, 1866.

Seth Green, Rochester.....1st prize. } No score report.
H. H. Morse, Rochester.....2d " }

LE ROY, MAY 21, 1867.

H. H. Morse, Rochester.....1st prize. } No score report.
F. Arrowsmith, Le Roy.....2d " }

BUFFALO, JUNE 8, 1868.

Robert B. Roosevelt, New York.....1st prize. } No score report.
L. A. Pratt, Rochester.....2d " }

SYRACUSE, MAY 31, 1869.

Seth Green, Rochester.....1st prize, 84 feet.
G. A. Ostrander, Syracuse.....2d " 45 "

ROCHESTER, MAY 23, 1870.

L. A. Pratt, Rochester.....1st prize. } No score report.
H. H. Morse, Rochester.....2d " }

UTICA, MAY 22, 1871.

Charles H. Wells, New York..1st prize, 65 feet. Rod, 12 feet 3 in.
James Meyer, Jr., New York..2d " 60 " " 11 " 6 "
John B. McHarg, Rome....3d " 65 " " 12 " 7 "
John D. O'Brien, Oswego....4th " 60 " " 12 " 6 "
Charles Northrup, Rome....5th " 40 " " 11 " 9 "

Salmon Fly Casting.

James Meyer, Jr., New York..Special prize, 80 ft. Rod, 17 ft. 3 in.

SENECA FALLS, MAY 20, 1872.

Seth Green, Rochester.....1st prize, 65 feet.
R. W. Wood, Syracuse.....2d " } No score report.
W. A. Wyburn, Oswego.....3d " }

BATAVIA, JUNE 9, 1873.

R. Wood, Syracuse.....1st prize. }
W. A. Wyburn, Oswego.....2d " }
James Annin, Jr., Le Roy.....3d " } No score record.
H. H. Morse, Rochester.....4th " }

OSWEGO, JUNE 22, 1874.

Reuben W. Wood, Syracuse.....1st prize, 63 feet 6 inches.
S. M. Allen, Oswego.....2d " 65 " 6 "
C. Northrop, Pulaski.....3d " 63 " 6 "
J. F. Miller, Oswego.....4th " 62 " 6 "
N. A. Wright, Oswego.....5th " 56 " 8 "

WATERTOWN, MAY 31, 1875.

R. W. Wood, Syracuse.....1st prize, 75 feet.
C. Northrop, Rome.....2d " 74 "
A. M. Kenyon, Watertown.....3d " 72 "
W. P. Outterson, Pulaski.....4th " 69 "
S. M. Allen, Oswego.....5th " 67 "
H. B. King, Adams.....6th " 69 "
H. H. Morse, Rochester.....7th " 66 "
J. B. McHarg, Rome.....8th " 60 "
P. W. Soule, Watertown.....9th " 55 "

GENESEO, MAY 22, 1876.

R. Wood, Syracuse.....1st prize, 69 feet.
James Annin, Jr., Le Roy.....2d " 63 "
H. H. Morse, Rochester.....3d " 58 "

SYRACUSE, JUNE 8, 1877.

Fly Casting—(Open to all).

Ira Wood, Syracuse.....1st prize, 72 feet.
A. M. Kenyon, Watertown.....2d " 70 "
J. J. Meldram, Syracuse.....3d " 65½ "
A. H. Fowler, Ithaca.....4th " 61 "
George B. Wood, Syracuse.....5th " 56 "

Amateur Fly Casting.

A. H. Fowler, Ithaca.....1st prize 75 feet.
Ira Wood, Syracuse.....2d " 69 "
J. J. Meldram, Syracuse.....3d " 59 "
W. Stallbaum, Syracuse.....4th " 62½ "
George Wood, Syracuse.....5th " 64 "
George Sisson, Fayetteville.....6th " 65 "

BUFFALO, MAY 20, 1878.

Seth Green, Rochester.....1st prize, 70 feet.
Rueben Wood, Syracuse.....2d " 69 "
Ira Wood, Syracuse.....3d " 65 "

Salmon Fly Casting.

Reuben Wood, Syracuse.....1st prize, 83 feet.
Ira Wood, Syracuse.....2d " 78 "

ROCHESTER, JULY 7, 1879.

J. J. Meldram, Syracuse.....1st prize, 66 feet.
A. B. Lamberton, Rochester.....2d " 60½ "
L. A. Pratt, Rochester.....3d " 60 "

Salmon Fly Casting.

J. J. Meldram, Syracuse.....1st prize, 72 feet.
A. B. Lamberton, Rochester.....2d " 66 "
J. R. Chamberlain, Rochester.....3d " 62 "

SENECA FALLS, MAY 24, 1880.

Ira Wood, Syracuse.....1st prize, 70 feet.
C. W. Smith, Syracuse.....2d " 70 "
H. C. Robbins, Syracuse.....3d " 60 "

PRACTICAL FLY-TYING.—A new edition of a useful work ("The Practical Fly-fisher, more particularly for grayling or umber. With ten plates, colored by hand, representing 120 flies, natural and artificial. By the late John Jackson, of Tanfield Mill. Third edition. London: John Slark, 12 Busby place, Camden road, N. W. 1880) has just reached us. It is a thoroughly practical work and wastes no space in theorizing. The plates are elegant. The fact of its having been republished long after the author's death proves it of value. Collectors have paid as high as 21 shillings for a copy of the second edition. The present one is published at 7s. 6d. It gives plain directions how to tie flies in general, and then states the materials for imitating natural flies, while on the opposite page is a colored picture of both the natural fly and the imitation as it should appear. It is not a complete angling treatise, but accomplishes what it claims to do, *i. e.*, to give directions how to make and use many flies, especially those designed for grayling fishing.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

THE following are the rules of the N. Y. Sportsman's Association:

FLY-CASTING.

No rod shall be allowed over eleven feet six inches nor less than nine feet six inches in length, and it shall be used with a single hand.

A practicable line and reel shall be attached to the rod.

Three flies—one stretcher and two droppers—must be used and a casting-line, or leader, of single gut, of not less than eight feet in length.

No attached weight of any kind on the line or fly shall be permitted.

Allowance of distance shall be made according to the length of each rod of five feet for every foot of length and at that rate for each part of a foot.

Each contestant shall be allowed five minues for style, delicacy and accuracy, and five more for length of reach; and in case of accident, such as parting or fouling of the fly or line, the referee may allow additional time, in his discretion.

No cast shall be valid unless the line be retrieved.

The contest shall be as to distance, accuracy, delicacy and general style combined, and the distance, if practicable, shall be measured along the water. The casting shall be done with one hand across, against and with the wind.

The distance of the casting shall be measured from the stretcher fly to the tip of the rod.

SALMON FLY-CASTING.

The foregoing rules shall govern, except that the contest is to be with double-handed rods, which thall not be over twenty feet in length; the casting line or leader shall not be less than ten feet in length. Allowance for distance shall be made for length, but not for weight, and no more than one fly shall be used.

BASS CASTING.

Above rule (salmon fly-casting) shall apply, except that weight, as nearly equal as possible to the ordinary bait, shall be attached to the line, which shall be used by all the contestants. Lines and their arrangement are unrestricted.

NEW YORK, June 10.

To whom it may concern:

The Long Island Sportsman's Association, under whose auspices the State tournament is to be held at Coney Island in the week beginning June 20, having placed the entire matter of fly-casting in my hands, I will say: There will be three judges and a referee. The fly-casting will take place in the grounds selected, on Thursday, the 23d inst., and entries can be made on that day at the office or a few minutes before the casting, at the pond. The programme in full can be found in FOREST AND STREAM of May 26, as well as in the published bulletin of the association.

I have made application to have certain rules changed, as follows: Believing that if a man cannot cast as far with a nine-foot rod as he can with a longer one he had better provide one that he can do the best with, I have recommended that allowance for distance be abolished and only the actual cast considered. That, as heretofore all prizes have been awarded for distance alone, and none for style, delicacy and accuracy, I will set apart certain prizes to go to the ones whom the judges shall decide are best in these qualities and have a special casting for competition for them. Also, that the distance be measured from the advanced toe of the caster and not from the tip of his rod.

Also to abolish the allowance in salmon casting.

In bass casting the adopted rules are not explicit. A literal interpretation of them would allow a rod of twenty feet in length. This does not seem to be in accord with the practice of bass fishers either at Cuttyhunk or elsewhere. I have recommended that rods shall not exceed nine feet nor be less than seven feet in length, and that the attached weight shall be one ounce. On the latter subject there has been a difference of opinion which does not seem to be easily compromised. At Cuttyhunk and Pasque Island baits are used from menhaden which take about one-quarter of an eight-ounce fish, also the tails of lobsters of different sizes. Those who have advocated a four-ounce weight claim that lobster tails, shell and all, are mainly used and that the 10½-inch lobster law prohibits small ones. The majority of bass casters with whom I have consulted claim that one ounce of lead, with its smaller surface, affording less resistance, is equal to an ordinary bait, and so that weight has been fixed upon.

These things have not been definitely decided upon, but are now under consideration by the committee; and in conclusion I will say that I have no interest in any change suggested except for the general good of fly-casting and to elevate it from a mere side-show at the State tournaments to a place beside the other sports as one of the best, most graceful and beautiful of arts. FRED MATHER.

ANGLING NOTES AND QUERIES.

IS there any record of bluefish (*Pomatomus saltatrix*) caught in the Gulf of Mexico? When in Florida last year with Dr. Ferber, of New York, he told me that he caught one on the west coast of that State in January, 1880, north of Charlotte Harbor.

I think many of your contributors could give to your paper much useful and interesting information if they would enumerate the names of the food fishes of their respective localities. In that manner a knowledge of their geographical distribution may be obtained by those interested in the subject.

I have in mind a fish that I have caught in Canada and in Florida, and I would like to know where it occurs in other portions of our country. This fish, of the family of perciæ, is called by Prof. Cope *Pomoxys annularis*. It probably is closely related to the bream and the sunfish, both of which it much resembles, though it is thickly spotted all over its body. The largest fish that I have seen of this species weighed one and three-quarter pounds. In Canada they call it shiner. Along the south shore of the St. Lawrence River they call it moonfish. In Florida they call it speckled perch. I saw some in the New York Aquarium, which were labeled "Strawberry bass, Virginia." In the Canada lakes they are usually caught in the weed beds, in water from twelve to sixteen feet deep. A favorite place for them is also under rafts of logs. They bite best on

cloudy days or after sundown in the evening. They are frequently caught in winter through holes in the ice. There is a chain of lakes connected by drowned lands and canals with locks, making navigation practicable between Ottawa City and Kingston, the route being about forty miles north of the St. Lawrence River. The whole is called the Rideau Canal, and the largest body of water Rideau Lake, twenty miles long and from one to five miles wide, with an altitude of 175 feet above Lake Ontario. This work was constructed about forty years ago, prior to which time the shiners were not found in the lakes, though now they are very abundant in them.

In Florida I have caught these fish in the lake called Payne's Prairie, near Gainesville, and in Lake Maitland, in Orange County, but I have not seen them in the streams on the gulf coast of that State.

My much esteemed friend, the late Prof. Milner, once told me that he did not think the small mouth black bass existed in any of the waters on the Atlantic coast south of the James River in Virginia. Cannot some of your readers give information on that question?

I believe sheepshead fish are not found in fresh water in the Northern States, but on the west coast of Florida they appear to be equally abundant in fresh and salt water. In the small rivers there these fish are so plentiful that they do not find a sufficient quantity of their natural food, such as mollusks and crustaceans, so they accommodate themselves to their circumstances and eat grass, which grows in great profusion there, covering nearly all the bottom in some streams, except in the swiftly running channels. What they eat is a fibrous, moss-like species of confervæ which grows upon the broad leaves of the grass. I have examined many stomachs of these fish without finding anything in them except this grass. I sent some of this grass to Dr. Leidy, who examined it with his microscope. He told me that it was covered with myriads of diatoms.

About the middle of March these fish are heavy with spawn, after which time I could not find any in the fresh-water rivers, except small fish too young to spawn.

JOSEPH WILLCOX.

ANGLING AT MONSON, MAINE.

I DESIRE to call the attention of the sporting and angling fraternity to some of the many attractions which this place offers as a centre for trout and land-locked salmon fishing, gaming, etc. Monson is situated five miles from the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, and fourteen miles from Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake, and eight miles from the head of Sebec Lake.

Hebron Lake is the first object that attracts the sportsman's attention as it is only a few yards from the hotel (Chapin House) in Monson village—a picturesque little village which nestles at the foot of this lake, and which is famous for its roofing slate industry. It is about three and a half miles in length and one mile in width, surrounded by beautiful hills and fine scenery, with Russell Mountain in the distance. Spotted and lake trout are very abundant. Anglers have this spring caught hundreds of them from this lake. They average 2 lbs. in weight, many from 2½ lbs. to 5 lbs.

The next most important resort in this vicinity is Lake Onaway sometimes called by the settlers Ship Pond and Greenwood Lake. The latter is eight miles and the former nine miles from here. Lake Onaway is its original Indian name, and there is a pretty legend about the capture of an Indian maiden connected with it. From the Chapin House the tourist rides in a carriage to a Mr. Holt's, in Elliottsville township a distance of eight miles. The scenery is charming and delightful all along this drive. When arriving at Mr. Holt's he is but a few rods from Greenwood Lake, a beautiful sheet of water several miles in area. He crosses this in row boats, walks three quarters of a mile, and then reaches Lake Onaway which is about five miles long and two miles wide. The lofty peakes of Bore Stone Barren and Benson Mountans rear their heads above, and it is surrounded by rugged hills, mountains and dense forests. Here the sportsman can with fly or bait secure an abundance of handsome, spotted and lake trout of different varieties, land-locked salmon, smelts, yellow perch, etc. If he is willing to walk a distance of one and one-fourth miles through the forest at the North he will be well rewarded by a visit to the two Benson ponds where spotted trout fishing is unequalled.

Besides these are also some thirty other ponds ranging from ten to two hundred acres in area within a radius of ten miles of this village. The accommodations are ample, as the Chopin House, kept by A. D. Sherman, is one of the best country hotels in Maine. Boats, guides and teams are furnished at reasonable rates to all fishing parties. Those desiring to visit this place will do well to correspond with E. R. Haynes, A. D. Sherman, J. F. Sprague, Frank Holt or W. S. Knight, Monson, Me., who will furnish all necessary information.

Among the prominent sportsmen who are visiting here at the present (June 9) are L. L. Hubbard, of Cambridge, Mass., author of "Hubbard's Guide to Moosehead Lake;" J. C. Withington, of the Boston *Journal*; E. T. Rowell, one of the editors of the Lowell, Mass., *Courier*; H. A. Hildreth, and G. S. Cushing, of Lowell, and G. A. Mathews, of Andover. The latter is arranging to supply several of the smaller ponds here with German carp. Messrs. John F. Sprague, Edwin R. Haynes, G. A. Mathews, E. T. Rowell and others obtained a charter from the Legislature of Maine last winter for the "Piscataquis Fish and Game Protective Society." The object of this association is to assist in the propagation of fish in the many lakes and ponds in this region, and also to aid in the enforcement of the fish and game laws now in force in Maine.

The forests here also abound with grouse and the ponds with duck. Other game of almost every kind is to be found in these woods. PISCATOR.

BLACK BASS BAIT.—Newark, N. J., is a pleasant place to live in, and is convenient for people who do business in New York. One of its newspapers, the *Sunday Call*, says:

"The common domestic cockroach is good bait for many kinds of fresh water fish, black bass especially, and no bait can be more easily procured. They will collect under a damp rag in quantities in almost any house in the city."

We give the item for the benefit of bass fishers, who no doubt can arrange with some friend in Newark for a supply. If they have no friend there write to the editor of the *Call*, who will doubtless respond with cheerfulness and alacrity. By the way, what are cockroaches?

Do you eat a 'possum hot or cold?

SOUTH FORK FISHING ASSOCIATION.

THE subjoined account of a Pittsburg, Pa., enterprise is taken from the *Post* of that city. Mr. W. A. McIntosh, the vice-president of the association, is also a member of the Pennsylvania State Field Trials Association, and of the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association, and is enthusiastic and accomplished in all matters pertaining to the sports of the field:

About two years ago the South Fork Fishing Association, which was made up of forty or fifty Pittsburg gentlemen, came into life. The association purchased from the Pennsylvania railroad the old reservoir of the canal, nine miles above Johnstown on the South Fork of the Conemaugh. This reservoir was built some fifty or sixty years ago, and cost between $200,000 and $300,000. With the reservoir the association bought about fifteen hundred acres of land. The reservoir was then converted into a lake. The reservoir originally supplied all the water for the portion of the canal between it and Pittsburg, and of course it was of larger dimensions. The lake is four miles long and three quarters of a mile wide, which is no inconsiderable sheet of water. The lake is formed by the South Fork of the Conemaugh and four other streams which are smaller. The dam is a magnificent piece of work and is three hundred feet thick at the base. After the reservoir had been bought from the State by the railroad company it was abandoned, and persons in the neighborhood destroyed about two hundred feet of the dam in order to get the stone for building purposes. This breach was repaired by the association at a cost of $15,000. The dam has been finished for some time, and the water is sixty feet deep at the breast of it. The object of the association was to have the lake as a fishing resort and in connection with it a club house. Last week the association did some fishing on a grand scale. An arrangement was entered into some time ago with parties at Sandusky, by which they were to supply the association with live black bass. Accordingly about one thousand bass were caught in the lake pound fisheries, and were kept alive in special reservoirs. The fish in weight were from a pound and a half to three pounds. On Tuesday last a car was sent to bring the fish to the lake. This car was arranged by Mr. W. A. McIntosh, who is Vice-President of the association. The car was fitted out with tanks to hold the fish, and the water was aerated by a very ingenious air-pump, invented for the purpose by Mr. McIntosh. Messrs. McIntosh and W. C. Taylor accompanied the car and superintended the transfer. On Wednesday night seven hundred fish were placed in the car. The water in the lake from which they were taken was at 72 deg., and by a plentiful use of ice the temperature was reduced to 45 deg. and kept at that point. The car was hurried through to South Fork station on the P. R. R., and reached there on Thursday morning. The station is two miles from the lake, and the fish had to be placed in casks, which were covered with an ingenious head, planned by Mr. McIntosh, and which prevented the water from splashing out, and at the same time admitted air. The casks were carried on wagons to the lake and the fish were liberated. Only thirty-five fish died in transit. This is the largest transfer of grown live fish ever made in this country. It is probable that the ride on the wagons killed the greater part of the fish which were lost.

The association is now building a fine club-house, which will soon be completed, and the place will then be one of the most delightful in the mountains. The lake is now in charge of a watchman, whose duty is to prevent depredations, and thus far he has been quite successful.

THE SARANAC REGION.—Adirondacks, June 1.—Well, I am here again as usual, and find many old friends to greet me. This time came in via Keeseville. The road to Miller's, formerly Martin's, is very good. A great change at the old-time hostelry on the Lower Saranac, many improvements being made, which will make it the Saratoga of the Saranacs, if not of the Adirondacks. I find registered here the Masons of New York; Bentley, of Rochester; Shaw, of Hartford; Dr. Cammen, of New York. Proceeding through the lake to Bartlett's Sportsmen's House, find Dr. Romeyn and family, of Keeseville, N. Y.; Messrs. Tileston, of Boston; Winants, of Bergen Point, N. J.; Col. T. J. Hoyt, of St. Louis, and Mr. Soms, of New York; Vice-President Wheeler and party, and others. There is only one Bartlett's in the Adirondacks. The house looks uninviting, but its comforts are appreciated by all who are its guests. At Covill's the VanWoerts, of New York, are stopping, and at the Prospect House on the Upper Lake, find Dr. Trudo and family; Mr. Penfold and sister, Mr. Meyer and daughter, of New York, with Mr. and Mrs. Weed, of Malone; also Mr. Alford and party, of New York. Trouting in this section is not what it was in former days, owing to the inattention paid to the game laws; and to secure good trouting and continuance of the sporting community the waters must be stocked. During the past winter, however, owing to the vigilance of Mr. Liberty, the game detective, the amount of trout taken through the ice was much less than in former years, but the decrease of trout is very marked and demands stringent laws to protect what is left, or we bid an everlasting farewell to the sport of trolling and fly fishing throughout this region. And is it not a burning shame that it should be thus? From parties visiting the Hitching pond region, I learn that excellent trouting still exists there, and also at Robbins on Little Tuppers. The houses here are all well kept. Derby, at the Prospect, knows well how to please his many guests. Many are expected at all points throughout this region. You will hear again from me while I wander around. L. MoN.

THE MEGANTIC DISTRICT—June 7.—I am having fine sport among the trout here on the waters in the vicinity of Megantic Mountain. A few days ago I paddled up quite near to a large bull moose that was in the water, feeding on lily pads. After gazing at me for some minutes he leisurely walked out of the water back into the woods. I met on the train to-day your Maine correspondent "Penobscot," which has increased greatly the pleasure of my trip here. "Penobscot" is a genial gentleman, and alive to all legitimate sport with the rod and gun except hounding deer. "None o' that for him." Still-hunting is his delight. Weather the past two nights very cold. Yesterday at 1 P. M. I enjoyed the luxury of a June snow-squall on the highest peak of Megantic Mountain. So far as I can learn I am the first white man who has set foot on the highest peak of this mountain. The magnificent view of mountain, lake and forest that I had there amply repaid me for my trouble in making the ascent. In descending we took the advantage of a long slide that starts within half a mile of the top and extends to the base and had a smooth though steep pathway down.—STANSTEAD.

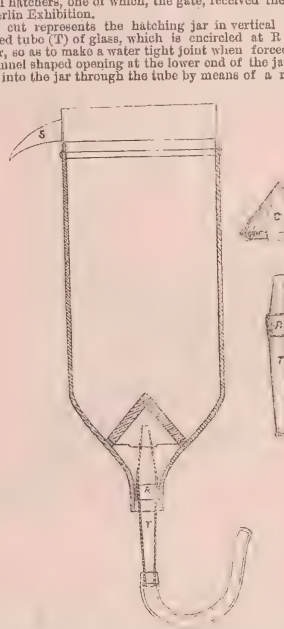
Hollbird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Fish Culture.

AN IMPROVED SHAD HATCHER.

WE have received the following drawing and description from Mr. Frank N. Clark, of the U. S. Fish Commission. It is in practical use now in the shad work at Havre de Grace, Md. This is the second improvement which Mr. Clark has put upon the conical hatchers, one of which, the gate, received the diploma at the Berlin Exhibition.

The cut represents the hatching jar in vertical section, with the feed tube (T) of glass, which is encircled at R by a ring of rubber, so as to make a water tight joint when forced down into the funnel shaped opening at the lower end of the jar. The water is fed into the jar through the tube by means of a rubber hose;



the force of the current is arrested and broken by a heavy, non-corrosible hollow metal cup or cone (C), which rests on the inside of the jar on three short feet of equal height. The current from the tube impinges on the under side of the hollow cone, and is deflected downward, to escape upward into the space above. At three points between the feet upon which the cone rests the force of the current is regulated by the supply cock, and as the water escapes from under the edge of the hollow cone the entire mass of eggs is kept in the gentlest possible condition of motion, being thrown gently outward and upward all round, except at the points where the feet of the cone break the current. The only detachable portions of the apparatus are the cone and the tube, shown separately at the right. The cone, of Britannia or block tin, is sufficiently heavy to remain in position by its own weight. The water which is to escape passes out of the jar through the spout (S), which is closed with a wire-cloth gate or slide when desirable, at the top, which is part of a japanned tin rim that is cemented to the top of the jar, and rests on a rim or flange of glass just below it. The jar is ten inches in diameter and two feet high from the point where the cone rests, and will hold 500,000 eggs of the shad.

THE GOURAMI.

IN view of the proposed introduction of the gourami into our more southern waters, the following article by Col. Nicolas Pike, which he has kindly permitted us to publish in advance of his book on the fauna of India and the fishes of the Indian Ocean, will be read with interest. The cut to which Col. Pike refers is not yet finished, and we substitute two cuts of the fish, drawn by Prof. Gill.

The gourami, a native of China, was introduced into Mauritius in 1761 by Messrs. de Surville, Yoanne and Magay, of the French Navy. They most probably brought it from Java, where it was seen and much admired by Commerson, who found it kept in large earthen vessels by the Dutch colonists, and was much pleased to find it in the Isle of France on his arrival in 1770. From the Isle of France some couples were taken to Bourbon, where they existed and throve for many years in some ponds at St. Suzanne, but, to the great disappointment of those who possessed them, it was found they did not breed.

The cause of this was not discovered till about twenty years after their introduction. It was then ascertained that the lowness of the temperature in the high localities in which they had been placed was the cause of their sterility, and on removing them to spots on the level of the sea they began to breed freely.

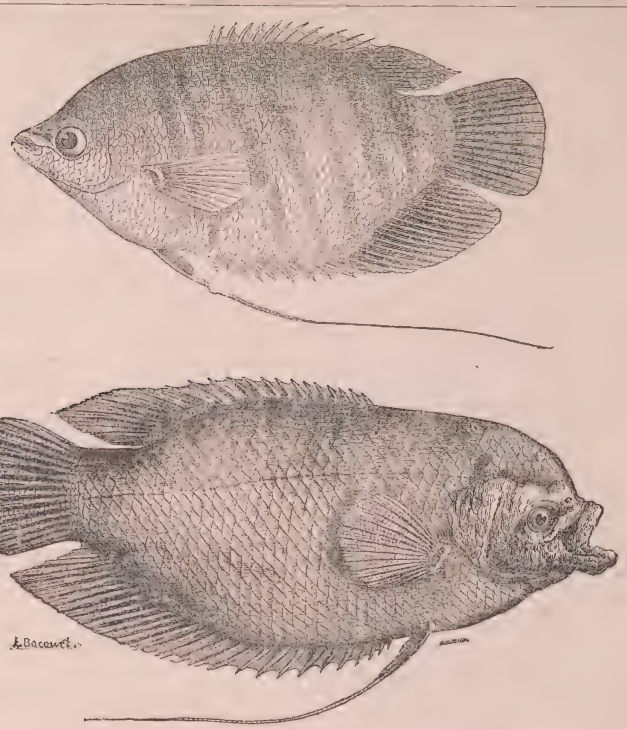
The gourami is a remarkable looking fish, and the young differ widely from the adults. In the former state the muzzle is attenuated and produced, with a concave forehead, and the sides show eight vertical bands. In its second year the gourami begins to assume its distinctive garb. The stripe gradually disappear. The white, tinged with lilac, which formed the ground color of its body, changes to a bronze tint, with golden reflections on the sides and brown on the back, and the head is tinged with pink. The colors of the male are lighter and brighter than those of the female, and he is also distinguished by a lump on the forehead as well as on the symphysis of the jaw. The eyes are small, prominent, and set high and forward, the nostrils crescent shaped. The proportions of the gourami in length and breadth are as five to two.

It is a thick, solid fish, and possessed of great strength, and unless a net be held a foot or two above the water, it will leap over it to a distance of several feet outside. When caught and laid on the ground it will leap to a height of three or four feet, and unless promptly secured it will batter itself to pieces, as it is most tenacious of life.

The gourami is not a fish of rapid growth. When just hatched it is less than half an inch long and very flat. It attains a length of about four inches the first year, seven or eight the second, and ten or eleven in the third, when it begins to breed and is considered better for the table than at any other period, and weighs about three pounds.

They are sometimes met with two feet in length, weighing twelve or fourteen pounds, but the flesh is not nearly so good as that of younger subjects.

Few fishes are more accommodating as to food than the gourami; frogs, shrimp, insects, leaves, fruit, grain, roots or bread, all are acceptable, and even the leaves of the acrid *Arum colocasia* (large leaved souge) are eaten with avidity. Nor is it more difficult with respect to habitation. The rapid stream or stagnant pool appears to please equally well, provided food be abundant.



YOUNG GOURAMI AND OLD GOURAMI.

The thing most hurtful to the gourami is cold, of which they show their abhorrence by burying themselves in the mud or taking shelter amongst weeds during the cold season. An intelligent captain, who had on board a quantity of these fish destined for Australia, found that when the thermometer reached 66 deg. Fahrenheit they all died. This must have been caused by some sudden transition of temperature, for they thrive and breed freely in the Mauritius where the mercury often descends to 50 deg.

They love to bask in the sun, and always choose a spot for their nests to which its beams have full access. These nests are formed by the joint labor of the male and female, and consist of a mass of aquatic plants or any fibrous substance they find in the water, matted together so as to form a tissue of considerable tenacity, further strengthened by the web to which the ova are attached. These are deposited in the nest, which is fastened to any suitable body, and always close to the surface of the water. That formed by a pair of large fish is as big as a man's hand, of a somewhat oval form, and employs the fish about a week to make it. As soon as the spawn is deposited, both male and female mount guard over the nest, and will attack any fish that approaches, and such is the violence of their onset that even large eels are fain to fly from them.

The spawning time is in March and October, and the eggs are hatched about a fortnight after deposition. The fry are of a violet tint when they emerge from the egg, and the first ray of the ventrals is then much longer than their bodies. This does not grow with the fish, so that the larger the fish the shorter in proportion is the filament. The fry remain about the nest for eight or ten days, during which time they appear to be under the protection of the parents, after this they swim off in schools.

Two fish are particularly injurious to the propagation of the gourami—the golden carp and a little fish called in Bourton, *prisonpiat*, and in Mauritius, *Marie Jeanne*. They are very fond of the spawn, and I suppose from their small size escape the notice of the guardians of the nest.

Notwithstanding the variety of tastes, the flesh of the gourami is universally esteemed. It is of a light straw color, firm, and easy of digestion. The fish of a rocky river is much better tasted than that of a muddy pond, but they nowhere attain so fine a flavor as at the embouchures of rivers where there is a mixture of salt water with the fresh.

The sketch is from an old gourami weighing about eight or ten pounds, caught at Riche Maire, where I had a fine days' sport with my friend, M. Ange Renard. Even at this size the serrations are almost effaced at the border of the præoperculum, which are very sharp in individuals about half the growth.

This fish appears to be blessed with longevity, as many fresh water fish are. I have been told of one big fellow known to have lived in one bassin for thirty years, that was perfectly tame and would come at a whistle to be fed, and would eat out of the hand. He was evidently lord of the place, for although there were a number of others of all sizes they dared not approach to take the bread thrown in till he was too busy eating to notice them. The rash youngster that presumed to take the first piece was summarily chastised.

A small barrel, with the ends knocked out, was fixed in the bassin, and the water was clear enough to watch the operations of the fish. When a nest was required, the patriarch would busy himself with the female, catching the dead leaves as they fell in, straws, or anything else that suited his purpose, and carry them into the barrel till there was quite an accumulation of debris. When the female entered to lay her eggs he jealously guarded the nest and kept the whole community in a ferment, chasing away any fish that came within a yard of the barrel. Even when food was offered he would hastily snatch a bit and rush back to make a scattering among the curious who thought to take advantage of his absence, and they had a bad time all round whenever there was an increase to the family, pending the female helping also to chase intruders till the young were hatched. The old fellow was very ugly, and covered with bosses and excrescences. He came to a bad end, for during the inundation of February, 1865, he, with all his mates, was washed out of the bassin by the waves of mud that poured into it, and all were found dead next day.

Knowing that the public gardens at Pamplemousses were stocked with gourami, carp, clatte, eels, etc., I made application to Sir Henry Barkly, the governor, for permission to sweep my nets there at a proper season for procuring specimens. In 1873, when about leaving the island, I conceived the idea of introducing the valuable gourami into the United States. I procured a number of young gourami—I handled the fish myself, as I had had many years experience in transporting fish—and I took them in safety to Port Louis, about nine miles. It was then a temperature of about 90 deg. Fahrenheit. I did not lose a fish, but placed them safely in my tanks prepared for them, and they soon became accustomed to their new quarters. I was careful in noticing the temperature of the water two or three times a day, as when it is too low they become sluggish and will not feed. It had been my intention to arrive in New York in summer, but business connected with the consulate detained me till autumn, and, after going on board, the temperature lowered so rapidly it was impossible to keep them alive, and one by one they died off.

The introduction of the gourami into the waters of the United States would be a great addition to our ichthyological treasures. They may, with great care, be brought to the southern shores of California from China. Perhaps when well acclimated they might by degrees be introduced into higher latitudes than those now assigned to it.

I made some experiments with hatching the eggs, but though they were taken apparently alive and in good condition from the nest, I failed in every instance, even with the greatest care. I did this at the request of the late lamented Prof. Agassi, to whom everything connected with fish in Mauritius was of such deep interest, and to whom I am indebted for most valuable letters appreciating the services I was able to render him in ichthyology in that island.

Weakness and sickness changed to health and strength with Hop Bitters, always.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 4, 5, 6 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

November 28, Louisiana State Field Trials, Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November —, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

SNIPE SHOOTING WITH JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE first day of the merry month of May was pleasant, the air bracing, and the reports of good snipe-shooting stimulated our hunting propensities to try the cunning of our hand upon the multitude of birds that were said to be feeding in the marshes of Monroe. We left our home on a bright and beautiful afternoon, and taking the Detroit train, were soon at our destination. On every side, beneath the little hills and nestling along the edges of the Huron River we saw peering forth from their long winter hiding places the wild flowers strewing the grounds here and there with their variegated tints and filling the atmosphere with their grateful odor and beauty. The tiny violet, the cowslipper and the daisy blush out in all their springlike garniture and fragrance. On the prairies, through the oak openings and in the deep woods the early grass shoots up in every direction and tells us that genial spring, with its smiles and flowrets, is fairly before us.

Alighting from the car, we are suddenly gripped by the hand, and are made thrice welcome by the smile of good will and kindly feeling that animates the face of our whilom friend and host, Davidson. Getting all our traps stowed away in the comfortable and roomy hunting-wagon, our seats occupied and the ponies rested and anxious for a start, John and I indulge in a mutual and hearty hand-shake, and we are off for his farm home, about two miles from the city of Monroe. The road is level, the ponies spirited, the miles speed rapidly, and in a jiffy we are welcomed by his kind and hospitable wife and daughters.

In the morning we arose early and hailed the glorious orb as it slowly rose in the east, scattering its mellow light over hill and house top, till the whole earth seemed filled with his genial glow and the kindling azure and the mountain's brow, illumined with fluid gold, betoken gladness at his near approach.

Mr. Davidson has recently purchased a beautiful farm of forty acres, and has erected a home whose architectural design is in quiet harmony with the features of the surrounding scenery. His kennels, unlike the solitary ones of his previous place, scattered here and there over a wide expanse of territory, are now built neatly and tastily in the rear of the house, and are divided into compartments having especial reference to the scientific and proper culture of man's noblest companion and friend. Everything around shows the care and attention that is given to this branch of business; and no one can feel greater pride and take more interest in all that pertains to the kennel than Mr. Davidson. We pass from kennel to kennel and see all his magnificent specimens of the English field setter, and our eyes light upon four beautiful white and black ticked female scions of the famous Rob Roy strain. Adjoining this are some handsome descendants of his prize winner Afton. His four kennels contain more fine specimens of the genus dog than I ever saw gathered together under one owner before. I suggested that I would like to see them put out into the field, and two Rob Roy bitches, less than two years old, were first sent off, and they showed a rapid and fine work, keen noses and perfect scent, obedience to the hand and whistle and general grand work as ever was seen. Two others were then dispatched, and their work was so beautifully done and their forms and carriage so gracefully shown that I hardly knew to which pair I would award the prize if a competitive trial was intended. Thus we went through his kennel, dispatching the noble animals and watching their movements, till I almost adopted the conclusion that the education of dogs for field work was really a grand and beautiful art, and few men hold a higher rank in such kind of instruction than Mr. Davidson.

Breakfast over, our attention was given to preparations for the day's sport, and taking our seats behind that same pair of ponies we were soon carried to the place where our day's shooting was to commence. Putting the two dogs, "Johnnie Faa" and "Tyne" down, off they started at a slashing gait, ranging and quartering in beautiful style. Over marsh and swamp they go, when of a sudden "Tyne" dropped to a point, "Johnnie" backing handsomely. John motioned me forward, when I flushed and killed the bird, both dogs dropping to shot, and the bird was handsomely retrieved by "Tyne." This was the first blood, and gave us more encouragement for the future sport. The dogs were again ordered on, and both dashed off at a clipping gait and in good style, showing better speed and wider ranging than before, countering and quartering with a precision almost marvellous to behold, when of a sudden "Johnnie" dropped to a point with the bitch at a distant part of the field. Now it was John's time for a pull, and he flushed the bird and killed it in splendid style, both dogs down. By this time we had hunted over considerable ground, and found the birds so scarce that we concluded to try our hand on other fields. Here we found more game, and John keeping his dogs closer in hand, we succeeded in bagging quite a number, which, added to our already small store, gave us a fair bag for this season. The birds were both scarce and wild, and considerable difficulty was experienced in getting near enough to make our shooting sure. We next concluded, after taking a little rest for refreshments, to make our way homeward by a circuitous route, and try our luck along the margin of a small stream that afforded good feeding-grounds for these peripatetic fenfowls. The journey was long to me, and I was getting somewhat tired after the fatiguing walk of the forenoon, up to my knees at times in mud and water. Still I jogged on, and succeeded in getting two or three shots only the balance of the day. But I was abundantly satisfied and pleased with the working of the dogs, for I have never seen better work done by two dogs in any field. I believe I have one of the very best field bitches in the country, a native Gordon setter, somewhat celebrated about these parts, and admired by all who have shot over her, but for *rapid movements*, I am willing to acknowledge the corn that John's dogs can beat mine, but I cannot for any thing else give up my predilections for my own "Fannie."

We reached home about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, bagging nineteen as pretty snipe as ever passed human palate. After a little rest John called me again to see his dogs exercise, and the first put out were Abbess, by Afton and Faunie, and Glenfiulass, by Rob Roy and Doll. This was the team first started in the morning, and I think they are his favorites; surely they were mine. Off they scampered, and in less than a minute they were "lost to sight but to memory dear." A shrill whistle brought them in, and at the lifting of the hand, down they went as if shot. Next, Doll, by Prince and Dora, and Glengyle, by Rob Roy and Doll, were sent out, and seeing the beautiful work done by these I felt like the poet who said something like this:

"How happy would I be with either, if the other sweet charmers were away."

Ailss, by Royal and Nina, and Nellie Gray, by Afton and Nellie, concluded the trial show, and a finer lot of bitches for form, style and field work is hard to find anywhere, and I fancy some of our friends at the next Derby will have to look out sharp for their laurels if Dr. Wilson enters either of these flyers. Prince of Orange, Prince Charlie and Scottish Chief, the finest, I think, among his stud dogs, were also given a fly over the daisies, and it would be invidious in me to make comparisons where all were so fine and worked so handsomely.

We spent the evening together, talking over the prospects of State field trials, where the sportsmen of different States could come together annually and inaugurate a system of field trials for each State. This would create a new interest and bring in many who now know not the value of field trials than what they read in the sporting journals. I am sure if this was advocated by some of our leading sportsmen there would be no difficulty in getting up a field trial in our own State which would be the initiative of a more satisfactory and pleasing trial for our dogs than the great national Derby from which so many of our younger sportsmen are shut out. Now let us all pull together and inaugurate a State field trial this fall, where we can all attend and enjoy the pleasures and profitable relaxation that follow these really captivating field sports. We have an abundance of birds, any number of sportsmen, and the finest country in the world to run our dogs over. Who will take the initiative? Let us have a committee appointed, but one which will represent all classes of our citizens, and let the good work go on.

SENEX.

PET DOGS AND HOW TO TEACH THEM.

I HAVE often wondered, when seeing what trouble and care ladies take over their pet dogs, and the admiration they always express for a dog which is clever at tricks, that they do not sometimes try to teach their favorites to acquire the accomplishments they admire, and go beyond the "begging" and walking on the hind legs. Men also frequently give large sums for dogs which have been trained by professionals, but yet very few think of undertaking their education themselves. Surely it must afford much more pleasure to any one to watch the intelligent actions of an animal which have been called forth by the owner than to purchase it at a high price after its *natural* intelligence has been so cultivated.

One of the chief reasons for this, I have no doubt, is that people are too indolent to undertake what they suppose would be a wearisome task; but I think there are also many who have quite sufficient energy, but who labor under the common mistake that it is a very difficult thing to do, and that it requires a special master mind to teach and train dogs. This I hold to be an entirely erroneous idea, and am decidedly of opinion that any one who goes the right way to work, and perseveres, will succeed. As to its being a wearisome task, I have always found it the very opposite, and highly interesting and amusing, as I am sure it would be to any lover and admirer of the canine race. In the belief, then, that there are many who would like to amuse themselves by training their own dogs to perform, but who do not know exactly how to set about it, I shall now do my best to instruct them by my own experiences.

There are, undoubtedly, some kinds of dogs which are more ready to learn and of quicker intelligence than others, such as poodles and Dandie Dinmonts; but I have seen performing dogs of almost every kind, and it is possible to teach any dog of ordinary intelligence, if he be taken in time. That is one of the great essentials in all kinds of education, from the grounding of the young classical scholar or the initiation of the juvenile sportsman, to the puppy, that their instruction should be begun at an early age; in the case of the latter he should be taken in hand when between six months and a year old if possible. There is still one greater essential which is of more importance than all others, and which relates to the teacher; it is patience. Without patient, good temper comparatively nothing can be done with a young dog, and

I always made it a strict rule, when I began, that if I lost my temper over trying to teach any one trick, that particular one was to be given up as a punishment for myself. The system which must be pursued all through is "kindness tempered with severity;" and the canine law must be opposite to the human, not "whoever does wrong shall be punished," but "whoever does right must be rewarded."

Hardly ever strike your dog during his lessons, and, especially, never with the hand, which ought to be looked upon as containing rewards, and not covered away from when raised. A cuff upon the head, as I have seen given, quite drives all ideas out of it, and stupefies the owner for the rest of the lesson. The dog should be taken into a room with no other occupant but his master, as the presence of any one else always distracts the animal's attention; and it should be always in the same room, and about the same time of day, if possible, because then he knows, when you begin, that he is intended to learn. There must be a supply of dry biscuits, or something of which the pupil is especially fond, close at hand, so that at first he may receive a reward for the first sign of doing what you wish. It is important that the word by which the dog is to distinguish the particular trick which he is meant to do should be well impressed upon his mind by frequent repetitions during the lesson.

I will now point out some of the easiest and yet most amusing tricks which may be taught, and a few hints on the method of doso, and commence with the easiest tricks of all, which may be of use to some, though many people get as far as the first two or three.

SITTING UP OR BEGGING.

Sitting or begging is soon taught. Take the dog up, and sit him down in a corner of the room, so that he has his back supported by the angles of the walls, supporting him in front with the hand, saying, constantly, "Beg, beg!" After a few moments, reward him, and very soon he will come to get up into a sitting posture of his own accord; but he must not be allowed to stand on his hind legs, as most dogs try to do, but must sit down upon his hind-quarters. When he has learned to balance himself in the corner, he must be advanced to a plain wall, and then in the open room.

WALKING ON THE HIND LEGS.

Walking on the hind legs may next be taught by walking him round the room with his fore-paws resting upon your hand, a piece of biscuit being held above him with the other hand, saying, at the same time, "Walk, walk." The support of the hand must be gradually decreased until he walks alone.

SHUTTING THE DOOR.

Shutting the door is taught by placing the fore-paws of the dog, who must be standing on his hind legs, against it. Then, by pushing him forward, cause him to shut the door, saying, "Shut it!" and give him biscuit after each time it is shut. After some time, with encouragement from hand and voice, he will jump against the door and close it himself. This trick may be shown off with effect by entering a room, followed by your dog, and leaving the door open after you. Then turn round and say, "Bude dog! where are your manners? Shut it!"

SHOOTING DEAD.

Shooting dead.—Make him sit up, push him gently over on his side, stretch him out on the floor, and hold him down, saying "Dead" in an impressive voice to prevent wagging of the tail. This must be repeated until he falls "dead" from the sitting-up posture of his own accord, when it is time to begin shooting him, which is done with a pistol extemporized from your fingers thus: Extend the index finger of the left hand, pointing at your doomed canine, and holding the thumb perpendicularly in the air. Then place the tip of the index finger of the right hand inside the left thumb, and snap loudly the second finger and thumb of the right hand. This must be done at the same time as saying "Dead!" but soon the word "dead" may be dispensed with, for he will expire to the pistol alone. The great thing in this trick is to get him to fall promptly at the snap of the fingers, and not before, which he is apt to do when he knows what is coming.

GOING INTO THE CORNER.

Going into the Corner.—Place the dog in a corner of the room on his hind legs, with his nose in the angle of the walls, repeating "Corner," and make him stay there until released by word. After a little practice send him from gradually increasing distances to do the same. If he turns his head round while standing there, say sharply, "Face to the wall!" when the tone of scolding will make him turn it back again.—V. M. B. in *Live Stock Journal*.

SCHEMES FOR A DOG'S RESCUE.

INTEREST in the cast-away dog, now living on Taylor's Island, in full view of the railway Suspension Bridge, manifests itself in numerous plans for his release. On the arrival of the Atlantic and Pacific each day about noon, each day great numbers of passengers leave the trains and walk across the bridge to see the monarch dog. Many of these commence to speculate as to the best mode of rescue. The first plan proposed was that which was attributed to Mr. Clifford Kalbfleisch, the ticket agent at this place, but which we understand was really the invention of Mr. C. E. Lewis, of the customs force. It was simply this:

"After the animal has been left without food for two or three days, and is famished, a bag with a spring attached to it, and containing a piece of meat, will be let down. It is expected that when the dog seizes the meat the trap will spring upon him, and he will be drawn up in the bag to the bank above."

Some person at Raleigh, South Carolina, wants the following scheme:

"Take a small line, make a slip loop on it, cast it so as to lay the loop flat on the rock, watch closely the movements, when the dog puts a foot in the loop, draw quickly so as to fasten the foot or leg in the loop."

"A friend of the dog" writes from the Shaker Settlement, N. Y., the following:

"Take a large, deep basket, in the bottom of which put a piece of meat, lower the basket by four ropes fastened to the four corners of the basket. The dog will naturally get in the basket for the meat. Then commence hoisting the basket, and in all probability the dog will then remain quiet and not attempt to jump out, and thus be rescued."

"A disciple of Walton," who is believed to be fisherman Waldron, suggests the following novel scheme:

"It is a mistake to suppose that fish only can be caught with a hook. Take a large bass hook, bait it with fresh beef, let it down with a strong line, and when the dog grabs the beef let two men with the shore end run for the railroad track, and they will land the dog on the bank."

A humane berson suggests the following:

"Take a five pound can of dynamite, insert an electrical wire, put over the can a tube just large enough for the dog to crawl into; in bottom of tube place meat, when the dog crawls into the tube pull the wire; the dog will be blown on the bank."

A sporting man is the author of the following:

"The dog, I understand, is a bull dog which is always a fighting dog, and his late solitary life has undoubtedly increased his nerve. Attach a rope to the tail of another fighting dog and let him down to Taylor's Island, when they are clenched in deadly strife pull up on the rope. A bull dog never lets go as long as he is face to face with his adversary, as he would be in this case, so the rescuing dog would be pulled up by the tail."

The following simple plan is published in the *Daily Gazette*:

"Take a barl and bore some holes in the top and put a rope in; place some straw in the barl and carefully let it over the Cliff down on the iland. Let it stay there for a few days, and you will find that the dog will soon use it for a place to slep. Watch it, and when he has gone in some night and got to slep, carefully raise it up, and my word for it, he can be landed safely."

The above is taken from the *Suspension Bridge Journal*. An account of the dog was published in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 12.

THE NORFOLK SPANIEL.

[Reprinted from Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," furnished to the FOREST AND STREAM by the author, through the courtesy of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 739 Broadway, New York.]

THE last variety of the Springer family which we shall treat of is the Norfolk spaniel, which is a breed highly prized if met with pure, though there are, comparatively speaking, very few dogs of the variety which come under this category, as it has been very much crossed with other breeds of spaniels. Interesting as the Norfolk spaniel most undoubtedly is, there is not much in the way of pedigree for him to claim, though he is credited with having been for years a protege of the Duke of Norfolk. Formerly he was much darker in color than nowadays, for he had usually a great deal of black about him. Now the color mostly met with in dogs of this variety is liver and white, though good specimens of the black and white variety are often to be met with.

The Norfolk spaniel does not hunt mute; on the contrary, he is disposed to throw his tongue when questing; but mute hunters have occasionally been known, though their appearance is very uncommon.

Youatt in his work gives his opinion regarding the origin of the Norfolk spaniel, which may be taken for what it is worth by admirers of the breed, as he appears to have devoted but a very small portion of his time to the consideration of the spaniel family. In speaking of the Springer, in 1845, he wrote:

"From a cross with the terrier a black and tan variety was procured, which was cultivated by the late Duke of Norfolk, and thence called the Norfolk spaniel. It is larger than the common springer, and stauncher and stouter. It often forms a strong individual attachment, and is unhappy and pines away when separated from its master. It is more ill-tempered than the common springer, and if not well broken in is often exceedingly obstinate."

The above is the only theory which we can discover of the origin of the Norfolk spaniel, who unfortunately appears to have fallen into disrepute since the blacks began to appear in numbers. However, in the present day black and tan is by no means recognized as the correct color for a Norfolk spaniel. On the contrary, this dog is, when found pure, most usually a liver and white, the white spots being heavily flecked with liver, which gives him a very handsome and showy appearance. A blaze of white up the forehead adds a great deal to his beauty, and a white tip to his tail, which, as in other breeds, should be docked short, is an additional attraction, though, of course, these may only be taken as fancy markings, and would merely count as such in competition.

The Norfolk spaniel will be no mean assistance to the sportsman in pursuit of water-fowl, for he will take water readily, and retrieve well—though hard in mouth. On land he is also a very handy dog, and will face the thickest coverts pluckily, and may therefore be taken as a valuable dog, whose breeding should be encouraged by sportsmen of all denominations. He is not mute.

In appearance the Norfolk spaniel is inclined to be higher on the leg than either the Sussex or the Clumber; his head is lighter than the latter's, and he is, in short, finer all over. Although longer in his leg than these breeds he is much lighter in bone, and has been rather aptly described as a thick-made English setter. The height of a Norfolk spaniel is about nineteen inches, but owing to the frequent crosses which have been made between this breed and the Clumber and the Sussex, a great difference of height is perceptible in so-called perfectly pure-bred Norfolks. In the face of so many cross-bred spaniels, which are spread about the country and styled Norfolks by their owners, there is a considerable difficulty in giving a description of what a Norfolk spaniel should be, but the chief difference between a dog of this description and the Clumber has been given above. As regards a scale of points for judging at their club-show, the standard which is given for the black spaniel will apply almost as well to the Norfolk, as will be seen from the annexed:

STANDARD OF POINTS FOR JUDGING NORFOLK SPANIELS.

	Value.
Head	5
Ears and eyes	5
Body and chest	10
Legs and feet	5
Loins	5
Coat	5
Color and markings	5
General appearance	10
	50

PHILADELPHIA BENCH SHOW.—Mr. G. W. Smith, Secretary of the Mount Airy Kennel Club and Game Protective Association of Philadelphia, informs us that at a meeting of the organization, held at their club-room on June 6, a committee was appointed for the purpose of arranging for a bench show in the city of Brotherly Love during October next. While, of course, a show at any time is better than no show at all, yet the month of October is one in which many dogs are in the field, and therefore we should think September a more convenient season in many respects.

THE NEW YORK CITY DOG ORDINANCE.—The city ordinance regulating the ways and wanderings of the canine family of this metropolis was introduced by Alderman Morris, and adopted by the Common Council, in the latter part of the spring of 1877, and went into force in the summer following. Since that period the enormous number of 33,864 dogs have perished by asphyxiation under the law prescribing their doom, and the city has realized from the granting of licenses the sum of $42,461.

The subjoined table shows the number of dog licenses issued, the amount paid to the city and the number of dogs drowned from 1877 to 1880:

	Permits granted.	*Amount received.*	*Dogs. drowned.*
1877	12,002	$24,004	9,661
1878	5,335	6,548	7,200
1879	4,217	5,747	8,500
1880	4,311	6,162	8,503
Totals	25,865	$42,461	33,864

From May 1 of this year to June 11, 3,175 permits for keeping dogs have been granted. For every dog captured and impounded the dogcatcher gets thirty cents from the city. The number of dogs received at the pound last year was 8,862, and the number redeemed was only 83. The amount paid as rewards to catchers was $2,596.50, and the amount received for redemptions, $252. Cash disbursed for feed and sundry expenses, $322.02. Since the opening of the pound on the first of this month, 317 dogs have paid the penalty of death for their defiance of the provisions of the city ordinance regulating their rambles through the city.

From the above figuring it will be seen that but few dogs of value are ever taken to the pound, and although unquestionably many are captured, the dog catchers know a trick worth two of that.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

156. C. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.—My coon dog, eight years old, had a bad cough all winter; runs occasionally at the nose. It seems to come from his throat; it also makes him hard of hearing. Ans. The warm weather will probably cure him, if you take good care of him and feed him properly.

157. W. B., New York City.—Low diet with no meat; an occasional purge and plenty of exercise will soon reduce your bitch's fat and improve her health. Probably you were mistaken about her having been with pup.

NEW MARKET, Md., June 8, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM you give cuts of the beagles Rattler, Major and Dyke, and of Dyke you say "his weight is 20 lbs. and his spread of ears 16½ inches." Have you not made a mistake in these measurements? I have several times seen this dog belonging to Messrs. Bond and Maddux, and I feel sure that his weight is nearer 30 lbs. than 20, and his spread of ears does not exceed 14½ inches. I hardly think these gentlemen could have given these measurements, as they know they are not correct, and it must be a typographical error. MOLLIE COTTONTAIL.

[The measurements and weight of Dyke were sent us by Gen. Frank A. Bond, and we presume they are correct.—ED.]

KENNEL NOTES.

**** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Gypsy Queen—Mr. Schuyler Waldren, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Gypsy Queen for red Irish setter bitch whelped May 14, 1880, by Dan out of Maud, the property of Mr. Horace Silsby, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Princess Loo—Mr. E. Langdon Wilks, Galt, Ontario, claims the name of Princess Loo, for black, white and tan English setter bitch whelped October 19, 1880, by imported Prince of Orange out of Mr. Davidson's Doll

Garnet—Dr. J. J. Jennelle, Du Quoin, Ill., claims the name of Garnet for red Irish setter dog puppy, whelped April 5, 1881, by Elcho II. out of Doll.

Nannie—Dr. J. J. Jennelle, Du Quoin, Ill., claims the name of Nannie for Irish setter bitch puppy whelped April 5, 1881, by Elcho II. out of Doll.

Count Ringen and Blue Gown—Mr. Wm. H. Hawkins, Fall River, Mass., claims the names of Count Bingen and Blue Gown for black, white and tan setter dog puppy and black and white ticked setter bitch whelped December 5, 1880, by Blue Dan (Dash III.-Opal) out of Flake (Druid-Spring).

Kadi—Mr. Everett Smith, Portland, Me., claims the name of Kadi for red Irish setter dog puppy whelped November 13, 1880, by Cale out of Nell.

Blue Dick—Nelson D. Hatheway, M. D., Middleboro, Mass., claims the name of Blue Dick for black, white and tan setter dog puppy whelped December 5, 1880, by owner's Blue Dan (Dash III.-Opal) out of Scanlon's Flake.

Mickey Free and Biddy Muldoon—Mr. Wm. W. Castle, Portland, Maine, claims the names of Micky Free and Biddy Muldoon for red Irish setter dog and bitch puppies whelped November 13, 1880, by Cale out of Nell.

Diorado—Mr. J. Palmer O'Neil, Pittsburgh, Pa., claims the name of Diorado for his white and black setter puppy, whelped April 27, 1881, by Thunder out of Best.

Clover—Mr. H. C. Shearman, Bradford, Pa., claims the name of Clover for pointer puppy bought of Detroit Kennel Club, by King Bow out of Doi.

Ned—Mr. E. Osborn claims the name of Ned for puppy whelped April 26, 1881, by Mr. H. L. Cowell's Jocko (Heyer's Belle-One Eyed Sancho) out of his orange and white English setter Maud (Fancy-France).

BRED.

Lulu II.-Rory O'More—Mr. J. J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Lulu II. (champion Berkley-Lulu) to champion Rory O'More.

Violetter-Elcho II.—Dr. E. C. Bain's Irish setter bitch Mistletoe to Dr. J. Jennelle's (Du Quoin, Ill.) Elcho II.

Dot-Elcho II.—Mr. Solon W. Paul's (St. Louis, Mo.) Irish setter bitch Dot (champion Bob-champion Duck) to Dr. Jennelle's Elcho II.

Daisy-Dan—Mr. T. Donoghue's (La Salle, Ill.) orange and white setter bitch Daisy to Chicago Field Kennel's dog Dan, May 18.

Sting-Bonnie Boy—The Bull Dog Kennel's (Mr. John P. Barnard, Boston, Mass.) Sting to Bonnie Boy.

Judy-Bonnie Boy—The Bull Dog Kennel's Judy to Bonnie Boy.

Ruby-Dash—Mr. John P. Benard, Jr.'s (Boston, Mass.) black and tan setter bitch Ruby (champion Reuben-Nellie) to Mr. Chas. T. Brownell's Dash. 1st New York, 1881.

WHELPS.

Rhona—Mr. Edmund Orgill's pointer bitch Rhona (Snapshot-Rose) whelped June 2, nine puppies, five blue ticked and four dogs, by owner's Rocket. The dogs are lemon and white in color.

Gertrude P.—Messrs. Robert Sewell's and Chas. H. Raymond's Chesapeake Bay retriever bitch Gertrude P. whelped June 21, at Boothby Hill, Md., nine puppies, seven dogs and two bitches by same owner's Cork.

Belle of Nashville—Mr. I. Louis Valentino's (Nashville, Tenn.) black, white and tan setter bitch Belle of Nashville whelped May 25, nine puppies, four dogs and five bitches, by champion Joe, Jr.

Fay—Mr. S. Huntington's (Plainfield, N. J.) setter bitch Fay whelped June 10, 1881, six dog puppies, by Gen. Stirling's Ben.

SALES.

Garnet—Dr. J. J. Jennelle, Du Quoin, Ill., has sold the red Irish setter dog puppy Garnet (Elcho II.-Dell) to Mr. Will H. Hopps, Aurora, Ill.

Judy—Mr. T. Donoghue, La Salle, Ill., has purchased from Mr. Daniel D. Lawlor, Vernon, N. Y., the Irish water spaniel Judy (Drake-Duck), winner 2d New York, 1881.

Diana—Cortland, N. Y., June 11, 1881.—In reporting sale of cocker bitch Diana, in last number of FOREST AND STREAM, the purchaser's name given was J. Bland, which should have been J. T. Blandford, Sing Sing, N. Y. EUGENE POWERS.

Bugle No 2—Mr. Colin Cameron, of Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Mr. F. F. Dexter the beagle dog Bugle No. 2 (Knight's Sports-Blarney).

Agnes—Mr. Colin Cameron, of Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Mr. B. F. Dexter the beagle bitch Agnes (Pownall's Victor-Fanny 5th).

Miss Miggs—Mr. Colin Cameron, of Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Mr. B. F. Dexter the beagle bitch Miss Miggs (Pownall's Victor-Fanny 5th).

IMPORTED.

Taff and Nep—Mr. John F. Scholes, the well-known Toronto athlete, has imported a pair of Manchester terriers from the kennel of Mr. Christopher Whitehouse, of Birmingham. The bitch Taff, which has taken many prizes at bench shows in England, is by champion Dazzler out of Stella. The dog Nep is by Ogden's Kelly out of champion Cupid. They arrived by White Star steamship Germanic in perfect condition.

PRESENTATION.

Venus—Mr. Robt. Lenox Belknap has presented his mastiff bitch Venus (Ajax-Dido), winner 2d prize New York, 1880, puppy class, to Mr. James Lenox Banks, Jr., New York city.

See Kennel adv. of Geo. O. Goodhue, who wants to buy a first-class Pointer or Setter.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—The weekly scores of the Knickerbocker Club at 30 yards, possible 50:

J H Brown	50	G Joiner	49
M L Riggs	49	W M Farrow	48
W H Hild, Jr.	48	E Bennett	48
Col Litchfield	48	Dr Toal	47
W B Overbaugh	47	H J Callary	47
T J Dolan	47	J N Merganthaler	46
C Edgar	46	W Harington	45
G E Hall	45	H C Bonner	44

CREEDMOOR, June 8.—Off-hand individual match; professionals only handicapped; open to every body; 200 and 300 yards, 15 shots at each; any rifle; military rifles to receive two points allowance at 200 yards, and four points at 300 yards; 11 prizes, cash $50.

	200 yards.	300 yards.	Total.
T J Dolan, R S	67	61	128
F Alder, S M	63	59	125*
A. M. Inness, Bal	68	57	125
J W Mangam, S S	62	61	123
A J Howlett, S S	64	57	121
T J Donaldson, S M	53	69	121*
E E Lewis, Bal	67	52	119
E S Browe, R M	59	53	118*
N O'Donnell, Bal	64	54	118
N D Ward, Bal	65	53	118
H T Farrell, S M	53	48	107*
J J Dixon, R M	55	44	105*
W Simpson, S S	52	44	96

* Allowance given.

June 11.—"The Three-Distance" match; professionals only handicapped; open to every body; 100, 200 and 300 yards, 7 shots each dis-

tance; any rifle and position within the rules. Two entries allowed, but only the highest score to count. Winners to be determined by aggregate of best two scores of two out of the three competitions. Twenty-four cash prizes; total, $100:

	100 yards.	200 yards.	300 yards.	Total.
D F Davids	34	29	29	92
E E Lewis	34	31	27	92
A H Wickham	31	27	26	84
F J Meagher	28	24	17	69
J J James	32	21	13	66

WATERTOWN, Mass., June 10.—The Middlesex Club, of Cambridge, which boasts among its members some of the best shots of the State, met to-day at its grounds at Watertown for its regular shoot. A rotary trap was sprung for ten balls, and, notwithstanding the wind played with the little blue sphericals like toys, Mr. E. C. Gove broke ten straight, Mr. W. F. Webster following for nine, J. S. Sawyer for nine also, and Messrs. Taylor and Enoch for eight each. Mr. W. C. Story broke six and W. B. Taylor four. The shooting was capital for the day, and shows what the club can do in good weather conditions.

BOSTON, Mass., June 11.—The conditions to-day at Walnut Hill were adverse to good scores in the early part of the day. A heavy fog which nearly obscured the targets and a rain which washed the targets, spoiling the bullseye, was poor encouragement for gentlemen to purchase tickets in the several matches with the prospect of making even a fair score. The wind was northeast, uneven and coquettish, and the light poor. After 1 o'clock the fog disappeared, the light became elegant and the wind toned down to that degree that it could be controlled by the marksmen at 200 yards. The late trains brought out quite a number of riflemen and spectators, among whom was Mr. C. H. Brown, an American resident in Peru, who took great interest in the shooting, and faced the butts for three consecutive bullseyes from the shoulder with a Maynard rifle. The conditions at this time had become perfect for large scores, and when Adams, Jewell and Jackson stepped to the firing point all looked for large results, which were achieved and recorded. Each of the gentlemen opened with bullseyes, the two former inside the four-inch ring. Adams kept in the bull for seven shots, and closed for a total on the paper target for 113, beating his big score of a week ago by one point, and tieing the best scores of Jackson and Jewell. In the handicap match Mr. J. B. Fellows carried off the honors of the day on the Creedmoor target with a brilliant 47, closing with six consecutive bullseyes. Mr. Baird followed for 46 and Frye for 45.

Sharpshooters' Match (Massachusetts Target).

A C Adams	12 10 12 12 10 11 12 12 12 10	113
G M Jewell	12 12 12 12 10 10 12 10 11 11	112
W H Jackson	11 11 12 12 12 10 11 9 10 10	109
J Anson	11 11 11 12 10 10 11 11 12 10	109
M A Arthur	10 10 11 10 12 11 12 11 10 12	109
C Appleton	10 11 9 12 10 10 12 9 10 11	104
W J Harris	11 9 12 11 10 10 12 10 9 11	104
G D Curtis	11 9 10 11 10 10 12 10 8 11	101
C F Bradford	11 10 11 8 11 8 10 10 12 11	102

Handicap Match (Creedmoor Target).

J B Fellows	4 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5	47	W Gardner	4 5 4 4 4 5 4 5 4 5	43
M E Baird	4 5 5 4 5 5 4 4 5 5	46	G D Curtis	4 4 4 5 5 4 5 4 4 4	43
J N Frye	4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 5 5	45	C F Bradford	4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4	43
A C Adams	4 5 5 4 5 4 4 4 5 4	44			

BOSTON MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—The rifle matches at this gallery for the month of June are proving very popular and some fine scores have been made in the

Amateur Rifle Match.

G H Brown	44 45 45 45 46	225	Wm Bruce	45 45
N S James	41 42 43 43 44	213	S Fogg	43
B J Angell	38 40 43 43 45	209		

Amateur Pistol Match.

C Edwards	33 34 42	108	S Chase	41 43
J R Scott	35 42			

Rifle range, 150 feet; pistol range, 60 feet.

CAMDEN, N. J., June 11.—The Stockton Rifle Range Association had two matches to-day. The first was a short-range military match, open to non-commissioned officers and privates of the National Guard of Pennsylvania and New Jersey; 100 yards; weapons, Springfield B. L. rifles, .35 and .50 calibre; 2 points allowance for .50 calibre; 10 rounds, without cleaning.

A J Millette	48	1st prize	G W Coulson	*45	5th prize
B W Cloud	48	2d "	J A Davis	43	6th "
T F Rose	45	3d "	H C Irvin	37	7th "
R A Beck	*45	4th "			

G W Coulston won the competition for the champion marksman badge of 1881, making 19 at 200 yards and 17 at 500 yards; total, 36 out of possible 50.

NEW ORLEANS, June 5.—The contest for the J. M. G. Parker prize concluded to-day after several months' struggle. It was won by D. G. Gaerdner. Below are the scores made at the range of tha Louisiana Rifle Club:

	200 yards.	500 yards.
Gaerdner	4 4 3 4 4 3—25	3 3 4 4 4 3—25—51
Ahrens	2 4 3 3 2 4 3—21	2 0 2 4 2 3 4—26—47
Sandola	4 2 3 3 3 2 3—20	0 3 3 2 3 3 3—19—39
Moss	0 4 3 2 3 2 2—16	2 2 0 2 3 2 3—14—30
Reehler	2 3 2 0 3 2 2—15	0 3 0 0 4 0 2— 9—24

And another contest may soon be looked for, as a prominent friend of the Orleans artillery proposes to put up another valuable prize.

There were two matches shot to-day on the grounds of the New Orleans Gun Club. The first was a bat match, double bats, 22 yards rise, with 14 entries. Chaudet won the first prize, and killed 17 out of 20; De Buys took the second prize by a score of 15; the third prize went to Chaudet on a score of 14, and 8 straight in a tie shoot-off. The next event was a pigeon match, 7 birds, 25 yards rise, with 9 entries. First prize, Le Breton, who killed all his birds; Caisin and DaPonta divided second money, each killing six birds; Chaudet took third money on a shoot-off.

GARDNER, Mass., June 10, 1881.—The following scores were made at the last shoot at Hackmatack range by members of the Gardner Rifle Club, 200 yards, off-hand, using inch ring and Creedmoor target combined:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
I. N. Dodge	85	45	90	46	175—91
C. H. Pratt	80	44	80	43	160—87
G. F. Ellsworth	77	46	78	43	155—89
J. E. Newton	86	45	69	44	155—89
Wm. Austen	71	44	71	44	145—88
H. S. Prine	61	43	83	44	144—87
A. Matthews	62	41	80	40	142—86
C. Merritt	74	43	68	42	142—85
F. H. Knowlton	69	44	68	43	137—87
G. C. Goodale	66	41	63	43	129—84
S. B. Hildrith	63	42	61	42	123—84
C. F. Mason	64	41	55	42	117—84
C. Shumway	50	42	65	43	115—84

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 8.—The Washington Gun Club opened its second season at Ridgewood Park on this afternoon in a regular contest for a double barreled gun, valued at $100, which the members have donated as a prize to be presented to the man making the best average during the year. There are three other prizes of lesser value to be shot for monthly. The weather looked rather dubious for the sport, but notwithstanding there was a fair attendance of spectators, and the club turned out strong. Each of the competitors shot at seven birds, New York State rules, handicap rise, one barrel. The shooting was the best that the club has done since its organization, and should they keep it up there is a fair chance of the club carrying off some of the principal prizes in the Coney Island tournament. The following is the score:

	Yards.		Yards.
Kellett	23....7	Kampfmuller	21....6
Metcalf	21....7	Altenbrand	21....6
Wilson	21....7	McGill	23....5
Evans	25....7	Hedeman	23....5
Frank	25....6	De Nyse	23....5
Morgan	21....6	Armbruster	21....4
Kreuscher	21....6	Krauser	25....4
Van Sise	21....6	Zeller	21....4
Moller	21....6	Laughran	21....4
Carrick	21....6	A. Altenbrand	21....3
Malcolm	21....6	Knubel	21....1

At the close of the regular match the members and those on the ground were photographed in a group, making an excellent picture. A sweepstakes was then arranged, one dollar entrance, three birds each, ties, miss and go out. Below is the summary:

Geo. Van Syse, 6; C. Zeiller, 6; H. Altenbrand, 5; J. Evans, 4; P. Medlin, 3; F. Hedeman, 3; F. Morgan, 3; Dr. Metcalf, 3; Theodore Obig, 1.

Messrs. H. Hedeman, Thos. Kellett and John Evans have been selected as a team to represent the club at Coney Island during the State shoot.

A MEETING of the Gun clubs of Massachusetts is called for the 16th and 17th at Lynn.

A. C. GOULD, Treasurer of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, has resigned because of business engagements. J. B. Fellows is mentioned as his successor.

THE first glass-ball match of the season at Walnut Hill will be opened in about two weeks.

WINTHROP, Mass., June 7.—The weekly meet of the Schuetzen Corps at the new range at Bayside, to-day, was attended by a jolly crowd of marksmen, who, despite a troublesome southeast wind, succeeded in making excellent records, as under:

Massachusetts Target (rest).

Max	12 11 12 12 12 12 11 11 10 12	115
Willers	12 12 11 11 10 10 9 11 11 10	107
Redding	11 10 10 11 9 11 11 11 10 8	102
Barrett	9 9 6 10 10 10 10 10 12 10	97
Collins	12 10 10 6 10 9 7 12 7 8	91

BOSTON, Mass., June 8.—The weekly competition in the long-range match was shot at Walnut Hill this afternoon. The conditions were excellent. The leading scores were:

W. C. Gregory.

800 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5—75
900 yards	5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5	5—73
1000 yards	5 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5	5—72—220

F. J. Rabbeth.

800 yards	5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	4—73
900 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5—71
1000 yards	5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	0—68—212

J. F. Brown.

800 yards	5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5—74
900 yards	5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	4—73
1000 yards	5 4 4 4 2 3 3 4 3 5 5 5 5	5—61—268

MEDFORD, Mass, June 8.—The Medford Amateur Rifle Association will hold gold membership badge and silver dollar matches at Bellevue range, beginning to-day. The badge matches will be shot every Wednesday, from 1 o'clock till sunset, to close when 125 entries have been made. Distance, 200 yards; rounds, 7; rifle, any within rules; off-hand firing; Creedmoor target count; open to members only; the aggregate of five scores to count as one continuous score. Members will be handicapped on their records. The silver dollar matches open on the same date for ten prizes, ranging from one to ten hard dollars, and a general prize of $5. Distance, 200 yards; rounds, 15; rifle, any within rules; off-hand firing; Creedmoor target count; open to all comers; the aggregate of three scores to count as one continuous score. Any member making the largest score two or more days will be entitled to a chance to shoot for the general prize on the day the match closes, same rules and handicap list to be used. Members of the Medford Amateur Rifle Association will be handicapped on their records; members will be required to state the highest recorded score they have made, and will be handicapped by the directors. The opening shoots resulted as follows:

Membership Badge Match.

Teel	5 4 5 4 5 4 5—32	Richardson	4 4 5 5 4 4 4—30
Whittier	4 5 5 4 5 5 3—31	Webb	4 4 4 5 3 4 4—28

Silver Dollar Match.

Teel	5 5 4 5 4 5 4 3 5 5 4 5 4 4 5—67
Withington	4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 2 5—66
Whittier	3 5 4 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5—66
Henry	4 4 4 5 4 6 3 4 5 4 3 5 4 3 5—59
Webb	5 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4—65
Eastman	4 5 5 4 5 4 4 4 3 5 5 4 5 4 4—65
Jacobs	4 4 4 4 5 3 5 4 3 2 5 3 4 4 5—64
Whittier	4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—63
Richardson	3 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 2 5 5 5 4 4—63
Archer	4 3 5 5 4 4 5 4 4 5 5 3 4 3 4—62
Babbidge	3 5 4 4 5 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 3 4 4 3—61

ALBANY, June 9.—The dull, gray light this afternoon was especially gratifying to the riflemen, and a large number availed themselves of the favorable condition to visit Rensslaerwyck and do their best. Two matches were on the programme. The first, at 200 yards, for an imperial photograph. The match continued all the afternoon, and had seventy-six entries. Capt. Fitch succeeded in putting up a full score and was declared the winner. The leading scores were as follows:

Photograph Match—200 Yards.

Wm E Fitch, Wes S	5 5 5 5 5—25	S Baldwin, Bal S	4 5 4 5 4—22
L Geiger, R S	4 4 5 5 5—23	A Carpenter, Bal S	5 4 5 4 4—22
E Brown, Bal S	4 4 5 5 5—23	O Dexter, S S	5 5 4 4 4—22
Wm T Mills, Bal S	4 4 4 5 5—22	A Thorne, S M	4 4 4 4 5—21
H L Grant, S S	4 4 5 4 5—22	S Henry, Bal S	4 4 5 4 4—21
J Fewedt, R S	4 4 5 4 5—22	J D Peterson, Wes S	5 4 4 5 3—21
A Stalwart, Bal S	4 4 5 4 5—22	D Edwards, Bal C	4 4 4 4 2—18
James I Miles, Bal S	4 4 5 4 5—22		

During the progress of the photograph match the sixth competition in the J. E. Griswold match was shot. The match was won by Theodore Mosher, with the good score of thirty-four out of a possible thirty-five. Scores were made as follows:

F. E. Griswold Mid-Range Match—500 Yards.

Mosher, Bal S	5 5 5 5 5 4—34	Fitch, R C	4 4 4 4 4 5—30
Cheyer, R C	5 5 4 5 5 3—32	Brown, Bal S	5 4 4 5 4 5 3—30
Denison, Bal C	3 5 5 5 5 4—31	Carpenter, Bal S	5 3 5 4 4 4 3—28
Thorne, S M	5 4 5 3 5 5 4—31		

Next Thursday the Winchester match and the 200 yard life membership match will be on the programme.

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The programme for the spring meeting opening on June 16 and continuing through the 17th and 18th, provides a prize list of 600 dollars. The matches are as follows:

I. 200 yards (Directors' match), open only to directors and honorary directors; rounds, 5. Prize, Directors' gold badge, to be held by the winner for one year.

II. 200 yards (Victory Medal match), open to all comers; position, standing; rifle, any within the rules; rounds, sixty. Entry fee for members, $3; for non-members, $5. The match will be divided into two "stages" of 30 shots each. All of the shots in each "stage" must be consecutive. Prizes, 1st, Victory gold medal of the association, $75; 2d, Victory silver medal of the association, $40; 3d, Victory bronze medal of the association, $25.

III. 200 yards (Mass. target match), open to all comers; position, standing; rifle, any within the rules; rounds, 7. Entry fee, $1. Re-entries permitted at fifty cents each. Choice of prizes to be won on the aggregate of best three scores made at any time during the meeting, to be treated, in case of ties, as one continuous score, ranking according to standard rules. 10 prizes, value $80.50.

IV. 200 yards (Maynard match, Creedmoor target), conditions same as in match No. 3. Competitors using military rifles will be allowed one point on each score. Prizes, 1st, $65; 2d, $15; 3d, $12; 4th, $10; 5th, $10. 25 prizes, value $186.50.

V. 500 yards (Carton match), open to all comers; rifle and position, any within the rules; cartons to count six. Other conditions same as in match No. 3. Prizes, 1st, $28; 2d, $20; 3d, $15; 4th, $10. 9 prizes, value $90.50.

VI. 900 yards (Carton match), conditions same as in match No. 5. 1st prize, Boston Herald Cup, presented by R. M. Pulsifer & Co., $50, and 9 other prizes, value, $69.50.

Sighting shots are not allowed in any of these contests.

Bullseye practice allowed at all ranges throughout the meeting when the targets are not required for scoring.

All the matches will be called at 11 o'clock A. M. on the first day, and at 9 A. M. the two following days. All prizes will be awarded at the close of shooting on the third day.

CONLIN'S GALLERY.—The records in this gallery will be found worthy of inspection. They are very interesting, and give a good idea of the advance made toward perfection in marksmanship since 1864, as well as showing how very near perfection some of our present marksmen stand. There is some talk among the pistol shots of the gallery about getting up a match with the pistol experts of Boston, whose scores indicate that they would prove both worthy and formidable opponents. It is probable that a contest will be brought about. To give additional interest to rifle-shooting a badge will be offered to every marksman making a full score after June 13 and until further notice. All comers can participate. Conditions—rifle 22 cal., ten shots, position off-hand. There will be considerable strife among the regular patrons of the gallery to capture the first full-score badge, and a lively race is anticipated. The pistol scores made at the new gallery compare favorably with those of the late place, as will be seen by the following, possible score being 50: Dr. E. T. Marsh, 9 yds., full score; Wm. M. Chase, 12 yds., full score; W. H. Wickham, 12 yds., 49; D. A. Davis, 12 yds., 48; Col. J. J. Dunne, 12 yds., 47; J. B. Miller, 12 yds., 46; R. S. Gifford, 7 yds., 10 consecutive, ⅜ in. bullets. J. F. Duckworth scored 48 points with rifle, firing 12 shots in one minute.

HAMILTON, Canada, June 8.—An unfortunate mishap occurred to-day at the new ranges of the Victoria Rifle Club, between here and the Half-way House, Dundas road. Members of the club were engaged in practice at the 1,000-yard range, and George Margetts was firing at the target when the marker, George Jenkins, stepped in front and received the bullet, which passed through his body and, strange as it may appear, struck the bullseye, which was bespattered with blood. It has been the practice of the marker at the ranges to wave a red flag when he wishes to repaint the target, after a number of shots have been fired, or prior to examining it after the marksmen are through firing. But in this instance Jenkins neglected to wave his flag and exposed himself with the result stated. The bullet was one of Remington's 550 grains, and entered at the back below the shoulder blade, passing out about an inch below the left nipple. After looking where the ball had struck the target, and seeing that it was a bullseye, Jenkins says he felt a stinging pain as if a needle had gone through him. He then yelled to the parties at the range, for the purpose of letting them know that he had been struck, and ran down the ranges 240 or 250 yards, and as several of the marksmen approached him he fell over. He bled but little from the wound, and there has not been much internal hemorrhage. Jenkins has performed the duty of marker at the rifle ranges for nearly three years, and has always been considered a very cautious man.

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DU QUOIN, Ill., will celebrate the Fourth of July with a glass ball shooting tournament. The committee of arrangements are: J. J. Jennelle, James Jopling, C. P. Richards, Don Onstott, Jon Smith.

EAST NORWAY, Kans.—Shoot of the Norway Gun Club, twenty glass balls, from a Bogardus trap; twenty yards rise: Roots, 13; Stiles, 17; Hardy, 12; Frey, 16; Gray, 16; Stewart, 14; Heeney, 16; Lyons, 12.

BOGARDUS announces his intention of challenging, before the match, the winner of the coming Scott-Carver match for the London *Sportsman's* championship of the world cup. This cup, it will be remembered, is now in the possession of Carver, who won it with a score of 79 out of 100 at 30 yards, English rules. Bogardus has written to England to learn whether, if the cup is won by a foreigner, it can be taken out of England, or whether all matches for it must be shot in England. If the latter is the case Bogardus himself proposes to give a medal for the world championship which can be shot for in any part of the world where its holder may belong. As the rules for the *Sportsman* cup limit the weight of the gun, which must be under 8 lbs. (4 drs. powder, 1¼ oz. shot), the Captain has ordered a special Scott gun made for him which is to weigh 7¾ lbs.

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB.—Washington, D. C., June 6.—A team match shot on the grounds of the club at Eagle Park, Saturday afternoon, resulted in favor of Capt. Farnsworth's team by one ball, as shown below; Card's trap, screened, 20 yards rise:

F B Farnsworth, Capt	1111100111111110111—17
E L Mills	1111111111111111111—20
Wm Wagner	1111111111111111111—20
E S Peck	0100091101010110101—10—67
C J Stoddart, Capt	1111111010111111111—18
E M McLeod	1111111111111111111—20
C R Dufour	1111010101110101011—15
O M Ball	1111010111010111100—13—66

E.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB VS. STATEN ISLAND GUN CLUB.—New Brighton, June 11.—Match for handsome silver tankard; 5 men each club; 25 birds each man; 30 yards; 3 traps to a team; gun not to exceed 7¾ lbs. nor 12 gauge; 1¾ oz. shot. Seldom has a better lot of birds been seen to fly from the traps, and although the sky was dark and lowry, the shooting of six of the participants was exceptionally good. Of the kennel club men the first four on the list did fine work, killing 69 birds out of 80 shot at.

Westminster Kennel Club.		Staten Island Gun Club.	
Travis	1111101111111111*01—18	Gilberts	1101111011*1111111010—17
Clinton	0111111111011111111—18	Roberts	1111110001111111111—17
Thompson	1111111011111111111—19	Donalson	0101111010111111010—12
Waggaman	0111011111111111011—16	Tracy	1011001100011111010—12
Richards	0001010000100101*000—6	Minto	0100100111010101100—10
	75		68

† Both barrels used.

The grounds of the Island Club are admirably situated in a wide opening surrounded by trees; a high board fence, horse-shoe in shape, marks the boundaries at 31 yards from the traps, and the stand is well arranged for both the comfort and convenience of the shooters and lookers on. The Island club has a large list of members, many of whom are among the best shots in the vicinity of the metropolis.

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Thompson	23½ yards	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Randolph	27	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—9
Gilbert	28½	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—8
Allyn	27	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0
Minto	30	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 W
Boughton	29	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 W
Edwards	26	1 1 1 0 1 1 0 W
Thomas	26	1 1 1 1 0 1 W
Dennison	29½	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 W
Ford	26	1 0 0 1 1 0 1 W
Camp	26	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 W
Roberts	28	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 W
Tracy	28	1 1 1 0 1 0 0 W
G De Forest Grant	29	0 1 0 1 1 1 0 W
Minga	27	0 0 1 1 0 0 1 W

In the shooting off of the ties between Mr. Thompson and Mr. Randolph the former won the cup on the following score:

Thompson...29½ yds...11111111—8 Randolph...27 yds...1111111—7

For sweepstakes only:

Travis	30 yards	1111110W—6	Wagstaff	30 yards	110W —3
Jones	26	1111110W—6	Robinson	28	10001W—2
Thompson Jr.	27	11110W —5	Richards	28	0W —0
Lewis	23	1110W —3			

5. 1st prize, Boston Herald Cup, presented by R. M. Pulsifer & Co., $50, and 9 other prizes, value, $69.50.

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Thompson Jr.	27	11110W —5	Richards	28	0W —0
Lewis	23	1110W —3			

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Match between Geo. C. Luther and Edw. Mann, glass balls:

Luther.....10111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11101 11111 11111 11111 11111—48.

Mann..11111 11111 11111 11101 11101 00111 11111 11111 11111 11101—44

A short time previous to the match Mr. A. C. Luther agreed to give his son George $100 if he broke 50 balls straight; $75 if he broke 49 balls, and $50 if he broke 48 balls; therefore, according to his agreement, he gave his son $50 for his score of 48 balls.

NEWARK, N. Y.—Match between Geo. Luther and Wm. Mills; glass balls:

Luther.....11111 11111 01111 11111 01111 11111 11111 11101 10110 11111 11110 10011 01011 11111 10111 11111 11111 01011 11110 11111—87.

Miller.....11010 11111 11110 11110 11001 11010 10111 11010 10111 01111 01101 11001 11011 11001 01111 11111 11111 11111—77.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 10.—A pigeon match was shot June 8 for a very fine Scott gun. Conditions—10 birds, 21 yards rise, plunge traps Messrs. E. L. Mills and Wm. Wagner of Washington, D. C., came over and participated in the shooting, Mr. Wagner carrying off the gun on the remarkable score of 55 straight. Finer shooting was never displayed before the traps in this vicinity than was witnessed in this contest, Mr. Wagner, including five birds shot for practice, killing sixty birds straight, Mr. Ritter 57, and Mr. Mills 43 straight, or a total by the three men of 159 birds without a miss. Has this score ever been beaten by any three men in a single contest? The birds were selected by an experienced man from coops containing about 300, care being taken to get them all of a color and as strong as possible, to make it as even for the shooters as possible. Following are the scores:

Wertsner	1 1 1 0 w — 3
Ritter	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 — 8
Mills	0 1 1 1 w
Kell	1 0 1 1 w
Sell	1 0 0 1 w
Wagner	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 — 10
Ritter (re-entry)	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 — 10
Wertsner (re-entry)	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 — 9
Coulson	1 1 1 1 0 — 4
Mills (re-entry)	0 1 1 1 — 3
Mills (re-entry)	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 — 10

Messrs. Wagner and Ritter tied on five straight eight times, Mills going out with four on sixth shoot off, and Ritter with four on ninth shoot off, Wagner killing his five straight.

BUFFALO, June 9.—The Audubons of this city went to Bradord, Pa., to-day to shoot a return team match with the Bradford Club. They shot and below is the score:

Audubon.		Bradford.	
Smith	1011110111—8	Kerstetter, J	1111111111—10
Taylor	1001110011—6	Black	1111101111—9
Fisher	1011101111—8	George	1011101111—8
Strong	1011110110—7	Corant	1011010110—6
Dowas	1111111111—10	Yelton	1110111111—9
De Wolf	1110011010—6	McKevitt	1111111110—9
M'Shultz	1111111110—9	Wilson	1111011111—9
Heinhold	1111110110—8	Drake	1111101011—8
Franklin, Jr	0111111111—9	Bradley	1111111110—9
Anchow	1001111011—7	Linsman, C E	1111111110—9
Rafferty	1111010101—7	Denman	1101111110—8
Dingens	1111011110—8	Green	0111111111—9
Vine	1001101111—7	Parks	1111111111—10
	103		114

MR. HASKELL'S FEAT.—Mr. Jno. C. Haskell, the City Engineer, of Lynn, Mass., undertook on Decoration Day to break 500 glass balls inside of 25m. 15s. Mr. Haskell is a member of the Lynn Central Shooting Club, and is well known as a crack shot. The conditions of the match were that Mr. Haskell should expend Bogardus' best time—28 minutes 13 seconds—for breaking 500 glass balls, thrown from two Bogardus' traps, 15 yards rise, traps twelve feet apart; balls broken in air to count; Haskell to load his own gun. At the time announced for the match the heat was simply intense. Before Mr. Haskell began his great attempt, Capt. Bogardus announced that Mr. Haskell's manner of loading was not the same as his own. He claimed that he took the cartridges from the box himself, while Mr. Haskell had an assistant place them in the barrels for him, but he said that if Mr. Haskell accomplished the feat he would make a match with him at some future time. Mr. Haskell then broke seventy-eight balls without a miss, and missed only fourteen balls during the match. He used four double-barreled Parker guns. In the first half of the time he broke only 250 balls, but after that he increased the number of shots per minute very rapidly. The excitement was at its highest heat when he was on the last fifty. What his success was may be seen from the score—500 glass balls in 24 minutes 2 seconds.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 9.—The 1,000 ball team match for $500 a side was contested at Lakeside Park this afternoon in the presence of between 500 and 600 people. The match was shot over the Card traps, the men coming to the score in squads of ten men—five of each team—each round being ten balls. Dixie Dadin acted as official scorer and caller, a position which he filled to the entire satisfaction of the competing team. The following was the score of the match:

Onondaga County Team.							
	1st round.	2d round.	3d round.	4th round.	5th round.	Ti.	
Hudson	6	8	8	5	6	33	
Halloway	7	7	6	10	6	36	
Mann	7	9	9	9	10	44	
Denison	4	7	7	6	4	28	
Larned	7	10	8	8	6	39	
Luther	10	7	9	9	9	44	
Drury	7	10	8	7	8	40	
Lefever	8	9	9	9	6	41	
Parker	5	6	6	5	5	27	
Prettie	5	5	8	7	7	32	
Team total						364	
Average						36 2-5	
Wayne County Team.							
Griswold	4	8	5	4	6	27	
Barrett	7	7	8	9	8	39	
Melvin	8	6	3	9	8	34	
Gavitt	7	9	8	9	9	42	
Westphall	6	7	6	8	5	32	
Brock	5	8	9	6	6	28	
Hoy	3	7	6	5	8	30	
Miles	4	6	6	6	8	26	
Hale	8	8	10	7	8	41	
Hotchkiss	8	9	10	7	7	41	
Team total						352	
Average						35 1-5	

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 9.—The opening shoot of the Genesee Sportsmen's Club was held on the river flats below Vincent place bridge, this afternoon. The first contest was at glass balls, 18 yards rise, 10 balls:

H. B. Hooker	8	H. Andrews	8	W. J. Babcock	4	R. Gardiner	8
H. P. Fleischer	7	John Norton	6	C. Goetzman	6	A. Evershed	10
J. Sherry	8	J. Reisinger	8	F. Chaffy	7	G. Green	7
A. Morris	9	J. H. Brown	9	Wm. M. Richmond	7	W. A. Lyon	9

Ties of nine were shot off at 21 yards rise:

Morris	1 0 0 —1	Lyon	1 0 0 —1
Brown	1 1 0 1 1—4		

The ties of eight, which were next shot off, evoked the most exciting sport of the day, J. H. Andrews winning after a very hot contest:

Hooker	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—15
Andrews	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—16
Gardiner	0 1 1 — 2
Sherry	0 0 0 — 0
Reisinger	1 1 0 — 2

The next contest was a sweepstake, open to all, 21 yards, at 5 smoke balls:

Youngs, 4; Lyon, 1; Fletscher, 2; Green, 5; Weighell, 3; Gardiner, 1; Reisinger, 2; Hooker 5; Andrews, 5; Redmond, 3; Richmond, 5; Evershed, 4; Norton, 1; Chaffy, 4; King, 4.

Ties of Five—Twenty-six yards rise.

Green	1 0 —1	Andrews	1 0 —1
Hooker	0 —0	Richmond	1 1 —2

Ties of Four.

Youngs	1 1 1—3	King	1 0 —1
Evershed	1 1 1—3		

Ties of Three.

Weighell	0 —0	Chaffy	0 —0
Redmond	1 1 1—3		

While the shooting was in progress, the club held a special business meeting on the grounds, Mr. Crouch presiding. It was voted that the club enter for the State Sportsmen's shoot, if it be deemed advisable by the delegates; also that the delegates select the shooters.

BROOKFIELD, Mass., June 10.—The Sportsmen's Club have been trying their hand at breaking balls thrown by their new Holden trap. The record made is as follows:

Mathewson	11110 01111 11111 11110—17
Herrschler	11010 11000 01011 11001—12
Shepard	01011 11010 01110 11100—11
Moulton	01100 00001 01111 11110—11
Crosby	10111 01000 11001 00111—11
Whittemore	11010 00010 00001 01001 — 7
Twichell	01101 00010 01100 00000— 5

RAYMOND SPORTSMAN'S CLUB—June 10.—The spring meeting of the above club and the State Glass Ball Association occurs June 16, 17, at Oak Island, Revere Beach. The first event is an individual association gold badge match, open to members of the association, entry $1, fifteen-ball shoot, eight from Card and seven from Holden trap; prizes, badge and 40 per cent. of entries to be first, 30 per cent. for second, 20 for third and 10 for fourth. The second event is the subscription match for class No. 1; classifications determined by committee; entrance, $1.50; open to members of association; prizes pro rata of entries; all from Holden trap. The third event is a match similar to the above for class No. 2, shooting each ten balls from the Card trap. The fourth is an all-comers' subscription match; five pair double balls from Bogardus trap. The fifth is an all-comers' veteran match for all above fifty years of age; five balls from Holden, five from Card trap. The sixth is a juvenile match for all boys under 15 years; from Card trap; open to all members of the association. The eighth is an association team gold badge match, open to one team from each club of the association of five men. The ninth and tenth are association shoots for donated prizes, with valuable prizes, ten balls from Card trap. The eleventh is a consolation match for those who have not won a prize during the meet and shot in at least two matches. The twelfth is an officers' match, open to the president and vice-presidents, secretary and directors. The club held its regular weekly shoot to-day. The day proved cold and the conditions unfavorable. The club, however, turned out large numbers and the shooting was capital. Among the clubs represented was Winchester, Merry Mount, Lynn, Malden and New Hampshire clubs. The detail shooting is as follows, from a Holder trap, twenty balls: F. Johnson, 18; G. Mouk, 17; C. Stark, 16; C. F. Jordan, 15; H. May, 15; G. B. Blanchard, 15; H Dutton, 14; H. Motmoyer, 13; W. Waterman, 13; D. H. Moore, 13; E. M. Bagley, 13; H. S. Brookings, 13; C. H. Harkins, 13; F. H. Raymond, 11; F. Symmes, 11; J. A. Dill, 11; E. C. Quincy, 11; F. C. Blanche, 11.

WEBSTER, Mass., June 9.—At the recent shoot of the Rod and Gun Club, the weather light and ground was excellent. The following scores were made. Ten balls each: A. Lowdrich, 9; H. Butterfield, 8; T. Bigelow, 8; C. Powers, 7; R. Todd, 5; W. Tanner, 3; V. Conant, 8; H. Bates, 8; E. Smith, 8; E. Rich, 8; C. Gerber, 5; W. Haven, 2; A. Keebort, 1. This match was followed by a contest by sides, ten balls each. The following was the result: T. Bigelow, 8; E. Smith, 8; Y. Conant, 6; W. Haven, 5; C. Gerber, 2. Total, 29. C. Powers, 7; H. Bates, 10; R. Todd, 8; S. Davis, 7; A. E. Klebart, 1. Total, 39.

Hop Bitters strengthens, builds up and cures continually, from the first dose.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

June 18.—Dorchester Y. C. Nahant regatta.
June 18.—Seawanhaka Y. C. Corinthian races.
June 20.—East River Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 20.—Quaker City Y. C. Steamer regatta.
June 20.—Yonkers Y. C. Annual Regatta
June 23.—Jersey City Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 23.—Nautilus Y. C. Annual regatta.
June 25.—New York Canoe Club. Annual Regatta.
June 24.—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor cruise.

SAILING RULES.

NOW that the racing season is under way and promises to be brisk, the committees are engaged in drawing up codes of rules to be observed at the matches under their charge. All our codes owe their origin to the sailing rules of the New York Y. C., being more or less copies of the latter passed around from club to club and moulded according to local customs and exigencies. These modifications, and even alterations, have become in time so numerous and radical that the rules floating about at the service of the general public are extremely lax, incomplete and sometimes actually erroneous in conception. The original source itself was and still is open to similar exceptions, though to a less degree, for the New York Y. C., many years ago, had only the Royal Yacht Squadron of England for its guide. Their rules, with the imperfections of the day, were imported and have ever since served as the basis upon which we have all built. Since then racing in England has developed with great strides from its infancy into a full-grown sport, carried on with the system and detail of a regular business by thoroughly-trained sailors. The old rules underwent modifications and additions, as experience proved to be necessary, until now the code adopted by the Yacht-Racing Association of England represents the most matured and equitable collection, deduced from long years of practice, during which almost all possible phases of a race requiring regulation or admitting of dispute have been settled by the most competent authorities into fixed principles, receiving the general indorsement of yachtsmen and clubs throughout Europe. As a biting and trustworthy guide to us in America we are right in referring to the Y. R. A. sailing rules as the best compilation upon which our clubs can build to advantage, in place of the less thoroughly digested and rather one-sided matter on hand, of even the New York Y. C. In giving this advice to sailing committees we hope to meet in advance the flippant charge of "Anglophobia" upon the grounds of recommending the best, whether born in England, China or among the Zulus. The time has long passed when our readers will save us from the vulgar hue and cry so often raised by curbstone patriots against those who choose to search for the best wherever it is to be found and refuse to accept as final the standards of narrow-minded men unable to see further than their nose and incapable of separating the great traits of the world from the petty political jealousies of the day. The English have simply had a hundred times as much experience in yacht racing as we in America. Their rules ought to be and are, in consequence, more complete and reliable than our own. Common sense therefore dictates a reference to English rules, unless we prefer to let years roll by until a similar amount of relevant material has been gathered and digested on this side of the Atlantic, thereby sacrificing the racing yachtsman's peace of mind for a long period to come, lest the forced solidarity of the patriot for his flag be ruffled by looking across the water for what he has not got at home.

Making use of Y. R. A. rules as a foundation upon which to build ensures a complete covering of the field in the most advantageous way to competitors and in the next. It is an easy matter to modify such paragraphs as are not applicable to local customs, waters or types of boats as our own experience dictates. Then we will have nearly perfect regulations, which can be readily referred to in a single line on regatta advertisements and which will gradually produce uniformity all the country over. They will save considerable useless printing, much racking of brains to judges and committees, much dispute and a perturbed state of mind to those yachtsmen desirous of "making the most" out of their yachts while sort of rules they are sailing under. They will produce order out of chaos and furnish a standard often above the best possible productions of local or extemporized authorities. They will serve to lift yacht racing out of its babyhood and give it national dignity at least in one respect. To formulate acceptable rules was one of the labors we wished to see accomplished by the National Yachting Association of America, fairly set upon its legs a year or more ago. Unfortunately, the association was unequal to its task and "petered out" in a "day regatta." Managers, patriots have none but themselves to blame if we now ask their cooperation in reviewing our sailing rules through another medium entirely.

The Y. R. A. of England publishes a pamphlet containing their rules in detail. It is not to be had in America except by ordering from abroad. The publishers are Harrison & Sons, St. Martin's Lane, London, and the price not over $1. The same rules have been reprinted in Hamersly's Naval Encyclopedia, L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philadelphia; price, $10. Last year the Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, finding their old rules not explicit enough and not covering all prominent cases of dispute, resolved upon revising the work. For this purpose the Y. R. A. book was sent them, enabling them to compile intelligently just what they needed. The result now lies before us and, believing their new rules to be the most complete and concise in America, we reproduce them next week as a guide for all the junior clubs sailing open boats, as well as for the use of provincial committees in charge of regattas, subject of course to the minor changes necessary to conform to the requirements of each locality.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

AFTER the extensive preparations made for the regular annual "Regatta" of the club, June 11, it was a little disappointing that the wind gave out, especially after opening the morning with so much promise, that the small sea yachts did not venture outside of Sandy Hook for a spin down to the lock and back. But for this the club is not to blame, and that a very good fleet as well as numerous spectators should have turned out on a stormy looking morning was something like satisfaction to the members, for it proved that the club is not lacking in good material. Interest centered in the larger craft, as before racing was promised, and Class C was invested with a sort of international import, for both Gracie and Mischief must be considered very likely candidates for sailing against the coming Canadian in fall. Among the sloops of Class B, the new Eclipse had not yet put in an appearance, Sunita failed to hoist fighting colors, and so Regina had a sure thing of it with nothing but Pirate to tackle, as the old time Dolphin did not start. In the next class below there was no show for a good race, Lizzie L having to sail to herself, Sarah Genin and Regina being famous for speed, Amelia not being especially remarkable either, while these and Caprice suffered from being so much smaller, the latter being in addition handicapped with the yawl rig. This rig is exceedingly good for easy cruising as compared to schooners, but every-day experience has proved, to class her with sloops is out of the question. She sailed with them in this race, not expecting any wonderful increase of speed, but simply to try the exact value of the yawl alongside of boats she has previously sailed with, and in comparison with whom her speed is known. Her owner wants to get the gauge of her, and does not in any way claim her to be fast, for he knows very well that even as a sloop she had no chance with the ships met last Saturday any more than she has now. Pilot, Corinne and their lot unfortunately thought best not to sail. These little cabin yachts ought to be encouraged, now that the club has a fine harbor, and we hope that before long they will be sufficiently numerous to compel setting apart a special day for their benefit. Expensive excursion steamers are not requisite for the objects in view, and no more than a volunteer service for judges or regatta committee, bringing the expenses down to nothing more than prizes. It is always a mistake to sail small yachts the same day with the large ones. Interest in them is completely swamped in the doings of more prepossessing craft, nor can their movements over the course be properly followed from the judges' steamer, which has to race off to time the rest of the fleet at other marks. Small yachts are deserving of as much consideration as large ones; in fact, the latter can take pretty good care of their own interests, and the object of the club should be all they can to foster the development of the "School for the Sailor," represented by small cabin yachts with fixed ballast. There is as yet a very noticeable absence of such craft in New York compared to other seaports, and this is owing largely to the fact that they receive little consideration where most should be expected. Hence, many would-be Corinthians are driven into clubs countenancing open boats and sandbags, and the numbers of these and their influence are increased instead of diminishing as seems more preferable to us. In time, it is likely that small cabin yachts will organize a club for their own benefit, and that club is certain to grow popular and command a fleet by the hundred.

For the races, June 11, the start was a flying one, but thoroughly spoiled by the ten minutes provision. All classes were started together, and confusion in signals avoided. The course has been altered from last year's custom by omitting to round the Spit, passing direct out to sea and rounding the Scotland, then the Sandy Hook lightship, the small sloop only to round the Scotland, and the little schooners only the mark of the Hook. Time of race was limited to 10 hours, any one yacht arriving home in that period to make it a race for all hands. Besides regular club prizes, the Livingston Memorial was to be awarded to first sloop home in Regina's class. Of the sailing little is to be said, as it was only a processional outing when the wind failed, and kinks went down as the flood began to make. Among the small schooners, a class seemingly becoming very popular and quite unlike the pretensions of the Atlantic Y. C., we noticed Lotus, a very pretty, tidy, little craft, and kept ship-shape and Bristol fashion, as is the wish of the well-known Herreshoff stamp about her. In speaking of Triton, another of his productions, Mr. Herreshoff always told us that his best schooner would have a trifle less flare, an idea he has carried out in altering his model, and as a result Lotus has no handsome a bow as she could wish to look at. Her canvas certainly has a smarter cut to it than what we turn out in New York. Sails have plenty of head, and gaffs peak well with the stays. It looks as though cut to the dimensions of a fitted draughtsman, and not by rule-of-rule, pin-of-pin case, producing hideous rigs with booms sagging, nigger heels, narrow heads and not the slightest trace of "style." Many well-known yachts we might mention subject to such exceptions, but Lotus has a pretty rig, and sailmakers at home might learn a thing or two from the cut of her jib, which she started to carry under way. Her owner, Mr. W. A. Cole, is not "a racing man," as the phrase goes, and his yacht is overpowered by Triton, otherwise she might hope to score oftener than likely. As it is she is rather more than a match for the rest of her lot, and would always show well so smartly and in such good form that she must be counted a tough customer while in present hands. Madcap, originally of Eastern import, we believe, has been much improved since last year both in looks and sailing. She showed good form all day, and when the wind failed was well up to the van.

Among the large schooners, the way Crusader left Atalanta took us a little by surprise, and it was rather agreeable to find such a whooping-hush-decked ship a Mr. Maxwell's. Crusader has no handsome

them, Gracie leading by a few lengths. The rest of the match between them has already been given above. The rear guard never got to the Hook even. Lizzie L. hugging the shore got through, and finally rounded the Scotland, and ,was off home with things her own way. The rest of the fleet came to anchor for a couple of hours, then hove up, drifted about and put helm up with the flood, disgusted. A few stuck to it, however, and when the southerly wind at last freshened across they went along trimmed down at a merry speed, rounded and were off for home in good style. Under the circumstances the "times" of the yachts have little value, not being an index to relative performance. For reference a summary is appended. The starters were:

CLASS A.—SCHOONERS.

Atalanta, Vice-Commodore Vermilye, 90 feet 4 inches; Clytie, A. P. Stokes, 81 feet 2 inches; Crusader, J. Rogers Maxwell, 87 feet 7 inches. Fleetwing, R. S. Elliott, was entered, but could not be got off the dock in time.

CLASS B.—SLOOPS.

Agnes, Commodore L. A. Fish, 57 feet 5½ inches; Triton, G. A. Thayer, 64 feet 4½ inches; Lotus, W. A. Cole, 60 feet 3 inches; Madcap, F. W. Shaw, 45 feet ½ inch; Sunshine, William Peet, 47 feet 11 inches.

CLASS C.—SLOOPS.

Gracie, C. R. Flint, 75 feet 2 inches; Mischief, Jos. R. Busk, 61 feet. Coming did not sail.

CLASS D.—SLOOPS.

Regina, W. A. W. Stewart, 49 feet 4 inches; Pirate, T. A. Howell, 45 feet 5½ inches. The Fanita and Dolphin did not start.

CLASS E.—SLOOPS.

Genia, T. A. Fiske, 40 feet 10 inches; Caprice (yawl), David Williams, 34 feet 7 inches; Lizzie L., J. G. Johnson, M. D., 43 feet 9½ inches; Amelia, Stephen Loomis, 40 feet 4½ inches; Kelpie, J. N. Winslow, 42 feet ½ inch.

The start was made as under:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Lotus	10	49	41	Caprice	10	58	55
Triton	10	52	25	Gracie	10	54	52
Madcap	10	53	49	Lizzie L	10	59	17
Crusader	10	53	53	Pirate	11	00	00
Agnes	10	53	58	Amelia	11	01	30
Atalanta	10	56	09	Regina	11	01	45
Clytie	10	57	00	Genia	11	02	29
Sunshine	10	57	43	Kelpie	11	06	05
Mischief	10	58	07				

Sandy Hook was passed:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Gracie	12	38	23	Lizzie L	12	49	50
Mischief	12	39	11	Pirate	12	50	00
Regina	12	45	42	Agnes	12	51	08
Crusader	12	48	04	Genia	12	54	00
Clytie	12	46	32	Madcap	12	55	26
Lotus	12	46	40	Atalanta	12	56	58
Triton	12	47	08	Kelpie	1	00	18

The Scotland lightship was passed by Mischief at 1.41.24, Gracie at 1.42.37, Triton at 1.43.37, then Crusader and Lotus, the rest having given up. The outer mark, the Sandy Hook lightship, was rounded at:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Mischief	5	45	12	Regina	6	13	45
Gracie	5	58	43	Crusader	6	21	20
Triton	6	13	03	Lotus	6	28	40

In class A, Crusader wins; in class B, Triton; in class C, Mischief; in class D, Regina, baking also the Livingston Memorial: in class E, Lizzie L.

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.

IT is always a pleasure to publish anything concerning this club. They deserve the good will of all having the best interests of sailing at heart. The club is wide awake, has its special mission, is prosperous, and is a thoroughly businesslike organization, composed of the best amateur talent in the country, and containing a long string of names closely identified with the furtherance of some praiseworthy feature of the sport, to the instruction and advantage of the whole community. Among other details, the S. Y. C. is one of the few displaying a sufficient mastery of good English not to misuse the word "regatta" in their circulars, but adhere to the correct words, "race," or "match." In reality the term "regatta" has no more application to a sailing match than to a trotting race, and it is only in deference to the official sanction of the word "regatta" on club circulars that such an inappropriate and rather verdant designation has been followed in these columns. The Eleventh Annual Corinthian races of the Seawanhaka Y. C. have been fixed for Saturday, June 18. They will be governed by the subjoined rules, issued by the committe, Messrs. Jas. H. Elliot, C. Wyllys Betts, Louis P. Bayard, Robert Center and Girard Foster.

The attention of several clubs, having made inquiry of us for such rules, is especially directed to the following:

The Seawanhaka Yacht Club offers prizes for a Corinthian race, to be sailed over the Club course, in New York Bay, on Saturday, June 18, 1881, by second class schooners, first, second, third and fourth class sloops. Classification will be governed as follows:

The race will be open to yachts of the New York, Atlantic, Eastern and New Bedford Yacht Clubs, and will be governed by the sailing regulations and time allowances, and under the direction of the Regatta Committee of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club.

The committee hope that yacht owners and members of clubs will continue to encourage this most enjoyable and instructive kind of racing. The classification is especially favorable to a fair race among the smaller yachts, and a numerous entry is invited.

Five prizes are offered, as the class in which a two or more yachts start, and personal prizes to each member of the winning crews.

Classification.—Schooners—2d class: All whose area is 1,950 square feet or less. Value of prize, $150.

Cabin Sloops—1st class: Those whose area is greater than 900 square feet. Value of prize, $100.

2d Class: Those whose area is 900 square feet or less, and greater than 650 square feet. Value of prize, $100.

3d Class: Those whose area is 650 square feet or less and greater than 350 square feet. Value of prize, $35.

4th Class: Those whose area is 350 square feet or less. Value of prize, $25.

Rules for Measurement.—Add the length over all to the length on the water line, and divide the sum so obtained by 2; this will give the *mean length* of the yacht. Multiply the *mean length* and the *extreme beam* together, and the result will give the *area* in square feet.

Length over all will be measured from the after end of the plank sheer at the middle of the stern to a point perpendicular to the forward end of the load water line at the upper line of the plankskeer, or a point corresponding thereto, if the plankskeer does not extend so far.

Entries.—Entries must be made in writing, addressed to the Regatta Committee, and filed with the Secretary of the Club, O. E. Cromwell, 34 Liberty street, Room 4, by 5 o'clock P. M., on June 16, accompanied by the measurement of the yacht certified according to Seawanhaka rules, certified to by the measurer of the club from which she enters, or by her owner, together with a list of the proposed crew, their several occupations and addresses.

Protests.—All protests must be made in writing and handed to the Regatta Committee before 6 P. M. of the day succeeding the regatta.

If the measurement of a yacht be called in question by protest, she will be remeasured by the measurer of this club and his report will be final, and the measurer shall collect the usual fee,

30, and the subsequent match for July 2. The Silence is 27 ft. 1 in. long, was built in 1880 by Lennox, South Brooklyn. She is, therefore, comparatively a new boat without a long record. In model she is much like the Susie S., though a few inches deeper. She is a fairly smart boat, but owes much of her reputation to the manner in which she has been tooled by Capt. Smith. The race with the Southern flyers promises to be close. The *Sun* says that "Sam" Greenwood will tend mainsheet, and "Charley" Smith, brother of the owner, will be jib sheet man and "Luke" Welsh will give the cue to the sandbag brigade. It is said that the Southerners will pay expenses home if the visitor fails to score. Certainly the New Orleans yachtsman have shown a wonderful liberality and even generosity in the matter.

BIG CUTTERS.—Boston is to have an 80 ft. cutter, and a correspondent thinks the honor of owning the first big one of the kind will likely belong to the East unless the contemplated hundred tonners in New York are put in hand soon. It is no longer a mystery why there should be a "cutter craze" as the old school puts it. Yachtsmen are becoming sailors, and sailors want something more than overgrown, unmanageable, over-rigged, capsizable toys. It is moderate form, keels and outside ballast, double-head sail, low rig and housing topmasts, flush decks and man-of-war smartness they want, and they find this all in the cutter of fair beam; hence the "craze" introduced by FOREST AND STREAM is bearing fruit in able, safe and honest ships all along the coast. Contemporaries will in due time swing around in tow. They are up in the wind even now.

LAKE GEORGE MEET.—It will be a big fleet of canoes at the meet on Lake George in August. Already the freight agent at Glen's Falls has received notice of thirty canoes on their way by rail to the lake. If canoeists will continue to "pool their issues" in the same generous manner they did last year, the August meeting will give such prominence to the sport that a very appreciable accession to the ranks of paddlers will be the result. Canoeing ought to be the most popular sport in America, for we have creeks, rivers, lakes, ponds and canals all over the country for local work, and interlaced systems of communication by water offering thousands of miles of the picturesque, civilized and wild, to those on cruising bent.

CLEVELAND YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual regatta open to all yachts of the chain of lakes will be sailed Monday, July 4. In the first class there will be two prizes and a flag; in second class, three prizes and a flag; in third, three prizes and a flag. The first class yachts will sail for the Gardner Challenge Cup, now held by the Cygnet, of Buffalo. In the second class, a cup will be offered, which shall become the final property of the yacht winning it in three regattas. Entries should be sent to the club rooms, 345 Superior street, Cleveland.—KRAVSE.

GOOD.—Chalk a big, very big, mark for the Dorchester Y. C. In their ocean matches, June 18, the start will be simultaneous. The start will count from the final gun, and it will be the business of the yachts to get across the line as smartly as they know how, all their "times" being counted from gun fire. Abolishing the ten minute period of grace is something we have all along insisted upon, and so to the Dorchester Y. C. belongs the credit of inaugurating this new reform. Now, who will follow in New York?

THE CUTTER FLEET.—Of the three new cutters added to the Boston fleet, the South Boston *Inquirer* says: "Mr. Cabot's new cutter, sister boat to Mr. Burgess' cutter Moya, is out of the house at Lawley's, and rapidly approaching completion. Mr. Forbes's cutter Mavis is in the dock receiving her spars and rigging; she is not much smaller than the other cutters, and if the Moya is to be taken as a criterion, although odd looking, they will prove fast and able sea boats, and reflect credit on the builders and designer.

PORTLAND YACHT CLUB.—Of the eleven schooners in the club, every one is a keel. Of the fifteen sloops, nine are keels. The club has besides one cutter, two cats and one catamaran. Keels are evidently carrying the day everywhere outside of New York harbor and shoal, land-locked bays. Wherever yachts have the chance to develop, unhindered by purely local topography, the keel is driving out the board, facts which correspond with the teachings of these columns.

BRENDA.—This schooner, E. Y. C., has had a 15 in keel added, through which the centreboard will drop. The work was done by Harrington, of Bath, Me.

Nothing purifies and enriches the blood and destroys all poisons in the system like Hop Bitters.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

J. W. B., Pittston, Pa.—You can probably get the birds of Miles Johnson.

M. L. A., Yonkers.—Your rifle will be improved by the reduction of the pull and by substitution of the combination sight.

H. M., Hennepin Co., Minn.—Your rifle can be altered. For cost write to the manufacturers. See their address in our advertising columns.

CRICKETER.—This paper ceased to publish records of the game of cricket last autumn. Address Mr. O. A. Knipe, editor *American Cricketer*, Phila., and he will send you a sample copy of his paper.

W. H. H.—There was no bench show for dogs held in this city in 1870. The first show was held in 1877 under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club. No imported English setter dogs named Ben and Daisy won at that show.

W. B., Wellsville, N. Y.—3. See extract from Greener's new book in our issue of June 2 for oil for your rifle. 2. Do you want the skins tanned with hair on or not? 3. For game law see last issue of this paper and the current number.

H. W. M., Cincinnati.—It is safe to shoot buckshot in your gun. Chamber them carefully. If your gun is a choke-bore you must chamber them in the choke, which you can do by driving a wad down from the muzzle and chambering on that to determine the correct number.

A. B. A., Orono, Maine.—Will you kindly inform me what provision the New York dog law makes for the sporting dogs of gentlemen who wish to stop a few days in the city when passing through it? Also, what provision is made in the Boston dog law? Ans. The laws of New York and Boston make no provision to cover your case; only the dogs that are found running at large are seized. If you carefully keep your dogs housed and have them on chain while passing through the cities named you will have no trouble whatever.

P. F., Rosemount, Dundrum, Dublin, Ireland.—Following are some of the references which you request. *Philomachus pugnax* is reported as having been captured in North America by Nuttall in Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada, Vol. II, p. 131; by Cassin, in Baird, Cassin and Lawrence, Birds of N. A. (Ninth Volume Pacific R. R. Exploration and Survey) p. 737; by Lawrence in Annals Lyceum of Nat. Hist., N. Y. 1852, p. 229; by Brewster in American *Naturalist* Vol. VI, p. 306, and by Brewster *Bulletin* Nutt. Orn. Club Vol. I, p. 24, April, 1876; by Wheaton in *Bulletin* Nuttall Ornithological Club, Vol. II, p. 83, July, 1877.

H. F. S., Brooklyn.—1. The English *Live Stock Journal*, the English *Stock Keeper* and the *Poultry World*, published by Stoddard in Hartford, Conn., will be the best papers for your uncle in Germany. 2. For cocker spaniel pup write to the breeders who advertise in our columns. 3. You must decide what you want for yourself. One is as good as another. Read our Kennel department. It would take a page to answer your dog questions exhaustively. 4. Go into one of the pistol galleries and examine the weapons there. Then select such a one as you find suited to yourself. 5. We know nothing of the pedigree of the dog, but have seen some very high testimonials as to the dogs sold by the dealer.

E. E. M., Charlemont, Va.—1. My fox terrier bitch, three years old, and her puppy, one year old, every four or five days refuse food, but eat a good deal of grass and then pass blood and thick white-looking stuff. They are both in good order and are otherwise healthy. Their food is corn bread and table scraps. Lately I have mixed sulphur with their bread, but it did not seem to do them much good. Some weeks back I treated them for worms, so I do not put it down to that. 2. Can young mocking birds be reared by hand. What is the best food for them? Ans. 1. The grass is good for them and they should have free access to it. Do not press food upon them; wait until they are hungry for it. Give a couple of small doses of castor oil and they will probably come out all right. 2. Yes; feed them on Reiche's prepared mocking bird food, which is for sale by dealers.

No health with inactive liver and urinary organs without Hop Bitters.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.

No one should travel without a bottle of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

Changes of temperature, irregularity of rest and eating, and exposures to drafts, are great and active agents in deranging the secretions of the body. A dose of this aperient will prevent the evils resulting from such causes, and save many inconveniences and dangers.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BOUDREN'S PATENT COMBINATION

Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP,



For NIGHT HUNTING Deer and other animals, SPEARING Fish. Indispensable on any Boating, Yachting or Camping Trip.

Not affected by Wind, Rain or Jolting. Burns kerosene safely without a chimney. Throws a powerful light 100 feet ahead. As a DASH LAMP for CARRIAGES it has no equal. Fits on any shaped dash or on any vehicle.

PRICES.

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C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

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Shooting Suits.



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VALPARAISO, IND.

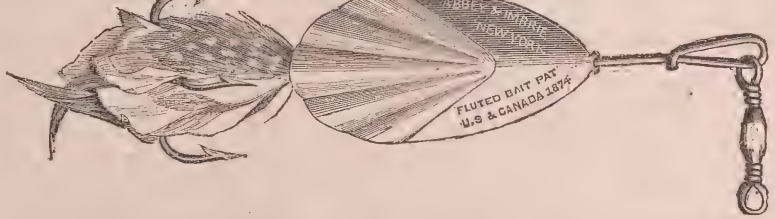
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FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Price $1.50.

Black Bass, Nos. 4, 4, 3, 2, each 65 Cts.
Pickerel, Nos. 6, 5, each 75 Cts.
Maskalonge, Nos. 8, 7, each $1.

Exact Size of No. 7.



Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

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For Sale Everywhere.

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That stand unrivalled for **PURITY.** Warranted **Free from Drugs or Medication.**

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR.	THREE KINGS.	NEW VANITY FAIR.

Each having Distinguishing Merits.

HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.

8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

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BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the **NERVE-GIVING** principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It **prevents** debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail $1. **F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.**

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES.

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

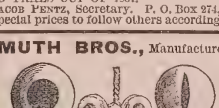
MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.
Special prizes to follow others according to their value.

J. OTTO DONNER, President.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. Also, all kinds of Glass Work done to order. Catalogue Free of Charge by Mail.

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CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "camplife," indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting: 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

"NEPICON RIVER."

We are now prepared to furnish Angling Parties with Canoes, Camp Outfits, Guides and all the ordinary Groceries and Provisions necessary for a trip up this far-famed river.

A selection of the best Canned Meats and Fruits kept in stock and supplied at reasonable prices.

LIQUORS NOT KEPT.

Parties will do well to engage their men on the spot, thereby saving the steamboat fares and extra wages coming and going.

Best of men to be had for $1 per diem.

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Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz.,	333	473	683	1054 Soft.
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KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better, $1 per pair.
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KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for $9.
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Pittsfield, Mass. Cuts Free.
Full-Length COT, in this case $10; LOUNGE, in this case, $8.
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Wanted.

A MAN that understands the sporting goods business and repairing can learn of a good chance by addressing A. B., FOREST AND STREAM office; one with $2,000 preferred. June9,2t

WANTED—A Second hand Tent, about 14x16; must be in good condition. Address WILLIAM M. BALDWIN, 332 West 23d st., New York City. June16,1t

For Sale.

FOR SALE—SLOOP YACHT CYGNET, of Buffalo, modeled by P. McGiehan; measures 50 ft. over all, 15½ ft. beam and 5½ ft. depth; centreboard 13 ft. long; cabin 20 ft. in length, with two state-rooms; will be two years old in August next; is in perfect condition and fitted out for the season in best manner; she is the "Champion Yacht of the Lakes" in her class and has won prizes valued at $500; thoroughly equipped with working and racing canvas; forecastle and cabin furnished with all necessary articles; a good sea boat and very fast. Will be sold at a reasonable price for a flyer." For particulars address the owner, C. L. BRYANT, Buffalo, N. Y. June16,2t

MOOSE, ELK, CARIBOU AND DEER HORNS FOR SALE—large and fine specimens of each. WM. H. TAIT, No. 92 Gold st., New York. June16,1t

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A BOOK ON DOGS
For 10 cents by mail. Engravings and descriptions best varieties. How to select, manage and breed. List of 33 diseases; symptoms, treatment and cure, 51 plain prescriptions, to be had of any druggist. Also, best remedies for Mange, Distemper, Cough, Worms, Fleas, etc., with directions, ready for use. Price, 30 cents each. Can be sent by mail. Address
FREDERICK STEARNS, Druggist,
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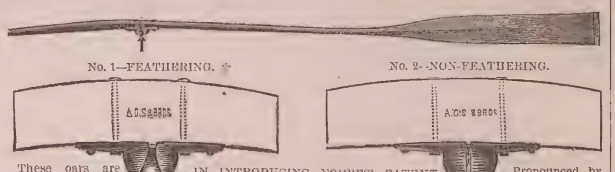
WANTED—Either a Pointer or an English Setter Dog, obedient, under easy control and thoroughly broken on woodcock, not under two nor over four years old; must be a close, thorough, careful ranger; staunch, with fine nose; stand or drop to shot; retrieve carefully and well; mind cheerfully and promptly at the word and be in all respects a prime woodcock dog; pedigree no object—a first-class cover worker is what I want and have been after for two years, without success, although I have advertised and had a number of dogs on trial. For the right dog am willing to pay a liberal price. No one unwilling to send his dog for a week's trial, at my expense both ways, need answer this advertisement. References: Bank of Montreal, at Montreal; Clarke, Coburn & Co., Boston; Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, etc. Address, giving full particulars and price, GEORGE C. GOODHUE, Danville, Richmond Co., Province Quebec. June16,2t

EASTWARD HO! or, Adventures at Rangeley Lakes. A capital story of sport and adventure in the woods of Maine. Interesting alike to old and young. Has received the highest commendation from the metropolitan press. Handsomely bound in cloth, and contains 376 pages, 75 illustrations. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.50. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

50 All Gold, Chromo & Lily Cards (no 2 alike), Name on, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn

$5 to $20 per day at home worth $5 free. Sampler, Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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These oars are made of best second growth linden wood. Oar locks of malleable iron. Strong, very light and durable.

IN INTRODUCING FORBES' PATENT OAR, which is made on an entirely new principle, we believe we are presenting an article that, as its merits become known, will prove very popular among professional and amateur oarsmen. The rowlocks are made in two styles, as shown in the above illustration—the feathering and non-feathering—the former being adapted for professional or skilled rowers and the latter more for the novice, it being so constructed that the oar will feather itself a little without any effort on the part of the rower. The object of curving the oar is to bring the knee joint of the row lock in the direct line of draft. It is very easy to operate, will not blister the hands, and is not near as tiresome as the common oar.

Pronounced by professional oarsmen the most perfect thing in the way of a spoon oar ever brought out.

One trial of Forbes' Patent Oar will convince the most skeptical that it is the best thing in the way of an oar ever invented. Manufacturing the oars ourselves, in large quantities, we are enabled to place them on the market at the following very low prices:

	Per Pair.		Per Pair.
6 foot Feathering Oar	$4 00	6 foot Non-Feathering Oar	$4 00
7 " " "	4 25	7 " " "	4 25
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10 " " "	5 00	10 " " "	5 00

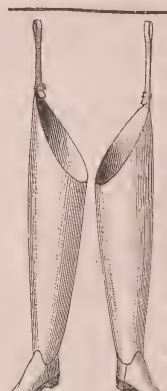
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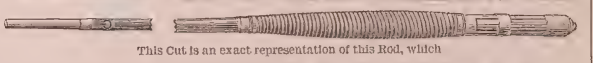
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RUBBER OUTFITS COMPLETE FOR FISHING AND HUNTING.
TROUTING PANTS AND LEGGINS A SPECIALTY. OUR OWN MAKE AND GUARANTEED.
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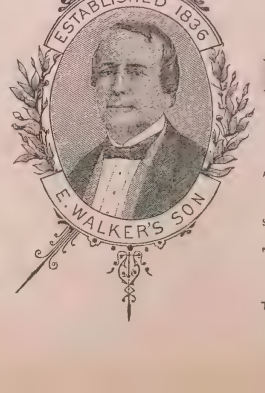
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CANNOT BE EQUALLED FOR THE MONEY.

It has Solid Reel Plate, Nickel Plated, Patented Ferules, allowing the wood to be used the full size, thus preventing rod breaking where wood and ferules join. But wound with cane and silk, giving it that Desirable Appearance and the Feeling of the high-priced rods. The first two joints are made from Best Selected Second Growth Ash, Stained and Polished. The tips from fine Lance wood, polished. The Rod is Well Ringed Throughout. Length, ten and one-half feet; weight, from nine to ten ounces. This is the best-made, best-finished Rod for the money in the United States and will guarantee it every way. If by accident any part should get broken, we can send a duplicate, thus saving expense and trouble of returning Rod to be repaired. With short tip it makes an excellent Bass Rod.

PRICES:—With one Trout Tip, in Case, $4.00. With one Trout Tip and one Bass Tip, $4.75. With two Trout Tips and one Bass Tip, $5.75.

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The Kennel.

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. F. LOTZ, 3,913 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSEY & BEHLEACH, Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, Lasalle County, Ill. June2,4mos

BENEDICT.
FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1881.
Imported black field Spaniel at the Stud. Fee, $25. Mr. Jacobs' strain. Brother to Squaw and Lass o' Devon; brother in blood to Kaffir and Zulu. Negro, litter brother to Benedict, was second to Kaffir at the West of England show last month. Black and liver-colored puppies of Benedict for sale. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. June16,1t

BARONET IN THE STUD.—The lemon-and-white pointer Baronet, whelped Nov. 24, 1879 (by Orgill's champion Rush, ex-Livingston's Rose, by imported champion Snapshot), winner of third prize, puppy stakes, Eastern Field Trials, Robbins' Island, Nov. 30, 1880; V. H. C. in open class, and special prize for best pointer dog with a field trial record, W. K. C. Show, 1881, to a limited number of bitches. Breeders furnished with full printed pedigree. Address HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 West 42d st., New York. May12,1t

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarch Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Hatchetor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Louise, Leicester, Limerick, Lions, Launcelot, Lena, Lydney, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar31,1t

TO DOG LOVERS.—"Plain Hints for Would-Be Importers," a *multum in parvo* pamphlet, with English breeders' addresses. Thoroughly revised and ready for mailing by June 25. GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., Twyford, Berks, England. June16,2t

TRAINER.—I can take one brace of dogs to be trained on prairie chickens the coming season; also, one retriever, land and water; best of references. Address W. B. STAFFORD, Mankato, Minn. May26,1t

FOR SALE—Eight Red Irish Setter Pups, whelped April 24; six dogs and two bitches; purest strain; cheap. Address BOX 622, Towanda, Penn. May26,3t

MONARCH—This beautiful imported English mastiff will be in stud for a short time only. For particulars address M. RATHBUN, 453 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. May26,4t

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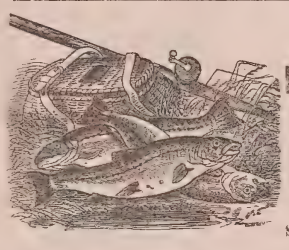
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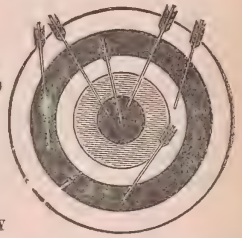
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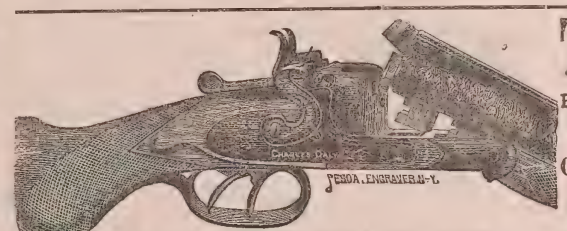
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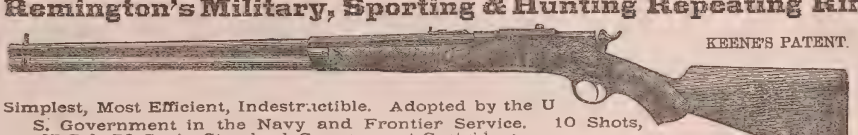
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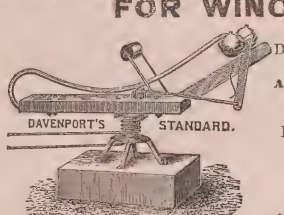


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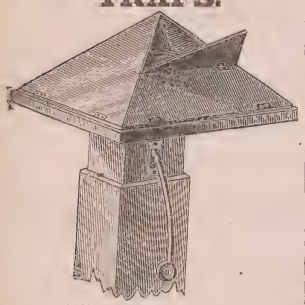
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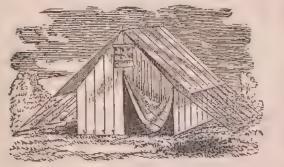
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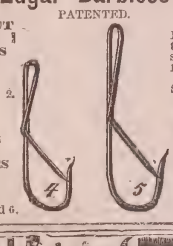
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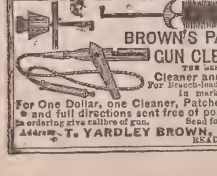
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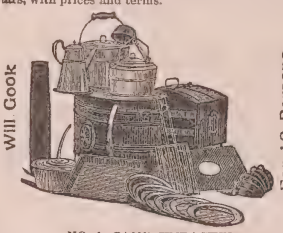
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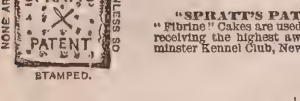
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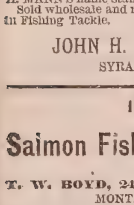
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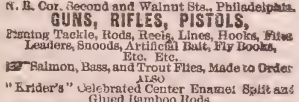
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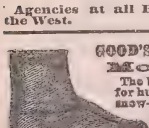
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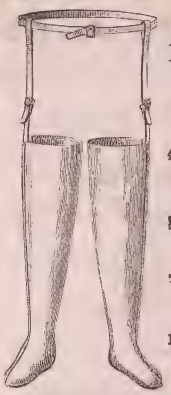
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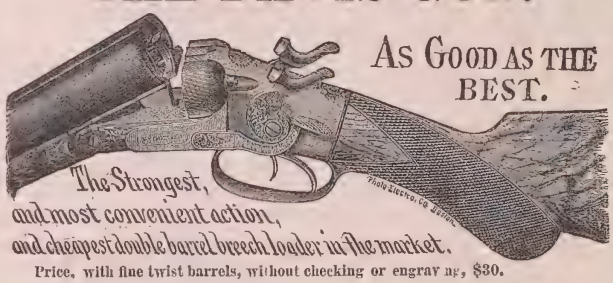
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1881.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, June 23.

OUR FISHES.

[Read by Fred Mather before the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.]

AFTER all that has been said on the necessity of increasing and preserving our fishes, in the past ten years, it would seem as though there was little left to say upon these subjects. There would be no need of saying more now if all that has been written had been acted upon, but the facts are that the people at large have very indefinite ideas upon the subject beyond the increasing scarcity of fish which, rightly or wrongly, they usually attribute to the sewage of cities or the increase of steamboats, which they think scare them away from their haunts. The latter cause I do not believe in. The Hudson River, at New York city, is continually pounded by steamboat paddles night and day in every direction, and one of the most timid of fish, the shad, pass up in great numbers. Ordinary house sewage is not bad for fish, neither is decaying animal matter, and where sewage contains no coal-tar, or other product of petroleum, lime, dye-stuff or chemical refuse, it is not injurious to aquatic life.

The causes of decrease must be looked for in our increasing population which demands more food, and the consequent increase of the number and efficiency of means of capture; the destruction of the food on which fishes live, by various means; the pollution of their spawning grounds and other causes consequent on the interference of man in the domain of nature. Our trout streams are made impassable by dams, their gravelly spawning beds are covered with sawdust, and our salt water bays are over-fished. The remedy for these things is propagation and protection, which should go hand in hand. The New York Fish Commission propagates but does not, and perhaps can not, protect, and the people at large do not see the necessity of protection. A few sportsmen's clubs protect, as far as it is in their power to do, but the public look with indifference on it as mere selfishness on their part, when in reality it is a measure of public good; as much so as if the wheat crop could be increased, and on this ground the sportsmen must present the case to the people and to the Legislature if they would arouse a sentiment in behalf of protection. Appeal to them for fish protection as a measure of political economy, which it really is, and when there are plenty of fishes for food we can enjoy the wetting of our lines. Some rivers in Great Britain are good salmon streams in the midst of a swarming population, and this is maintained by protection alone, for their attempts at fish culture are on the most limited scale. Some may say that the laws which accomplish this are oppressive and that they deny to the poor man his rights of free fishing. To this I would answer, that in our centres of population, free fishing means no fishing. There is such a thing as too much freedom. We see this when we find boys of twelve to sixteen years of age roaming the fields with guns killing every robin, yellow bird and other thing that lives. We see it when we find bands of poachers armed to resist the officers of the law, who are protecting the fish in their spawning season. The splendid work of the New York Fish Commission should be supplemented by protection of the fish during spawning time, and by facilities to enable them to surmount dams which interfere with their ascent to the upper waters where the insect life furnishes food for their young. We are suffering from the inheritance of ideas which were formed when our country was new, and the forests and streams contained what was thought an inexhaustable supply of food. Then no restrictions were necessary upon the rifle and the net. Nature provided an abundance. Now the demand for food has nearly exhausted the supply from our forests, and sadly diminished the products of our streams. Art has stepped in to supply the latter, and amid the doubts and jeers of the fishermen the Connecticut River was stocked with salmon, after being barren of that fish for nearly fifty years. The planting was kept up for several seasons, and last year many salmon were taken. Connecticut River salmon were quoted regularly in New York market and sold at the high price of one dollar per pound. The fishculturists rejoiced. This year one salmon was caught, only one; the last of his race—the Uncas of the *salars*. The greed of gain had captured the tribe and left but one fish to tell the tale. They were taken while obeying the instinct to perpetuate their species and died in attempting to reach their spawning beds. The fish-culturists have ceased in their labors of re-establishing the salmon in the Connecticut, but their labors have not been in vain. They have proved that steamboats and sewage have not destroyed the salmon-bearing qualities of the river and that is a triumph. The people did not protect the first crop and the seed was lost.

The Hudson has never been a salmon river. It is not too far South for salmon for they have lived in the Delaware. Its faults are mechanical entirely. Given a practical fishway at Cahoes, Glen's Falls and at other obstructions, protect the fish, and the Fish Commission can make the Hudson a salmon stream. The few "stray" salmon taken in the river since a few straggling lots have been deposited in the upper waters prove that the temperature is not too high nor the sewers too foul for them. But the Fish Commission see the hopelessness of stocking the Hudson with salmon at present. In the future when our people are educated up to the standard of united action on all points of common interest this may be done.

I have only hinted at the poacher. He is thoroughly imbued with the principles of freedom. He believes that all fur, fin and feather should be free as the air we breathe, and he lives up to his belief. The rights of the community he does not consider, but loudly declaims of his individual rights and of the "monopoly" of certain waters set apart for private uses. This man needs educating. He needs to learn that the one who forestalls the opening of the trout season by a single day is a thief, who is stealing from the common fund of the people of the State as much as one who puts his hand into the State treasury. Those not directly interested in this question look too leniently on the misdeeds of the poacher who is in fact a felon, and should be so severely dealt with that he would learn to recognize the fact that a theft from the public is as great as a theft from an individual. One obstacle in the way of his education to this point is that many honorable and respectable men in every community look upon poaching as a venial sin. I claim that it is theft, and that the man who takes trout or venison out of season, except to supply his necessities when beyond civilization, is a thief.

Lately, while gathering the statistics of the fisheries of Long Island for the fishery census under direction of Profs. Baird and Goode, I have had opportunities to get the views of men on Long Island which has the unenviable name of the "home of the poacher," on this question. Said a very respectable oysterman to me in reply to a question, "No sir; we do not consider the stealing of oysters from a private bed as criminal an act as taking potatoes from a field. It is true as you say, both are planted, and to rob one is taking the results of a man's time, capital and labor, but somehow our people don't seem to look at it so. They don't consider that a man has the same right to properly covered by water that he has to land, and while a man would be forever disgraced if convicted of stealing potatoes he would be regarded as sufficiently punished if fined ten dollars for taking oysters from a private bed. He would not be looked on exactly as a thief." This answer in my opinion needs no comment.

Gentlemen of the New York Sportsmen's Association! You have a broad field before you for good work which will not only elevate the people among whom it is accomplished, but will elevate and ennoble yourselves. You can help to educate the people that sportsmanship is not to merely to shoot a gun or throw a fly well, but that it includes the first principles of gentility, the regard for the rights of others, without which no man can be either a gentleman or a sportsman.

AN IMPOTANT TEST CASE.

THE RIGHT TO FISH IN MAINE WATERS.

A LAW-SUIT, important to the sportsmen's fraternity, is now pending in the Supreme Judicial Court in Piscataquis County, Me. It was to have been argued before the full bench at the low term of the Eastern District for Maine, the third Tuesday of the present month. Of the result we are not yet informed.

The history of the case is this: Among the most attractive little ponds within six miles of Monson village is one known as "Grindstone Pond," which for many years has abounded with very fine spotted trout, weighing from one to two pounds. Some two years ago a Mr. Wm. E. Barrows, a gentleman of wealth and affluence, residing in the distant State of Connecticut, purchased all the land around and inclosing this sheet of water. The pond contains more than ten acres, and it is a natural pond. The land was a part of the public domain of the commonwealth of Massachusetts prior to A. D., 1647, and all of the land around this pond is in common, with no fences or inclosure of any kind.

Mr. Barrows about one year ago posted notices forbidding any persons fishing on "Grindstone." Several parties persisted in so doing, and among them was a young man named John M. McDermott, who fished there after the forbiddal of Barrows during the summer of 1880. Barrows commenced an action of trespass, and the case of Barrows *vs.* McDermott is the one referred to above, and is very interesting to lawyers as well as important to the public generally for if this pond can be closed up and monopolized then there are thousands of others in northern and eastern Maine which may be shut up in the same manner.

The Supreme Court of Mass., have decided in several instances that a natural pond of more than ten acres is free to the public for fishing and fowling, by virtue of the Colony ordinance of 1641 and the amendment to said ordinance of 1647. The Supreme Court of Maine has held that the ordinance of 1641 is the common law of Maine, and the counsel for McDermott claim that if this is so it follows that the amendment is also the common law of this State. By the amendment of 1647, large and important rights were conferred upon the people, for by it was granted the right of passage over all lands lying in common adjacent to natural ponds of more than ten acres, providing they did not pass over any man's corn-field or meadow.

These are the questions involved in the case:

1. Are natural ponds of more than ten acres free to the public for fishing and fowling?

2. If so, are the public allowed free passage on foot over adjoining lands where no annual crops are growing?

As this is the first time that these identical questions have arisen in the Courts of Maine, the decision of the Court will be watched with much interest.

The counsel for plaintiff are Hon. A. G. Lebroke, Esq., and W. E. Parsons, Esq., of Foxcroft. The counsel for defendant are J. F. Sprague, Esq., of Monson, and H. Hudson, Esq., of Guilford.

We subjoin the agreed statement of the case:

STATE OF MAINE, Piscataquis, ss. Supreme Judicial Court, February Term, A. D. 1881.

WILLIAM E. BARROWS VS. JOHN M'DERMOTT.

Agreed statement on which the above action is to be marked Law. Action, Trespass *quare clausum*. The writ dated August 27th, A. D. 1880, and entered Sept. Term, 1880, contains sufficient counts, alleging the trespass to have been committed in the summer of 1880. Plea, not guilty. Writ need not be copied. Either party may use one copy of declaration. The plaintiff had in his enclosure, described in the writ, in Township No. 8, Range 8, in said County of Piscataquis, called "Howard," a natural pond of about twenty acres in area, known as Grindstone Pond. All of said pond was within the close of plaintiff; and the land around said pond was wild and uncultivated with the exception of about two acres upon the shore and adjacent to said pond, which had been cleared and cultivated. No crops were raised, or hay cut, upon said cleared and cultivated portion of said close during the year 1881. The plaintiff, in order to protect and forward the propagation of fish in said pond, had forbidden the public from entering said close, or fishing in the waters of said pond, by posting in said cleared portion of said close and elsewhere around and on the shore of said pond conspicuous notices in clear letters painted upon boards, forbidding all persons from entering said close or fishing in the waters of said pond; and said notices were so posted when defendant entered said close, as alleged in the writ. Defendant, in committing the acts constituting the alleged trespass, passed over and through the cleared portion of said close, to wit, two acre lot, and caught and carried away fishes from said pond without permission or license from the plaintiff, as alleged in the writ. The public had for many years, to wit, thirty-five years, prior to the forbiddal of Plff., and the posting of said notices as aforesaid, had access to said pond for the purpose of fishing. None of said land was enclosed by fences of any kind.

It is agreed that the damages, if this action is maintainable, are the sum of one dollar. The Law Court are to render such judgment, by nonsuit or default, as the rights of the parties shall demand. The *locus in quo* of the alleged trespass was a part of the public domain of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, prior to A. D. 1647.

A. G. LEBROKE & W. E. PARSONS for Plff.
J. F. SPRAGUE & H. HUDSON for Deft.

☞ *See notice elsewhere of New York game law.*

THE LITTLE HELLBENDER'S APPEAL

IN common with the press of New York, the FOREST AND STREAM has received from Mr. Henry Bergh an illustrated circular setting forth the cruelty of pigeon shooting, and calling upon American citizens to rise up in their seats and abolish the practice.

The only trouble with Mr. Bergh is that he does not go far enough. Why does he put in a plea for the pigeon and remain silent upon the late unholy holocaust of hellbenders by the greedy Ichthyophagi? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; what is good from a Bergh point of view for the pigeon must be good also for the hellbender. The language of Mr. Bergh's ultra-humanitarian plea for the birds will apply equally well and with as much reason to the unlovely object of the Ichthyophagist's perverted appetite. We quote:

"Now, let us imagine for a moment that this unoffending little being (the hellbender) is suddenly endowed with speech. Might not its language (to the Ichthyophagist) be somewhat like the following:

"'I am wholly in your power; you will not pretend that I have ever harmed you, or that there exists any natural or legitimate reason for my destruction. The sphere in which I moved was assigned to me by the same Allwise Being who made you, and so bountifully endowed you with wealth, reason and all the material possessions of this world. I was betrayed into captivity while seeking to provide nourishment for my little family of hellbenders now dead of starvation.

"'You are about to immolate me upon the blood-stained altar of inglorious, gluttonous rivalry, and what will you gain by the crunching of my delicate limbs and ruptured arteries, that a senseless turnip would not afford you? If, however, this little body, so cunningly and so mysteriously contrived by its Creator, be necessary to your reasonable benefit—if the brief existence which it inherits be required for any purpose which religion and human policy condemn not—take it, it is yours; but offend not its Author, nor insult the cultivated spirit of your generation, by a deed which your own conscience, on reflection, will characterize, but which I refrain from doing.'

"Thus might the unoffending little hellbender address the Ichthyophagist, and what answer could he make? None, absolutely none; nor could the combined intellect and learning of the world controvert the argument of the tiny pleader awaiting his irresistible fiat."

If this appeal does not have the hoped-for effect upon the cruel ichthyophagists Mr. Bergh might interfere with the annual dinners of that society on the ground that they are in direct violation of the gambling laws, or the divorce law, for that matter. To tell the honest truth, we confess that this point seems to us a little weak, but doubtless Mr. Bergh can make the District Attorney see it.

If Mr. Bergh is still unsuccessful in his humane endeavor to preserve the unoffending hellbender, we advise him to write to all the daily papers, and call all the members of the Ichthyophagous Club dog-fighters, cock-fighters, Spanish bull-fighters, prize-fighters, burglars, highway robbers and sawdust swindlers. If in the same letter he can say something about policy playing and piracy on the high seas he will have an argument fully as logical as that which he has caused to be printed in reference to the pigeon shooting tournament now in progress at Coney Island. And we venture to say it would have as much effect.

KILLING THE SPARROWS.—Some of the towns of Georgia which are coping with the English sparrow plague are seriously contemplating the possible good results of a wholesale slaughter with powder and shot and poison. The birds have increased so rapidly in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden Grounds that they are now trapped to the number of twenty or thirty per day and fed to the snakes. This snaring has not diminished their numbers perceptibly, but by perseverance and an increase of snakes we see no reason why our Philadelphia friends cannot solve the sparrow problem. A note in our natural history columns on this subject gives evidence that the birds are in some European cities as great a nuisance as they are here. By the way, are any of our readers familiar with the poem written by Bryant upon the introduction of the birds to this city?

CARP CULTURE.—In all parts of the country people are making carp ponds, some of them on a large scale. No doubt this fish will be plentiful in our markets in a few years, and prove a great blessing in those places where good fish are now not to be had. In the markets of our seaboard, where a wealth of sea fish are to be had, they will never take a high rank, nor perhaps on the great lakes, but in the interior they are destined to rival the pork barrel as a source of food supply. Mr. Harris, in Tennessee, and Mr. A. A. Wright, in Georgia, have both constructed ponds on a liberal scale for the culture of this fish.

THE GROWING taste for sports in America is shown by a glance through our columns this spring and a comparison with former years. In all directions the desire is manifest to give the body its due and to cease the daily grind and toil for a period of rest, change and diversion. The "Fixtures" appertaining to the various departments, of which we make a specialty, are year by year stretching into long lists, the best index to the future. America is destined in time to take the lead in all sports, as it has done in so many things already.

FRESH AIR FOR THE CHILDREN.—The Children's Aid Society, of this city, are doing a most commendable work in securing for the poor children an opportunity to enjoy seabathing, fresh air and a bit of free out-door life. The society depends for support upon the voluntary contributions of its friends, among whom should be numbered many of our readers. The particulars of the society's work may be obtained from Mr. C. L. Brace, the Secretary, No. 19 Last Fourth street.

AMONG the passengers who sailed from this port to Europe last Saturday was Prof. H. B. Rouey, of East Saginaw, Michigan, who will spend several months abroad. The present Secretary of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association is Mr. Wm. B. Mershon, East Saginaw, Mich., to whom all communications regarding the Society should be addressed.

HOME AGAIN.—Mr. Thos. Manning has recently returned from Colorado for a short respite from his hard labors in connection with his mining enterprises, which he has carried through to success. He will remain in the city for a month or so to recruit, his headquarters being at the well-known yacht agency, 53 Beaver street.

GOVERNOR CORNELL'S VETO.—Just as we go to press we learn by telegram that Gov. Cornell has vetoed the game bill published by us a fortnight ago. This will be a disappointment to those who were counting on July shooting.

CONEY ISLAND.—The weather has been perfect at Coney Island, and the tournament, as we go to press, is progressing smoothly. The scores of the shooting will be given in our next issue.

DEFERRED.—We are obliged to defer a number of communications until next week. We beg the indulgence of correspondents whose communications should have appeared with this issue.

A SUMMER TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND has many attractions, which are admirably set forth in the sketch sent by a St. John's correspondent, and published in our sportsman tourist columns.

Southern Illinois is to have a sportsmen's association. A meeting to organize such a society will be held at the office of Dr. J. J. Jennelle, Du Quoin, July 4.

THE rabbits are out early in the morning in Central Park; and the rats are out at all times of the day stealing the food of the swans in the lake.

The FOREST AND STREAM of June 30 will contain a supplement of four pages giving the full scores of the pigeon shooting at Coney Island.

THAT 'Possum will be served July 7th. It will be put on the table hot; and enough will be left over for any one who prefers it cold.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FISHING AND SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY D. W. PROWTE.

I PROPOSE in this paper to say a few words about fly-fishing, caribou hunting and grouse shooting in Newfoundland, but first let me endeavor to disabuse the minds of those who think that the island is only remarkable for dogs and fogs and fish, that its climate is damp and disagreeable, and that it is a hopeless, barren and uninteresting country. These ideas about the colony are wholly incorrect; the fogs on the banks do not prevail on the land, the winters are milder than those of Canada and, although the spring is sometimes late and cold, owing to the prevalence of polar ice, the climate from June until October is one of the finest in the world. As seen from the deck of an Atlantic steamer the Newfoundland coast certainly does present a most bleak and forbidding aspect. The country, however, must not be judged from its rude exterior.

Within its stern and rockbound shores, lie noble bays, deep land-locked fiords, clothed to the water's edge with greenery; the deeply indented coast line affords every variety of magnificent vistas, grand ocean-washed headlands, bectling cliffs and deep gorges with precipitous sides, leading into long, placid reaches surrounded by the forest primeval. Everywhere there is an abundance of water. Lake scenery in every variety, clear, pellucid streams, foaming waterfalls; in short every form of wild, natural beauty that the combination of wood and fell and water can produce.

The island has an infinite variety of fruit and berry bearing scrubs, beautiful mosses, ferns and wild flowers. There is not so great a diversity of forest trees as on the continent. Neither walnut, elm nor oak are found within the colony. Their places, however, are well supplied by the several kinds of birch, poplar, juniper, pine, willow and maple, which are exceedingly abundant. Besides her inexhaustible fisheries, that vast harvest of the seas, which English, French and Americans help to gather in every year, Newfoundland promises to be one of the greatest copper-producing countries in the world.

But without further enlarging on the wealth of timber, or the great agricultural capabilities of the island, let me say to my American readers that within forty hours' steaming from Halifax lies a perfect refuge from the sweltering caloric of the heated term in New York, a paradise for the sportsman, a sanatarium for the used-up, and an almost virgin field of exploration for the artist, the naturalist and the geologist. For the dweller in pent-up cities it is worth while making the voyage, if it were only to see the fair, fresh complexioned fisher folk and the stalwart sealers brimful of lusty health and redolent of seal-fat.

No where is an American made more welcome than in St. John's. We have had most pleasant and intimate relations with the States from the old colonial days. We do not forget how much we owe to the enterprising capitalists of the great Republic. A New York company has just paid a million dollars for some of our copper mines, and another American syndicate is going to build us our first railway, which will run through the interior (a vast, natural deer-park), and terminate in the copper region at the northeast of the colony. Cyrus W. Field gave us telegraphic communication with the world, and when the railway is built we shall owe the two great civilizers of ern times to Americans. We have no insular prejudices against the citizens of the United States, no prepossessions whatever against American dollars. The sportsman with his rod and gun will be heartily welcomed, and the capitalist with his enterprise and his cash will be received with open arms.

A visit to the colony may now be made with much more convenience than formerly. The Allan steamers from Baltimore and Halifax touch at St. John's every fortnight, both going and returning to Liverpool. There is also direct communication in summer between New York and St. John's by the Cromwell line; the sea passage from Halifax to St. John's takes about forty hours. The best time for fishing is from the middle of June to about the middle of August; the best sea-trout fishing is between the end of July and the early part of August, ranging sometimes as late as the 15th or 20th of the month. The shooting season legally commences on 1st September, and the best months for winged game are September and October, sometimes November. Caribou shooting extends from September to the first of March. The fresh water game fish are salmon, brook trout and salt water trout, the latter being very abundant, and affording the finest sport. The principal game birds are willow grouse, ptarmigan, snipe, plover, curlew, ducks and geese. The sportsmen who care for killing sea birds will find them in great abundance on the coast. Of large game there is only one kind of deer, the caribou or reindeer; two hares, Arctic and American hare; of fur-bearing animals the principal are black bears, wolves, foxes, martens, beaver, otters, etc.

Although Newfoundland is larger than Ireland, its population is only 180,000. The great peninsula called Avalon contains more than half the whole population. The remainder are scattered in small settlements over a large extent of deeply indented coast line. On the southwestern coast and in the interior are many large plains called by the natives "barrens." These barrens are so many great unpreserved grouse moors. Into nearly every inlet on the coast flows either a river or a brook. All these water courses and the innumerable lakes abound with fish. The paucity of population naturally produces an abundance of fish and fowl. Even at the present day, when game has most materially decreased, on the 1st of September bags of eight and ten brace of grouse are frequently made within ten miles of St. John's, and dozens of lake trout may be caught within twenty miles of the capital.

It will naturally be asked, are there no drawbacks to all this anticipated pleasure? To the shooter I answer that the country is wild and hard to travel; that a good day's shooting involves a great deal of walking, and sometimes very tiresome walking. To the disciple of dear, old Izaak Walton, I say emphatically that there are flies to be contended with—yes, I am bound to confess it, there are musquitoes in the colony, and they have been here a very long time. Richard Whitbourne, Mariner of Exmouth, in Devon, a godly and religious seaman, whose discourse on Newfoundland was recommended by the bench of Bishops and the High and Mighty Prince James, thus wrote of these pestilent insects in 1610:

"Those Flies seem to have a great power and authority upon all loitering people that come to the Newfoundland; for they have this property, that when they finde any such lying lazily, or sleeping in the Woods, they will presently be more nimble to seize on them than any Sargeant will bee to

arrest a man for debt; Neither will the leane stinging or sucking out the blood of such sluggards vntil like a Beadle they bring him to his Master, where he should labour; in which time of loytering, those flies will so brand such idle persons in their faces that they may be known from others as Turkes do their slaues."

I regret to say that good old Master Whitbourne lied like an epitaph; these insects bite alike the idle and the diligent, and spare neither Monarchists nor Republicans in their voracity. Various more or less abominable preparations will modify their attack, but nothing that I know will wholly do away with the annoyance. For the angler who minds the bite of a tiny insect, while his sporting soul is set on flie by the whirr of his reel and the dash of a magnificent fish, these lines were not penned; my prosings are for the hearts of those who, like the prince of anglers, have a deep and fervent love for the gentle craft who think with Walton "that God neuer did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling," "no life so pleasant and so happy as the life of a well-governed angler."

Both salmon and sea trout are very abundant in Newfoundland and on the Labrador coasts. They are caught principally by means of nets set along the shore or at the mouths of the estuaries. So great is the quantity taken, even in the vicinity of St. John's, that in June plenty of magnificent salmon may be bought for five cents a pound. The first catch of fish are splendid specimens, ranging from ten to twenty and sometimes thirty pounds. After the first run is over the fish are small, not more than three or four pounds. Strangely enough the large fish rarely take the fly. Small salmon or grilse from three to five pounds are often killed with the rod, but rarely a ten-pounder. I believe the same thing occurs both in Oregon and in British Columbia. Many reasons are given for this unaccountable freak of nature, but none, I think, that are wholly satisfactory. It has been attributed by some to the frequent barring of the rivers by nets, whilst others consider that our fish want to be educated to take the fly. Whatever be the cause, there can be no doubt that the splendid salmon rivers of Newfoundland and Labrador have been shamefully neglected, and that if proper care and attention were bestowed upon them they would become the finest streams for sport in the world. This is the opinion of all experienced English sportsmen who have visited the colony.

Sea-trout fishing is par excellence the best angling in Newfoundland. The finest sport is obtained from about the middle of July to the 15th or 20th of August. The trout come down the rivers in the spring, and remain about the mouths of the estuaries until July, when they commence to ascend the streams. Their time for this annual migration is uncertain and depends upon the movements of their favorite food, a small fish called capelin (*Mallotus villosus*). When fresh run from the sea the salt-water trout are in grand condition and afford splendid sport. After August they are invariably to be found in the deep pools on the rivers. I can well remember one special day's fishing on the southwest coast. The party who were with me toiled along the banks of the river until they reached a large deep pool, with a shelving granite rock on one side and a steep bank with overhanging woods on the opposite shore. Believing in my own experience, I had whipped every likely place as I went along; but only small trout had so far rewarded my exertions. As soon, however, as I came in sight of the pool to which my friends had gone direct, I saw a sight to be long remembered—four rods bent double and four individuals in a frantic state of excitement; three had hooked large sea-trout, whilst the fourth was fast to a splendid salmon. Presently there was a gleam as from a molten bar of silver as the noble fish, a twelve-pounder, made a frantic leap; a whirr of the reel as the short line all ran out, then the poor angler, deep in the water, madly trying to follow his prey; a report like a pistol-shot, and then the disgusted fisherman holding on to a broken rod and the fragment of a snapped line. My companions' idea of fishing seemed to be that the trout were to be hauled ashore by main strength, but after two more tips were broken and two more lines carried away they began to display a little more skill and patience. Of course each discomfited fisherman declared and swore that they could have held an ordinary fish, and that the trout or salmon that had caused all this wreckage were veritable whales. Naturally I was excited by the scene I have described, and hurried up to mingle in the fray. Just as my flies touched the water two splendid fish rose, and I struck both. My rod had seen good service, and my gear was good; so, after about ten minutes' play and some ugly rushes, I managed to land both fish (three-pounders) in a little cove above the rock. After fitting out my companions with fresh flies and repairing damages, we set to work and had grand sport. In less than two hours we had landed upward of one hundred fine sea-trout, some weighing four pounds, two five pounds, and none under one pound and a half. Thirty-three fish out of my own catch scaled one hundred weight. A day's sport like this is a red-letter day in a fisherman's calendar, the remembrance of it "a joy forever." There are hundreds of rivers in the colony where just as good fishing can be obtained. Within one or two days' journey by land from St. John's, both in St. Mary's and Placentia bays, capital sea-trout fishing can be had, provided the angler hits the right time. Every Newfoundlander is a fisherman, but as a rule the codfishers despise fly-fishing; they prefer catching these big sea-trout with a pole fit for the "mast of some tall admiral," a strong line, a big hook and a gigantic float. When they get a bite, with a herculean jerk the fish is sent flopping on the bank. It is a rough and ready method, but I have often seen these huge polers kill big fish when the scientific fly-fisherman could catch nothing.

Three of Her Majesty's ships of war annually visit Newfoundland for the purpose of protecting the fishery and looking after the many vexed questions arising out of French and American fishery rights on the coast. Most of the English officers are keen sportsmen, and profane people say that amongst the important state documents which the senior officer annually brings with him from the Admiralty are to be found lists of all the best places for fly-fishing in the colony, but however that may be, the officers, who are Justices of the Peace for the colony, undoubtedly do a good deal of fishing. One of them, a capital sportsman, writing under the signature of "Mariner," in the London *Field*, gives an amusing account of his naval worship trying a case whilst fishing, plaintiff and defendant shouting their grievances to the sporting Justice from opposite banks. "Mariner's" views on the subject of fly-fishing in Newfoundland will be found to correspond pretty much with my own.

Space will not permit me to say more than a few words to those meeker souls to whom lake-fishing is an unmixed delight. Fresh water trout are simply innumerable, countless dozens may easily be caught everywhere in the colony, varying in size from a few ounces to some pounds. For the sportsman who delights in sea fishing there is cod galore. The more adventurous spirits may indulge in a small Arctic expedition and go to the seal fishery in one of the many fine sealing steamers that leave St. John's and other ports on the 10th of March. Several of these vessels this year killed in less than a month over 20,000 seals.

Sometimes very curious fish are caught around the Newfoundland coast. Of late, some very large devil-fish have been killed, but nothing in modern times comes up to the "queer fish" described by Whitbourne. "In the year 1610 in the morning early, as I was standing by the water side in the harbour of St. John's, I saw a strange creature which I espyed very swiftly to come swimming towards me, looking cheerfully as it had been a woman by the face, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, cares, neck and forehead; it seemed to be so beautiful and in those parts so well proportioned, having round about the head all blew strakes resembling hayre, down to the necke (but certainly it was no haire), seeing the same coming swiftly towards me I stepped back, which when this strange creature saw it presently thereupon dived a little under water and did swim towards the place where before I landed, whereby I beheld the shoulders and back down to the middle to be as square, white and smoothe as the backe of a man, and from the middle to the hinder part poynting in proportion like a broad hooked arrow. How it was proportioned in the forepart from the neck and shoulders I know not. This I suppose was a mare maide—now because divers haue written much of mare maides I haue presumed to relate what is most certainie of such a strange creature that was seene at New-found-land; whether it were a mare maide or no I know not, I leaue for others to judge." The ingenuity with which this ancient mariner constructs a Newfoundland syren out of a common seal is worthy of Barnum.

I have stated before that the interior is one vast natural deer park. One solitary settler alone inhabits this vast wilderness—the telegrapher at Sandy Pond. This is the main cause of the great abundance of deer in Newfoundland. In the spring they migrate from the southern and southwestern parts of the coast to the northeast, and return again to their old quarters in the fall. Good shooting is to be had in September by going into the interior. A party of hunters with good Mic-Mac Indians, and well-fitted out, would be sure of fine sport, provided they came in the right season, and were not too much pressed for time. September is the best month for deer-stalking in the North; by November the deer have returned to their winter quarters in the Southwest. For the September deer shooting take canoes up one of the many rivers that lead into the inland lakes, fix your camp in some convenient spot and hunt around it. It is very rough, hard work, and no one but a keen sportsman and a good walker should attempt it. At least three weeks would be required on an expedition of this kind. Good coastal steamers now ply north and south, and the hunting-grounds may be reached either from the northeast by Hall's Bay, or from the southwest by the Humber River; the latter is the easier route into the interior, but it involves a somewhat longer sea voyage. The naval officer who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Mariner" in the London *Field*, has had good sport for the past two years on the Grand Pond grounds, getting there by way of the Humber.

Whilst it is an indubitable fact that there are thousands of deer in the interior, the vast wild country over which these countless herds roam, and their shy nature will always make stalking a somewhat precarious sport. This very difficulty is probably an added charm in the eyes of many sportsmen. Winter shooting (tracking the deer on the snow), is a far surer method of killing them. Engl shmen profess to despise this truly indigenous American mode of shooting. I fancy I hear some well got up and gaitered son of Albion pronounce it, "Ah, beastly butchery," quite American, "doocid pot-hunting, ah!" Now, why following a wild animal by his footmarks on the snow should be viewed in this way, whilst stalking the same animal by his tracks on the marshes or the barrens is considered noble sport, is quite a puzzle to me. A thing, I suppose, that no colonial fellow can understand. For the winter shooting the sportsman may visit St. John's at any time that suits his convenience. From Christmas up to the beginning of February let him take the coastal steamer to some point on the southwest coast, where he will obtain either native or Indian guides. On the 17th of March last a friend of mine in company with some Indians killed eleven deer in one day near Bay du Nord in Hermitage Bay, and they saw one herd in which my informant considers there must have been one thousand deer. In nearly all the great winter hunting grounds the settlers have rude huts for shelter called in Newfoundland "tilts." In Bay du Nord one sportsman uses dogs and sledges, but even without these luxurious appliances the walking is much better in the interior than it is in the autumn; the cold is never very intense, and there is a dead certainty of getting a shot at a caribou.

To the lovers of big game grouse shooting will be considered very tame and humble sport, but to my own mind good grouse or snipe shooting over well-trained dogs is the finest amusement in the world.

> Of all the joys that sporting yields,
> Give me to hunt the stubble fields,
> Quite early in September.

Thus sang Somerville two hundred years ago of partridge shooting in England. Pretty shooting certainly if you know a Duke who has good manors, but tame and unexciting sport when compared to grouse shooting over the wild, wind-swept barrens of Newfoundland. Here as far as the eye can reach are level plains alternating with undulating hills. There may be no "bonny, blooming heather," but there is a wealth and profusion of berries, mosses, ferns and wild plants, fit concomitant for this truly indigenous wild sport of the West. With good dogs and straight shooting powder bags of ten and fifteen brace may be made in a day, and in killing that number of birds the sportsman will have enjoyed genuine, good, manly sport.

All I ask of my readers is to come and judge for themselves about the sporting capabilities of this unknown island of Newfoundland. The trip is short and inexpensive, the country is a virgin field of exploration for sportsman, artist and naturalist, and for all there is health and lusty vigor in this new playground of North America.

GEORGE IS WELL—Gouverneur, N. Y., June 15.—In FOREST AND STREAM, of May 26, "X" (Canton, N. Y.), reporting some of the exploits of the favorite guide George Muir, stated that "George" was out of health this season, in which he was in error. "George" was sick a short time early in the spring, but is fully recovered. I saw him yesterday; he had just returned from a successful trip in the woods.

Natural History.

THE ANTLERS OF DEER.

THE theory that the spike buck is a new species developed on account of the greater utility of the spike as a weapon of offence has been pretty thoroughly disposed of, and is not likely to be resuscitated at once. A valued correspondent has brought to our notice a letter written by him some years ago to the Germantown *Telegraph* which contains so much valuable information in regard to the antlers of deers that we reproduce it here. After stating the novel theory that the spike horned deer is a new species the writer says:

Now, to any one who knows anything at all about the nature and habits of deer, this new fangled species will be only laughable. The transmission business would sound plausible enough, if it were not for the fact that the horn is not a permanent peculiarity, either in time or form. The deer's horns are not completed until he rubs the velvet off in September, and he loses them again in January; while as to form there is no rule and any amount of variety. The spike buck is an eighteen months old deer; born in the spring, his horns begin to grow the next spring and are hard spikes in the fall. If he is not strong enough and active enough, he will not whip off the old veteran bucks, and the next year he adds a prong on his new horns and becomes a "forked horn." The popular idea, and under conditions as to undisturbed solitude and plenty of food, the true idea, is that the deer adds a prong to the main beam each year; that the deer with four prongs on a beam is four years old—in his fifth year.

I have said "the true rule," but true under certain conditions, and my experience running through the last twenty years puts it about thus: The normal growth of a deer's horns, where the deer lived undisturbed by either man or wild animals and had plenty of suitable food, would be represented by a spike at a year old, that is in the second year; a forked horn at two years, and a prong added each year—the deer being called three-year old, four-year old, etc., or three-pronged buck, etc. After the deer had passed the meridian of his life, however, his horns would be irregular as to size and the number of prongs, so that his horns would no more determine his age. In reality we find this rule working, but under difficulties. The constant disturbances to which the deer are subject from both man and beast, cause frequent changes in location of haunts and character of food and water, and the horn when young being very soft, and brush and trees plenty in the deer country, very few deer manage to carry their horns from spring to fall without more or less harm coming to them. So that out of a hundred pair of deer-horns from deer killed in the same season and locality, not more than twenty per cent. would be tolerably even, and not more than half those could be called perfectly even. I killed this fall a buck whose saddle weighed fifty-five pounds, and took from his head as perfectly even a pair of horns as I ever saw, weighing four and a half pounds, with five points on a beam; but this deer was killed in a country where the chances were a hundred to one against his having been disturbed during the season by anything unless a panther. There are no wolves there. I killed in the same region a year or two ago, a buck whose hams, cut above the joint and with no saddle weighed forty pounds, while his horns were mere spikes, one of which made a feeble attempt to fork. A deer killed a day or two after, not by me, had four points on a beam on its horns, while the saddle, with the legs cut below the joint, only weighed forty-two pounds. I killed a deer in 1874, whose horns had fewer prongs and were not even half the size of the first one I mentioned as killed this year, and yet he was as large a deer. I have seen thousands of pairs of deer horns from deer killed in all parts of the country, and yet have rarely seen two pair exactly alike. I have seen one horn straight, the other curved; one with no prong, the other with several; a head of horns with a third horn growing between the two regular ones. I have a pair hanging on my wall at home, with twenty-six points on the two beams together.

I have also a pair of horns which, if I did not think too highly of the natural sagacity of the deer to suppose that he would so far fly in the face of Providence and the experience of the world for the last few thousand years as to walk in the Darwin runways seeking pasture, I might judge the buck who wore them to have adopted on the natural selection principle. The buck lived in a dense windfall, surrounded by a desperate country of thick spruce, laurel and rocks. Traveling with a widespread set of horns being troublesome there, this deer crossed his in front about an inch, so that they would part the bush instead of catching in it. This deer, by reason of his living in the windfall, the natives knew as the "Hurricane buck."

The most curious head of horns I have ever seen came from the head of a deer killed by a friend of mine two years ago. These horns are very thick in diameter of beam, but the beams, instead of curving, stand straight up like candlesticks a foot or more high, and then at the top spread out with a number of points starting from the same base, something like a man resting his elbows on a table and holding his forearms erect with his hands and fingers half spread out. The argument against the transmission and survival of the fittest business is, that there are always in any one year more deer over the spike buck age than under it, so that if each deer transmitted his own peculiarities to his descendants there would be more deer with large heads than small ones.

But what the spike buck transmits is not the peculiarity of having straight horns, but the faculty, among others, of shedding his horns every year and growing a new pair, of which the size and shape depends on a variety of circumstances. If the spike horn is making its appearance as a new variety in the Adirondacks, it is simply because the deer are slaughtered so recklessly in that region by cockneys in summer and market-hunters in winter that the average life of the deer has been reduced to such a low point that no buck, as a rule, has a chance to get beyond the spike age.

BAINBRIDGE, Ga., June 7.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In your issue of the 2d inst., the question is asked: "What is a spiked buck?" Well, Mr. E. A. Bonnetti to the contrary notwithstanding, it is a young *Cervus virginianus*, not a new species as he claims. Both naturalists and old hunters know when this species abound, by actual observation, that spiked buck is but the young of the *Cervus virginianus*. Catch one and raise it, as many of us have done when this variety exists, and all doubts will be at once dis-

pelled on this question. The first year the spike appears, the second year two, the third three, and then a full head of horns follow. O. G. GURLEY.

THE SWIMMING POWERS OF SERPENTS.

RATTLESNAKES in Florida often cross extensive waters. In May last while fishing in the Halifax River, Eastern Florida, which is a sound or bay of salt water from one to two miles wide I saw a rattlesnake swimming from the mainland to the peninsula. My companion, who had lost many dogs by snake bites, and was their enemy in consequence, pulled up the anchor to go and kill the snake. It swam strongly and swiftly, but as it saw that we should intercept it, it turned at bay, came toward us, and as we approached it threw itself into a coil to strike. It was, however, easily killed by a blow of our oar, and it measured about five feet in length with a diameter of four inches—small for the Florida species—which often grow to be seven or eight feet long.

A few days after, fishing in the same river, we saw a racer, or whip snake, crossing the river. Him we pursued also, and he turned to fight although without poisonous fangs. It was about eight or nine feet long, and as thick as a man's arm. It swam boldly and well, with the head raised a foot above the surface. Being a harmless or rather useful serpent which kills many rattlesnakes and moccasins we allowed it to go unmolested on its way.

The rattlesnakes are often found on this peninsula between the river and the ocean as well as on the mangrove islands in the river. Their food seems to be small animals, such as squirrels, rabbits and rats, the two latter of which are abundant, also such birds as they can capture. S. C. C.

THE LOON.

GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

I.

WINGED correlate of moose, bear, caribou,
Creatures of nature's savage mood.
With primitive and uncouth forms indued,
And cries and voices keyed to solitude,
Such screams and wails as ancient nature knew,
When man in caves still inarticulate grew.
Lone lakes remote thy lavatories be;
Eluding in their depths the hunter's eye,
Thou taunt'st him from afar with clamorous cry,
As of derisive laughter, maniac glee.
Where falls the shadow of the desert pine
On coves of wild-wood meres thou oar'st thy way
With swan-like stateliness at day's decline,
Startling with screams unearthly twilight gray.

II.

Deepening the weirdness of the forest old,
Which, hushed and sad, seems brooding on the days
When mammoths, crashing, roamed its branchy maze,
And beasts and men were of a huger mold,
In immemorial years of that far past,
Oh, raucous bird, thy kindred screamed and dived,
And with the moose and reindeer have survived,
Where primitive woods their mystic shadows cast,
In a still vigorous progeny, which soon
The hunter's rifle will exterminate,
Sole live things of the world's primeval state,
Still stirring in the light of sun and moon,
As fast as vanishes the forest gloom,
Wild creatures of its shades must meet their doom.
—B. W. BALL, *in Boston Herald.*

SHARON HILL, Delaware County, Pa., June 9, 1881.
Editor Forest and Stream:

While the loon subject is receiving attention in your columns, I would like to add some of my own observations in reference to this bird. I have frequently noticed them in the lakes in the interior of Canada, but I never saw more than two young loons accompanying the same parents, and I naturally conclude that they lay only two eggs.

The young loons frequently sit upon the back of the parent while swimming. I have often pursued the young loons in a boat with the view of capturing one, but never succeeded, as they are expert divers, even when quite small. On such occasions sometimes the old loon would rush toward me, elevating its body out of the water and flapping its wings frantically, apparently endeavoring to inspire terror by its actions. I have never seen a loon on shore, and I do not think they go on land, except to their nest, which is said to be only a few inches from the water. It is not uncommon to see several families (old and young) swimming together. When approached they all dive and separate from each other.

Loons are quite abundant in the Gulf of Mexico in winter on the west coast of Florida, but I have never seen them in fresh water in that State.

They are sometimes found napping on the water in the daytime. A friend of mine lately sailed close to one while asleep and shot it. I shot two loons on the west coast of Florida lately. They each weighed six pounds.

JOSEPH W. WILLCOX.

THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO.

LAST week the Philadelphia Zoological Society purchased from a captain of a sailing vessel plying between this port and South America eight especially fine specimens of the boa constrictor, those formerly at the Garden having succumbed to the rigor of the past winter. The new boas average about eight feet in length, are in good condition, and immediately began feeding on being put into their new quarters.

The pair of large Florida alligators which were lately sent to the society died very soon after their arrival. At first it was thought the change of climate caused their death, but dissection showed that one of them had a number of buckshot in his head, and in the other a large bullet was found.

"Henry," the large baboon which is chained a short distance from the monkey house, has had given him a female companion of his race, and the two appear to be on the best of terms. "Henry" is ever ready to throw back the sticks and stones with which the small boys pelt him. So expert is he in retaliating with these missiles and with so much power does he cast a stone that his keeper has dug up all the stones that were in the ground within Henry's reach, to prevent him from doing injury to the visitors.

English sparrows have increased so rapidly in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden that they are being caught and utilized as food for the snakes. Twenty or thirty are daily snared, and yet the flock seems to be as large as ever.

The wild fowl in the Garden wintered well and are in possession of their old quarters in the lake.

The upper Delaware and Schuylkill rivers are still muddy, so clouded as to render it impossible to fish for bass with any success. We hear of but few taken. Some of our anglers have done well with the perch in Timber, Raccoon and Oldmans creeks. I am still hearing of more woodcock having bred within the city and just beyond the city limits. HOMO.

THE VIENNESE SPARROWS.—In a Paris exchange, the *American Register*, we find this hint which might profitably be acted upon in some of our American cities: "It would seem as though the Viennese sparrows were more numerous and more unruly than their kindred in other cities, nay, in any other city in the civilized world. At all events the Viennese City Council has appointed a regular sparrow-hunter, who, by virtue of his office, is to see to it that the sparrows in the city park stop their incessant noise, no longer soil the few trees therein, and leave the singing-birds in peace, which are too modest to cope with their troublesome neighbors, and in order to best and practically accomplish this mission, to reduce their number by powder and shot. Lest the sparrows practice deceit at sight of the official executioner, or the singing-birds take fright at the unwonted detonations of the murderous instrument the functionary in question has been provided with an air-gun and noiselessly brings down from forty to fifty marauders per diem, which, tastefully strung, he sends to the competent municipal father as a token of his properly attending to his duty. If the sparrows do not quickly perceive that they are anything but welcome guests in the Austrian capital they must be thick-headed indeed."

SOUTH KEENE, N. H., June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 2, Mergus, of Poccasset, Mass., speaks of loons laying white eggs. I think Mergus is mistaken, for I know the nesting places of both species, and have in my possession an egg taken from the nest of the larger one, and it is light brown or gray with dark spots. I have taken their eggs for several years and have never found but two.—MART.

Our correspondent, Mergus, only reported what was told him, and not his own observations. The egg of *Colymbus torquatus* is brownish drab in color, with dark spots. Its color in fact is something like that of the woodcock's eggs, but the shade is darker throughout. The egg of the sandhill crane also resembles in color that of the loon

WHAT IS IT?—Pine River, Wis.—A gentleman friend has caught what he calls a "Samson fox," a red fox with short wool like a lamb. Is it a separate species or a "freak of nature?"—MALLARD.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE NEW JERSEY SOCIETY.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., June 11.

THE prospect of July woodcock shooting in this vicinity is fair. Numbers of birds are reported as having been seen, and the recent wet spell will undoubtedly keep them with us longer than as though it had remained dry. But few quail are heard whistling in this vicinity while rabbits are plenty. A fair number of grouse are reported as being seen on the sides of the adjacent hills.

It is the intention of members of the game societies in this section to rigidly enforce the game laws regarding woodcock shooting as they do other existing game and fish laws, also the "non-resident" law of this State, which provides that "no person or persons non-residents of this State shall kill, destroy, hunt or trap any game whatever, at any time, in this State without first complying with the by-laws of the game societies organized or to be organized under the laws of this State, under a penalty of $50 for each offense. Members of societies for protection of game and fish are empowered to make arrests of persons violating the same." The New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, whose headquarters are at Plainfield, N. J., W. L. Force, Secretary, are making many members of "non-residents" from New York and Philadelphia who see the wisdom and justice of such a law. By the payment of their annual dues of $2, which money goes toward stocking sections with game and prosecution of violators of the game laws, they find when the time set by law arrives for shooting and fishing that their money has been well invested. Since the organization of this society in 1879, "pot-hunting" has rapidly decreased in this section, and I trust the time is not far distant when I can say it is entirely eradicated, and every miserable "pot-hunter" brought to grief.

The above society have established an agency at No. 2 Cortlandt street, with Mr. Fred. Volckman an (honorable Vice-President of the same), who is authorized to receive names of new "non-resident" members, and grant them a certificate of membership. Also an agency with Mr. J. F. A. Leateur, at Philadelphia, cor. Seventh and Pine streets.

FOX.

THE STATE SPORTSMEN'S CONVENTION.

THE twenty-third annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was convened on Monday, June 20. During the morning large parties of delegates arrived from the northern and central parts of the State, and at twelve o'clock a complimentary chowder was served to those present. From then until eight o'clock in the evening the time was passed by the delegates in sight seeing. At eight o'clock the delegates and their friends all assembled in the spacious east dining-room of the Hotel Brighton, the members being welcomed to the hospitalities of Long Island by Mr. George A. Chappell, the President of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association. After this came some excellent instrumental music by Ceiler's Quartette, and then followed the

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ABEL CROOK

GENTLEMEN, Members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game:

On behalf of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, and in the name of all our fellow Sportsmen and citizens of this section of the State, I congratulate you upon your re-assemblage, and heartily bid you welcome.

Two years ago thirteen representatives of the clubs of Long Island participated, for the first time, in your Convention at Rochester. The consideration shown them is green in their memory. Strangers in a strange land, they found friends, and returned to relate to willing listeners the story of their adventures, and to advocate the propriety of an attempt to induce you to visit their home by the sea.

Encouraged by the sympathy of our local clubs, the Long Island Sportsmen's Association was organized, and in harmony and an honest wish to entertain the members of the State Association, 55 delegates from this locality in Convention assembled at Saratoga Falls last year, extended to you a cordial invitation to hold the Convention of 1881 at this place.

The unanimity with which you responded was alike pleasing to them and gratifying to their club associates.

Appropriately they were permitted, at the muzzle of the gun, if not at the point of the bayonet, to bring with them for safe keeping the three State prizes. Prized indeed were they, but overshadowed by the greater prize of your goodwill and confidence, as evidenced by the manner in which you met and treated them.

They have faithfully endeavored to make your advent among them pleasant to you and notable in the annals of your meetings. Energetic committees have labored day and night. Many varied and valuable prizes have been provided to reward your skill in the proposed friendly competitions with the rod and gun. Thousands of dollars have been expended in the many detail arrangements for your comfort and pleasure, and the result is within your control. You have congregated from the various cities, villages and hamlets of our great "Empire State," and present an imposing spectacle to those who are watching your deliberations.

After an existence of twenty-three years, the purposes and accomplishments of this Association are scarcely known outside of the western and central portions of the State. Why are we assembled here? Why have these beautiful trophies been presented? What has this organization accomplished? In what work is it engaged? What achievements await its future? Is it beneficial or injurious to its members and to the public? Is its existence a subject of congratulation or regret? These are pertinent questions which are repeated upon every side, and should ever be borne in mind until a conclusion shall have been satisfactorily reached.

In 1859, at Geneva, under the style of "The Sportsmen's Club of the State of New York," it sprang into existence, and through its fostering care the first reasonably consistent Game Law, of the year 1860, was enacted and enforced. In 1865, at Niagara Falls, its ranks having been increased by the addition of other organizations, it adopted a Constitution and By-Laws for the government of the aggregation of Clubs under the new name of "The New York Sportsmen's Association." Still later, in 1873, at Batavia, it adopted its present style of "The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game." The original title of "Club" was suggestive of the social character of its deliberations. The present name indicates its purposes without robbing it of those elements which bind man to man in the strongest ties—"friendship and brotherly love." To cultivate the latter, contests are arranged, and friendly emulation encouraged, and skill with the rod and gun rewarded.

The pastimes naturally attract more attention than the business portion of the meetings, and tend to excite unwarrantable criticisms.

To this Association belongs the credit of initiating bench shows of dogs in this country. They were held at Oswego, in 1874, and at Watertown, in 1875.

By the assiduous efforts of Seth Green and his co-workers and members, fisciculture has been proved to be practicable and profitable, and many of our waters which had become depleted of their finny denizens have been re-stocked and furnish sport and livlihood to many.

The reckless devastation of the forests of the North Woods, or Adirondacks, with the concurrent effect upon the canals and rivers, has been stayed, and the territory, with its variety of game animals, birds and fish, largely guarded and protected through the efforts of influential members of this organization.

In number of clubs and of members; in wealth, in influence, this Association stands without a peer and can and should afford an example for others.

The protection and preservation of fish and game involves two methods of procedure. In the first place, suitable game laws are required, to restrict and regulate the destruction in order that the game may be afforded an opportunity for natural reproduction.

In the second place, artificial propagation, or re-stocking may be beneficial. The latter has been proven practicable, and some localities have thereby been rendered paradises for sportsmen, and certain foreign specimens introduced which have become acclimated and thrive.

Legislation will be useless unless sensible. At heart men are more or less selfish, and our statute books evince the willingness of local Solons to prohibit their neighbors from indulging in the chase provided such restriction be not applicable to the home industries. As a result, more ink and paper are consumed in specifying the exceptions to the rule than in the statement of the rule itself. Perhaps this is based upon the adage that "the exceptions prove the rule"

Varying conditions of temperature and of climate, of soil formations, of artificial improvements and of new industries, must be considered in the preparation of a Game Law. This is peculiarly within the province of this Association. How shall it acquit itself?

During the past year that grim tyrant, Death, has invaded our ranks and removed from our midst a former President, Greene Smith, of Petersboro, and also James F. Williams, of Dansville, a member of the Standing Committee on Game Laws. Their many estimable qualities are known to you and they need no eulogy from me.

To-night is devoted to the consideration of the business of the Association. Friends are present to contribute to our pleasure by offerings of verse, prose, song and instrumental performance. A period of recreation and sport will follow. No one should consider himself a stranger. All are invited to participate freely. I sincerely trust that the preparations will prove equal to the occasion, and that nothing will occur to mar the celebration of our re-union.

When we part may it be with pleasant remembrances of this event. Continue in the work which you have undertaken. This organization may not directly accomplish great things to be seen of men. Our individual clubs must perform. Let us unite in pledging ourselves and our clubs to faithful co-operation, and ere long our forests and waters will teem with the subjects of all sportsmen's desires, and the silent places will again resound with the warbles of our departed song birds. Then, indeed, will be the fruition of our hopes, and we shall be recognized by all as justly styled "The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game."

"The American Sportsmen's Song," written by one of the members of the Washington Gun Club, Mr. Henry Alten-

brand, was then sung by the glee club of that gun club assisted by the Fountain Glee Club, and was received with marked favor by the assembled sportsmen, who indeed from the first had manifested a good-natured tendency to applaud everything that was offered for their entertainment. *Encores* were the order of the evening.

Mr. Wm. E. MacMasters, of the Albany *Argus* and the Philadelphia Press read the following poem which he had written for the occasion:

FIELD SPORTS.

A Poem of Greeting:

BY WILLIAM E. MAC MASTER.

I.

Hail, brother sportsmen of the Empire State,
I give you greeting in my humble lay;
More noble hearts, or strife more truly great,
Ne'er nerved the heroes of our palmiest day.

II.

From Erie's shore to Coney's Island's strand,
From the old "North Woods" to the "Southern Tier,"
Here where the Atlantic laves our native land,
Again our contests signalize the year.

III.

In friendly war matched like a Spartan band,
With eye undaunted, nerves as staunch as steel;
You'll win your honors from a comrade's hand,
In emulation which only sportsmen feel.

IV.

Like the bold clansmen of Auld Scotia's pride,
Where every plaid sheds lustre on the scene;
Here at her threshold our contests to decide,
New York gives welcome to all clubs I ween.

V.

Here then on wings poetic we will try,
Nor hope our Muse to amuse you with her lay;
Yet chip not our pinions ere the birds do fly,
Since ammunition's not restricted in this fray.
Then pass the amber cup with jolly cheer,
And crown our sportsmen heroes of the year;
For bards poetic, like birds who soar and sing,
Do flutter least when longest on the wing.

VI.

From scenes like these of gay and mimic strife,
We turn exultant to the sterner life:—
Where rosy fingers paint the dappled morn,
And merry hunt smart, with resounding horn,
Summons the drowsy dogs to eager ear,
And rouse from leafy couch the startled deer.
Bid the well-trained pack with cautious pace,
"Point" well the grouse with an unerring trace,
While field and wood resound the flying war,
Which every mountain echoes from afar!
Till vale and forest repeat the loud refrain
While the warm scent draws on the deep mouthed train.

VII.

Hurrah for the prairies
And sports of the field,
Where grouse in full coveys
Lie closely concealed;
Where mountain and forest
Nor deep tangled glen,
Interfere with our dogs
Or weary the men;
Where the unbidden acres
Like oceans are spread,
And the birds are still waiting
Our deluge of lead!
"He on!" what a magic
That sound to the ears
Of full-blooded pointers,
Whose instinct it cheers;—
They dash on like coursers
Until the warm scent,
Unerringly leads them,
Where now more intent—
Staunch as old veterans
To their "points" they stand,
Each "backing" the other
And waiting command!
Now swift on the pinion,
From stubble they rise;
The quick blood is mounting,—
Their flight hits the skies.
Escape? It is hopeless,
Our scattering lead
Is thundering o'er them!
And the dogs "mark" them, dead!

VIII.

When summer's o'er and autumn mild succeeds,
And quail or partridge on the heather feeds;
Before his lord the setter then should go,
And beat the cover carefully and slow.

IX.

When the days shorten and the nights grow chill,
And softer light doth rest on vale and hill,
The sportsman then will change his hunting ground
For lakes and streams where water-fowl abound.
Where heavy geese scream up against the sky,
And swift-winged teal almost our skill defy.
Where skies are darkened by mallard in their flight,
And the rice fields are garrisoned at night.

X.

Now comes the sport which gives such manly zest.
Wild fowl shooting, most difficult and best.
To measure speed and distance, and to bring
A teal at sixty yards upon the wing;—
Or land a wigeon with unerring skill,
On some safe log, convenient to your will;
Requires a master in the sportsman's art,
Whose every nerve obeys his head and heart.

XI.

Hunting in all phases, on the field or flood,
Makes men more hardy, more humane and good;
Gives health and pleasure, sets the spirit free,
Teaches love of nature—helps the memory;
And more than this, it teaches love of law,
Which will not kill to feed a greedy maw.
How the locks bristle and the eyebrows arch,
For quail or partridge massacred in March.
With what contempt true sportsmen shun the spot,
Whereon they meet some hunter for the pot:—
Poor worthless d——l, his head beneath a price,
Else Courts might ask if "Pot"-ers hunted twice.

XII.

Gladly would I sing when our hunt is o'er,
The pleasure which our camp has still in store;
The smoking viands of our simple fare,
Appetites keen as is the morning air;
A hospitality that's no empty name—
Each guest a brother whencesoe'er he came.

XIII.

A cordial greeting, then, brothers of a race
Whose deeds are sung in many a loving chase;—
Heroes whose brows by fairer hands than mine
Are wreathed with chaplets—human, yet divine.
May scenes like these their annual pleasures bring,
And bards more worthy of their merits sing;
While here with new fields and contests at bay,
I give you welcome in my humble lay.

The roll called showed that the clubs, represented by accredited delegates, were: Phœnix Sportsmen's Club, Seneca Falls; Phœnix Gun Club, Brooklyn; Spencer Sportsmen's Club, Lyons; Adirondack Sportsmen's Club, Adams; Long Island Shooting Club, Brooklyn; Fountain Gun Club, Brooklyn; Jefferson Sportsmen's Club, Watertown; Audubon Club, Rochester; Brooklyn Gun Club, Brooklyn; Monroe County Sportsmen's Club, Rochester; Genesee Sportsmen's Club, Irondequoit; Niagara Falls Shooting Club, Niagara Falls; Corning Sportsmen's Club, Corning; Wayne County Sportsmen's Club, Clyde; Rochester Gun Club, Rochester; Dansville Sportsmen's Association, Dansville; Nassau Shooting Club, Brooklyn; Long Island Shooting Club, Brooklyn; Le Roy Sportsmen's Club, Le Roy; Deer Richmond Club, Batavia; Seth Green Rod and Gun Club, Dansville; Forrester Club, Buffalo; Queen City Club, Buffalo; Washington Gun Club, Buffalo; Central City Sportsmen's Club, Syracuse; Central Gun Club, Troy; Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, Syracuse; Onondaga County Fishing Club, Syracuse; Seneca Gun Club, Seneca Falls; Nonpareil Sportsman's Club, Brooklyn; Lewis County Sportsmen's Club, Lowville; Garden City Gun Club, Hempstead; Livingston Sportsmen's Association, Geneseo; Audubon Club, Buffalo; Falcon Gun Club, New York; East Buffalo Shooting Club, East Buffalo

After a tenor solo, "The Standard Watch," by Mr. Fred. Harvey, of the Fountain Glee Club, and the rendering of a song, "Toast," by that club, the follow ng new clubs were admitted to membership in the State Association: Game and Fish Protective Association, of Richmond County, Staten Island; Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, Brooklyn; Prospect Gun Club, Brooklyn; Eastchester Gun Club, of Westchester; First German Gun Club, New York City.

The essay prepared by Gaston Fay was then read by Mr. F. K. Castner, of the Nonpareil Sporting Club. It is printed in another column. At the conclusion of this reading and after the singing of "The Loyal Song" by the Washington Glee Club and a tenor solo, "Did'st Thou But Know," by Mr. Fred. Harvey, it was voted, because of the lateness of the hour, to suspend all the remainder of the programme except the necessary business. For the next convention the three places named were Niagara Falls, Dansville and Lyons. Horace Silsby, of Seneca Falls, and Dr. E. L. Sargent, of Watertown, were appointed tellers of the election and, on informal ballot, the following result was obtained: Niagara Falls, eighty-four; Dansville, seventy-nine, and Lyons nineteen, when Lyons withdrew. On the formal ballot the vote was announced: Niagara Falls eighty-eight and Dansville eighty-seven. The convention will therefore assemble at Niagara Falls the coming year. The meeting then adjourned to a sumptuous collation, when the scintillations of wit, brilliant repartee and jovial merrymaking were prolonged to a late hour, even for Coney Island.

The adjourned meeting of the association was held at the Hotel Brighton Tuesday evening, President Crook in the chair. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. W. J. Babcock, was read and showed a balance of $215 86 in the treasury. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Mr. Sheldon T. Murray, of the Niagara Falls Shooting Club; First Vice-President, Mr. Robert Robinson, of the Long Island Shooting Club; Second Vice-President, Captain W. L. B. Steers, of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club; Recording Secretary, Mr. John B. Sage, of the Forester Club, Buffalo; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. William Pool, of the Niagara Falls Shooting Club, and Treasurer, Mr W. J. Babcock, of the Monroe County Sportsmen's Association, of Rochester. The Southern Ulster County Club was admitted to membership of the association.

The retiring President, Mr. Abel Crook, and the various committees of the present convention were tendered a vote of thanks for the able manner in which they had conducted their duties. A motion was made that the number of birds to be shot at in the coming matches should be reduced to seven, but it was decided to leave it to the judgment of the officers of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association.

Mr. M. A. Stearns, of Rochester, gave notice that at the proper time he would lay a resolution before the Standing Committee to the effect that any man who should challenge a man for unfair loading, without proper evidence, should be well punished for the offense.

A resolution was offered to the effect that as Mr. Bergh was endeavoring to get a bill passed to prohibit trap shooting in this State, the members of the different clubs request their members of the Legislature to oppose any such bill, but before any action was taken the meeting adjourned to meet Thursday evening to discuss the game laws. The Driving Park is easy of access from Hotel Brighton, and handsomely decorated for the occasion. Prominent among the well equipped tents are the Long Island Sportsmen's Association large three-pole tent, fully eighty feet long; Phœnix Gun Club of Seneca Falls; the Monroe County Club and Rochester Gun Club, both of Rochester; the Audubon Club of Buffalo, the Spencer Club of Lyons, the Dean Richmond Club of Batavia, the Onondaga County Club of Syracuse, Seneca Gun Club of Seneca Falls, East Buffalo Shooting Club and the Forester Club of Buffalo.

Unfortunately a sad scene occurred on Tuesday evening in the destruction by fire of the tent of the Monroe County and Rochester Gun Clubs, containing several valuable guns with their equipments as well as the stores and supplies belonging to the members. This is the first accident of the kind that has ever occurred in the history of the organization. The official list of scores will be published in the next issue of the FOREST AND STREAM.

NEW YORK GAME LAW.

AS soon as it was announced that the Governor had signed amendments to the game law we telegraphed and wrote to Albany for a copy of the same. In response we received from a prominent member of the Assembly the bill already published. A telegram just at hand now informs us that the bill signed by Governor Cornell was one referring to fish only, and that he refuses to sign the one which we published upon the strength of the representations made to us by the member of the Assembly referred to.

The law respecting game will therefore remain the same that was in force last year.

We regret exceedingly that we and our readers should have been misinformed.

A BARGAIN IN RIFLES.—We call special attention to the card of Messrs. William Read & Sons, of Boston, Mass. They offer a real bargain in rifles, and purchasers should avail themselves of the opportunity to secure a good arm at a low figure. The firm are thoroughly reliable and their representations are to be accepted as square.

See adv. of large sale of Archery Goods at Auction on Friday, June 24.

THE GAME BIRDS OF LONG ISLAND.

[Delivered before the New York State Association of Sportsmen at their Twenty-third Annual Convention, Coney Island, N. Y., June 20, 1881.]

THE occasion that has called us together, is one of momentous interest not only to us individually, but to the people at large. Our main object and primary aim is to examine into, and recommend the best measure for the preservation of the game of our island, that of late years has been so ruthlessly destroyed; and if some adequate check is not put upon this wanton and reckless destruction, the time is not far distant when many species at least will be exterminated. Our efforts to protect our game birds from extermination by securing the enactment of proper, concise and stringent laws to that end, will subserve more than one purpose; not only will it protect our game from needless destruction, and allow their decimated ranks to recuperate by natural causes, so that the true sportsman may in the near future be enabled to find in plenty what he now so often seeks in vain, but it will do far more practical good in its benefits to the agriculturist, by the protection such laws will afford against the heartless and wanton destruction of the smaller birds, so many of which, living more or less upon insect life, keep in check the ravages of these silent and voracious pests.

All tribes of animal life were created to subsist upon some other, thus to keep in check their otherwise too rapid increase; this is seen even from the highest form of animal to the lowest form of insect life. No insect so minute but some other tribe of insects are their foes, and subsist upon them, another tribe on them, and on so *ad infinitum*. Were it not for this wise provision of nature, the earth would be over-run with insect life. It is here that the usefulness and necessity of birds are most apparent. It is well known to all who have made the subject a study, how much the agriculturist is indebted to the feathered tribe for the good they subserve by keeping in check the ravages of insects. Why, a single pair of insectivorous birds no larger than a common sparrow, will destroy more obnoxious insects in a day than any man. Have you ever stood and watched our little nuthatch, titmouse or creeper, hopping from twig to twig, prying into every crevice, with its sharp and pointed bill picking out even the minutest egg of insect life, examining every leaf and twig and seizing its insect prey with amazing dexterity; restless, ever on the move, doing a better day's work for the farmer and fruit grower than the ablest man he hires; and yet these little benefactors to man are ruthlessly shot down by any ignorant lad who is enabled to gain the use of a rusty gun. I would not so desecrate the name as to call him a sportsman, this merciless destroyer, who kills at random everything that is clothed with feathers, killing perhaps in one day's shooting the authors of more substantial good to the country at large; more good in many places, than he himself ever confers upon his country, society or himself.

As an illustration of the inestimable value of birds in destroying insect life, a better perhaps could not be offered than that of the introduced European sparrow. Most of you will doubtless remember, before the introduction of these birds, that the maple trees in our streets were infested by a measure worm, the larvæ of a delicate white moth—the *Ennomos subsignaria*; these worms were so exceedingly numerous and annoying that no one could pass under any trees on which they were without having them dangling in their face or attaching themselves to some part of the clothing; besides this they stripped these beautiful trees of every vestige of verdure, in many cases destroying them; yet as soon as the noisy and pugnacious house sparrow was introduced, so rapidly were they exterminated that now not a single one can be found on any of our shade trees.

It is true that many birds are very destructive to the agricultural interests, these are chiefly confined to the granivorous or seed-eating birds, though a few omnivorous ones do their share of destruction. Foremost of these most destructive is the well-known bobolink—*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*; the rice or reed bird of the Southern States. In the North they commit considerable havoc in the cornfields, and in the South the spring wheat and barley, and later the rice fields suffer immeasurably by this depredator.

Another great enemy to our cornfields is the red-winged starling or swamp blackbird—*Agelaius phœniceus*. So well known is his character that in many districts he is called the corn or maize thief. But whilst a few species are enemies to the farmer, by far the larger portion are his friends.

It is chiefly to the insectivorous birds that we must look for protection from the depredations of insects, and by reason of the incalculable blessing they are to the agriculturist, and the rich and varied melody nature has endowed so many of the species with, they well deserve our fostering care. None of the species belonging to the following families or genera should ever be wantonly destroyed:

None of the Sialia or bluebirds, none of the Sylviadæ or warblers, a large family of strictly insectivorous birds; none of the Parianæ or Titmice, or the Certhiadæ or creepers; none of the Vireos or greenlets, or the Sittinæ or nuthatch; none of the Tyranninæ or fly-catchers, or the Troglodytes, wrens; none of the Picinæ or woodpeckers; none of the Caprimulgidæ or night hawks, and none of the Hirundinidæ or swallows.

All the species belonging to these groups are highly beneficial to man, and include the main body of our strictly insectivorous birds.

Quite a number of families of omnivorous birds are equally worthy of our protection, in recompense for the good they conserve in keeping in check insect life, without taking into consideration their melody. The chief are to be found in families: Merulidæ—Thrushes; Icterinæ—Hairynests and Tanagrinæ—Tanagers.

Now, by well-defined protective laws such, as your Association desire to have enacted, you would not only restore the decimated game, but also be the means of protecting our useful birds from wanton destruction. From a long residence in your midst, and intimate acquaintance with the western section of our Island, I am fully aware how, not only our game has been thinned out, but also our small birds. The time was, when it was the boast of the Long Islander that his favored Island was frequented by a larger number of species of the feathered tribe than any locality in our wide domain; for, independent of the large number of species, either resident here or always to be found during some part of the year, its position being so favorable, it was at times visited by many species whose natural home was the Gulf States or the Atlantic sea-board; besides this, species belonging to the inhospitable regions of the far North often found their way to our more congenial shores; these circumstances always rendered the Fauna of Long Island, particularly favored as to birds. But how is it now? Large tracts

hitherto melodious with the song of birds are now comparatively silent. Every half-grown boy who can either buy, beg, borrow or steal a gun, new or old, bright or rusty, musket or fowling-piece, rushes out to the fields, woods or shore, and pops away regardless of the consequences, driving away what he fails to kill. Such marauders should be summarily dealt with, through the agency of stringent laws, and no one individual, or body of men, are and should be more interested in the faithful carrying out of those protective laws than the real sportsmen of the country.

Nor is all the wanton destruction of birds to be laid at the door of the youth of our cities; for it is a well known fact that there are men living along our sea-coast who make it a practice during the breeding season of robbing the nests of our Grallatorial or Wading Birds, for the pittance they receive from the sale of the eggs thus gathered. By this wanton destruction the Clapper Rail or Mud-Hen—Rallus crepitans, has particularly suffered; cases are known where a single egg hunter has taken 100 doz. eggs of this bird in a single day; this, though true, is an unusual number, and occurred where the birds were very numerous.

The robbing of bird's nests prevails to a great extent right in our midst, in our own beautiful Park, within whose precincts we would think the feathered tribe would be secure; the practice of robbing the birds of their eggs is alarmingly on the increase, despite the printed rules and regulations posted on every hand. Were a few examples made of these despoilers, no doubt it would exert a salutary influence in deterring others from committing like offense.

But a few years ago how different were our woods and fields to what they are now. How well do I remember when the western end of our Island, during the vernal season, was musical with countless songsters, and our coast in the proper season prolific with Snipe, Fern, Ducks and other waterfowl. When the shrill cry of the beautiful Blue Jay—Cyanurus cristatus, could be heard in every wood. When our well known friend the Quail—Ortyx virginianus, was everywhere abundant, and his familiar "bob-white" could be heard on every hand. When the spotted breasted Wood Thrush—Turdus mustelinus, uttered his brief but sweetly melancholy note in every deep wood. When the ventriloquist, the Yellow-breasted Chat—Icteria viridis, was one of our common birds. When the gay decked Scarlet Tanager—Phœnisoma rubra, in his bright red plumage, flitted through the green trees, and the sprightly and pert Redstart—Setophaga ruticilla, with his orange and black plumage, darted from twig to twig in search of its favorite wood. When not even a cabbiar or alder bush, even in our suburban districts, but was the refuge and hiding place of such tiny choristers as the Yellow Throat and Summer Yellow Warblers—Sylvicola flaviceilis and æstiva. Few were the ploughed fields where the Black-bellied Plover—Charadrius apricarius, was not seen, or their loud whistling note not heard. Now, I would ask how many fields of this character might be gone over in vain for them? During the season now passed, I have walked miles through woods and fields, sometimes without seeing or hearing even the commonest Finch.

Of the Rasorial Birds, comprising the true land Game Birds, our Island has but a limited number; of the first family, that of Pavonidæ, but two species are natives of the United States, the Meleagris gallopavo or Wild Turkey, and the Meleagris Mexicanus or Mexican Wild Turkey, neither of which are found on the Island.

Of family Tetraonidæ—Patridges and Grouse, but two species are known on the Island; these are the Pinnated Grouse—Tetrao cupido, commonly known as the Heath-hen, and Ortyx virginianus—the Quail, our old friend Bob White.

The Pinnated Grouse or Heath-hen has from time immemorial been peculiarly associated with the vast barren plains of Long Island, extending a length of over 40 miles, and a width of 6 or 7; in other words, embracing the section of the Island from Hempstead to Shinnecock Bay; and although laws have been in existence from an early date, with the object of protection to this bird in particular, s ill such laws have been so openly violated or evaded, that their complete extinction from our Fauna, must soon surely be realized, if more energetic measures are not instituted and carried out to protect them. The first law passed by the State Legislature to protect these birds, was that introduced by Mr. Cornelius J. Bogert, a Member of Assembly from the City of New York, in February, 1791.

That statute declares among other thing, that "the person who shall kill any Heath-Hen within the counties of Suffolk and Queens, between the 1st day of April and the 5th day of October, shall, for every such offense, forfeit and pay the sum of two dollars and a half, to be recovered, with costs of suit, by any person who shall prosecute for the same, before any Justice of the Peace, in either of the said counties; the one-half to be paid to the plaintiff, and the other half to the overseers of the poor; and if any Heath-Hen, so killed, shall be found in the possession of any person, he shall be deemed guilty of the offence, and suffer the penalty. But it is provided, that no defendant shall be convicted, unless the action shall be brought within three months after the violation of the law."

The Quail or Partridge—Ortyx virginianus, was at one period quite common throughout the Island; his well known and familiar call of Bob White is universally known, but the persecution they have suffered has so thinned them out, that in many districts their cheery voice is but seldom heard. Not content with striving to exterminate them by the gun, it has become a common practice to take them alive in traps, made of sticks or laths and a common figure-four trigger; to show how they have been destroyed, and how their present range has been restricted, I can well remember the time when I have repeatedly found their nests where the site of the present Prospect Park is, and it is needless to say how many fields or woods you would of necessity have to pass over now, in order to find one.

In Family Columbidæ—Pigeons, we have two species found on the Island, and both well known, the Ectopistes migratoria, or Passenger Pigeon, and the Ectopistes carolinesis, the Carolina Pigeon or Turtle Dove. Of the Passenger Pigeon we may say, but a few stragglers comparatively are seen on our island, when we take into considerat on the vast numbers that every year congregate in our Western States. So, too, with the Turtle Dove, their singular mournful note seldom falls upon our ear, and except at the period of migration are seldom seen in larger numbers than three or four together.

One of the main causes of the dearth of game on the Island is the wholesale slaughter carried out by those people on the shore, who make a living by acting as guides to our sportsmen, and let out batteries and decoys through whose use such large quantities of water-fowl are annually destroyed. No shore in the whole Union is naturally richer in Grallatorial and Natatorial Birds than the bays and inlets of our favored Island, and on account of its proximity to our large cities, no locality has suffered greater from the abuses we complain of than this.

In order to more fully illustrate our subject, it will not be out of place to briefly review the Water Birds that are to be found upon the shores of our island, some of which are, however, now but occasionally seen.

It is in the Order Grallatores, or Waders, that the sportsman finds a large part of his favorite Game, for in these are included the Herons, Egrets, Bitterns, Ibises, Rails, Snipe, Woodcock, Sandpipers, Tatlers, Curlews and Plovers.

In the first Family, Ardeadæ—Herons, we find our well known Green Heron or Green Bittern—Ardea virescens, known by every gunner by an unutterable name.

The Ardea Herodias—Great Heron and Egrettaleuce—Great White Heron, are rare on our coast. The Nyctiardea gardenii—the Night Heron, or Qua Bird—is occasionally found.

The last in this Family is the Botaurus Minor—the American Bittern, called by some the Indian Hen and by others the Dunkadoo.

The next Family is the Rallidae—Rails. In genus Rallus we have the Rallus virginianus, or Virginia Rail; the Rallus crepitans, or clapper rail, and the Crex carolinus, or Sora Rail. The flesh of the latter is peculiarly delicious and furnishes the gunner excellent sport in attempting to follow this nimble-footed bird.

The family Scolopacidæ embraces the Sandpipers and Snipe. In this family is the best known and most sought after of all the Game Birds of our Island, the American Woodcock—Scolopax minor.

The most numerous, perhaps, of all the family is the Scolopax Grisea, or Red-breasted Snipe; its flesh is held in high esteem, is a favorite with the sportsman and great numbers are annually killed. The Scolopax Wilsonii, commonly called the English Snipe, is also much sought after. The Great Marbled Godwit—Limosa fedoa—known to the many sportsmen as the straight-billed Curlew and the Red Curlew, is not as numerous as the Short-billed Curlew, its favorite associate.

Of the Sandpipers the following are found on our shores: The Tringa semipalmatus—the Semipalmated Sandpiper or Willet; the Little Sandpiper—Tringa minutilla; the Red-backed Sandpiper—Tringa alpina; and the Ash-colored Sandpiper—Tringa canutus. Of the Plovers, the Ringed or Piping Plover—Charadrius melodus—and the Kildeer—Charadrius vociferus—are perhaps the best known. The other species are Golden Plover—Charadrius virginianus; Wilson's Plover—Charadrius Wilsonii; and the Sanderling—Calidris arenaria. Our review of the Long Island Grallatores closes with the Long-billed Curlew—Numensis longirostris, and the Short-billed—Numensis borealis—both well known to our gunners. Space will not permit to mention all our Gallatores, but the foregoing includes the greater portion.

The last Order, called Natatores, or Swimming Birds, we must confine our remarks to the most conspicuous family—that of Anatidæ, embracing the Geese and Ducks.

In the first sub-family, the Anserinæ, is the well known Canada or Wild Goose—Anser canadensis; the Snow Goose—Anser hyperboreus, is rare on the Island. The last is the Brant—Bernida brenta.

The next sub-family are the Anatinæ or River Ducks; we have species belonging to three genera, Marica—Widgeon; Dendronessa—Tree Ducks, and Anas—Typical River Ducks.

The Marica Americana, or American Widgeon, better known as the Baldpate, is one of our well-known Ducks whose flesh is highly esteemed.

The Dendronessa sponsa—Summer or Wood Duck, the most beautiful of all our water birds, is now rare on our coast.

The Shoveller—Anas clypeata, is held in high esteem for the table.

The Dusky Duck—Boschas obscura, more commonly known as the Black Duck, is one of our common Ducks, but its flesh is much inferior to the Mallard, Canvass Back and others.

The Blue-winged Teal—Boschas discors, are highly esteemed as an article of food; these birds are easily taken in hollow traps with the common device, a figure four.

The Green-winged Teal—Boschas carolinensis, is a common and well-known species, whose flesh is excellent.

The Mallard—Boschas major, ranks next to the Canvass-back and Red-head for the excellency of its flesh and food.

The Pintail Duck—Dafila acuta, or as it is sometimes called the Sprig-tail, this bird is highly esteemed by epicures. The Gadwall—Chaulioduas stripera, closes our river Ducks. We now come to the Fuligulinæ or Sea Ducks, comprising five genera, as follows: Somateria or Eider Ducks; Oidemia or Scoters; Fuligula or Pochards, Clangula or Golden Eyes and Haralda or Long Tails.

The Eider Duck—Somateria mollissima, is noted for the softness, elasticity and warmth of their down, in that respect excelling all other Ducks; their flesh however is inferior.

The King Duck—Samateria spectabilis, is now quite rare.

The Scoter Duck—Oidemia nigra; little esteemed.

The Velvet Duck—Oidemia fusca, of similar habits to the Scoter, and on account of associating with it often mistaken for it by some sportsmen.

The Black or Surf Duck—Oidemia perspicillata; the flesh of this species is coarse and strong.

The Scaup Duck or Blue-bill—Fuligula marilla, and the Pied Duck—Fuligula labradora, are both considered poor as articles of food.

The Red-headed Duck—Fuligula ferina, is second only to the Canvass-back in its excellency as food.

The Ruddy Duck—Fuligula rubida, and Tufted Duck—Fuligula rufitorques, are both rare on the Island.

The Buffel-headed Duck—Clangula albeola, better known as the Butter-box or Butter-bill, though often fat and plump, is not held in as high esteem as many other species.

The Golden eye Duck—Clangula vulgaris, is inferior for the table.

The Harlequin Duck—Clangula histrionica, commonly known as the Lord, is in plumage the most striking and remarkable of all; the grotesqueness and oddity of its markings suggested its name. Its flesh is considered excellent. It is one of our rarest species.

The Haralda glacialis or Long-Tailed Duck, better known as the Old Wife and South Southerly, is common, but little esteemed for the table.

The last of the Anatidæ are the Merganinæ—Mergansers, all four species of which belong to the Fauna of Long Island. The time was when the Hooded Merganser—Mergus cucullatus, with his beautiful black and white crest, forming when erected the segment of a circle, and its congener, the red-breasted Merganser—Mergus serrator, with its long pendant crest, were not unfrequently found along our shores, together with the Goosander—Mergus merganser.

The Smew or White Nun—Mergus albellus, is more frequently found.

I cannot trespass on your time by individualizing the Tern, Gulls and other water birds that possess less attraction to the sportsman, as but few are in any way adapted to the table, their flesh usually being coarse and fishy.

Having briefly reviewed our Game Birds, in conclusion I would say, that it is imperative something should be done, the strong arm of the law should be evoked to protect our birds; the use of batteries, traps and decoys should be strictly prohibited; the most stringent laws should be enacted with that intent in view; these should be rigidly enforced without fear or favor, and free from all partisan or political influence to shield the offenders; pass good strong laws, execute them faithfully, and the time is not far distant when our woods will again, as of yore, resound to the melody of the feathered tribe, and when the true sportsman, under the sanction of wise and just regulations, as to the proper period whereiu he may follow his favorite sport, may be enabled to be fully compensated for his endeavors. NICOLAS PIKE.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

[Delivered before the New York State Association of Sportsmen at their Twenty-third Annual Convention, Coney Island, N. Y., June 29, 1881.]

THE following incident will serve to illustrate and introduce the subject matter of this paper.

A sportsman whom I will designate by the letter X, is the owner of a large tract of land which he uses as a preserve for Game. To this end he has stocked it with a quantity of quail, rabbits, etc. For the protection of the first he has constructed plac's of shelter, where in severe weather they seek refuge and are fed liberally with grain. A man of means, he has spared no expense to attain successful results. He employs men to watch and protect his game, and in the season is rewarded with ample sport for himself and his friends. It is unnecessary to add that he is by no means a popular personage in the neighborhood. His trials and tribulations are many; but he is firm in his purpose to thoroughly test the possibility of enforcing on his own land, laws which he has formed to be entirely inoperative in the country at large. His property is posted with notices, forbidding trespasses, and while he is aware that his losses by poaching are enormout he is encouraged to continue the experiment.

His experience is a varied one, and he is constantly confronted with troublesome characters, who look with scorn upon his efforts to do as he wishes with his own.

A couple of years since, on a certain day in September he was startled by the rapid discharge of guns, at no great distance from his residence.

He sallied out, and, hurrying in the direction of the firing, he soon came up with an individual who assisted by two superbly broken pointers was flushing and killing the half-grown quail.

He discovered the gunner to be a stout, thick-set person, with a heavy black moustache. His garments were after the latest sporting fashion, and he carried a gun of the most expensive and modern build.

"What do you mean," says X—, "by killing birds out of season, and on my land?"

"All right boss," says the fellow, "there's nothin' mean about me."

"How many birds have you killed?" says X—.

The gunner, no wise disconcerted, thrust his hands into his pockets, and one after another drew out twenty partly grown quail.

"You have killed just one hundred dollars worth," says X—.

"All right, boss," says the gunner, whereupon he produced a Russian leather wallet, and, abstracting five twenty dollar bills, offered them to X—.

"I have no right to take your money," says the talker, "you must settle this with the Court."

"Now see here, boss," says the fellow, "I'm a plumber by trade, I am, and when other gentlemen kin be out a shootin', I've got to be at work a fixin' of their plumbin';" and says he, "I like a day's shootin' as well as the next man, and I expect to pay for it."

At the mention of the word plumbing, X—'s hair fairly stood on end. The owner of much city property, his life had been made utterly wretched by his encounters with the members of that profitable branch of trade. The confession of the gunner quite demoralized him, so he pondered for a moment and then said to the fellow, "Come with me."

In company they returned to X—'s residence. He led the plumber into his dining room, and produced some brandy, of which his prisoner swallowed a bumper.

"Now my friend," says X—, pointing out of the window, "do you see that road? Well, it leads directly to the railroad station. You start as quickly as you can, and don't you stop until you reach it. Do as I tell you, and I will not proceed against you. I have met men of your trade before."

"All right, boss," says the plumber, "you've treated me like a gentleman, and if I kin do anything for you in my line, here's my card. It bore the following legend:"

Y—— Z—— & CO.
PLUMBING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Owners of the Patent Reversible and Anti-scorbutic Trap.
CHARGES MODERATE.

With us, where we have few men of leisure, those who are fond of sport must indulge their fancy when it shall not interfere with their business pursuits.

We see this exemplified in the case of the sporting plumber. The open season is to him one when the exigencies of trade demand that he shall prey upon his fellow men. As expense is no object compared to the pleasures of a day's shooting, he does it at the risk of coming in conflict with the law. The chances are so vastly in his favor, the possibility of such an encounter does not disturb his serenity. The combination of sport and business is not a happy one, and our necessity of combining the two goes very far toward increasing the difficulties of an exact enforcement of the game laws. Moreover, men whose moments of recreation are few, and whose shooting days must be limited in number, are the cause of the demorilization of the professional gunners whom they employ. To secure the greatest number of birds in the shortest space of time, they urge these men to acts which they know to be utterly destructive and ruinous

In other countries there is an *esprit du corps* among sportsmen, entirely wanting with us, and which it is possible can never be established.

Not long since a reporter of one of the morning papers, visited the little hamlet near which I reside, to inquire into

the causes of the rapid disappearance of wild fowl from the bay in our front. To assist him in his investigations I collected at my house the professional gunners of the neighborhood. These men, though daily violators of the game laws, had no hesitation in acknowledging the fact, and in giving their reasons for so doing.

All were agreed that if the laws for the protection of game could be enforced it would result in vast benefit to themselves; but so long as one violated the same with impunity, the others should not refrain from so doing. Moreover, it was understood that one could not be induced to bear witness against the other. All asserted that their necessities forced them to yield to the solicitations of the sportsmen who employed them, in the use of devices and unfair advantages which were ruinous and fatal. Moreover, they were frank to confess that among those who urged them to violations of the game laws in the matter of wild fowl, were many who confessed themselves to be members of sportsmen's associations. Indeed a man must be exceptionally conscientious who can resist the allurements of dusking ducks and wild geese, and abstain from shooting at fowl from a boat while under-weigh.

The reporter, at the conclusion of his interview with these gunners, came to the conclusion that to enforce the game laws it would be necessary to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* and put the country under martial law, and even under these circumstances the gunners acknowledged that if they wanted a mess of birds at any season they would have them in defiance of a provost guard.

The expression of such sentiments will show how difficult is the task to enforce laws, which, however desirable, appear to be held in contempt and derided by those who would be the greater gainers by their rigid enforcement.

In other countries the magistrates or justices of the peace are nearly all sportsmen or in sympathy with them, consequently the game laws are rigidly enforced and effectively sustained. Our minor judicial officers being elective, their sympathies are in harmony with the prevailing popular sentiments of their particular districts; with them it is merely a question of securing the greatest number of votes.

What shall be thought of a justice of the peace who encourages lads to snare quail of which he is a purchaser for the market. He is certainly not the man to punish violators of the game laws. Yet just such functionaries hold sway in many localities. Other incumbents of the office cannot distinguish one bird from another. I have in my possession a legal paper prepared by one of these officials, who speaks of a gun as "she," that weapon having in his eyes no other attribute than as an expression of his opinion of the qualities of the gentler sex.

As to game constables, they are but another spoke in the political wheel. So far as the purpose for which they are created is concerned, they are utterly worthless. These officers have a large family connection, many of whom are professional gunners and habitual violators of the game laws.

They certainly do not propose to complicate their domestic affairs for the sake of a form of animal life which in their opinion has nothing in common with their own sensitive and superior natures.

It is my fortune to be so situated as to have peculiar facilities for observing the results of the non-enforcement of the laws enacted for the protection of wild fowl. From the windows of my residence I may, with a glass, sweep an extended line of sedge. By this means, and from a constant practical experience as a sportsman, I am enabled to watch the rapid decline of the shooting privileges in the bay in my front. This body of water, situated on the east end of Long Island, was once the haunt of seeming'y inexhaustible supplies of wild fowl. For many years I have noted the decrease of the number of birds returning in each recurring season. To day it is not worth the necessary exertion to secure a few birds. Now and again from being constantly on the ground a comparatively good day's sport may be secured; but the visitor from the city whose time is limited has but small chance of enjoying the same.

Had an intelligent system been inaugurated to preserve and protect the fowl on this sheet of water, for generations to come it might have afforded a source of enjoyment and pleasure. Instead of this the most destructive devices have been used. The geese and ducks are fire lighted and dusked, and no sooner do a few birds settle on the water than a boat pursues them. It is a popular fallacy that eel-pot stakes and fishing boats keep the birds from off their feeding grounds. This is a mistake, for they soon learn to disregard all which does not inflict injury upon them. Their abandonment in this locality must be entirely attributed to the night attacks made upon them. Ordinary shooting over decoys from meadow points would have had no appreciable effect in diminishing their numbers. In addition, the killing of migrating wild fowl in the spring of the year is a potent factor in their coming annihilation. Could they be allowed to remain undisturbed during that season of the year, they would return to us in the autumn in vastly augmented numbers, and with less fear of the decoy.

The question may be asked—Why not make an effort to enforce the game laws on these waters? It cannot be done except by the establishment of patrol boats manned by men strangers to the locality, well paid and earnest in their efforts. If such a system could be devised and put under the care of efficient persons it is possible that the wanton and fatal destruction of wild fowl might be checked and they in time return to us with their former profusion. Unless something of this nature be done, and that quickly, the once-famous waters of Long Island will be entirely deserted by their feathered inhabitants.

To protect the upland birds a system of patrol by non-political officers would rescue to the sportsmen of New York one of the finest shooting grounds of the world. There is land enough and to spare—no end of shelter and food. All that is required is an intelligent system of protection for the birds. Such a system is not in existence to-day, nor will it be until a radical change in our method of enforcing the game laws is inaugurated.

The question for sportsmen to consider is, "What are you going to do about it?

GASTON FAY.

SOUTH ABINGTON, Mass., has a first class sportsman's club of forty working members, and more coming. We have just joined the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association, and are going to work and do what we can to protect the game birds in our vicinity, as they need looking after badly.—C. F. C.

MOSQUITOES.—I am a veteran squirrel hunter, but as yet I have never been able to conquer the myriads of mosquitoes that infest the woods, and hunt you while you hunt the squirrel. Will some one be kind enough to give a good receipt in the FOREST AND STREAM that will cause the pests to keep their distance?—W. C.

MR. CROOK TO MR. BERGH.

The following letter has been published:

NEW YORK, June 16, 1881.

Henry Bergh, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—My attention has been called to certain squibs in some of the daily papers to the effect that, as the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, you had asserted your intention to break up the tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, to be held at Coney Island, commencing next Tuesday, and that I, a President of the last named organization, had returned the compliment by threatening to cause your arrest. I desire explicitly to deny that any such action has ever been contemplated upon my part. Had we the advantage of personal acquaintance with each other, such an unfortunate rumor could not have found its way into print. The association which I represent is largely composed of the most influential citizens of this State, embracing many who have honorably held seats in the State and National Legislatures and in the executive chair, and also including the representative business men of the several cities, towns and hamlets in this State, and also those who have been foremost in concerted efforts not only to protect but to propagate and cultivate fish and game. That such gentlemen should be classed with the cock-fighter and dog-fighter is neither just nor creditable to the person making such charge.

Nothing will afford me or the association which I represent greater pleasure than to assist your society in preventing anything which shall bear the resemblance of cruelty. The suggestion accredited to you to the effect that birds were to be drugged or mutilated could only originate in ignorance of the character, customs and purposes of the State organization. I assure you that due courtesy will be shown you and all others who may attend the tournament, and that nothing shall occur in any wise warranting any unfavorable criticism of our proceedings, and that the members of the association will prove your most reliable assistants in the humane work in which you are engaged. Respectfully, etc.,

ABEL CROOK.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 14.

THE FOREST AND STREAM comes to us this week fresh with news from field, kennel, river and ocean. It seems as though your paper improves with every issue. The growth and interest in sporting matters in this city furnishes a good illustration of the value and influence of a good sportsman's paper. Only a few years ago, a group of half a dozen enthusiastic sportsmen met and organized the first sportmen's association in Western Pennsylvania, selecting Robert Dalzell, Esq., as President. I refer to the "Sportsmen's Association of Western Pennsylvania." At the time of its organization, the directors rented a small back room on Fourth avenue, second floor, and placed on file the FOREST AND STREAM. The meetings at first were not well attended except for the purpose of reading your paper. For several years it seemed as though the success of the enterprise was doubtful; but the interest awakened by news from all parts of the country so increased the interest that the number of members was doubled and trebled and quadrupled, until larger rooms were necessary, and the association removed to No. 39 Fifth avenue. Here the association still doubled and quadrupled in membership until still larger rooms were necessary, and the association secured a long lease on the building they now occupy, No. 75 Fifth avenue, where they have fitted up apartments at a cost of over $11,000, and the membership now includes nearly 300 of the best names in this city.

A few years after the organization of this association, the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association was organized, and it now has a membership of over one hundred. The interest awakened by these two associations occasioned the organization of smaller associations in nearly all the counties throughout the western part of this State, and finally to the organization of the Pennsylvania "State Association," an association composed of representatives from all the regularly organized associations in the States. Through the influence of the State Association, such legislation has been secured as protects all game and song birds, as well as game and game fishes, and this protection has become so complete that it is now decidedly healthy for any one in the State to kill game or take fish out of season.

The high character of the gentlemen enrolled as members in this association have entirely changed the term "sporting man" into "sportsman," and has made shooting a recreation and pastime for professional men and over-worked business men. With this change came a demand for finer weapons than were previously used, and this demand became so great that, in May, 1878, the firm of J. Palmer O'Neil & Co. was organized, and became at once importers of fine guns and fine goods in every variety. This firm is now agent in the United States for the Westley Richards' hammerless guns.

The spring contest of the Allegheny Association was duly reported in your columns. The contest of the Western Pennsylvania Association was postponed on account of scarcity of birds. The contest will, however, take place on Tuesday, June 21, at Bridgeville, about eleven miles from this city.

REPORTER.

INFORMATION WANTED.—I desire to learn of some point in the Adirondacks, within say thirty miles of rail connections, St. Regis region preferred, where good hotel or private family accommodations can be obtained for invalid ladies, not sick ones, at prices from $7 to $10 per week each. Three in party, and length of stay from three months to a year. Address F. E. H., Oswego, N. Y.

DEFERRED.—We are obliged to defer a number of communications until next week. We beg the indulgence of correspondents whose communications should have appeared with this issue.

☞ *See notice elsewhere of New York game law.*

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus.*
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus.*
Muscalonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizolethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chænobryttus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*
Shad, *Alosa sapidissima.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Weakfish or Squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
La Fayette or Spot, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciænops ocellatus.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfisher or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*

Fishermen never lose the love for the employment. And it is notably true that the men who fish for a living love their work quite as much as those who fish for pleasure love their sport. Find an old fisherman if you can, in any sea-shore town, who does not enjoy his fishing. There are days, without doubt, when he does not care to go out, when he would rather that need did not drive him to the sea; but keep him at home a few days, or set him at other labor, and you shall see that he longs for the toss of the swell on the reef and the sudden joy of a strong pull on his line. Drift up along side of him in your boat when he is quietly at his work, without knowing that you are near. You can do it easily. He is pondering solemnly on a question of deep importance to him, and he has not stirred eye or hand or head for ten minutes. But see that start and sharp jerk at his elbow, and now hear him talk, not to you—to the fish. He exults as he brings him in, but he mingles his exultation with something of pity as he baits his hook for another. Could you gather the words that he has in many years flung on the sea winds, you would have a history of his life and adventures, mingled with very much of his inmost thinking, for he tells much to the sea and to the fish that he would never whisper in human ears. Thus the habit of going a-fishing always modifies the character.—W. C. PRIME.

GAME FISHES IN WEST VIRGINIA.

THE moment the Afrite in Arabian fable had revealed to the fisherman the lake of white, red, blue and yellow fishes, the secret was locked up in his selfish bosom until he had enriched himself. But times have changed, and men have grown more generous since then. Now, when a fisherman discovers a good place to fish and his cup of joy is brimful and bubbling over, a mysterious something woos him entirely away from self and compels him to share the knowledge with lovers of the sport all over the country.

A good geni reminds me that a word in season is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," and then intimates that the fishing grounds of Greenbriar County, West Virginia, deserve more than a passing notice in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. I shall only speak of the southeastern or mountain district of our State, and leave the fishing grounds of other sections to the guardianship of other writers. Greenbriar County can boast of one of the most popular summer resorts in America, with plenty of game fish almost at its doors, and will be hailed as a well-spring of happiness by those who come to West Virginia for recreation.

Away out here, in the very heart of the blue Alleghenies, the angler finds an abundance of black bass and mountain trout, and our waters afford as much amusement as any lake or river that ripples beneath the influence of these columns. Those of my readers, if I have any who love

> To cast the line and draw the prey
> From the clear ripples where they play,

may spend the season at the Greenbriar White Sulphur Springs and devote as much time as they choose to this most delightful of all the pastimes. One peep into this elysium of the angler and the tourist is fascinated forever, and a bird's-eye view of the United States will explain why this is so. The peaks of the Allegheny and Rocky Mountain ranges resemble the tents of two opposing armies pitched on either side of a mighty plain, and West Virginia lies in the very midst of the eastern encampment. Of course we have the valleys, birds and fountains, rivers, hills and mountains, a feast of beauty and song, and a limitless display of infinite wisdom to satisfy the cravings of the mind and soul of any man.

Twenty-five miles west of the Springs the "Clear Creeks" sparkle and dance in the valleys of the Sewells like wavy threads of burnished silver, and the local fame of these two little streams is justly deserved. Their crystal depths are chuck full of the finest silver-finned mountain trout ever lured to the surface with dainty fly and then "snatched right out of the whirling billow." This fish can be taken almost any bright day in the winter time, with either the angle-worm or artificial bait.

About six years ago Major J. W. Harris, of our State Fish Commission, made a successful "plant" of black bass at different points in Greenbriar River, and the increase has been astonishingly rapid ever since. Not one out of a thousand has been captured with the ordinary hook and line. Hardly a dozen persons out here have taken even the initiatory in the science of surface-fishing, and the art of throwing a fly down the throat of a wily bass the first clip and the fish thirty feet away at the bottom of the river is a little more of mystery than the masses can unravel and properly reel in.

The Greenbriar is only six miles from the Springs and, as the angler wades or floats around where the "delicate lily hangs its trembling flake of snow above the water, dreamily," his view is hemmed in by rugged hills and lofty mountains, forming in Nature's gallery a picture of the tenderest beauty and wildest sublimity. No wonder the heart thumps hard and fast against the ribs! The river is found to have a rocky bottom and plenty of shoals, with a width of from twenty-five to 300 yards and a depth of from two inches to thirty feet. A more natural habitat for black bass does not exist in America and any point along the river, from its source in Pocahontas County to its mouth in Summers County, is a good place to fish. At present we enumerate the fish by scores of thousands, but in a little while millions will feel

right at home in the limpid waters of this little mountain stream.

I should like to give the reader a faint conception of one of our trips, for many of my happiest hours are spent in fishing for bass. The facts shall be given as a warp, but the woof of fancy must be interwoven by the reader.

A party of us take an early start for "Caldwell's Dam," five miles from Lewisburg, and enjoy all the pleasures incident to a day's recreation on the water. Riding up the bank to the dam we often startle a "whopper" as he noses around the edge for a breakfast of crawfish or toads. A rush and a frothy furrow tell of "sickness at home," as he plows for deep water like a miniature tug-boat under a full head of steam. Sometimes we stop on the way and whip the still water under the overhanging bushes and trees. The cast is made, "flip!" echoes from the centre of a circle of wavelets, and we slink away from the tempting pool, minus a fly. The "rise" was too heavy for the single leader. At the dam our bridles are willingly placed in the hands of a friendly oak that bends down and seems to plead for the privilege of holding the animals beneath its welcome shade. The day is well chosen. Not a ripple breaks the surface of the eddy, "the falling leaf forgets to float" and the bubbles creep by as lazily as the boy in the corn-field that was overtaken and strangled to death by the tendrils of the pumpkin vines Occasionally the reflection of a bird or a fleecy cloud is seen in the water as they flit across the summer sky. Years ago "Ichabod" was written upon the utility of the dam, and today its ruins form a semi-circular causeway or stepping-stones across the stream. Up the river from the boat-landing, glittering like a snow-bank in the sunlight, a splendid riffle whirls and dallies and dances at the foot of the mountain, just in front is a long, smooth stretch of deep water and below is a beautiful cascade as far as the eye can reach! What angler could keep the thrills of joy from chasing each other up his back and creeping through his hair as he realizes that scores of living jewels are eagerly awaiting a place in his crown of piscatorial glory?

Having decided to troll while pulling for the riffle, the boat is untied and, with a spoon-hook or trolling minnow curling beneath the surface many yards behind, we float slowly out upon the glassy waters. As I do not happen to fall within the orbit of Shakespeare's man who has no music in his soul, and drinking deeply at the fount of Nature, I catch the inspiration of the birds and bees and hum to the dip of the oars—

> O what music, as we listen
> To the riffle's distant roar;
> How the broken waters glisten
> As they dash against the shore!
>
> Mossy boulders rising yonder
> With a beard of snowy foam,
> Where the maddened waters thunder
> O'er the river monarch's home.
>
> Where the silver eddy sleeping,
> Just beside the roaring flood,
> Mark you jeweled beauty leaping
> From the tide in sportive mood—

"Hold on!" The oars drop, and the light silk line slips off the rod like greased lightning. The ball has been opened by striking a five-pound bass, and the fun has commenced in earnest. He is well hooked, and takes to the bottom, but presently jumps three feet into the air and shakes himself all over. Round and round, up and down, and in and out he runs, and finally wearies of the sport and surrenders at discretion. My, O! but he does look pretty out there, presenting a broadside, and the bright spoon glistening in his mouth. A few more lunges and he is reeled close up Not having a landing-net I catch the line near his nose, lift him out of the water and gently pillow his head in the boat at my feet. Yes, he does seem a little bit astonished. A fish that has been sleeping for eons of ages in the heart of a geologic leaf could exhibit more signs of animation than our finny friend displays for half a minute or more. The language of his silence seems to be, "Well, here we are! but I little dreamed that snapping up that thing would place me in such a pickle as this!" As a matter of course, a flood of comment is lavished upon the poor little fellow by my companions. Before reaching our destination, however, several more of the "beauties" cease to wriggle about in their palaces of running water, and are placed beside the first trophy in the canoe.

The riffle is gained at last, and I prepare to whip it from head to foot. Those acquainted with fly-fishing know by happy experience how the waters of a good riffle boil, seethe and waltz around over the rocky bottom, and how, too, that right in the middle of each of the whirls a beautiful little foam-flower gathers. The pulse quickens and the arm tingles as the red hackles buzz by the ear, and one of them drops exactly in the centre of the foam-sport. Days of Aladdin! The flower disappears in a twinkling, for the magic touch of the fly has metamorphosed it into a lusty six-pounder, and he "makes way for liberty" with all the patriotism of his nature. And so the sport goes on, until we weary of it and start for home. The catch is a trifle heavier than "the burden of a dream," and is equal to a band of music in drawing the people of Lewisburg to the doors and windows. And how their mouths do water! Yet we don't wonder at that, for those who have enjoyed the dish can certify that a black bass properly served up is indeed "a dream of delight."

But here the pen must be laid aside. A fisherman never knows when to stop talking on his favorite hobby, but I shall place the final period at the end of the next sentence. Reader, whatever else may be forgotten, remember the fishing-tackle when starting for the mountains of West Virginia this summer. M. W. Z.

Lewisburg, June 6, 1881.

TROUT IN THE RANGELEYS.—Phillips, Me.—The trout fishing at the Rangeley lakes exceeds any previous year. Horse loads of boxes of trout, packed in ice, come out daily *en route* for Portland, Boston, New York and other places. Pierson Davis, 24 Canal street, Boston, has just returned and left for Boston, this 5th day of June, with a nice box of trout. His party numbered in all thirteen gentlemen from Boston and vicinity, except Wm. H. Cole, Esq., who came from Baltimore, Md. The most of the party were at the lakes less than one week, though Mr. Davis was there from May 18 till June 4. The party took in all nearly 1,000 trout, two of which weighed, when caught, 6 lbs each, two 5 lbs each, and out of one lot of eighty, ten weighed 40 lbs, or 4 lbs each on the average. The whole catch of the party was estimated to weigh upward of 600 lbs. salmon and brook trout. Axel Dearborn, president of the Broadway National Bank, Boston, went home this morning with upward of 100 lbs of trout. The Major was a party by himself, and only spent one week at the lakes, but caught a goodly number of large trout. The above are only a small portion of what have been taken this spring. Capt. William Lewis and two sons from New Bedford, Mass., last week caught one hundred trout from the lake weighing 100 lbs, the largest of which tipped the scale at over 6¾ lbs. They were there only thirty-six hours. Mr. A. J. Hewey, at Beach Hill on the stage road to the lakes, caught a year old bear last week. They are so plenty that Mr. Hewey is obliged to fold his sheep every night.—S. F.

WANTED—SOME ANGLE WORMS.

WE are permitted to publish the following letter to the Fish Commissioner of Iowa. We suggest the importation of angle worms, or, better yet, of teachers to teach the boys to use artificial flies, and that to snare a trout is murder in the first degree:

MANCHESTER, Iowa, March 21, 1881.

HON. B. F. SHAW—My Dear Sir: I have been viewing the Spring Branch trout. Before the thaw commenced the water was as clear as crystal, and the boys were snaring them. Isn't it astonishing that trout can be snared. One boy snared one of five lying on their spawning bed, above the bridge at the milk factory. It was the smallest one and weighed three pounds and four ounces It could not turn in a wash boiler. About four of the 1879 trout have been snared. There are no worms. Consequently we who cannot snare don't get any. A boy living on the stream sent me one of the '79 fish snared by him, weighing one and one-half pounds and thirteen inches long.

I am satisfied that the "close season" must be extended. All of the fish caught were full of spawn. They said the '77 fish contained a cupfull of ripe eggs. These trout don't spawn in November nor until late in December. The law makes November, December and January the "close season." As they spawn up to April—most of them in the month of March—it must be changed to November, December, January, February and March. This will save them. It is too bad to have them killed on their spawning beds.

Trout of '77 and '79 are all on the riffles, and from the "blue hole" to the upper spring. I believe there are 2,000 of the '79 and from 600 to 800 of the '77 trout. Of course I did not see all these trout, but I saw the wake of thousands when they were leaving their beds and going for cover. The boy that I have employed to watch them says that on a clear morning he would see from twenty to thirty on one riffle of the trout of '80. They hatched about April, 1880. This hatching will be about the first of May, which will make the stream full of fish. The large ones have taken the suckers and minnows. The water-cress is a great protection to them and the stream is full of moss. If I get any of the trout of '77 I will preserve one for you. Have you tried Prof. Wickersheimer's preserving fluid? It leaves the fish with all its colors.

I am perfectly satisfied that 10,000 of the fish of March last that were put in a spring stream at the headwaters of the river are growing. The stream is just as fine as Spring Branch. I will try and ascertain by the first day of May, and if we find they are there we will endeavor to put in ten thousand more. The spawning trout at Spring Branch from all appearances will not be disturbed for a month, as the water will be muddy. Truly yours, S. G. VANANDA.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

THE fly-casting at the New York State Sportsmen's Convention will be called as this paper goes into the mail. At a meeting held at Hotel Brighton, Coney Island, on the 20th inst., at which Mr. Fred Mather, the Director of the Fly-Casting Tournament, Mr. James Geddes, the referee, and Mr. Lucius Moses, one of the judges, were present. The following points were decided upon: The rule allowing distance for short rods will be adhered to. The bass casting will be done with a one-ounce weight instead of bait, all to cast with the same weight. The judges will consider style of delivery of the flies on the water, and accuracy, as well as distance, and for this purpose the following scale of 100 points has been adopted.

Distance across the wind	30
Distance with the wind	30
Style of delivery of flies	25
Accuracy	15

In single-handed fly-casting class C will be called first in order to give amateurs winning in this class a chance to enter in the other classes.

The extra prize of a salmon rod, given for extreme distance with a single-handed rod, will be cast for last of all. Those who have cast in the other classes can enter for this contest free of charge. Other members wishing to cast for it will pay the usual entrance fee. The rule for this contest will be that any rod of twelve feet or under may be used, but there shall be no allowance for distance given for short rods.

STONE LUGGERS.

Syracuse, N. Y.

DURING a recent visit to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, I observed what I had never seen before, and something unfamiliar to most anglers. On the south shore of beautiful Round Island two mounds were discovered by a friend of mine situated say ten feet from the water line and in about three feet depth of water. They were built of pebbles in the form of a pyramid. One must have comprised a bushel or more of small stones, the other was not so large. By patient watching the fact was discovered that these mounds were made by chubs, which could be seen carrying the pebbles in their mouths from near the water-line to the hillocks. They worked incessantly and perseveringly, seemingly unconscious of the presence of spectators. If driven away by dropping a stone upon them they would quickly return and resume operations, always in nearly the same place, going over the same line to the same place to find the small stone.

I have heard it said that bass build such mounds, but for what purpose there seems to be a diversity of opinion. I have never seen anything of the kind before, nor have I found an angler who ever heard of chub becoming mound builders; so the discovery was naturally very interesting to me, and has excited the curiosity of others. It is for this reason that I write you, feeling confident that if you will add to the letter some remarks of your own, a great many of your readers will thank you for them. Why and for what purpose was so much labor expended by the fish, and what fish are prone to such occupation? D. H. B.

The name "chub" is so extensively applied in America that it is not at all descriptive. We restrict it entirely to the "fall fish," *Semotilis corporalis* and *S. bullaris*, while in Virginia the name is even applied to the black bass. As the English chub is a cyprinoid fish, and we have fifty species which are more or less like it, it gives great latitude to the use of the name Some of these fishes carry stones in their mouths probably to cover their eggs. One, the *Exoglossum maxillingua*, of Rafinesque, is given the common name of "stone toter" by Jordan, but it is impossible to say to which genus your fish belongs. We wish we had a specimen.

TROUTING AT TIM POND, EUSTIS, MAINE.—Mr. Jared Goodrich, of Plainville, Conn., with his friend Seymore, two weeks since, started on "round trip tickets" for the above named now popular resort. They went via Boston, Portland, Lewiston, Farmington and Kingfield. Mead's hotel was burned May 10th, also the stables, with Dan Clark and Son's new stage coach. A large new hotel has been opened, of which Mr. G speaks very highly. Dan Clark & Son, with usual enterprise, have on still another new coach with excellent horses, sure to make time. At Kennedy Smith's cabins they found a party from Lewiston, one from Boston and another from Walcotville, Conn The cabins and boats were all in fine order, trout were in great abundance—in the creel—and a new cook placed them with various viands on the table in a style to tempt more fastidious appetites than those sharpened by exhilarating sport and pure bracing air. Mr. Goodrich reports there has not been a large amount of rain there this season, and that the mountain streams are not full, not enough water in the Carrebasset River to "run the logs" with ease. The nights were cool, and white frost three mornings silvered the shores of the forest-draped lakelet. Some of the guests took trips down Tim Pond Stream to feast on the beauties of its foaming cascades and lure the nimble trout from their dark pool homes. Another company went to Beaver Pond, and from there on into greater depths of the dark and vast wilderness to lakes ages ago inhabited by the speckled charmers that so entice us sportsmen, and here they have dwelt unknown, save by a few lumbermen visiting these secluded regions in winter in pursuit of their vocation. And now Smith prepares the way for the chosen ones to cast their silken lines upon these virgin waters. I envy them their great privilege But more of this anon. Mr. G. and friend turned their faces homeward the 9th inst., arriving in Plainville the 11th, looking ten years younger than when they started, having had the best trouting trip yet in their lives, though somewhat venerable in years. They were allowed on their tickets to return via Flagstaff, Lexington, North New Portland and North Anson, when they came to the Somerset R. R. They speak of the scenery by both routes as grand beyond description, from Kingfield to Eustis, and from Smith's farmhouse to North New Portland, at which place they found a good hotel. They speak of hearing partridges drumming all about the cabins, and think they wintered unusually well. Mr. Editor, may you and I be there to see. In my last, when speaking of flies, I should have named the "Moosehead" as made from a description I gave to Wm. Mills & Sons. It is one of the best for Tim Pond and the Dead River region.—J. W. T.

PROPER CREDIT—Syracuse, N. Y.—I am in favor of fair play. I am in favor of giving credit to the party to whom it properly and rightly belongs. I have just read the letter of "Walton" in this week's FOREST AND STREAM (June 2), and he therein makes a great mistake or a very glaring misstatement. He is correct in saying that the fishing in Onondaga Lake and Seneca River is better now than usual. I know that there are more glass-eyed pike, yellow pike and black bass now in the lake than for any year during the last fifteen years. But he gives the credit of all this to the Onondaga County Sportsman's Club. It does not belong to them. They have done very little if anything toward keeping the nets and seines out of the lake and river. I do not know that they have ever hired a man to patrol and watch the lake or river, contributed toward the expense, or spent a dollar for that purpose.

The credit all belongs to the Onondaga County Fishing Club, which every spring and fall for the last four years has had four or five men in its employ for the purpose of protecting the fish in the lake and river from poaching by seines or other nets. These men have been paid by the Fishing Club. All of the dues received from about two hundred members have been devoted to that purpose. During the last four years they have captured and destroyed a great many nets of various kinds, have successfully prosecuted nearly one hundred poachers, and have struck terror among the law breakers. And they propose to go right on with the good work, but do not want their thunder stolen now by a pigeon-shooting club.

I have read and now possess a nearly complete file of FOREST AND STREAM, and know that you favor the right.—"I GO A FISHING."

TROUT IN THE ADIRONDACKS—Moira, Franklin Co., N.Y., June 8.—Parties who have returned from the 16-mile level say they never saw the trout fishing better than it has been on the level during the past two weeks. They state that all who came there had no trouble in catching all they wanted. They caught many large trout, several weighing a pound and a pound and one-half. Two of them caught 26 good sized ones at the landing at the foot the of level one evening in less than an hour's time. The trout fishing this spring is uncommonly good in all the northwest parts of the Adirondacks. They saw many deer along the level, often two and three together, feeding along the banks of the stream in the daytime. One man, who was in a boat alone fishing in River Pond, a small pond formed by an outlet from the river, saw a large buck near the centre feeding on lily pads. Although he had no gun, and nothing but a paddle and fishing rod, the man gave chase The water in the pond is very shallow, with a very muddy bottom, so every jump the deer made he would sink into the mud nearly all over, and could not get along very fast, so that he came very near overtaking him. But when both were near the shore, and the man gaining fast, the water suddenly became so shallow that he could not propel his boat any further, and the buck, by hard scrabbling, managed to work his way out of the mud to the shore. When he struck hard bottom he soon was out of sight. And the man had a hard time backing out of the mud with his boat. At that same time the man went to the outlet of the pond and caught two trout that weighed by the scales 3 lb. 2 oz., and many smaller from ¼ to ½ lb. in weight. This happened last week.—A. C.

SHAD IN THE DELAWARE.—The shad-fishing at Gloucester, N. J., a few miles below Philadelphia, on the Delaware

River, ceased for the season on Friday last. The catch this year has been remarkably large and a very profitable one. About 45,000 fish have been caught, 15,000 more than in 1880. Fishing began three days later and ended one day later than last year. The greatest number of shad taken in a day (24 hours) was on May 2, when 4,000 fish were caught. During the last ten days of the season shad became so scarce that it barely paid expenses to haul the seine. All the fish caught at the Gloucester fishery were sold to the Delaware and Potomac Fish Preserving Company, of Philadelphia, at $15 per hundred, which on the average was about market price. We are speaking now of seine fishing. Many more shad were caught by gilling nets in Howell's Cove for a lay out, the drift being up or down the river from a half to three quarters of a mile. Bass-fishing has begun with us. But the Schuylkill has been so muddy since the season opened, owing to heavy rains, that but few, if any, fish have been taken.—HOMO.

FISHING AT OSWEGO—Oswego, N. Y., June 10.—Trout rise freely to the fly in our outlying streams, and within the past month many fine creels have been brought in by parties from points within twenty miles of town, captured both with bait and fly. One speckled beauty taken from Mad River, May 18, tipped the beam at four pounds two ounces. Beat that. We can offer the tourist fisherman fine brooks and the skillful angler from four to seven pound catches of genuine brook trout at points within three hours' ride of our city, where good board and care can be obtained for $1.50 per day. For home sport bass are now coming rapidly to the front, and within the limit of an afternoon's walk the river and lake shoals offer fine fishing, both with spoon and fly. Our climate is "the finest in the world" at this season of the year, and our citizens are always pleased to greet the cosmopolitan in his search for "pastures new." Two weeks since, with a friend, I spent three days along the trout streams of our county, returning with twenty pounds of dressed fish, and during the past week I have filled a twelve-pound basket twice with black and Oswego bass during an afternoon.—H.

☞ *See notice elsewhere of New York game law.*

NEW JERSEY SHAD TAKE THE FRY.—Knowing that any information relative to the taking of shad on hook and line will prove of interest to your many readers, I will state that on May 25th last, I caught with a light eleven-ounce rod on yellow fly, a male shad weighing two and a half pounds, while fishing for perch in the Raritan River. Also during the month of June (about the 3d) of last year, I caught a shad in the same river, with same tackle but red fly, weighing four and a half pounds. I have also seen taken from the same river a shad on live minnow bait and worm. Also have seen two other shad hooked on fly. These fish, when hooked, are very gamey and are harder to kill than a black bass of less weight. We lovers of the disciples of ancient Izaak Walton are patiently awaiting July 1st, when the open season in this State is up for BLACK BASS.

WHERE TO FISH—To J. L. C., Brooklyn.—You can have fair fishing near Red Bank from June 15, maybe later, this season. Pintard's Point, Lawrence's Cove, north of McClees Creek, are the best places for weakfish. The best bass grounds in the vicinity of Oceanic are the Slough Way, South Channel, Upper Rocky Point, head of the flats, and south side of North Channel. I reside within one-half mile of these places, and will be pleased to post you when you come.—G. H. W.

THE LIGHTEST FLY-ROD.—A short time ago we chronicled the fact that the lightest fly-rod on record was a split-bamboo rod of four and three-quarter ounces. Last week Mr. George W. Van Siclen, of the New York Bar, brought into our office his favorite rod of ash and lancewood, made to his order three years ago by Wm. Mitchell. Mr. Van Siclen has used it constantly, and has taken several hundreds of trout upon it, and yet it weighed upon our scales four and a quarter ounces. It is still in good order, and looks capable of several years' service.

FISH AND SALERATUS.—People living on Thomas Creek in the town of Perinton, N. Y., claim that the refuse from the saleratus works at Fairport kill not only the fish, but ducks and geese as well. Farmers say that their cattle have been injured, and they are making loud complaints.

To restore nerve and brain waste, nothing equals Hop Bitters. Believe this.

Fish Culture.

REPORT OF THE MICHIGAN COMMISSION.

THE fourth report of the State Commissioners and Superintendent on the State Fisheries of Michigan for 1879-80 has been received, It does not appear as well as former reports of this State, and its proof reading has been neglected. Table A shows the planting of whitefish hatched in 1878-9, deposited in inland lakes to be 4,790,000; in Lake Erie, 349,000; in Lake Michigan, 1,050,000; in Lake Huron, 595,000; in St. Clair River, 655,000, and in Detroit River, 7,115,000; making a grand total of 14,545,000. Of quinnat salmon 212,846 were planted in 1879. Of lake trout, *Salmo namaycush*, there were 379,000 planted in the same year, while the brook trout numbered 12,000. the land-locked salmon 4,867, and the eels 317,000. The Commissioners believe that the brook trout can live over a more extended territory in the State than has been supposed, and will try to increase this fish in future, together with the rainbow trout of California.

In 1880 there were 50,400 brook trout distributed, and 26,500 lake trout, together with a few black bass. Many eels of former plantings have been taken and show a good growth.

Of the grayling they say: "Drawing a line from the mouth of the Muskegon River on the west, across the peninsula to Tawas Bay on the east, and all the streams north of it are the natural habitat of the grayling." We are disposed to question this statement as we doubt the existence of grayling in all the streams, especially those running north in Presque Isle and Cheboygan counties. They further say: "In the Jordan and Boyne rivers they are nearly if not extinct. With man's rapacity on land and the brook trout's voracity in the water they cannot increase so as to maintain their existence." We are glad to see that it has been the policy of the Michigan Fish Commission to protect and preserve this beautiful fish for which anglers go so far. Dr. J. C. Parker, of the Commission, has hatched a few, and we wish he had been able to get more eggs. It has often been a matter of surprise that the Michigan Fish Commission seemed to be groping in the dark a few years ago regarding the spawning habits of the grayling, when Mr. D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., has investigated the subject and actually determined their date and place of spawning, and also obtained the eggs which were hatched years ago. He saw Mr. Mather take the first grayling eggs ever taken by hand in America, and afterward divide them with Mr. Frank N. Clark, who hatched them. The Board planted a few adult grayling as far south as the Dowagiac Creek at Pokagon, and they have since been seen; also in Mill Creek, a branch of the Paw Paw, in Berrian County. These facts, together with the knowledge that they live in the ponds at Pokagon, prove that other waters of the State besides those where the grayling is found are suitable to them, if not infested with enemies which destroy the helpless fry.

An appendix contains a "United States Fishery Act" for the protection and preservation of the food fishes of the coasts and lakes, and general fish laws of Michigan, with the amendments, and also the game laws. The list of fish commissioners is an old one and not correct. The Board should watch FOREST AND STREAM closer, and it would then have seen a revised list last September.

FISH CULTURE IN CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD, Conn.

PERHAPS it may be interesting to you to know what we have been doing this spring. We have distributed 274,000 young trout, in lots of 5,000 each, to stock the depleted streams in different parts of the State. We deliver them free to applicants at the hatching house in Poquonock. If parties wish them delivered in any part of the State, they pay for the time and the traveling expenses of the messenger. This work has been very popular, and we have not, even with this large number, been able to supply the demand. Prof. Baird presented us with 25,000 Penobscot salmon eggs, which we hatched out with a loss of only 4,369, and the young fry were, at Prof. Baird's suggestion, all put into the Farmington River, a branch of the Connecticut, at the same place in the town of Colebrook. We have also distributed about 480,000 young land-locked salmon in the various lakes and rivers of the State. The Connecticut River shad have been remarkably large and fine this year, and have been so abundant that the price at Saybrook has varied from $12 to $18 per hundred, small shad not being reckoned. The jelly fish again appeared this year in such numbers that the owners of the pounds in Long Island Sound, west of the mouth of the Connecticut River, were obliged to take up their netting to prevent the whole structure being carried away. This occurred just when the run of shad was most abundant, and caused great losses to the pound owners. Messrs. Rankin and Chalker, who are carrying on the shad hatching operations on the Connecticut River, have been very successful recently at Windsor taking a large number of ripe shad, and turning the young fish when hatched into the river. This morning a million young shad arrived from Havre de Grace, pursuant to an agreement made between Prof. Baird and U. S. Senator Joseph R Hawley. They were put into the Connecticut River, a few miles above Hartford. The last Legislature largely increased the duties of the fish commissioners by constituting them "Commissioners of Shell Fisheries," placing under their charge all that part of Long Island Sound which was awarded to Connecticut by the recent statute fixing the boundaries between New York and Connecticut. It is estimated to contain about 600 square miles. The commissioners are required to fix a coast line, known as the "eye sight line," from point to point along the shore, and the territory lying between that line and the New York line is to be under State supervision; all north of that line, as heretofore, to be under the supervision of the towns. The commissioners are also required to cause to be made a map of all this region, showing all natural oyster, clam and mussel beds, and all designations of oyster grounds made to private individuals by the towns previous to the statute taking effect. They are also required to propose an equitable system of taxation for the oyster grounds granted to individuals, and lying within the new area. They are empowered to grant to applicants, under certain forms and restrictions, any part of this new area, for the purpose of oyster cultivation, on the payment to the State Treasurer of one dollar per acre. These are the prominent features of the statute, which is very long. The commissioners have established an office in New Haven. The blank forms of application, which, by law, required the approval of the Chief Justice of the State, were ready on June 1st, and on the following day I was notified by the clerk that applications for 7,500 acres had already been made.

WM. M. HUDSON,
Commissioner of Fisheries.

THE FATHER OF FISHCULTURE IN AMERICA.

I HAVE read with increasing interest the "Epochs in the History of Fish Culture," and I am glad that these useful facts are to be made secure for all time in the reports of the United States Fish Commission.

The requisite bibliography to be consulted would almost appal most compilers who are concerned in presenting a connected history of the discoveries and practices in connection with the science. Regarding the initial work in our country it is true that Dr. Theodatus Garlick did hatch, after artificial fecundation, the first fish ova in the United States, notwithstanding his book was published in 1857, as I shall clearly substantiate further along in this communication. One year after the Government Hatching House of Huningen, Alsace, was successfully engaged in the artificial production of fishes, Dr Garlick and Prof. H. A. Ackley determined to make the experiment of artificial fish breeding. Accordingly Dr. Garlick in August, 1853, made three trips to the Sault Ste Marie and brought to Cleveland, Ohio, one hundred and fifty trout, *Salmo fontinalis*, and, during his absence on the first expedition, Prof. Ackley constructed a pond on his farm two miles from Cleveland from a number of springs into which these trout were placed, and they seemed to be as much at home as they were in the blue waters of Lake Superior.

Meanwhile others were procured from Port Stanley, Canada, West, and lodged in the same pond. The trout were healthy, and the transfer wrought no perceptible change in their habits or lives. About November 20 the trout began to manifest symptoms of spawning, as was evident from their being discovered in pairs, although their instinct for reproduction was some six weeks later than the usual season of trout spawning, owing no doubt to the vicissitudes incident to transportation and change of water. By the use of a landing net a pair was captured, and placed in a bucket of water preliminary to the artificial expulsion of the ova. An earthen vessel partially filled with water was obtained, and the work began, the doctor taking the female in his left hand and gently expelling the eggs with the right hand into the earthen vessel. In like manner the spawn of the male was extracted, and the contents of the vessel was gently stirred, and almost instantly the eggs were changed from a golden orange color to a pale, transparent yellow. The vessel containing the eggs was placed by the doctor in a running stream, and was used for a primitive hatching box. On the 9th of January, 1854, one of the eggs was placed under one of Dr. Goadby's microscopes, for the doctor was then giving lectures in Cleveland, and the Cleveland Medical College then being in session the professors and students had an excellent opportunity to study the embryonic changes which took place during incubation. On the 22d of January the young fish began to emerge from their close quarters to enter upon a new existence. While the incubation process was going on Dr. Garlick was watching the changes of the embryos, and made six cuts representing embryo life from segregation until emergence from the eggs. I have been thus explicit in order that the honor of this first successful experiment might fall where it belongs, to my Esculapian brother. Now for the facts, which have been overlooked probably by Prof. Goode. In February, 1854, Dr. Garlick read a "paper" before the Academy of Sciences, of Cleveland, giving the main points which are contained in my statement of the first experiment made in the United States in the artificial production of fishes. This experiment was the first and crucial experiment, and justly forms the basis of fish culture in our country. The paper alluded to is used in Dr. Garlick's work on fish culture as an introduction, and hence its liability to be overlooked, and was published also by the *Ohio Farmer* about the time of the successful experiment, or three years before the publication of the book. NAHUM E. BALLOU.

Sandwich, Ill., June 15.

SHAW'S FISHWAY.

CHARLES CITY, Iowa, February 2, 1881.

FISH COM. SHAW, Anamosa, Iowa:

Dear Sir—Thinking that it might be of some interest to you to know what success the fishway which you planned in 1876 has had, we would say: In that year we built a new dam and a mill, plitting a fishway in the abutment next the mill, according to your plans and specifications. So far as my observation has gone, it has been a perfect success. Previous to the building of this new dam there was a brush dam put in in 1856, with no fishway, and the fish would always collect in large quantities in the spring of the year at the foot of the dam and under the mill, where they were caught by the hundreds. Since the new dam—which is ten feet high—has been put in, with the fishway, the fishing has been better above the dam than below, and there have been no such collections of fish around and about the mill as before.

It was thought at first that the fishway was of no account—that the fish would need a guide-board to pilot them up through the dark pools to the upper waters, but I believe that it is now generally conceded to be a success. At all events, I am not sorry that I had it put in, as it has given perfect satisfaction, and it is always a pleasure for me to do anything to please the people generally. I superintended the work, and I don't think that it cost more than $30. Of course it would cost much more to tear out and put one in an old mill-dam, but I would not bear the fault-finding and grumbling for all one costs; besides, I feel that it is the duty of every man to protect and cultivate the interests of anything and everything that will bring happiness, health, wealth or pleasure to the community at large, and I think the culture of fish will come under this head. Hoping that the untiring interest you have taken in the enterprise will prove a lasting benefit not only to yourself, but to generations which are to follow after us, I remain very respectfully yours, MILO GILBERT.

Pres't Charles City Water Power Co.

CHARLES CITY, Iowa, March 21, 1881.

MR. B. F. SHAW, Anamosa, Iowa:

Dear Sir—Your letter just received and will answer it immediately. First—The supply of fish above the dam has very much increased since the fishway has been in operation here. More fish were caught above the dam last season than ever before, and larger fish also. I am more than ever convinced that fishways, if properly constructed, are very valuable in maintaining as well as increasing the supply of fish. The greatest drawback in keeping up the supply of fish is the spearing of them which at most times attends the barbarous practice that I think it ought to be stopped, and would hold up both hands for a law that would effectually put a stop to it. More—I would see that it was enforced. Fish do not congregate below the dam as they did before the fishway was put in. I have watched the fishing interests very closely for thirteen years, and I do not guess at any of these things, but I know of them.

Second—The law relating to fishing near a fishway or dam I think a good law, and will see that no fish are caught near the fishway or dam here. I am very positive that as soon as fishways are put in at Nashua, Waverly, Waterloo and other places, we will see a large increase of fish in the Cedar River. I shall watch the matter with a great deal of interest. Would be glad to hear from you again. Yours truly, W. F. MILES.

A SALMON IN THE OSWEGO RIVER—Oswego, N. Y., June 13.—I desire to record in your columns the first catch of salmon, *Salmo salar*, made in this county for thirty years. On Saturday, the 11th inst., while fishing with a fly just below the lower dam on the Oswego River, and within the limits of this city, Mr. Nesbitt took a genuine salmon of the weight of two and one-half pounds. A second catch of a larger fish he failed to land. Evidently the finny travelers were seeking to pass the dam, journeying up stream, but were prevented by the apron and the lowness of the water. Why do not the fish commissioners build the fishways ordered by the Legislature of 1880? Fifty years ago this river, the Oswego, swarmed with this finest fish that swims. Mr. Nesbitt's experience proves the desire of the fish to return to their ancient spawning beds. Let the commissioners aid them at once or the sportsmen of this county will feel that a great lack exists somewhere. We seek to protect game and fish according to the strictest letter of the law, let the officers of the law aid us as in duty bound to do. Build at once the needed fishways and Americans need no longer pay tribute to Canada for the privilege of fishing in her salmon streams, for we shall be able to catch our salmon at home. —T. E. H.

RAINBOW TROUT.—A friend informs us that Mr. James Geddes, of Syracuse, N. Y., has recently planted 15,000 young rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea*, in streams in Onondaga County. Our informant does not say where they came from, but we presume from the ponds of the New York Fish Commission at Caledonia. We hope to hear of the best results from this, and that Mr. Geddes may live long and catch many of the progeny of the beautiful fish he has planted.

Fair skin, rosy cheeks, buoyant spirits and the sweetest breath in Hop Bitters.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. L. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 4, 5, 6 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 374, New York City.

November 26, Louisiana State Field Trials, Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November —, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

THE NEW YORK DOG ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE TO PREVENT THE DANGER OF HYDROPHOBIA TO ANY OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

The Mayor, Alderman and Commonalty of the City of New York do ordain as follows:

Section 1. Hereafter it shall not be lawful to permit any dog to go abroad loose or at large in any of the public streets, lanes, alleys, highways, parks or places within the corporate limits of the City of New York, under a penalty of three dollars for each offense, to be recovered against the owner, possessor or person

who knowingly harbored such dog within three days previous to the time of such dog being so found going abroad loose or at large; and the Commissioners of Police are hereby authorized and directed to cause complaint to be made to the Corporation Attorney against the owner or possessor of every dog permitted to go loose or at large within the corporate limits, as aforesaid, for the recovery of the penalties prescribed in this ordinance; such penalties and all license fees, when collected, to be accounted for semi-monthly, and paid to the Comptroller of said city, and upon the requisition of the Mayor, to be applied toward the payment of enforcing the provisions of this ordinance. Nothing in this ordinance shall prevent any dog from going into any such street, lane, alley, highway, park or public place, provided such dog shall be held by such owner or other person securely by a cord or chain, to be not more than four feet long, fastened to a collar around the neck of the animal.

Sec. 2. Every owner, possessor or person, who harbors any dog, shall take out a permit for each dog, at the Permit Bureau, paying the sum of two dollars ($2) for the same. All permits, and renewals of the same, shall be dated from the first day of May in each and every year, and shall be from one year from date, and all renewals shall be one dollar ($1). Said permit shall have the name of the owner and the number of the permit or license on it. Any dog so licensed must have a collar around his neck, with a metal tag attached, having the number of the license on it. And any dog so licensed must, when in the street, be held by such owner, or other person, secured by a cord, rope or chain, not more than four feet in length; but the owner, at his option, may use, instead of the above, a muzzle, constructed so as to prevent the dog from biting. Any dog that is not so secured, although he is licensed, shall be captured the same as if no license was granted. No dog having a collar and tag, with the number of his license on it around his neck, that may be on a wagon or other vehicle belonging to its owner, shall be captured. Any person appointed by his Honor the Mayor to capture dogs who shall permit any person to take one or more dogs from him for nothing, or for pay, shall be arrested, and taken before a police justice, and upon the facts being proven, the judge shall impose a fine of not less than $10, or more than $50, for each offense. Any person may make a complaint of persons having dogs unlicensed at the police stations, and the officer in command shall entertain the same; and all policemen on patrol duty must report all violations of this ordinance the same as any other violation of a Corporation ordinance. All such reports shall be transmitted to the Corporation Attorney, the same as for other violations of city ordinances, and in addition to the $3 fine, shall be added all costs of suits for the recovery of the same as for any other violation of the city ordinances. The provisions of this section, except those relating to leading and muzzling dogs, shall not apply to dogs owned by non-residents, in remaining temporarily or in passing through this city, or to dogs brought into this city and entered for exhibition at any dog show or annual exhibition of dogs.

Sec. 3. The Mayor of the City of New York is hereby authorized and empowered to take such measures as he may deem most efficient to carry into effect the provisions of section 1 of this ordinance. All dogs found loose or at large, as aforesaid, shall be seized, captured and delivered by such persons as the Mayor shall designate, at a place to be provided and indicated by him, where such animals, if not within forty-eight hours thereafter claimed and redeemed by the owner or some other person, shall be killed and destroyed in such manner and by such persons as the Mayor shall designate.

Sec. 4. Any owner or other person who may claim such dog shall, before being placed in possession thereof, pay therefor the sum of three dollars. The provisions of this ordinance shall apply only to dogs owned or claimed by residents of this city; and any person who shall knowingly harbor any such dog, and claim payment for the capture thereof, which shall not be owned or captured within the corporate limits of this city, shall thereby incur a penalty of ten dollars.

Sec. 5. No person shall hinder or molest any person or persons so appointed by the Mayor while engaged in seizing or capturing and delivering any such dog as aforesaid, or any other person engaged in the performance of any duty enjoined by the provisions of this ordinance under a penalty of not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars for every offense, to be sued for and recovered in the manner now provided by law or ordinance for the recovery of penalties for violations of the ordinances of the Common Council, on the complaint of the person so hindered or molested; the penalty, when recovered, to be accounted for, paid, and appropriated as provided in section one of this ordinance. The Commissioners of Police are hereby authorized and required to cause the persons so engaged in the performance of any of the duties prescribed by this ordinance, to be protected from hindrance or molestation.

Sec. 6. Chapter XLIV. of the Revised Ordinances of 1866, and all other ordinances or parts of ordinances inconsistent or conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance, are hereby repealed.

Sec. 7. This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG POUND.

THE dog pound of Philadelphia is under the charge of the "Women's Branch" of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The following report of the working of the system under the ladies' direction is contained in the report of Mrs. C. E. White, presented at the International Congress at Berlin last year and reprinted in "Our Dumb Animals," of Boston:

"Eleven years ago, soon after the formation of the 'Women's Branch,' the Executive Committee of that society, finding that the taking up and killing of the dogs running unmuzzled in the streets, which was required by the city laws and was in the hands of city officials, was attended with circumstances of the most revolting cruelty, and becoming firmly convinced that it would never be humanely done so long as it was performed by men who worked for money alone, and who took no interest whatever in the animals which came under their charge, applied to the City Councils of Philadelphia, desiring that this matter of the taking up of the dogs might be put into their hands, and promising if their request was granted to perform the work as faithfully and conscientiously as possible. After a long delay their petition was granted, and the city transferred to them the sum of three thousand dollars, which was appropriated annually for this work, and at the same time gave them a piece of land in the outskirts of the city on which to erect a building suitable for their purpose. An inexpensive house was then built, containing a sufficient number of rooms to accommodate the family of the Superintendent of the 'City Pound,' or 'Dog Shelter,' as it was named, and the two apartments which are necessary for asphyxiating purposes. Two large yards were also prepared, one for the male and the other for the female dogs, bordered by high fences, and in which a large number of kennels were built, so that each dog might have one to himself if he wished. Grapevines were also planted and made to run over arbors or trellises to afford us shade during the extreme heat of summer. Troughs were put up in different parts of the yards to furnish the dogs with water, and long tables or stands under shelter, on which their food could be placed. The manner of catching and keeping and killing the dogs was entirely changed after it came into the hands of the 'Women's Branch.' In place of the barbarous lasso formerly in use, which choked a dog as soon as he was caught, and in which condition he was frequently dragged some distance, nets were substituted, which do not generally cause the animal any pain.

"The wagon in which the dogs were conveyed to the Pound was provided with springs, and divided into two compartments, so as to separate the large from the small dogs, the latter being sometimes much injured by the attacks of their larger comrades. The plan was adopted of keeping every dog a week whenever it was practicable in order to afford the owner, if he had any, full opportunity to redeem him. During that time the dogs were kindly treated, and fed twice a day, the food being ordinarily some cheap kind of meat boiled together with Indian meal in the proportion of half to half. At the end of the week if not redeemed they were killed by means of carbonic acid gas. The method adopted at that time has been since pursued in most respects, except that the carbonic acid gas has been changed to carbonous oxide, which scientific men have decided to be an easier form of death. The money received for the redemption of the dogs is all returned to the city, and amounts to more than a thousand dollars a year. The exact process of killing by means of carbonous oxide gas, and a description of the asphyxiating room as published in connection with the annual report of the 'Women's Branch,' and will be sent to any one making an application for it. It is better to familiarize the dogs with the asphyxiating room by inducing them to enter it frequently, and placing food there for them so that they may not suffer from the apprehension which is caused to so intelligent an animal by being confined in a strange place. In the cases where they are sick at the time they are taken up, or have pups, milk is given to them, in place of the usual food, as much as possible. It would not be correct to give the impression that all the dogs not redeemed by their owners are killed. At the time that this matter came into the hands of the 'Women's Branch,' either a direct or implied permission was given to the President of preserving a few of the dogs that were calculated to be useful, either on account of their great intelligence, or from the possession of valuable properties, such as being good watch or hunting dogs. All such animals are kept alive, and are generally sold when it can be ascertained that they are likely to have good homes, but in all such cases, two dollars, which is the amount of the redemption fee, is paid to the city. It is worthy of note also that in cases where the owners of dogs are poor, and are very much attached to their favorites and anxious to redeem them, but have not the money, the 'Women's Branch' invariably aids them by paying a portion or all of the redemption fee out of its own treasury. Occasionally, when the circumstances seem to render it justifiable, such as where a dog aids his master to gain a living for his family, or where he is the guide of a blind man, he is returned without a redemption fee. The Superintendent of the Pound or Dog Shelter invariably accompanies the men who take up the dogs, to see that they are guilty of no unnecessary cruelty in the performance of their work.

"The average number of dogs taken to the Pound in a year is about three thousand. Of these, two thousand three hundred are killed, and their bodies sold after death to be used for various purposes of trade. About six hundred are redeemed, thus enabling the Superintendent to return to the city twelve hundred dollars of redemption money.

"The support of each dog averages a cent and a quarter a day, exclusive of the milk, which, as before stated, is sometimes given. There are five men employed in connection with the Pound, viz., the Superintendent, Assistant and three dog catchers. Occasionally it is necessary to have a man for two or three days to assist in extra work.

"The salary of the Superintendent is $650 a year, in addition to which he has his house rent free, and enough land for a vegetable garden; that of the Assistant, $540; that of the three dog catchers, $721.50. The total expenses of the Pound are about $2,900, this includes the support of the horse which is kept for drawing the dog-wagon. In addition to the Superintendent, four police officers accompany the dog catchers, this being rendered sometimes necessary by the turbulent character of the people whose animals are taken up and the resistance that they make.

"The Pound is under the direction of a Committee of the 'Women's Branch.' The members of this Committee visit it, and have the entire control and management of the institution, consulting with the superintendent as to the advisability of any changes or reforms that he or they may consider desirable. The Chairman of this Committee pays the employees, and another member of the Committee acts as treasurer, keeping all the accounts.

"In the hope that other societies may follow the example of the 'Women's Branch,' of Philadelphia, and by this means be able to ameliorate some of the sufferings of one of the noblest of animals, this statement is drawn up and respectfully submitted to all kindred organizations, by

CAROLINE E. WHITE,
"President of Women's Branch."

THE BOSTON DOG LAW.

CHAPTER 278. An Act to authorize the establishment and mentainance of a Dog Shelter by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the city of Boston.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

Section 1. The Board of Aldermen of the city of Boston may authorize the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to establish and maintain in said city a shelter for the detention of unlicensed or stray dogs which may be seized under the provisions of this Act, and may make any necessary agreement with said society for the reception, sheltering, keeping and feeding, or humane killing or otherwise disposing of such dogs: provided, however, that no such shelter shall be established or maintained when an adjoining owner objects thereto.

Sec. 2. The mayor of said city shall annually, within ten days from the first day of July, issue a warrant to one or more police officers, or any officer of said Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals directing them to proceed forthwith to seize and deliver at such shelter all such dogs found running at large within said city of Boston, not licensed and collared according to law, and to enter a complaint against the keepers or owners thereof. Such officers other than those under regular pay from said city, shall receive one dollar from the treasurer of said city for each dog so taken and delivered as aforesaid. And all bills for such service shall be approved as provided in section seven of chapter one hundred and thirty of the Acts of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

Sec. 3. Every dog so taken and received by such shelter, as hereinbefore provided, shall be there kept and provided with suitable food, and the owner thereof may redeem the same at any time within five days, by proving title to said dog, by showing that the same has been duly licensed according to law, and by paying a fee fixed by the aldermen of said city. At the expiration of five days said society may cause said dog to be humanely killed, or, upon payment of the licensed fee required by law, it may sell or otherwise dispose of the same.

Sec. 4. For keeping and sheltering any dog, under the provisions of this Act, said society shall not be liable to pay any license fee, nor shall it be liable for keeping any dog at such shelter which is unlicensed.

Sec. 4. The aldermen of said city shall have the power to prescribe the price at which any dog taken and kept in such shelter may be redeemed by the owner thereof, and all moneys received by said society for the redemption and sale of any dogs kept at such shelter shall be paid to the treasurer of said city. [*Approved May* 13, 1881.]

HOW TO NURSE SICK DOGS.

II.—BY A. J. SEWELL, M. R. C. V. S.

HAVING pointed out how essential good nursing is to dogs when affected with disease, and laid down a few rules for their general management, I now propose to give a few hints on nursing animals affected with particular diseases. As distemper requires great care for its successful treatment, I will take it first.

DISTEMPER.

The rules for the general management of sick dogs must here be observed, and then attention may be directed to diet. The first week the diet should be entirely of a fluid nature, as weak mutton broth or beef-tea; and, if these are refused, milk may be offered. After the first week, when the dog is very weak, bread or biscuit may be added to the broth or other liquid food, which may now be given stronger. At this period of the disease, the dog often refuses all nourishment. On those occasions it should be drenched with it—that is, given it out of a bottle as in medicine. The beef-tea, if the dog is very weak, should be thickened with arrowroot, and a small quantity of port wine added. A fresh egg, well beaten up with a little brandy, may be given occasionally for a change. The food should be offered in small quantities every two hours. About the end of the third week, if the dog is progressing favorably, and the fever diminished, the diet may be increased. In addition to the beef-tea and broth, small quantities of meat, such as mutton or beef (the former preferred) may be allowed. It is more serviceable when rather under-cooked. Should this cooked food be refused, raw meat is readily snatched up by some animals. Sheep's paunches, well cleansed and boiled, are frequently relished by a dog at this period and may be given with safety as they are easily digested. Large quantities of any kind of food should not be offered at a time, but rather small quantities every three or four hours. The quantities may be gradually increased as the patient improves and gains strength.

Distemper is often accompanied with a bad form of diarrhœa, which, if not stopped, quickly proves fatal. A judicious diet greatly assists in stopping the purging. If beef-tea is given, it should be thickened with gelatine; or if milk, it ought to be first boiled, but not given until cold. The meat of boiled rabbit is a capital thing for dogs suffering from diarrhœa during this complaint; and biscuits, made of arrowroot, of which dogs are very fond, will be found exceedingly useful. I do not think it out of place to again remind dog-owners that in this disease great attention should be paid to ventilation and other sanitary arrangements of the hospital.

JAUNDICE.

A dog affected with jaundice, or "the yellows" as it is sometimes called, generally refuses food. For the first few days he is better without any, except a little weak beef tea, or milk and water, to which is added a small quantity of lime-water. These fluids at first should not be forced, but placed within easy reach of the patient, so that he may drink or refuse it at pleasure. If the case is a protracted one, the dog becomes very weak. It is then necessary, if he will not take it voluntarily, to drench him with the beef-tea, which should now be made stronger. Plenty of fresh cold water, for drinking, should be supplied, as he is generally feverish, and consequently thirsty. A dog which has had an attack of this disease should be brought back to his usual diet gradually, or a return of the symptoms will ensue.

MANGE AND OTHER SKIN DISEASES.

The most common skin diseases affecting dogs are those which result from over-feeding, improper diet and want of exercise. It is generally ill-cared for dogs that become affected with the virulent or parasitic mange; but of course any dog, however well cared for, may be the subject of this disease by associating with one so affected. Very often skin disease—if it be red mange, humor, or blotch—may be cured, if not chronic, by two or three doses of saline purgative medicine, such as epsom salts. Another important factor is proper diet, as oatmeal or rice, well boiled and mixed with the gravy of a boiled sheep's head, or milk, just to give it a relish, with plenty of vegetables added, as cabbage, greens, spinach, and, when they can be obtained, young nettles. Dogs which have been fed on flesh will at first refuse it, but owners, if they want to effect a cure, should persevere, and starve the animal to it; for if the meat is continued during the complaint medicinal treatment is useless, or, rather, the case is prolonged.

A dog with skin disease—except those affected with a contagious kind, and then only when other dogs are about—to prevent the affected animal transmitting it to healthy ones should not be chained up or confined in any way, but allowed liberty and plenty of exercise.

Many dogs are habitually constipated, and by constantly receiving doses of purgative medicine the complaint is aggravated. Instead of continually dosing the dog, add some oatmeal and vegetables with this or other diet, and the above condition of the bowels will soon be altered. Another good remedy for this troublesome complaint is liver, which should be given rather under-cooked (boiled); a couple of meals of liver per week will soon restore the bowels to their normal state.

Again, other dogs' bowels are always in a relaxed condition. This state generally results from food irritating the intestines. I have frequently observed that dogs which eat the biscuits dry suffer most from this complaint, but when the biscuits have been soaked, this condition has entirely changed. Another good remedy is water in which rice has been boiled; also boiled milk.

I might mention here that after several experimental trials, I find that puppies fed on Swiss condensed milk instead of cows' thrive very much better, and are not so much infested with worms.

SLIPS.—There are said to be 20,000 hounds in England, the cost of whose maintenance is estimated to be $2,500,000 per annum.....The many fox hunters in Montgomery, Delaware and Chester counties, Penn., predict great sport for next fall. Between Mr. Wain's new pack of nineteen imported hounds and the packs of the Rose Tree, West Chester and Paoli clubs, poor Reynard will have anything but a pleasant existence.....Mr. J. Otis Fellows called one of his cocker whelps Cape Horn, because he says "she is hard to get around,".....The shipping of Robins Island from the grasp of the Eastern Field Trials Club has occasioned no little anxiety to the management. Gardner's Island, situated about twenty miles to the eastward, is now talked of, but it is extremely unlikely that Mr. Gardner will, at this late day, consent to the open sesame to his grand preserve, which for years has been so jealously guarded.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—At a special meeting of this organization, held on Thursday, June 16, this city, the following members were present to vote on the adoption of a new constitution and by-laws: Messrs. Donner (President), Livingston, Coster, Cornell, Webb, Spooner, Danforth, Hamilton, Pentz, Herzberg and Von Lengerke. After a discussion of each section of the majority's report of the committee empowered to draw up the rules, the revision was adopted, which will not go into effect until the annual meeting of next year.

WANTED—The pedigree of English setter bitch Vic owned by Mr. M. L. Norton, Greenland, L. I.; Campbell's imported English setter bitch Flora, and Fausman and Smith's English setter Dash. Address D. D. this office.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Baron, Berg, Bishop, Brunig, Bravo, Blanco, Bonn and Bruna—Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass., claims the above names for the litter of seven St. Bernard dog puppies and one bitch puppy, whelped June 12, by Mr. L. Z. Collins' imported Rousseau out of owner's Brunhild.

Josephus—Mr. Jno. A. Heether, Huntsville, Mo., claims the name of Josephus for black, white and tan setter dog puppy by Rake (Dan-Ruby) out of Venus (Brussels-Sally.)

Billy H.—Mr. Jno. A. Newberry, Huntsville, Mo., claims the name of Billy H. for red Irish setter dog puppy by Frank (imported Shamrock-Cora) out of Nelly (Ben-May), purchased of Mr. Wm. Huedman, Chillicothe, Mo.

Vice Gunamond—Mr. F. N. Geradin (Captain of Police), Detroit, Mich., claims the name of Grace Gunmond for white, liver and ticked pointer bitch puppy, whelped Dec. 16, 1880, by King Bow out of Josie, presented to the Captain by the Detroit Kennel Club.

Glenny—Mr. J. B. Cooke, Corland, N. Y., claims the name of Glenny for liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 7, 1881, by King Bow out of Grace, bred by the Detroit Kennel Club.

Vice—Mr. J. J. Jordan, Winchester, Va., claims the name of Nice for lemon and white setter dog puppy, with dark points, whelped April 16, 1881, by Gladstone out of Lella (Leicester-Kirby) bred by Capt. I. W. Foster.

Duke—Mr. W. H. Coursen, Newton, N. J., claims the name of Duke for black, white and tan beagle dog, one year old, by Ringold out of Ringlet.

Dutchess—Mr. W. H. Coursen, Newton, N. J., claims the name of Dutchess for black and white beagle bitch, thirteen months old, by Imported Rambler out of Bessie.

Tom II.—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Tom II. for Gordon setter dog, whelped April, 1880, by owner's Tom out of Bess.

Jim—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Jim for Gordon setter dog, whelped April, 1880, by owner's Tom out of Bess.

Jennie—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Jennie for Gordon setter bitch, whelped April, 1880, by owner's Tom out of Bess.

Mab—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Mab for Gordon setter bitch, whelped April, 1880, by owner's Tom out of Bess.

Nell—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Bell for Gordon setter bitch, whelped April, 1880, by owner's Tom out of Bess.

Micky Free—Mr. A. J. F. Ingraham, Belfast, Maine, claims the name of Micky Free for red Irish setter dog puppy by Cale out of Nell.

Rupert—Mr. Chas. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., claims the name of Rupert for his Gordon setter puppy whelped December 2, 1880, by Dash out of Maud S.

Cape Horn—Mr. J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y., claims the name of Cape Horn for all liver cocker bitch by Benedict out of Pansy.

Fuchsia—Mr. J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y., claims the name of Fuchsia for liver and white cocker bitch by Brag out of Curlew.

May Elgin—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of May Elgin for white, with lemon ears, Llewellin setter bitch puppy, whelped Oct. 7, 1880, by Zanzibar (Gladstone-Mersey) out of Lady Elgin (Carlowitz-Queen Bess).

June Elgin—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of June Elgin for white and lemon setter bitch whelped Oct. 7, 1880, by Zanzibar out of Lady Elgin.

Princess Elgin—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Princess Elgin for white and black ticked setter bitch whelped Oct. 7, 1880, by Zanzibar out of Lady Elgin.

Tot Elgin—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Tot Elgin for white, black and tan setter bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1880, by Zanzibar out of Lady Elgin.

Harry Elgin—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Harry Elgin for black, white and tan setter dog, whelped Oct. 7, 1880, by Zanzibar out of Lady Elgin.

Maud S.—Mr. George L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., claims the name of Maud S. for black pointer bitch, one year old March 31, by Mr. E. C. Alden's Pete, Jr., out of Mr. W. H. Slocom's imported bitch Kate.

Andy—Mr. James D. Bailey, Allen Springs, Cal., claims the name of Andy for black and tan setter puppy whelped March 7, by Sam (Tinel-Pet) out of Fanny C. (Sure-Lulie).

Blue Dick—N. D. Hathaway, Middleboro, Mass., claims the name of Blue Dick for black, white and tan ticked setter puppy dog, whelped December 5, 1880, by Blue Dan (Dash III.-Opal) out of Flake (Druid-Swazey).

Guy—Mr. R. Norris Williams, Dritton, Luzerne county, Pa., claims the name of Guy for orange and white setter dog whelped March 24, 1879, by Valentine's Glen (Shipman's Joe-imported bitch) out of Floss (Bismarck-Imported Fannie).

Zadie—Mr. Charles A. Draper, Sing Sing, N. Y., claims the name of Zadie for his red Irish setter bitch puppy, whelped March 6, 1881, by Wenzel's Chief out of Pierce's Gussie.

Josh Billings—Mr. L. M. Currier, Sycamore, Ill., claims the name of Josh Billings for black and white setter dog puppy whelped March 4, 1881, by Druid out of Princess Draco (Rob Roy-Livy).

Ben—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., claims the name of Ben for beagle dog puppy by Elmore's Victor out of Pownall's Fanny Fifth.

Grace—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., claims the name of Grace for beagle bitch puppy by Elmore's Victor out of Pownall's Fanny Fifth.

Agnes—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., claims the name of Agnes for beagle bitch puppy by Elmore's Victor out of Pownall's Fanny Fifth.

Miss Miggs—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., claims the name of Miss Miggs for beagle bitch puppy by Elmore's Victor out of Pownall's Fanny Fifth.

Becky Sharp—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., claims the name of Becky Sharp for beagle bitch puppy by Elmore's Victor out of Pownall's Fanny Fifth.

NAMES CHANGED.

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Lock-Kenoza Kit Whelp—Mr. J. F. Johns, Haverhill, Mass., has sold to Mr. L. S. Kendall, Boston, Mass., a Gordon setter dog puppy by Lock out of Kenoza Kit.

PRESENTATIONS.

Banjo—Mr. W. H. Parker, St. Elie, P. Q., has presented to Mr. Robert Kiernan, Three Rivers, a black and tan setter puppy, whelped 19th February, 1881, by his Shout out of Belle, Shout by Pete out of imported Rambler out of Bessie.

Tom II.—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Tom II. for Gordon setter dog, whelped April, 1880, by owner's Tom out of Bess.

Jim—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Jim for Gordon setter dog, whelped April, 1880, by owner's Tom out of Bess.

Jennie—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Jennie for Gordon setter bitch, whelped April, 1880, by owner's Tom out of Bess.

Mab—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Mab for Gordon setter bitch, whelped April, 1880, by owner's Tom out of Bess.

Nell—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Bell for Gordon setter bitch, whelped April, 1880, by owner's Tom out of Bess.

Micky Free—Mr. A. J. F. Ingraham, Belfast, Maine, claims the name of Micky Free for red Irish setter dog puppy by Cale out of Nell.

Rupert—Mr. Chas. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., claims the name of Rupert for his Gordon setter puppy whelped December 2, 1880, by Dash out of Maud S.

Cape Horn—Mr. J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y., claims the name of Cape Horn for all liver cocker bitch by Benedict out of Pansy.

Fuchsia—Mr. J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y., claims the name of Fuchsia for liver and white cocker bitch by Brag out of Curlew.

May Elgin—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of May Elgin for white, with lemon ears, Llewellin setter bitch puppy, whelped Oct. 7, 1880, by Zanzibar (Gladstone-Mersey) out of Lady Elgin (Carlowitz-Queen Bess).

June Elgin—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of June Elgin for white and lemon setter bitch whelped Oct. 7, 1880, by Zanzibar out of Lady Elgin.

Princess Elgin—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Princess Elgin for white and black ticked setter bitch whelped Oct. 7, 1880, by Zanzibar out of Lady Elgin.

Tot Elgin—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Tot Elgin for white, black and tan setter bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1880, by Zanzibar out of Lady Elgin.

Harry Elgin—Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., claims the name of Harry Elgin for black, white and tan setter dog, whelped Oct. 7, 1880, by Zanzibar out of Lady Elgin.

Maud S.—Mr. George L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., claims the name of Maud S. for black pointer bitch, one year old March 31, by Mr. E. C. Alden's Pete, Jr., out of Mr. W. H. Slocom's imported bitch Kate.

Andy—Mr. James D. Bailey, Allen Springs, Cal., claims the name of Andy for black and tan setter puppy whelped March 7, by Sam (Tinel-Pet) out of Fanny C. (Sure-Lulie).

Blue Dick—N. D. Hathaway, Middleboro, Mass., claims the name of Blue Dick for black, white and tan ticked setter puppy dog, whelped December 5, 1880, by Blue Dan (Dash III.-Opal) out of Flake (Druid-Swazey).

Guy—Mr. R. Norris Williams, Dritton, Luzerne county, Pa., claims the name of Guy for orange and white setter dog whelped March 24, 1879, by Valentine's Glen (Shipman's Joe-imported bitch) out of Floss (Bismarck-Imported Fannie).

Zadie—Mr. Charles A. Draper, Sing Sing, N. Y., claims the name of Zadie for his red Irish setter bitch puppy, whelped March 6, 1881, by Wenzel's Chief out of Pierce's Gussie.

Josh Billings—Mr. L. M. Currier, Sycamore, Ill., claims the name of Josh Billings for black and white setter dog puppy whelped March 4, 1881, by Druid out of Princess Draco (Rob Roy-Livy).

Ben—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., claims the name of Ben for beagle dog puppy by Elmore's Victor out of Pownall's Fanny Fifth.

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Sour stomach, sick headache and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BRIDGEPORT RIFLE CLUB.—Seaside Range, June 8, 1881.—Wind moderate from 11 to 1 o'clock on the targets; light quite bad, with dashes of rain; the following are some of the best scores:

200-yards Sharps' rifle match, 10 shots, no re-entries.

D E Marsh	4544554444—41	A C White	5444554544—44
Geo Quitmeyer	4544444453—43	P M Beers	4444455445—43
F W Barber	4434554443—43	S V Nichols	4544444445—42
H Nichols	5544444344—41		

200-yards gold coin match, 17 entries.

A C White	5555454—33	S H Hubbard	4454544—31
D E Marsh	4455455—32		

200-yards silverware match, 37 entries.

A C White	5555454—33	S H Hubbard	4554444—30
F S Stevens	4445454—30	D E Marsh	4554544—31
Geo Quitmeyer	4445545—32	D Ferris	4455354—30

200-yards record badge, special ring target.

A C White	5455455—33	D Ferris	0454236—24
Geo Quitmeyer	6443334—27	D K Marsh	3534445—28
P M Beers	3224333—20	E F Latham	5044443—22
H Nichols	3454454—30		

500 yards, Afield and Afloat, first ten shots.

M L Reynolds	5545445555—47	S H Hubbard	3555555554—47
D N Congar	4455544546—45	S C Kingman	4544454554—44

500-yards rifle match, carton target.

F W Peck	5555555466—53	D N Congar	6655454566—52
S H Hubbard	3555555551—50	S C Kingman	4644454664—47
P M Beers	6234445646—42	W Mallory	4444544442—39

500 yards record badge.

F W Peck	5565466—37	M L Reynolds	4455455—32
P M Beers	5363466—33	D N Congar	6554565—35
S H Hubbard	5555634—36	S C Kingman	5554333—30

CORN CITY RIFLE CLUB.—Toledo, Ohio, June 11.—Range, 300 yards; 5-inch bullseye; strong east wind. Messinger and Root against Sawyer and Frazer. First match:

Messinger	4455444442—42	Sawyer	4424524342—36
Frazer	4354454444—41	Root	5454564444—44

Second match:

Messinger	5444445445—43	Root	4444544545—43
Frazer	4525445544—43	Sawyer	4545445551—43

Ties: Messinger, 4; Frazer, 4; Sawyer, 3; Root, 4.

WHEELING, W. Va., June 14.—Last Saturday we shot a friendly match with the Yale College Club. Following is the score:

Otto Jaeger	5445454455345545—68		
R S Stewart	4544445545545445—66		
William Cox	4544445545445545—65		
B H Babcock	4554544454544545—65		
John Moore	3454544544544544—63		
James Regan	4443536304564434—55—362		

Yale College Club.

C S McChesney	5445545454545445—66		
F H Tichenor	5444455555544355—66		
J E Stetson	4454544454545445—65		
H Harding	4455444554554445—64		
S H Hubbard	4455445454534544—63		
J S Durand	3325453344345354—52—327		

ALBANY, June 17.—A high wind prevailed all day, which interfered sadly with the holding and calculations of the men. The 200-yard life membership was called at two o'clock.

James I Miles, S M	*2	4544555445—43	
H Root, S M	*2	5534454443—41	
G H Charles, Bal S		5444444444—29	
A H Steed, Bal S		5524454442—29	
S Baldwin, Bal S		3445444428	
A Stalwart, Bal S		4444334427	
Roscoe Robertson, Bal S		3434434426	
A Thorne, S M	*2	3443043525	

* Allowance to military files.

Following came the seventh competition in the Winchester match, at 500 yards:

	200 yds.	500 yds.	
Wm E Fitch, S M	5553320	5445553—32—48	
James I Miles, S M	5534420	5245542—30—40	
A Stalwart, S M	3544420	2345541—28—38	
G H Charles, S M	3344438	4345535—19—37	
H Root, S M	4543330	4443535—18—37	
Roscoe Robertson, S M	3243235	4535350—20—35	
A Thorne, S M	3553319	2534454—26—35	
H Solid, S M	4403501	3403555—15—26	

WORCESTER, Mass., June 15.—At the Woodlawn Range yesterday quite a company of the gun club gathered. The light and weather were bad. Between the showers the following record was made:

	Shot at.	Broken.		Shot at.	Broken.
A B F Kinney	50	23	J E Garland	48	11
A S Newcomb	50	33	G B Holden	50	30
J S Mascroft	60	29	Geo McAllear	55	25
F H Fuller	50	28	E I Smith	40	25
C A Parker	65	28	A L Gilman	40	20
J Messenger	45	17	A P Cutting	25	6
Rev M Lamson	40	4			

Tuesday, June 28, they are to meet again and try their luck or skill at breaking balls.

GARDNER, Mass., June 16.—The last record made by the rifle club at the Hackmatack range was as follows, distance 200 yards, off-hand, ring and Creedmoor targets combined:

	R.	C.	H.	C.	Totals.
A. Matthews	79	45	90	47	179—92
G. F. Ellsworth	86	45	89	47	175—92
L. N. Dodge	85	43	85	44	168—87
G. H. Frail	78	44	79	45	157—89
Chester Hinds	79	43	79	44	154—87
G. G. Goodale	75	43	77	45	152—88
F. H. Knowlton	73	44	66	45	139—89
H. G. Knowlton	71	43	67	44	138—87
H S Pierce	64	42	69	44	133—86
Wm. Austen	58	42	61	44	119—86

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 13.—The Third Company and Third Battalion team matches for the Denver prizes took place on the ranges of the New Orleans Gun Club. The score of the company teams was as follows:

Louisiana Field Artillery, Battery C.

	200 yards.				500 yards.				Totals.
Guerin	2	3	4	4—17	2	5	5	3	6—15—32
Fortier	3	5	4	4	4—20	4	5	3	4—20—40
Weiss	4	5	3	4	5—21	5	4	5	5	4—23—44
Bercegeay	4	4	3	3	4—18	3	5	3	2	2—15—33
Geschwind	3	4	3	5	4—21	3	5	4	5	4—21—42—192

Continental Guards.

Howe	2	3	3	4	4—15	3	4	4	5	4—20—35
Fontaine	4	3	3	4	4—18	0	3	5	5	5—18—36
Watson	5	4	4	4	4—21	3	3	3	4	2—15—36
Knight	3	3	4	3	4—17	5	5	4	4	4—23—40
McQuithy	0	4	2	3	0— 9	4	4	3	0	4—15—24—170

Washington Artillery, Battery C.

Sport	4	4	4	4	4—20	5	5	5	5	5—23—43
Charlton	4	2	5	3	4—18	0	4	2	3	4—13—31
Arms	4	4	4	5	4—21	4	5	3	4	4—20—41
Selph	5	4	5	5	3—22	5	5	6	4	5—24—46—160

The totals of the battalion teams were: Louisiana Field Artillery, 422; Washington Artillery, 383; Continental Guards, 381.

BOSTON, June 15.—Long-range shooting was in order to-day at Walnut Hill. Capt Jackson seemed sure of a fine score, but a strong northwest wind at the last range, together with a bad light, served to demoralize most of the shooters, and out of eight men but five completed their scores. The records stood:

W H Jackson.

800 yards	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—75
900	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5—74
1,000	5	4	0	4	4	5	5	3	5	3—61—210

J F Brown.

800	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5—74
900	5	3	5	3	4	5	5	4	4	3—66
1,000	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	3	5—69—208

H Tyler.

800	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	5—70
900	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5—75
1,000	3	5	4	5	4	3	5	5	5	5—62—207

W Howard.

800	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—70
900	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	5—66
1,000	5	4	5	3	5	5	5	3	4	5—67—202

W C Gregory.

800	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5—73
900	5	3	5	5	3	4	5	5	5	5—70
1,000	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	3—64—196

THE TRAP.

BUFFALO VS. BRADFORD.—The Audubon Sportsmen's Club, of Buffalo, met the Bradford Club in a friendly shooting match at the latter place, Thursday afternoon, and were beaten, the score standing 103 to 114 in favor of the Bradford boys. This out of a possible 130 is very creditable to both sides. The visitors were entertained with a grand banquet at the St. James Hotel in the evening.

CATAWISSA GLASS BALL CLUB.—Weekly score, June 11:

Aldrich	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1—15				
Eyer	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1—17				
T Fox	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1—16				
Stadler	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1—17				
H Fox	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1—8				
Brinker	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	1—10				
Heilsinger	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1—13				
P Waters	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1—11				
Eyer	1	1	1	1	1—6	Stadler	1	1	1	0	—5										
											H. B. A.										

EATON, N. Y., June 13.—The Eaton Sportsmen's Club held their fifth badge shoot on Saturday; 15 balls, Card's rotating trap, Bogardus rules; Tuckerman handicapped six yards, and Richardson and Ormsby three yards:

Taber, 13	Richardson, 11	W. Taber, 8;	W. Morse, 5; Sutcliffe, 6;
Curtis, 6;	Short, 7;	Morse, 3;	Tuckerman, 7; Ormsby, 4; Morton, 1;
Chamberlain, 4.			

After the badge shoot a score of ten balls was shot for practice as follows:

Short, 2; Morse (5 balls), 2; Tuckerman, 9; Morton, 4; Chamberlain (5 balls), 2; Richardson, 4; W. Taber, 3; W.

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB.—Weekly score at 30 yards:

J N Mergenthaler	49	C Joiner	48
M L Rhgs	48	J H Brown	48
W H Leid, Jr	48	K Bennett	48
C Judson	47	C Edgar	47
Dr Toal	46	H J Calhary	46
W Harrington	43	J Greefe	43
F L Starrett	43	H H Nelson	43
R H McPherson	38	T Green	35
A J Gassis	20		

MOBILE, June 8.—Monthly shoot of the Gulf City Gun Club:

H R Vass	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—18		
W B Holt	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—19		
Jas Alexander	0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—16		
E Carre	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—18		
G W Tunstall	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—18		
F P Davis	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1—16		

Sweepstakes, 21 yards:

H P Vass	1 111011—9	G W Tunstall	1111011—9
W B Holt	1111011—9	F P Davis	1101111—9
Jas S Alexander	1111111 0—9	Master Willie Vass	1111111 1—9
E Carre	1111110 1—9		

Ties on second money.

Carre	1 1 1 1 1—5	0 1 1 1 1—4	1 1 1 1 1—5
Tunstall	1 1 1 1 1—5	1 1 1 1 1—5	0 1 1 1 1—4
W B Holt	1 1 1 0—3	J S Alexander	1 1 0—2
H P Vass	1 0 —1		

WABASHAW, Minn., June 11.—The two days' shooting tournament given by the Wabashaw Sportsmen's Club was a decided success.

The team shoot at glass balls for champion badge (presented by Lake City Sportsmen's Club), open to any organized club in Wabashaw and adjoining counties, Minnesota and Pierce, Pepin and Buffalo counties, Wisconsin. Each club to enter six members. There was also a Class Shoot—Purse $100. Fifteen balls from Mole trap—18 yards rise.

On the second day, a Class Shoot—Purse $70. Ten glass balls from Mole trap—18 yards rise; entrance free.

On the team shoot, entries were made by Lake City, Plainville, Alma and Wabashaw, six each. Won by Lake City, scoring 85, Plainview 58, Wabashaw 56, Alma 44. The badge is of solid gold, in shape a large shield, mounted by an eagle with out-spread wings; the whole suspended by two gold chains from a heavy cross bar, and with inscription:

"Lake City Team. Won at Wabashaw, Minn., June 8th, 1881, by Lake City Team."

The badge is open for challenge by clubs from counties above named.

In the first-class shoot D. H. Towle, of Red Wing, made 15 straight; M. E. Tabor, of Plainview, on a tie of 14 between four took second position. H. S. Elkins got third over fourteen competitors on the tie of 13, while six of the shootists made a "divy" of the fourth viz., Stout, Skinner, Fisk, Corey, Artz and McCroden.

Of the second class shoots, 39 entries, prizes were taken by M. E. Tabor, Plainview, first, divided by McMillan, McCroden, Dorr, Skinner, Craft and Seymour. Third won by Wm. Mills, Plainview. Fourth by M. Hitchcock, of Weaver.

On the third shoot Skinner took first money.

Sweepstakes innumerous, purses were then shot for, and glass raised like hail for the two days. Teams were present from Plainview, Lake City and Alma, while delegations were sent from St. Paul, Red Wing, Winona, Kellogg and adjoining towns.

LYNN., Mass., June 17.—The annual tournament of the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association opened at Oak Island, near Lynn, yesterday, and all the clubs of the State were well represented. The first event was the association, for individual association badges, which occupied several hours. The match was open only to members of the association. 15-ball shoot. The shooting was as follows: W Hatch, 13; W S Perry, 14; R F Schaefer, 14; Harry Dutton, 14; John C Russell, 14; E W Webster, 13; W H Watson, 12; W H Cowdin, 12; Dr Prescott, 9; C B Holden, 12; E T Smith, 12; L G White, 12; M D Gilman, 12; C B Derochmont, 13; E Hardmak, 9; George Monk, 11; J E Whidden, 12; T J Fish, 13; Eugene Barry, 12; T J Beaudry, 13; F C Nobles, 14; A H Jones, 12; J Huffman, 12; J H Dills, 9; Jas Watson, 14; E Rowell, 11; J Spofford, 15; W T Brackett, 12; J H Frost, 12; Horace W George, 14; D Kirkwood, 12; J P Kendall, 13; F L Carlin, 11; J H Wright, 9, and J. Spofford, of Amesbury, took the badge. In the shoot-off of the tie of 14, Whidden took fourth, W S Perry, Prescott, and Horace W. George, of Lynn, divided second and third prizes, and John H. Frost, of Lynn, took fourth.

The next event was a subscription match open to members of the association, 10 balls, three traps. The score was as follows: M D Bluck, 8; E W Smith, 9; W B Witherell, 7; E W Webster, 7; W Hatch, 8; H F Shaefer, 8; C B Derochmont, 9; C B Holden, 9; J S Sawyer, 8; L G White, 8; W H Cole, 6; E Buffington, 7; T J Beaudry, 8; E W Rowell, 8; J B Valentine, 7; H F Sheldon, 6; F L Carlin, 7; J E Whidden, 7; T J Fish, 8; J C Haskell, 8; Eugene Barry, 9; D Moore, 7; W J Braley, 3; W D Gooch, 8; F T Noble, 5; A H Jones, 8; J Huffman, 9; H H Francis, 7; B Lynde, 3; J Spofford, 7; J A Howell, 6; Joseph Randall, 7; F A Johnson, 8; H Dutton, 9; A Keating, 6; L J A Conroy, 7; F T Smith, 10; Otis L Baldwin, 9; George Monk, 9; H W George, 9; John W Frost, 5. C M Clark took first money, and C H Derochment, C B Holden, George Monk and H W George divided second money, W D Gilman and T J Beaudry divided third prize, E W Webster and E W Buffington fourth, while J A Howell took fifth.

The third event was a subscription match, open to members, 10 balls from the Card trap. The score was as follows: L P White, 10; S Hall, 9; W H Cole, 10; W F Brackett, 10; D Moore, 7; A Keating, 9; J H Dill, 8; J H Wright, 8; J E Williams, 4; C L Baldwin, 9; D J Drake, 8; E Noyes, 7; E C Hollis, 8. White, Cole and Brackett divided first money, Hall, Allen and Baldwin second, Dill, Wright, Drake and Hollis third, Noyes and Mooney fourth, and Williams the last prize.

During the day the annual meeting was held, when the following officers were elected: President, Maj. L. G. White, of Worcester; Secretary, Frank T Noble, of Malden; Vice-Presidents, A N Parry, of the Pow wow club, of Amesbury; W B Nagel, of Fort Hill Society of Stoughton; George Monk, of Ver ferrymount Club of Quincy; Lt. H. L. Wright, of Natick; E W Buffington, of Fall River; Capt. J S Sawyer, of the Middlesex Club; the South Abington, Ayer and Hopkinton Clubs were not represented at the meeting; W B Hoes, of Westboro, W H Leighton, Jr., of Middleboro, and D Knowles, of Worcester; A H Jones, of Malden; J C Smith, of the Raymond Club, Boston; F H Lander, Lynn Sportsman's Club; O L Baldwin, Lynn Central Club; Treasurer, A Keating, of Quincy; Board of Directors, E W Webster, of Lynn; C H Wales, of Amesbury; H H Francis, of Stoughton; J Kirkwood, of Boston; H S Fay, of Marlboro. The reports presented showed the association to be in a flourishing condition. The place for the next annual tournament was not decided upon, but it will probably be held at Worcester. Much interest was expressed with the location this year, it being wholly unfit in many particulars.

The second and last day of the tournament saw a large attendance, more balls being represented than on the previous day. The first contest was a veteran match, open only to members of the association, five balls from Holden and five from Card trap. Score: John Merrill, 7; F H Lander, 7; W B Witherell, 6; George H Fox, 2; F Curtis, 6; O L Baldwin, 4; G W Wilson, 6; G B Blanchard, 5; L H Houghton, 7; L H Hudson, 6. F H Lander and L A Houghton divided first money; F Curtis and G W Wilson second, G B Blanchard third, and Otis L Baldwin fourth. A grand sweepstake match occurred, $1 entry, 10 balls, and the score was as follows: H Dutch, 8; J Spofford, 10; W B Witherell, 6; A Houghton, 9; W Hatch, 7; F H Lander, 8; O L Prescott, 7; W J Braley, 7; C M Starr, 8; L H Hudson, 7; A Rowell, 9; E W Law, 8; E T Smith, 10; F Johnson, 9; T J Beaudry, 9; G Monk, 8; J R Williams, 4; C H Derochemont, 7; R Hardwick, 1; C B Holden, 10; W Mitchell, 7; E Barry, 7; G H Hens, 5; F C Phelps, 6; E Noyes, 7; F S Hall, 8; L J Carson, 6; W B Perry, 7; F T Noble, 6; A H Jones, 7; Otis L Baldwin, 6; A Keating, 5; H Ray, 10; H W George, 9; G J Rugg, 10; G B Blanchard, 10; J E Sawyer, 5; J C Haskell, 8; E Rowell, 10; E W Buffington, 9; W H Sheldon, 10; E W Webster, 9; R F Schaefer, 10; H Mortimer, 8; L G White, 8; G H Fox, 8; F L Paine, 9; B R Lewis, 6; E L Caskin, 8; M D Gilman, 10; H H Francis, 8; W H Cole, 9; D Kirkwood, 7; J Merrill, 9; O L Tait, 8; G W Wilson, 7; Frank Curtis, 9. E T Smith, W S Perry and W H Sheldon divided first prize, T J Beaudry and F L Paine second, Freedom H Lander took third, C L Prescott fourth, while J S Sawyer and B R Lewis divided nth.

The next event was for the association team gold badge, held by the Lynn Central Club, made up of one team from each club of the association, of five men; 15 balls per man, seven from the Card trap and eight from the Holden. This was the principal shoot of the tournament, and the score was as follows: Lynn Central Club—E W Webster, 15; H W George, 11; Judson H Frost, 9; F R Johnson, 13; J C Haskell, 14; total, 62. Merrymount Club—George Monk, 14; E Hardwick, 9; C L Prescott, 11; A Keating, 13; Frank Curtis, 10; total, 57. Raymond Club—H Ray, 8; O Dearborn, 6; W B Witherell, 11; G B Blanchard, 10; B Schaufler, 13; total, 48. Lynn Sportsman's Club—Alfred Paine, 9; J F Randall, 10; F H Lander, 15; E L Caskin, 13; H Mortimer, 8; total, 55. Pow-wow Club, of Amesbury—C H Derochemont, 13; R Rowell, Jr., 14; J Spofford, 14; J A Rowell, 11; W Hatch, 13; total, 64. Worcester Club—W S Perry, 14; Alba Houghton, 13; G J Rugg, 11; J T Smith, 13; C B Holden, 12; total, 81. Malden Club—H Dutton, 11; L J Carson, 14; A H Jones, 13; J Huffman, 12; F T Noble, 10; total, 60. Fall River Club—W H Sheldon, 14; E Buffington, 13; W J Braley, 15; T S Hall, 13; S Allen, 11 total, 66. Middlesex Club—J S Sawyer, 11; E W Law, 9; E C Gore, 11; W F Webster, 12; J R Williams, 8; total, 51. The Lynn Central Club again took the badge and first money, Fall River second, Pow-wow Club third and Worcester fourth.

THE LOUVETIER.

A recent dispatch from Paris announced that a voluminous report had just been printed by the Chamber of Deputies emanating from the committee for examining a law for suppressing the ancient institution of the Louveterie, or professional body of wolf-destroyers, dating back to the Merovingian dynasty. The committee, in place of the time-honored system, suggests a code of rules for the effective destruction of noxious animals in general. This will be a sad blow to the very large and respectible class of country gentlemen who dearly prize titles and uniforms. Before 1789 the Louveterie, or wolf-destroying service, was placed under the charge of the Grand Veneur or Grand Louvetier, the dignity being one which was highly prized and much sought by the nobles. Napoleon I re-established it and it was maintained under the Restoration. Louis Philippe once again abolished it, but it was revived by Napoleon III, to disappear with the Second Empire. After 1789 bounties were offered for the destruction of wolves, and the Government appointed agents to superintend battues; at present the work is conducted under a series of rules established in 1814. The minister of Finance appoints the "Lieutenants de Louveterie," there being always a keen competition for such places among rich sportsmen and gentlemen desirious of wearing a picturesque uniform. There must be a forest in the department to furnish an excuse for the appointment and the louveterie must keep up the necessary establishment. The would-be louvetier has been known, like the honest farmer in the Western States where a bounty is paid for wolf-scalps, to import a wolf or to rear a litter in secret, which, when duly grown, are let out to be hunted. This latter course, however, is not unattended with certain perils.

THERE is a deadlock over that 'possum cooking question.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE BRUNSWICK SOUPS have had a fair and impartial trial from samples sent to this office, and can be well recommended to sportsmen and yachtsmen where a palatable impromptu dish is desired.

THE KINNEY BRANDS of cigarettes are justly held in high esteem by all who smoke. The firm manufacturing them have attained an enviable reputation for the standard quality of their goods.

WHAT is home without a baby? and what baby's life is complete without one of the Dare baby carriages? When he grows older the fore is for a velocipede. If you don't know where to get one for him see advertisement of Dare elsewhere.

THE HUNTER'S CAMP AT NIGHT.

"Did you ever notice what a difference a fire makes? I have slept in the woods summer after summer for a number of years, but I can never build a camp-fire at night without watching the change which it works upon the surrounding forest. Before the fire is lighted you feel only—a nothing—in the sombre vastness; but touch a match to the collected dry leaves and twigs, and what a change! A world of your own is immediately created, aglow with the warm, red light, and limited by the surrounding gloom."—FOREST AND STREAM of June 2.

IN the thick darkness of the midnight woods
I sit alone, within my hemlock camp,
Silent and thoughtful. All about me rise
The dark, columnar giants of the wild,
Funereal hemlock and majestic pine,
The gnarled oak tree and the quivering birch.

Ah, how profound the hush! When evening threw
Its glimmering shades across these forest aisles,
The mingled voices of the living world
Died out, and birds and creatures of the wild were stilled.
The woodpecker its drum-like tappings ceased,
The partridge sought her nest; the pied blue jay
Ceas'd its harsh clamor, and the pigeon wild
Folded its azure pinions and was still.
As shades fell deep in tangled copse and glade
The cawing crow flocks settled from their flight;
The high-flying hawks descended from the air,
And silence all around me wove its spell.

The tall, black trunks of the great forest kings
That hedg'd me round seem'd all instinct with life;
Secur'd to my feverish fancy like the forms
Of those barbaric warriors who once trod
These lonely wilds, majestic, stern and grave;
Those feather'd forest chieftains, grim and fierce,
Painted for war and terrible with arms.
With quiver, shield and club and lofty spear.
Then thro' the thick'ning glooms would seem to shine
The eye-balls of wild creatures, wolf and bear,
And grand, imperial stag with branching horns;
But when I snatch'd my rifle they would seem
To shrink and disappear and melt from sight.

Then sudden from the dry, dead leaves around
I raisd a camp-fire that did light the woods,
And caus'd how vast a change! The sombre shades
Vanish'd away, and the rough boles of trees,
Thro' all their drooping foliage, shone and smil'd
In the blithe, cheerful radiance of my fire
So all the phantom spectres fled away.

As in my hemlock camp I sank to rest
I felt secure in such companionship
Of those red flames that seem'd to guard my couch,
And all the shapes that fancy conjur'd forth
Vanish'd like dreams—and rest and sleep were sweet.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

☞ *See notice elsewhere of New York game law.*

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

June 28.—Southern Y. C. challenge cup.
June 30.—Inter-State regatta, New Orleans.
July 1.—Gananoque open regatta, second and third class yachts.
July 1.—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Monterey.
July 1.—Royal Canadian Y. C. Governor General's Cup.
July 2.—Match race, New Orleans.
July 2.—Quincy Y. C. First championship regatta.
July 2.—Nellie-O'Connor match, San Francisco.
July 2 to 5.—Quaker City Y. C. Corinthian cruise.
July 4.—Buffalo Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 4.—Cleveland Canoe Club regatta.
July 4.—Boston city regatta.
July 4.—Larchmont Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 4.—Cleveland, Y. A. Annual regatta.
July 4.—Lynn harbor. Open regatta.
July 4.—Quaker City Y. C. Corinthian regatta, Penn's Grove.
July 4.—Salem Bay Y. C. Special regatta.

CRUISE OF THE S. F. Y. C. TO NAPA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The yachts of the fleet assembled at Front Street wharf, San Francisco, Friday, May 27, for a four days' cruise. The signal to get under way was given at 7 A. M. from Commodore Harrison's yawl Frolic. The boats all made a fair start up, arriving at Vallejo that night at 8 P. M. Saturday morning they started for Napa, the fleet arriving in the afternoon, Annie making the quickest time, arriving at 2:50 P. M., the Thetis arriving four minutes later, and the others in the following order: Clara (sloop), Emerald (yawl), Lively (sloop), Lolita (yawl), Startled Fawn (yawl), Chispa (schooner), Nellie (schooner), the Frolic (yawl) last. In the evening an informal ball was given at the Palace Hotel. Sunday was spent at Napa Springs, and a drive by Gen. Miller's residence, the yachts remaining quietly at anchor. Monday the fleet got under way for home, coming to off Vallejo during the morning. The advance messengers were seen in the distance bearing down San Pablo bay in the afternoon, and soon the regular fleet and accompanying yachts hove in sight rounding the eastern point of Angel Island. Chispa was the first to arrive off San Francisco, dropping her hook quite a while before the others came in sight, Annie next in second, with Nellie third and Emerald fourth. Some of the boats hugged the Contra Costa shore, therefore not arriving until very late in the evening.

The cruise was enjoyed by all hands, and judging by the numerous guests, who disembarked well pleased, yachting is becoming very popular with our citizens, ladies included. Some of the latter can "work ship" quite as well as their liege lords, and may safely be trusted with the helm in all sorts of weather. A. W. C.

THE "FLAG OFFICERS' SLOOP."

WE publish this week the first authoritative news and details concerning the large sloop building to meet the Canadian challenger, should her speed come up to expectations. As already known, Mr. Henry Piers is building for the Flag Officers of the New York Y. C. at the yard of Mr. David Kirby, Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. It is not necessary here to mention the good, solid basis upon which the reputation of Mr. Kirby rests as a builder of fast and successful yachts. He is already well known to our readers as the author of some very lucid and excellent articles on the subject of modeling written for this journal. If not quite able to agree with all the tenets of Mr. Kirby's faith, we must concede that he can point with much force to the fine sloops of his production and substantiate his theories with an unanswerable "handsome is as handsome does." Many may take exception to his best known ship, the Arrow, on the score of looks or steering off the wind, but few will question her speed or weatherliness, the two principal points to be dined at for match sailing over a smooth water course. Without in the least detracting from the well earned reputation of other builders who have turned out such smart racers as Hildegarde, Comet, Mischief, Fearless, Minerva or Elephant, it may safely be said that the Flag Officers have made a wise choice in placing with Mr. Kirby the contract for fashioning a yacht intended to be second to none in the country. It is proverbially difficult to predict with exactness the future performance of any vessel, but the presumption is that successful men attend this venture, considering what has been done in the past by the same builder. Here we say that none realize the responsibility of the undertaking more thoroughly than Mr. Kirby himself, and that builder is especially modest in his expectations and predictions of what he can do. Nearly little gutter-publication distributing a few hundred copies a week, unseen and unknown, undertook to libel Mr. Kirby recently by attributing to him language never used. Let its bummerism, properly characterized by Mr. Kirby as the veriest trash, be consigned to the public through some of its exchanges, we wish here to deny the truth of the libel at the outset. Mr. Kirby understands the machinations of blackmailers as well as we do, and with us does not deem an imbecile hy-shot worth replying to, simply as an answer. In addition to this infamous match, however, it is proper that both sides should be put squarely on record in history through the medium of this journal. To this end we have attempted to counteract the prejudice shown in some quarters against the Canadian challenger, now proposing to the American side of the matter. A contract was given to Mr. Kirby for a sloop of a certain size, he simply engaging to do his best with a view to producing a fast vessel. There has been no "bragging" nor any warranted or implied, as an answer. In addition to the

security after sundown as will prevent the judges from distinguishing the boats as they go round the stakes), otherwise they will be declared off and be run again next day, or at such time as the judges may determine.

8. All regattas of this club shall be triangular, distance fifteen (15) miles. Judges shall not start yachts in a regatta unless there is at least a steady five-knot breeze blowing. In case a race is postponed for want of wind, or other cause, it shall be deferred from time to time, as the judges may determine.

9. Boats of the first class shall allow one another 5½ seconds a foot measurement for every mile sailed in a straight line, the distance to be computed by the judges. Boats of the second class shall allow one another in like manner 6 seconds per foot. Boats of the third class 6½ seconds per foot. Boats of the fourth class 7 seconds per foot. Boats of the fifth class 7½ seconds per foot. Boats desiring to enter a class other than that to which they belong shall only receive time allowance on the minimum measurement of the class they enter.

10. Boats shall be measured as follows: Take the extreme length from outside of stem to outside of stern-post, at the water-line. This mode of measurement applies to regular models only.

11. No catamaran or double hull boat shall be allowed to enter against any round bottom boat belonging to this club in any regatta given by or under the auspices of this club.

12. In all Corinthian races boats must be sailed by members of the club, with amateur crews.

13. No side out-riggers shall be used by any yacht sailing under the rules of this club.

14. There shall be an annual regatta for the club challenge cup, to be sailed by Corinthians, to take place on the last Tuesday in June between all yachts belonging to this club.

15. The winner of the cup shall hold it until within two weeks of the next annual match, when he shall deliver it to the Secretary of the club.

16. The holder of the cup shall have the privilege of substituting any boat other than the one that won the cup originally, provided said boat be *bona fide* his own property.

17. Any member winning the cup for three successive years shall retain absolute possession of it.

18. In the challenge cup race time allowance will be 1½ minutes per foot.

19. On the fourth Tuesday of May in each year and the Thursday succeeding there shall be given races, to be sailed under the rules and regulations of this club, for such purses or prizes as the club may provide, open to professionals, as follows:

Fourth Tuesday in May, 1st, 3d and 5th classes. Thursday succeeding, 2d and 4th classes.

On the Tuesday and Thursday succeeding the dates hereinabove mentioned the same classes shall be sailed by Corinthians, for such prizes as the club may provide.

20. There shall be a sweepstake race on the second Tuesday in August, for a purse of $250 to the first boat and $100 to the second, each yacht entering to pay an entrance fee of $25, the race to be open to professionals. Time allowance 1½ minutes per foot for the race.

21. There shall be race a year in inter-state regatta given under the auspices of this club and sailed under her rules, open to yachts of the first, second and third classes, a prize such as the club may fix to be given to each class; time allowance 5½ seconds per foot per mile for 1st class, 6 for 2d class, 6½ for 3d class, to be sailed by professionals.

22. Boats entering for any race are to be placed by the judges and when so placed they shall anchor and pay out not less than 3 feet of cable, until the signal for starting is given.

23. To start boats in a race three guns shall be fired as signals:

The first gun as the signal to form in line.

The second gun, 20 minutes after the first, as the signal to prepare for starting.

The third gun, 10 minutes after the second, as the signal for boats to get under way.

Any boat entered in a regatta and not in position, with anchor down and jibs down, on the firing of the third gun shall be ruled out of the race.

24. On the signal for starting being given each boat shall get under way with all possible dispatch, taking care to avoid collision with one another. The boats when placed in position, prior to starting, shall be at least thirty feet apart. Each boat in starting must take her anchor on board.

25. In running for the stake-boats it shall be optional with any boat on which side she rounds the stake-boat, provided she rounds it. By rounding it is to be understood she must pass on the outside of the stake-boat, but may do so direct or by going inside and then outside.

26. Each yacht must go fairly round the course and must not touch any boat or vessel or stake-boat in so doing, but will not be disqualified if wrongfully compelled to do so by another yacht. If a yacht, in consequence of her neglect of any of these rules, shall foul another yacht or compel another yacht to foul she shall forfeit all claim to the prize and pay all damages.

27. Should two boats, sailing on the wind, approach each other, the windward boat, in attempting to pass the leeward boat, shall do so without coming in contact with her. Should she come in contact with the leeward boat she shall be ruled out of the race and pay all damages resulting from such contact. The leeward boat shall keep her course and not luff up, under the same penalties.

28. In beating to windward, two boats nearing each other on opposite tacks, to avoid collision, the boat that has her larboard tack on board shall bear away and pass under the stern of the boat having her starboard tack on board.

29. A yacht overtaking another yacht shall keep out of the way of the last-mentioned yacht, but when rounding any buoy or stake-boat used to mark off the course, if two yachts are not clear of each other at the time the leading yacht is close to and actually rounding the mark, the outside yacht must give the other room to pass clear of it, whether it be the lee of weather yacht which is in danger of fouling the mark.

No yacht shall be considered clear of another yacht unless so much ahead as to give a free choice to the other on which side she will pass. An overtaking yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between the leading yacht and the mark after the latter yacht has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

30. When passing a pier, shoal, vessel or other obstructions to searoom, should yachts not be clear of each other the outside yacht or yachts must give room to the inside yacht in sailing such obstructions, whether she be the leeward or weather yacht, provided always that an overlap has been established before an obstruction is actually reached.

31. A yacht may luff as she pleases to prevent another yacht passing to windward, but must never bear away out of her course to hinder the other passing to leeward, the lee side to be considered that on which the leading yacht of the two carries her main boom. The overtaking vessel, if to leeward, must not luff until she has drawn clear ahead of the yacht she has overtaken.

32. If two yachts are standing towards a shore or shoal, or towards any buoy, boat or vessel, and the yacht to leeward is likely to run aground or afoul such buoy, boat or vessel (a stake-boat or buoy excepted) she is not able to keep clear in tacking in collision with the yacht to windward the latter shall at once tack upon being hailed to do so by the sailing master of the leeward yacht, who shall be bound to see that his own vessel tacks at the same time.

33. Boats running free must invariably give way to those on the wind on either tack.

34. Oars or paddles of any kind are prohibited from being used to propel a yacht during a race and sculling with the rudder will not be allowed—all races must be sailed. Each boat may use such poles as are necessary for booming out the sails, but must not be used for any other purpose.

35. Yachts can carry what ballast they choose and dispose of it at will, except live ballast, which must be brought back.

36. Any yacht must come to an anchor during a race without forfeiture of the prize.

37. Each yacht, on taking her position in line of a regatta, shall have the club signal flying at her peak; after sailing she may lower it.

38. Should the owner or sailing master of any yacht consider that he has a fair ground of complaint against another for foul sailing, or any violation of these rules, he must enter his protest in writing as soon as he can, with all due diligence, and the same with the judges. A protest made in writing shall not be withdrawn. The judges shall also, without a protest, disqualify any yacht should it come to their knowledge that she has committed a breach of these rules.

39. Any yacht violating any of these rules shall be ruled out and forfeit all claim to the prizes.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON.

THE squadron is in a very flourishing condition and has settled upon an extensive list of fixtures for the year. The opening cruise was sailed June 11. Race for regular Squadron prizes was sailed June 18. The open matches for Members' Prize are set down for July 9; those for the Mayor's Prize for July 30; for the Lieutenant-Governor's Challenge Cup, August 13; for the Flag Officers' Prize off Chester, August 18, and the final class races for Squadron Prizes, Sept. 10. The custom of this club of printing their fixtures in form of a circular for distribution is a commendable one and might be followed by home clubs to advantage. Measurement is based upon actual tonnage as it ought to be and otherwise the sailing rules of the Y. R. A. have been adopted. The officers of the Squadron are: Commodore, His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, K. T., G. C. M. G., etc., Governor-General of Canada; Vice-Commodore, C. C. Carter, R. E.; Rear-Commodore, F. S. West, Esq.; Honorary Secretary, A. C. Edwards, Esq.; Honorary Treasurer, W. Dudley, Esq.; Measurers, J. E. Butler, Esq., and G. H. Luke, Esq., of Halifax, Ed. Dowling, M. P. P., Collector of Customs at Lunenburg, and F. W. Hindman, Esq., at Charlottetown, P. E. I. Sailing Committee, Messrs L. Briand, J. Fraser, J. W. Stairs, W. S. Salter and Capt. Wall, R. A. The club has a larger proportion of yacht owners to members than any other in America, making it one of great activity, hard sailing and spirited racing, and an example in many respects to clubs nearer home. There are on the list for 1881, 17 regular and 18 honorary members, with a fleet of 44 yachts, including several cutters and yawls. The Squadron runs and not "regattas," the latter word being properly tabooed from all its publications.

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.

The fleet of this club now comprises the following:

SCHOONERS.

NAME.	OWNER.	PORT.	Sailing length.
Agnes	Latham A Fish	New York	56 06
Azalea	John M Forbes	Naushon	63 06
Caroline	William B Tyler	Boston	45 07
Clio	Horatio Hathaway	New Bedford	70 02
Fearless	D K & L H Phillips	Swampscott	57 09
Halcyon	C Paine, Jr	Naushon	53 04
Indolent	John C Rhodes	Mattapoisett	43 04
Lizzie Wellington	S Palmer	New Bedford	—
Magic	A M Weld	New Bedford	81 04
Peerless	Vice-Com. F Hathaway	New Bedford	64 06
Phantom	H S Hovey	Boston	90 09
Princess	Charles D Owen	Providence	64 06
Republic	H J Steere	Providence	—
Social	R W Lipsit	Newport	50 00
Silvie	Thomas Nye	New Bedford	77 09

SLOOPS.

Addie	George Delano	New Bedford	27 07
Ariel	F B Bacon	Mattapoisett	24 01
Bonnie	Harry Chase	New Bedford	24 04
Caila	F C Smith	New Bedford	31 04
Clarise	David L Parker	New Bedford	26 00
Comfort	Thomas Lord	Dartmouth	31 11
Daisy	William Parsons	Bristol	29 08
Eclipse	E A Willard	Newport	50 0
Edie	B W Crowninshield	Boston	28 00
Elaine	H G Russell	Greenwich	53 03
Enterprise	F E Peabody	Boston	46 03
Estelle	L Dorr	Providence	25 09
Glimpse	E W Atkinson	Mattapoisett	25 00
Hesper	William H Forbes	Naushon	48 02
Imperia	J Stackpole	Mattapoisett	43 04
Jessie	Horace Wood	New Bedford	25 00
Kismet	William A Abbe	New Bedford	30 07
Le Don	Rev Wm Carruthers	Fairhaven	21 04
Lottie	J H Burgess	Wareham	32 06
Lucille	W M Greene	Providence	47 07
Mavis	J Malcolm Forbes	Naushon	26 04
Medea	Edgar B Hammond	New Bedford	25 05
Metric	Dr E K Sisson	New Bedford	25 01
Molly Swash	G H Pollock	New Bedford	20 07
Mystery	E M Whitney	New Bedford	28 05
Nixie	N E Emmons	Falmouth	30 08
Pasque	J L Vollaton	Pasque	24 01
Petrel	John Hyslop	New York	29 09
Pointer	David L Parker	New Bedford	29 06
Siren	L H Keith	Kingston	39 06
Sparkle	Rear-Com E S Brown	New Bedford	27 07
Starling	George W Parker	New Bedford	29 01
Sunlight	George M Crapo	New Bedford	26 01
Vision	E A Low	Falmouth	27 09
Whistler	Com John A Hawes	Fairhaven	32 01
White Cap	J Malcolm Forbes	Naushon	36 08
Windward	George O Shattuck	Mattapoisett	49 01
Winsome	F H Hinman	New Haven	43 08

CAT-RIGGED BOATS.

Æolus	Andrew Shaw, Jr	New Bedford	—
Grace	James M Lawton, Jr	New Bedford	—
Nereid	F N Price	Quisset	—
Nixie	Pardon Hewett	New Bedford	—
Sadie	Benjamin H Anthony	New Bedford	—

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16.

THE rather scant entries for the annual match of the club is a very convincing answer to those in the habit of judging the popularity of the sport or the prosperity of a club by the amount of racing done. We have always held that there was no connection between the two, and this year offers a good occasion to have ourselves right. The New York Y. C. was never so strong in membership or in yachts, being second only to the Eastern Y. C. in the former, while the fleet is the largest of any in America, yet "regatta" day saw only a miscellaneous lot of sails and crafts, ready to crowd the line when one class filling with the prospect of a good day's racing. Judged by the rules the N. Y. Y. C. might be deemed in the last stages of dissolution, a conclusion exactly opposite to the actual state of affairs. None view this disinclination to race the whole fleet as in years gone by with more satisfaction than we. To simply enjoy yacht ownership and a love of sailing for sailing's sake has been gradually developing among the mass of yacht owners. The new hand's only conception of the sport is to be the happy possessor of some sort of tool or machine called a yacht by courtesy with which to indulge his gambling propensities, a good deal as nine men out of ten do upon the turf. Beyond this he knows nothing of the pleasures and uses of such craft, and cares still less. Slowly, however, experience becomes his teacher, and a new world is unfolded at his feet. He learns to appreciate the life afloat and finds his sympathies steadily drawn toward the wakes and ways of the sailor. He gives up racing and becomes an active cruiser, taking in an occasional match just to give his boat a record, and hence his sailing colors are seen as often as of yore. We think the taste for cruising, which has of late become so manifest in the large clubs, a most healthy sign, and therefore feel little disposed to cavil at the want of numbers present at the usual annual race. Out of a fleet of four thousand decked yachts in England, only three hundred are racers by habit. The real all-cruising go, and a similar ratio between the two lots is certain to prevail with us on this side of the Atlantic, for all signs point that way.

A friend, fired with enthusiasm in a good cause, told us not long ago: "I tell you, this is going to be the biggest racing season in." Nor could he be convinced to the contrary. So far nothing has sustained his remark, for racing has only been up to the average. Hardly that, except in the East where a wonderful impetus has been given to the passion of the hour. There has been nothing especially deserving to be chronicled in New York up to date, barring the appearance of the sloop Hildegard, ex-Atlantic. We have thus to rely even upon an old boat to create a ripple in the dreary rack of annals of these matters. Fortunately Hildegarde created such a big ripple that should the good lady repeat her performance with the next thing of a tidal wave. That this sloop was a dark horse has long been admitted, but that in a fair working breeze she could hold both Mischief and Gracie down the wind, and soundly beat them on a run in such unmistakable style must be adjudged a boon, nothing less wonderful—if she can do so again! There was a good whole sail wind, variable in strength, it is true, but enough to give Gracie and her iron rival the advantage of their size, and we can only account for Hildegarde's scoring in so brilliant a manner by combining on if all circumstances in her favor and her being handled as smartly as ever sloop was. They were sailors, and they had been drilled like dragoons aboard the Rear Commodore's flyer. They knew their stations, and pulled together like men who understood each other. It was just a whole sail wind for her, and the sea was perfectly smooth. She made a good start, carried the strength of the wind out with her, and finished in a flattening breeze, increasing her lead over Gracie in the last few miles. Still the fact remains that she held her ground with a fresh breeze out, and after rounding the mark soaked out to windward of all the rest in a way which called forth exclamations of surprise aboard the judges' steamer. It was neither luck nor fluke, and if the above explanation will not serve, then it was downright sailing and seamanship that did it, and Hildegarde immediately took rank as the fastest of her tonnage in and America, and a winner every time in fair square work, until overpowered in heavy weather by the rest of her class. But we have an inkling that she will be as good as any in a chop or roll; she has the easiest looking side of anything in the fleet. Under the cognomen of Niantic she left the ways of Alonzo Smith, at Islip, L. I., early in 1876, having been modeled by the builder and finished complete to the order of Mr. R. H. Huntley, of Brooklyn. She was built 4 ft. longer than the model called for, by splicing that much in amidships—no doubt one cause of the yacht's great speed, for, unlike most, she has "two ends to her," and an easy, shapely side tapering away into one of the few handsome counters of elliptic shape to be seen. No longer ago than a month or two ago, he has knack of his own, and his models are original to the extent of being cut on different principles altogether from those followed by others. His is not a bow and entrance lined away to nothing, the loss made good by a full chubby stern to supply the bearings, but she cuts a fairly easy bow and a corresponding run, has very flowing topsides a long floor, the latter turned up gently to melt away with a dying bilge in the sweetest of bows above and below ever a beamy ship was blessed with. His run is remarkably clear, the quarters full of power without being clumsy and hard, and he does not go to excess in compliance with some wild hobby or mythical "practical" theory, but a seeking for an average best in all respects. That is the key to his model and to the surprising success one of his sloops has now placed on record in his favor. It should be added that his yawl, the sail maker, always helps him out, for he does most of the stitching for help craft, and Hildegarde's sails were specimens of the art of making close winded drivers that had no little to do with her vanquishing the good company she was in last Thursday. The Hildegarde is a centreboard sloop, 69.5 ft. on deck, 61.6 ft. waterline, 19.2 ft. beam, 6 ft. deep and drawing 5½ ft. water aft.

Concerning the other large sloops a liberal allowance should be made in comparison with Hildegarde, for while the two big dogs were fighting each other the little fellow got away with the bone. It cannot be overlooked, though, that after Mischief and Gracie had separated, Hildegarde made play with both, though in a slackening wind, on the way home. Fanny carried away topmast early in the day, and Grayling was left well astern on the run out. It was a matter of surprise to us that with a long stump left in the caps there was not seamanship enough aboard that sloop to rig a jury affair of some sort. What she lost, however, was more than made up subsequently by her tacks for her competitors, by with no company, and finding it, too, for she weathered the Hook close in the wake of the leaders, but in the falling wind again felt the loss of light canvas. As Fanny is a dangerous customer in just the weather of this day, her toppling and striking out for herself was to be regretted. She is a great, dry, wet-weather reaching machine, and little else. Her play is for ah water and a stiffish breeze, for then she is exceedingly close winded. When it comes to a jump of a sea, however, we had rather be excused either from taking passage in such a shingle bottom or from backing her in close places. Having got the hang of the bits in an easy, moderate swell, she would be the last one of the lot we should pick as a winner in tough water, and the first one likely to cut and run for a lee to repair damages. Mischief sailed a gallant match with her big sister Gracie, and although it was a crushing, whole sail breeze, once more scored from her rival, and that after making a superfluous hitch into the beach. Six times have these two met, and six times has Mischief carried off the honors, though for want of time allowance in scrub race for the Bennett Cup last year the silverware went into Gracie's locker. Vision won the race as whole windward work continued, and soon broke tacks with the rest. Wizard did not sail well at all, though whether owing to some inherent defect in model or only a question of trim and handling we are not prepared to say. In the former, a thing we think not likely in view of the great beam has probably been surpassed, and something will have been learned from her excessive proportions 41 ft. 10 in. water-line and 17 ft. 2 in. beam, the outgrowth of the silly custom of measuring by Bagdad rule. Enchantress and Vixen made the usually close work of their class, the day's racing ending in favor of the latter, due more to smart handling than anything else, as both these sloops make a very closely matched team, with our preference for Regina in good working breeze. Among the schooners the Commodore made an escape of some of the centreboards, beating all but Estelle down to the Spit, and there, with much consideration for the smaller classes, running into the Horseshoe rather than weather on them and take their wind, as she might easily have done. She had her sole competitor, the Fleetwing, well in hand all day, for the latter, though a comfortable mid sound sort of ship, has not the form of a racer, being a deep sided and flat floored craft below water. It needs a young gale to send her through to advantage, and a sea to show her at her best. The Southern Cross was the first to return from stake boats. She is undersized as well as the latest example of the folly of the theory of so-called practical men that a fast boat must be shoal, flat floored, beamy, and of light displacement. The Cross is all this, and a slower schooner could hardly be found. We have been told that she only needs only seven tons of ballast when twenty would have been none too much in a well proportioned hull of her size. But for the falling of the wind toward the end of the day the race would have been a perfect one. Under such circumstances the result was pretty well got at, before the wind petered out, and the rear guard had to catch light airs to bring them across the finish. The course was from the judges' boat, W. Fletcher, off Stapleton, to and around buoy No. 10, on Southwest Spit, keeping the same on port hand, thence to and around Sandy Hook Lightship, keeping the same on starboard hand, and return the same course, keeping the Southwest Spit on the starboard hand in returning. Yachts must keep to the eastward of buoys No. 9, 11 and 13 on the west bank, to the southward of buoy No. 8, on Southwest Spit, and outside of buoy No. 6½ on the north going and coming and returning, and will pass between the committee's boat, Wm. Fletcher, and buoy No. 15 on the West bank at the finish of the race. Nine prizes were offered, but the class for second class keel schooners and that for sloops of first class filling, only seven were sailed for. These were one each for first class keel schooners, first class centreboard schooners, second class centreboard schooners, first class centreboard sloops, second class centreboard sloops, and the Bennett and Challenge Cups—one for schooners and one for sloops. The Challenge cups are sailed for according to the sailing regulations of the club, with time allowance, the winners to hold the same for thirty days after the race without liability of challenge, after which they are held subject to challenge, in accordance with the deed of gift. Last year the schooner Clio and sloop Mischief won the cups, and recently they were surrendered to the club to be raced for again, the cups becoming properly only after being won three times. The starters were as follows:

FIRST CLASS KEEL SCHOONERS.

Yacht.	Owner.	Cubical Contents Feet.	Allowance. Bennett Cup. M. S.	Challenge Cup. M. S.
Dauntless	Com. Waller	14,620.44	Allows	Allows
Fleetwing	R. S. Elliott			

FIRST CLASS CENTREBOARD SCHOONERS.

Tidal Wave	Daniel Cook	9,176.20	Allows	4 59
Crusader	J. K. Maxwell	7,268.10	4 18	9 17
Clytie	A. P. Stokes	7,100.30	4 46	9 46

SECOND CLASS CENTREBOARD SCHOONERS.

Estelle	V. Com. Smith	5,788.90	Allows	14 33
South Cross	J. A. Monsell	—	—	—
Madcap	F. D. Shaw	1,434.30	36 09	50 42

FIRST CLASS CENTREBOARD SLOOPS.

Gracie	Flint & Earle	4,692.90	Allows	Allows
Faudle	H. Terris	4,561.33	9 41	47
Mischief	J. R. Busk	3,931.90	4 56	4 56
Vision	J. J. Alexandre	3,921.80	5 00	5 00
Hildegarde	R. C. Oelrichs	3,853.80	7 55	7 55
Wizard	G. Kortwright	2,022.68	22 51	22 51

SECOND CLASS CENTREBOARD SLOOPS.

Regina	W A W Stewart	1,876.40	Allows	24 40
Vixen	F. & J. Laurence	1,818.13	25 27	25 32

The Regatta Committee consisted of Messrs. Gilbert L. Haight, Chester Griswold and John H. Bird, on board the steamer Fletcher. The guests of the club were accommodated on board the Columbia, chartered for that purpose. The start was after the usual slovenly fashion by an unusual number of sail and slide canvas, but even with this latitude some skippers were entirely unequal to the work of sending their charges away without being handicapped, although there was a grand working breeze from due West. Fanny came down to the line with a rush, suddenly changed her mind, apparently not quite sure of the signals and hove into the wind awaiting some one to set the example and show the way. This Clytie did in fine style, going away under balloon canvas, closely followed by Hildegarde, Dauntless and Gracie, and leading smart in hull, sails and crew, the latter in genuine Chinesey jumpers, warm, perhaps, but infinitely more thoroughbred than the "boating shirts" usually affected. To lubbers the Rear-Commodore was easily distinguished by the red worsted caps of his crew. Estelle, with a bone in her teeth, the lady of the Madcap hoping to dare and do more of same, then the Commodore's schooner Dauntless, the trimmest of the fleet, and in to be put under a class case—these, with the Vision, got across within the period allowed, all the rest were handicapped, their time being counted from 11:30. For comparison, their actual starts are given below, showing that the last of the lot required sixteen minutes from gun-fire to find out what was going on:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Clytie	11	15	50	Vixen	11	22	23
Hildegarde	11	16	15	Crusader	11	22	48
Estelle	11	16	16	Wizard	11	23	30
Madcap	11	17	40	Tidal Wave	11	24	15
Vision	11	18	07	Regina	11	24	35
Dauntless	11	18	02	Fleetwing	11	24	56
Mischief	11	21	44	Fanny	11	25	09
Gracie	11	21	44	Southern Cross	11	26	30

Balloon jibs were boomed out through the Narrows, Fanny hauling out to spinnaker boom. That the last of the fleet lost much of the wind

going out, paying double for their sleepy start. Those hugging Wadsworth got puffs carrying them into the lead, M schief and Gracie trying a luffing match and working high up of the rest. Hilaregarde in the meantime going about her business, showing the way down to the first marks, and Wizard, under working sail only, bringing up the rear. Off the Hospital Islands, Hildegarde and Clytie had put the rest astern with Vision fairly close aboard, and sending club topsail aloft. The fleet soon had all they wanted, and gunwale-to were filling down along the West Bank and home. Clytie fairly smothering the Rear-Commodore as she went by to windward. Gracie got out on Mischief's weather, and pinned the Iron sloop clear down to the spindle. This mark was rounded as under:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Clytie	12	33	00	Tidal Wave	12	33	00
Hildegarde	12	26	10	Vixen	12	36	50
Estelle	12	27	00	Fleetwing	12	37	52
Dauntless	12	27	28	Fanny	12	40	20
Crusader	12	40	42	Regina	12	42	45
Gracie	12	31	00	Madcap	12	43	00
Mischief	12	32	05	Wizard	12	45	00
Vision	12	33	27	Southern Cross	Not timed		

Clytie "split open," the rest slowly jibed and trimmed over, Crusader being worked as smartly as ever, after making the neatest round. Tidal was disappointing us; she used to be a smoother with all sheets eased, but to-day had the sulks. Fanny showed up without her topmast, and was being dropped square away for the outer mark. The fleet bunched at the Hook, the rear-guard bringing the wind up with them. When abreast the Scotland lightship the Hildegarde had again gone through the rest, but only to give way again to Clytie, who led around the lightship. Hildegarde had sheets snugged in to the utmost, and had begun her work to windward before the rest had reached the mark. She was evidently being sailed for all she was worth, and lay higher than anything which followed her. The times taken at the Sandy Hook lightship were:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Clytie	1	33	33	Vixen	1	46	39
Hildegarde	1	40	50	Dauntless	1	47	35
Estelle	1	41	50	Regina	1	51	24
Gracie	1	42	37	Fleetwing	1	55	00
Tidal Wave	1	43	38	Fanny	1	55	15
Mischief	1	44	47	Wizard	1	57	20
Crusader	1	45	35	Madcap	2	02	40
Vision	1	46	05	Southern Cross	2	05	00

Mischief and Vision made good turns, but Regina was sailed very wide. Jiblopsails gave way to small sails, the fleet standing in to the beach and picking up a more nor herly wind and the young flood. Hildegarde was the first to round, followed by the rest of the sloops of centres. Another hitch brought them so far in that they could lay along the beach for the Hook, Mischief making still another short board inshore, whereby she must have lost much. It was a procession up the beach, the big ones slowly gaining on the leader. In the meantime, Dauntless, Vision and Fanny had broken tacks with the rest, and had laid a course to the northward and westward shortly after rounding the lightship, very much to their advantage as it turned out, for Fanny was able to make up all she had lost, and with a better start might have scored in spite of the loss of her upper spars. The rest of the fleet overstood to the southward, Tidal making a short board, coming up in imitation of the Mischief. It was astonishing to see the latter sloop hang to Gracie in the stiff wind then blowing, clearly proving that in anything not too strong for jiblopsails she must be counted the faster of the two, in spite of Gracie's tonnage and length being so much in her favor. Near the Hook Hildegarde got another pull on her sheets, but size was telling, and Gracie had hauled up close to the leader, the black buoy 3½ being passed by Hildegarde at 3.17.30, Gracie 3.19.53, Mischief 3.24.12 and Fanny 3.30.00. All went about and ran down into the Horseshoe, Gracie, when far enough to weather the spit, going around, while Hildegarde overstood, the latter, however, still leading. Here the times were timed 3.40.00 and 3.47.20. It looked as though Gracie would at last show the way home, but the wind was continually lightening, and the smaller sloop again increased her lead, finishing with plenty to spare, Mischief also making her time of the big race, putting another race to her credit. The rest of the fleet came in straggling, the result of the racing being appended:

FIRST CLASS KEEL SCHOONERS.

Name.	Start. H.	M.	S.	Finish. H.	M.	S.	Elapsed Time. H.	M.	S.	Corrected. Time. H.	M.	S.
Dauntless	11	18	02	5	10	21	5	52	19	5	52	19
Fleetwing	11	20	00	5	58	44	6	38	44		—	

FIRST CLASS CENTREBOARD SCHOONERS.

Tidal Wave	11	20	00	4	54	56	5	34	56	5	34	56
Crusader	11	20	00	5	54	56	6	34	56	6	20	58
Clytie	11	15	00	5	55	53	6	40	03	6	35	17

SECOND CLASS CENTREBOARD SLOOPS.

Estelle	11	16	40	5	54	48	6	38	08	6	38	08
Southern Cross	11	20	00	Not timed.								
Madcap	11	17	40									

FIRST CLASS CENTREBOARD SLOOPS.

Gracie	11	20	00	4	45	21	5	25	21	5	25	21
Fanny	11	20	00	4	53	15	5	33	15	5	32	28
Mischief	11	20	00	4	47	50	5	27	50	5	22	34
Vision	11	13	07	5	53	07	6	35	00	6	20	00
Hildegarde	11	16	15	4	44	10	5	26	55	5	19	00
Wizard	11	20	00	5	53	21	6	33	21	6	10	30

SECOND CLASS CENTREBOARD SLOOPS.

Regina	11	20	00	5	53	32	6	33	39	6	33	39
Vixen	11	20	00	5	51	37	6	31	37	6	30	10

Club prizes therefore go to Dauntless, Tidal Wave, Estelle, Hildegarde and Vixen, and the Leonard Challenge Cups are now held by Tidal Wave among the schooners, and Hildegarde among the sloops.

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB, JUNE 18.

THE eleventh annual Corinthian races were sailed, June 18, under the most favorable circumstances, and brought out a good lot of starters under the rules published in our last issue. That crews of amateurs could always be found for large schooners like Clytie or Crusader was something we had doubted, and questioned the wisdom of encouraging such heavy tonnage in a purely Corinthian race. In England it is seldom that yachts over 20 tons are sailed under such rules, and if efforts were concentrated in having as large a number of small yachts as possible we think the benefits of amateur racing would be more widely distributed. This year showed the difficulty of collecting such a large body of gentleman sailors as was required to man schooners, and Clytie was forced, by special permission, to draw upon the professional element to make up her complement. The wind was blowing strong from W.N.W. all day, being too much for even the Mischief, and just all that Gracie could take without the necessity of begging; hence she scored her third victory in seven races over her iron rival in spite of losing her topmast a few minutes after crossing the line. As it proved she was better without it, for she held Mischief and in the puffs would run up close on the latter's quarter. On the beat home Mr. Flint's big sloop overpowered the Mischief, passed her, and continually increased her lead to the finish, winning a fine race after being sailed as well and possibly a trifle better than when in the hands of professionals. As for Mischief, she made a hard fight, but had to give in to tonnage for which practical even know no allowance to be a fair equivalent in a blow. She suffered also through having a light crew unable to get in sheets as fast as the others, and her owner did not care to "ram her through," but thought a little prudence best even though it might cost the race, hence she was eased through the flaws that would not bother a larger boat. The only wonder under the circumstances was that Gracie should not have won by three times the amount, and that a sloop 61 feet on water line should have made such a close thing of it with another 20 feet longer. As Gracie is unquestionably a fast yacht, the most logical conclusion of the day's work is that Mischief should be given credit for being by long odds the fastest of her size, and at least a good match for Gracie in hard weather but for their difference in tonnage. We are led to this observation because the New York *World*, in a report of the racing, entirely ignores the size of the two sloops, and in an off-hand manner claims Gracie as having proven herself the superior boat. Overlooking the value of tonnage in strong winds is an error common to the daily press, but we might expect a little more thorough comprehension of the points at issue by the *World*, and trust that in the future it will profit by having its attention called to a failing it exhibits too often Of the schooners, Clytie likewise overpowered her small competitors, both of which sailed a most plucky race, Agnes, as usual, being handled with consummate skill. Regina, with her double head rig, turned the tables on Vixen, and would do so oftener were she sailed as well in professional hands as she is with a crew of Corinthians. Fanita, in this class, was barred at the last moment, exceptions being lodged to some of her crew. We have always taken this sloop to be the best of her inches if not of her tonnage, and would like to see her come to the scratch and substantiate what we have written in opposition to the *World*, *Spirit of the Times* and others who have been rash enough to set her down as a failure, knowing nothing at all about her, and who are now trimming to a new shift of wind. Wonder what has caused this sudden change evolved from the inner consciousness of our contemporaries? Are they learning to take their cue from these columns? Schemer was run into by a clumsy coaster when she had the race well in hand, but was lucky escaping being run down altogether. It would be a good thing to sue the owners of that coaster for damages. Some of them need a good lesson in the fulfilment of the Road, and must be taught that yachts have the right of way as well as any other craft that floats. It is the only safeguard against collision. Among the fourth class Gael and Petrel made a good race, both being skippered by veterans at the business. Gael was particularly quick with her canvas. Both badly beat the centreboards, Cute and Vivien, the latter a Kirby model at that, so that keels and outside ballast won a fair, square battle from the light drafts. Coquetto was badly outclassed, being only 20 ft. water line, and had no chance in such weather At the outer mark she carried away her throat ballards and lost much time for repairs, but she bravely sailed the course against such odds. Courses and conditions will be found in last week's paper. The crews mustered as under:

SCHOONERS.

Agnes—Captain and owner, L. A. Fish. Corinthian crew—F. E. Swan, G. W. Chauncey, T. L. Arnold, E. M. Osborne, E. S. Rupert, N. D. Lawton, D. Wright, W. Peet, Jr., H. E. Cole, Lyndon Arnold, J. L. Marcellus and J. Lyman. Agnes is 59.66 feet over all and 55.25 ft. on water line. Allowance, 16m. 23s., minus.

Madcap—Captain and owner, F. D. Shaw, N.Y.Y.C.; mate, T. D. W. Thompson. Corinthian crew—E. S. Rapallo, A. Macy, L. Van Kirkman, H. C. Pritchitt, B. K. True, K. Monroe, J. T. Terry, Jr., R. H. Ellis and Charles Haw. Madcap is 47 ft, 7 in., over all. Allowance, 31m. 36s., minus.

Clytie—Captain and owner, Anson P. Stokes; mate, A. Rich. Crew reported to be regular yacht's crew, and therefore, professionals. Clytie is 85 feet over all and 78.25 feet on water line. Allowance, 3m. 5s., minus.

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Gracie—Owners, Joseph P. Earle and Charles R. Flint; mate, J. Frederic Tams. Corinthian crew—W. Emlen Roosevelt, Alfred Roosevelt, William M. Wright, F. Wallace Soule, A. B. Boardman, Sidney Chubb, Harry Earle, Henry Siemsen, Dr. Piffard, David Crocker and Edmund Yard, Jr. Gracie is 85 feet over all and 78.25 ft. on water line. Allowance, 5m. 8s., minus.

Mischief—Captain and owner, J. R. Busk. Corinthian crew—A. C. Smith, J. R. Maxwell, W. H. H. Beebe, W. D. Steele, O. D. Lovell, G. Moffat, J. L. Happock, W. May, F. May, C. B. Warner, G. Morris and C. P. Kunhardt. Mischief is 67.47 ft. over all and 61 ft. on water line. Allowance, 11m. 1s., minus.

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Regina—Captain and owner, Commodore, W. A. W. Stewart; mate, Vice Commodore, C. S. Lee. Corinthian crew—Rear Commodore, M. R. Schuyler, W. H. Mitchell, T. A. Havemeyer, W. B. Simonds, J. G. Woodbury, D. Lord, Jr., W. Foulke, Jr., David Paton and J. W. Beekman. Regina is 50.64 feet over all and 47.25 feet on water line. Allowance, 22m. 4s., minus.

Vixen—Captain and owner, F. C. Lawrence, Jr.; mate, G. Kortwright. Corinthian crew—G. L. Rives, C. G. Peters, G. Clark, A. Stevens, — Breese, R. Monroe, C. Webb, H. Livingston, T. Lawrance and J. P. Kingsford. Vixen is 55.1 ft. over all and 44.1 ft. on water line. Allowance, 22m. 7s., minus.

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Schemer—Captain and owner, W. S. Alley; mate, A. B. Alley. Corinthian crew—C. P. Jenkins, A. Monroe, R. C. Cornell, T. Bache, J. Aymar, H. D. Cooper and H. A. Sanderson. Schemer is 39.95 ft. over all and 37.17 ft. on water line. Allowance, 30m. 25s., minus.

Wave—Captain and owner, J. C. Barron. Corinthian crew—Albert Williams, Jr., F. W. Backer, C. King, H. R. Parkin, A. Seton, L. F. D'Oremieux, J. R. Wood, Jr., H. L. Sprague and M. Parker. Wave is 41.3 ft. over all and 33.7 ft. on water line. Allowance, 28m. 36s., minus.

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Coquette (cutter)—Captain and owner, H. W. Eaton. Corinthian crew—Oliver Adams and W. G. Diedrichson. The Coquette is 23 ft. over all and 20 ft. on water line. Allowance, 55m. 25s., minus.

Cute—Captain and owner, J. Clinch Smith; mate, J. R. Suydam, Jr. Corinthian crew—J. S. Lawrence, W. H. Russell, J. M. Mitchell and F. Stansberry. Cute is 30 ft. over all and 26.3 ft. on water line. Allowance, 43m. 38s., minus.

Gael—Captain and owner, B. B. Hopkins; mate, J. F. Lovejoy. Corinthian crew—H. J. Drake, P. K. Drake, P. K. Hills, J. P. Topping, C. Simpson and A. N. Thurles. Gael is 33 ft. over all and 28 ft. on water line. Allowance, 43m. 4s., minus.

Petrel (cutter)—Captain and owner, J. Hyslop. Corinthian crew—Benjamin Turzo, H. S. Pratt, T. E. Brown, Jr., and R. L. Firason. Petrel is 32.14 ft. over all and 28.12 ft. on water line Allowance, 48m. 34s., minus.

The races were in charge of the committee, Messrs. Jas. H. Elliott, C. Wyllys Betts, Louis P. Bayard, Robert Center and G. Foster, who with the guests of the club were on board the steamer Americus. The arrangements were perfect, though some difficulty was experienced in taking the yachts' times at all points owing to three different courses being sailed. The wind was strong and puffy from W.N.W., and the tide half flood. Clytie, Gracie and Coquette were handicapped owing to late start. All hands crossed with jib topsails, Gracie and Gael sending up ballooners:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Madcap	11	27	16	Mischief	11	32	06
Agnes	11	29	14	Regina	11	34	04
Gael	11	29	30	Vixen	11	34	56
Schemer	11	30	46	The Cute	11	35	49
Wave	11	31	10	Clytie	11	35	16
Gracie	11	31	26	Coquette	11	37	27
Petrel	11	31	30				

It was a reach down to the Spit, the big ones gradually going to the fore. Barely clear of the Narrows, a sharp puff took the topmast off Gracie, leaving an ugly wreck aloft and the balloon jib topsail over the bows. This was rapidly secured by the Corinthians, and with the increasing wind she was better off without the top hamper. Meanwhile Mischief had passed to windward and kept the lead out to the lightship, being aided by her spinaker which was got out for a short while but lowered with other light sails in ample time to make the round, her topmast being housed for the beat home. The times at the spit were taken as under:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Mischief	12	23	45	Vixen	12	34	57
Gracie	12	24	28	Schemer	12	36	10
Clytie	12	25	19	Wave	12	38	16
Agnes	12	26	06	Gael	12	45	52
Madcap	12	33	10	Petrel	12	46	08
Regina	12	34	51				

Sloops sent out spinakers to starboard, and the schooners "split" for the run to the ship. Gael had her spinaker hoisted in stops, and broke out the sail as she eased around the buoy, and was off for the Hook. The cutter Petrel stuck to plain sail only, her crew not having worked together at setting spinaker, and the run to the turning buoy 5½ being only short, it was not deemed advisable to risk any gear. These two hauled around buoy 5½, and trimmed flat homeward bound, Gael at 1.13 and Petrel at 1.15, with Cute following at 1.19, as near as could be ascertained. The Scotland lightship was rounded by the third class sloops, Schemer at 1.26.30 and Wave at 1.28.52. In beating back to the Hook, Schemer, having the right of way, being on the starboard tack, she was met by the coaster R. J. Hazzard, of Port Jefferson. The schooner, finding it impossible to weather the yacht, was put off too late, and ran her jib boom into Schemer's mainsail, tearing across and catching the leech, swinging the yacht alongside abreast the fore chains, at one time threatening to drive her under. The leech rope gave way in the nick of time, and the schooner passed ahead clear. Of course the race was over in the class, and Wave finished at her ease. The larger classes rounded the lightship:

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Mischief	1	37	38	Agnes	1	44	15
Clytie	1	39	11	Regina	1	48	46
Gracie	1	39	56	Vixen	1	52	00

Gracie made a close turn, Mischief being obliged to spill several times to harden down. The big sloop slowly gained, and shortly after tacking for the Hook, weathered and forereached on Mr. Busk's ship. The lead was gradually spun out, the smaller sloop having all she wanted to get through the knock-down flaws driving across the lower bay, and increasing in violence up to the end of the match. Under the circumstances she could not expect to hold Gracie, and so was obliged to let the first race out of seven go in favor of the larger boat. Times taken at finish were as under:

SCHOONERS.

Yacht	Start. H.	M.	S.	Finish. H.	M.	S.	Actual Time. H.	M.	S.	Corrected Time. H.	M.	S.
Clytie	11	33	00	4	30	04	4	55	02	4	51	51
Agnes	11	29	14	4	49	22	5	20	08	5	08	45
Madcap	11	27	16	Not timed.								

SLOOPS—FIRST CLASS.

Gracie	11	31	26	4	12	36	4	41	10	4	36	02
Mischief	11	32	05	4	26	07	4	54	01	4	43	00

SLOOPS—SECOND CLASS.

Regina	11	34	04	5	03	52	5	29	48	5	07	44
Vixen	11	34	30	5	07	10	5	32	40	5	10	33

SLOOPS—THIRD CLASS.

Wave	11	31	10	4	20	41	4	49	31	4	20	55
Schemer	11	30	46	Disabled.								

SLOOPS—FOURTH CLASS.

Gael	11	29	24	2	54	00	3	24	36	2	41	32
Cute	11	35	00	Not timed.								
Vivien	11	34	30	Not timed.								
Petrel	11	31	30	2	33	38	3	27	08	2	38	34
Coquette	11	35	00	4	26	26	5	01	26	4	06	01

Prizes therefore go to Clytie, Gracie, Regina, Wave. In fourth class Gael lodged a protest, the time of finish being very inaccurate, owing to absence of the judges' steamer, and the race may have to be resailed.

EAST RIVER YACHT CLUB.

THE second annual regatta of this club was sailed June 20. Course from club-house, Greenpoint, around the gangway buoy off Sand's Point, and home to Hunt's Dock. There was a large list of starters, including no less than nine cabin yachts, besides six open jib and mainsails and three cats. The increase in cabin craft is a most encouraging sign. Among the sandbag shifters, Judge Elliott, of shell-boat fame, had entered the new Mistake, a clinker-built boat of great lightness in hull, and the acme of a racing machine. The wind was fresh from the southwest and the tide was flooding. The fleet had booms off through the gate and a beat home. The Keegan turned the buoy first about a minute ahead of the new Mistake, but the whole fleet was beaten out of sight by Mr. Hughes in his new catamaran, Primo. A long leg and short one brought them to the Stepping-Stones on the way home where the Mistake weathered on the Keegan only to give way to her again off Throgg's Point, the Keegan finishing 38 seconds the better, but loosing to the clinker by 12 sec. on time allowance. The race was concluded as under:

FIRST CLASS—CABIN.

	Ft	In		Elapsed time. H.	M.	S.	Correct'd time. H.	M.	S.
Chester A. Arthur	35	6	Chester W. Southworth	3	32	22	3	52	22
Favorite	34	6	Matthew Charde	3	58	05	3	51	05
J. Tregarthen	33	0	Alex. Thompson	3	58	16	3	51	16

SECOND CLASS—CABIN.

Eisie May	31	5	John G. Northrupp	3	35	24	3	53	24
Peerless	30	0	Louis Kafer	3	55	51	3	53	01
Louise	28	0	Charles Brandt	4	26	04	4	19	14
Jane	28	0	John Law		—			—	

THIRD CLASS—CABIN.

Julia	25	9	J. F. Sullivan	4	35	59	4	35	59
Etelka	23	0	Victor L. Gerster		—			—	

FIRST CLASS—OPEN BOATS.

Mary Keegan	27	6	John Keegan	3	36	14	3	36	14
Mistake	27	1	Charles B. Elliott	3	36	52	3	36	02

SECOND CLASS—OPEN BOATS.

Louisa W	22	6	Charles Voltz	4	40	25	4	40	25
H. H. Holmes	22	0	John Kreymeir	3	45	01	3	44	01

THIRD CLASS—OPEN BOATS.

Carrie Taylor	19	11½	J. G. Northrup	4	01	50	4	01	50
Joe Algeau	17	0	M. Nicklaus	4	16	06	4	10	11

FOURTH CLASS—CAT-RIGGED BOATS

Bella Gould	19	10	W. Peterson		—			—	
Ping Ugly	16	6	P. O'Day	4	53	52	4	46	32
Lone Star	18	4	O. Joback	4	51	30	4	48	50

Prizes go to Favorita, Tregarthen, Peerless, Julia, Mistake, Holmes, Taylor, Ping, Ugly. The Holmes also takes the club pennant, having made the best corrected time. The regatta Committee included Messrs. J. D. Smallfield, J. Early, Theo. Tileston, J. C. Rennison, Theo. Tucker and W. Briggs.

THE AMERICA CUP.—The following has been sent in answer to inquiries from the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club:

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB,
NEW YORK, June 15, 1881.

Richard S. Bell, Esq., Secretary Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, Belleville, Ontario:

Dear Sir—The secretary of the club has referred to us a communication from you dated 30th ultimo, in which you ask whether this club will nominate one yacht to defend the America's Cup, in the proposed contest with the Atlanta, or whether a representative will be named on the morning of each day, and in reply therefore we have to say that the same yacht will be sailed against the Atlanta in all three races. We are, dear sir, respectfully yours,

WM. KREBS,
J. F. TAMS,
ROBT. CENTER,
Committee on America's Cup

RACING IN THE EAST.—Owing to the crowded condition of our columns full reports of Eastern racing are unavoidably left over till next week.

FANITA.—We learn that decided exception is taken to the ruling of the Sailing Committee of the Seawanhaka Y. C. barring the Fanita from starting in the recent Corinthian races, as it is claimed that the crew of the Fanita were in no wise professionals, and that the decision was announced at the last moment, too late for the owner to identify his men before the committee.

YACHTING NEWS.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—The annual regatta of the N. Y. C. C. will be held at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, June 25, at the club-house, New Brighton, S. I. Open to members only. Boats leave Battery every half hour for Staten Island. There will be three races—a paddling race, a sailing race with time allowance, and an upset race. An entrance fee of $1 admits a canoe to all three races. Five dollar prizes are offered for the paddling and upset races and a $10 prize for the sailing race. Entries may be made up to the hour of starting. The Dot, holder of the N. Y. C. C. Cup, having received two challenges,

will sail the third race for the cup and compete for the sailing prize above offered at the same time. As usual, an entrance fee of $1 will be charged to each canoe competing for this cup. This race is open to *all* canoeists. Entrance fees payable to C. Bowyer Vaux, 27 West Twenty-third street, Secretary of the Club. By order of the Regatta Committee: C. Bowyer Vaux, C. K. Munroe, W. P. Stephens, C. P. Oudin and L. F. Dorendeux.

FOR FRANCE.—Mr. Clapham has his yard so full of work tha the has been obliged to refuse orders, including two from abroad. He has now in hand a Nonpareil racing boat for a gentleman in Boulogne, France. She is 19½ ft. long, 5 ft. beam. Decked fore and aft and supplied with four hatches. The deck is laid of ⅜ in. strips fancy woods; coamings, trimmings, planksheer, rail, etc., in black walnut. Copper fastening and riveted work throughout. He also is building another, 25 ft. long, for cruising in Maryland waters. She is to be yawl rigged—a very sensible idea. A third boat is in hand 48 ft. long, 12 ft. beam, with accommodations for six and to be schooner rigged. The energy and success of Mr. Clapham in building up a flourishing business in one or two short years against much opposition and making his name known all over civilization will be acknowledged, even by those who do not as yet look with favor upon the style of boat he has brought out as a specialty.

YACHTING IN BUFFALO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The famous sloop Cygnet, now holding the Gardner Cup won at Cleveland last year, has just accepted challenge to sail again for same this July 4 under the conditions the cup is held. She leaves here last of June and is likely to meet the pick of the lake fleet at Cleveland. Our Common Council has led the way and set you an example on the Atlantic seaboard in appropriating $200 for the club races July 4 at this port. How is that for a Common Council? We are proud of our City Fathers now. Turk, Arrow, Alarm, Curlew, Kittie, Mermaid, Petrel, Fleetwing and Clara may be looked for at the line and we will give our country cousins and townspeople such a sight that will start a fresh boom in the noble sport. PENNANT.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.—A steam yacht has been put on the route between the club house on an island and the shore. The cost of the privileges to members is $10 yearly subscription, $5 for passage by the steamer and $5 for annual rents. The house is a handsome structure, facing Toronto, and was designed by Messrs. Frank Darling and Curry. It contains a dining room 20x30 ft. and a reception room 20x20 ft. on the ground floor, and on the second story a billiard room, smoking room and committee room. The building is surrounded by a balcony, and has a tower on the southeast corner. Baths, lockers, dressing rooms, besides a lawn tennis and croquet ground is being laid out, and trees planted.

YACHTING IN FRANCE.—According to a return which has been prepared by a committee of French yachtsmen, it appears that there are now 103 steam yachts, 1,073 sailing schooners, and 8,192 pleasure boats, with a total burden of 24,108 tons and an approximate value of $2,750,000 on the registers. The number of persons employed in them, exclusive of the owners, is 3,891, while the number of members belonging to the different sailing clubs is 11,476. These clubs give nearly $120,000 a year in prizes, and spend about $700,000 in other ways.

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.—The club book for 1881 has been issued and is an excellent index of the present strength of this enterprising organization. The fleet musters 15 schooners, 22 sloops, 5 cutters and 5 cats. Most of these are of moderate tonnage, ranging from 25 to 65 ft., forming an excellent school for amateurs. The list includes 309 regular and 3 honorary members. So fast has the fleet of cutters grown that especial provisions have been made in the sailing rules for their classification.

BIG CUTTER.—Boston will after all not lead off with the first large cutter, as work is to be commenced at once on a ship 60 ft. waterline and 70 ft. over all for Com. W. A. W. Stewart, S. Y. C. The lines are by Harvey and Prior, London and Wivenhoe. She will be built by Piepgras, of Greenpoint, and if successful will be the forerunner of a class of the same sort, for we know of several gentlemen awaiting results before going and doing likewise. The good cause is gaining strength.

YAWLS IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The yawl Emerald astonished everybody on the Napa trip. She was known to be fast as a sloop, but was supposed to be slow as a yawl. She got to Napa close to the Annie, and within a few yards of the Clara, beating all the others. On the sail home from Mare Island she sailed up to the front with the Chispa and Nellie, beating all the sloops and schooners. The old Emerald is a marvel yet.

SAGITTA.—This handsome sloop is for sale; inquiry of Mr. Alonzo Smith, yacht builder, at Islip, will elicit details. We imagine the Sagitta will sell "like hot cakes" now that Hildegard's brilliant victory has brought out Mr. Smith's name so prominently as a builder. We should like to see Sagitta fall into the hands of a racing owner. She is the best looking of the many good ships launched at Islip.

COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB.—Annual regatta has been postponed until September, to arrange better for classification, measurement, etc. First "union" regatta will be sailed July 12 as announced in our Fixtures. Mr. C. A. Winter has been elected Vice-Commodore in place of G. S. Rusk, resigned. A marine railway for yachts under 50 ft. is to be built upon the club grounds.

SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.—Has issued a neat club book for the current year, containing their constitution, by-laws, and the new sailing rules, also the burgees of yachts. Next issue will, we hope, also contain a list of yachts, with dimensions, builders, etc., thereby making the publication more valuable as a book of reference. A chart of local racing courses would also be a useful supplement.

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.—The club book for this year shows a gratifying exhibit and a marked increase in yachts and members. There are now in the fleet 14 schooners, 6 steamers, 26 cabin sloops, 9 cutters and 19 "open boats," a total of 74 yachts and 177 members. With the new club house thrown open this spring, large additions may soon be expected.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—The club book for 1881 is a very neat publication, containing the names and burgees of no less than 45 schooners, 30 sloops, 4 cutters and 27 steamers; total, 106 vessels, all over 15 tons. The membership has increased very fast, there being 431 names on the list, of which 33 are those of honorary members and 84 those of life members.

MARIQUITA.—This keel sloop has been bought from Boston by Mr. F. W. Gunther, who will fly the Atlantic Y. C. burgee. She is 37.8 ft. on deck, 31.4 ft. on water line, 13 ft. beam, 4.2 ft. deep, and draws 5½ ft.; was built in 1866 by Jackson & Mathews, of Greenport, but since then thoroughly overhauled.

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB.—Will take steamer July 2 to Esopus Island, 85 miles up the Hudson, there launch and cruise home by canoe. All canoeists are invited. A meeting to arrange details is called for June 26, 3 P. M., at the club-house, foot of Eighty-sixth street, North River.

MURIEL AND REGINA.—We hear that the 12-ton cutter Muriel has been bought by Mr. E. D. Morgan, Jr., and the Regina by Mr. Chas. Stillman, pending the construction of a new cutter of some eighty tons.

SYLVIE.—This schooner, well known as one of Steers handsome models, has been sold by Mr. Thos. Nye, Jr., of New Bedford, to Mr. C. N. Whitten, of Boston. If the Sylvie were again sloop rigged she would make capital racing with the biggest sloops in spite of her age.

DEFERRED.—A vast amount of material and correspondence must be delayed until the racing season slacks up. Also reviews and notices of books, pamphlets, etc. The "boom" has taxed our space beyond its stretching capacity.

PROMISE.—This fast steam yacht has been sold by Allen Thorndyke Rice to Davis Johnson, of New York, through Manning's agency.

CLEVELAND CANOE CLUB.—Will sail a race July 4 and be present at the Lake George meet in August.

We know that there is nothing on earth equal to Hop Bitters as a family medicine.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

W. J. N., Tiffin, O.—For metallic cartridges see our advertising columns.

CONSTANT READER.—When you send your name your queries will be answered.

J. S. G., High Bridge.—No special license is required to shoot game on Long Island.

J. H., Peru, Ill.—When you sign your name to your communication it will be answered, not before.

J. B. R., Philadelphia.—See articles on gun-shy dogs published in FOREST AND STREAM, February 5, 1880, and April 8, 1880.

C. F. C., South Abington.—We have not yet examined the powder, and so cannot say whether or not it has the dangerous properties of the Dittmar.

M. N., Hoboken.—You will find much of the information about California in Mr. Van Dyke's "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California." We can send it to you. Price $1.50.

E. G., New Orleans.—The cut of the fish called "mud jumper," which you send, is an African fish known as *Periophthalmus koelreuteri*, which seldom grows over six inches in length. Little or nothing is known of its breeding habits.

J. E. G., Kansas City, Mo.—Our club wishes to get for the club room a work on game birds, a standard, and something nice, strongly bound and with good illustrations. Can you recommend one to us? Ans. There is no such work as you ask for. A copy of Audubon's Birds of America comes nearest to it, but would be very expensive.

F. H. W., Elmira, N. Y.—What is the proper dog to train for retrieving ducks? Water or cocker spaniel? I wish a dog that I can train for retreiving from the river and lakes near this place. Where can I get a water spaniel for above purpose? Ans. The dog you want is an Irish water spaniel. There are several breeders of this valuable strain in this country. Watch our kennel advertising columns, and "Kennel Notes" column for the information you want.

J. M., Boston.—The undersigned is one of a party of four that annually visit the trout streams and lakes in Maine and New Hampshire. It has been suggested to us that Labrador would afford us richer opportunity for our sport. Can you put us on the way of posting ourselves about the country; the route and probable expense, etc., etc., and where to go for August and September fishing? Ans. Not much is known of Labrador. Prof. Henry Youle Hind, of Windsor, N. S., has written a book on Labrador, but we have not seen it. Write to Mr. W. F. Whitcher, Commissioner of Fisheries, Ottawa, P. Q. From Quebec you can probably take steamer of the Quebec and Gulf Ports Line to some point about Tadoussac, and from there will have to go in a *shallenge* or fishing smack. We will be glad to hear the results of your trip, and would advise you to go before September as the season sets in early there.

COB, Easton, Md.—A sweepstakes match was shot. H. and T. killed all their birds. R. came next, and G. B. S. and others next. H. and T. claimed first and second money and R. third. A dispute then arose by B. claiming that H. and T. were only entitled to first, R. to second and G. B. S. and others to third; but B. was overruled, and H. and T. shot off for first money, T. winning. H. then took second money and R. third, B. still protesting. Was B right or wrong? Ans. In "class" shooting the highest score takes first, or ties on highest score shoot off for first; second highest score takes second, or ties on second highest shoot off for second; third takes third, etc. If you were shooting "class" shooting, then H. and T. should divide or shoot off for first, R should take second, and the others shoot off tie for third. If you were shooting for the highest individual score to win the division was correct. This point should have been agreed upon before shooting the match.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

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Jack, Dash and Fishing LAMP,



For NIGHT HUNTING Deer and other animals, SPEARING Fish. Indispensable on any Boating, Yachting or Camping Trip.

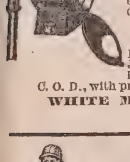
Not affected by Wind, Rain or Jolting. Burns kerosene safely without a chimney. Throws a powerful light 100 feet ahead. As a DASH LAMP for CARRIAGES it has no equal. Fits on any shaped dash or on any vehicle.

PRICES.

Dash Lamp.....$5 00
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C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

WHITE M'F'G COMPANY,
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HOLABIRD
Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to

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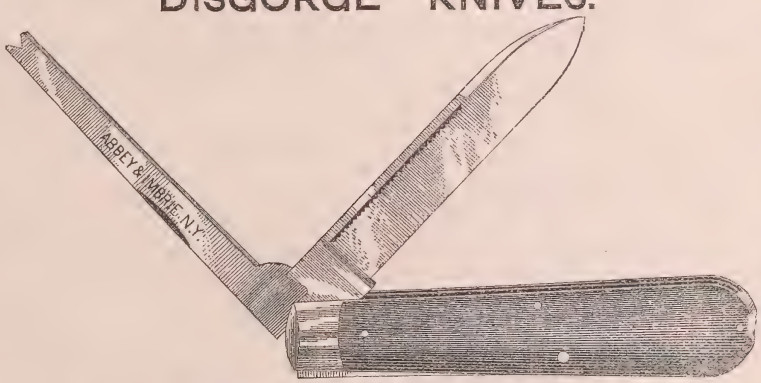
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For Sale Everywhere.

"The most convenient article added to the Angler's Outfit for years."

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50 Cents Each.

DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE ONLY.

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

MADE OF THE BEST SHEFFIELD STEEL.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.
VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

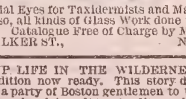
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For sale by druggists or mail $1. **F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.**

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GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c.
SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.
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The safest medicine to have about the house at all times is

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

It will harm no one. It will benefit any who may have occasional attacks of headache, vertigo, low spirits, or other ailments resulting from irregular action of the bowels. Keep a bottle always in the house, and there is a family physician near that will save many dollars and much suffering.

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New styles, by best artists: *Bouquets, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Water Scenes, &c.*—no two alike. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Great variety *Advertising and Bevel-Edge Cards.* Lowest prices to dealers and printers. 100 *Samples Fancy Advertising Cards*, 50c.
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SPORTS A complete 194 page Illustrated Catalogue sent on receipt of two three cent stamps.—
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POULTRY AND GAME,
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SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE.
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CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "camp life," indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,
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Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

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No. of pellets to oz.	332	473	658	1054 Seeds.
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Any gentleman in want of a fine Fishing Rod, of either Greenheart Bethabara or Lancewood will find it to his interest to write to me, giving dimensions, and receive prices by return of mail. Rods sent with privilege to examine before paying for same. Remember, you can save about one-third of your money. Try me.

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Special and Peremptory Auction Sale
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BY ORDER OF A LARGE IMPORTING HOUSE,
BY BISSELL & WELLES, Auctioneers, on Friday, June 24, at 12 o'clock A. M.

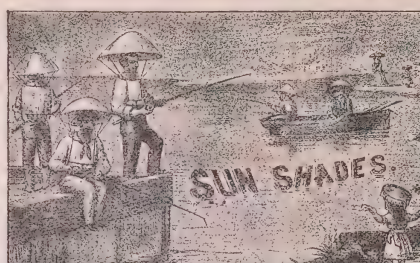
At 53 Chambers and 65 Reade Streets, New York.

This will be the largest sale of Archery ever held, comprising a very large assortment of genuine English goods, manufactured by Highfield, Maple, Bowyn, and other celebrated English makers. These goods are of fresh importation and will be sold without any reserve, and will consist in part of 900 Ladies' and Gents' fine English Bows, assorted Lancewood, Lemon, Lancewood Backed and Snakewood, ranging in price from 75 cents to $35 each; 1,000 dozen fine arrows, assorted lengths and numbers. Also Archery Goods, Target Stands, Quivers, Sets and Flemish Strings, Ladies' and Gents' Gloves and Arm Guards, Bow Bags, Finger and Bow Tips, Brass and Steel Arrow Points, etc. Also 400 dozen American bows, assorted woods; 250 dozen unfinished bows; also a large line of Fourth of July goods, comprising all kinds of flags, flag poles, flag brackets, etc. This sale will be worthy the attention of the trade. Catalogues ready morning of sale.

FOR SALE—SLOOP YACHT CYGNET, of Buffalo, in debt by P. McGehan; measures 50 feet 8 in. long by 14 ft. beam and 3½ ft. deep; centerboard 13 ft.; hung; cab in 20 ft. in length, with two state-rooms; will be two years old in August next; is in perfect condition and fitted out for the season in best manner; she is the "Champion Yacht of the Lakes" in her class and has won prizes valued at $500; thoroughly equipped with working and racing canvas; forecastle and cabin furnished with all necessary articles; a good sea boat and very fast. Will be sold at a reasonable price for a "flyer." For particulars address the owner, C. L. BRYANT, Buffalo, N. Y. June16,2t

FOR SALE, a Webley breech-loading double-barrel shot-gun, laminated barrels and improvements, and Burgess Repeating Rifle, at low figure. Also fine fly rod. T. H. S., 932 Sixth Ave., N. Y. June 23,1t

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No. 1, 24x24 in. Sun Shade, covered with white, brown or buff cloth, with green lining, - $2 00
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A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1888.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1889. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1888.

PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES,

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $100; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1888. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece or plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1888.

JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.
Special prices to follow others according to their value.

J. OTTO DONNER, President.

CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR.	THREE KINGS.	NEW VANITY FAIR.

Each having Distinguishing Merits.
HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.
8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.
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A Grand Chance!

FOR ONE DOLLAR.

A fine English breech-loading gun with nearly the best record in the world.

Gwynne Price having been presented with one of W. W. Greener's celebrated guns, made expressly for trap shooting, has determined to dispose of, by raffle, his well-known "Price" English gun, used in most of the great matches of last year.

The gun was made to order, regardless of cost, by one of the very best workmen in England; only used one season and in fine condition. Weight about 9 lbs., 10 bore, finest Damascus, 30 inch barrels, right cylinder, second choked, rebounding locks, best extension rib, etc.; full particulars will be found in Gwynne Price's new book, "The Gun and How to Use It, etc.," pages 57, 58, 59, 66, 67, 68, 73. Mailed free for 25 cents, stamps.

Should the number of snares disposed of exceed 250, and reach 350, a fine extra special Remington breech-loader, 10 lbs., got a few weeks since through Lamberson, Chicago, at a cost of $125, will be given as second prize, and if 450 tickets are sold Price's very handsome liver and white pointer Jack, four years old, will be added for third prize. Jack is very fine on chickens, quails and snipes; very staunch, and backs exquisitely, and was shown at St. Louis bench show, 1879, valued at $50.

Will take place July 1. Share certificate will be sent on receipt of one dollar, currency or stamps, to GWYNNE PRICE, Vice-president Sportsmen's Club, St. Louis, Mo. June23,1t

A CANOE

In complete order for sale at WM. M. FOWLER'S, 100 Chambers Street, City. June23,4t

20,000 BIDWELL

In pots. Quantities of other Strawberries. Send for prices. DUTCHESS NURSERIES (founded 1868), W. L. FERRIS, JR., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The Kennel.

BENEDICT.

FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1887.

Imported black field Spaniel at the Stud. Fee, $25. Mr Jacobs' strain. Brother to Squaw and Lass o' Devon; brother in blood to Knife and Zulu. Negro, litter brother to Beadlet, was second to Knife at the West of England show last month.

Black, and liver-colored puppies by Benedict for sale. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. June16,4t

FOR SALE.

By Warwick, ex-Ollie, five very handsome whelps. For price, etc., address H. W. GAUSE, Wilmington, Delaware. June25,4t

FOX TERRIER FOR SALE.—A bitch, 10 months old, out of Tipsey, champion New York, 1887, by imported Viper. Well-marked black-and-tan head, ears drop correctly, excellent legs and feet and a good coat; game; will soon be in use. Price reasonable. SHELL BOX 2,950, New York. June23,1t

SETTER FOR SALE.—A back-and-tan bitch, 11 months old, by Dr. Aten's Glen, out of imported Belle (Dash—Dora) two first prizes. Is kennel broken and will undoubtedly make a fine worker (her litter sister was shot over when four months old); color perfect. Sold for no fault and only a moderate price is asked. SHELL BOX 2,950, New York. June23,1t

FOR SALE, a handsome, well-broken setter bitch, orange and white; price $15. Parties wishing to get a bargain write at once. LOUIS SLOAN, 4,209 Chestnut Street, Phila, Pa. June23,1t

FOR SALE—Three fine native setter pups, two dogs and one bitch, whelped May 8th, 1888, out of Nellie, by Joe. Both are fine field dogs, from superior field strains, and have excellent pedigrees. Dogs $10, bitch $8. For pedigree and particulars address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. June23,1t

STUD BEAGLE.—FLUTE (Rattler-True); full pedigree; white, black and tan; 14½ high; ears spread 18 inches. Stud fee, $10. Address N. ELMORE, Granby, Conn. June9,6t

FOR SALE, two liver-and-white cocker spaniels, one year old; fine stock, or will exchange for a small-size setter dog broken on woodcock and grouse. For pedigree, etc., address A. J. LIGHT, Sherburne, N. Y. June23,1t

BARONET IN THE STUD.—The lemon-and-white pointer Baronet, whelped Nov. 24, 1879 (by Orgill's champion Rush, ex-Livingston's Rose, by imported champion Snapshot), winner of third prize, puppy stakes, Eastern Field Trials, Robbins' Island, Nov. 30, 1880; V. H. C. in open class, and special prize for best pointer dog with a field trial record, W. K. C. Show, 1881, to a limited number of bitches. Breeders furnished with full printed pedigree. Address HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 West 42d st., New York. May12,tf

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarch Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Loustic, Leicester, Limerick, Luna, Launcelot, Lena, Lydney, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar31,tf

TO DOG LOVERS.—"Plain Hints for Would-Be Importers," a *vade-mecum in parvo* pamphlet, with English breeders' addresses. Thoroughly revised and ready for mailing by June 25. GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., Aylford, Berks, England. June16,2t

TRAINER.—I can take one brace of dogs to be trained on prairie chickens the coming season; also, one retriever, land and water; best of references. Address W. B. STAFFORD, Mankato, Minn. May26,1t

HARE BEAGLE KENNELS—For sale, the produce of imported and home bred animals that have been hunted since able to follow the dam on the trail, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa. May 2,tf

FOR SALE—Rare chance—one brace Champion Berkley pups ex Nora, four months old. Address A. A. SAMPSON, Troy, N. Y. May5,1t

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 10 cents each, or the five for $1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec30,tf

OULBOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For Cockers of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. May26,1t

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address

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NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass.—Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained Setters and Pointers for sale. Address BOX 336, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. June2,1t

FOR SALE—Highly-bred Pointer puppies; sire, Orgill's Champion Rush; dam, Bilx II. (Dr. H. J. Thomas' Bilx and Brown's John). For price and pedigree, address S. W. BODE, Baltimore, Md. June9,3t

PUPS FOR SALE—Four dog pups, whelped April 25, 1881, out of my Maud (Fancy-France), by H. L. Correll's Jocko (Heyer's Belle-One Eyed Sancho). For prices and full pedigrees and particulars, address G. EDWARD OSBORN, New Haven, Conn. June16,3t

$5 to $20 per day at home made by the worth $5 free. Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. Samples

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I keep only Cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. My elegant stud dogs of the following colors, viz.: Liver with white ruffle in bosom, even liver and white, and beautiful black with white ruffle in bosom, are now open for service; fee $15; usual conditions. Correspondents inclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. Photos of my stock, 25c. each.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs.

A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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A CERTAIN REMEDY.

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Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

POINTER STUD DOGS.

RUSH,	$50
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SNAPSHOT, Jr.,	25

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Imperial Kennel

Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken. Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment. Dogs have daily access to salt water.

N. B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs for sale; full pedigrees. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE CURE.

A positive remedy for all SKIN DISEASES, may be had of druggists and dealers in sportsmen's goods.

PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. F. LOTZ, 3,912 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSEY & SKEBACH, Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, Lasalle County, Ill.

June2,4mos

PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if the dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices, $50 and $75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia.

Oct 2,tf

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest, as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1879; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the gold necklace at New York, 1880. For sale, thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. June24,tf

IN THE STUD—DORR, from imported pure Gordon Don-Lady Dorr, was a winner in Nebraska field trials (1880); had a large amount of game of all kinds shot over him and is the getter of first-class field dogs. FRED. A. TAFT, Dedham, Mass.

Mar3,tf

FARRAR'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of the entire Richardson-Rangeley Lakes Region. Large size, each 25 cents. Send for catalogue. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

H. L. LEONARD'S

Split Bamboo Rods.

SOLE AGENTS,

WILLIAM MILLS & SON,

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Our Hand-Made Fly Rods, Lancewood Middle, 2 Lancewood Tips. GERMAN SILVER, $8 BRASS, - - 6

MIST-COLORED LEADERS.

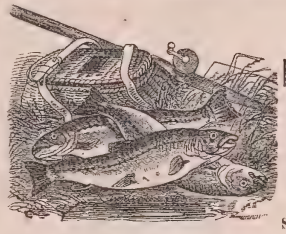
Trout, with loops for droppers, 3 ft., 15c.; 6 ft., 30c.; 9 ft., 40c. each. Bass, extra heavy, 6 ft., 50c.; 9 ft., 75c. each.

BEST REVERSED WING TROUT FLIES, ALL THE LEADING STYLES IN STOCK, - - - $1.25 PER DOZEN.
" " " BASS CASTING FLIES. - - - 1.75 "

OUR NEW INVISIBLE LEADERS, made of very finest gut, 6ft. 35c.; 9ft with loops, 50c.

VERY SMALL FLIES, SUITABLE FOR INVISIBLE LEADERS, $1.25 PER DOZEN.

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J. B. CROOK & CO.,

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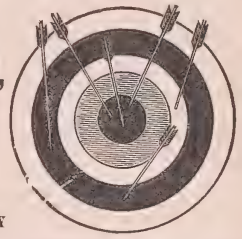
FISHING TACKLE, ARCHERY, GUNS,

AND ALL KINDS OF SPORTING GOODS,

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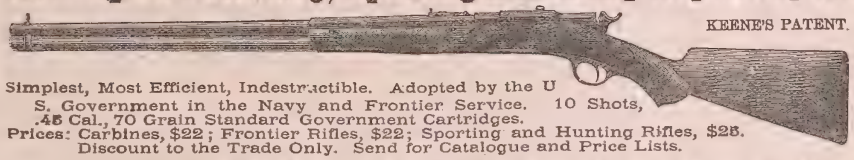
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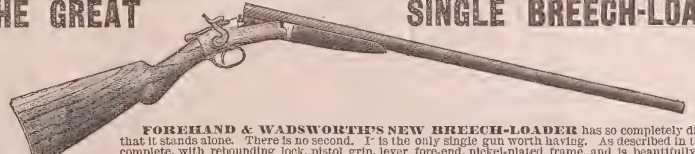
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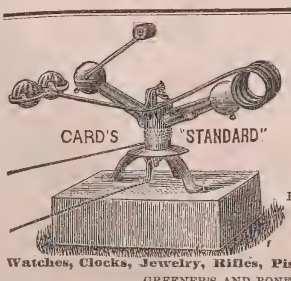
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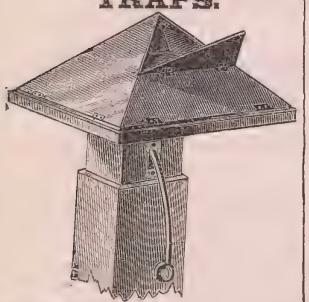
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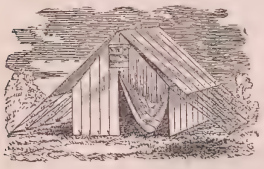
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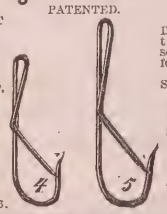
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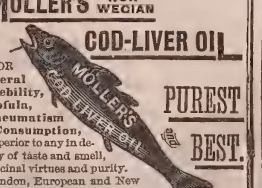


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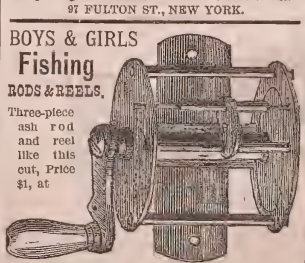
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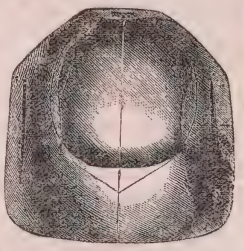


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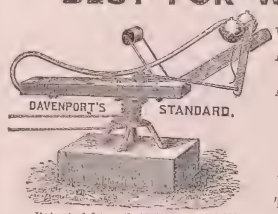
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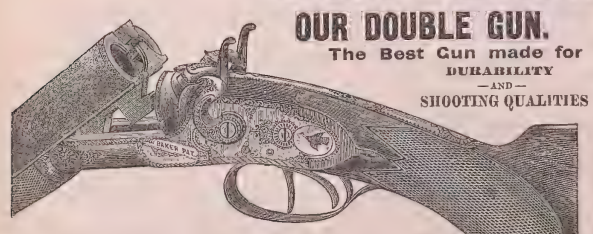
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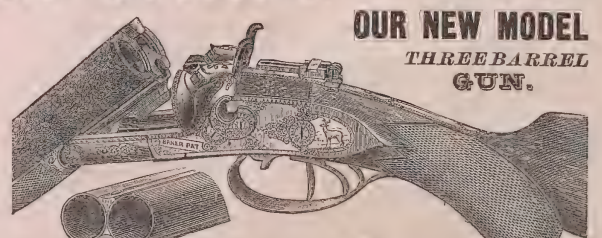
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1881.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, June 30.

THAT 'POSSUM will be served in every style July 7, 1881.

THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.

FLY-CASTERS say that the late tournament was the largest and most successful of any ever held. Why it is that this beautiful art has no votaries outside the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game we do not know, but if a tournament was ever under other patronage, either in this country or any other, we never heard of it. It is to be hoped that other associations may introduce it, and also that the New York Society will carry out the new features introduced at this last one. One of the most important of these was the perfect record of the wind kept by Mr. A. B. Crane, of the United States Signal Corps.

The day was cloudy and the wind so light that the judges did not consider it necessary for the contestants to cast both with and against it. The tournament was honored by the presence of many ladies, and the following gentlemen were noticed among the spectators, many of whom remained all day : Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, Mr. Chas. H. Raymond, Mr. H. C. Washburne, Mr. H. L. Leonard, Mr. Wm. Mitchell and a host of others. The pond was 84 feet long by 63 feet wide, and in making long casts the contestants were placed back from ten to twenty feet in the salmon and sixty feet in the bass casting from the edge of the pond. Platforms six feet square were laid on the ground for them to stand upon, so that all should stand in the same place, and a line with numbered buoys at every five feet was stretched across the water. This line had been soaked the night before in order that it should not shrink after measurement, and the floats were correctly placed before casting. All was in order, and the only thing which conspired against it was the wind, which was too weak to bring out a contestant's points in casting with and against it.

Mr. Harry Pritchard was the "dark horse," a man whose friends claimed much for him, but who had no public record. It was feared that Mr. Pritchard would enter the amateur class and walk through to the champion's. He disdained to do this, and although the amateur prizes were as good, if not better, than in the Champion classes, and he could not be barred from it, he showed no disposition to enter there. His first entry was in the salmon casting, where he showed that he was an adept; and when we consider the fact that he not only never cast in such a contest, nor ever saw one, and hardly knew what was expected of him, he did well. He was drawn to cast first, and cast as in ordinary fishing, and afterward said that he never saw as much muscle put upon a rod as Mr. Wood did, and that he would have hesitated to put such a strain upon a rod. Of the casting of the Wood brothers little is to be said. Reuben, the elder, is the heavier man of the two, but the wiry build of Ira caused several to think that he might give his brother a close contest if—he wanted to. Mr. Pritchard was very nervous and ill at ease. He cast in his trial casts in a manner new to all present, and termed an "underhand" cast by some and a "water cast" by others. In this the line was not retrieved, but by drawing it in a few feet and then sending it out again without leaving the water, it rolled over and over with a snake-like motion, and the fly was sent further and further. According to the rules this style could not be allowed, as the regulations expressly say that a cast shall not be valid unless the line be retrieved, and in retrieving he lost many flies. Mr. Reuben Wood won much applause by his skill and grace, and did not lose a fly.

The bass casting was in "Cuttyhunk style," with a one-ounce sinker. The casters of heavy baits at Cutty hunk and Pasque Island were not represented. The score given in another column gives the result. This style of casting is new to the Association, as it is only practiced in salt water. It is quite an art and should be continued. The heavy-weight men say that if they had been represented there would have been some extraordinary long distances scored. Mr. Endicott, who took the third prize, was commended for his accurate casting.

When the amateurs in Class C were called to the score no one seemed able to predict the winner. The casting as a whole was good, and those who expected to find half or more of the new men to be duffers were disappointed. Mr. Hier, the winner of the first prize, was challenged several times for lost flies. He had little advantage by being coached by Reuben Wood, for "Uncle Rube" seemed impartial in this matter and gave many of the amateurs advice. Mr. Hier's cast of 67 ft. 6 in. was beyond that of any of the others with their allowance added. Once he cast 73 ft., but having no fly the cast was lost. The next in length was Holberton and Plumb who cast 64, the former with a longer rod, and yet, when style and accuracy were taken into account, one of these men fell to the fifth and the other to the seventh place. Mr. Endicott was, in our opinion, the neatest caster in this class, and on his style and accuracy took second prize over three men who cast greater distances. Mr. Hier had worked hard to prepare himself for this contest by continual practice, as shown by the condition of his hands, which were skinned and calloused by the rod, and his labor was well rewarded.

In the next contest, Class B, where only 1st-prize winners in previous contests were barred, Mr. Pritchard entered and took the first. He was still nervous and continually forgot to retrieve his line and had to be cautioned. Mr. Arrowsmith, who took second, had a record. He took second prize at Le Roy in 1867 in a free-for-all, when there were only two entries and no score report was given. He has not cast in public since, but he evidently knows how to do it. Mr. Endicott again showed his graceful style and led Mr. Holberton, who beat him on distance but was behind in delicacy.

The Champion class was looked for anxiously as Mr. Pritchard would again meet the veterans. He was still nervous, and it was also noticed that Ira Wood was getting shaky. The latter gentleman had eaten nothing since early morning and it was now six P. M. He had assisted every one who had a tangled line, coached the amateurs indiscriminately to encourage them all, lifted the platforms and made himself useful at every opportunity. This and his continual smoking caused him to shake. Reuben Wood took the first, Mr Pritchard second, Ira Wood third and Mr. Dennison fourth. Mr. Pritchard's casting, for delicacy, was admired by many. He cast fully sixty feet and his flies fell before the line touched the water. The others, in all the classes, when casting for delicacy cast a side cast, so that the line fell lightly but before the flies. We incline toward Mr. Pritchard's style in delicate casting, and hope that future judges will decide on this question. Mr. Pritchard's style was a new one and the judges followed precedent. He wanted to instruct them, but of course it is not admissible for a contestant to instruct judges in any point. They could not at this late stage take a new view of any points.

In the sweepstakes Reuben Wood led off and actually cast seventy-five feet with a ten-foot rod. This brought an exclamation from the veteran, Mr. Roosevelt, who pronounced it the most wonderful casting he had ever seen. He took the first and only prize. Mr. Pritchard cast as far once, with a longer rod, but did not or could not retrieve his line. Ira Wood essayed to cast, but a trial convinced him that he "had gone to pieces." Thus ended the largest and most successful fly-casting tournament ever held in any land. The arrangements and the judging gave general satisfaction, and the judges agreed so well on comparing their notes that the referee was not called on to decide a single point. The latter gentleman was prompt to investigate a challenge of loss of fly or other cause, and won approval by his promptitude.

THE NIHILIST MARKSMEN.

WE depart from our rule of not noticing anonymous communications to give space in this number for a remarkable letter, setting forth what seems to be a use of our American rifle ranges certainly not intended when they were projected. The plan seems to be to do some king-killing at long range ; and, with the weapons which may be procured in this market, an experienced shot would find but little difficulty in picking off an individual at a distance of fully 500 yards. At present, on the ranges, it is no novelty to have marksmen at the mid-range lodge a dozen consecutive bullets within the carton circle of 11 inches diameter. This, too, with light rifles, and with the comparatively heavy 3 lbs pull. Lighter trigger pull, heavier rifle, and a rest to shoot from would all increase the chances of hitting nearer the mark.

Bombs thrown by hand and the use of a pistol from the midst of a crowd are very crude and unreliable plans, while by selecting a site commanding a view of a point where the victim is to pass it would be comparatively easy for the conspirators to carry out their murderous plan with sure deliberation, while the distance from which the shot would come would enable the assassins to readily escape.

Five hundred yards mean a distance of over six of our ordinary street blocks, and if one of these sharpshooters, which our mysterious correspondent hints are practicing on our American ranges, could secure a position overlooking a point where the Czar or other victim was to hold a review, then the "taking off" would be comparatively easy with the telescopic sights and other aids to fine shooting. There is no better school of marksmanship in the world than an all-comers match on one of our ranges. All sorts of notions in shooting are there tried, and either accepted or condemned as the results warrant. No suspicion is aroused by practice of any sort, and by scattering their force of marksmen, as seems to be the case with these conspirators, a vast amount of information on windage, elevations, the sorts and effects of various charges and the operations of the several makes of arms may be gathered.

What is to be done to checkmate their devilish designs we cannot say. It may be that it is after all merely a mare's nest story started by our correspondent without proper authentication or upon partially heard remarks. That our correspondent preserves a strict personal seclusion is not surprising, since the fate of an eaves-dropping informer is not apt to be a very pleasant one. We can only aid in thwarting the designs of these rascals, premising that they have the plan

laid down, by giving such facts as have fallen in our way full publicity, leaving it to others to take the preventive or precautionary step.

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN FISH-CULTURE.

CONCERNING the claims of Dr. Garlick and Prof. Ackley *vs.* the Rev. Dr. Bachman, upon which so much has been said in our columns, we can now say that we have received a copy of "Proceedings of the Cleveland Academy of Natural Science, 1845 to 1859; Published by a Gentleman of Cleveland. 1874." In this (pages 86 to 91) we find a paper "On the Artificial Reproduction of Fishes, by Dr. Theodatus Garlick, M. D." Read before the Academy Feb. 14, 1854. In this paper he relates the determination of Prof. Ackley and himself to make the experiment of breeding fishes after reading the work of Remy and Gehin, in France, and of their selection of the brook trout for their first experiment. On the 21st of November, 1853, he captured a pair from those in the pond where they had been placed and took the eggs by hand and artificially impregnated and hatched them. Further on (pages 118 to 123) we find as follows: "At a meeting held at Cleveland, O., Nov. 28, 1856, Dr. Garlick in the chair, the Doctor exhibited eggs of brook trout under the microscope. At a meeting held Dec. 5, 1856, he showed views of the anatomical structure of *Salmo fontinalis* from fish spawned Nov. 4 Again, Dec. 12, 1856, he resumed the examination of the young of the trout and specimens only twelve hours old were placed under the microscope and the circulation of the blood shown, together with the peculiar cellular structure of the yolk sac, etc.

This bulletin fully establishes Dr. Garlick's claim to have hatched trout in 1853, and it has been sent to Prof. Goode. Personally we never doubted the Doctor's assertion that he did artificially impregnate and hatch trout in this year, but we were glad to get the published proceedings of the Academy which contains the record and fully substantiates all his statements in this matter.

THE STATE TOURNAMENT is still in progress, as we go to press. The meeting has been one of the largest of the kind ever held in this country. As it is not yet concluded we reserve our comments upon it until next week. The tournament has attracted much attention from the daily press of this city, and the tone of criticism upon the meeting has been of a character which we venture to say was not anticipated by the attending clubs. The details of each day's work, including the whole of the State Shoot proper, are given elsewhere. The scores of the other matches will follow in our next edition.

THROUGH the courtesy of the editors of the *Christian Union* we are permitted to reproduce from the columns of that journal the plans of the camp cottages which have been built this year at Lake George Park. These cottages are comfortable and inexpensive, and in many ways much more adapted for out-of-town summer life than are the more primitive tent or the more pretentious hotel. We should like to see this plan tried elsewhere, as Dr. Eggleston suggests. There are numerous fine sites for such a summer cottage "camp" or village near this city. Is it not practicable to form such a select joint stock company among those whose employment keeps them in New York during the summer, but who would gladly repair daily to a summer settlement somewhere near the city on the Hudson? Now that the *Christian Union* has taken the initiative, we hope it may carry out some such project.

BY the addition of four extra pages this week we are enabled to give the full scores of the Coney Island tournament without encroaching at all upon the other departments.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A MODEL CAMP.

LOVELIEST of the lakes that break the expanse of that forest known to Adirondack sportsmen as the South Woods, is Massawepie. At least so think the two fishermen, who, on this morning of early August, are floating lazily upon its surface. The sky is clear, the sun bright, and the lake-trout are lurking in the coolest depths below, far from the temptation of worm or fly. The sportsmen are reclining in the boat and looking at the wild scenery around them. They follow the varying outline of the lake, here sweeping far inland in a beautiful bay, there making out in a bold promontory, with here a sandy beach and there a rocky point. They see the densely-wooded ridges rising abruptly from the shore. They see the hills beyond, Blue Mountain towering high above the rest, and the dim outline of more distant peaks in the background of the picture. And as they look they see something which leads them to take their paddles and send the canoe swiftly toward the shore. It is not a deer nor bear —no denizen of the forest has hastened their departure; but if you have ever lived in the backwoods many weeks you, too, have reeled up your line when you have seen about noon the smoke of the camp fire curling above the trees. The canoe is directed toward a spot where the underbrush is cleared away and there is a path leading from the landing up to a high bank which overlooks the lake. Seen from a distance, there is only a little opening where a few of the tall spruces and hemlocks have been cut away; but a near view discloses a white tent among the tree-trunks, a sheltered table of bark already spread, or rather loaded, for dinner, shirts drying, blankets airing, wet boots smoking, camp kits strewn in all directions, logs logs piled near the fire—in fact, a model camp. Not one of those aristocratic camps that the sportsman sometimes finds near the Saranacs or St. Regis, glorying in a log hut, adorned with innumerable split bamboo rods and whole batteries of guns, where the chief occupation is target-shooting and the ground is strewn with cartridges; not that, indeed, but a real genuine camp *rusticus*, boasting of nothing but plenty of venison and trout. That old relic of a guide with a full white beard and sunburnt face is "Wren."

That other person with a leathery complexion who is doing nothing in particular was a white man once, and might be still if the long accumulated mass of dirt and tar oil was removed from his face. But there are mosquitoes in the woods. Yes, such is the fact, and the Professor—I forgot to tell you that the dirty man is the Professor—the Professor, I say, when he made the discovery declared that he wouldn't be bothered by such pesky little unworthy-to-be-noticed insects, and he has kept his word, for the mosquitoe doesn't exist in the whole Adirondack region that has got a bill long enough to reach through the coat of tar-oil on the Professor's face; and that's saying a good deal, for the insects grow pretty large there. But a few words more about the Professor. He is the originator, pusher and and go-aheader of the party which I am now introducing. His chief occupation while in the woods is putting on tar-oil. When he isn't doing that, he stuffs—stuffs in all senses of the word. In fact, he is a success as a stuffer. He stuffs at meal times, but if he never stuffed anything but himself I should not mention it. His hobby, however, is stuffing birds and animals, and not only these, but fishes too; yes, and snakes, frogs, worms, any living thing that is visible to the naked eye. If Wren kills a bull-frog for bait he wants to stuff that. There is a rumor, and Wren says it is so, that last summer when the Professor lived at the house of a farmer down in a clearing at the Raquette, he indulged himself in stuffing everything he could shoot. He had filled the house with cranes, hedgehogs, etc., when one day a new baby was added to the farmer's large family, and little five-year-old Bobbie, after watching the baby brother for some time, looked up in his mother's face and said, "Muzzer, don't let Professor stuff baby."

But to return to our campers. Wren hears the voice of the hungry fishermen as they hasten up the path, and carries the pan of smoking venison from the fire to the table. The Professor proceeds to whet an immense dirk which he carries in his belt. In a few moments the four are smiling around the little bark table, savory with venison, trout, and griddle cakes. A morning's exercise in bracing mountain air gives one a relish for the plainest food, but with what an appetite the sportsman sits down to his repast of game, he only knows who has himself thrown the fly and hunted the deer in the remote fastnesses of the wilderness. Wren is naturally very talkative, but seldom says a word during the more important occupation of eating. The meal over, however, his face broadens, his eyes twinkle, and he suddenly bursts into a spasm of laughter.

"That's only to help digestion a little," he said, when questioned as to the cause of the merriment; "but when I looked at yer Ligourney I kinder thought ye'd like to sleep in the tent to-night."

At this all explode except the boy addressed, who essays a smile, but with poor success, for his face is so diversified by mosquitoes bites that it resembles an elevated map of the Alps. While the others are recovering themselves I will introduce him. He is the tall, fine fellow of eighteen, in corduroy pants and white flannel shirt, whose neat appearance would tell a backwoodsman at first sight that this was his first trip into the woods. The young guide at his side is Hank. But perhaps by this time you are asking the cause of the fun. I will tell you, or rather let the Professor; for it is one of his standard stories. Excuse him if he seems to talk a little like a guide. I don't mean as guides talk in books, but as they really talk; a good deal like other people, but with a few backwoods phrases now and then. Many of them are men of some education—Adirondack guides I am speaking of—and they never deliver long discourses in broken English at critical moments. It is the height of the Professor's ambition when in the woods to look and act a guide, and whenever their party meets another Ligourney always asks the strangers to pretend to take him for one, whereat he is greatly delighted. With this introduction to his story I will let him begin.

You see that boy Lig. had determined before coming into the woods to have a hut, the rest of the party might sleep in a tent, but he wouldn't. He would live the life of a true hunter, roaming the woods by day, and resting at night upon fragrant boughs of balsam and hemlock with no shelter but the bark of forest trees above him. In vain Wren and I urged the comfort of a tent, and related our experiences. We were met with a copy of Murray and the settler. 'Murray didn't sleep in a tent.' Look here, he says, 'Throwing some huge logs on the fire, and wrapping our blankets around us we—' 'Never mind young one, you shall have a hut if you won't quote any more Murray, and so Wren and I cut a spud and peeled several noble spruces, while out of the broad sheets of bark Hank constructed one of those picturesque three-cornered little hunting shanties open to the south. The ground within was covered with boughs, and in front we built our camp-fire.

Night came—our first night in the woods. The shades fell upon the hills around us and over the blue waters of the lake. The camp fire, dimly burning, alone broke the gloom. It was a hot, sultry July night. Tired with our day's work we lay down early, the guides in the tent, Ligourney and I in that never-to-be-forgotten shanty. Fainter and fainter burned the camp fire. Darkness deepened around us. Rest came. Rest for the creatures of the wilderness. Rest for the two guides slumbering heavily in the tent. But "tired nature's sweet restorer" never visited that shanty. The fire went out, the night grew damp, and the mosquitoes came. He came collectively. He charged like the Old Guard at Waterloo and the result was even more bloody. I owe my life to the tar-oil. I pulled my blanket tightly over my head, leaving only the tip of my nose exposed. I was then quite comfortable. But poor Lig.; he plunged and kicked convulsively, and ever and anon between his struggles there came a despairing moan, so mournful but yet so comical, that I finally shook with laughter. "Oh, shut up! It may be fun for you, but I'll be hanged if it is for me."

I was silent out of pity and he didn't speak again. Morning came at last and with it reinforcements for the enemy. But as soon as it was light we crawled out from the heaps of slain mosquitos and kindled a fire. I felt a strange sensation in my nose as if it were enlarged somewhat. I put my hand to my face. Horror! Long before I expected to touch my nose I came in contact with a mass of swollen flesh. Yes; it must be so. Here was the end of my nose—way out here. I called Lig.'s attention to it and the unfeeling fellow went into hysterics. The more considerate Wren tied up the injured member in a rag; but, my friends, to this day my nose has never regained its original beauty! However, the hut became our storehouse, and ours was still a model camp, for the tent stood upon the high point above the lake-side and the cool breezes blew mosquito, black fly and midge far from the couches of our rest.

AN ELK HUNT BY MOONLIGHT.

WHILE hunting among the Rockies in the vicinity of Chief Mountain, several summers ago, I came upon a little g'ade one day which held in its centre a miniature pond. Around its shores the elk had trod the grass with their sharp hoofs until very little verdure remained. Two well-worn trails led off up the mountain, and all the signs indicated that this was an every-day—or night—watering-place for these animals. At the time I found it the sun was nearly set and I had to hurry in order to reach camp before dark. So taking a hasty survey of the place, with many a wistful glance at the track of some monster elk, I hastily descended the canyon and reached camp none too soon, as the gathering darkness was accompanied by a violent thunder storm, which "turned loose" just as I entered the lodge.

It commenced with a low muttering of thunder and occasional vivid flashes of lightning, which illuminated far-away precipices and lofty peaks with startling distinctness. The very seams of a distant ledge and the fibrous roots of a stunted pine were revealed by an unusually bright flash. Shortly the thunder became louder and nearer and seemed to batter and crash up against the rocky cliffs in successive charges, as if Nature had brought out all her artillery to rend the very mountains. Then came the hail—great pearl-like balls of ice—which rattled down upon the lodge and through the smoke-hole with chilling effect, several times subduing the few embers which fitfully flickered in the fire-place.

Perhaps nothing so lowers a man's estimate of his power and importance as a thunder-storm. Then, as crash after crash sounds over his head and the lightning seems to play about his very feet, he realizes his littleness—his utter insignificance. Among such mighty contending elements he realizes that he is of no more consequence that a leaf blown about by the fitful winds.

The storm quickly passed over and finally died away in the distance. With a long-drawn breath of relief and a murmured "Thank God," I started to build up the fire. As I did so Pe-nuk-wi-um and his family emerged from under sundry heaps of bedding and robes, which were piled promiscuously in different parts of the lodge. They looked so ridiculous as they crawled forth that I couldn't help but smile and finally burst out in a loud ha, ha, ha!

"Do not laugh, my friend," said the chief, solemnly, "do not laugh. The thunder and lightning are great chiefs. Do not laugh—they might come back and kill us."

If a war party of Sioux had suddenly come upon us I do not think Pe-nuk-wi-um and his family could have been more frightened. They sat huddled about the fire and in trembling tones recounted the disasters they had known to be caused by the dread elements.

To change the subject, I told the chief about the lakelet I had discovered.

"Ah, I know the place well," he said. "When a young man I killed many elk there. The elk come there only in the night to drink, and when the night was day (moonlight) we used to go there to kill them. We would hide in the bushes by the trails. We would hide so good that even the birds could not see us. We sat among the bushes and the leaves hid us from all animals. Far off we could hear the elk coming down the trail. They would often stop to bite off a mouthful of green leaves; then they would come a little closer and stop to look. 'Ah, smart elk!' I used to say to myself, 'I see you, but you can't see me. Come closer, I want to see if your heart is good.' Then they would come nearer and the chief elk would stop right in front of me. Then my arm was strong. I drew the arrow back, took a careful aim and shot right where the moon shone bright on his side. Buzz! the arrow went right into his heart and he lay down. Then I shot fast. All my arrows lay on the ground before me and I kept shooting till the band ran away."

"It is moonlight now, Pe-nuk-wi-um," said I; "let's go up there to-morrow night?"

"Ah, I am not a young man any more," he replied. "The winters sit on my head and make a heavy load to carry My legs are not strong any more."

"But it isn't far," I said.

"Well," he answered, "I will go with you, but we will have to travel slowly; there are many rocks to go over, and I cannot jump them like the sheep."

The next afternoon, after two or three hours of slow walking and climbing, we arrived at the lit le lakelet. I noticed with satisfaction that quite a number of elk had visited the place during the night. In several places where I had walked about in the mud the day before I found that they had obliterated nearly all traces of my footprints. It was yet an hour or more till dark, and to pass away the time we sat down on a fallen log to smoke and chat. From our elevated position we had a splendid view of the country to the East. About eighty miles distant the three lonely butts of the sweet grass hills stood surrounded by a sea of prairie, and still further eastward the blue outlines of the Bear's Paw mountains loomed up against the sky. Southeast, far beyond the Missouri, I recognized several of the Moccasin and Snowy mountains, over which I had clambered in pursuit of mountain sheep.

As the sun gradually sunk in the West, we ate our lunch of boiled meat, bread and dried bull-berries. The bull-berry (called by the Blackfeet, *Mis-sin-it-sim*) forms one of their principal articles of diet, and is gathered in huge quantities by the squaws, who cut off the bushes and beat them over blankets with sticks. In color and taste this berry resembles our red currant, and is, perhaps, a trifle more tart in flavor.

"Appe-cun-ny," said Pe-nuk-wi-um, suddenly, "did you ever hear about the Old Man and the bull-berries?"

"No!"

"Then I will tell you the story. Once the Old Man was walking by the river, when he thought he saw some nice large berries in the water, and taking off his clothes jumped in after them. When he got in the water, however, he could not find the berries, and climbing out on the bank was about to put on his clothes, when looking down in the water he again saw the berries, and once more jumped in after them. This operation he repeated a number of times, until he finally became enraged, and tearing up his robe bound some

stones to his feet with the strips, determined to jump far enough and deep enough to get the berries. But he was too strong, and jumped way out where the water was black and deep. Down, down he went, and nearly drowned. He finally succeeded though in breaking the strips which held the stones to his legs, and, tired and half strangled, climbed out on the bank to rest. As he lay there he happened to look up overhead and saw great bunches of berries growing on the bushes, and immediately perceived how he had been fooled by the reflection of them in the water. Picking up a club he threw it at them, saying, 'There, I will make thorns grow on you, and after this any one who wants to gather you will have to knock you off with clubs.'"

And now the sun had set, and we repaired to the places we had picked out to watch the trails, Pe-nuk-wi-um taking the left one and I the right.

My hiding-place was not more than fifty feet from the trail, and commanded a long reach of the path where the sun shone brightly through the stunted pines. As the slight wind was blowing down the mountain in the direction from which the elk would come, I dared to light my pipe, and sat for a long time thinking of bygone exploits of mountain and prairie. Hoo, hoo hoo, hoo hoo! cried an owl way up on the mountain side, and from the dark recesses below its mate answered back in a repetition of hoots. What hunter but loves to hear the hoot of the owl! What pleasant memories has he of bygone sport, of peaceful camping in the woods, of silent paddling among the lily pads where the mist winds fantastically upward, but whst are associated with the melancholy notes of this queerest of queer birds.

In my wanderings among the mountains and prairies I miss one old friend of Eastern days—the loon! How many nights have I lain awake in the depths of some Eastern forest and listened to its wierd, long-drawn cry arise from the lake, and, echoing from hill to hill, finally die away in the distance. But, hark! No more dreaming. I heard something surely! Yes, I hear it again, the tread of some heavy animal coming down Pe-nuk-wi-um's trail. A bright flash from the chief's gun, a report, followed by a moment's silence. Then from the animal the most unearthly, hideous yell ever heard. I recognized it. Pe-nuk-wi-um had wounded a grizzly! Perhaps there were more with it! Perhaps—but I waited no longer. I heard something coming through the bushes toward me, and turning, fled with all speed down the mountain. As I crossed the glade I saw the chief emerge from his hiding-place, in spite of his weight and years running like a deer. He was soon beside me, and together we kept on down the mountain. Over rocks and logs, jumping deep holes, we kept on and on, never stopping till we reached the prairie. Exhausted and faint, we sank down upon the grass and tried to regain our breath.

"What was it?" I asked. "A bear," gasped the chief. "Did you kill it?" "I don't know," he replied. "I saw its eyes in the bushes and thought it was an elk. I fired, it yelled, and I ran away as quick as I could." No more hunting that night. So we quietly wended our way back to camp and to bed, but it was long before we fell asleep. Never in my life had I received such a scare. That terrifying yell still echoed in my ears and my heart beat faster every time I thought of it.

Well, of course by breakfast time the whole camp had heard of our exploit, and many were the questions asked and tales recounted about the bear. Accompanied by six or eight young men, I went back to the lakelet. Arriving there, we deployed and slowly reconnoitred the ground. Step by step we advanced to the thicket where Pe-nuk-wi-um had seen the bear. Not a sound was heard. "I guess it's dead," said one. "I don't believe he killed it," said another. "Look," said another, and running a little distance held up a dead lynx to view. "Hi-hi-hi" they all shouted. "Look at Pe-nuk-wi-um's and Ap-pe-cun-ny's bear. See the big bear which yelled. See the big bear which chased them down the mountain." There was no doubt about it. To Pe-nuk-wi-um's distorted vision the lynx had seemed an elk and a bear, and my ears had willingly deceived me as to the cry. Carefully strapped to a pole, the animal was triumphantly borne into camp and received with shouts of derision by the people.

Poor Pe-nuk-wi-um! He never heard the end of the elk hunt. Many a time since have I heard the Indians, speaking of the lynx, call it "Pe-nuk-wi-um's elk." AP-PE-CUN-NY.

Fort Benton, M. T., April 25, 1881.

TWO WEEKS WITH THE BASS AND PICKEREL.

AT INTERMEDIATE LAKE, ANTRIM CO., MICHIGAN.

BY KINGFISHER.

DEAR D.—We went a fishin' up to Northern Michigan in July last, as agreed upon in May, with many regrets that you could not join us as expected; and I will say to you—and you can apply it to yourself as a scourge—that you missed two weeks of as glorious sport as ever fell to the lot of "ye honest angler." We concluded not to fill your place with an unknown quantity, so the party contained only two of the old "Kingfishers," W. (the scribe) and the writer. An editor friend from Hamilton, Ohio, Mr. B., a half-fledged "anguliar," and a mighty good fellow, made up the party—not large, but two of us at least, chock full of love for the gentle art. We shipped the camp outfit ten days ahead, to Mancelona, a station forty miles south of Petoskey, on the G. R. and I. R. R., at which point we were to take wagon for Intermediate Lake, our objective point. By correspondence, everything was arranged and ready for us; wagon chartered, camp-boy hired, and two boats engaged of Postmaster Cutler, of Lake Shore P. O. (at lower end of lake), who was to meet us with the boats at Bellaire, the new county seat of Antrim County. I left Cincinnati at 7:15 Thursday morning, July 15th, and arrived at Mancelona next morning at 6:04, the other two having left the night before, in order to see the upper end of the road by daylight, and have things ready for an early start on my arrival. We left the station shortly after 7 A. M., the scribe and editor in the hack, while the camp-boy and I went with the baggage on, or rather with, another wagon. That hack is a delusion and a snare for the unwary. It was simply an old lumber wagon, without a cover, with two spring seats hung on to the bed, and was drawn by a pair of ponies a size and a half larger than jack rabbits. It is a *mail* hack, and if the mail pouch happens to contain two letters more than usual the passengers have to walk and help to push up the sand hills. It makes two trips a week to Bellaire and up the country as far as Central Lake P. O. at the head of Intermediate Lake. It leaves Mancelona on Tuesday and Friday.

The road to Bellaire, as a wagon road, is frightfully jolty, full of roots, and highly unsatisfactory as a highway generally, but we found the walking to be fair to middlin' and several little cold streams on the way furnished us much comfort on that hot July day. After being on the R. R. a day and night, I was well nigh fagged out and needed rest; so I rode on the wagon all the way down except about twelve miles. Bellaire is twelve and a half miles from Mancelona; no great effort to figure up the distance walked, and walking on an average July day is not strictly a pastime for a person whose waist-band measures in the near vicinity of fifty inches, "of which the writer is one." The new county seat is located on Intermediate River about midway between Grass below, and Intermediate lakes above. The river is a rather shallow, winding, narrow stream, in places scarcely five yards wide, is perhaps four miles long, and connects the two lakes. The site of the town—a huge square blocked out of the heavy woods—was still covered with the fallen trees, lying as felled by the choppers, while a fire that had recently swept through them made it as cheerless and desolate-looking a place as could well be imagined. Six months before it was a first class howling wilderness, but at the time we crept wearily up its one imaginary street at the lower end of the clearing, it contained fifteen unpainted wooden houses and a saw-mill, that insatiate, screaming fiend whose appetite will only be appeased—and at no distant day—when it has devoured the last vestige of the noble forests of Northern Michigan and dried up its streams so there will not be water enough in them to swim a water beetle. We found the people clever and neighborly, and full of hope and plans for the future. It is really a pretty location for a small town, and we believe Bellaire has a future ahead of it. We arrived about noon and found the hack had preceded us only a few minutes. Of course Cutler was not their to meet us as promised, and we spent nearly an hour looking around the place; looked at the river, a mere thread through the woods, bought some lumber at the mill to make a fish box, camp table, etc., made a good many ill-natured remarks about Cutler, and finally, when our patience was worn out waiting for him, concluded to go up the river as far as the lake at least, hunt a camp for the night, and lay for that Postmaster's scalp in the morning. We were told "Green's landing" was only about eighty rods up the river, from which point our P. M. walked twice a week to swap mails, and for this we started, the wagon following with the traps. Luckily we met the subject of our remarks a short distance out of town with two of his sons, one of them carrying a well-flattened mail pouch. The introduction was brief: "I suppose this is Mr. Cutler?" "Yes!" "Well, here's your fishing party. Shake. Where are your boats?" "Up the river at the landing, about eighty rods." (We found eighty rods to be the only appreciable distance in this neck o' woods.) Then we went for that landing again.

At the head of wagon navigation a trail led down to the water and that landing, which was a spot at the water's edge devoid enough of overhanging "bresh," as the camp boy expressed it, to allow a skiff to get to the bank.

At this point is the head of the rapids, eighty rods long, more or less.

The river, through the rapids, is shallow, in places barely deep enough to float a light skiff, and runs like a mill race, which feature no doubt had something to do with the P. M. preferring to walk from the landing down and back.

Three narrow, flat-bottomed boats were to transport us and our luggage up the river and lake somewhere to a camp. We loaded part of the things into them, and the Cutler boys and the writer, to whom powers were given as to locating, started, leaving the rest to smoke and wait till we came back for another load.

Trouble for the writer began right at the landing. The little narrow river ran with a good, strong current, as I found before reaching the lake, and it is an exceedingly devious stream. Its turnings and windings are numerous and "sarpentine," and its currents deceptive. My boat was loaded too much by the head, unavoidable on account of the size of the boxes containing our effects and the narrowness of the craft aft of the rowlocks. It steered wild, and objected decidedly to keep the middle or any part of the stream, and about every ten yards it would take a notion to shove its nose into the bank on either side, or wander off under some overhanging bush or tree with the evident intention of brushing the operator at the oars off into the water. Rowing a boat up that river, loaded as mine was, is calculated to develop muscle and latent profanity, and it requires a fair amount of the former to overcome the current, and a judicious use of the latter, in at least five different dialects, to keep the boat in the stream. By a vigorous use of both I at last turned a quiet kink in the river and beheld the lake only a few yards ahead. I felt like resting, but that contrary boat did not want to go ashore. A dozen vicious yanks on the starboard oar buried her bows in an oozy bar, and I straightened up, mopped the sweat out of my eyes and made a few remarks about Cutler, his boat, Intermediate river and the country at large. As I gazed out on the beautiful sheet of water before me I thought of old man Columbus and his feelings on first sighting land on his memorable voyage, and reaching away back into the dim past I had a figurative and fraternal shake with the lamented mariner.

From the head of the rapids up the banks of the stream are a tangle of swamps. Spruce and cedars overhang and sweep the water in many places, and old dead trunks, bristling with countless jagged limbs and bayonet-like spikes, giving to some of them the appearance of enormous "devil's darning needles," reach out over and into and under the water from every conceivable direction. Most of these have, however, been cut away and removed to make a channel through which to run saw-logs to the lower lakes, and it is an easy matter to make a trip through the river in a small boat down stream. In sight, to the right of us, and in a line up and down the lake, were three islands, the second one of which, about a mile distant, the Cutler boys favored as a camping place, and we accordingly struck out for it against a strong head wind and a short, chopping sea. The pull to the island proved more satisfactory, at least to my boat, than that up the river, as it had more room in which to spread itself and indulge its frolicsome and erratic disposition. It was a good sea boat, however, and behaved very properly after relieving it of its bow load. Passing the first island, we dropped in behind the middle one (which we afterward named Middle Bass) out of the wind and pulled around to the east side, where we found a comfortable landing. This island is probably six or seven hundred feet long and less than half as wide, is flat and low, not more than two feet above the surface of the lake at any point, ground rather spongy, well covered with a plentiful growth of trees, grass and underbrush, and contains two and one-eighth acres.

Last spring, during the prevalence of the long, heavy rains, it was two feet under water. It lies nearly in the middle of the lake, which is here about a mile wide, and is owned by Mr. Frank Lewis, of the Lewis House, at the head of Torch Lake. As there was no spring nor firewood on it, we pulled across the lake to Cutler's Landing in search of a better camp. Here we found nothing in sight but an almost impassable swamp and a half cordroyed streak through it to the hard land a quarter of a mile back, so we returned to the island and concluded it was a very fine place for a camp, which it proved to be on a better acquaintance.

Unloading the boats, we went back after the rest of the party to find the boys out of patience at our long stay, and worrying lest some mishap had befallen us.

I loaded my boat this time on an even keel, the editor in the stern and some other freight in the bow, and the trip was made with less outlay of muscle and fewer general remarks than was required by the first one.

The other two boats would only carry the remaining baggage, which moved the scribe, our Johnny and Mr. Cutler to make a circuit around the swamp and come out to the water nearly opposite the island, where they waited till we unloaded and brought them over. The sun was dipping into the tree tops in the west before we were ready to make camp, but where there were so many willing hands it did not take long to unpack, put up two tents and start a fire and the supper. Our neighbors took their departure for home, leaving us to fight mosquitoes and arrange the camp for the night's much needed rest. With gum blankets, an extra tent, the kitchen fly, buffalo robe, quilts and blankets, we made a comfortable bed, over which we adjusted a mosquito bar made and provided for this especial trip, and then we rested and smoked and laid out the morrow's work. The "skeeters" were numerous and annoying at first, but after we got better acquainted we did not mind them so much. They seemed to take a special liking to the editor. His neck and hands were usually covered with lumps the size of soup beans. On the water, while fishing, they did not trouble us.

Next morning early we started Johnny across to Cutler's for milk, butter, eggs, bread, potatoes, etc., which were all ready for us as per agreement. We had brought with us pilot bread, bacon, sugar, tea and coffee, canned meats, pickles, beans, etc., and all our larder lacked was fresh fish, but the camp must be put in order first. The boy was kept busy most of the day getting over from the mainland a supply of dry cedar for firewood, and a lot of clean rye straw from Cutler's with which we made a luxurious bed in each tent. With the lumber we made a table, fixed up the kitchen, stretched a fly over it, and by the middle of the afternoon the camp was pronounced in running order.

Then we went a-fishin'—down the lake in the "pocket" near the outlet. We found we could get no minnows with a seine as there was not a spot along the shores or down the river clear enough of bull-rushes, lily pads or bushes to draw out at. We caught a few dozen small sunfish with hook and line which proved to be fair bait, but we went back to camp disappointed with four or five small bass and a couple of pickerel. Enough, however, to change smells in the frying pans.

Next morning we tried the sunfish again; cut off the dorsal fin as we used them, and had fair sport, but the results were far from what we had been led to expect. I took one large mouthed bass during the forenoon, of four and one-quarter pounds, which was a fair symptom of better things in store for us had we only good bait.

When I struck the old fellow and he left the water three feet to show his size a streak of electricity ran up the line, and down the rod into the remotest parts of the "old franie," and bait, backache and recollections of Intermediate River all vanished on the instant, and I was a boy again.

Back on the island for lunch, some one said "frogs." Why had we not thought of them before? We got the Cutler boys to catch us fifty for a starter, and from that time on we had rare sport.

Speckled frogs and green were plenty and of assorted sizes, and, large or small, they were a toothsome morsel for both bass and pickerel.

Our Johnny was not much of a cook, but he could surround a frog with neatness and dispatch, and next to his voracity and staying qualities at the table, catching frogs proved ed to be his best "holt," so the question of bait was happily settled.

During the night it commenced to rain—was raining when we got up—and it came down steadily all day except during an interval of an hour or more in the afternoon. This kept the scribe and editor in camp most of the day. They, however, ventured out when it stopped rain ng, and went down to the pocket where they took a few very fine bass and pickerel, and fished back to camp in time to escape the rain when it commenced to come down again. But the spirit moved me most powerfully that particular morning to go a-fishin', and as I have always believed that a little rain should not hold a lover of the sport back when the yearning was strong within him to go I slipped into a rubber coat, put a dozen frogs into a minnow bucket, took the smaller boat, and, crossing over to the east shore, fished quietly up the lake a couple of miles to study the water, and learn, if possible, the feeding grounds of the fish.

The shores of the lake, and more notably the lower portion of it, are fringed with a belt of bull-rushes growing from the bottom, and extending out into the water from a few feet to fifty yards, and here and there a patch of water-lilies spread their broad, green leaves, dotted with white and yellow flowers over the water, covering it for yards like a smooth mat.

Some of these rushes grow to great size. One I pulled up measured sixteen feet and four inches in length, the lower end being as large as the butt of a trout rod. In many places along the outside of this belt, pickerel weed and two or three kinds of aquatic plants and grasses reach up from the bottom at depths of from six to eighteen feet, some of them coming to the surface, and in this water forest ye honest angler will sometimes allow a bass of much strategy to entangle himself, which is liable to chafe his line and his temper, and open the vials of his wrath. And look you under this circumstance that you forget not your cunning by waxing much wroth, and by an over-zealous "yank" rend your tackle asunder to the great hilarity of your finny friend at the business end of the line, whose name is *M. pallidus* or *M. salmoides* as the case may be.

Along this belt of rushes and lily-pads, from the very edge to fifty and seventy-five feet out into the lake, is found the best of the fishing.

We did not strike a half dozen fish a hundred feet away from the rushes, but later in the season they hunt the deeper water, and Frank Lewis says that in October hundreds of bass may be found packed in the deep pools of the little rivers connecting the lakes. Here, under the shadow of the broad leaf of the lily, old "longface," always hungry, poises

himself on his pectorals and lies in wait for his prey, and woe to the unwary sunfish or heedless shiner that ventures half a yard away from the protecting bull-rushes.

Here, along the margin of the reeds, disporteth the black bass—let me write his name in large letters—the bold biter, the game fighter and the one altogether lovely. More cunning and curiosity and sass in his eye, more impudence and fearlessness and strategy, more game and staying qualities in his make up, and more pure and vigorous fight has he in him to the square inch than has the whole pike family, except, perhaps, the noble mascalonge.

Strike a six-pounder with a light rod, work him away from the rushes where you can fight him on fair terms, in thirty or forty feet of clear water, and after you have dropped him over the side of your boat, securely attached to the end of your stringer, you will have added at least a half a year to your lease of life.

Besides bass and pickerel, mascalonge are occasionally taken in this lake and a few others of the chain, but they are not plenty, and it is a feather in the lucky fisherman's cap who succeeds in capturing one.

We were told of one weighing 40 lbs that was speared last spring at the mouth of the little stream connecting Cedar and Intermediate lakes, which made us the more eager to handle one, but we were disappointed, as all our lures failed to induce one to strike. I fished along through the steadily-falling rain nearly a mile from camp and had taken but two bass, the pair weighing perhaps 6 lbs., when I got into a fight with a pickerel that induced me to believe my early education in that line of sport had been neglected, and largely increased my respect for them as a game fish. I was sitting with the butt of the rod resting on the seat under my leg, watching a pair of loons out in the lake, when he struck the frog, and the jerk was so sudden and powerful that rod, reel and all came near going overboard.

He must have fastened himself the first dash he made at the bait, for I did not strike at all, but just stopped the reel with the thumb, and when I got to my feet and the line tightened up he was a hundred feet away, and going, strong as a horse.

For a minute it was uncertain whether he would go his way or come mine, but with the rod well up, the strain soon brought him around, head to the boat. He came slowly in, surging from side to side with a strength that was astonishing. When he got sight of the boat he shot off out into the lake with a velocity that made the reel whistle, but with a pressure on the spool that nearly blistered my thumb, I stopped him, and as he turned he leaped into the air like a bass and spitefully shook himself. I worked him back near the boat again, and he lay quietly for a moment or two close to the top of the water, which was so clear I could see every movement of his fins, and I fancied I could tell what he was thinking about by the expression of his eye. His long countenance wore such a resigned look that I thought he had given up the fight, and I reached for the gaff, but he was only playing possum, for he suddenly dashed under the boat with a rush it was impossible to check, and it was only by a prompt dip of the rod and leading the line quickly around the stern of the boat that it was prevented from fouling, in which event he would have smashed my tackle and flirted his tail at me in derision.

When he finished his rush—aided by the excellent temper of the rod—he sculled gently off down the lake, pretending not to remember anything about what had just taken place; but all the time I knew he was studying over a new scheme to get rid of the steel in his jaw.

Fresh trouble was brewing and it behooved me to study closely all the points in his tactics. I held an easy line on him for half a minute and then gave a smart pull to wake him up, when, turning with a quick swirl, he threw his broad tail out of the water and started straight for the boat. A frantic whirling of the reel-handle kept the line out of his way, but left no time to settle with a stray deer fly that had come in under my hat rim out of the rain and camped on the side of my nose. When within three or four yards of the boat he came to the surface with a rush that sent him four feet out of the water, and after a vain effort to shake out the hook his vicious-looking jaws came together with an audible snap-snap, evidently intended to part the line, but the wire-wrapped silk smelt was made especially for such customers, and he fell back in the water, bursting, no doubt, with wrath and disgust. The failure of this scheme seemed to take the starch out of his dorsal, for I noticed as he plunged under the boat (a favorite bit of strategy with a pickerel) that he had a worried, demoralized look on his long face that said plainly, "What are I now?" But the fight was not all out of him yet. Another rush and he came around under a strong pull, and this time started in a circle around the boat, drawn nearer at every turn of the reel. He had apparently made up his mind that the heft of his trouble lay in that quarter and, gathering all his failing strength for a final effort, turned and came straight at me, and when ten feet away left the water and struck one of the oars hanging over the side as he fell back. This last failure to circumvent the enemy, coupled with the rap he got from the oar, bewildered him, and he lost heart in the struggle. Another feeble and aimless rush, and I reeled him alongside, and, with rod in left hand, thumb on reel, ready to let go at the first stroke of his tail, held his head partly out of water, jerked the gaff in his jaw and lifted him into the boat. He thrashed furiously around for a minute, and finally lay gasping and utterly spent, yet with a sullen gleam in his eye that admonished me to be on my guard when extracting the hook from his mouth.

As I wished to take him to camp alive to show the boys, I did not knock him on the head with the club provided for the purpose, but inserting it betwen his jaws held him down with one knee, released the hook and strung him on a piece of strong cord at the same time. The long, brave fight was over, fought with dogged courage and fine generalship on the part of old longface, and serious doubts as to the final result on mine; but as victory had perched on my banner I was exceedingly comforted, and sat down to relieve the tension on my nerves and put on another frog.

Many similar battles afterward, with both smaller and larger fish than this one, inclined us to the opinion that the fighting qualities of the pickerel are greatly underrated, at least we were surprised by the vigor and gameness shown by them in this lake. Most of them, while on the hook, would leave the water—unusual with pickerel—from one to four times, after the manner of a bass, more noticably when brought near the boat, and their strength is prodigious, requiring the most reliable tackle to bring them to gaff. A very few made no fight whatever; just set their caudal fin "hard-a-port," and suffered themselves to be reeled in like a bent stick. All such cravens were at once knocked on the head for their lack of spirit.

Crossing over to the west shore to a long point reaching out into the lake, which shut off the view of the upper water from our camp, I skirted along the rushes for half a mile, without taking a fish, then crossed back and dropped into a quiet little bay, dotted here and there with patches of lily pads, which looked so inviting for a cast that I stopped the boat about sixty feet away and dropped a frog within three feet of a broad lily leaf glistening in the rain. Instantly there was a swirl in the water, and after a sharp, fierce fight, I lifted about a 4½ lb. large-mouthed bass over the side of the boat. Fishing leisurely back to opposite "long point," I took five more of the same kind of bass, but no pickerel. Here is about the narrowest part of the lake, it being something less than half-a-mile in width.

Nearly straight across from the point comes in from the back hills a little stream of most delicious, clear, cold water, cold almost as ice, and so clear that it looked white contrasted with its green setting of mosses and ferns, and spruces and cedars. A few rods of clean, sandy beach afford a good landing place, and it is one of the few spots at which a landing can be made on account of the overhanging trees and bushes that lap the water around nearly the entire shore line

Pulling the boat up on the land near the mouth, I drank from the stream till I had to shake out a reef in my pants, and always after, when passing, I made a point to stop and drink of its crystal waters.

A noticeable feature of the little streams flowing into these lakes is the entire absence of any fish life in them, which may be accounted for, perhaps, by their low temperature and the shifting nature of the sandy bottoms. Some of the larger ones, however, abound in trout, and Cedar River, which flows into Intermediate River from the east, just above Bellaire, excellent trout and fair grayling fishing may be had by the angler who has the pluck in him to toil and "sweat full sore" through the almost impenetrable tangle of brush and swamp to get to the good places. Under the leaning trunk of a tree hard by the little stream, and out of the drip of the rain drops through the boughs overhead, I kicked the cramps out of my legs and ate my lunch in solitary but satisfied silence.

Taking a parting drink of the sweet, cold water—I could scarcely get enough of it—I reluctantly headed the boat for camp, and leisurely floating and fishing along, arrived at the island about 6 P. M., taking on the way down five more longfaces and a small-mouthed bass.

The weights of the bass run from 2½ to near 5 lbs. The big pickerel weighed 8½ lbs., the others all the way down to 3 lbs., altogether a fine day's sport despite the rain.

The pure loveliness of the string of bass put the boys in such excellent humor that a movement in force up the lake was at once determined on for the morrow, and, supper over and pipes lighted, the camp yarns were cut short for an early turn in and turn out in the morning. The vociferous snore of the camp boy and the baffled hum of a horde of gore-seeking mosquitoes on the outside of the bar ceased their rasp on our nerves as we dropped off to sleep, listening to the sweeter music of the steady patter of the rain on our canvas roof.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NORTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ONCE more northward! Up the valley of the Merrimac and through the capital city of New Hampshire, where the crowd and the display of military uniforms and the music of brass bands proclaim election day, and tell us that a distinguished citizen of the State is about to take the Gubernatorial chair once occupied by his father; rattling through the bustling towns of Laconia and Lake Village, and sweeping around the beautiful shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, the cars of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad at length deposit us at the Pemigewasset House at Plymouth for dinner.

This satisfactorily disposed of, we take on board our traveling companion who shall be known as "Rob," and a can of land-locked salmon fry, which he has brought from the State Hatchery, and start again for Connecticut Lake.

Up the beautiful valley of Baker's River winding through the mountains of Rumney, Quincy, Wentworth and Warren, round the base of Moosilauke and Owl's Head we cross the Warren summit, and drop down into the Connecticut Valley at Woodville, and back over into Vermont at Well's River to exchange passengers with the Passumpsic Road, and then move on again up the Ammonoosuc through Lisbon and Littleton to Wing Road Station, where the White Mountain branch diverges, and crossing another summit come to Whitefield, the great lumber town where the Jefferson Road turns off, and where we catch a glimpse of Mount Washington through the gaps in the lower range, and keep on down John's River till we reach the Connecticut again at Lancaster.

Thence to Groveton Junction, where we change to the Grand Trunk Railway, and arrive at North Stratford in time for supper. A pair of nice horses and a light wagon meet us here, and deposit us at the Parsons House, Colebrook at 10 P. M. The young fish are placed under the stream from the aqueduct in landlord Bailey's barn, and we turn in to start again the next morning up the Connecticut Valley to the lake, which we reach at noon after a delightful drive.

The young salmon are safely deposited near the mouth of a small brook emptying into the lake, once our dinners eaten, and a double-seated "buckboard" with a pair of powerful black horses provided by Landlord Smith, of the Lake House, to take us into Second Lake.

White shirts are changed for blue flannel, shooting-jacket pockets filled with fly hooks, lines, reels and other paraphernalia, valises left behind us, and with rods, baskets and rubber boots we are deposited at the camp of the Conn. River, Sumpter County, at the outlet of Second Lake at 4 P. M. A tramp of three-quarters of a mile further brings us to Capt. Tom Chester's hosp table camp, where we find the worthy captain with his assistant Harding, and your old correspondent, Edward Norton, ready to welcome us as the first arrivals of the season. "Uncle Tom" has been enlarging his camp, and has added a new kitchen and laid a floor overhead to get more sleeping accommodations, and Norton is showing his manifold talents by making chairs for the camp while awaiting a party of authors and artists who are daily expected to take sketches for an illustrated article for a popular magazine.

"Rob" is hungry for trout and is soon at the landing raft, where his success induces the writer to join them, and with a piece of minnow for bait we basket enough nice brook trout before dusk for breakfast the next morning.

Saturday morning is cold and rough, with the wind from the east and no fish rising to the fly, but Norton pilots us to the leeward side of the point between North and East inlets where, with live minnows, we are soon busy and return to camp at 11 A. M. with three lake trout weighing six and one-half pounds, and a good assortment of brook trout from one pound down to one-fourth of a pound.

In the evening we try the inlets with a fly, but without success.

Sunday is raw and stormy, but clears about 4 P. M., and we get about a dozen trout for supper from the landing raft. Monday it is still blowing hard, and ice has formed on Uncle Tom's pond below the spring, but we try the Point again after breakfast, using live minnows as before, and unfortunately using up our stock of bait, but have a few minutes' exciting work.

"Rob" seated in the stern of the boat strikes a trout inshore, and in a second more the writer strikes one "outboard" from the centre seat, and by the time they are fairly hooked Norton has one in the bow! And now comes the fun! My fish is fighting to get inshore, and Rob's is on his way for deep water, and the split bamboo and the slender lancewood are both well doubled under the strain and the effort to keep the lines apart, but a quick movement and a rise from my seat, as my fish makes a rush toward the stern, enables me to swing my rod over Rob's head while he shortens his grasp and we are clear, my line cutting water for the rocks, and his shooting out for the lake.

A few minutes' steady fighting, and Norton behind me, after bringing in his victim, a half-pound brook trout, grasps the landing net, and scoops up mine as I draw him to the side of the boat, as handsome a *Salmo fontinalis* of one and one-quarter pounds as ever was seen, and then passing the net to me, I am in time to secure Rob's prize, which turns out to be a "laker" of two pounds. Another "laker" of three pounds falls to Rob's lot in the morning, and two more brook trout of one pound each to mine, and we return to dinner and put up our rods, having taken from Friday night till Monday morning eleven and a half pounds of lake trout and over twenty pounds of brook trout from Conn. Lake.

The afternoon sees us on our way out to First Lake, where we spend the night, and return to Colebrook on Tuesday morning, and reach Diamond Pond before night. Here the Messrs. Rolfe have fitted up a nice summer hotel with every accommodation for fishermen, and we pass a pleasant day, though without much success in fishing. The "cold snap" has sent the fish to deep water apparently, and though we whip the lake for hours with all the flies in the catalogue the result is small, those taken fallen to the coachman or scarlet ibis.

We are a week late, a party from Holyoke, Mass., having been very successful the previous week, and probably the next comers, after warm weather comes again, may be equally so. The object of the trip is however attained. We secure ample evidence of the success of the "plants" of land-locked salmon in Conn. Lake in '79 and Diamond Pond in '80, these fish having been often seen in both waters.

Returning from Diamond, half a day is spent at Sim's Stream, and a good basket of small brook trout taken, not to mention the numbers of fingerlings restored to the stream.

June 10th finds us on our way through Dixville Notch, to try a pond in Wentworth's location, marked on the maps as Wentworth Pond, but known to the natives as "Greenough." We are met at Aker's Pond, in Errol, by Amasa Ward, the guide, and taken in his boat across Aker's Pond, and there by a two-mile carry reach his camp on Greenough. Here we fare sumptuously on trout till the 13th, though we catch but few more than we can eat, but the catching of those is not to be forgotten. Two gentlemen from Boston, Messrs. C. and G., with Rob and myself, make a merry party, and a trout of one and one-half pounds falls to the lot of each, Mr. C., Rob and the writer, and enough smaller ones to keep the camp in rations while "Ama-sa's" trout chowder on Sunday was a dish not to be forgotten. Greenough Lake is a scene of beauty buried deep among the dark spruce-covered mountains, with clear water and a rocky bottom, it is a veritable trout paradise, but the fishing, like all lake fishing, is uncertain.

Great quantities of trout are sometimes taken here, and the writer can testify to their gameness on the hook, and their toothsomeness on the table. All these backwoods trout disdain the delicate flies of civilization, and a big, gaudy bass fly, a silver doctor or a scarlet ibis are most killing.

My best trout of seventeen inches I killed with a scarlet ibis. We took two or three dozen pretty trout from Clear Stream while waiting at Aker's for Ward, but the glory of this stream is departed.

Monday, the 13th, took us back through the Notch to Colebrook. Tuesday Rob and the writer took six dozen more small chaps from Sim's Stream, and Wednesday brought us back to brick houses and "biled shirts" again. My split bamboo rod gave perfect satisfaction, and though some of my companions thought it rather heavy—60 ounces—I did not find it wearisome, and think I can kill a heavy fish with it quicker than with a lighter rod.

Should any of my fellow sportsmen who read FOREST AND STREAM feel inclined for a trip to Northern New Hampshire let me commend them to the Percy House, North Stratford, kept by C. E. Smith, the Parsons House, Colebrook, by E. F. Bailey, the Lake House, Conn. Lake, by Mr. Smith, a brother of the one at North Stratford, to "Uncle Tom's" camp at Second Lake, and the Messrs. Rolfe at Diamond ponds, and finally to Amasa Ward at Errol, and the earlier they go the better.

How we took "Uncle Tom" by surprise before his summer supplies had arrived, and how we lived on trout steady for three days, we will only hint at, for we met the long delayed supplies going in as we came out, and the pork and potatoes, coffee and flour held out amply—what did we want more? Nothing but the anticipation of repeating the visit in 1882.

VON W——.

TO WARD OFF MOSQUITOES—Gouverneur, N. Y.—In answer to "W. C.'s" inquiry for something to drive off mosquitoes, I can recommend the following: ⅓ oil of pennyroyal and ⅔ olive or sweet oil mixed. A two-ounce vial full will last one person for a two-weeks' trip in the woods. Rub it well on the hands and face. Be careful not to get it in the eyes. It is not disagreeable and will wash off easily. Have used it for several years with good result.—E. F. B.

MINNESOTA SHOOTING.—We can put one or two gentlemen into communication with a Minnesota farmer who is a frequent contributor to this journal, and who lives in an excellent country for ducks, geese and prairie chickens. Communications should be inclosed to us and addressed to "Minnesota."

Take Hop Bitters three times a day and you will have no Doctor bills to pay.

ESCAMBIA RIVER, WEST FLORIDA.

SO much has been written of East Florida, its scenery, its climate, its sporting facilities of all kinds and its manifold attractions, that it seems almost treason to assert that West Florida is far its superior in all things. Yet such is the honest opinion of this writer, after a tolerably fair exploration of East Florida, and a full and entire knowledge of the western half of the state.

Twenty years ago, the writer, then in the flush of early manhood, accompanied by a dear friend, of the medical profession, first saw the Escambia River. A sable gentleman whom we had picked up in Montgomery, Ala., and who had, or professed to have, all the virtues and none of the vices of his race, was our man Friday for the trip.

Not even Dumas himself, most fertile of French liars, could have held the nocturnal luminary to this accomplished *raconteur* of imaginary adventure. Born free in the West Indies, he spoke a language compounded of all the languages under the sun, at least all that I know. He would commence a sentence in pure French, interlard it with Spanish, and end with sailor English.

He had been a soldier under the grey-eyed man of destiny, Walker, and had charged among the immortal six hundred on that immortal day. Had he known history I doubt not that he would have fought and drank with Suwarrow, dined with Napoleon after Austerlitz, and supped with Wellington after Waterloo. My companion, Dr. W——, named him "Black Hawk," on the spot, less from his resemblance to that bird of prey than an undefined feeling in his mind that by some species of metempsychosis the spirit of that renowned warrior now dwelt in the body of the ex-West Indian.

He united the most undeviating honesty with a surprising capacity for all spirituous fluids, but, when most drunk, he never forgot his place, or presumed upon the familiarity of gentlemen. To sum up all, he knew how to broil fish, to make *Café a la Francaise*, and to make a most exquisite omelette. I never saw a liar that was honest, but I do believe that he was an exception to the rule. Why should there not be exceptions? Every liar is a thief. Granted. Reverse the proposition and we have, "Every thief is a liar." Yet have I seen men in the garb of gentlemen, lie deliberately. And tell one of them that he lies, and he bristles up and talks of his wounded honor! Ah! my masters! *Vive la bambogue! Vive le mechant!* The Escambia River rises in Alabama, and after pretending that it intends to empty itself into the Chattahoochee, makes a bold rush for the Gulf of Mexico, into which it empties after much winding and tribulations.

In the lower part of its course, every little creek which empties into it makes a lake, sometimes ten or fifteen miles long, and often a half-mile wide. These lakes are the chosen home of trout (*M. salmoides*), bream, red perch, wawmouth, sun perch and croppies.

They are bold biters and, being generally uneducated fish, the merest tyro can take them.

Well, behold us then, on a bright summer morning in August, as we stand upon the porch of a low, rambling loghouse, to be our home for the next six weeks. The inmates of this house are an old man, a very patriarch in looks, who, however, can beat us both with a rifle; his wife, two stalwart sons and the two pretty, blushing usual girls to be found anywhere in West Florida. A long row of houses, very similar to the one in which we stand, stretches off toward the river. This is the negro quarter. There is a standing feud, I am sorry to say, between those who live nearest the river and those who live most remote. Dark insinuations pass between dark, old patriarchs anent "dem set lines."

It is openly charged that there are vile darkeys, so lost to all sense of shame that they visit at the midnight gloaming the lines that are set for the toothsome blue cat by the dwellers on the hill. *Per contra*, there is a legend that a hill negro, visiting a line set by a bank negro, for the purpose of reprisal, ran his thumb into the mouth of a monster cat before he took him off the hook, and the fish liking the taste thereof, bit so hard and held so fast that he was fain to cry for help. And the bank negroes took a base advantage of him, and did stripe him from his head unto his heels; all of which we learn at the proper time from one of the family.

Ghostly talk is whispered around, both among the bank and the hill dwellers, concerning a cat of huge size which is popularly supposed to be a witch. However that may be, they tell with bated breath how Uncle Daniel, having bated his hook one night with a small bird, saw the line swaying to and fro in a most furious manner. Hauling it in, he saw the old fiend *in propria persona*, in the shape of an old cat, the veteran old cat of the Escambia, "Twenty-five foot long, sah!" "Wid sasser eyes!" "Wid double de wideness 'tween de eyes ob any oder cat on de yeath! An' he say, 'Daol, I come arter you!' An' I flew, I did! Flew! I done more'n dat, I flewed!"

As we sit around the breakfast table we hear this negro folk-lore and many other curious things. As we walk down to the river we notice that the morning has suddenly become gray and my determination to fish for bream is changed to a desire to throw the festive fly for trout and jack. The doctor sticks to the bald bream, for he loves the bold rush and the hard fight of the gayly-striped bream; while I, slave of the reel, yet think that no angling is worthy the name unless the fish is killed at least thirty yards from the angler.

Leaving the doctor to his own devices, I put my rod together and, with the "Black Hawk as my boatman, I turn into an arm of the river, and with a nondescript fly, the like of which would alarm any Northern angler, I commence casting. I may here remark that the most killing fly is one made from the feathers of the red bird, with the shank of the hook wrapped with white flannel and the head made of black cloth. I never saw a white fly with red wings and a black head, and fully three inches long, but trout and jack have, or they would not rise at it so freely, and all the time looking with scorn and ill-concealed contempt upon artistically made flies.

Round and round we go, and not a single rise to reward our labor. Do you see yon green bush that partly hangs in the water, and under which lie many perch of many kinds? The fly is deftly thrown beyond the bush, and drawn, with skimming hops toward the angler. Ha! A monarch Jack! He flashes from under the bush, like a tiger of the waters, and with a headlong leap, not swirl, he gorges the huge fly, and is again under the bush before you can say the traditional "Jack Robinson." Everything is perfectly still, for the monster does not yet know that he is mine. A slight twitch soon tells the tale, and with a mighty rush he leaves his lair, and for a straight fifty yards never stops.

You check him in his headlong career, and with wide open mouth, showing all his formidable array of teeth, he jumps his full length of thirty inches high in the air. Now he shoves along in regular lines, beautifully geometric, and now he spins himself in small circles, savage and full of fire, and game to the last. The Black Hawk stands with wide open mouth, forgetful of his paddle, while he tries to pull him into the boat, which, after much objurgation and loud threats, he succeeds in doing. There he lies, savage still, for he has bitten the Black Hawk to the bone, who, to have revenge, incontinently hits him over the head with his paddle, and so ends that Jack's capers.

About a hundred yards from this battle ground, spreading far and wide, is a patch of "bonnets," now spreading their broad leaves to their fullest extent, and looking with their dark green invitingly cool and attractive. The fly falls lightly as a flake of snow near a large bonnet, and with a lazy swirl out comes the master of that domicile, and, taking the fly as if he had been waiting for it all day, he feels the sudden stab of the steel, and with race-horse speed he dashes for the centre of the patch of bonnets. Now you need a boatman! And this one proves himself equal to the occasion. For almost as swift as the fish himself he is in the open space, and while the angler holds the trout taut he drives him!

Step by step the sullen foe is driven out into the open water, and then you have a fair hand-to-hand fight with a ten-pound trout. With half the trouble that the monstrous Jack has given us he yields to fate, and lies in the bottom of the boat, while the "Black Hawk" eyes him with a lurking suspicion in his mind that he, too, can bite!

On we go, and by the time that we return to the good Doctor I have caught enough fish for all the family, both white and black.

Such is the record of one day's fishing the lakes of West Florida. Some after this one were perhaps better, others worse; but on the whole the angling was all that any one could ask.

I have not left myself room to tell many moving mishaps that befell the "Black Hawk," unluckiest of niggers. Nor shall I dwell upon the toothsome wild turkeys that fell to my gun, and the two deer that were killed, one with No. 4 shot.

If any of your readers should wish to visit that region they can find a warm welcome and a paradise of small game.

Go to Montgomery, Ala., and take the Pensacola R. R., and get off at the first station in Escambia County. They are welcome to use my name as an introduction. I am known to everybody, or I was "befoh de wah." The climate is the same as East Alabama. No flies and no mosquitoes. No ice and no snow. ST. CLAIR.

THE SARANAC LAKE REGION.

THE FABLE OF THE FROGS.

THE season has fairly opened at the Saranac lakes and vicinity, and sportsmen flock to the forest like doves to their windows. Our woods yet abound with game, and our lakes and streams are alive with fish. This is the season they are waiting to be caught, and enthusiastic anglers wish naturally to find the best way to reach the Adirondacks.

Many, after one trip to the wilderness, especially if they have good sport and a pleasant time, write articles for the papers and periodicals, describing the route they have taken as *the* Adirondacks, not taking into consideration the large extent of the Adirondacks. There are many ways of entering this region, but the experience of thirty years in all parts of the Adirondack wilderness should give me some knowledge of its ways and byways, and to my mind the Lower Saranac combines more advantages than any other place as a starting point for sportsmen or tourists. And this is getting to be better understood, as many parties are proving this season by coming this way and being met here by their guides from St. Regis, Long Lake, Blue Mountain Lake and Saranac Lakes.

This place is easiest of access to both sportsman and guide.

Each hotel-keeper thinks he keeps *the* hotel of the wilderness. They make me think of the East and West Ponds, each inhabited by frogs and separated from the other by a hill. One fine morning one frog from each pond started on a voyage of discovery, each to see how his neighbor's pond compared with his own. When they reached the summit they fell into conversation, and each accepted an invitation to look into their neighbor's pond. So each one rose on his hind legs and with his foot on the other's shoulder looked for the pond. But as we know a frog's eyes are on the top of his head, each one looked into his own pond when he thought he was looking into his neighbor's. So they were both satisfied and retraced their way. When they reached home they were met by their friends and asked how their neighbor's pond compared with their own. They both gave the same answer: "I would not give an acre of this water for their whole pond."

Thus the landlords of the Adirondacks feel each of his own locality.

In leaving Lake Champlain at Westport, Port Kent or Plattsburg you reach M. B. Miller's at Lower Saranac Lake from one to two hours sooner than you can any of the other Saranac lakes. The thorough renovation of Mr. Miller's, the Saranac Lake House, is about complete from cellar to garret. Guests who have visited this house and been satisfied will now be delighted with the improvements.

I write this for the benefit and information of uninitiated tourists, not for any pecuniary consideration. Mr. Miller is not the man to give a summer's board bill for a literary puff.

Parties are misled in many ways. Some *en route* for Saranac lakes have been carried to St Regis by stage-drivers, who are supposed to use their influence for the man who pays them best. But Charlie Greene, the new proprietor of the stage route between this place and Ausable Forks, can be depended on to carry travelers to their chosen destination without fear or favor. He has the best set of stage horses that have ever been on the route, and having bought out Mr. Harper, of Keeseville, is prepared to carry passengers with speed and comfort, and flatters himself he will give satisfaction to the public. SARANAC LAKE GUIDE.

It has come to be quite the fashion for railroads to prepare handsomely printed and profusely illustrated handbooks setting forth the attractions of the country through which they pass. We have from time to time noted such books as they came to our desk. Elsewhere will be found reference to some new ones.

Natural History.

THE UBIQUITOUS SKUNK.

HIS BITE.

SPEAKING of woodchucks reminds a Western correspondent of some of his observations of skunks. The connection we fail to see, but here is what he says:

Have been very much interested in reading notes from correspondents, and read some very curious stories; do not think they could all "produce papers" for some of the tales. "Rio," in the last number (June 2), thinks a woodchuck up a tree a singular sight. I never saw one in such a position in York State, but ten years ago in Kansas I shot several, perhaps six or eight in all, out of various sized trees. I had the good fortune to see one do the climbing. I think he was used to it. He evidently understood his business. Two years ago I was out after rabbits one morning after a heavy fall of snow, and found a skunk lying dead at the end of a hollow log, and the tracks of a fox that had killed him. There could be no mistake as it had snowed until 2 o'clock A. M., and there was no other tracks about, and not a flake of snow on the skunk; besides, I could see where the fox had slid on his side in the snow, just as a dog will do after a similar experience. Is that a common occurrence? Once in Kansas I shot a skunk at least ten feet from the ground among some basswood sprouts that grew up from an old stump, but I think he was the only climbing skunk in that country so I guess that ended the race of climbers.

F. U. R.

Orrleville, O., June 23—Editor Forest and Stream: I inclose with this note a slip which I have had printed in several papers, and desire that you will give it to the public through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. I desire to possess all the facts I can obtain upon the subject of skunk bites, with a view of refuting or sustaining a theory which has recently been brought into prominence in the profession, hoping you will oblige me by giving it space. Having recently had my attention called to a disease designated rabies mephitica, or hydrophobia, from the bite of the common skunk (*mephitis mephitica*), I have decided, through the kindness of this paper, to put to the farmers, trappers and other interested parties four questions, in the hope that some information of value may be brought out which will throw light upon a subject surrounded at the present time with a paucity of fact. Before giving the questions it may be best to state, in a general but concise way, the end to which these interrogatories are made. A few years ago forty-one cases were reported in detail of persons bitten by skunks, forty of whom died within ten days or a year with symptoms resembling closely hydrophobia from the bite of the rabid dog. The bites were nearly all inflicted at night, upon the hand, nose or ear, while the persons were sleeping upon the ground in camp. Several cases were also reported of dogs being bitten, the bite proving fatal in each instance. The gentleman who collated the above-mentioned cases asserts as his belief, and endeavors to prove the same, that the bite of the skunk always produces a peculiar form of rabies, which is invariably fatal if left to run its course; that the disease is produced by the inoculation of a special hydrophobic virus generated by the skunk, and, finally, that the first cause of the dread malady (hydrophobia) originates with the skunk and the allied genera. If any one to whose notice this article comes can answer in the affirmative any of the following questions, that person will do me a favor by writing the facts on a postal card and sending it to my address:

1. Have you ever known a person to be bitten by a skunk, and if so, what was the result of the bite?
2. Have you ever known a dog to be bitten by a skunk, and if so, what was the result of the bite?
3. Do skunks ordinarily show a disposition to bite?
4. Have you ever seen a skunk that had lost the power of secreting or expelling the odious fluid which constitutes its battery?

HOWARD JONES, M. D.

Our files contain much discussion of this question. An epitome will be given for Dr. Jones next week.

TREE-CLIMBING WOODCHUCKS.

ASHFIELD, Mass.

AS "Rio" doubts the existence of more than one climbing woodchuck, I would state that twenty odd years ago, being troubled with constant raids on my crops, I bought a good "chuck," dog. He killed and scared away the most of them the first year; and three of his victims he treed. The first two were in low leaning trees, but the third one was about two-thirds grown, and "Spot" got between him and his hole and made a rush for him. "Chuckee" scrabbled the best he knew; but "Spot" soon placed a fearfully short distance between his nose and the varmint's caudal appendage, when "chuck," evidently fearing a curtailment, made a dash at a small ash tree and clawed his way up, never ceasing to climb until he had placed a good twenty feet between himself and "Spot," when he crawled awkwardly into a small crotch. As he appeared painfully ill at ease in his elevated position, I drew my revolver and kindly assisted him to a quiet position on mother earth. The despoilment of a nice bean field near by had rendered me somewhat in earnest on the "chuck" question.

By the way, your turtle story reminds me of a little yarn spun for the beguilement of a party of hunters (including the writer) by an old mossback out in Southern Indiana. The boys had been telling a few fish, turtle and snake stories, to which he listened very attentively. When they had all finished, old "mossy" gave a hitch or two and unlimbered. "Wall, boys, I never have doubted any sort o' huntin' story sence my leetle 'turkle' scrape down on the bottoms." The boys all looked inquiringly and he proceeded. "I was a pokin' round down thar one day last year, when I come across the durndest old-lookin' 'turkle' I ever seen. Why, the moss was an inch thick on his back, and the old cuss couldn't hardly wiggle his tail. I cut a stick to measure the depth of the moss on his back and accidentally scraped off a hunk on it, when I seen some letters. So I scraped it all off and thar in big letters was writ 'B. C.' followed by the figgers '567.' Wall, I stud up kinder faint-like, and tuk my hand off on him to sorter rub my old head, when he fetched a flop to git away and slid down the bank a bit and turned clean over, when, I'll be 'dogoned,' if thar wa'nt printed in the biggest kind o' capitals on his belly, just amind his forelegs, 'Adam,' and down a little furder, nigh his right hind leg (in the same

style that they put the name of the town on dog collars), was printed in smaller type, 'Paradise!'"

RUFFED GROUSE.

TWO CAPTIVE RAILS.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While shooting on the meadows near this city last September I slightly wing-tipped a rail bird (*Porzana carolina*), which I put in my pocket alive. Soon afterward my dog pointed, but although I walked all over the place where I thought the bird ought to be, I failed utterly to flush him. Determined not to give it up so, and searching very carefully through a pool of mud and water just in front of the dog's nose, I accidentally discovered the bill of a bird just above the surface. I reached down and secured him perfectly uninjured. On arriving at home I put both birds in a large cage, scarcely hoping they would long survive.

For nearly a week they were very wild, and refused all sustenance. After that time they commenced to feed, gradually became tamer, and are now in perfect health and apparently quite reconciled to their fate. Their sole diet is bread softened with milk, of which they partake freely, entirely undismayed by the presence of spectators. They are, of course, almost continually bathing, and constantly on the move, and I now consider them the most interesting of all my feathered pets, although I have a large number. They are also very useful to me in my profession, as I paint all my birds from life, if possible. I have had them, as you see, nearly a year, and they seem to-day in as good condition as when first caught. I think they are male and female. Have they ever been known to breed in captivity?

G. R. HARDENBERGH.

We should be glad to be kept informed of the condition of these novel pets. We have never known of the rails breeding in captivity. Have any of our readers any knowledge on this subject?

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

IN the June number of the *American Naturalist*, Prof. V. Riley predicts quite an extended appearance of the Periodical Cicada, better known as the Seventeen-Year Locust. The habits of both species of this insect—*Cicada septendecim* and *C. tredecim*—have been carefully studied, and are now pretty well known. The insects may be expected to appear in the localities designated below about the present time. We quote from Prof. Riley's First Report on the Insects of Missouri, his remarks on the two broods looked for this summer:

BROOD XVII.—*Septendecim*—1864, 1881.

In 1881, and at intervals of seventeen years thereafter, they will, in all probability, appear in Marquette and Green Lake counties, in Wisconsin, and may also appear in the western part of North Carolina, and about Wheeling, Virginia; in Northeast Ohio, and a few in Lancaster county, Pa., and Westchester county, New York.

There is abundant evidence that they appeared in the counties named in Wisconsin in 1864, and fair evidence that they appeared that year in Summit county, Northeast Ohio, while straggling specimens were found in the same year by Mr. S. S. Rathvon in Lancaster county, Pa., and by Mr. James Angus in Westchester county, N. Y. Dr. Fitch also records their appearance in 1847, or seventeen years previously, in the western part of North Carolina, and Dr. Smith, in Wheeling, Virginia, in 1830, 1847 and 1864. The distance between the localities given is very great, and it is doubtful whether all these records belong to one and the same brood.

BROOD XVIII.—*Tredecim*—1868, 1881.

In the year 1881, and at intervals of thirteen years thereafter, they will, in all probability, appear in Southern Illinois, throughout Missouri, with the exception of the north-western corner, in Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and North and South Carolinas.

Though, as already stated, I published the first account ever given of the existence of a thirteen-year brood, yet, besides the others mentioned in this chronology, this particular brood has been traced since, as having occurred in the years 1816 1829, 1842, 1855 and 1868; and Mr. L. W. Lyon, at the July (1868) meeting of the Alton (Ills.) Horticultural Society, even mentioned its appearance in 1803.

In Missouri it occurs more or less throughout the whole State, with the exception of the north-west corner that is bounded on the east by Grand River, and on the south by the Missouri River. The south-east part of the State, where Dr. Smith has recorded it since 1829, is most thickly occupied. I enumerate these counties in which there is undoubted evidence of their appearance during the present year (1868), viz., Audrain, Bollinger, Benton, Clarke, Charlton, Callaway, Cooper, Cole, Franklin, Gasconade, Iron, Jefferson, Knox, Lewis, Marion, Macon, Morgan, Moniteau, Pike, Phelps, Pulaski, Polk, Pettis, Schuyler, St. Charles, St. Louis, St. Francois, St. Clair, Warren and Washington.

It not improbably overlaps some of the territory occupied by the *septendecim* Brood XIV. [abrood which appeared last in 1879], but I do not think it extends into Kansas.

In Illinois it occurs more or less throughout the whole southern half of the State, but more especially occupies the counties from the south part of Adams county along the Mississippi to the Ohio, up the Ohio and Wabash Rivers to Edgar county, and then across the centre of the State, leaving some of the central counties in South Illinois unoccupied. To be more explicit, I enumerate all the counties in which it undoubtedly occurred during the present year (1868): Adams (south part, back of Quincy), Bond, Clinton (north-west corner, adjacent to Madison), Champaign, Coles, Crawford, Cumberland, Clay, Clark, Edwards, Edgar (especially in the eastern part), Franklin, Gallatin, Hardin, Hamilton, Johnson, Jasper, Jersey, Jefferson, Lawrence, McLean (east end), Macon, Madison, Marion, Massac, Monroe, Pike, Perry, Piatt, Pope, Richland, Randolph, Sangamon, Saline, St. Clair, Union (north-east corner), Washington, Wayne, Wabash, Williamson and White. There were none the present year, either at Decatur, in Macon county, or at Pana, in Christian county; nor were there any at Bloomington or Normal, in McLean; nor in Dewitt county, which lies south of McLean; nor in Spring Creek, Iroquois county, which is north-east of Champaign.

In Kentucky, according to Dr. Smith, it occurred in the northwest corner of the State, about Paducah and adjacent counties south, in 1829, '42 and '55, and it occurred there in 1868.

In Arkansas, it occupied all the northern counties in 1842, '55 and '68.

In Alabama, it occupied Russell and adjacent counties on the east side of Black Warrior River, in 1842, '55 and '68

In Tennessee, it occupied Davidson, Montgomery, Bedford, Williamson, Rutherford and adjacent counties, in 1842, '55 and '68

In North Carolina, it appeared in Mecklenburg County, in 1829, '42, '55 and '68.

In South Carolina, the Chester district and all the adjoining country to the Georgia line, west, and to the North Carolina line, north, was occupied with it in 1816, '29 '42, '55 and '68.

In Georgia, it has occurred in Cherokee county since the year 1816.

In Louisiana, it appeared in Morehouse, Caddo, Clairborne, Washington and adjacent parishes, in 1855 and '68.

It also doubtless occurrs in Mississippi and Indian Territory, though I am unable to specify any localities.

A GUIDE TO ICHTHYOLOGY.*

[The following review was originally published in the *Critic*. It is reprinted here with revisions by the author.]

A VOLUME fitted "to meet the requirements of those who are desirous of studying the elements of Ichthyology; to serve as a book of reference to zoologists generally; and, finally, to supply those who, like travellers, have frequent opportunities of observing fishes," has long been a great desideratum. Dr. Guenther, of the British Museum, has "intended" to supply this want by an "Introduction to the Study of Fishes." The intention and attempt were praiseworthy; the result is a failure. From every point of view the outcome of the author's labor is defective. The foundation of systematic biology is a knowledge and appreciation of species, and the aggregates of species in successive degrees of comprehensiveness. Species, of course, cannot be expected to be treated of in an "Introduction," and genera are the lowest aggregates considered in the present. If those subordinate aggregates are combined in such a manner as to conflict with the essential characteristics of the including groups, we may rest assured that a vicious principle and method underlie the entire superstructure. That there are such discordancies between the constituents and the diagnoses of the groups—and those of every degree—will soon become apparent to every one familiar with the subject who examines this volume. The necessary limitation of space will confine us to the exhibition of a few examples. These illustrations will be taken from fishes which are perfectly well known, whose character Dr. Guenther had abundant means of ascertaining, and which are among the common and familiar of American types.

Premising that the typical physoclyst Teleost fishes are distributed, according to the nature of the anterior dorsal, anal and ventral rays, and the separation or coalescence of the lower pharyngeal bones, among Acanthopterygii, Acanthopterygii Pharyngognathi and Anacanthini, it will be shown that the characters assigned to those orders are not shared by species of the family and even genus in which severally they are placed or to which they naturally belong.

These genera may be referred to as instances of confusion of species which differ in characters elsewhere regarded as of family or even ordinal value.

Dr. Guenther assigns high value to the relative development of the spinous and soft portions of the dorsal fin. Thus, the first division, including a number of families, of Acanthopterygii (*A. Percoformes*) is said to have the "spinous dorsal well developed . . . rather *longer* than, or as long as the soft" (p. 375). Yet this unnatural distribution of the Centrarchids (Black Basses, Sun Bahes, etc.) among the three "genera" *Centrarchus*, *Bryttus*, and *Enneacanthus* is adopted from his catalogue of 1859, and, notwithstanding the labors of Agassiz and others, is as strange a medley of forms as the American ichthyologist would be likely to imagine. Under *Centrarchus* are confounded the representatives of three distinct groups or subfamilies. Two of the species referred to that "genus"—"*C. hexacanthus*" and "*C. nilidus*"—have the spinous dorsal little developed, much *shorter* than the soft (Other species are again described under the generic names *Grysles* and *Ilurus*, and placed in a different subfamily.)

Dr. Guenther attaches great importance to the existence of 24 (14 and 10) vertebræ in contradistinction to the development of a greater number. On such differences a number of families are constituted by him. In the genus *Sebastes* (Rock Cod, etc.), however, as last admitted by him, are species which differ as widely or more widely in this respect than some of his families. His generic diagnosis is indeed a complex of blunders. The genus *Sebastes* is said to have "one dorsal with 12 or 13 spines," and "vertebræ more than *twenty-four*" (p. 413). "About twenty species are known," it is added. Of these, however, only two ("*S. norvegicus*, *S. viviparus*") "have more than twenty-four vertebræ," and those two have normally *fifteen* dorsal spines, while the others having "twelve or thirteen spines" have *not* "more than twenty-four" vertebræ. The combination signalized by Guenther does not exist.

Dr. Guenther recognizes an "order" (*Acanthopterygii Pharyngognathi*) *solely* because its representatives have "the lower pharyngeals coalesced" (p. 529). Nevertheless, in the *genus Sciæna*, referred to the "order" of typical Acanthopterygii (p. 429) he has confounded two forms ("*Sc. oscula*" and *Sc. Richardsonii*," the "Sheepshead" of the lakes), which have "the lower pharyngeals coalesced" earlier and more completely than some of his Acanthopterygii Pharyngognathi.—It may be remarked, *en passant*, that other so-called typical "Acanthopterygii" which are truly "pharyngognathous" are *Pogonias* (p. 427), *Gerres* (p. 38?), and *Myriodon* (p. 383).

We may now ask, in the name of both science and common sense (1) *why* characters which are regarded by the same author as of *ordinal*, or at least family, value *are not of generic* value in the cases referred to, or, it may be (2) *Why* characters which are not regarded as of *generic*—or at least of not more than generic value—are used *to differentiate orders*. As a matter of fact, in each case important modifications of structure are associated with the ones noted; and not only are the characters of moment and readily recognizable, but the physiognomy is distinct, and differentiates the respective types from those with which they are confounded. But it must be added that on the other hand the characters in question can not be used to diagnose major groups.

One other example of another kind of error must suffice. Dr. Guenther distinguishes the "orders" Acanthopterygii and Anacanthini solely on account of the development of spines in the vertical and ventral fins of the former, and their absence in the latter. There is no such difference between the constituents of the groups in question as is claimed; and closely allied forms, belonging to the same family, are separated among two orders and respectively associated with types with which they have little affinity. The cel-pout of the markets (*Zoarces*) is referred to the Acanthopterygii and the family Blennioidæ, although the author himself admits that it has "no other fin-spines" than a few near the caudal, without apparently appreciating the falsification of the system the facts: the nearly-related *Lycodes* is interjected among the Anacanthini. As a matter of fact there are no major structural differences between the two and where one goes the other must follow.

Dr. Guenther's want of familiarity with the former usage of ichthyologists has sometimes led him into amusing mistakes.

For instance, Cuvier (Hist. Nat. des Poissons, t. i., p. 55) proposed to place the subgeneric name within parentheses after the generic, "par exemple: *Perca (labrax) lupus*, *Perca (labrax) lineatus*, etc." Temminck and Schlegel, acting on this suggestion, but omitting the parentheses, called the *Perca (labrax) Japonicus*, *Perca-labrax Japonicus*, without the slightest intention of distinguishing it from *Labrax*, but evidently recognizing in it a species of the sub-genus *Labrax* and genus *Perca*. Bleeker subsequently differentiated it as a peculiar generic type—*Lateolabrax*. Nevertheless our learned author has sagely given the name *Percalabrax* to the genus, as if Temminck and Schlegel had actually founded and characterized it! He did this in 1859, but has not yet learned that he committed the blunder so evident to one familiar with ichthyological literature.

As it has been shown that in every "order" of typical physoclyst fishes there are genera which exhibit characters in diametrical contrast with those proposed as diagnostic of the orders, it necessarily follows, not only that such characters are of little moment for major classification, but that the use of the volume as an aid to "zoologists" or "travellers" for identification must be comparatively small. Its usefulness is still further reduced and the difficulties of identification enhanced by the entire absence of analytical synopses and the paucity of illustrations of family types.

As we have confined our examination to genera and the consequences flowing from their treatment, it is proper to add that the defects of the author's mode of treatment of scientific subjects ramify into every branch of inquiry to a greater or less extent. That which is most free from error and which is really quite rich in details that have hitherto only appeared in scientific periodicals of limited circulation, or not been elsewhere published, is the portion (chapter 21) devoted to "The Fishes of the Deep Sea." This is well worthy the attention of all interested in Ichthyology. The other chapters must be consulted with extreme caution and reserve.

THEO. GILL.

*An Introduction to the Study of Fishes. By Albert C. L. G. Guenther. Edinburg: Adam & Charles Black, 1880.

A SMART SPARROW—Wauseon, O.—A number of English sparrows nest in the galvanized iron front in the bank building in this town. To-day one got its foot caught in a A-shaped slat in the iron, and set up a loud cry. Another bird flew up, caught it by the head and tried to pull it out, failing in this it flew inside, braced on the iron and attempted to pull it in, catching the bird with its bill by the head. This was also a failure, and the bird again flew outside, caught the captive by the head with its bill as before, and flying upwards, raised the bird out of the trap and set it at liberty. I call this very close to reason—if not there.—H.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

FRESH WATER.

Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus.*
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus.*
Maskalonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike)
Stizostethium americanum, *S. griseum*, etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chænobryttus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus corporalis.*
Shad, *Alosa sapidissima.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Weakfish or Squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
La Fayette or Spot, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciænops ocellatus.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfisher or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

THE following is the official record of the fly-casting tournament last week at Coney Island:

The judges were Mr. Lucius Moses, of Marcellus; Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Charles F. Murphy, of Newark, N. J. Mr. James Geddes, of Syracuse, acted as referee. After consultation, it was decided to enforce the rules to the letter and give the allowance of five feet on distance to each foot of rod short of the longest one used, none in the single-handed contests to exceed eleven and a half nor be less than nine and a half feet in length, and in the salmon contest not to exceed twenty feet, and in the bass not to exceed nine nor be less than seven feet. For other rules see FOREST AND STREAM of June 16.

THE SALMON CASTING.

Thursday, June 23, at 10 A. M.—1st Prize—One split-bamboo salmon rod, eighteen feet in length, in three pieces, with two tips, in grooved case and sack, especially constructed for this contest and donated by B. F. Nichols & Co., 36 Beach street, Boston. Value, $50.

2d Prize—One fly-rod, reel and line, donated by Peck & Snyder, 124 Nassau street, New York. Value, $25.

3d Prize—Five dollars gold ($5)

4th Prize—One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, by Fred Mather, $4.

The following gentlemen entered and cast in the order of their names:

Harry Pritchard, Washington Gun Club, Brooklyn.
Reuben Wood, Onondaga Fishing Club, Syracuse.
Ira Wood, Onondaga Fishing Club, Syracuse.
Frank P. Dennison, Onondaga Sportsman's Association, Syracuse.

There was a very light air stirring from the south, across the cast, but not enough to make it advisable to cast with or against it while Mr. Pritchard cast, but by the time Ira Wood was called to the score it veered to the eastward and strengthened a very little. He asked permission to cast from that end of the pond, because the buoy line was near the south side, where the judges sat, and he being a left-handed caster found difficulty in laying his line near the buoys from the west end. This was granted, and the score was made and prizes awarded in the following order:

	Length of Rod. ft. in.	Length of Le'd'r. ft. in.	Longest Cast. ft.	Allowance. ft. in.	Cast as counted. ft.
R. Wood.....	17 6	10 0	110	—	110
J. Wood.....	17 6	10 0	101	—	101
H. Pritchard....	15 3	10 5	91	9 2	100 2-12
F. B. Dennison..	17 6	10 0	94	—	94

The points scored were:

	Distance.	Style.	Accuracy.	Total.
1st Prize—R. Wood.....	60	25	15	100
2d Prize—J. Wood.....	51	18	8	77
3d Prize—H. Pritchard.....	50	15	7	72
4th Prize—F. B. Dennison ...	44	10	5	59

BASS CASTING.

This contest was held in "Cuttyhunk style," *i.e.*, with a rod from seven to nine feet in length, and a weight reeled up near the tip of the rod and cast. The contestants all cast

with the same weight, which was one ounce. The following were the prizes:

1st Prize—One split bamboo striped bass rod with steel pivot, rubber and German silver reel, filled with twenty-one thread linen line; rod silver-mounted and in fine case. Donated by J. F. Marsters, 55 Court street, Brooklyn. Value, $75.

2d Prize—Automatic reel, with hard rubber discs, gold mounted and appropriately inscribed and decorated. Donated by Loomis & Plumb, Syracuse. Value, $50.

3d Prize—Five dollars gold ($5).

4th Prize—One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, by Fred Mather, $4.

The entries were:

Frank Endicott, Richmond Co. Game and Fish Protective Association. Rod, 7 ft. 2 in.

John Williamson, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. Rod, 8 ft. 11 in.

W. L. B. Stears, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. Rod 8 ft. 11 in.

After some discussion it was decided to allow distance for length of rod in this class as in the others. The score was:

	Actual cast. Ft. in.	Allowance. Ft. in.	C'stas'm't'd Ft. in.
1st Prize—John Williamson	178 6	—	178 6
2d Prize—Capt. Stears	156 6	—	156 6
3d Prize—Frank Endicott	136 0	8 ½	144 ½

Mr. Endicott was awarded the fourth prize for the accuracy with which he cast, in addition to the third given him for distance.

TROUT OR BLACK BASS FLY CASTING.

Of the three classes in this division it was decided to call class C, first in order to give the amateurs a chance to enter in the other contests from which winners of certain prizes were barred. Promptly at 3 P. M. entries were called for

CLASS C—AMATEUR.

Open to all who never won a prize at any contest at this or a previous convention of this association.

1st Prize—One Leonard split bamboo "Catskill" fly rod, gold mounted, with Mills & Sons' best rubber click reel, filled with their "standard" enameled water proof fly line. Donated by William Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, New York. Value, $60.

2d Prize—One trunk rod, with reel and line complete; rod silver-mounted and in fine case. Donated by J. Marsters, 55 Court street, Brooklyn. Value, $25.

3d Prize—One "Henshall" black bass rod, with extra second joint and three tips. Donated by S. W. Goodridge, Grafton, Vt. Value, $15.

4th Prize—One elegantly-bound copy of Dore's "Ancient Mariner." Donated by Harper Brothers, Franklin Square, New York. Value, $10.

5th Prize—One expensively-bound copy of "Pastoral Days" (W. H Gibson). Donated by Harper Brothers. Value, 10.

6th Prize—One oil painting—"Quail Seeking Refuge from Stress of Weather." Donated by Henry W. Abbott, 11 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, Mass. Value, —.

7th Prize—One hundred cigars. Donated by F. W. Mertens & Son, 175 South street, New York. Value, $10.

8th Prize—Five dollars gold ($5).

9th Prize—One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. Donated by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., through Fred Mather. Value, $4.

The following were the entries and order of casting:

W. Holberton, N. Y. City Association for Protection of Fish and Game. Rod, 11 ft. 7 in.

C. A. Bryan, Fountain Gun Club, Brooklyn. Rod, 11 ft, 2½ in.

M. E. Elmendorf, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. Rod. 11 ft. 3½ in

J. S. Plumb, Onondaga Fishing Club, Syracuse. Rod, 11 ft. 3½ in.

Frank Endicott, Richmond County Association for Protection of Fish and Game. Rod, 10 ft. 11 in.

G. S. Hier, Onandaga Fishing Club, Syracuse. Rod, 10 ft. 10 in.

J. A. Nichols, Onondaga Fish Club. Rod, 10 ft. 6 in.

The score was:

	Cast. ft. in.	Allowance. ft. in.	Total. ft. in.	Wind. Miles per hr.	Wind. Pressure per sq. ft.
W. Holberton	64	—	64	1½	.015
C. A Bryan	45	1 5½	46 5½	2	.02
M. E. Elmendorf	57	1 1½	58 1½	4½	.08
J. S. Plumb	64	1 1½	65 1½	2½	.025
F. Endicott	58	3 11	61 11	2½	.025
G. S. Hier	67 6	3 4	70 10	1½	.015
J. A. Nichols	54	5	59	3½	.045

The judges took no note of the wind. The following is their scale of points.

	Distance.	Style.	Accuracy.	Total.
1st Prize—G. S. Hier	60	25	15	100
2d Prize—F. Endicott	53	25	15	93
3d Prize—C. A. Bryan	39	25	15	79
4th Prize—M. E Elmendorf	50	12	15	77
5th Prize—W. Holberton	55	6	15	76
6th Prize—J. A. Nichols	50	9	15	74
7th Prize—J. S. Plumb	55	12	6	73

CLASS B.

Open to all members except those who have won a first prize at this or a previous convention in a casting contest open to all.

1st Prize—Two rods (trout and bass), all lancewood and gold mountings; each rod consisting of one butt, two second joints, different weights, and three tips, with extra bamboo tip case. All in handsome black walnut case, lined with velvet and bound with bands of silver. Specially made for this occasion and donated by Fred D. Divine, 76 State street, Utica. Value, $75.

2d Prize—One split bamboo fly rod with click-reel, and one Holberton's full length fly book with improved Hyde clips and Russia leather cover. Donated by Conroy, Bissett & Malleson, 65 Fulton street, New York. Value, $40.

3d Prize—One pair Mackintosh wading pants and one Hallock hunting coat. Donated by Goodyear's Manufacturing Company, 488, 490 and 492 Broadway, New York. Value, $40.

4th Prize—Five dollars gold ($5).

5th Prize—One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. Donated by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company through Fred Mather, $4.

The entries were:

F. Arrowsmith, Monroe County Club, Rochester. Rod, 11 ft. 6 in.

H. Pritchard, Washington Gun Club, Brooklyn. Rod, 11 ft. 3 in

F. Endicott, Richmond County Protective Association. Rod. 10 ft. 11 in.

W. Holberton, N. Y. City Protective Association. Rod, 11 ft. 6 in.

F. B. Dennison, Onondaga Sportsman's Club. Rod, 10 ft. 10 in.

The score stood:

	Cast. ft. in.	Allowance. ft. in.	Total. ft. in.	Wind. Miles per hr.	Wind. Pressure per sq. ft.
T. Arrowsmith	73	—	73	3½	.045
H. Prichard	76	1.3	77.3	6½	.18
T. Endicott	62	2.11	64.11	3½	.045
W. Holberton	70	—	70	5½	.13
F. B. Dennison	67.6	3.4	70.10	2½	.04

The casting was with the wind, which was so light that the judges did not order them to cast against it. The points made were:

	Distance.	Style.	Accuracy	Total.
1st Prize—H. Pritchard	60	25	15	100
2d Prize—T. Arrowsmith	55	25	15	95
3d Prize—T. Endicott	52	25	15	92
4th Prize—W. Holberton	53	20	15	88
5th Prize—F. B. Dennison	54	15	15	84

CLASS A—CHAMPION.

Open to all members of the Association. 1st Prize—Fishing tackle, to be selected by the winner, of the value of $50. Donated by Charles F. Imbrie, of Abbey and Imbrie, 48 Maiden Lane, New York, $50.

Second Prize—One green-heart fly rod with click, reel and water-proof line. Donated by J. B. Crook & Co., 50 Fulton street, New York. Value $35.

3d Prize—One split bamboo fly rod, german silver mounted, cane wound butt, two tips with bamboo tip case, rubber click reel and fly line. Donated by W. M. Cornwall, 18 Warren street, New York. Value, $25.

4th Prize—Five dollars gold, $5.

5th Prize—One years' subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. Donated by the FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Company, through Fred Mather, $4.

The entries were:

I. Wood, Syracuse. Rod, 10 ft. 1 in.

R. Wood, Syracuse. Rod, 10 ft. 1 in.

H Pritchard, Brooklyn. Rod, 11 ft. 3 in.

T Arrowsmith, Rochester. Rod, 11 ft 6 in.

The score was:

	Cast. ft.	Allowance. ft. in.	Total. ft.	Wind. Miles per hr.	Wind. Pressure per sq. ft.
Ira Wood	67	6 3	73.3	1½	.015
R. Wood	75	6.3	81.3	9-10	.01
H. Pritchard	74	1.3	75.3	1½	.016
T. Arrowsmith	72	—	72	1½	.015

As before, the wind was so light that the cast was made with it, the judges not thinking it worth while to cast against it, hence the 30 points allowed for and against the wind were consolidated and the points scored were:

	Distance.	Style.	Accuracy	Total.
1st Prize, R. Wood	60	25	15	100
2d Prize, H. Pritchard	55	25	15	95
3d Prize, J. Arrowsmith	54	10	15	79
4th Prize, I. Wood	54	10	6	70

SWEEPSTAKES.

Free to all who have cast in any of the foregoing contests without payment of fee. One prize, a Leonard gold-mounted split bamboo salmon rod, 16 feet long, weighing 27 ounces. Donated by W. H. Hopson, of New Haven, Conn.; value, $75.

Messrs. H. Pritchard, Reuben and Ira Wood and Frank Endicott entered for this contest. Mr. Endicott withdrew, and after making a few casts Ira Wood gave it up. The contest then remained between Reuben Wood and Harry Pritchard. The wind had died to almost a dead calm, the anemometer registering only from two-fifths of a mile to one mile and two-tenths per hour. The rules were: Any practicable single-handed trout rod under twelve feet in length and no allowance for distance, style and accuracy not to count, but the prize to go to the longest cast. Reuben Wood won in 75 feet to Mr. Pritchard's 74. The latter gentleman got out 75 feet, but did not retrieve his line and hence the cast was not allowed.

We, the undersigned, acknowledge the above to be the official score.

(Signed) LUCIUS MOSES, EUGENE G. BLACKFORD, } Judges.
CHARLES F. MURPHY,
JAMES GEDDES, Referee.
FRED. MATHER, Director of Fly-casting.

Of the rods used, it may be well to say that Mr. Pritchard used a green-heart rod of his own make, as did Mr. Bryan. The others used split-bamboo, mainly from Nichols, Boston. Mr. Nichols was on hand with a stock and offered caste as a choice—an offer that some who came without rods available themselves of. The local press reports must have erred in some respect to have called out the following letter:

NEW YORK, June 25, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Through some misunderstanding the press has not reported the fact that my salmon rod (with which I took first prize at the tournament) was one of "Abbey & Imbrie's Best." It is the best rod I ever handled, and I think that my friend Imbrie should have the credit due him. R. WOOD.

THE FLY-CASTING—New York, June 27.—As a witness of the late fly-casting tournament I wish to find fault. Not with its judges nor its manager, but with the New York Association. Mr. Mather promised to lift it out of the rut from a mere side-show to one of the principal features, and he succeeded as far as lay in his power. But look at the prizes! Nothing worth over $75. Then look at the pigeon-shooters getting prizes worth thousands! Compare the two arts and see which is the more of an art. Which is the more scientific, the neater and more gentlemanly? Now let the new managers at Niagara Falls improve on this, and we will see an interest awakened that little prizes of fishing-rods can never awake.—FLY-CASTER.

OQUOSSOC ANGLING ASSOCIATION.—The officers elected at the annual meeting, June 1, 1881, were: A. D. Lockwood, President, Providence, R. I.; James A. Williamson, Secretary and Treasurer, 119 Liberty street, New York City. Weston Lewis, Vice-President, 55 Sumner street, Boston. Trustees: A. D. Lockwood, George P. Rowell, Francis H. Leggett, Adon Smith, Frank H. Lovell, James A. Williamson, Charles W. Hersey, Weston Lewis, William P. Frye. I. N. Packard, Superintendent, P. O., Indian Rock, Maine. By the laws of Maine, the fishing season for land-locked salmon and trout commences May 1, and closes September 30; excepting that the South Bog Stream, the Rangeley Stream, from Howard's Dam at the outlet to the Kennebago Stream, the Cupsuptic Stream, above the lower falls, and the Benis Stream, are closed after June 30, and the Kennebago Stream is closed September 1.

THE CARP AS AN ANGLER'S FISH.

AS nothing is known of carp angling in America, we take pleasure in quoting a chapter on this subject from "The Practical Fisherman," a book just published in England by Mr. J. Harrington Keene, a well-known angler, naturalist and fishculturist. He says:

It being an exceedingly wary fish, the capture of a large carp may be fitly ranked among the *notabilia* of fishing. Nevertheless, carp are sometimes curiously voracious when of small and medium size. Thus, in the heat of a dead still summer day, I have succeeded in taking nine dozen of these fish, varying from ½ lb. to 2 lb. Such takes are, however, I confess, exceptional, and it is curious to note that they only occur in the case of small or comparatively small carp, which, presumably, have not lived long enough to mature the wisdom of which they constitutionally possess the germs.

I have known in my experience some curious vagaries in the taking, etc., of baits by large carp, and still stranger behavior when hooked. Of the former I may mention a sudden fit of voracity which prompted a six-pounder to take no less than three potatoes and hooks belonging to three different anglers, myself included. We, of course, held the customary disputation as to whom the fish belonged, but I claimed it on the strength of my bait and hook being the deepest down in the gullet. I have read of a similar instance somewhere, and can quite believe it to be true. I have on several occasions taken small carp with the minnow when fishing for perch. When a large carp is hooked it has some very curious ideas as to behavior. On several occasions I have had the line severed by the sharp spine in the back fin, and once I landed a fish properly hooked, but who in his unsuccessful endeavors to get the gut across the aforesaid spine, had wound the line round and round its body so inextricably as to allow of its being landed tail first. Fortunately, the tackle was stronger than usual.

The tackle I use is of the finest description. The gut is usually a part of a fine fly-cast, in length about 4ft. or 5ft. The float—for it is ordinarily better to use a float—is a light quill. On the lower part of the gut, at about a foot or so from the hook, I attach a couple of large split shots. The float is so adjusted that while one of the shots lies *on* the bottom, the other just deflects it from its horizontal position on the surface. The bait is a well-scoured cockspur or red worm, and is impaled on a medium-sized hook. Of course the bait lies on the bottom. The rod should now be sustained in position by means of the spike or a notched stick, and the angler, if possible, should retire beyond it and watch. As soon as he sees the float assume an upright position the rod should be taken cautiously, and as soon as the fish has taken it away, say a few inches in a decided manner, it is time to strike with firmness and decision. The first rushes of the fish must be controlled with equal firmness and discretion, lest a "smash up" result. I have never know this kind of tackle to fail if used judiciously. The line and rod should be fine and light.

The baits, as might have been supposed by the variety of food in which *Cyprinus carpio* indulges, are many, and require discrimination in their general ordering, as, indeed, they do for all fishes. More especially, however, is it necessary to cleanse the worms from all impurity, and to scour the gentles, if the latter be used. The first-named baits are much the best, in my opinion, for general carp fishing; and although it is certain that failure of sport must sometimes occur, yet I can safely say that when fishing in carp ponds I have never failed to get a fair day's sport by judicious baiting and careful fishing.

In order to give the reader some idea of the nature of carp angling, I may be allowed to briefly narrate my own experience in the capture of a 9 lb. fish. It is well known among anglers that some enormous carp are to be found in Virginia Water, Windsor great park, and I have seen them on calm, bright summer mornings basking at the surface with just the back fin above water, rather resembling logs of wood than fish. I had for a long time coveted one of these beauties, and for hours over a pipe had pondered the ways and means, till, to quote Hood, my "heart was sick and the brain benumbed." I had gut tackle, fine twist lines, suitable rods galore, but a problem still eluded solution, and that problem was how to get the bait to them. It must be borne in mind that their basking water was usually quite two hundred yards either way from land. Of course the punt was at my service, but the difficulty was approaching within fishing distance. Immediately one got nearer than about thirty yards they were *non est*. After much consideration, however, I decided to try once again with different tactics. Behold me, therefore, reader, on the morrow, just as the "eyelids of the morning" were opening, equipped with a Wells four-joint trout rod, a fine twist line, a spring reel and fine three-yard gut cast, to which was attached a single No. 6 hook, wending my way toward the lake. This reached, I was soon within fifty yards of the leviathans, slowly patrolling the water beneath the bright sunbeams, and, after carefully dropping the weight into thirty feet of water, I sat down quietly to arrange the tackle. A breeze was softly rippling the water, and my idea was to float the light tackle to the wily fish, and trust to my skill in hooking and playing one at that great distance. My bait was a fresh green pea, which I now extracted from its pod and impaled on the hook so as to almost completely hide the shank, but leaving the point just through. Taking a large chestnut leaf that happened to lie in the punt, I stipped the gut through its centre, so that it would form a sort of kite or sail for my bait. Raising, then, the rod aloft, and rapidly letting the line run from the reel. I had the satisfaction of watching the gradual approach of my bait to the as yet unsuspicious carp. Slowly onward it went through the air for twenty yards, and then softly dropped on the water, to be borne on a stream precisely to where the huge fishes lay. At last the shoal was reached, and, retained by my line, the bait and leaf remained stationary—some few seconds fraught with terrible suspense. And on a sudden down went the leaf, the line tightened, and a terrific rush told that a *Cyprinus carpio* had found his match. Now came the Greek-to-Greek combat. Right and left in turn, now down to the bottom, anon quite at the surface, was the fight prolonged; but, as far as Master Carp was concerned, it was in vain. After an hour's good sport—such sport as I never but once before experienced—he was landed, scaling 9½ lbs. He was probably one of the smallest of those whose black

fins I had seen. I have simply given this episode as illustrative of the difficulties one has to overcome sometimes in carp fishing. Of course, when carp are near to spawning, and shortly after, when they are close together and jostling each other with affectionate demonstration, it is a matter of little difficulty to catch them, but given the exigencies of the example I cite, and the carp indeed proves himself a "wit."

It has been the usual custom of writers on angling to connect the carp and tench under one category: Why, I know not. The same mistake is made in regard to roach and dace, but of this I shall have to speak in another chapter. There are certainly some points of similarity physiologically between carp and tench, such as power of endurance of heat and cold, but to the angler proper they are as different in habits as chalk is from cheese, to use a homely metaphor. Carp ever bite best during the early hours of morning, and tench are generally best "on" toward evening. Carp can be taken best during the early summer months. I have known good tench biting freely on a dull January day with the wind due east. I have, however, never caught carp under such circumstances.

In giving general directions to such anglers as are not experienced in carp fishing, let me impress one or two indisputable truths on them for their guidance. Fish with the lightest tackle compatible with strength; never use a large, long-shanked hook; cover the shank of the hook when baiting; let the bait rest on the bottom; let the fish have the bait while you count five; give plenty of time to kill the fish; your hook will never tear out of the gristly mouth; put no shots near the hook; and finally, when a fish is hooked, keep perfectly cool and deliberate.

The most useful bait for general fishing is the lob worm or the red worm; next to these I like a bluebottle fly. Of this bait Mr. Bakey says: "No matter how small your hook, it must be put across the body just under the wings." For large carp, as I have indicated, the green pea, cherry, green corn or new potatoes may be used with success. It is necessary to use a small triangle hook for the latter bait, putting it on by means of a baiting needle, thus hiding the hook completely and giving your fish time to pouch, or at least to pass it beyond the teeth in the throat before referred to.

It is highly necessary sometimes to ground bait the spot you intend to fish. The following preparation has been recommended, but I imagine that most experienced anglers will readily perceive that it errs from extreme elaboration: Take a quantity of well cooked veal, a handful of oatmeal, and a little honey; bruise them in a mortar, mix them to a thin paste or batter with new milk and a few grains of assafœtida. Crush down in a mortar a quantity of worms, gentles, slugs and some lumps of the most tallowy cheese you can find, thicken the veal batter with this compound, and then roll it up into little balls; these balls must be thrown into a compost of tallow greaves and grains steeped in bullock's blood, and the entire mess sunk in the place some hours before fishing. This is Blakey's prescription. There are no less than twelve ingredients, besides trouble of procuring and compounding, and after all has been faithfully done one may go out, as I did on one occasion, after mixing up this unspeakable mess—and tell it not in Gath—catch nothing.

The best and simplest ground bait I know of is pearl barley or even boiled rice, using boiled pearl barley or a red worm for the hook bait. I have usually found that immediately after a thunderstorm is a good time to fish; and let it not be forgotten that the early bird ever gets the pick of the worms, or, as in this case, fishes.

In conclusion of these remarks on carp I may be allowed to jot down a few recorded weights of these fish. I have myself seen them of 18 lb., but according to Donovan they attain a prodigious weight in Germany. He says: "One was taken at Dertz which weighed 38 lb. In Prussia they frequently weigh 40 lb., and in the Volga they are 5 ft. long. One caught near Frankfort-on-the-Oder was 9 ft. long and 5 ft. in circumference, weighing 70 lb. Lake Zug, in Switzerland, produes carp of 90 lb.; and in the Dniester some had been taken of which knife handles are made with the scales. Carp do not arrive at this prodigious size until they are of a very advanced age." I should think not.

THE AUTOMATIC REEL ON GREENWOOD LAKE.

NEWARK, N. J.

I HAD all my traps packed for a trip into the North Woods, when my companion announced to me his inability to go. He had a case in court which he must attend, as he could not get it postponed. Not liking to go alone, I decided to spend a week at Greenwood Lake, and make the Adirondack trip later in the season. I drove up with my old friend and angling companion, Grant J. Wheeler, of Montclair. It was a lovely drive, though we took a somewhat roundabout course. Stopping at De Graw's at the Lake Side House, we had time to select our rooms, get ourselves settled and still to have a few hours' fishing before supper. Mr. Wheeler had taken no tackle, but was to use mine, as I had two rods with me. The rod I was using was of split bamboo, weight just six ounces. The butt was nineteen years old, the middle joint and tip new, Charley Murphy made it, and no more need be said. I had just received the new automatic reel, which I had tried on trout but not on bass. I think the reel is a grand success. I was delighted with its action. It was impossible for a fish to get slack line. I could reel in the heaviest bass with one hand without touching rod or reel with the other. I think the reel adds new zest to the sport when using so light a rod, and certainly takes off one-half the strain from the rod. With the automatic reel the ordinary light trout rod is strong enough for any bass. I had a strong prejudice against it; did not like its appearance, and was sure I should not like it, because in a measure it revolutionizes the mode of angling. But after a week's trial on heavy fish I think that it is just splendid.

A number of gentlemen anglers saw the reel at work, and all expressed approval. I am not interested in any manner for this reel, except that I hail all the improvements in angling implements with pleasure. All the great improvements are the work of the last forty years. The split bamboo rod, the many excellent trolling spoons, the patent enamelled waterproof silk line, the Mackintosh wading suits and many others so familiar to the fisherman, and so necessary to his comfort, are of recent invention.

It being unlawful to take black bass in New Jersey before July 1, we were compelled to do our bass fishing above the State line. But we could troll for pickerel as much as we pleased. The week proved very stormy; two days I could not fish, as it blowed hard enough to blow a boat out of water. When we could stay on the water we found no trouble in taking plenty of fish. We were fortunate in securing the services of James M. Cofair, who was very attentive to our wants, and knows the fishing-ground thoroughly. Jimmy has a raft and shanty, with sleeping accommodations for four persons. Parties wishing his services must engage them some time ahead, as he is in much demand. I only took a few bass with flies, but a gang of hooks with large, live minnow was too much for them to resist. I took fifty-two in one day to my rod alone, and all good fish, the largest three and a half pounds, the smallest a pound and a half.

I know of no really good fishing so handy to New York and easy of access as Greenwood Lake. The bass run as large as the Adirondack or Canada bass. Any experienced fisherman should get at least thirty bass a day. When the law for bass in Jersey expires the catch will doubtless be much larger.

There are many hotels on the lake, some stylish and expensive, others plain and cheap. The Lake Side House is beautifully located, and convenient to the fishing grounds, just at the State line, and opposite to the last station of the train.

There is a movement on foot to commemorate Frank Forester by creating the Warwick Woodlands into a park. This will be a good move, and make the lake very popular. Should this be carried out, a host of Western sportsmen would make a pilgrimage to the park to see the spot made famous by Herbert's writings. T. S. M

SALMON IN CANADA.

WE invite communications on the subject of the run of salmon in Canadian rivers. They will be valuable as showing the dates of arrival of the runs this year as compared to last, when they were not only scarce but late. The following letters, which we print by permission of Prof. Baird, are important and it will be noticed that the second one qualifies the first in regard to the numbers of the fish:

MATAPEDIA, June 19, 1881.—"The run of fish has been the largest ever known, and began about the 10th of June; slacked off and has started again. All the fish in Mowatt's freezer up to the 16th, average twenty-six and a half pounds, and a lot of 150 or thereabouts put in yesterday average twenty-seven pounds. We have taken twenty-five here, and they run larger than usual and are fresh and perfect, not like those last year. On the Great Camtapedia three rods killed fifty-two, all as fine as ever came into that river."—H.

STEAMER OFF GASPE BAY, Chaleurs, June 22.—Mr. Mowatt must have misunderstood me, for I find, though the run of fish is very large in size, it is small in numbers all along this bay, and the netmen tell me it is going to be a bad season and probably the most of the fish will run late, as they did last year, late in August after their nets are up. I am sorry I misunderstood Mowatt. H.

RESTIGOUCHE SALMON.—Just as we go to press we are shown a fine salmon, taken by Mr. Gilbert E. Jones of the Restigouche Salmon Club. It is three feet eight and a quarter inches in length and weighs 38 lbs. Mr. Jones reports the season as opening good, but the extra amount of logs running in the river interferes with fishing. We will give his score next week.

TIM POND TROUT FISHING.

LAST season as I unjointed my faithful bamboo at Middle Dam I said to the "Deacon," "There are too many people here; what with a steamboat profaining the once peaceful waters of the lake, guide-books and excursion tickets, they are getting too thick for comfort, and I quite agree with Steve Morse that this fishing 'needs a rest.' Next year we must, like Daniel Boone, 'move on,' and I guess we had better try Tim Pond that you have been talking so much about."

So this year I corresponded with the "Deacon," a veteran, who has been casting his flies on Rangeley waters for thirty-five years, and found that he had made up a party for the headwaters of the Kennebec. But as I wanted to try Tim Pond, and being further moved and incited thereto by an article in FOREST AND STREAM, of May 19, I took unto myself three congenial spirits, and started at 7:30 A. M. from Boston, reaching Farmington the same evening at about five; took supper at the hotel there, and then by stage to Kingfield over a good road, arriving at the latter place at 9 P. M. We found the hotel of which your former correspondent wrote, burned to the ground, but another one had been improvised near by where we secured quarters (four in a room) for the night, and next morning at eight o'clock we were rolling along the banks of the beautiful Carybassett River for Eustis.

And right here I will stop to corroborate all that J. W. T. said as to the road, and the scenery which includes the Carybassett River—not Conybassett as your types made it in the article referred.

We arrived at Smith's Farm at 3 P. M., as hungry as sharks after our ride through the mountains. Found Mr. Smith waiting to receive us, and after a dinner of country style (at which broiled chicken did not figure as I had wagered that it would) we started for the pond over the roughest "carry," with one exception, that I ever saw. That one is the twenty-six miles from Booneville, N. Y., into the camp on First Lake. We found good tight cabins with the fragrant hemlock boughs for beds, and with some arrangement of our private mosquito nets slept the sleep of the just.

We stayed a week in camp, and fished every day but Sunday, and while I cannot go so far in my praise of the fishing as J. W. T., yet I will say that the fishing is good

The size is disappointing to one who has spent several seasons in the Adirondacks and the Rangeley region.

Our largest was one and one-half pounds, and we caught several weighing from three-quarters to one pound. But I must say that I never caught trout that gave so much sport or fought so hard, for their size, in my life. Several times when a three-quarters of a pound fish was hooked the other three rods would suspend work to see the sport. Twice I was splashed from head to foot by trout that took my flies near the boat. And we had as much sport as we wanted. There seems to be no limit to the number of the fish.

We noticed two distinct varieties in the pond. One was the regular Rangeley trout, broad, square tail, dark belly and bronzed sides, and the other with the tail more forked, milk-white belly and more silvery sides, more like the Adirondack trout. Of the two I think the latter showed the most game, though they are smaller in size.

With a cold northwester blowing the day we came out, we were glad to put on heavy topcoats, and thought within ourselves "How splendidly that chest of fish will keep this cold day." And it did.

Finally, if any of your readers want good fly fishing and plenty of it, and are not too extravagant in their ideas as to size of fish, they can surely find it at Tim Pond. They can find besides a good clean camp, good fare, and what, I think, is equally dear to the true sportsman, the most magnificent scenery of lake and mountain and the sense of communion with Nature in her wildest and freest moods. And if their experience is like mine, they will find the proprietor of the camp, Mr. Kennedy Smith, and his stalwart son, ready to do everything in their power to make their stay pleasant and successful. SPLIT BAMBOO.

CURING FISH.

MANY anglers when on long trips in the woods wish to preserve their catch, or when at the seaside and have a lot of fish which are worth taking home wish to cure them, but lacking experience often fail. We give the following from Mr. Edmund Ryan, Chief Inspector of Pickled Fish and Oil for the County of Halifax, N. S., to the *Chronicle*:

In the first place, when dressing mackerel, dress them as fresh as possible, and in some cases, when you have to take a large quantity out of your seines, put on a large crew. Then select a good splitter and see that the fish are split to the tail.

2d. You must have plenty of water in your wash-tubs, and always give your mackerel two waters, and, if time three; and in no case throw mackerel twice in the same water. Every time you dip the mackerel out of your wash-tubs empty the water out of the tubs and half fill them again with clean water. Be careful not to throw your mackerel in the tubs until water is put in them. After washing and soaking them until they become clean and white, dip them out on your store floor and then salt them. Don't let them lie in bulk after being washed.

3d. When salting don't be sparing of the salt. Sometimes the fish remain longer in casks than we think from the time of salting, and, if scarce of salt, the fish will sour in them. It is just as necessary for fishermen to dress their fish clean and good as it is for the butcher to have his meat properly corned.

4th. You must have your mackerel, if you expect a market for them, well split and clean. When you go to pack them for market be careful and buy good barrels. It is too much the custom to buy the cheapest barrels, not looking to the quality. I regret to say some of our supplying merchants, as well as the fishermen, follow that custom also, and when remonstrated with they have told the fishermen to fill the barrels and send them and they will make them tight. But I can say that there are barrels, with fish put in them, that can't be made tight, and while such barrels are sold and bought we will have bad fish, more especially fat herring and mackerel; when fat fish are put into leaky barrels they are sure to become rusty. I trust the deputies under my department will see that mackerel will in all cases be packed in mackerel barrels; poor herring and alewives in herring barrels; fat split herring in medium size barrels; all poor fish to be packed with coarse salt, and all fat fish with fine salt; and lastly, every layer of fish in the barrel must be salted with good, clean salt, and be careful to put on a sufficient quantity.

ARE THEY YOUNG BLUEFISH?—Corpus Christi, Texas, June 17.—Last week I visited Corpus Pass an outlet from Corpus Christi Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and took part in hauling seine for pompano. We were not very successful with the fish sought for. The water being very clear they all jumped out over the top except one, but we caught large quantities of a fish I have known for many years under the name of "green mackerel," although I was satisfied it was a misnomer. One of the party who claims to know says they are the young of the bluefish, and I would not be surprised if he were correct, for although I have opened many hundred of these fish from time to time I never found any roe or eggs in one. They are a slim, forked-tail fish of from six to ten inches long, about three inches deep and from three-fourths to one inch thick, large mouth well filled with teeth, and bite anything within reach when caught. They eat shrimp and young mullet, and seem to go in large schools. They are dark green or blue on the top of the back shading to white underneath. They are covered with small scales, and die soon when taken from the water. They are found here only in spring and summer. I do not think they breed in this country as I have never seen one less than six inches long, which is their size when they first appear, nor over ten inches, which size they have attained by the latter part of the warm season. They make an excellent fish to fry for pan fish. They rarely come into the inner bays where the water is more or less sweetened and muddied by the fresh water from the rivers. I have known of these "green mackerel" since 1850, but have never been satisfied with the name. I never saw a bluefish unless these are the young of that species, and as I have heard that this question of where bluefish breed has been a vexed one I thought it possible that I had found out a clew for the wise ones to work on.—BEXAR.

BLACK BASS LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS—Wellfleet, Mass.—Four years ago one of our ponds—the Great pond in Wellfleet—was stocked with black bass. The fish were bought by one of the selectmen, he says in August, but others say in June, consequently it has led to argument on the subject. What is the duty of the selectmen of a town in connection with black bass? Can they give a permit to any inhabitant to fish, and if so, can they fix the price of such a permit, and is it optional with them whether they give a permit or not? Can you refer me to the law on that subject, if there is any? The commissioners recommended the fishing of the pond in four years, and I think the matter is left with the selectmen.—G. W. H.

You had better consult your fish commissioners. We have not the laws on the subject of ponds in your State which are leased or controlled by the selectmen.

MR. T. W. BISSETT, of the well-known firm of Conroy, Bissett and Malleson, sailed last Saturday for England to complete arrangements for the sale of their hexagonal split bamboo trout and salmon rods, reels, lines, etc. This firm have met with great success on the other side, and their goods are much sought after by the leading anglers there and have given great satisfaction.

MINNESOTA—Pittsburg, Todd County, June 21.—Yesterday morning, in one hour and fifteen minutes, I caught fifteen large fish, principally bass and wall-eyed pike. As yet, owing, perhaps, to the frequent rains and consequent muddy water, bass do not rise well to the fly.—J. F. LOCKE.

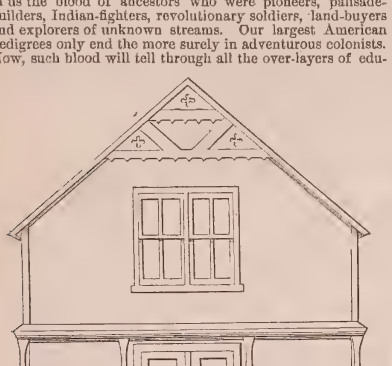
HOP BITTERS is a preventive and cure for Augue; it is your own fault if you have it.

[From the Christian Union.]

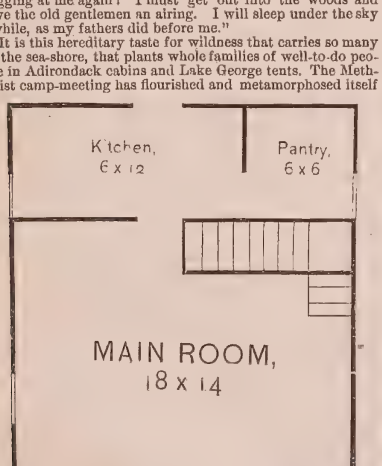
CAMP COTTAGES.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CAMPING is an indigenous recreation in America. The Englishman teaches us how to row and how to play cricket, of which base-ball is but an American counterpart. The excellent gymnasium and the "garden," often formed of three sickly pine trees and a brass band, are enjoyments of the German fellow-citizen. But "camping out" is nowhere else a common recreation as it is here. There is so little ground on which to pitch a tent in the old continent, and the danger of what Mr. Henry James calls a "vulgar drizzle" is ordinarily so imminent, that camping out is not likely to become popular there. Many of us Americans have in us the blood of ancestors who were pioneers, palisade-builders, Indian-fighters, revolutionary soldiers, land-buyers and explorers of unknown streams. Our largest American pedigrees only end the more surely in adventurous colonists. Now, such blood will tell through all the over-layers of education and social refinement. Your forefathers dwelt in booths in the wilderness and you must keep the feast of tabernacles once a year. The law of heredity drives you to some trout brook, or lake-side, or sea-shore. An old Virginia captain who fought at Yorktown a hundred years ago was my father's father; my mother's father built the first block-house on the Indiana bank of the Ohio River at the beginning of this century and had three horses shot under him while leading a company of "Rangers" in defense of the frontier settlement. Now, every summer I grow restive in town and I say to myself, "There! my two grandfathers tugging at me again! I must get out into the woods and give the old gentlemen an airing. I will sleep under the sky awhile, as my fathers did before me."



It is this hereditary taste for wildness that carries so many to the sea-shore, that plants whole families of well-to-do people in Adirondack cabins and Lake George tents. The Methodist camp-meeting has flourished and metamorphosed itself into a place of summer rest and recreation as the too-fervid religious temperature of the old institution has cooled down. The "apotheosized camp meeting," as Gilbert Haven used to call Martha's Vineyard, has given us the camp cottage, a cool little shell with floors and windows, but innocent of plastering and expensiveness—a sort of cross between a wigwam and a house.



There is no reason why the camp cottage should be confined to religious watering places and Sunday-school assemblies. It is just as handy for the solitary family or the social group in the mountains or by the lake. Here at Lake George Park a piece of mountainous and wooded lake shore is laid off for just such inexpensive cottages, without any religious or scientific purposes except those of health and recreation. There is here no camp-meeting or natural history school. We just rest and row, sun ourselves and fish, forgetting the cares and excitements of life in landscape beauty and good company.

I have thought that I might promote the founding of other such places of simple and inexpensive summer rest by describing the cottage at last decided upon by the proprietor of Lake George Park, after some trials of other kinds. It is the most commodious for the cost that I have seen. The cottage, indeed, needs no description, since the accompanying elevation and plans, though from unprofessional hands, give a very good notion of it. It is twenty feet in length by eighteen in breadth, and affords six rooms and a pantry. It is a story and a half high, but as the upper half story is rather a high one, and as there is no ceiling between bed-room and shingles, there is no lack of air-space or ventilation. The piazza relieves the square look which a cottage of this dimension would otherwise have, and the wide glass front doors afford light, air and lake view to the main room. The house may be built with matched siding or with upright siding and battened cracks. The lumber is dressed on both sides and the studding is likewise dressed, since there is no plastering to these light shells. In place of dados and decorations the sojourner can amuse himself with trying the effect of wild flowers, real reeds and flags, bitter sweet, swamp alder, or fragrant spruce boughs.

The reader will want to know the cost of such a house. Those hitherto erected here have been of a different pattern, this being the improved plan for this year, and I cannot get the precise cost. Then, too, the cost of building may be lower here than where you will want to build. I can only judge by the price charged for such a house, which, with the lot, is sold at Lake George Park for four hundred dollars, of which three hundred is perhaps the cost of the cottage. But you can cut down the size and decrease the number of rooms, and thus build your house for less.

If there were more of such places of rest as this they would put the most beautiful scenery and quiet repose in reach of many families of moderate means. Such cottage villages ought to exist in the Adirondacks and along the shores of Long Island and in the delta of the Wisconsin. They would no doubt pay the proprietors a good interest if managed with economy. At Lake George Park, which is yet little but a patch of forest and picturesque lake shore in virgin wildness, the projector finds a fair profit in renting such a cottage as the one illustrated in our drawings for fifty dollars, including necessary furniture for summer-cottage life. And what can be done here can almost be done in the Highlands of the Hudson or on the banks of Lake Michigan, though the prices are higher as you approach a city.

Lake George has suffered much from its reputation as a high-priced place, but there are few places where one can sojourn more cheaply if one knows how. If you go to the "Fort William Henry," the "Fort George" or "Crosby-side" you get excellent hotel accommodation at prices not too high for first-class hotels, but too high for people in moderate circumstances. You may, however, go down to Bolton, or over in the East Lake George region, and get good living for six or seven dollars a week. Across the lake from where we live, on the fashionable West Side, where the country is less wild and the drives better, I see summer dwellings fit for princes. But right among them are some beautiful, but more modest places, such as that of Mr. Randolph, the poet-publisher. If one can afford it, and likes such things, the West Side has many attractions, no doubt. But the lake is just as lovely and the mountain side is more picturesque on our shore, while there is certainly more liberty as to living and dressing in our woods than in places where the expensive people drive their liveried carriages. And what is true of Lake George is true of all other beautiful lakes and mountains. If you do not want to live expensively you can build your camp cottage in some do-as-you-please part and live in liberty, or if you are so lucky as not to have to be in town ten months in twelve, you can build a more substantial house, so as to live in the country the greater part of the time and seek the city only for a winter sojourn. I should think such resorts as this might even be built on a joint-stock or co-operative plan. It is a pity that Lake George cannot also be reproduced.



CANADA'S CLAIMS.—BROCKVILLE, Ontario, June 7, 1881.—If a man wishes to enjoy a new country he has only to come to Canada. It is not necessary that in the summer months he should vanish off on the old trodden paths by rail to Colorado and a usual amount of dirt, heat, waiters and girls, all engaged in the delightful occupation and business of the "leech." Modern travel is reduced to the amount of money a man has. Ancient traveling had some spice of danger, some spice of romance; something that the present runners over routes have no idea of. Come into Canada, ye men of the forest and stream. Wild in nature, wild in our beautiful cascades, in our magnificent rivers, in our splendid forests. Yet the Government is so strong, that no man need carry a revolver, and that man is protected in his life and property. Take the "Mississigajou Lake" for instance, take the old "Masanoga," take the line of the Ottawa to Lake Jewiscanague. If ye, men of the forest and stream, want real life for the summer months, come into Canada.—H. C. J.

RAILROAD OFFICIALS are notified that an individual now traveling in the West, and representing himself to be an agent of the FOREST AND STREAM is not such; nor has he any credentials from us. The correspondent's certificate shown by this party is one of an old date, and none like it has been given to anybody within many months.

Yachting and Canoeing.

EASTERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

Editor Forest and Stream

The regatta was originally appointed for June 10, the day after the formal opening of the club house, and the fleet was ordered to rendezvous off the new quarters on the evening of June 8.

That day there was a dead calm, and the 9th opened with a hard N. E. blow, making the yachts late in arriving. About noon the weather lightened up a little, and the wind decreased so that during the afternoon many more arrived, until the fleet consisted of the following boats; Schooners—Caroline, Crest, Dawn, Dreadnaught, Fleur de Lis, Julia, Latona, Leatha, Magic, Meta, Phantom, Rebecca, Romance, Tempest and Kit; Sloops—Active, Ariadne, Addie V., Emma, Alice, Cynthia, Hera, Hesper, Idler, Imperia, Miranda, Recreation, Shadow, Siren and Viva; also the cutters Enterprise and Moya, and the yawl Edith. The club house, which is the best on the coast by all odds, was opened by the flag officers giving a handsome reception, ending with an illumination of the house and fleet and fireworks in the evening.

Friday morning opened with a N. E. gale, 56 miles an hour by the weather reports, accompanied by very heavy rain. A race was out of the question, and the announcement that it was postponed to Wednesday was soon received from the Regatta Committee. The fleet had an excellent chance to try their anchorage ground, under the most unfavorable circumstances, a N. E. wind being the only one in which the harbor is not perfect. The result was satisfactory, although one or two boats dragged a little until they gave more chain.

Wednesday opened clear, with a N. W. wind, which held on well during the day, blowing quite hard at times. The following yachts were entered for the race: Schooners, first class—Phantom, Vice Com. Hovey, 56 ft. water line, and Rebecca, Com. Toy, 70 ft. Second class—Latona, D. L. Peckman, 61 ft.; Meta, Franklin Dexter, 62 ft. and Sylph, A. C. Wheelwright, 48½ ft. There was also a single entry in the third class, the Curlew, H. W. Peabody, 40½ ft. The sloops and cutters turned out strong as follows: Enterprise, Rear Com. Peabody, 48.9 ft. water line; Active, Chas. P. Horton, 50.2 ft.; Anna, Augustus Hemenway, 39 1 ft.; Addie V. M. K. Abbott, 59 ft.; Hesper, W. H. Forbes, 45.6 ft.; Siren, L. H. Keith, — ft.; Imperia, T. L. Stockpole, 41.8 ft.; Recreation, J. B. Parker, 40.9 ft.; Viva, G. W. Benson, 45 ft.; Effie, B. W. Crowninshield, 34.6 ft. In the second class there were two entries: Shadow, John Bryant, 33.5 ft.; Hera, C. G. Weld, 34.11 ft.

Effie, evidently, was not aware that the new measurement placed her in first class, and therefore waited and sailed with the second class boats. She is but a trifle larger than Hera and Shadow, and would be better classed with them. Addie had the misfortune to carry away the topmast ring on her main shrouds while coming out of the harbor, and was forced, very reluctantly, to give up the race.

Sylph came up just as the signal sounded, and thinking she could not get up to the line in time, turned and ran out with the sloops. Among the large schooners there were no starters, as in this class there are no yachts here that can sail with Halcyon or Phantom, except, perhaps, the Magic. Halcyon is not yet in commission, and it was hoped that Magic could be induced to enter against Phantom, in which case Rebecca would have made a third starter in the class. Magic, however, would not enter, and two Commodores did not care to go through the farce of sailing Phantom round the course with Rebecca some way astern. The non-filling of this class is to be regretted, as Magic's friends claim they can beat either Phantom or Halcyon, while there are large numbers of yachtsmen in the club who feel sure either of the others can show her a clean pair of heels, and think Magic much overrated. Numerous yachts were on hand to see the race, including the schooners Caroline, Crest, Curlew, Dawn, Dreadnaught, Fleur de Lis, Foam, Hermes, Julia, Leatha, Magic, Phantom, Rebecca, Romance, Silence, Sylph, Tempest and Vit, as well as the sloops Ceriadne, Idler, Norvana, yawl Edith, and steamers Sappho and Addita of the E. Y. C.; also the schooners America, Alice and Adrienne, of the Boston Y. C., and the well known schooner Fearless, who appeared for the first time in her new coat of black, with gold band, looking handsomer than ever, and flying the N. B. Y. C. burgee.

The Gov. Andrew, with members and ladies on board, and the Pierson, with the Regatta Committee, were on hand. The starting signal was given promptly at 11:30 A. M. The course was to Egg Rock, going outside the Pig Rock stakes, then down to Half Way Rock and back to starting point, where the second class sloops finished, the larger boats rounding the stake boat and going down to Half Way Rock and back for the second time—15 and 19½ nautical miles respectively, and all in easy sight of the members who chose to see the race from the club pavilion on the Neck. Active crossed first, at 11:31:28, followed by Hesper at 11:31:42, both being rigged with double headsails, and both carrying jibtopsails and boom gaff topsails. The cutter Enterprise followed at 11:32:11, with an English topsail only; then Imperia, 11:32:55; Viva, 11:33:24; Anna, 11:33:45; Recreation, 11:34; all but Recreation, whose light sails were very small, carrying large jib and gaff topsails.

Latona and Meta jockeyed a little for position, and then got over the line at 11:38:34 and 11:38:45 respectively, looking very handsome under their clouds of canvas. More jockeying was in order with the little fellows, who finally crossed as follows: Hera, 11:46:35; Effie, 11:46:44; Shadow, 11:47:49. At this time it was seen that Latona had more sail than was good for her, heeling over so that her speed was greatly diminished, and one time a capsize seemed possible. However she came out all right, but Hesper had in the meantime taken the lead, with Enterprise sailing beautifully in second place. Soon after the start Effie lost her topmast, but cleared away the wreck and made a plucky race under two sails only. After rounding the stakes, a pull was taken on the sheets, and most of the jib topsails taken in. Viva, however, kept hers up for a time, and by the aid of this sail and what seemed to be poor handling, lost any chance she might have had; this was a pity, as the boat had speed and it was her day. Latina carried away her bowsprit shrouds while rounding the stakes, and Meta cut inside and took the lead in their lot.

On the run to the Rock, Recreation got by Anna, whose big topsail seemed a hindrance, but again lost the lead at the Rock. The two in the van made a splendid fight for the lead, but just before reaching the Rock the cutter went by her clawing to windward, the keel fairly beating the board, and at 12:15:30 came round, followed at 12:16 by Hesper, who was very quick with her jibtopsail. The Rear Commodore, however, had an immense one set and drawing in a minute, and both ran down before the wind for Half Way Rock, the cutter holding her own. Active rounded at 12:18; Imperia, 12:20:30; Viva, 12:21; Siren, 12:21:15; Anna, 12:23:30; Recreation, 12:23:45; Meta, 12:24; Latona bringing up the rear, the schooners having to tack before reaching the mark.

The small boats were seen, Shadow with a slight lead, the others having a hot fight of it. On the run down both Hesper and Active gained a little on Enterprise, whose jibtopsail did not draw as well as it should. Near the Rock she took it in, and Hesper went into first place, Active also gaining, though to have all the sail she could carry. Imperia got it hot and heavy off the Pigs, and had to luff repeatedly, allowing Meta to go ahead and Siren and Viva to gain on her.

The boats had a beat up to the stake boat, when it was seen that Siren meant business, having passed Viva and Imperia. They rounded as follows: Hesper, 1:30; Enterprise, 1:31; Active, 1:32; Meta, 1:33:30; Siren, 1:38:30; Latona, 1:41:30; Viva, 1:43; Imperia, 1:42:45; Anna, 1:45; Recreation, 1:46:30. On the run down Meta took second place; Hesper rounded at 1:46:30; Meta, 1:49; Enterprise, 1:50:30; Active, 1:51; Siren, 1:54:30; Latina, 1:56:30; Viva, 2:00; Anna, 2:01:30; Imperia, 2:02; Recreation, 2:04. At the same time the small boats came up to the line very prettily, Shadow crossing at 1:59:15; Hera, 2:00:30; Effie, 2:02:35. Hera looked as if she would be a tough customer later on, this being her first race; while Effie certainly had cause to be satisfied with so close a finish when in crippled condition, owing to loss of light sails. Siren meanwhile had been doing wonders, and Anna's new topmast bowed, was also doing well. The finish in this class was as follows: Hesper, 2:15:22; Meta, 2:15:40; Enterprise, 2:17:39; Active, 2:19:40; Siren, 2:20; Latona, 2:22:03; Viva, 2:27:27; Imperia, 2:29:16; Anna, 2:30:05; Recreation, 2:32:35. The summary for the day is as under:

Name.	Actual Time.	Corrected Time.
Meta	2:36:55	2:36:55
Latona	2:47:34	2:42:07
Siren	2:47:56	2:38:54
Hesper	2:48:40	2:41:04
Enterprise	2:45:28	1:41:48½
Anna	2:53:20	2:47:57½
Active	2:48:12	2:48:12
Imperia	2:56:21	2:51:12½
Viva	2:54:03	2:51:47½
Recreation	2:58:35	2:54:11½
Shadow	2:11:26	2:11:04½
Hero	2:15:45	2:15:45
Effie	2:15:51	—

Meta, Siren and Shadow take first and Hesper second prizes. During the race America and Dreadnaught had a brush in the bay, in which

the latter got the better of Gen. Butler's schooner. Whether the America has been improved by the alterations this spring is much a question. MARLINSPIKE.'

MARBLEHEAD REGATTA.

THE union regatta, open to all comers, was sailed June 17 and, as usual in the East, in very light airs. The contest, figuring up to no less than fifty-seven boats taking the signal from the judges on board the steamer Elsie. The wind was blowing fresh from the Southward and the few mishaps to spars and gear compared to former times go to prove that yacht racing has been learning and that shabby outfit is not so generally tolerated, yachts being no longer regarded as mere fair-weather toys, but meant to take the rough with the smooth, as they ought. The regatta is deservedly popular and drew a large crowd of visitors to Marblehead, and near, the guests being accommodated on board the steamer Wm. Sprague, chartered from Boston for the occasion. The management was in charge of the regatta committee—W. Bridges, G. C. Abbott, C. A. Choate, L. Atkins, B. F. Russell, G. W. Brown and F. H. Brown, who fixed a date and issued an explicit circular in ample time to secure a good attendance, and much credit must be given them for the success which attended their efforts. The judges of the sailing were: Dan'l Appleton, C. H. Hitchman, Simeon Dodge, John Bridge, C. A. Benjamin, G. C. Abbott, S. W. Brown, B. F. Russell and J. Atkins, and upon them devolved the duty of getting so large a fleet away without muddle and taking the times correctly. There was no bungling nor failure on their part and only a single foul reported, Shadow and Magic both claiming a decision in their favor running foul of Fly Fish and another. The prizes in second class sloops, therefore, remains in abeyance. The classification was as follows:

First Class—Sloops and schooners measuring 38 ft. and upward on water line. Two prizes to sloops and two to schooners. Second Class—Schooners less than 38 ft. on the water line. Two prizes will be rewarded. Also, all keel and centreboard sloops 26 ft. and less than 38 ft. on the water line. Two prizes for keels and two for centreboards. Third Class—Sloops and cat-rig boats 26 ft. and less than 26 ft. on the water line. Two prizes for keels and two for centreboards. Fourth Class—Boats less than 20 ft. and over 15 ft. on the water line. Two prizes for keels and two for centreboards. Special class—Boats under 15 ft. on the water line and dories. Two prizes for boats and two for dories. Open to boats of any class. Course for first class, distance 38 miles: From stake boat off Skinner's Head, leaving Point Neck Buoy on starboard, Half Tide Rock Buoy and Marblehead Rock on starboard, Half Way Rock Buoy on starboard, Egg Rock on starboard, returning leave Outer Breaker Buoy (No 4 Red Buoy) on port, Halibut Rock Buoy on port, Point Neck Buoy on port to starting point, passing between Judges' boat and flag boat. Course for second and third classes, distance 30 miles: As above, leaving Half Tide Rock Buoy on starboard, Halfway Rock on starboard, thence in southwest course three miles to a stake boat, leaving it on starboard, thence to Marblehead Rock, leaving it on port, to starting point, passing between the Judges' boat and flag boat. Course for fourth class, distance 6½ miles: From stake boat off Skinner's Head, leaving Brimble Rock Buoy (No. 5) on starboard, Black or Satan's Rock on starboard, Marblehead Rock on starboard, to starting point, passing between Judges' boat and flat boat. In rounding the Brimble Buoy care should be taken to avoid the Ledge, which extends from the buoy about 250 feet southeast. Course for special class, distance 3 miles: From stake boat off Skinner's Head, leaving Gray's Rock on port, Coney Island on port, stake boat off Fluent's Point on port, Gray Rock on starboard, back to starting point, passing between Judges' boat and flag boat.

Lurline parted hallards off the Brimbles. Falcon lost fore topmast and a couple sounded on the rocks off the brimbles, but beyond this there is no mishap to record. The following is the summary:

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.

Name and Owner.	Length. Ft.	In.	Corrected Time. H.	m.	s.
Crest, W P Parker, Salem	33	00	.	..	..
Bessie, C P Curtis, Swampscott	27	02	2	36	22
Annie, C A Beaty, Marblehead	29	00	.	..	..
Falcon, W L Frost, Boston	37	00	2	54	00
White Cloud, H H Smith, Boston	29	00	.	..	..
Cyda, Robert C Bligg, Marblehead	27	00	2	21	45
Betty, W W Keith, Jr, Dorchester	32	04	2	54	47

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Magic, E G Neal, Lynn	30	06	2	18	57
Shadow, John Bryant, Marblehead	33	06	2	00	45
Nimbus, George F Howe, Cohasset	33	04	.	..	..
Lillie, Dillingham, Boston	36	06	2	11	22
Viking, S P Freeman, Boston	35	00	2	12	55
Geneva, J D Mack, Medford	29	00	2	19	24
Ellie, Crowningshield, Marblehead	36	06	2	07	55
Quinapur, H Wheeler, Boston	26	01	.	..	..
Keith, W H Davis, South Boston	26	06	2	44	23
Hera, C G Weld, Nahant	34	11	2	11	48

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS AND CATS.

Expert, E G Soutter, Lynn	22	09	2	21	35
Lydia, H Davenport, Manchester	21	09	.	..	..
Jennie, J R Shaw, Marblehead	24	03	.	..	..
Uncle Moses, Dolliear & Conant, South Boston	23	11	.	..	..
Venus, Brown, Bros., Gloucester	24	09	2	26	56
Thisbe, Ballard & Freeman, Boston	20	08	2	25	00
David Crockett, F Putnam, Boston	20	08	2	42	12
White Wing, Charlock Bros., Boston	21	03	.	..	..
Veronica, Jacobs & Train, Boston	20	10	.	..	..
Raven, Elwell & Friend, Gloucester	24	03	2	35	38
Posy, H J McKee, South Boston	21	01	.	..	..
Emily J Towle, Boston	25	01	2	29	29
Adele, B Haskell, Gloucester	20	08	2	48	45
Gem, Frank Lincoln, Boston	25	03	2	23	20
Unknown, Capt Hamilton, South Boston	33	01	.	..	..

FOURTH CLASS CENTREBOARDS.

Incz, J G Bowden, Marblehead	17	08	1	16	31
Hattie, W Sawyer, Lynn	15	01	.	..	..
Lurline, Paine & Russell, Marblehead	19	00	1	29	27
Vidette, F T Sweet, Dorchester	19	09	0	51	48
Cosette, G L Turbull	18	05	.	..	..
Frolic, W R Blaney, Swampscott	16	08	.	..	..
Dash, A Frown, Salem	19	06	.	..	..
Coquette, F A Brown, Salem	19	05	.	..	..
Wave Crest, E B Rogers, Beverly	19	02	1	09	16
Sea Mew, G H Howe, Cohasset	16	10	.	..	..
Druid, W P Fowle, Boston	18	07	1	10	37
Helen, W T Hunt, Jr, Boston	17	07	1	09	56½
Flora Lee, A Frost, Salem	16	09	1	14	21
Thistle, C H Baker, Beverly	19	04	1	09	21
Mab, C F Murphy, Salem	19	07	1	15	58
Sally R, J J Cartwright, Boston	16	08	.	..	..
Idle Hour, Sam Stanley, Gloucester	19	06	1	20	00
Iris, Snow Rich, Salem	19	09	1	15	12
Comus, J Newcomb, Salem	18	06	1	06	3

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.

Vesper, Burns Bros., Lynn	18	02	1	17	26
Lola, J H Keating, Marblehead	18	04	1	19	18
Incz, Goodridge Bros., Boston	16	06	1	19	35
Bay Breeze, J C Hannan, Jr, Salem	17	06	1	23	50
Maid Times, T Q Bennett, Gloucester	18	09	1	16	46
Dell, A H Thompson, East Boston	19	09	1	10	28

Prizes go to: Second class schooners—First prize to Cyda, $30; second to Bessie, $10. Third class keel sloops—First prize to gem, $25; second to Emily, $10. Third class centreboard sloops—First prize to Expert, $20; second to Thisbe, $10. Fourth class centreboards—First prize to Vidette, $15; second to Comus, $10. Fourth class keels—First prize to the Dell, $15; second to Maid Times, $10.

THE AMERICA CUP.

THE correspondence published shows that, while the New York Y. R. S. will believe themselves possessed of the right to sail a whole fleet or several vessels selected according to weather against a challenger for the America Cup, the club recognizes the manifest unfairness and unsportsmanlike character of insisting upon such right, and is likely always in future to match a single yacht against a visitor from abroad. This decision is eminently proper. Any other would only serve to make the America Cup a laughing stock among foreign yachtsmen instead of an international trophy, for, after Mr. Ashbury's attempts, a foreigner must be a fool indeed to pit his craft against a whole fleet with the odds chances three to one against him, regardless of the speed his vessel may possess. It is to the credit of the American press that, having once understood the unfairness of sailing a fleet against a single vessel, no journal has insisted upon such a dubious proceeding, excepting one or two of the baser kind whose inspirations are drawn from corner bar-rooms, not very likely to have influence with the gentlemen controlling the destiny of the Cup. Neither gentleman, sportsman or sailor could countenance anything else than equal terms to both sides, and no one one answering to even one of these three qualifications can fail to understand that sailing a fleet against a single yacht is akin to playing with loaded dice.

BOSTON YACHT CLUB.

THE annual union or open regatta of this club was sailed June 16 in a glorious N. W. blow, and it was a pity that so many should have "funked" on that account, only seventeen out of the seventy-five entered for the bowling. Remembering that a spanking breeze is certainly something new for Eastern yachtsmen, as hitherto we had supposed shirking a thrash to windward with the water flying combined to the light draft sailing machines of New York Bay. The keels with outside ballast, however, are able to face the music, and there must have been some other reason for the large number of absentees on such a grand racing day. When little fellows like Muriel, Expert or Thistle can make the course there can be no excuse for fully decked craft. But there is so much racing going on in the East that many thought they had had enough work of late and plenty more in prospect for succeeding days so that a "lay over" for crews and boats was in order. Races follow each other so fast in Boston waters that we think some sort of concerted action among clubs absolutely necessary in the interests of the sport, of dates and times to prevent the hard on of sailors who ought not to be compelled to lose a match on account of overwork with no chance to overhaul and prepare. Before the next season we hope steps will be taken looking to the common good. As it is, a bowling time to take in the sloops is going, must be chosen and lucky indeed, and her crew must be inured to the hardest kind of work to show up day after day in perfect condition. Classification and prizes were as follows:

First class—For sloops and schooners measuring 38 feet and upward sailing length; for schooners, first prize, $50; second, $25; for sloops, first prize, $30; second, $25. Second class—For centreboard and keel sloops, and for schooners measuring 26 feet and less than 38 feet; first prize, centreboards, keel sloops and schooners, in each, first prize, $25; second, $15. Third class—For centreboard and keel yachts, less than 26 feet; prizes in each, $20, $10 and gold charm. Fourth class—For centreboard and keels measuring 16 feet and less than 20 feet; prizes, $15, $10 and gold charm. Fifth class—Open centreboard and keel yachts measuring less than 16 feet and less than 26 feet; prizes, $10, $10 and a gold charm.

The courses were 38 miles, 30 miles and 9 miles for the smaller boats. The regatta committee took passage in the steamer Elsie and consisted of Mr. B. F. Hilliard, Judge Hemmenway, W. F. Hobart, W. B. Hanson and Nat. Wales. The guests of the club went out on board the steamboat Rorner. The yachts got the gun at 1.09, most of them going across with a reef turned in, which was shaken out off Spectacle Island, the wind moderating somewhat as the fleet went south. Long Island was reached, when Caroline spun out a decided lead and was the first to trim in around Harding's ledge. There she parted some of her head rigging, lowered baloon jib topsail, and smartly got a tackle set taught in place and, managing, managing in a hurry to make the allowance to Adrienne with over a minute to spare. She has evidently been much improved since last year, although in the strong wind of the day her size stood her in good stead. Among the sloops and cutters, Hesper quickly took the lead, and for that matter made play with the larger schooners. Hesper, one of A. Cary Smith's best designs, is showing herself a very smart craft, and is practical proof in favor of the "medium" type, for she is narrow and deep, about half way between the genuine Kingdish drifter and the ordinary sloop. She is remarkably very pretty and stout looks cat, fast as well as safe, and a few more like her will convince the old school that beam is not a requisite of speed, and that the cutter's head rig is not a whit inferior to a single jib. Indeed, testimony seems now to be all the other way, and yachtsmen are beginning to advocate double jibs as actually superior to the old style, as they trim better, present more effective angles and are more under control. We have yet to see the race where the cutter rig has been demonstrated inferior to the whole jib, and on the other hand could point numerous cases where as "split jibs" have been found decidely advantageous. Their rapid introduction bears out FOREST AND STREAM on still another point, for we have fought single-handed against the irrational prejudice which for years has reigned supreme in Eastern waters. Here Mr. C. G. Weld's new ship, made a good race with the well-known Viking, and when her best trim has been found will always be a close match for Mr. Freeman's powerful sloop. She lost second money, however, to Gem, on time. The Shadow fanned the Nimbus rather more than justifiable, and good skippering or luck may account for something, as Nimbus is considered about as good as there is going of her size. The little fellows had a lively time of it in the stiff wind and on the beat back reefs were hauled down all around. Several minor fouls occurred, but we believe they will not affect the winners as given below:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

Name and Owner.	Length. Ft.	In.	Actual Time. H.	M.	S.	Corrected Time. H.	M.	S.
Caroline, Norton & Taylor	48	07	3	30	56	2	54	43
Adrien, J Pfaff	48	11	3	37	26	2	56	00

SLOOPS.

Hesper, W H Forbes	49	01	3	20	42	2	44	50
Siren, L H Keith	39	06	3	31	55	2	46	31

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.

Bessie, C P Curtis	25	01	3	36	09	2	49	41

KEEL SLOOPS.

Viking, S P Freeman	36	04	2	25	53	1	49	58
Gem, F Lincoln	26	09	2	46	25	1	58	01
Hero, C G Weld	37	03	2	33	23	1	58	24
Emily, C A McManus	26	08	2	49	15	2	00	43
Lillie, Dillingham & Bond	37	00	2	41	30	2	06	16

CENTREBOARD SLOOPS.

Shadow, J Bryant	34	06	2	25	27	1	47	20
Nimbus, G H Howe	33	04	2	40	52	2	02	32

THIRD CLASS KEEL SLOOPS.

Bannerette, F A Daniels	25	11	1	32	24	1	04	26
Whitewing, Charnock Bros	21	08	1	42	10	1	09	42
Raven, H P Elwell	26	01	1	29	00	1	11	11
Fearless, A Kidd	20	01	1	44	25	1	11	54

CENTREBOARDS.

Allie, A S Wattles	22	08	1	26	49	0	57	20
Young Brown Jim	27	03	1	26	29	0	52	08
Thisbe, Ballard & Freeman	21	06	1	36	32	1	03	50
Expert, R G Soutter	23	08	1	37	09	1	06	56
Undine, Thomas Lowe	23	00	1	43	45	1	12	48

FOURTH CLASS.

Sheerwater, W M Merrill	18	05	1	55	22	1	20	24

SPECIAL CLASS.

Hera, C G Weld	22	03	1	34	18	1	02	47
Posey, F O Hersey	20	01	1	35	30	1	03	31
Belle, A H Thompson	20	03	1	42	35	1	08	53
David Crockett, H Putnam	21	06	1	46	32	1	13	51

The following is a list of the winners and the prizes: Caroline, $50; Adrienne, $25; Hesper, $50; siren, $25; Bessie, $25; Viking, $25; Gem, $15; Shadow, $25; Nimbus, $15; Bannerette, $20; White Wing, $10; Raven, a gold charm; Allie, $20; Venus, $10; Thisbe, a gold charm; Sheerwater, $15; Muriel, $20; Posey, $10; Dell, a gold charm.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

THE date fixed for the club regatta being rather early in the season, only few canoes had made entry for the races last Saturday. A much larger turnout is to be expected for the open regatta later in the season. There is such a large proportion of novices who voted to cruising only that the entries for a club race offer no criterion of the popularity of the sport. The N. Y. C. C. is now particularly strong in native members, having received a large accession of canoe owners this spring. Owing to the backwardness of the season, however, many had not completed fitting out and rather than enter imperfectly rigged to sail against such old hands as Messrs. Whitlock, Oudin, Vaux and others the new contingent thought best to remain in the background until problems with lee-boards, shifting seats and area of sail had become more familiar. It takes a man of some experience and confidence in his attainments as a swimmer to sit up on the weather coamings of such tender little craft, for you must be quick as lightning in your movements or a capsize to windward will result. Small blame to those who preferred a view of the race from the club float to a certain soaking or a stern chase. The conditions of the racing were published in our last issue. There was a strong southwest wind and the water was lumpy. For the paddling race four were started, the Wraith, W. Whitlock; the Kittywake, C. L. Norton; the Pilot, C. B. Vaux; and the Psyche, C. K. Monroe. Course one mile around buoy off the Kills and return. Psyche took the lead, but closely followed to the turn by the rest. On the way back the Kittywake's wind seemed to give out, as the canoe was rather full in body for the paddle. Psyche and Pilot making a close race, the former finally winning by about two lengths, the prize going to C. K. Monroe. The sailing race, according to rules for the sailing race, the Royal Middy, handled by Eugene Oudin, capsized in stays, owing to being so suddenly put about by a steam tug that ballast could not be shifted in time. The crew of course had a swim for it, but clambering aboard the tug, the canoe was righted and paddled home safely. The signal to start was given to the canoes under sail when the following were sent away: Dot, C. B. Vaux; Wraith, W. Whitlock; Kittywake, C. L. Norton, Psyche, C. K. Monroe. Course around buoy 17 and home, about two miles as the crow flies. Dot took the lead, rounded first followed by the centreboard Wraith making a close shave of the mark. It was a hard beat home, five tacks being required in the windward work. Dot reached the line in 44½ minutes, Wraith in 51½ minutes. Psyche and Kittywake being carried far to leeward for want of deep keels or bans. The Dot therefore wins a prize valued at $10, and also takes the Challenge Cup for the second time. The regatta committee included C. B. Vaux, C. K. Munroe, W. P. Stevens, C. P. Oudin and L. F. D'Oremeulx, and L. L. Worden acted as judge and time keeper. The prizes will be selected by the committee and were not in money.

JERSEY CITY YACHT CLUB.

THE twenty-third annual regatta of the club was sailed June 23 in a lanthing wind. The courses were, for the first two classes from a mark off Bedloe's Island, to and around buoy No. 14, on the Romer Shoal, and return. For the other classes from a mark off the club house, to and around Robbins reef buoy and return, going over the courses twice. The allowance for the first classes was two minutes to the foot. The judges were Mr. J. A. Hilton, Mr. James H. Love and Judge Stephen Quaife, who started the racers from a steam launch, getting off the two large classes first and then discovering themselves drawing too much water to get back to the small fellows, who were therefore left in the lurch for a couple of hours or more before they were so away. As the wind fell flat it was not a matter of much regret, but committees ought to bear in mind that the simpler they can make all the conditions surrounding racing the better. The fearfully mixed-up classes and complicated, confusing, cobwebby rules, poorly drawn systems—or rather want of systems—for time allowance and measurement, varying sailing rules, multiplicity of prizes and championships, pennants and challenge cups, all serve to keep yacht racing down to a very low level and make the yachtsman more like a child at play, without head or tail, aim or sense, in the estimate of the public at large. Some day system and order will displace all the vagaries of the present time, and that day ought to be hastened by the creation of a central body with intelligence enough to organize everything appertaining to the sport on a broad, rational basis. Then we would be saved such bungling as may now be seen at almost every "regatta" sailed. The small yachts finally found their way to the judges' steamer and a start was effected from Bedloe's Island. The tide was ebbing, which, with scant airs from northwest, carried the larger boats down to the turning mark, where a southerly wind and the flood were picked up to take them home again after a very tedious and uninteresting beat down. The little boats under the lee of the Narrows and could not make the Robbins reef buoy, around which they were to turn, only a few managing to make the course. The Hudu is a new boat, launched the day previous, and when in better trim will give a good account of herself. A clunker at the club-house made amends for the long fast of the day and sent all hands home in good humor. A summary is appended. The entries and owners were:

Class A—Cabin yachts.—Elsie May, Vice-Commodore Northrop; Mignon, C. W Beams; Lidee, John Pirie.

Class B—Open boats over twenty-five feet.—Knight Templar, R. Donohea; Alexander F., A. Forsyth; Psyche, D. H. Bennett; Torpedo, Joseph Swift; Alla, H. R. Hilton; Howajil, C. H. Harlshorne.

Class C—Open boats under twenty-five feet.—Little Nell, Commodore G. A. Winn; Abbie M., J. Romans; Robin, G. F. Bulen; Rosie H, C. Post; Hudu, A. P. Curtis.

Class D—Open boats over twenty feet.—Jessie G., George N. Weston; Bunnie, Henry A. Searle.

Class E—Open boats under twenty feet.—Ralph, H. R. Farrier; Alice, H. A. Maynard; Edna, J. T. Grady; Emma, A. B. Reynolds.

The detailed time of the racing is shown below:

CLASS A.

Yachts.	Start. H.	M.	S.	Finish. H.	M.	S.	Elapsed Time. H.	M.	S.	Corrected Time. H.	M.	S.
Elsie May	10	42	30	3	41	54	4	59	24	4	59	24
Lidee	10	52	42	4	46	25	5	53	46	5	47	53½
Mignon	10	44	50	4	46	55	6	02	05	5	56	19

CLASS B.

Knight Templar	10	46	22	3	39	38		4	53	16	4	53 16
Alexander F	10	53	10	3	51	42		4	58	32	4	55 39
Psyche	10	43	00	4	28	50		5	45	50		
Torpedo	10	50	34	4	15	45		5	25	11		—
Howajil	10	48	50	4	38	28		5	54	58	5	43 43
Annie C	10	44	00	4	18	37		5	34	37		
Alla	10	54	05	4	30	40		5	56	35	5	29 35

CLASS C.

Hudu	12	10	17	4	09	36		3	59	19	3	59 19
Little Nell	12	17	27		Withdrew.							
Rosie H	11	10	00		Withdrew.							
Abbie M	12	10	20	4	07	50		3	57	30	3	57 22½
Robin	12	24	00		Withdrew.							

CLASS D.

Jessie G	10	59	20		Not timed.							
Bunnie	10	54	30	5	12	08		6	17	38	6	11 15½

CLASS E.

Ralph	12	18	30		Withdrew.							
Alice	12	18	21	4	16	30		3	58	09	3	55 39
Edna	11	08	25		Withdrew.							
Emma	11	08	30		Withdrew.							

Prizes go to Elsie May, Knight Templar, Abbie M., Bunnie and Alice.

DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.

TO this club belongs the credit of breaking through the most childish of all the many hasty and ill-advised rules introduced into American yacht racing by landsmen as new to the sport as they generally are self-assuming. It would have been far better to have clung to the old fashion of starting from a mooring than to ron one of the most interesting portions of a race of all chances for the display of seamanship and smartness, two essentials which are considered of the greatest import as soon as the yachts are fairly on their course, but from which they are debarred entirely by starting in making the start by placing a premium upon stupidity and slothfulness. So slovenly have we become in getting away that even ten minutes is not long enough for the laggards to make up their minutes what to do, even in good working breezes, that the period of five minutes ought to have been increased to a quarter or half an hour, reducing the whole proceedings to the level of a farce. Simplicity is what we need in our yacht racing more than anything else, and this refers not only to the manner of sending yachts off, but to the selection of courses, appointment of "judges," and the like. In adopting the only thoroughbred way of starting a match, the Dorchester Y. C. has followed one of the maxims this journal has insisted upon for a long time, and we have no doubt that every club will be soon seized upon by other leading clubs. One gun to prepare and a second to get away. Any one who cannot wake up in time has the choice of taking as much of a handicap as his inert seamanship may require. It will save complication in taking and figuring "time," and "time allowance" as well as the owners themselves will be far better able to judge a match as the sailing progresses, for the simultaneous start abolishes one source of uncertainty. The Dorchester Y. C. has put the following in force, and when yacht owners generally

sloops and cutters—first prize, $20; second prize, $10; fourth-class sloops and cutters—first prize, $15; second prize, $10. No second prize awarded in any race unless three or more yachts started. Judges—W. L. Jeffries, Coolidge Barnard and Hartford Davenport, all aboard the steamer Joseph Burke. The wind was blowing fresh from west backing to southwest during the day. The fleet was sent away at 12h. 25m. Raven apparently not understanding the signals, but the rest making very creditable work of it. Vikl g being delayed some six minutes by capsizing her tender. Flora Lee got away among the first, but lost the pennant of her board by showing it too far down and was in trouble in consequence. The cutter Enterprize took the lead, with the new Hera close in her wake and Bessie, Nimbus and Shadow making a close race for third, with Venus showing the way to the small fry and Psyche bringing up the rear. Down to the Graves the cutter spun out her lead, schooner Caroline running second, Sirren next and Hera fourth. In this order the beat up was commenced, during which no change took place, the cutter marking out a wake for the rest to steer by all the way home and making the fastest time of the big ones over the course. In the third class Emily was first to the windward and in the fourth the Flora Lee would have had things her own way but for having to fish for her lost board, for she reached the Graves three-quarters of a mile the best. Druid weathered on her while in trouble and pocketed the prize. Geneva and Raven fell to turn in their measurement and their corrected time is not known.

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Name and owner.	Measurement.	Actual Time	Cor. Time.
	Ft. In.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Caroline, Tyler & Norton	47 0	1 59 25	1 49 29
Bessie, C. P. Curtis	28 0 2	2 24 00	1 53 41

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.

Enterprise, F. E. Peabody	45 04	1 57 26	1 35 17
Sirren, L. H. Keith	41 06	2 02 36	1 42 19

SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.

Hera, C. G. Weld	37 04	2 13 14	1 40 21
Shadow, J. Bryan	37 03	2 04 05	1 41 09
Nimbus, G. R. Howe	35 06	2 11 12	1 47 12
Viking, S. P. Freeman	37 11	2 10 21	1 47 49
Lillie, Josiah Washburn	37 11	2 14 03	1 51 23
Magic, E. C. Neal	32 10	2 20 35	1 54 24
Geneva, John D. Mack	—	2 27 24	—

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS AND CAT-BOATS.

Thisbe, S. A. Freeman	22 08	2 26 45	1 49 23
Emily, C. A. McManus	25 06	2 21 48	1 51 48
Venus, Brown Brothers	28 10	2 24 45	1 52 0
Expert, E. G. Souther	25 07	2 25 29	1 52 22
David Crockett, H. Putnam	24 02	2 41 15	2 16 36
Raven, Elwell & Friend	24 08	2 29 35	—

FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS AND CAT-BOATS.

Druid, W. P. Fowle	21 11	1 56 29	1 31 25
Psyche, R. D. Sears	19 08	2 05 29	1 38 15
Flora Lee, S. A. Freeman	18 11	2 08 50	1 39 38
Frolic, W. R. Blaney	19 07	2 09 47	1 41 41
Inez, Goodrich Bros	19 10	2 11 48	1 43 43
Vidette, F. T. Secret	20 09	2 12 46	1 45 52

Caroline, $25; Enterprise, $25; Hera, $20; Shadow, $10; Thisbe, $20; Emily, $10; Druid, $15; Psyche, $10.

OCONOMOWOC YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The June regatta for the "Shufeldt Cup" was sailed by the above club on Lac La Belle, June 18, a clear, puffy wind blew from the south, and although the lake was quite smooth at the club-house end of the course, a heavy sea was running at the stake boat. The course was a straight ten miles, lying West by North, so that the yachts sailed face to and return. The interest of the race was mostly centred in the two new yachts Tweedledum and Tweedledee, each the counterparts of one other, and the disappointment was general when the Tweedledum capsized at the start.

The following table will give you a summary of the sailing of our first regatta this season, being the second race for the Shufeldt Cup.

Name.	Owner.	Sailing Time
Annie	G. A. Seaverns	Withdrawn
Sortie	C. C. Shufeldt	6.59.13
Snipsnapa	H. B. Shufeldt	7.02.20
Tweedledum	Philip Schufeldt	Capsized at Start.
Tweedledee (winner)	W. L. Peck	6.56.29
Pearl	C. T. Sutton	Disabled.
Sprite	Jas. S. Kenyon	Withdrawn.
Magic	C. J. Peck	7.14.19

The Tweedledee holds the cup until July regatta. LONE SAVAGE.

LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

THOUGH only in its second year this club has met with great prosperity because it encourages the Corinthian features of yacht racing, and looks after the interests of small boats, and is the only organization with headquarters on the Sound near the metropolis. The burgee of the club is a blue pennant with two white vertical stripes, and is flown by two steamers, seven schooners, three sloops, cabin sloops, two cutters, four open sloops and thirteen cats. Officers: Commodore, C. E. Jenkins, sloop Willis; Vice-Commodore, N. D. Lawton, catboat Hayden; Rear Commodore, F. W. Flint, sloop Gracie; Secretary, T. L. Anthony, catboat Vivid, and Treasurer, T. B. Brown, sloop Falcon. Regatta Committee—Messrs. O. Adams, A. D. Alley, N. D. Lawton. The annual regatta has been fixed for July 4. Classes for cabin sloops over and under 40 ft. water line; open and jib mainsails over and under 23 ft., and catboats over and under 23 ft. Start flying with the usual 5, 10 and 15 minute gun. Course "Hi n Home." Courses to be determined by the committee on the morning of the race. Entries to be filed at the club house, Larchmont, before noon July 2. Time limit of 6 hours, one boat in a class to make the course in that time, or no race. Regatta Committee's decision final. Open sailing-canoe, catboats and working sails only in open boats. Yachts must be manned by amateurs exclusively. Crew besides sailing masters one for every five feet and fraction thereof in length. All protests to be sent in before 6 P. M. next day following. No starting or beating out of ballast. Owner or member of club to steer. One prize in each class. Entry blanks can be obtained from N. D. Lawton, 140 Nassau street, city, prior to July 1.

DRIFTING RACES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The match between Lizzie L. and Pirate has been declared off because the former refuses to abide by any time limit. Anent this and the recent regatta of the Atlantic Y. C., let me say, as an old hand, that a regatta in which the yachts come to anchor is certainly not worth the name or recording nor can it be considered a test of speed. The rule that yachts must make the course at an average rate of five miles per hour or more adopted by some clubs seems to me a most commendable one. To call a drift a race, and to give prizes to the luckiest drifters is altogether an inversion of the purposes of yacht racing, and I think prizes for a drift like that of the Atlantic Y. C. recently, can only subject yacht owners to ridicule.—ATLANTIC.

To wish, or to say, that a drift is not their fault if the wind fails. They have done their share in good faith have gone to expense and trouble, and ought to have a chance at all there is going in the way of prizes, wind or no wind. If any stipulation as to average speed were insisted upon as suggested by "Atlantic" it would serve to reduce entries still more, for many would decline to sail whenever there was the slightest possibility of not making the speed required, and clubs would be put to more expense than they can afford in installing matches with probably diminishing entries.

TRIAL OF THE YALE LAUNCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Yale college launch is completed. I gave it a trial of speed last Monday with an 8 hours' run. In that time the average speed was 18 miles an hour with a 2-mile tide. Best time made was 7 miles in 20 minutes, with 160 lbs. steam pressure, engine turning 356 per minute. I claim this to be the "best time on record" for a 45-ft. launch. The official trial was made last Wednesday, with the judges and owners aboard, over a 5½-mile course by the surveyors' mile against wind and waves and no tide. She made the run in 19 miles, whereupon the judges proclaimed her the fastest launch in this country of her size. The greatest excitement prevailed along the river fronts. Success has crowned the undertaking in spite of all prejudice and opinions. I delivered her in New York last Saturday morning after a rough passage. This launch is 45 feet long on deck, 6 ft. 4 in. in beam, 4 ft. deep amidships; draws 4 ft. 8 in. aft.; has one locomotive boiler 11 ft. 6 in. long, 40 in. diameter; has 55 2-in. tubes, and built of ¾-in. iron. One engine 8 x 10 in. stroke; 3 in. shaft; propeller 3 ft. diameter, 5 ft. pitch. The boiler consumes half a ton of coal in 8 hours' run.

Chester, Pa., June 24. JOHN P. KIRK.

YACHTING NEWS.

CHICAGO YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual race of the Chicago Y. C. was sailed June 18. Large numbers of people thronged the piers and breakwater in anticipation of the match between "Countess of Dufferin" and "Viking." Owing to "Idler" being away with her owner on a fishing cruise, there was no race for schooner yachts on the programme, but it was known these two fine yachts would have a brush on their own hook. The competing boats were divided into four classes. First-class, the Viking and Dufferin schooners; second class, sloops Harry Burke and Ariel; third class, Zephyr and Peri; fourth class, Mischief and Fleetwing. Other yachts were in the harbor; some of them had entered for the race, but the wind was so blowing that strong puffs from the breakwater and it is suspected they were afraid to venture out. It was indeed a pretty sight when the starting gun fired at 2 o'clock to see the dinnity go up on the small craft, at once riding away for the south stake boat. The little ones went in hugging well to windward, their sails early awash. They had more wind than they wanted, but pluckily carried on. The Harry Burke and Ariel next got away, Capt. Pettibone handling the Burke smartly. As the jib went up she swung around nicely, her bulgasail began to draw, and she was soon on her course under main and stiff breeze, her staysail hoisted, and away she went at a rapid rate. The Ariel seemed to be hampered in getting her mainsail up and when she had got on for the lay-to for some minutes. Meantime, the schooners were preparing. As soon as the Ariel had cleared the breakwater the gun boomed up went the first-class pennants hipped, and they swung around to the breeze. The Viking's sail drew at once, and a pretty picture she looked with jibs and staysails, and both large sails filled out, and standing up to her work stiff as a church. The Dufferin seemed less fair to shore by the lee. She did not respond as readily as the Viking, and her mainsail flapped lazily until she had swung clear round toward the entrance into the harbor; there she filled and went off. The small yachts, lead by the Burke, were making toward the stake boat. The interest in the race, however, centred in the schooners. The Viking, under gaff topsails, was making a fine race of it with the Dufferin some distance astern. A storm was gathering in dark clouds, and lightnings flashed, while heavy thunders rolled, bringing up a drenching downpour of rain and hail, with a sudden change of wind. Through the flying spud the yachts could be seen up toward the crib going north, some of them having lost some canvas in the squall, and one of them had to turn tail and run for home, having sprung sneak around her centreboard box. An accident also occurred off the south shore to be seen on the stretch, and one or two of the little ones in the distance, the Dufferin away in the rear. The change in the wind compelled them to tack, and for some time neither boat seemed to make headway in the baffling breeze, and nearing the breakwater. The wind had veered from N. W. to N. E., then to S., and finally settled at S. W., from which quarter it had started. This wind brought home the Viking a-flying, making a single hitch. She ran out until opposite the light at the end of the breakwater, and came about under lee, passing the stake boat through the pier heads with colors flying amidst the cheers of interested spectators. She is a fine sailer, and has often made her fifteen miles per hour in cruises during this month.

The Viking returned to make the stake boat, having to go out for another tack to fetch it. She was looking fine, hence gave up the race and came to her anchorage through the north end of the harbor about twenty minutes later than Viking. The yachts reached home in the following order, with their sailing times annexed: Fleetwing, 2:30:57; Viking, 2:32:38; Peri, 3:31:40; Burke, 3:34:; Zephyr, 3:31:20, with the Ariel following late, and the Dufferin not having sailed the course. Prizes go to the Burke, Peri and Fleetwing. A regular race will be sailed between the lug schooners upon the return of the Idler.

W. D. T.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the S. F. Y. C. they decided not to make the cruise to Monterey this season. The yawl Emerald was run into Sunday, June 12, by the steamer Capital. The Emerald was sailing out, and as the Capital was coming into her moorings she struck her amidship, knocking a big hole into her side. All hands jumped on the steamer excepting Jim Hallinan, Jr. Hale and another gentleman, who started to her and sailed her back to the flats at Long Bridge, where they made her fast. She could not have held up much longer, as her whole cabin was flooded. The yachts will escort the relief ship Rodgers to Benicia, Wednesday, the 29th inst. The Nanine, Sylvie, with the Ariel following late, and the Dufferin not having sailed the course. Prizes go to the Burke, Pert and Fleetwing. A regular race will be sailed between the lug schooners upon the return of the Idler.

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W. D. T.

CRUISE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER YACHT CLUB.—*Editor of Forest and Stream:* The Knickerbocker Yacht Club intend having a short cruise, July 3 and 4. The yachts will leave the club house at Port Morris, Saturday, July 2, at 5 P. M., and sail to Glen Cove. On the morning of the 4th a meeting of the club will be held on board of the flagship "Sara," to decide whether to sail to Oyster Bay or Northport. On the morning of the 4th the fleet will start for home, stopping at Larchmont, if possible, to witness the regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. The following cabin yachts will start: Sara, Nanine, Wyona, Elma and Reverie. We expect to have a very pleasant time on our trip. Nearly all the yachts that will go on the cruise are small open craft. ALFRED VARIAN, Secretary K. Y. C.

THE ROUNDS ON THE LAKES.—By all means let some such arrangement be made. "Red Star" writes as under to the Toronto *Mail*: "An idea I have had for some years is to have a series of regattas in August and September, starting, say at Kingston the second week in August, Belleville three days later, then Port Hope or Coburg, Toronto, on September 5th and 8th, Hamilton, Niagara, Charlotte, Sodus (possibly by aid of railway company there) and Oswego. This would be a fine circuit for first and second class yachts. The Murry Canal, when completed, will render it easy of accomplishment, by saving about two hundred miles actual sailing between Belleville and Coburg."

PROTESTS.—The Gael's protest against Peter's taking prize in fourth class, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. regatta, on 18, owing to double, full dress in finish, has been entertained and the race will have to be resailed. The committee steamer could not be got near enough to the line in time, as the wind was fresh and the yachts made a very fast race, having so little windward work, while the presence of the steamer was required at the other marks rounded by the large yachts.

QUINCY YACHT CLUB.—The first match of the season was sailed June 16, off Quincy Point. Prizes $5 and $3 in each class. Muriel, C. G. Weld, 22 ft. 6 in., won in first class in 2h. 29m. 25s., beating Folly, with 1m. 40s. allowance to spare. In second class Glance, M. Knight, 18 ft. 10 in. won in 2h. 29m. 50s., beating Amy, Diadem, Nautilus, Wildfire and Maisie. In third class Dandelion, C. F. Adams, 17 ft. 5 in., won in 1h. 29m. 32s., beating Elmer, Zip, Buttercup, and Scud.

BOUND ABROAD.—The schooner Sunshine, whose cruising last year was published in this journal, is on a foreign voyage, setting an example many others ought to follow. She is to leave for Bermuda for a short cruise. The Sunshine is 33 ft. water-line, 15 ft. beam and 5 ft. hold, with a centreboard 12 ft. long.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA.—The municipal government has appropriated $1,000 for prizes for the public regatta, July 4. The following judges have been appointed: Messrs. J. Stephen Perkins, Wm. Morris, G. V. Abbott, J. M. Charnock. There will also be a public regatta at Lynn for boats over 12, 19 and 23 ft.

VESTA was run into in the lower bay by the steamer Castor and has been laid up for repairs at Pollion's, Brooklyn. Will go on a cruise eastward as soon as out of the carpenter's hands. Mr. Ayers proposing to take her to Boston, where she will hail from in the future.

HAVRE INTERNATIONAL.—We have received the programme for the Havre, France, races, July 18, and hope the schooner Intrepid, now in the Solent, may turn up at the start, where she is likely to meet some of the best English schooners.

IOWA.—A new sloop building for Mr. Oswald Jackson by D. O. Richmond, of Mystic Bridge, will be 48 ft. long, 16½ ft. beam and 6 ft. hold, a much deeper boat than the same builder has been in the habit of turning out.

TYPOS AFLOAT.—J. B. G. McElroy and others of the Boston *Herald* composing room have bought the keel sloop Wild Wave. She is 28 ft. 6 in. long, 9 ft. beam, built by Armstrong, of East Boston.

SILENCE.—Capt. Ira Smith's jib and mainsail shipped at New Orleans is 27 ft. 2½ in. long. Has a hollow mast 40½ ft. long; hoist of mainsail, 28 ft.; boom, 35 ft.; gaff, 18 ft.; jib, 28 ft. foot.

ACCEPTED.—Mr. C. G. Weld has accepted the challenge from Lillie and offers to sail his Hera against her for $500, or the best two out of three for $300, under Eastern Y. C. rules.

RESTLESS.—The Greenport, L. I., *Leader* says schooner yacht Restless, now being rebuilt at the yard of J. M. Bayles & Son, Port Jefferson, will hereafter be named the Albatross.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—Fixtures have been changed to the following: July 9, at Swampscott; July 30, Marblehead; August 13, Nahant; September 10, Beverly.

KANGAROO.—This is the name of Phil. Elsworth's new sloop, recently launched at Greenpoint. She has already been described in these columns.

LITTLE WESTERN.—The dory sailed from London June 14 and arrived at Cowes June 20, bound for America.

PICTON YACHT CLUB.—Picton, Ontario, has organized a yacht club among the local craft, and Kingston may soon follow suit.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE TRAP.

THE TOURNAMENT AT CONEY ISLAND.

TUESDAY—SHOOT NO. 1.

Tuesday opened cool and fair, with just enough wind to make the birds lively, and at nine o'clock the first man stepped to the score in contest No. 1. There were 20 entries to this shoot, which was sixty-one more than ever before known in the first contest of a State tournament. Following are scores of the first match:

J R Powell	0111111101—8	J Grace	0001011000—3
Wm Christian	1110011111—8	C W Peck	1111111111—10
E Taylor	1111111110—10	H Montanne	0011110101—6
J F Fisher	1111111111—10	A G Nichols	1111110011—7
J Franklin, Jr	0101011111—8	E Drury	1111111111—10
J Rafferty	1100110001—5	E Hudson	1110111110—8
G W Smith	1111101111—9	C A Young	1111111111—10
G H Brown	0001010100—3	G Sackett	1101100011—6
E R Vice	0001011101—6	J Grebe	1011111111—9
M V Bayliss	1111110101—8	J B Higham	1111111110—9
W H Bradley	0111111111—9	C H McKiver	1101110011—7
T Wynn	0111111011—7	J N George	1111111110—9
E F Raymond	1001010000—3	W G Thomas	0011001100—4
S H Appell	1011011111—8	A Downs	1110110111—8
S Abrams	1000111111—7	J B Dingens	1110110111—8
H Van Sauden	0011011111—7	W H Griswold	0111000000—3
S P Hazard	1010000011—4	H Grebe	0011111110—8
F McGill	1111110111—9	Dr Talbot	1111111111—10
F Burritt	1111111111—10	E H Madison	1111011111—9
N Chichester	0111011111—8	S Schultz	1011100011—7
J Evans	1011011001—6	W A Sparks	0011011001—5
H Garrick	1111010111—8	W H Bowman	1111111011—9
W M Farrow	1111011111—8	J Von Lengerke	1011111110—8
C M Rodman	1111111111—10	E B Pope	1011111111—9
J B Little	0011111101—7	C E Schwoer	0111111101—8
J B Sweetman	1111100111—8	W Short	1000111011—6
F D Burroughs	1111111011—9	C Green	1111101111—9
C Rogers	1011100111—7	C Ocharig	1111111111—10
A Paul	1111111111—9	R F Haukins	0011111111—7
F Pearsall	1110111100—6	H Kline	1111111111—10
E Lansing	0100001111—5	R J Richardson	1101100111—7
A M Kolb	1111101110—8	J Saeger	1110101111—8
L D Till	0011101011—6	M J Kearney	1111111011—9
J Langcake	1111111111—10	W A Sparks	1011011101—7
J T Cole	0011100	L A Conswiller	0011110101—7
T Obrig	1011011001—5	A Vobz	0111111111—9
T Kellett	1011011111—8	H Smith	0111111100—6
A Metcalf	0111111111—9	J M Faulkner	1111010010—6
F Bessler	1111011111—9	W J Storr	1000111011—6
O Huber	1111101001—7	P Carroll	0011101111—8
L H Wells	0101011111—7	E Harp	1111011111—9
G A Chappell	0111001111—8	G A Chappell	1011111111—9
A Reckenbeil	1010010000—3	A Dembo	1111011111—9
G H Creed	1111111111—10	E Tolsman	1111111011—9
B W West	1111111111—10	F Frazer	1110101101—7
H McLaughlin	1111111111—10	G S Heir	1111001011—8
J Schleman	1011011111—8	F Arrowsmith	1111111110—9
H Knebie	1111111011—9	N B Cook	0101110010—5
P Tompkins	0111111111—9	H Folsom	1111010110—6
A Eddy	1010001111—7	R V Pierce	1000010110—5
G W Tait	0110111101—7	G Smith	1111111111—10
A Compton	0010111111—7	J Bolton	1111111101—9
A S Hale	1000111101—6	J N Herman	0111011110—7
A Wengeroth	0101010010—4	J Hyland	0111111111—9
A H Sheridan	1111111111—10	J Pickering	1111111110—9
P Campbell	1011111111—9	H Golfrich	1111111111—10
N Lewis	1000100111—5	C Lobb	1011000111—6
C W Campbell	1101111111—9	W Jacus	1111 11111—10
F P Denison	1111101111—9	H C French	1111101111—9
A B Fenwick	1111111110—9	J Cotter	0000000111—3
F Nearpass	1111111111—10	C O Rhodes	1011001100—5
E C Rosencranz	1010101111—7	R Robinson	0011101111—7
H Stisby	1111111111—10	T E Broadway	1111111111—10
J Van Benskirk	1100011110—7	E T Hall	0111111000—6
W D Kirk	1000100100—3	H F Gale	1111111111—10
J Cotter	0100000111—4	D Le Ferere	1110111111—9
G Staubs	1000101001—4	G F White	0110010111—7
W Huck	1111111110—9	J Sidway	1101001111—7
C Fulton	1100011110—7	W H Hall	1111111111—10
W Post	0111100111—7	G C Luther	1101111111—9
E Redmond	0011010101—6	J Faulkner, Jr	1111010101—7
B B Rodee	0011110011—6	Dr C R Weed	0100111011—6
J McCoy	1111011111—9	J Faulkner	1111111111—10
C W Sumner	0101111111—8	J Lager	1001101101—6
G F Gildersleeve	0111011111—7	A Bush	0000010011—3
L H Smith	1111100111—8	L A Amsden	1111111111—10
W R Selden	1111111111—10	E M Hammond	1111101111—9
F E Morgan	1110001010—5	J K Beckwith	1111111110—9
G S Bergen	1011000010—4	J York, Jr	1111111110—9
J H Jewett	1011111010—7	W W Swan	1111011101—8
J Warner	1100011011—6	C Lessington	1111011011—8
G Heier	1111110100—6	G Leidner	1111111111—10
Geo Meister	1101111111—9	H Hedeman	1111110111—9
C Suckow	1110111101—8	T Kimber	1111110110—8
P Heinz	1111111111—10	Strelo	1101111110—8
H Schleman	1111111111—10	H Schleman	1111111111—10
P J Heinold	0111111111—9	J T Shane	0011101011—7
F Reigelman	0111010011—6	W L B Steers	1111110000—6
L N Burgea	1100011100—5	H Attenbrand	1111001111—8
E Pike	0011111110—7	W Havemeyer	1111101100—7
R Furey	0100101110—5	W Lemken	1111101111—9
"J B"	0101111111—8	P Stillwagen	0111000010—4
W S Camron	1111101101—8	H C Howard	0110001010—4
J Owen	1111011111—9	J Von Lengerke	1011111111—9
J G Stacey	0111101101—7	Whitman	1100101000—5
I H Andrews	1011111110—8	Flower	1111111111—10
Jones	1001111011—7	G J Marsh	1111111110—9
E L Sargent	0111111011—8	J M Streeter	1111101001—7
J Hall	1110110110—7	A Cook	1111111111—10
R Widmer	1101011110—7	P Kelly	1111001111—7

Twenty-six men, having killed ten birds, shot off at five birds, twenty-six yards rise with the following result, miss and go out: Taylor 1, Burritt 5, Talbot 4, Drury 0, Young 1, Oching 0, Creed 0, West 1, McGuire 3, Fisher 5, Bessler 4, Langcake 3, Hudson 3, Lansing 3, Beckwith 0, Amsden 2, George 0, Shaby 1, Rodman 0, Jacus 1, Silver 0, A H Sheridan 3, M A Stearns 0, G Lodder 5, Flower 0, Gale 5. Ties on five at thirty-one yards: Burritt 2, Fisher 4, Langcake 2, Louder 2, Gale 4. Mr. H F Gale, of the Onondaga County Club, won first prize in class A, and Mr. Fisher, of the Audubon Club of Buffalo, winning the second. It being too late to finish the rest of the ties were shot off the next thing Wednesday morning. Wednesday was an almost perfect day for pigeon shooting, but the birds being a lot of strong flyers the scores were only ordinary.

WEDNESDAY.

In the ties of nine, of contest number one, there were thirty-nine contestants who fell back to twenty-six yards and shot off at five birds with the following score: Schleman 5, Hyatt 4, Hammond 3, Vobz 0, Bradley 4, Knebie 5, Bohling 2, Paul 2, Campbell 3, Harp 0, Hunter 4, Arrowsmith 0, Eyershed 0, York, Jr 2, Metcalf 1, Le Fevere 1, Schleman 5, Chappell, 0, Tompkins 2, Higham 1, Meister 5, Kearney 0, Denison 5, Hetwold 2, Fenwick 3, Tucker 3, Madison 3, Lansken 5, French 1, Burroughs 0, Green 0, Hyland 0, Bowman 5, Tolsman 2, Marsh 0, Pope 4, Hedeman 0. Ties on five at thirty-one yards: Knebie 3, Schleman 4, Meister 1, Denison 1, Tucker 4, Lansken 2, Bowman 1. Ties on four at forty-one yards: Schleman 5, Tucker 3. Mr. J. Schleman, of the Nassau Gun Club, won first, and Mr. S. A. Tucker, of the Madison County Club, won second prize in this class.

Thirty-five men were in the "right hole," and scored as followsat twenty-six yards: Duryea 1, Hall 1, Smith 3, Bates 3, Appell 0, Pike 0, Von Lengerke 2, Sumner 3, Sargent 1, Steele 0, Wolven 5, Campbell 0, Cannon 0, Kumber 0, Coombs 5, Evans 3, Kellett 0, Garrick 3, Chichester 2, L. H. Smith 0, Suckow 1, Iler 3, Christian 2, Wingert 0, Saeger 1, Andrews 0, Twist 1, Dingens 0, Carroll 5, Farrow 1, Seagus 1, Leidiner 2, Bessler 2, Abrams 0, E. Hale 0, Post 5, Van Buskirk 1, Nichols 0, Hankins 3, Eddy 3, Jewett 0, Schultz 2, Widmer 4, McKiver 3, Steers 5, Black 0, Schworer 5, Compson 0, Jones 1, Chaffer 1, E. Lodge 5, Klink 5, Frazer 0, Kelly 1, Rosencranz 0. Ties on five at thirty-one yards: Van Sauden 4, W. B. 5, Post 3, Stacey 4, Wynn 0, Schworer 2, Louder 1, Klink 0. Ties on four at thirty-one yards: Van Sauden 3, Stacey 2. Mr. H. Van Sauden, of the Long Island Shooting Club, won first, and Mr. J. G. Stacey, of the Seneca Gun Club, of Seneca Falls, won second prize in this class.

SHOOT NO. 2.

Amateur match. Open to these never having won a prize at this

or any previous convention of the Association in a contest for which entrance has been charged.

There were one hundred and fifty-three entries to this match. Following is the score:

G F Gildersleeve.....1°0111 — 6
P McGill.....1011010 — 4
A Zell.....1111111 — 7
H Carrick.....1110111 — 6
J Evans.....1111111 — 7
E Zeibler.....1110001 — 4
A Suckow.....0000111 — 3
G R Brown.....0000000 — 0
P Stillwagen.....0010100 — 2
W H Bradley.....1110111 — 6
J H Jewett.....1010011 — 4
C H McKivett.....1111111 — 7
C J Heinold.....1111111 — 7
G R Vine.....1111011 — 6
N E Story.....0000100 — 1
W Zeigler.....1000000 — 1
J Duryea.....1110001 — 4
J Howe.....0011110 — 4
Dr Aten.....1011100 — 4
K Taylor.....1111111 — 7
E Kener.....1111111 — 7
S Tompkins.....0111101 — 5
F Burritt.....1111111 — 7
W Ackerath.....1111111 — 7
H Furey.....1100101 — 4
H McLaughlin.....1101111 — 5
E D Bushnell.....0100110 — 3
W N Baylis.....1011001 — 4
S R Hazard.....1111111 — 7
W E Trott.....1110101 — 5
C W Campbell.....1110111 — 6
J Pickering.....0110101 — 4
Hammond.....1111111 — 7
J D Golyer.....1011010 — 5
H Drury.....1010111 — 5
W Kampfmueller.....1°00110 — 3
N Cooper.....1111111 — 7
J B Little.....1111001 — 5
L Seaman.....1110101 — 5
J Rafferty.....0110100 — 3
W W Sloan.....1111111 — 7
J H Batty.....0110111 — 5
N Lewis.....1011111 — 6
J Crobe.....1110100 — 4
J Oehing.....1111111 — 7
L T Burrus.....1001111 — 5
E Harp.....1101100 — 4
E Lansing.....1110010 — 4
A S Hale.....1111001 — 5
N B Cook.....0111°00 — 3
D W Peck.....1110010 — 4
B Tolsman.....1011012 — 5
F Vobz.....1°01111 — 6
T D Burroughs.....1111111 — 7
L H Smith.....1111110 — 6
C Snedeker.....0111111 — 6
W King.....0111111 — 6
G Stauber.....1111111 — 7
J C DePraine.....0011100 — 3
K Haukins.....1110111 — 6
J L Grobe.....1011101 — 5
G W Tait.....1111111 — 7
J Franklin, Jr.....1111111 — 7
J Jaeger.....0100010 — 2
Le Roy.....1111011 — 6
A Cornelius.....0011011 — 4
H Rieble.....1111111 — 7
J Bohling.....1101100 — 4
W Lemken.....1101101 — 5
J N Herman.....1110110 — 5
W S Acarman.....0°01101 — 4
H S Hanum.....1000100 — 2
J F Cole.....0000011 — 3
J A Diugens.....1111111 — 7
H M Strong.....1101111 — 6
P Kelly.....0011101 — 4
T Kellett.....0101111 — 6

The number of the birds was reduced from five to three to economize time. The ties on seven were shot off at 26 yards with the following result: Kener 0, Evans 1, Nearnass 0, Knebel 3, Oehnig 2, Klink 0, Wingerath 1, Schubert 3, Franklin, Jr., 3, Bolton 0, Heinold 3, Denison 0, Chappel 0, Eddy 0, Farrow 0. Ties on three at thirty-one yards: Knebel 0, Franklin, Jr., 0, Burritt 3, Heinold 3. Second tie on three at thirty-one yards: Burritt 2, Heinold 1. Mr. F. Burritt, of the long Island Shooting Club, won the first, and Mr. C. J. Heinold, of the Audubon Club of Buffalo, won the second prize in Class A.

Ties on 6, 26 yards, for prize in Class B: Bradley 0, Snedeker 3, Campbell 1, Young 0, Sterne 0, Redmond 1, Van Buskirk 0, Lewis, Buskirk 0, Miller 1, Smith 3, Cannon 3, Cowenhoven 0, Carrick 0, Van Wicklen 3, Selover 0, Talbot 1, Beiler 1, Volze 2, Von Lengerke 3, Abrams 3, Grobe 0, Stauber 2, King 0, Rosencranz 2, Altenbrand 3, McKivett 3, Gildersleeve 3, Wynn 3, Hankins 0, Massey 1, Smith 3, Cornelius 3, Kenney 0, Vog 1. Ties on three at 31 yards: Snedeker 1, Taylor 0, Smith 2, Van Wicklen 3, Von Lengerke 3, Abrams 1, Stauber 0, Altenbrand 0, McKivett 0, Gildersleeve 1, Smith 2. Second tie on three at thirty-one yards: Van Wicklen 2, Von Lengerke, 2. Ties on two at 31 yards: Van Wicklen 1, Von Lengerke 3. Mr. Van Wicklen protested against Mr. Von Lengerke taking the first prize in this class on the ground that he was not a resident of this State. This was laid over until a committee could be appointed to investigate the matter. It being too dark to finish the remaining ties was postponed until Thursday.

Thursday was cloudy in the morning, and there was a little rain in the afternoon. The birds were a very ordinary lot in the first, but later in the day they improved and there were some very strong flyers among them. The shooting in the morning was finished off ties of five in the amateur shoot. They scored as follows: Cook 2, Taft 0, Herman 0, Hazard 0, Sackett 2, Burroughs 3, Conswiller 3, Bridges 3, Monroe 3, Morse 3, Tompkins 0, Redmond 3, Sloan 3, Batty 2, Kellett 0, Weber 3, Hankins 3, Munson 3, Gebhardt 3, Snedeker 2

J B Higham 2, Tolsman 2. J B Higham, of the Audubon Club, of Buffalo, won first and Tolsman, of the Queen City Club, of the same place, won second in Class D.

Contest No. 8 was begun late in the afternoon, but after two rounds were shot was adjourned until Monday.

During the afternoon the press shoot and the pistol match were shot. In the press shoot were the following ladies: Wm E McMaster, Albany *Argus*; F H Hovey, Rochester *Express*; F Satterthwaite, New York *Herald*; Abel Crook, *Sunday Mercury*; George A Chappell, *Sea World*; Theodore Lentington, New York *Tobacco Journal*; H Bidway, Buffalo *Courier*; R E Pidgeon, New York City Press Association; J B Dingens, Buffalo *Sunday Times*, and Captain and Commissioner of Excise W L B Stears, of the Brooklyn *Sunday Review*. It will be observed from the above that a representative of nine leading paper participated, while others that were not regular members of the press fraternity appeared. The following is the score of the eleven contestants:

	21 Yards.	26 Yards.	31 Yards.	Killed.
F Satterthwaite	1 1 1 1	1 1 1	1 1 1	11
G A Chappell	1 1 1 1	1 1 0	1 0	10
Theo Lendington	1 1 1 1	1 1 1	0	9
F H Hovey	1 1 1 1	1 0	0	6
W E McMaster	1 1 1 1	0	0	5
E J Bigony	1 1 1 1	0	0	5
H Sidway	1 1 0 1	1 1	1 1	9
Abel Crook	1 1 0 1	1 1	0	8
W L B Stears	1 0 1 1	0	0	4
J H Dilge Jr	1 1 0 0	0	0	3
Ed Redmond	1 1 0 0	0	0	3

Satterthwaite was ruled out as a non-resident of the State, and Chappell ruled in, though not in any way connected with the press. In the shoot off for third prize the following was the result:

	26 Yards.	31 Yards.	31 Yards.	Killed.
J H Dingens	1 1 1	1 1 1	1 1 1	9
Ed Redmond	1 1 1	1 1 1	1 1 0	8

The pistol-shooting contest took place during the afternoon and resulted as follows (ten shots at the word; distance, 15 yards, string measure; no chance, $3; closed with nine entries):

	Inches.		
J B Sag 1st prize	24	H B Hooker, 5th prize	38 5-16
J B Higham, 2d prize	27 14-16	J H Brown, 6th prize	39 7-16
G Crouch, 3d prize	35 3-16	G Meister, 7th prize	50 5-16
J H Andrews, 4th prize	35 12-16		

MONDAY.

Monday opened cloudy and during the day a heavy sea fog enveloped the shooting grounds, making it very hard for the judges to see when a bird had passed the boundary line. The birds were a very poor lot, a large number of them dying in the trap and a very few of them being able to fly out of bound. The match for the Wadsworth Cup was finished as also was contest No. 7, which was shot at another set of traps. In the Wadsworth Cup contest eleven clubs competed:

Audubon Club of Buffalo.

J P Fisher	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	20
E Taylor	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	17

Fountain Gun Club of Brooklyn.

C W Wingert	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	20
M V Bayliss	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	17

Nonpareil Shooting Club of Brooklyn.

Frank Pike	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	20
J J Bennett	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	17

Long Island Shooting Club of Brooklyn.

W Wynn	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	21
E H Madison	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	19

Monroe County Sportsmen's Association of Rochester.

H B Hooker	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	23
H Andrews	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	21

Garden City Gun Club of Garden City.

C W Rodman	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	25
J S Sneder	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	24

Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club of Syracuse.

H F Gale	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	21
J A Nichols	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	23

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club of Brooklyn.

F S Wassey	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	21
H McLoughlin	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	20

Forester Club of Buffalo.

H R Jones	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
George Smith	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	20

Genesee Sportsmen's Club of Irondequoit.

G W Crouch, Jr	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	23
A H Evershed	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22

Jefferson Club of Watertown.

E L Sargeant	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	18
R P Flower	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	20

The Genesee Sportsmen's Club winning the cup with a score unprecedented in the annals of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. The Monroe County Sportsmen's Association won the second prize, the Garden City Gun Club the third, and the Audubon, Forester and Fountain clubs divided the fourth prize. Contest No. 7 was a class shoot at seven birds, entrance fee $8. The scores made by the contestants are as follows:

P McGill	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
C Warner	0 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	6
E Hudson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
W K Mott	0 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	6
L Seaman	1 1 1 0 1 1 1	—	6
J Bele, Jr	0 0 0 1 1 1 1	—	4
P Tompkins	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
J Schneman	0 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	6
L H Smith	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
H Drury	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
L T Drury	1 1 0 1 1 1 1	—	6
Geo W Orr	1 0 1 0 1 1 1	—	5
J A Dingins	1 0 1 1 1 1 1	—	6
C L Madison	1 0 0 1 1 1 0	—	4
E Wakeman	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
A Slade	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
J S Stacey	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
F Hamilton	0 0 1 0 1 1 1	—	4
H Knebel	1 1 0 1 1 1 0	—	5
S H Appel	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
Wm Lenken	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
T Boyd	1 1 1 1 0 1 0	—	5
A Eddy	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
F P Denison	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
W H Seaver	0 1 0 1 1 1 1	—	5
Dr LeFevere	1 1 0 1 1 1 0	—	5
P Carroll	1 0 1 1 0 0 1	—	4
T Cook	1 1 1 1 0 1 1	—	6
H F Ten	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
Dr Mun oe	1 0 1 0 1 1 1	—	5
A Crook	1 0 0 1 1 1 0	—	4
Dr Samuels	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
J D Burroughs	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
A Elmendo f	1 1 0 1 1 1 0	—	5
H Carrick	1 1 0 1 1 1 0	—	5
J Dicking	0 0 1 1 1 1 0	—	4
H R Jones	0 0 1 1 1 1 1	—	5
J A Nichols	1 1 1 1 1 0 0	—	5
C W Rodman	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7
F P Pike	1 1 1 1 1 0 0	—	5
C W Wingert	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	7

There were twenty-six men in the ties on seven and at 26 yards they scored as follows: L H Smith 3, Drury 1, Hale 0, Denison 3, Aiem 0, Sanders 0, Wakeman 3, Bedmond 3, Stacy 3, Slade 1, Lenken 3, Mc-Gill 3, Rodman 3, Sheridan 3, Robinson 2, Sargent 3, Fisher 3, Luther 3, Wingert 3, Tucker 3, Meister 3, Cook 0, Burroughs 2, Raymond 3, H W Smith 0, Snedeker 1, Jacus 2, Massey 2, McLoughlin 3, Geo Smith 3, Anderson 3, Eddy 3, Bowlin 3 and Hooker 3. Those who tied on 3 stepped back to 31 yards and shot off, with the following result: L H Smith 7, Samuels 1, Hedeman 0, Stacy 0, McGill 3, Rodman 3, Sheridan 2, Sargent 7, Fisher 3, Luther 1, Wingert 2, Tucker 2, Meister 0, Raymond 0, McLoughlin 1, Geo Smith 3, Andrews 0, Eddy 1, Bayliss 1, Hooker 2. The on 3 at 31 yards: McGill 2, Rodman 2, Fisher 2, Tucker 2, Hooker 3. Mr. N. B. Hooker, of the Monroe County Sportsmen's Association, winning first prize. Ties on 2 at 31 yards for second prize: McGill 3, Rodman 2, Fisher 0, Tucker 1, Hooker 2. Ties: McGill 1, Tucker 3. Second tie on 3 for second prize: McGill 3, Tucker 2. Mr. P. McGill, of the Washington Gun Club, winning second prize in this cass. Mr. S. A. Tucker, of the Madison County Sportsmen's Club won the FOREST AND STREAM medal for the best average in contests Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 7 by killing 47 birds out of a possible 42. In the ties on 6 there were twenty-five contestants and at 26 yards they scored as follows: Schneman 3, Carman 3, Boyd 2, Warner 0, Carrick 2, Herman 1, Tallock 2, Elmendorf 3, Appel 0, Taylor 2, Flower 2, Rupp 0, Tompkins 3, Le Fevere 3, Cook 3, Nichols 3, Knebel 3, Miller 3, Hudson 1, Madison 2, Arrowsmith 3, Schworer 3, Dingens 3, Pike 3, Sage 3. Ties on 3 shot off at 31 yards: Schneman 0, Carman 1, Carrick 3, Elmendorf 1, Tompkins 3, Le Fevere 2, Cook 1, Nichols 3, Knebel 0, Miller 0, Arrowsmith 1, Schworer 3, Dingens 3, Pike 3, Sage 3. Ties on 3 at 31 yards: Carrick 0, Tompkins 3, Le Fevere 3, Cook 0, Nichols 0, Schworer 1, Dingens 3, Pike 0, Sage 3. Second tie on 3 at 31 yards: Tompkins 3, Le Fevere 0, Dingens 0, Sage 2. Third tie on 3 at 31 yards: Tompkins 0, Le Fevere 3. D. M. Le Fevere, of the Onondaga County Club, of Syracuse, winning first. P. Tompkins, of the Dean Richmond Club, of Batavia, winning second, and Irwin P. Sage, of the Forester Club, of Buffalo, winning third prize in Class B.

There were thirteen in the ties on 5 and their score at 26 yards is affixed. Monroe 3, Van Staden Jr. 2, Osgood 3, Duryea 3, Metcalf 0, Richardson 1, Strong 3, Selover 3, Chappell 3, Van Wicklen 0, Slane 3, Cook 1, Heinz 3. Ties on 3 shot off at 31 yards: Monroe 1, Osgood 0, Duryea 1, Strong 1, Selover 1, Chappell 3, Slane 2, Heinz 0, Mr. G. A. Chappell winning first and Mr. J. T. Slane winning second prize in this class. Both gentlemen are members of the Fountain Gun Club. In the ties on 4 there were nine competitors and their shooting at 26 yards is appended: Mott 1, Dierking 0, Post 0, Saeger 3, Jones 1, Madison 0, Orr 2, Carroll 3, Gale 3. Ties on 3 at 31 yards: Saeger 3, Carroll 3, Gale 3. Ties on 3 at 31 yards: Saeger 3, Carroll 2, Gale 3. Second tie on 3 at 31 yards: Saeger 3, Carroll 3, Gale 3. Third tie on 3 at 31 yards: Saeger 2, Carroll 3 and Gale 2. F. Carroll, of the Onondaga County Club of Syracuse, winning first prize in this class. Ties on 2 for second prize: Saeger 0, Gale 2. Mr. H. F. Gale, also of the Onondaga County Club, winning the second.

The next event was

CONTEST NO 8.

This match was the first on the programme Tuesday. Twelve clubs entered for this match and excellent scores were made, as the following record shows:

Brooklyn Gun Club.

A Elmendorf	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15
Dr Willard	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	—	14
F G Gildersleeve	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	—	14

Forester Club of Buffalo.

Geo Smith	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	—	14
J Jacus	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15
H R Jones	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13—54

Long Island Sportsmen's Association.

R Midmer	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1	—	13
R Robinson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15
G A Chappell	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13—53

Audubon Club of Buffalo.

J P Fisher	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15
E Taylor	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	16
G W Smith	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15—46

Washington Gun Club of Brooklyn.

H Hedeman	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15
J Evans	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1	—	13
P McGill	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13—53

Garden City Gun Club of Hempsted.

L Seaman	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	12
J S Snedeker	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1	—	12
C W Rodman	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	16—40

Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club of Syracuse.

H T Drury	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15
G Luther	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13
F P Denison	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1	—	14—46

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

F P Pike	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15
F S Massey	1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13
H McLaughlin	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	—	14—42

Monroe County Sportsmen's Association of Rochester.

H B Hooker	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15
H Andrews	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	16
J H Brown	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	—	13—44

Fountain Gun Club of Brooklyn.

C W Wingert	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	—	14
M V Bayliss	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	14
E H Madison	1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13—41

Nassau Sporting Club of Brooklyn.

J Schleman	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0	—	13
L H Smith	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15
W H Garnit	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1	—	11—39

Long Island Shooting Club.

W Wynn	0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13
B West	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	15
H Van Staden, Jr	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	16—56

The Audubon Club, of Buffalo, winning the cup and the Monroe County and the Long Island Shooting Clubs tieing for second third prizes, and in the shoot off at 26 yards scored as follows:

Monroe County Association.

N B Hooker	1 1 1 1—5	J H Brown	1 1 1 1—5—10
I H Andrews	1 1 0 1—4		

Long Island Shooting Club.

B West	1 1 1 1—5	H Van Staden, Jr.	1 1 1 1—5—10
W Wynn	0 1 1 1—4		

Ties on 14 shot off at 31 yards.

Monroe County Association.

N B Hooker	1 1 1 1—5	I H Andrews	1 1 1 1—5—15
J H Brown	1 1 1 1—5		

Long Island Shooting Club.

B West	1 1 1 1—5	H Van Staden, Jr.	0 1 1 1—4—13
W Wynn	1 1 1 1—5		

The Monroe County Association winning the second and the Long Island Shooting Club winning the third prize. This ended the New York State Association matches and the President dismissed the convention in a few remarks and turned over the management of interState matches to the President of the Long Island Association.

SOUTH ABINGTON, Mass., June 18.—At a match between the South Abington Sportsmen's Club and the Rockland Sporting Club at this place to-day, the following scores were made. Card trap, 20 balls each, 18 yards, teams of 15 men:

South Abington—		Rockland—	
J E Whidden	17	Sam Norton	16
Thos J Fish	13	Flo E Ies	15
Wm Lincoln	16	Geo Ed-on	14
W C Alden	15	C F Cook	15
Matt Lincoln	17	W Edson	14
J P Mason	16	A Wh	16
Chas Nute	19	E Bates, S	13
total	226.	Rockland—	W Damon 16, W T Thompson 18, E Damon 15, H S Curtis 17, W H Baker 18, F H Damon 16, Walter Baker 19, H Arnold 17, L Pool 11, W Arnold 14, J Dunn 17; J Burrell 10, T Damon 9, W Lewis 14—total 228.

As the South had brought only fourteen men they were allowed the average of their team as the fifteenth man's score. At the close of the match Mr. Chas. Nute, of the home team, and Walter Baker, of the Rocklands, who had respectively broken 19 shot off to see who was the champion. Nute won easily, breaking five straight, Mr. Baker coming to grief on his second ball. In the evening at the club room Mr. Nute was presented by his admiring friends with a box of shells for gallant behavior on the field of carnage. As the clubs have never each a match it is likely another shoot will be held on some neutral ground. GLASS BALL.

WELLINGTON, Mass., 24.—The weekly meet of the Raymonds, at Wellington to-day was well attended, and the records made, 20 balls, "Holden" trap, were excellent. The score stood: Capt. Jones 19, F A Johnson 19, R F Shafer 18, W Quincy 15, I Lewis 14, W P Wetherell 14, D Dirkwood 13, E S Payson 8, A C Nutting 8, E Wells 7, F L Smythe 7.

The next competition for the club medal, 20 balls, Holden trap. R F Shafer and H Ray tied on a score of 20 balls each. In the shoot off Ray won by one ball.

Thursday June 30 the first match of the season at glass bills will be opened at Walnut Hill.

SPRINGFIELD GUN CLUB.—The club held its last shoot for the Englert trophy June 16. The weather was fine, and an extra lot of selected birds were procured for the occasion. The club house was decorated with American flags and bunting. There was a hot contest for the medal between the Messrs. John Wood, James T. Davis, the President of the club, and Wm. D. Steers, the silent member. The other members had made back scores on the previous shoots, and the only ones to win except Major George Aery, who had been absent for several shoots on account of his engagements at the Schuetzen festival. The trophy was won by Mr. John Wood. The members then retired to their new and commodious dining-room, and partook of an elegant repast. Judge Dinkel in a very enthusiastic and witty speech presented the medal to Mr. Wood on behalf of the club and eulogized the donor, Mr. Michael Englert. Mr. Wood in a neat speech accepted and thanked the club, whereupon the amiable Mrs. Locke with always a smile as you pass, and her accommodating spouse produced various brands of sparkling wines and the flowing bowl was frequently filled and speedily emptied at a late hour, and long after dark the members started for their homes in New York in barouches.

CATAWISSA, June 18.—Weekly match for badge:

H B Aldrich	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1	—	13
Wm Eyer	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	—	13
T Fox	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13
A W Stadler	1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1	—	11
A A Sharpless	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1	—	11
Geo Myers	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	—	11
Wm Yeager	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1	—	11
G W Reifsnyder	0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1	—	9
A Harmon	0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1	—	9
F Malloy	0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0	—	6
C M Drinker	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1	—	4
H Fox	1 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	—	4

Ties on eighteen: Aldrich, 111 011—5; Eyer, 111 00—3. Ties on seventeen: Fox, 110 110—4; Stadler, 011 011—4; Sharpless, 011 111—5.

CATAWISSA, Penn., June 25.—Weekly score of Catawissa Glass-Ball Club:

Aldrich	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	—	13
Eyer	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13
Yeater	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13
Theo Fox	1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	11
Reifsnyder	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0	—	9
Dunker	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1	—	9
Stadler	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—	13
H Fox	1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	—	4
Harmon	0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	—	4

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB.—Washington, D. C., June 20.—The regular Saturday afternoon match took place on the grounds of the club, June 18, with the following result. Card's rotary trap, screened, 20 balls each, 20 yards rise:

E M Mcleod 20, E L Mills 19, F F Nagle 19, F F Case 19, O M Ball 18, P E King 17, J F Saffold 16, C L Dutrane 16, W W Eldridge 14, J E Hosford 14, N H Wadsworth 9, E P Parker 7.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, June 25.—There was a good attendance of marksmen at Walnut Hill to-day. The Handicap and Sharpshooters' matches were all but left alone, as most of the riflemen practiced at 500 and 600 yards. The best records of the day at 500 yards are appended:

Handicap Match—(500 yards).

G L Winship	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4	B F Jones	4 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 3
O M Jewell	5 4 4 5 5 5 5 4 4 4	D Jameson	4 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 5 4
J B Fellows	5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 4 4	A L Burt	4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4 3
F J Rabbeth	5 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4	W B Gunter	4 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 4
A M Read	4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 4	John Borden	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
J N Frye	4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4	F E Going	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4

Badge Match—No. 4.

L L Hubbard	5 5 4 5 5 4 4 5 5 4	J H Williams	4 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4
E F Richardson	4 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5	F E Going	5 5 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4
B M Read	5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 5	N W Arnold	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4

Sharpshooters' Match.

G L Winship	10 11 10 11 11 10 12 11 11 12	—	109
F E Going	11 10 10 12 10 10 11 9 11 11	—	105
J B Fellows	12 7 9 11 9 11 10 10 8 12	—	98

TOLEDO, O., June 18.—The Cora City Rifle Club had a shoot to-day 500 yards, creedmoor target, requiring from one to five points windage. The following are the scores:

F A Root	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	S L Frazer	4 3 5 2 4 4 4 4 5 5
G A Spross	5 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4	Chas Mes inger	0 3 4 5 5 3 0 2 2 4
Dr Waddick	4 2 2 4 5 3 3 3 2 3	R U Quiggle	4 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4

Second scores.

S T Fisk	4 3 2 2 2 5 5 4 3 3	A H Rummel	4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4 2
D Brown	2 2 2 5 4 2 5 2 2 2	F J Lindenberger	4 2 2 4 5 0 2 0 4 4
S L Frazer	3 4 3 2 5 5 3 0 4 4	B F Sawyer	5 5 4 5 5 4 5 4 2 2
R U Quiggle	5 5 5 4 3 4 5 4 3 4	Dr F A Root	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 0

X.

CREEDMOOR, L. I., June 25.—Several matches were fought to-day. The opening one was the "second-class" match for a prize offered by Messrs. Baker & Ackeaney, value $75. The handicap rule to become the property of the competitor who, at the close of the season of 1881 shall have won it the greatest number of times. In case of a tie, the highest aggregate score of all competitions participated in up to that time to decide. Open to bonâ fide members of the N. R. A. and of any military or naval organization. Distances, 500 and 600 yards; five shots at each distance, each entry; any military rifle. Competitors allowed unlimited entries, but only the highest score to take a prize.

	100 yds.	500 yds	Tl.
W B Smith	4 4 4 5 5—22	3 3 5 2 3—16	90
A J Rozeczlowski	4 4 5 4 4—21	0 2 0 5 4—11	32
E De Forest	5 5 4 4 4—22	5 5 4 4 5—23	45
G F Robbins	5 5 5 5 4	5 5 4 3 5—22	46
V H Carpenter	3 4 5 5 5	5 4 4 4 3—22	46
N H Walden	5 4 4 4 4—21	4 3 4 4 3—18	41
N O'Donnell	2 4 4 5 4—20	5 0 5 4 —15	37
G F Merchant	5 5 4 3 4—21	4 3 3 4 3—17	38
W N Bavier	3 3 4 5 3—17	5 5 4 3 0—15	32
J B Frothingham	4 5 5 4 5—23	5 4 3 4 4—20	43
A L Donegan	3 4 4 5 3—20	4 4 3 2 —17	37
G W Wingate	4 5 5 5 5—24	4 4 5 5 5—23	47
E D Crabe	5 4 4 4 4—21	0 4 5 5 3—17	38
G H Withaus	4 5 5 4 4—22	2 0 4 5 5—16	38
J L Pyne	5 5 5 4 4—23	5 4 3 4 4—22	45
W F Higgins	5 5 4 5 5—24	4 4 5 2 —17	42
W B Wetmore	4 4 4 3 3—18	3 4 4 2 4—17	35
J L Paulding	4 5 5 4 3—22	4 4 3 4 —15	41
T J Bolan	4 5 5 5 5—24	4 3 5 5 4—21	45
F Alder	5 4 5 5 4—23

Game Bag and Gun.

The Woodcock Season in New York State opens August 1.

GRAY PLOVER SHOOTING.

ABOUT the middle of April, along with the sheen of the poplar leaves reversed by the breeze, your Northern New England sportsman is delighted with a sheen of vastly greater importance to him—he sees the glint of the gray plover's wing as that wary game bird, returning from the far South, slants downward for a few days' rest in the marshes of our lakes and river bottoms. Soon as ever the welcome sign appears our watchful knight of the trigger steals gleefully into his armory, and with secret zest uncases his beloved breech or muzzle loader, and prepares for the carnage of the morrow. No word he speaks to man, woman or child, save one tried and trusty companion, without whom the coming sport would lose half its charm; and even him he conjures to assume a Sphynx-like stolidity of countenance for the hours that intervene between day and day, lest even in his sleep the precious secret should betray itself and a hungry crowd of fowlers anticipate them at the marsh.

But the new sun rises at last, and no one seems the wiser for the little confidence which has passed between our happy sportsmen. An early breakfast, and carefully stowing away guns and ammunition beneath the buggy seat, we ride away in innocent civilian's dress toward the mouth of the river. Penetrate our purpose if ye can, oh, brother sportsmen. To-night, when we return begrimed with powder and covered with feathers and glory, we shall willingly part with our secret; but now, may the goddess surround us, like Æneas of old with a moving cloud, that we may pass with unseen thought and purpose through the midst of our rivals.

It is done—we have left the limits of the town behind and no suspicious eye has followed us in our bowling flight. Thanks to the cloud of dust, our prayer seems answered by the goddess. As we approach and pass the residence of the last enthusiastic lover of the gun upon our route we ply the whip vigorously and raise such a nimbus of floating particles around our heads that not even the keen-eyed L——, had he been upon the lookout, could have determined who we were.

At eight o'clock we reach the marsh and begin to prepare for the day's sport. A shady place for Dolly is soon selected, and hitching her to a convenient limb, we proceed to divest ourselves of citizens' garb and don the more appropriate and comfortable canvas suits which have been tucked away under the seat. This done, we disinter our guns, distribute our stock of ammunition about our persons, and set forth in high expectation of sport. It is not yet too late for the birds to be feeding around the soft edges of the pools, and accordingly we direct our steps first to a well-known cove, about half a mile long, where the waters of the river play truant and lose themselves among the rushes never to return to the mother stream. There is an infirm old dug-out drawn up among the reeds, and instructing C—— to remain on this side of the cove while I cross over and beat the opposite shore, I launch upon my precarious passage, and, by dint of anxious and expert balancing, while I ply the slimy paddle, the voyage is made in safety.

Now we start abreast and move stealthily up the cove. The gray plover is so wild and suspicious a bird, at least in this section, that the use of a dog, either to flush or stand upon them, is impracticable. The mere vicinity of the sportsman is almost sure to put them up, but if he shou'd suspect that any are lying concealed within range, he has only to imitate their mournful whistle to bring them swooping in swift circles around him.

Hark! we have disturbed some dreamy heron standing knee-deep among the reeds, and with a splash and a harsh, defiant cry, away he soars, his long legs trailing behind him. The temptation is too great, and my friend C—— brings his little muzzle-loading Greener to his cheek, and in an instant the great mass of feathers collapse, and, all drooping and shapeless, the heron drops among the rushes, stone dead.

At the sound of the report a flock of gray plover rose about a hundred yards away, and had already sighted the North Pole preparatory to bidding us good-bye forever, when some laggard launched out of the reeds, at the same time favoring us with a couple of notes from his pensive pipe. It was enough. My flute of imitation, somewhat rusty, instantly caught the familiar old strain and answered back with quavering pathos. Round wheeled the laggard, and after him the whole flock, and the glint of many wings, like a snow-storm, flashed in our faces. We held until they were within twenty yards of us, and in the very act of swerving away again, when bang! went C——'s remaining barrel, and bang, bang! both of mine. Quick as possible I slipped in two more shells and gave the bewildered birds a parting volley as they winged away in a huddle. Three of them fell, and marking them down as near as I could, I reloaded and went in search of my game. Meanwhile C—— was spilling powder and shot down his sleeves, ramming away frantically, sweating, qualifying and agonizing generally.

"Pick up the first batch," I called back to him, "before you forget where they lie." Some indistinct reply came back through a ramrod and two percussion-caps held in his teeth and lips, and sounds of more pounding, shaking of powder into nipples and inarticulate grumbling attended me upon my way. I was fortunate enough to find all three plover, and returning, congratulated my friend upon our good success.

He had just completed the operation of loading, and was returning his various flasks and boxes to their appropriate pockets. We searched for the other four birds, which we are sure had fallen to our first fire. But memory in a wilderness of reeds is precariously short, and we were fain to be content with finding two of the four. "Now," said I, "C., if you had had a breech-loader, you would not only have marked down and recovered your birds, as I did, but you would have shot twice as many as you did." But the sturdy advocate of the muzzle-loader was not thus to be overcome. "Hold on!" he cried. "You shot five out of the seven, didn't you?" I assented. "Well," he continued, "supposing I hadn't shot at the heron, and had had two charges to begin with, as you did, I brought down two with the choke-bore as it was, and if I couldn't have dropped three with the cylinder, had it been loaded, I would have eaten my head." "Then what were you grumbling about?" I asked, somewhat nonplussed. "Because I shot the heron," he answered, "and so gave you a chance to beat me. Wait till the next flock gets up." And I must confess that the superior skill of my friend carried his point. The plover were abundant, and although our bags were very nearly equal, when we returned to our team for luncheon C. was a brace or two ahead. Of course, I contended that the difference lay in the men and not in the guns, but he generously, albeit maliciously, maintained the contrary. Finally, however, we agreed to refer the dispute to the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, and if he, out of his inexhaustive knowledge of sporting matters, unqualifiedly pronounced the breech-loader superior in general to the muzzle-loader, C. signified his willingness to assent, in theory, but not in practice.

During the afternoon the birds grew more wary, and it was not until sundown that we got any more really good shooting. Then the birds returned to their feeding grounds, and for a short while we had our hands full. As our pockets increased in weight our desire for slaughter decreased correspondingly, and we left off firing promiscuously into flocks, and choosing single birds dropped them with far more genuine and truly sportsmanlike satisfaction than before. The pigeon-like flight of the plover afforded excellent practice, and although we by no means scattered feathers at every shot, yet we were quite satisfied with bagging the majority of birds singled out. At last it grew dusk, and Dolly neighed impatiently through the gathering fog. It was time to close our long day of sport, and not unwillingly we turned our faces homeward, and sniffed, in anticipation, the savory repast which we had directed should be ready against our return. Eighty gray plover lay huddled beneath the seat, and the fury of the gods was satisfied. PAUL PASTNOR.

DIFFERENT MODES OF SHOOTING.

POCASSET, MASS., June 8.

HAVING often read in your columns articles condemning "floating batteries," "sink boxes," pot-hunters, etc. I would like to give some examples that have come under my observation showing how difficult it is to draw a line between the right and wrong in different localities.

Many of your correspondents condemn a sink box without saying why they do so. They condemn a pot-hunter, when very likely the pot he hunts for demands all his energy to keep it boiling. To many of our Northern sportsmen the idea of a floating battery is associated with hunting the fowl on their feeding grounds. With us if this were done to any extent it would drive them away, but on the other hand if we decoy them to blinds or shoot them from points on the shore or beaches that they cross it does not cause them to leave. At the best our shooting season is short and uncertain. We may have an open winter, and some fowl will stay through the season; this applies to the sea shooting north of Barnegat, and likely to the lake districts as well. Our brothers at the South are more fortunate, they have more and better fowl than we in the East. Then, too, their shooting season lasts longer, and as the birds are residents for a while and not liable to migrate unless for food, they can hunt there differently.

In the fall and winter of 1876 I spent some time at Chesapeake City, which is situated on a branch of Elk River at the head of Chesapeake Bay. While there I became acquainted with several gentlemen who were successful sportsmen. One of them showed me his sink boat, decoys and all their belongings. Some of his decoys though home-made would do credit to a manufacturer. He described the mode of using them on the Susquehanna Flats, and I think the same rules hold for the whole bay. His "box," was just large enough to hold him lying at full length, and, as near as I can remember, was about six feet long, two and a half wide and about four-teen inches deep. It had wings at the sides and ends, these were made with a board frame and canvas covering, and when not in use could be folded over the box saving room The inner edge of these wings formed a flat washboard around the box, on which were tacked long strips of sheet lead, cut about two inches wide; one edge of these could be raised up so as to keep out the swash that came over the wings. As everything was as flat as a floor I was quite surprised when told what seas they would stand. Decoys are set all around the box and on the wings; my friend had some cast iron ones for this purpose. When hunting in this way it is necessary to have an attendant to pick up dead birds, and set out and take in the decoys. The Susquehanna flats lie on the west side of Elk Neck, Md. These are noted feeding grounds for canvasback and redheads; and I don't know that any other method of hunting would be successful.

Once while hunting on the James River the writer had to build a battery in order to get near enough to shoot. We were hunting in the mouth of Gray's Creek, opposite Jamestown Island. The ducks fed on the mud flats in the mouth of this creek, and as we had no sinkbox we could not get near them. We built a brush hedge around our boat and set decoys off from that, then waited for events, which soon came in the shape of teal, duckies, canvasbacks and pintails. When I tripped up a stray canvasback I felt no qualms of conscience because I shot him from a battery. Some time ago I read in one of our leading magazines how some gunners sunk a cask in the edge of a slough in the open prairie, and with a few reeds made a blind that effectually concealed them where there was no natural shelter. Blinds of some kind must be used, and the style varies with the locality. It is ridiculous to think of hunting without anything to conceal the hunter. What hunt would there be if one was in plain sight of his game? What success would attend such a hunt? None in any place that I am familiar with.

Batteries on the feeding grounds at the North tend to drive off the birds; at the South, where they are residents for a season, it is different. Our Southern brethren have men among them who kill more fowl by getting them in a "raft," and using one of those great guns that shoot twelve drams of powder and a quarter of a pound of shot, than any of the shooters our way who shoot from "sand boxes," "blinds," etc. The writer stood beside a man once, and saw him fire one of these embryo cannon at a flock of geese; after the deafening report had ceased reverberating from the banks and hills, we asked him what was in the gun. "Twelve drams of powder and eighty buckshot," said he. I may also add that none of his shot reached the geese. When in Washington, D. C., I saw a man who used a "swivel gun." He could only shoot on the water, and as he used a pound of shot at a charge, he only fired at flocks. If he was not a "pot-hunter" there are none in this country. This, with night hunting, should be stopped. Night hunting is ruinous; the fowl leave forever if it is followed up long.

"Pot-hunter" is sometimes an unjust appellation. The FOREST AND STREAM for May 5 tells of a party of three who killed upward of a thousand canvasbacks, redheads and bluebills. Quite a potfull. What did they do with a ton of birds? Gave them to their friends, no doubt, and escaped the derisive title of pot-hunter. Poorer men would have made friends with mammon, perhaps, and would have been detested accordingly.

Any way that game can be taken may be hunting; fortunately all ways of hunting are not legitimate. It would be better for the public if all trapping and snaring was stopped. Yet no one could wonder at the opposition it would meet from the rural districts.

In my native town, twenty years ago, quail were not much hunted; now, when the season opens, the fields swarm with hunters. The countryman with his old fashioned gun and spaniel vies with the city sportsman with his hammerless gun and thoroughbred pointers and setters. The countryman scours the fields at daybreak in order to break up the coveys first; from then till dark a perfect fusillade is kept up. The birds grow poor from that day, and I have found them miles away in the woods, where they had been driven by the pointer and breech-loader. This is continued for two months; and if the time were shortened down to two weeks, I think there would be such a turnout as to exterminate them. City men often buy a tract of land and forbid all trespassing on it; they, however, do not scruple to tramp through the countryman's dooryard or garden. Oftimes they leave down bars and fences; finally he posts his land; then there is trouble till money smooths it over.

Perhaps no kind of hunting is so destructive as that pursued in the far North by the egg hunters. They go in boats to places where fowl breed in thousands, and reap a harvest of eggs that would produce a legion of wild fowl. The method told me by a man who had been on such expeditions was to go to some island where nests were plenty, and smash all the eggs that could be found, and next morning all would be fresh. Then began the harvest. Most of this is done out of the limits of the United States, but I think it exceeds in evil any mode of hunting I ever heard of.

MERGUS.

THE GAME LAW VETO.

To the Assembly:

Assembly Bill No. 661, entitled "An act to further amend chapter 534 of the Laws of 1879, entitled 'An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game,' as amended by chapter 531 of the Laws of 1880," is herewith returned without approval. The Constitution provides that excessive bail shall not be required nor excessive fines imposed, nor shall cruel and unusual punishment be inflicted, nor shall witnesses be unreasonably detained. Manifestly, the object of this provision is to guard and protect the weak and unfortunate from oppression, either in the enactment or execution of laws, and it should be quite as binding upon the Legislature in the exercise of its peculiar prerogative as upon the magistrate or subordinate officer who is charged with the duty of enforcing the statutes. In the progress of legislation with reference to the protection of game and fish there has been a constant tendency to antagonize this beneficent provision of the Constitution. From year to year penalties have been made more and more severe, and offenses have been largely increased in variety and number. Each successive Legislature has amended the laws on the subject, so that it has become next to impossible for the people to understand what is permitted or forbidden. Instead of just and stable laws that would command respect and obedience, we have confusion and uncertainty, with risk of offending on the part of those ever so well disposed. Some of the provisions of the accompanying bill are obviously cruel and unusual, and in this regard must be deemed obnoxious to the constitutional restriction referred to. For instance, the penalty for shooting a wild fowl from any steam or sail vessel, as prescribed by the existing law, is $10, while this bill increases it to $50. This change cannot be justified as reasonable or in any degree consistent with the character of the offense named. Again, in the amended thirty-third section, this bill provides that "no person imprisoned on execution under this act shall be bailed or admitted to the liberties of the jail." No sane person will attempt to deny that this provision is both cruel and extraordinary, nor will it be claimed that it is in any sense necessary for a proper and efficient execution of the law.

The amendment proposed to the thirty-fifth section provides that "Courts of Special Sessions in towns and villages, and the several courts in cities, situated in the county in which the offense was committed, or in any adjoining county having jurisdiction to try misdemeanors in their own county, shall have jurisdiction to try offenders in all cases occurring under this act. It shall be the duty of every Sheriff, Under Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, policeman, constable, etc., to arrest, wherever found within this State, without warrant or process, any person whom they shall find violating any of the provisions of this Act and immediately to bring such offender before any magistrate residing in the county in which the offense is committed, or in any adjoining county, for examination and trial." Thus, the jurisdiction of the most inferior courts is extended over several counties, and officers are authorized to convey offenders wherever they please within the limits of any adjoining county. Comment is hardly necessary to illustrate the imprudence and inconsistency of such a proposition. When an offense is committed against the person or property, either in the nature of a misdemeanor or a felony, it is the duty of the officer making the arrest to take the offender before the nearest magistrate for examination. Thus, however grave the crime committed, whether it be murder, burglary or robbery, the offender must be taken before the nearest magistrate, while if the offense be simply catching a fish or shooting a bird out of season, the offender may be taken before any magistrate in perhaps any one of a half dozen counties for examination or trial. The case in this respect is one of pleasure or prejudice on the part of the officer making the arrest. This remarkable provision is also antagonistic to the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees to every person charged with crime "the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law." The only application of this guarantee that seems reasonably consistent is that the offender under the Game law shall be tried, as in all other cases, by the nearest court having jurisdiction To extend the jurisdiction in the manner proposed is wholly inconsistent with a rational theory. Fishing and hunting were among the first pursuits and privileges enjoyed by our forefathers in the early occupation of this country. No interests of the community especially vital in character require that these privileges should be restrained; but with the advance of civilization a sentiment has found expression in the enactment of laws extremely rigid and restrictive. Infractions of the game laws are not such serious offenses against the peace and welfare of the people as to justify the odium sought to be attached to

them. On the contrary, the penalties should be regulated so as to compare reasonably with those provided for offenses of a similar grade, and the administration of the laws should be as simple and effectual as will comport with the dignity of the State. ALONZO B. CORNELL.

THE WOODCOCK SEASON does not open in any part of the State before August 1.

MASSACHUSETTS CLOSE GAME SEASONS.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association have compiled and published for broadcast distribution over that State a digest of the fish and game laws. The society did not get the law it wanted and should have had; but its members express their determination to see that the statute which the marketmen put through is enforced. We hope it may be. The close seasons provided are as follows: Trout, land-locked salmon, lake trout, October 1 to April 1; black bass, December 1 to July 1; salmon, Aug. 1 to May 1; smelts, March 15 to June 1; ruffed grouse, Jan. 1 to Sept. 1; woodcock, Jan. 1 to Aug. 1; quail, Jan. 1 to Oct. 15. Possession and sale of above birds positively forbidden at all other seasons, regardless of where killed or taken, except quail, which may be had and sold from Jan. 1 to May 1, if not killed in the State. Black duck, woodcock and teal, April 1 to Sept. 1. Prairie chickens cannot be killed at any time, except birds placed by owners upon their grounds; possession and sale forbidden except during January, February, March and April; marsh, beach and shore birds, April 1 to July 15 (except black-breasted and chicken plover, red-breasted sandpiper, winter yellow-leg and Wilson's snipe, which are not protected); Carolina dove, herring gull, tern, sea swallow, mackerel gull, May 1 to Sept. 1. Insectivorous birds—Penalty for killing or disturbing nests or eggs, $10; penalty for snaring game birds, hare or rabbit, or for setting snares or traps for such, or for use of ferrets, or for using battery, swivel or pivot guns, or torch or other artificial light in wild fowl shooting, $20. (Owners of land or others authorized by them may snare ruffed grouse, hare or rabbit during open seasons only.) Deer, Dec. 1 to Nov. 1 (owner or keeper of dog found chasing deer or hunting deer at any other season punishable by fine of $20); gray squirrel, hare, rabbit, March 1 to Sept. 1.

Possession of game during close season *prima facia* evidence to convict.

Notice of any violation of the above laws, with evidence of same, is requested to be sent to either the President, John Fottler, Jr., or Secretary, E. S. Tobey, Jr., or to any member of the Executive Committee of the Association.

IN A TURKEY BLIND.

GRANITEVILLE, S. C., June 22.

IN all probability quail will be abundant at the opening of the season. As I write the merry whistle of "Bob White" comes to me through the open office window. On the opening day I can, in five minutes' walk from this building, find three and possibly four or five coveys of birds. It certainly is one of the joys and great pleasures of life to take a tramp through these pine forests, and, occasionally striking an old field, find these birds, and, over one or a brace of well-broken dogs, make a fair bag.

To go it over and over again with pen or gun is an old story which is always new. We all know how it is done. We read from the pens of others, week after week, of quail shooting, woodcock, snipe and duck shooting. The story never grows stale, the charm is there, and in imagination we participate and snuff the delightful odor of the woods—some one has called it "ozone," that's a good name, it fits exactly.

I wish some of our Northern brethren could come here, and "hold on" to November and December quail, also go it blind on turkey, and possibly kill that 300 pound buck—that mythical buck! Bucks must be averaging heavier than twenty-five years ago. They appear mighty small in the woods under full headway, but grow to astonishing proportions and weights when laid low. Mr. Van Dyke makes some extremely sensible remarks on the subject. His book will puncture the popular gas-bag on many things pertaining to the field.

Speaking of turkeys, I am reminded of a magnificent time I had in not shooting them a couple of years ago. Old man McLean was alive then, and knew all the walks, runs and haunts, feeding places and feeding times (so he said) of all the droves of turkeys for forty miles square.

One night in December the old man knocked at my door. Said he, "Mr. Swiveller I've got 'em a-cooning. All O. K. Been baiting the place regularly for two weeks; an awful big gang of them, and they've been feeding round them covers and and round them fences right 'long, and I've got a b—eu—tiful blind built. It's so snug and close you could just have a regular circus in there, and the 'turks' a lookin' right at it, and it ud draw 'em right up."

"All right, old man, when shall we go?" I said, for by this time I was worked up to the highest state of excitement, besides I had been expecting this call and was prepared.

"Well, let's go to-morrow morning. You'll have to git up by three o'clock and git right into the saddle. I'll come and wake you. You know it is a good distance to ride."

I made all the necessary preparations, and soon after retired. I promised my dear mother she should have at least one fine gobbler to grace the table at Christmas.

"Mars Dick, yer hoss is waitin', and Mars ol man McLean is a worryin' hisself wuss'n a mule aferd you won't git out in time."

I looked up and there stood Joe, lamp in hand, most anxious that I should move.

I get up and am now wide awake. "Gimme these duds, boy," and in a few minutes more I am stealing out in the night air. Once in the saddle, and my 8 lb. 12-bore Scott on the bow, the old man and I take our way to the blind, some eight miles distant. Right through the thick pine forest we marched by file, the old man in the van.

Arriving at the blind, I found it an admirably constructed affair—no bright butts sticking out showing where the axe had recently been. It was part and parcel of a windfall, and in daylight could scarcely be detected as a turkey blind.

McLean found the corn gone he had scattered the day previous, so, baiting afresh, we crept into the blind, and in silence waited. The great pines looming up all around were sighing in the little breeze blowing, and it began to act as a lullaby to me. I was growing sleepy, so it was arranged that I should take a nap, being greatly fatigued from loss of sleep some days previous. The old man was to wake me—gently to whisper in my ear; so, blindly trusting that old man, I at last fell asleep. I don't know the hour—it must have been 4:20—and so I slept on, hugging my gun. I turned over to take a fresh position, and in the act was startled to find it so very light, and more startled on hearing the organ-like tones proceeding from the red proboscis of my companion. I looked around; the sun was two hours high; old man McLean sound asleep and a whisky perfume in the air. I peeped out of the blind. The bait was gone. The turkeys had come on time, filling their engagement, had eaten the corn and departed. I was disgusted. Ah, whisky, how much happiness thou destroyest. I carefully left the blind, mounted my horse, took the old man's horse, and we three proceeded sorrowfully home. I thought the old man might as well walk home; he would have a chance to think of the mutability of human affairs, devices and institutions. We met; but oh! DICK SWIVELLER.

A PLEA FOR THE REED BIRD.

OUR correspondent, Didymus, who is much interested in the protection of our small birds, has sent us a copy of a letter addressed by him some years since to the New York *Citizen*, regarding the annual slaughter of the reed birds on their southern migrations. The reed bird is a delicious morsel, but there is no more skill required in his capture, and no more sport in it than there is in the capture of so many hens. Didymus says: "A few years ago I spoke right out in meetin' on the subject of reed-bird slaughter, and I am curious to know whether I am in opposition to the higher powers or not. I have never seen an expression in FOREST AND STREAM on that matter. The inclosed article I sent to the New York *Citizen*, but why I do not know, unless that paper was "running a muck" on the same subject. It rather riles me to see a coarse, bloated gourmand sit down to a table (armed and equipped with a bottle of brandy and water to sharpen his appetite) and gulp down a dozen or two of these lovely little songsters! It does not seem to harmonize with the "eternal fitness of things," and I heartily wish it could be stopped. Of course I am talking now for your own private ear." The communication referred to was as follows:

"If the protection of small birds is of sufficient consequence to warrant legislative interference, the annual slaughter of the bobolink on the marshes of the Delaware is certainly the one of all others to demand it, and now let us have your aid.

"I believe it is generally known that the reed-bird of the Delaware is the lovely little bobolink of the meadow—the subject of Mr. Bryant's beautiful poem. In the summer the male is black and white, and one of the most exquisite singers in this country. In the month of August he doffs his gay apparel, and assumes the sober garb of the female, when they congregate and prepare for their annual flight to the South; and it is during this trip that their ranks sustain such fearful losses.

"Their principal stopping-place is Delaware Bay, where they fatten on the wild rice, and are slaughtered by tens of thousands.

"If this infamous business could be stopped—and it could be if a few earnest men would take the matter up—this tiny creature, instead of returning to us annually in diminished numbers, would rapidly increase, and effect a corresponding decrease in the insect tribe. Let us look at the consistency of the amended game laws of Pennsylvania: 'It shall not be lawful, etc., to shoot, kill, or in any way trap or destroy any bluebird, swallow, martin, or other insectivorous bird at *any season* of the year, under a penalty of two dollars.'

"Now, during the summer, the reed-bird is *exclusively* insectivorous, and is the only one, except the robin, that needs the protecting hand of the law. Why mention the bluebird, swallow or martin? They are useless for the table, and are very seldom killed, while the bobolink is killed by wholesale; and it is a shame and a disgrace to the city that tolerates it. Is there a sportsman's club in Philadelphia? If there is, why do they not enforce, or at least test, the law, and see if the quibble that because they are not insectivorous at the time they are killed the law does not cover their case, can be sustained. The *Press* says: 'The short and decisive way to settle that point of law is to bring complaint against some one of the murderous gunners who defy it, and try him for the offense. If he cannot be convicted under the present statute, then pass another next winter with no loopholes.' I sincerely hope that some one will take sufficient interest in the matter to do this; but if Philadelphia has a sportsman's club, it is *their duty*."

SHOOTING THE BLUE GROUSE.

EUGENE CITY, Oregon, June 8.

THE mountain or blue grouse has probably never been seen or hunted by the majority of American sportsmen, and a rough description of this beautiful game bird may not be out of place. It is a very plump bird, nearly twice the size of a ruffed grouse, and in winter and spring is of a dark, blue color. Their flight is swift, and accompanied by a great rustling of wings calculated to seriously affect the steadiness of the novice in this kind of shooting. Their flesh tastes slightly of fir in the spring, and in the fall they are of the very finest flavor. Our faulty game law permits hunting them until April, and the close season expires August 1.

Although perfectly aware that they should be left untouched during March, I, with a companion, started out one pleasant morning in quest of these birds on a range of oak clad hills. The game law allows it; other gunners are shooting them, and the sport most exciting, so who could resist this enticing invitation in the shape of the hoot, hoot of the old cocks as they are feeding in the early morning on the hill sides?

A good setter is indispensable if you are desirous of making a good bag, and one that is very staunch in pointing, for the cocks, unlike the hens, will often flush wild or run far ahead of the dog. He must also retrieve well, as they often fall into dense bushes, and if not killed clean will slip away and secrete themselves.

The morning seems to us, as we stand on a ridge viewing the green valley extending in the distance below us, to be propitious, and several hooters are filling the air with their booming voice in the oak bushes ahead. Singling one out, and marking as near as possible the apparent spot from which the sound issues, we walk carefully on with the dog ranging slowly ahead. On the edge of a small patch of fern he makes a point, and an instant leter a hen, with a great fluttering, arises but comes to a halt, when my steadiness returns, and my first grouse of the season has been bagged. Had not the dog scented it, my footsteps, only a few feet distant, would have only made it lie the closer, and it might have lived to rear, a month later, a dozen young chicks.

But while I am thus regreting the result of my shot, two more hens have flushed out of range, alarmed at the report of my gun, and have settled in oak trees a few hundred feet away. You will soon find out that they are not to be caught napping in places bare of some kind of hiding place, and they buzz away from the leafless branches as I approach. One is stopped by my companion, who happens to be in the line of their flight, and the other sails to dense fir timber, there to remain until evening, when it may again be found feeding in the open places.

But now we have arrived at the spot where the cock should be found, and the dog gradually draws on the track of the wily bird which has run into the bushes on my approach, and suddenly flushes, but a report follows, while the four pounds of animated blue falls heavily to the ground and proclaims by the slow fluttering of his wings that the shot has been clean. A brace more are picked up before we reach a high rocky point where one has been hooting all the morning. The ground is dry and the dog warm, so our hunt over the ridge should have been thorough, but as I am about giving up the search he flushes behind me, only a few steps from where I walked several times, and is away before I can shoot and settles in a very tall dense, fir tree, perfectly safe from all shot-guns and dull eyes.

As the sun has mounted the horizon we may as well direct our steps to the banks of a small creek, where an occasional bird is flushed while enjoying a dust bath or drinking. By one o'clock we have a load of eight birds, weighing 24 pounds, a weighty bag, so, seeking our horses, we start home, recounting on the way the incidents of the hunt and trying to decide that our hunt will not affect the fall supply of young birds, for not less than forty were seen on our morning ramble.

A short time since I sent to San Francisco a nest of eggs of these grouse, and an attempt will be made there to rear them in captivity. In several instances I have known of their being hatched under the care of a hen and small boy, but not being attended to properly, they have either been killed or escaped. They are a hardy bird, and if rightly cared for would, no doubt, become tame and could be conveyed into different parts of the country. I have never heard of one perishing from cold or hunger. Do you know of any one succeeding in domesticating them? JASPER STEVENS.

GAME IN MINNESOTA.

SAUK CENTRE, Minn., June 24, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is every indication of a grand chicken harvest the coming season. Although there has been a vast amount of rain, I do not think it has materially injured the young chicks. A good many ducks are seen now and then, reversing the discouraging prospect of a scarce crop.

The mallard builds its nest generally upon high ground, so it is practically safe. Some snipe are around the lowlands and creek bottoms, and are in fine condition.

Upland plover are not so numerous as heretofore, owing, probably, to the late prairie fires, which destroys their nests.

I have noticed quite a goodly number of pigeons about of late, but some of our sportsmen consider them "grub," not game.

I am inclined to think sometimes that this section of country is unrivaled in the Northwest as a game resort.

The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad traverses this section for a distance of about three hundred miles, and any station by the way "is just the place" to stop at for any and all kinds of game, so a sportsman need not confine himself to any one unless he has a decided preference.

The sportsman visiting this country need not bother about bringing ammunition, as he can find any kind in general use here. DELL.

Pillsbury, Todd County, Minn., June 21.—Prospects for sport in this locality the coming autumn are excellent. Young ducks are as plenty as I ever knew them to be, and for the time of year unusually large. I saw a flock of young mallards yesterday fully two-thirds grown.

I went down the river bottom this morning and saw so many snipe that I wished for the presence of Messrs. Frame and Jones, of your city, who made the welkin ring here last fall. Pigeons are far more numerous than they have been before for three years. Deer signs are abundant. While fishing in the lake yesterday morning a magnificent old buck came down to the shore and stood and watched me for fifteen minutes or more. If I had had my rifle along I am afraid I should have backslidden and violated the game law, for he was in the "blue" and would have been delicious eating. J. F. LOCKE.

THE CUVIER CLUB.

A CINCINNATI, O, correspondent writes: I inclose a very interesting interview which took place between Col. Lew Harris, President of our Cuvier Club, and a *Times-Star* reporter, regarding the migratory quail, and the new Cuvier Club building now in process of erection on Langworth street, this city. The interview is as follows:

It will be remembered that last summer the Cuvier Club, of this city, turned loose a large number of Messina quail, which, when the cold blasts of last winter came on, spread their wings and took an air-line for the South. Several communications have been received at the *Times-Star* office asking whether these birds had ever returned. A *Times-Star* reporter took the trouble of hunting up Col. L. A. Harris, who, by the way, is one of the hardest workers in the Cuvier Club, and the query regarding the quail was propounded to him.

"These quail have never returned," replied the Colonel, "but we have strong hopes that they will, for some of them have been seen in New York and Maine."

"Does the Club intend to import any more?"

"Oh yes. We have made arrangements for the importation of two hundred more."

"When will they arrive here?"

"Not before next spring. You see the Messina quail are an African bird that cross the Mediterranean Sea to Messina in the fall of the year and there they are captured. Our order will be filled in the spring and we will try our luck again."

"The Cuvier Club is doing considerable good toward the preservation of game in Ohio, isn't it?"

"A great deal. Our club here is the largest in the country, and every member takes a personal interest in seeing that game is protected. We are now making arrangements for

stocking all the streams of the State with the finest of fish. Dr. J. T. Irwing has been appointed to take charge of the stocking of the Little Miami, Col. David B. Corwin, the Big Miami, and two gentlemen whose names I cannot recall at present the Scioto. There has been great trouble caused us by the defective game laws of Ohio which we hope to have remedied next winter when the Legislature meets. For instance, the Fish Commission sets aside $1,000 for stocking the streams of Ohio with fish, and at the same time the Legislature passed an act giving permission to shoot and spear fish, and to seine for 'mullets.' Now what are mullets? They are worthless fish commonly called the 'red horse.' When seining for mullets a person is liable to seine a few black bass. Is he going to pick out the bass and throw them back into the stream and keep the mullets? Not much."

"When will your new club house be completed, Colonel?"

"We expect to occupy it about the first of November, and a finer club house there will not be in the city. The success of our club is that no gambling or drinking is allowed, and we have the good wishes of the ladies, for they know that when their husbands are at the Cuvier Club they are in good company."

"Your club house will be built entirely by private subscription, won't it?"

"Yes, by members of the club, and I wish you would distinctly state that fact, for when we issued our circulars asking for subscriptions from members of the club the impression got abroad that we were calling upon the public for subscriptions, which was not the case by any means."

SUMMER GUIDE BOOKS.

THE B AND O. SUMMER RESORT BOOK.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. publish a novel little handbook directing the public to the choice points for scenery, health and sport reached by their lines. There is an index at the end of the book, which is a guarantee that the rest of the book is complete. We always "take to" a book of this kind which has an index. Of Deer Park and Oakland, the book says:

The devotees of the rod and gun will find in the Alleghanies much food for both hook and shot, as, for the one, there is trout and like fish which most abound in mountain streams, and for the other wild turkey, deer, grouse, etc. The terms at Deer Park and Oakland are $3 per day; $15 to $18 per week, and $60 to $75 per month. Address letters relative to accommodations to J. P. Dulschart, Supt. B. & O. hotels, Deer Park, Md. Leaving New York in the evening Deer Park is reached the next morning, and Oakland ten minutes later. From the West, leaving Chicago late in the afternoon, Oakland and Deer Park are reached the next day for dinner without change of cars. Leaving St. Louis on the famous Daisy express in the morning, and Cincinnati in the evening, Oakland and Deer Park are reached the next morning; or, leaving St. Louis in the evening and Cincinnati in the morning, Oakland and Deer Park are reached that evening. The train leaving New York and Philadelphia in the evening arrives at Deer Park and Oakland for breakfast next morning. The train leaving New York late at night arrives at these resorts next day for dinner.

For the guide book send your name to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co., Baltimore, Md.

PENNSYLVANIA R.R. EXCURSION ROUTES.

The passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad publishes a large handbook detailing almost one thousand excursion routes. The book is handsomely embellished with numerous pictures of famous places, and is accompanied with an useful map. Now, here is a bit of advice. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company offers to send this book free upon application; we advise you, gentle reader, to put your name down for one, whether you propose to go anywhere or not. For tourists the book is invaluable; for stay-at-homes it will be entertaining.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

SENATOR Thomas W. Palmer is practically the Detroit Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, although nominally he is only President of that organization. The Michigan sportsmen who indulge in pigeon shooting and Senator Palmer are having an interesting tilt. The latter announces his intention to prevent the shooting of pigeons; and the shooters say, in effect, "prevent us, if you can." A gentleman who is neither a sportsman nor an advocate of the Prevention etc., business, was heard dilating on the subject the other day. His idea is that, "it is strange that a society of Mr. Palmer's well-known horse-sense should expend energy in such a cause. It is, of course, to be regretted that pigeons should be killed. Indeed one could desire that the economy of nature be so reversed that life should never be destroyed; but unfortunately that isn't the way things are arranged. The universal law of nature, which is more cruel in her methods than any art man has invented, is to kill and be killed. The pigeon is no exception to this rule, and the individual birds Mr. Palmer's tenderness may save from the marksman's shot-gun may by that very means be left to die a more miserable death by starvation or overcrowding in the northern woods, where millions of them perish from such causes annually. If they are to be killed at all, how could the work be done more mercifully than when their deaths contribute to so useful an art as marksmanship?" Such is in brief, the ingenious and apparently secure argument of the person whose ideas are inclosed within quotation marks.

Now, Senator Palmer says it isn't so much the actual shooting of pigeons that he objects to as it is the manner in which they are shot. He has often seen them, he declares, crippled and fluttering off to die in helpless misery. This may possibly be interpreted as a "wipe" at our noble Michigan marksmen. I should not be surprised if the Senator were all the time quietly having a comforting chuckle at the fellows who have persuaded themselves that pigeons enjoy the distinction of being shot at by them. One other point—and I think it a good one—made by Mr. Palmer is that the manner in which pigeons are transported for sale and use is barbarous. With his extravagant notion that the shooting them is demoralizing to the young I have no sympathy. Whether or not the shooting clubs here shall be compelled to resort to glass balls is just now the question which is agitating their members. They try to look serene and unconcerned about it, but there must be some significance in the repeated postponements of the match for the State Championship medal.

BENVENUTO.

ARE THERE NIHILISTS ON OUR RANGES?

NEW YORK, June 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

SIR—With the intention that I may possibly be doing a service, I wish to give you a conversation which I heard the other day in coming to the city on a train down the Hudson River road. The parties were two men, both of them apparently foreigners. At first glance I took them to be Germans, but now think that one of them at least was a Russian born. They were conversing of rifle shooting, and as I have myself been a frequenter of the ranges about New York I paid some attention to a talk of which I was at first an unwilling hearer. They spoke of different makes of rifles, and their powers of carrying with accuracy for various distances. They discussed bolt bullets and spherical ones, and one of them detailed some experiments he had been making with explosive and reversing bullets from long-range weapons, and the destructive power he had found them to possess when fired into a bank of sand. They spoke of wood powder and its peculiarity of giving out little smoke and diminished noise for a certain charge. Then one of the two told of the progress which a number of individuals were making as marksmen. The names were mentioned, but these seemed to be short nick-names. They were apparently in various parts of the country, and my travelling companion was speaking of correspondence he had held with them.

All the talk I had thus far heard almost tempted me to turn and open a conversation with the strangers on a topic where I was thoroughly at home. I did not do so, however, and the two men went on talking, and dropping into the German tongue one narrated to the other a plot which gave point to their former talk on small bores and charges. So far as I could judge they had in view the assassination of the present Czar of Russia or Emperor by the use of a fine small bore fired from a long distance up to from 200 to 500 yards or more. The advantages of the plan seemed to be its surety, since from a known distance and with the most approved outfit, including strong glasses or lenses, which he spoke of, and firing from a rest, he declared that it would be possible to hit a single button on the coat at that distance, and he expressed the hope that some of the men would be able to gain that proficiency. There were a number of details of the plan which have escaped me now; but with a telescope rifle, or one fitted somewhat similarly, they hoped to be able to plant one of their explosive bullets in the body of a man at a distance which would screen them from observation, and so enable them to carry out their scheme to a sure fatality. The whole plot was talked about in a low tone of voice and with great freedom, and they seemed to be entirely set at rest when talking in German by the fact that there were no German-looking persons in the car. He spoke in terms of great admiration of American arms and said he was glad they had come here, and said that thus far they had had no trouble in getting whatever they wished, and he said also that they had arranged for having their guns sent home. I was, as you may well be aware very much amazed at the murdering talk I had heard and while I was wondering what I might do the men left the train at Spuyten Duyvil, and seemed to wait for a train later to the west side of the city.

I do not wish to become involved in any way. I can give no more definite information than the above, and can only repeat my conclusion reached that the men had made a thorough study of rifle-practice here with the plan of applying it to this regidical assassination on our ranges.

J. V.

WISCONSIN NOTES.—At its last session the Legislature of Wisconsin passed a law providing for the payment of a bounty of six dollars on each wolf killed, three dollars on each wild cat or lynx killed, and two dollars on each fox killed. The law has now been in operation about two months, and during that time the secretary has audited claims to the amount of $5,517. Most of the money has been obtained by persons in the southern part of the State, and when the wolf-killers in the northern part (where wolves are plenty) commence to get their work in the drain on the treasury will certainly be very encouraging to sheep-raisers. As the solstitial days wear away, and the 15th of August draws near, bearing with it prospects of a splendid shooting season, our lovers of the dog and gun seem to grow feverish. The gun rests uneasily in its case, and needs removal and inspection, and turning over; the pointers and setters receive more attention and are fondled oftener. Well, there is excuse for all this, for the open season promises to be the finest that we have had here for years, and we never have very bad ones. Plenty of chickens wintered over, and the weather during the hatching season was perfect.

Last Friday Mr. W. H. Skinner was in town and some of our rifle-shootists—amateurs—met and they and Mr. Skinner shot, resulting in the defeat of Mr. Skinner, much to the credit of Mr. E. A. Benjamin, the winner. Sixty-five balls each were thrown from a Bogardus trap and, with a rifle, E. A. Benjamin broke 46; W. H. Skinner, 45. Then five balls each were thrown, of which E. A. Benjamin broke 5 and W. H. Skiuner 4. Also 35 balls were thrown by hand, of which number W. H. Skinner broke 31 and E. A. Benjamin 30.

Mo.

OHIO GAME PROSPECTS—Wauseon, O., June 25.—A bounty is paid in this State for hawks. A person presenting a dead hawk to the township clerk when killed, is entitled to a certificate from said officer to the fact. On presentation of this certificate to the County Commissioners they are compelled to order the payment to said person the sum of 50 cents for each hawk killed, named in the certificate, out of the dog-tax fund. Sportsmen should now endeavor to earn an extra dollar while out and thus help preserve the game, and at the same time kill two birds with one stone. The quail prospects are better with us than I have known them for years. We will have excellent shooting this fall. Squirrels are very plenty, and we expect splendid woodcock shooting. I hear of large numbers.—H.

WHITESTONE GUN CLUB—WHITESTONE, L. I., June 24.—On Monday, June 20, we organized the "Whitestone Gun Club," commencing with a membership of twenty. An association is much needed here to see that the game laws are respected, and we propose to have them rigidly enforced, thereby doing away with all poaching and pot-hunting. We hold our inaugural match on July 4, prox. The following officers were elected: President, A. G. Montgomery, Jr.; Vice-President, James Watson; Secretary, A. C. Wilmerding; Treasurer, H Simonds.—A. C. WILMERDING, Sec.

Booneville, June 18.—I have opened a sportsmen's resort on Third Lake, Fulton Chain, and expect "Nessmucks" in there about July 1, on a visit of several weeks, to paddle his tiny canoe on his favorite Third Lake. Trout-fishing with fly is now good; they are in fine condition and very gamy. The prospect for deer-hunting is good when the time arrives. I have seen several in my rambles lately, and William Dart, one of our reliable guides, when out with a sportsman last week, fishing on Nor h Branch, Moose River, saw five deer in one day's trip. They have been unmolested, so far, in that region, and are very tame—can row right close to them.—Yours truly, ROB'T PARRIE.

NEW JERSEY WOODCOCK SEASON.—The first open season for woodcock shooting in New Jersey opens July 1 and extends to August 1. The months of August and September are a close season. The second open season extends from Sept. 30 to Dec. 16.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Fish Culture.

POACHERS.

BY JAMES ANNIN, JR.

[A paper read before the American Fisheultural Association.]

I SHALL endeavor to give a list of some of the most destructive frequenters of the trout pond and stream which have come under my observation, and also some of the remedies used.

First, I have the kingfisher. His notes are heard from early spring until cold weather in late fall, and sometimes he will appear during the winter, like some sportsmen I have seen who could not stand it until the season opened in the spring, but they must just go and take a look at the stream where, during the summer past, they had had such fine sport.

This bird is never satisfied, from daylight until dusk he is on the look-out, and ever ready to plunge in after any fish which may be exposed.

I honestly think that a kingfisher, undisturbed during his stay on or near the stream, will take as many trout as the average sportsman. Some say, Why don't you shoot them? Well, cold lead is very good when you get the time and chance to send it after them, but you can't be on the look-out all the time, and I think the best way to get the fellow out of harm's way is to trap him. For that purpose I have used small, round steel traps, the kind without the shank or tail piece, fastening them on the end of a pole, say ten or fifteen feet long, and then putting them up along the stream near enough to a good fishing spot, so that the bird may think it a splendid point to make observations from. When the trap is set and in position the little plate or drop is a little the highest part of the trap, and as he flies up and drops on the trap you have him every time, and by both legs. I have taken as many as three of the birds in one trap during a day. It is always ready, it costs nothing to keep it running besides the first cost of the trap. Occasionally you will have a visit from some other variety of birds. I have taken large fish hawks, owls, etc.; never but one robin.

Next come the ducks, wild and domestic. The latter are very destructive not only to the fish but to the fish food of the stream. They are almost always at work feeding during the day, and are not easily driven away.

The best plan is to have no ducks yourself, and if your neighbors have them and they come on your premises, offer to buy them, and with the understanding if they have more and they trouble you that you will shoot. I have seen a tame duck catch and swallow a trout six inches long.

But few species of wild duck trouble fish much, but during the past winter I was annoyed with a flock of what I called sawbills or sheldrake. Most of the streams throughout the country were frozen, and they came to our Caledonia Spring Creek, as that never freezes. I had a hard time with them for about two weeks in trying to keep them off. If occasionally I could get a shot they would only fly to the other end of the stream, and would soon be back. (The stream is only about one mile long.) They would go over the large spawning beds where you could see from one hundred to a thousand fish, and after they had been over it you would not see a fish, and could not find one near for all that day, and once or twice it was the third day before they began to show up again.

I found that shooting did not work, so I made some scarecrows out of old clothes and set them up on the bank of the stream. That did very well for a day or two, but they soon saw through the fraud, and were as bad as ever. I then thought I would try something that would move, as I saw that a boat on the stream, or a person in motion would start them the moment they saw it, even if a long way off. So I made some small red flannel flags and put them by the side of the scarecrows, and that did the business, and I had no more trouble with the sheldrake.

Next I have the common hoot or screech-owl. I have but little to say about them as they have given me but little trouble or damage that I know of. What first made me suspect that they were up to some mischief was that I found them in my steel traps that were set for muskrat, mink, etc. In setting traps for these we usually place them under the surface of the water from one to four inches, and when I found the owls in them I could not make out what they were after in the water, but I soon found that it was for the fish-food in the stream, such as the fresh-water lobster, caddis worm, shrimp, etc. So that if not a direct enemy to the fish, they indirectly do much harm, as I said under the head of Poachers No. I. I have taken them during the night in the traps placed for kingfishers.

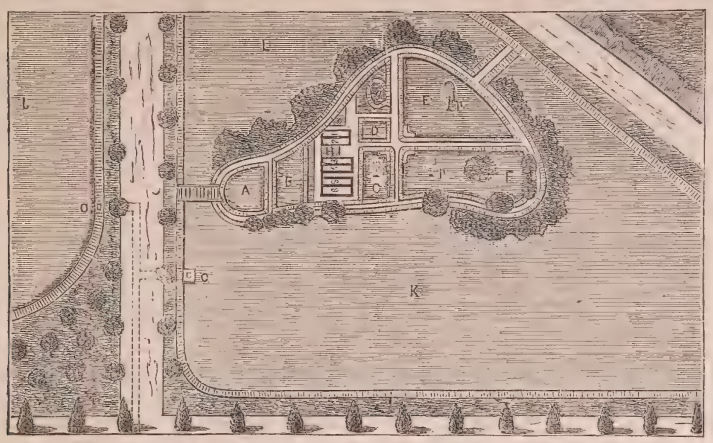
Then comes the heron, the "blue heron," and what a wicked fellow, dealing death to everything in the fish line that he once strikes with that long, heavy and sharp bill of his. Most of his poaching is carried on after dark and early mornings. During the day you find him in the more secluded parts of the stream or marshes, but after dark he will come into any of your shallow ponds, coming to within a rod or two of your house, and as the fish move around (he standing in the water perfectly motionless), and come within his reach, he strikes, and good-bye to the fish if he hits him. From what I have seen myself and heard from others I think the bird capable of getting outside of from one to two dozen, three dozen trout in one night.

During the summer when I have been out night-fishing I have often heard within a short distance of me a great flopping and disturbance in the water. The next morning I have often gone to the spot as near as possible, and found the mark of the heron's feet, and very often near by the stream a large trout, say from one-half to one pound in weight, dead, with a hole in his back or side into which you could put your finger, and sometimes going through the fish. I suppose the fish found in this shape were a little too large and strong for the heron, and got away from him, but only to die from the effects of the wound.

If you see their marks or think herons are visiting your ponds or stream at once get out your steel traps, and at the spot frequented most set one, two or three, the more the better. Set them in the shallow water or soft mud without baiting. Secure the trap well, for when they find themselves caught they start to fly, and will carry it off unless proper precaution is used. I have taken several in this way, and sometimes in winter. When you find one in your trap be very careful about going very near until you have quieted him with a long club or a charge of shot, for they are savage, and can and will inflict a bad wound, as I know from experience.

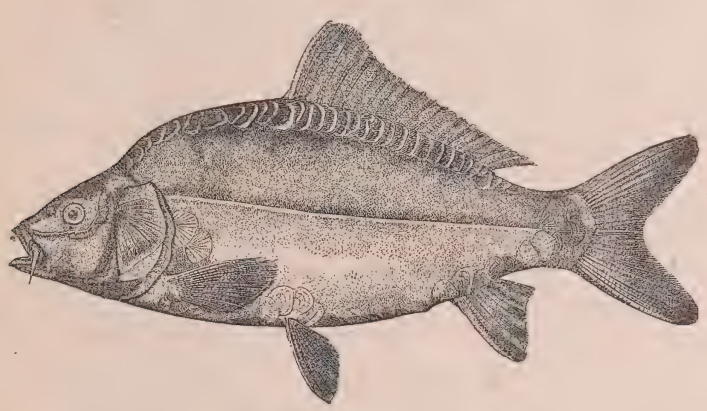
The bittern, a bird something after the nature of the heron, only very much smaller, must do some damage. I always shoot him when I can.

Then I have the muskrat. In his poaching he is after much the



PLAN OF THE NATIONAL CARP PONDS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

A, B, C, D, E and F, Hatching Ponds; G, Turtle Pond; H, Watch House; I, East Pond; K, Northwest Pond; L, Southwest Pond O, O, Outlets; P, P, Fountains.



THE IMPROVED CARP (*Cyprinus carpio*).

same food as the owls, only I think not quite as much of a variety. The only thing I have observed him taking was the caddis worm, which he has a great liking for. I have seen at least a peck of the empty caddis worm cases in one pile on the bank at the water's edge, which he had taken from the stream. He is also troublesome, and sometimes causes much damage by undermining the banks of your ponds, and by eating off the slats to your screens. I also make way with these by traping in the winter and spring. At this season their fur is in prime order, and will sell for enough to pay for the time and trouble. I sell every spring from ten to fifteen dollars' worth of their fur. I have never seen any evidence of their catching or eating fish.

Then comes the mink, which is one of the greatest enemies the fishculturist has to contend with. If a trout is in the stream or pond, and they want it they will have it. If they get the notion of coming to one of your ponds they will follow it up until the fish are gone. If you don't keep good watch they will have half of them before you are aware of it. As soon as you think a mink is taking your fish lay for him. See how and where he goes into the pond. You will soon see that he enters at about the same place each time; then set your trap just under the water so that when he slides down (as he thinks) into the pond he will slide into a trap instead. In this way I took the mother and brood of four almost full-grown minks in two nights. One mink may destroy a hundred dollars' worth of fish in a short time. They often appear to catch them for the sport of the thing. I have seen them slide down the bank of a stream into the water coming up with a fish, and repeating it time and again, hardly ever failing to get one.

Snakes—I will not say all the snakes found along a stream will catch fish, but I have seen what I called a water-adder, thirty inches long, catch a trout of five ounces in weight, and I have seen one of the same variety killed and opened that had three trout in his stomach. A gentleman told me this spring that last summer he was passing near a pond which contained brook trout, and he saw a snake slide down the bank into the water, and as the water was clear he watched him. He went into some moss that was on the bottom of the pond. Entering the moss from below, soon he saw his head appear in the top of the bunch of moss, and then, for the first time, he noticed a small trout, about four inches long, that was almost over the snake's head. After slowly drawing his head out a little he made a dart for the fish and caught him; then came out on the bank. The only method I have found for their destruction is to kill them whenever they come in your path. In the months of May and June they may be found along the banks of streams or ponds sunning themselves, when a charge of No. 6 or 8 shot will put them on the retired list.

Last, but not least, I have the one coming more directly under the title of my paper, man. He knows better, but I am sorry to say that he steps over the mark very often, and in many cases proves the most troublesome of all, often deserving a charge of fine shot. If you commence an action against him, many (I am very sorry to say it) of our justices only wink at the offender and he goes free. We know of the justice himself going on a private and posted stream, knowing it to be so, and afterwards telling of the good luck he had. A certain class of our people regard it as a smart thing to take trout from your ponds or stream without being caught. But if any one should steal a chicken from them they say, "Oh, that's a different thing." I have caught boys and men on my stream and a sign prohibiting fishing within 10 ft. of it. I have spoken to the boys' fathers and had each one make good promises that they would see to it that their boy never was there again, but when your back was turned laugh at you and make brags to their neighbors of what a good mess of trout his boy caught. I think it will be a long time before all of our people get educated up to the point that they see the stealing of a few trout a sin.

I think some good would be accomplished if every sportsman and member of sporting clubs throughout the country would see that at conventions or caucuses for nomination of local or town officers, the nominee for justice is one that will stand firm and give the offender the full extent of the law.

A CORRECTION—Hartford, June 27.—By omitting a cipher in the number of Penobscot salmon eggs in my letter, you make our hatching seem to be anything but a success. The figures should be 250,000 instead of 25,000, as the types make it.—W. M. HUDSON.

RAINBOW TROUT FOR STATEN ISLAND.—As we go to press twenty thousand rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea*, have been sent to the Richmond Co., N.Y., Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. This association is evidently alive, and now that its president carried off two prizes in the late fly and bass-casting tournament we may look for it to hold its head high.

GROWTH OF CARP.—Mr. Frank Endicott, President of the Richmond Co., N. Y., Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, reports that on the 17th of December, 1880, he received from Prof. Baird, through Mr. Blackford, twelve carp, which were three inches long. They were placed in Connor Pond, Clifton, Staten Island, and one caught June 21, 1881, was nine inches in length and of an estimated weight of 1 lb. It was broad and thick and a well-proportioned fish. Taken so early in the season, with two more months in which to grow, this is a good weight for as far north as New York harbor.

Any one desiring a tent awning or flag should consult ad. of S. Hemenway.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 12 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 9. Elbridge McConkey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

October 4, 5, 6 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Beach Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

November 26, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November —, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

OUR LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In compliance with your desire that I should from time to time send you a letter upon English canine matters, I beg to submit to you the following which I trust will meet your wishes.

At present we are in that state of calm which always succeeds the excitement attendant upon a great show such as the Kennel Clubs' Crystal Palace summer exhibition, which was concluded this week, and which most decidedly was one of the best they ever held. As, however, I understand from Mr. H. Dalziel that he too has been requested by you to send a periodical letter to FOREST AND STREAM, and like myself has undertaken the task, I shall not weary your readers with a recapitulation of his remarks upon the entire show, but shall endeavor to confine myself to what, in my humble opinion, were its salient features. In the first place, the mastiffs were conspicuous by the introduction of a new pair, dog and bitch, to the public. They were successful in their respective classes, one taking first and the other third, and are undoubtedly well-made specimens, with the blunt, short heads which are so typical of the breed. Unfortunately, both Prince Regent and Princess Royal, for such are their names, suffer from want of color on their ears, and they are both undershung, which, in the minds of many authorities over here, is a very serious blemish in a mastiff. Some breeders, however, argue that the bluntness which is so sought for in dogs of this variety can only be obtained by the production of an undershung jaw, but this is a fallacy which must be obvious to all. *Apropos* of mastiffs I may incidentally observe that the defeat of Salisbury at New York was a fruitful topic for discussion at the Crystal Palace show, nor was there much surprise expressed by breeders at his being put back, for he has many faults which must tend to injure him in the eyes of judges, and the company in which he won in this country was seldom even second rate, his principal successes being achieved at little shows in Lancashire and Yorkshire, where "mushroom exhibitions" most do abound. I believe it was my lot to be the last judge to have Salisbury before him ere the dog left this country, and I only gave him v. h. c. at Edinburgh (Gardinal and Vulcan beat him, and he was equal with Chief Justice). What the dogs were like who were in front of him at New York of course I cannot tell, but I think the dip under Salisbury's eyes, and his long head, like an exaggerated pointer's, in addition to his tucked-up greyhoundy body, leave a good bit to be desired. He is a great, big, fine dog I cheerfully admit, but as a mastiff I fancy that he has a good deal wanting. If American sportsmen would offer prizes at some forthcoming show which would tempt over some of our non-sporting cracks I firmly believe the visitors to that exhibition would have a lesson in dog-flesh which would save them many a dollar, and also that these breeds would rapidly improve throughout the States. But to return to the Palace. A young St. Bernard called Bonivard, belonging to Mr. S. W. Smith, of Leeds, came out and won well in his class. He is a clipper and will do a lot of winning before his show career is closed. Setters were not conspicuous for great merit, and Mr. Llewellyn had it pretty much his own way; but the open dog class was badly judged, and Mr. S. E. Shirley's Rob Roy, although a small one, should have taken first. Don of Devon, who won in the open pointer class, was exhibited for the first time, and a really good dog he is; if unsold, many a prize will he take back to that nursery of good pointers—Devonshire. Mr. E. C. Norrish, the well-known Devonshire exhibitor, made his debut as the pointer judge, and deserves considerable credit for the satisfactory manner in which he got through his work; but he went about his task with all the deliberation of an old hand, and ultimately succeeded in pleasing almost everybody.

Fox terriers swarmed, over two hundred being exhibited, and Mr. Theodore Bassett, who judged the class, certainly succeeded in selecting the best of the lot for premier honors. Olive won the smooth-haired challenge cup and the silver medal for the best fox terrier of any sort in the show, and Mr. Harding Cox's grand wire-haired Oakleigh-Topper scored an easy win in the competition for the rough-coated challenge cup, though, as I have said before, he was beaten by Olive for the medal. This was decidedly the best class of fox terriers we have ever seen, and the improvement which is taking place in the breed is remarkable, for there are scores of good dogs to be seen now where only one was to be found six years ago. I was myself selected as the victim who was to judge the Irish wolfhounds, or rather, as the catalogue delicately expressed it, I had to award the prizes which were offered in the class to the dogs which "most nearly approached the old type." As I had not the felicity of existing one hundred and fifty years ago, at which period the breed is supposed to have been in a more or less flourishing condition, I found myself thrown back upon the writings of both ancient and modern authorities. There were only four brought into the ring, and one of these was palpably a half-bred German mastiff, which I may inform those whom it may concern is the new German name for boarhound, great Dane or Ulmer hound. This beast was soon sent out, but another difficulty lay in my path in the person of a red dog called Scot, whom I have illustrated in my book, and whom I put first in Dublin show when judging there twelve months ago. Then he was all right, but last week his hind muscles quivered and twitched to such an extent that I felt morally certain he could never catch a wolf if called upon to do so, and he therefore joined the other banished one on the benches. At last a dog, which really seems to be only an exaggerated deerhound, won, and all I have to say is, that it seems ten thousand pities that the admirers of this much written-up breed have not been able to produce a better lot after all the assistance which has been allotted to them by the press. It is, therefore, to be hoped that American exhibitors, if they want a wolfhound, will try and manufacture it for themselves, as these dogs are as rare as golden cows in England just at present. Bull-terriers were very fair, and Irish terriers grand. Mr. George Krehl, of Hanover street, showed his champion pair, Moya Doolan and Sporter, not for competition, but he had at his own way in the classes for those most beautiful dogs, Basset hounds. In this, the coming breed, his kennel is *facile princeps*, and as he only showed the cream of his stud his success is scarcely to be wondered at. The Blenheim spaniels, King Charles spaniels and pugs were extremely good classes, and were well handled by Rev. G. F. Hodson; the same remark applies to the sheepdogs which were judged by Mr. W. W. Thomson.

The above is a short *resume* of the show, and is based upon my report in the *Field*, the editor of which has kindly sanctioned my writing for you. What our mutual friend Dalziel's views may be I cannot say—if we agree why all the better, but if we don't, then "*quot homines tot sententiæ*" must be our motto. This, judging from the remembrance of the solitary occasion when we officiated together as judges at Dundee last November is, I think, the more likely contingency of the two.

There were not many items of news to be picked up at the Palace, the principal events of importance being the deaths of the well known champion pointer bitch Fan, who belonged to Mr. James Fletcher, and the loss of old champion Rattler, the fox-terrier, who was also the property of that gentleman. Heart disease killed the former, and old age tripped up poor old Rattler. Darlington show in July is our next big event; but in a subsequent letter, I hope to have something to say, with your kind permission, about the question of the unfair tampering with show dogs which is just now exciting considerable attention over here.

Yours very faithfully,

LONDON, England, June 10. VERO SHAW.

LOUISIANA STATE FIELD TRIALS.—The first annual field trials, given by the New Orleans Gun Club, of New Orleans, La., will commence on the 26th day of November, 1881. They will be run at a point to be hereafter designated, on the line of the Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans R. R. (Jackson R. R.), near New Orleans. The conditions announced state that the trials will be open to all pointers and setters owned by residents of Louisiana that have not taken a prize in any field trials. The following is the list of managers: Executive Committee—Edward Odell, Chairman; J. K. Renaud and H. Fontaine. Officers of the New Orleans Gun Club: F. A. Cousin, President; L. P. Chandet, Vice-President; Col. J. E. McDaniels, Secretary; J. K. Renaud, Treasurer.

The following stakes will be run under the rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club: First Stake—Louisiana Field Derby, an all age stake; open to all setters and pointers who have not won a prize or prizes in any previous trial: 1st prize, solid silver cup; 2d prize, gold medal; 3d prize, silver medal. Entrance fee, $3.

Second Stake—New Orleans Gun Club Stake; open to setters and pointers whelped since November 1, 1878, who have not won a prize or prizes in any previous trial: 1st prize, Gold medal; 2d prize, silver hunting watch; 3d prize, fine collar and chain. Entrance fee, $3.

Third Stake—Arcola Kennel Club Stake; for puppies whelped

since 1st day of April, 1880: 1st prize, gold medal; 2d prize, a silver hunting watch; 3d prize, a whip with silver whistle attached Entrance fee, $3.

Entries for the above stakes will be closed on the first day of November, 1881. All entries must be accompanied by the entrance fee of $3, and should be addressed to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Edward Odell, P. O. Box No. 2,385, New Orleans, La., who will also furnish, on application, a copy of the rules governing the field trials.

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—Dr. Buisson, of Paris, was lately called in to treat a woman who had been seized with hydrophobia, and in whom the disease had reached its final crisis. Having bled the patient he wiped his hands with a cloth moistened by the saliva of the dying person. On the forefinger of the left hand he had a trifling wound, with the skin broken. He at once perceived his imprudence, but trusting to the method of cure lately discovered by him, he was satisfied with washing in water. "Thinking," says M Buisson, "that the malady would not declare itself before the fortieth day, and having many patients to visit, I put off taking my remedy of vapor baths from one day to another. On the ninth day, being in my closet, I felt all at once a pain in the throat, and one yet more keen in my eyes; my body felt so light that I thought if I jumped I could raise to a prodigious height, or that if I threw myself from the window I should be able to float in the air; the hairs of my head were so sensitive that it seemed to me as if, without seeing them, I could have counted them; saliva rose continuously in my mouth; contact with the external air caused me frightful pain; and I shunned looking at anything bright. I had an incessant longing to run after and bite, not men, but animals, and even objects about me. I drank with difficulty, and I may mention that the sight of water tried me more than the pain in my throat; I believe that by shutting his eyes every one with hydrophobia may drink. Attack came on every five minutes, and I observed that the pain began in the forefingers, and stretched along the nerves of the shoulder. Thinking that my system was only preservative, not curative, in its nature, I took a vapor bath with the intention, not of healing, but of suffocating myself. When the bath was at a height of 46 deg. centigrade=52 centigrade=125½ Fahrenheit; 57 centigrade=134 Fahrenheit; 63 centigrade=145 Fahrenheit; 37 centigrade=96 Fahrenheit; 63 centigrade=142 Fahrenheit—all the symptoms disappeared as by enchantment, and I have felt nothing of them since. I have treated more than eighty persons who have been bitten by animals in a state of madness, and all have been saved by this method." When a person has been bitten by a mad dog he should be made to take seven of the so called Russian vapor baths, from 57 deg. to 63 deg. centigrade hot, one every day, by way of preventive. In case of the malady having distinctly shown itself, the vapor bath should be heated rapidly to 37 deg. centigrade, then slowly to 63 deg. The patient should strictly confine himself to his room until he is quite well. Dr. Buisson mentions some other curious facts. A man in America was bitten by a rattlesnake, about sixteen miles from home. Wishing to die in the bosom of his family he ran home, went to bed, perspired plentifully, and the wound healed like any simple sore. The bite of the tarantula is cured by dancing, the virus being dissipated by perspiration. If an infant who has been vaccinated is made to take a vapor bath the vaccination is of no effect.—*L'Internationale*

FACK, THE RAILROAD DOG.—Few people who travel on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, know what a distinguished character has a free pass on every branch of the line, of which for several years he has taken daily advantage. It is between two and three years ago that a fox-terrier, big in bone, and not over well-bred, jumped into a train that was leaving Brighton for Horsham, and settled himself in the guard's carriage. Little notice was taken of him at first, but after a time he began to be a person of great interest. No one knew where he came from or to whom he belonged; but every day he was ready for an early start in an early train. Sometimes he went to Shoreham, sometimes to Horsham, sometimes only to nearer stations; but the most remarkable part of his arrangements was that he always got to Brighton in time to go by the last train to Lewes, where he always slept, leaving again by the first train in the morning. When the friend from whom I first heard this story (and who vouches for the truth of it) last heard of Jack he still continued this practice, and always spent the night at Lewes station. About a year and a half ago, the L. B. & S. C. Company began to look upon him as one of their regular servants, and presented him with a collar bearing this inscription, "Jack—London, B. and S. Coast Railway Company."

My friend told me that on one occasion, some months ago, he traced Jack's movements on one especial day, and probably it was a good sample of many another. He arrived from Brighton by a train reaching Steyning at 10:50, there he got out for a minute, but went on by the same train to Henfield. Here he left the train and went to a public-house half a mile from the station, where a biscuit was given to him; and, after a little walk, took a later train to West Grinstead, where he spent the afternoon, returning to Brighton in time for the last train to Lewes. He was rather fond of the Portsmouth line, but never, I believe, has come so far as London. He generally takes his place on or by the guard's wheel, and sits looking out of the window. It would be very interesting to know in what the fascination of this perpetual railway traveling consists. It certainly shows an immense amount of instinct and observation, and the regularity and punctuality of Jack's daily life are a lesson to many a two-legged traveler. Whether he considers himself sub-guard, or director, or general overseer, no one can tell, but there is, it seems, an idea of *duty* in his movements; what he has to do (or thinks he has to do) he does faithfully, and so far is a telling example to his fellow travelers on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway.

DEATH OF ST. ELMO.—The celebrated English setter dog St Elmo has had his day, his death occurring at the kennels of owner at Bath, L. I., on June 21. We have heard from Dr. Speir, and he writes as follows

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 21.

After three days' severe illness St. Elmo has succumbed to what seemed to be a fatal case from the first. He died at ten o'clock this evening, struggling hard to resist the disease to the last and manifesting great intelligence and almost human appreciation of the care we gave him. The symptoms were chiefly gastric and were somewhat obscure as to the cause. An autopsy will be made, and if anything worthy of notice is revealed by it I will inform you. S. FLEET SPEIR.

No dog in America was better known than this hero of bench shows and field trials. On his sire's side he had Mr. Charles H. Raymond's Lavcrack Pride of the Border, a dog well known on both sides of the water, and for his dam, Jessie, a moderately fair bitch, but much inferior in quality to Pride. There existed a wonderfully strong attachment between Dr. Speir and St. Elmo, and all that know the genial Doctor will regret his loss.

SLIPS.—The Staten Island Gun Club use an Irish setter dog to retrieve the birds in their cup contests.... The local papers are full of mad-dogs, but as we have never clapped our eyes on the genuine article, will our friends catch the next one they see, and drop us a line.... There were only 329 sportsmen at the New York State Convention, each of whom had "the best dog."... The pen may be mightier than the sword, but it is not a marker to a double-barreled shot-gun in the hands of a reporter.... If the cool weather continues, the dogs will not suffer as much as the woodcock.... Several dogs that lodge in Jersey City and Brooklyn come to this city to dine.... Mr. J. Otis Fellows' liver cocker bitch Nelly, although not two and a half years old, has had 51 puppies—12, 13, 14 and 12. It was thought before the whelping of her last litter that she was in a fair way to solve the 15 puzzle, but she must have got the blocks wrong as only one dozen turned up.

LOST.—Mr. James Sullivan, Carson street, Pittsburg, Pa., has lost his red Irish setter dog, four years old, with a little white on breast and tail docked. Should any of our friends hear of the dog's whereabouts ey will confer a favor by communicating with the owner.

COLLIE TRIALS.—The second annual collie trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, will take place on the Pittsburg Exposition Society's grounds, at Allegheny City, Pa., on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 13 and 14. The regulations governing these trials will be identical with those adopted by the International Sheep and Wool Show, held at Philadelphia in September last, which were published in the FOREST AND STREAM, August 26, 1880. The premium list shows that six prizes will be awarded in the two classes: All aged class, first premium, $50; second, $25, and third $10. Puppy class, first premium, $25; second $15, and third, $10. The entry list will close on September 9, and as these trials are fast becoming popular, a large number of entries may be expected to compete. All communications should be addressed to Mr. Eldridge McConkey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

ENGLISH NOTES.—"Senex," in the *Live Stock Journal*, says, Mr. Vero Shaw made his bow as a judge at the Palace for the first time, and right well did he get through his task.

The Arabs have observed that "Every dog barks at his own gate," and that "A dog which runs is better than a lion which lies down." They think it a foolish thing to "Draw the dog's teeth, and bark yourself." But, having no great confidence in the animal, they say, "Pat a dog on the jaws till you can muzzle it."

The Chinese say that "A dog which raises its tail despises its foe." Also that "He who beats a dog should think of its master." Other rough-and-ready sayings of theirs are "That the dog in its kennel howls at the fleas, but the dog which is hunting does not feel them;" and that "It is not dogs' fleas which make the cats cry out."

"Sirius," in the *Stock-Keeper*, says, "The Crystal Palace show was, in its arrangements, and I think also in the quality of the exhibits, the best the club has ever held."

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Dotsy—Mr. John Chamberlain, Cincinnati, O., claims the name of Dotsy for his black and white setter bitch, by Warwood's Dick out of Punt.

Princess Brow—Mr. F. N. Root, East Saginaw, Mich., claims the name of Princess Brow for liver, white and ticked pointer bitch puppy, whelped March 17, 1881, by King Bow (Champion Bow-Paffee) out of Detroit Kennel Club's Dot (Ponto-Nell)

Bligh—Mr. H. F. Hoffman, Thomaston, Conn., claims the name of Bluff for red Irish setter puppy, whelped March 7, 1881, by Rory O'More out of Lotta.

Countess Lady—Mr. Calvin C. Reiff, Souderton, Pa., claims the name of Countess Lady for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped December 26, 1880, by Sam out of Countess Nellie.

Susie—Mr. W. A. Miles, Smithtown, L. I., claims the name of Susie for black and tan setter puppy, by Bailey's Tom out of Nellie Horton.

Dash IV.—Mr. L. S. Kendall, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Dash IV. for lemon and white Llewellin setter dog, twenty months old, by Lawlor's Leo out of White's Gypsy Girl (Dash III.-Pike's Flora.

Rock—Mr. L. S. Kendall, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Rock for whelp by Lock out of Kenoza Kit.

Ned-Vic—Samuel B. Phelps, Otsego county, N. Y., claims the name of Ned for collie dog puppy by Rex out of Fanny, purchased from Mr. Wm. Lindsay.

Mac—Mr J. W. McDonald, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., claims the name of Mac for liver and white pointer dog puppy, whelped April 1, 1881, by Mr. Wm. F. Steel's Glenmark out of Mr. R. T. Green's pointer bitch Girl.

Shah—Mr. Robt. Espy, Bellair, Pa., claims the name of Shah for pointer puppy by King Bow out of Lurette.

Dick—Mr. W. L. Dewey, Tuxedo, N. Y., claims the name of Dick for black setter bitch puppy by Warwood's Dick out of his Pent.

Lavalette—Mr. C. Tucker, Somerville, Tenn., claims the name of Lavalette for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped March 4, 1881, by Drink out of Princess Bruce (Rob Roy-Livy).

Fritz—Mr. George H. Webb, Alba, Pa., claims the name of Fritz for collie dog puppy by Rex out of Fanny, purchased of Mr. Wm. Lindsay.

Rake—Mr. H. P. Dortch, Goldsboro, N. C., claims the name of Rake for red Irish setter dog, whelped August, 1879, by Jasper Fred out of Mischief. Rake was recently imported by Mr. E. B. Edwards, of Raleigh, N. C.

Myra—Mr. H. P. Dortch, Goldsboro, N. C., claims the name of Myra for lemon and white laverack setter bitch, whelped June 8, 1880, by Master Fred out of Margaretta. Myra was recently imported by Mr. E. B. Edwards, of Raleigh, N. C.

Lady Beaconsfield—Mr. Erastus Corning, Jr., Albany, N. Y., claims the name of Lady Beaconsfield for his red Irish setter bitch, three months old, by Rory O'More out of Norah O'More.

BRED.

Gyp-Rush—Mr. Hedeman's (Brooklyn, L. I.) black and white pointer Gyp to Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion Rush, June 14.

Rena-Sepoy—Mr. Edmund Orgill's white setter bitch Rena to Mr. Bainbridge's Sepoy, June 21.

Lady Gracehill-Dexter—Mr. R. T. Greene's English setter bitch Louie (Rhodesian Dhu-Minn) to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Thunder, June 15.

Gypsey-Bonnie Boy—Mr. R. M. Livingston's (New York city) imported bull bitch Gypsy (Young Gully-Rose) to Mr. John P. Barnard, Jr.'s Bonnie Boy.

Bird-Don—Mr. S. Anthony's cocker bitch Bird to Mr. J. Otis Fellows' Don, June 15.

Mr. Heath's bitch-Sensation—Mr. Chas. Heath's (Newark, N. J.) pointer bitch to Sensation.

WHELPS.

Mattie Lyle—Mr. P. Mealey's (Gloucester City, N. J.) lemon and white setter bitch Mattie Lyle whelped eleven puppies, six dogs and five bitches, by Jersey Boy. The whelps are all lemon and white.

Rocket—Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion pointer bitch Belle (Flake-Lilly) whelped June 20, nine puppies, three dogs and six bitches, by same owner's Rocket.

Mollie—Mr. S. T. Hammond's (Springfield, Mass.) Ethan Allen setter bitch Mollie (Boss-Cosey) whelped June 12, six puppies, four dogs and two bitches, by Mr. F. D. Gray's Don (Gladesman-Rose), one dog and two bitches black, white and tan; three dogs white with lemon ears.

Nelly—Mr. J. Otis Fellows' (Hornellsville, N. Y.) all liver cocker bitch Nelly whelped June 17, twelve puppies, by Brag.

SALES.

Glenmark-Girl Whelps—Mr. R. T. Greene has sold to Mr. J. Herrea one liver and white dog pup, and one lemon and white bitch pup, whelped April 1, 1881, by Mr. Wm. F. Steil's Glenmark, out of owner's Girl.

Glenmark-Girl Whelps—Mr. R. T. Green has sold to Mr. J. W. McDonald one liver and white dog pup, whelped April 1, 1881, by Mr. Wm. F. Steil's Glenmark out of Girl.

Grace—Mr. Colin Cameron, of Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Mr. Geo. A. Heckert the beagle bitch Grace (Pownall's Victor-Fanny Fifth).

PRESENTATIONS.

Vandal-Maggie C. Whelp—Mr. C. M. Munhall, of Cleveland, O., has presented Mrs. L. O. Barrow, of same city, a fine pointer bitch puppy, two months old, by Vandal (Chrissie Devine-Lass) out of Maggie C.

Biz-Nora Whelp—Mr. C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., has presented to Mr. T. S. Dumont, this city, an Irish setter dog puppy, two months old, by Biz out of his Nora.

Dick Pert Whelp—Mr. T. Warwood, Newport, Ky., has presented to Mr. W. E. Limberg, Cincinnati, a black setter bitch puppy by his Duck (Dane-Topsy) out of his Pert (Rube-Vic).

Dick-Pert Whelp—Mr. T. Warwood, Newport, Ky., has presented to Mr. John Chamberlin, of Cincinnati, a black and white setter bitch puppy by his Dick (Dane-Topsy) out of his Pert (Rube-Vic).

Ned-Di Whelp—Mr. Frederick Schuchart, New York city, has presented the Westminster Kennel Club with a young pointer bitch by Mr. Gravan's white and black Ned (Jim-Whiskey) out of same owner's Di (Sensation-May).

DEATHS.

Dr. Moore—Mr. James Creveling, of Washington, N. J., lost by distemper on June 16 his Gordon setter dog puppy Doctor Moore, by Brownell's Dash out of Brownell's Maud.

Peasant Girl—Mr. H. Pape, of New York, has lost by distemper the blue Belton Llewellin setter bitch Peasant Girl, by Gladstone out of Clip, and also the Gordon setter bitch Julia, by Grouse out of Dream II.

St. Elmo—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, of Brooklyn, L. I., has lost his champion English setter dog St. Elmo (Pride of the Border-Jessie). See notice elsewhere.

Polly—The Westminster Kennel Club's imported pointer bitch Polly died on June 23. Polly was by champion Shot out of Summerson's Nance. The Club had a post-mortem examination, and it disclosed the difficulty to have been peritonitis. Some sharp bones of a pigeon which she had caught and devoured did the business.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT

158 H. F. B., Laurence, Mass.—We refer you to back numbers of this paper. It is impossible for us to write a treatise on distemper every week. Give the dog two grains of quinine three times a day and keep him warm and dry.

159 W. J. P., Boston, Mass.—From your description your dog is afflicted with chorea and nothing that we know of will cure him.

160 H. L. L., Long Island City.—Some time since my bull terrier bitch was served. What is the best food for her? Ans. Good plain nourishing food twice a day, but meat only once a day.

161 A. G. F., Norwalk, O.—The period of oestrum is an irregular function. Some animals only become so affected once or twice a year, while others do so much of ener. From ten to twenty days is the period. Lock the bitch up and give her cooling food and an occasional dose of sulphate of magnesia in the morning.

162 H. A. S., Boston, Mass.—My Irish setter, when about six months old, had a bluish film form over one of his eyes, which lasted about two weeks and then disappeared. He is now fit on months old and for the last month I have noticed the same blue film. It does not seem to be in the eye, but on the surface. In a small spot about one-quarter of an inch in diameter, directly over the pupil. As it disappeared and left the eye all right the first time I did not feel worried about it, but it has lasted so much longer this time an I affects his eyesight somewhat, I should like to know what to do for him? Ans. Dust in the eye twice a day the following powder, which should be prepared very fine: One drachm of calomel and one and a half drachms of sugar. Try using a small glass blow-pipe you will save trouble.

163 R. S. O. H., Monongahela City, Penn.—I have a setter bitch ten months old. She is rather afraid of a gun. I have never shot over her. I have discharged caps near her and she does not like it and walks away some distance and gets out of sight. When I call her she will come to me and walk around the gun while lying on the grass, but does not seem to like it. What would you advise me to do? I let her see the gun three or four times a day and occasionally fire a cap off. I never tried to train a dog before and am at a loss to know what to do. She is well yard-broken. Ans. See articl s on d g breaking published in FOREST AND STREAM March 18, April 8, 15, 29 and May 13, 1880; also, communication on gun-shy dogs in issue of February 5, 1880.

JACK OF OUR MERCHANT SERVICE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

MY friend De Jones has been for some time past contemplating a nautical novel. One which, to use his own metaphorical boast, would sink 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor' completely out of sight.

With a view to collecting material for this maritime work, Jones has sought among the highways and byeways of Sailortown for the gallant jack tar of fiction. His quest has been for the dauntless being who merrily passed the flowing bowl, his life being otherwise pretty equally divided between love-making, song-singing, and heaving round the capstern to a cheery "Yo, heave oh, boys!"

But vainly has he sought this whilom jovial mariner in bucket shops and "sailor's retreats," groggeries and boarding houses. A depleted pocket-book, and a black eye, gratuitously furnished by an inebriated toiler of the sea, who mistook the purport of his inquiries, were the only actual results of his maritime investigations. And now Jones, unconsciously voicing the great public, asserts that no class of men is so depraved, degraded and thoroughly vicious as that of which Mercantile Jack is a type.

Thus Mercantile Jack would seem, in these later days, not only to have been cast headlong from ideal heights, but to have been plunged into a gulf which actually lays below a realistic level. Indeed it may be said that he has almost totally disappeared from sight, only coming to the surface now and then in connection with a charge of "drunk and disorderly," and a consequent fine.

Now, I frankly acknowledge the discoloration of character so apparent in Mercantile Jacks' shore life. I admit that he is drunken, quarrelsome—often vicious. I agree with my friend Jones thus far. Yet, in common justice to Mercantile Jack, I have to say that, like another being of ill repute, he is by no means so black, as a whole, as society has in fancy painted him. And to make my saying good, let me picture him in his true light, if I may so express it, even the dim light of a ship's forecastle.

Meaning, of course, a good ship, for alas, there are ships and ships. There are the average ships, for example, whose captains, at home, are known as kind-hearted and humane men. They have no intention of being otherwise at sea. Indeed they do not sanction open violence on the part of the officers toward the men—unless it be actually necessary. Besides, it is a matter of policy with these peace-loving men. For there are a few rare instances on record, where by some strange chance Mercantile Jack has had justice in small measure meted out to him, when he has entered a complaint against a ship's officer and his persecutors have actually been fined a small amount. Though I may say in passing, that, as a rule, the successful evasion of the laws in such cases "made and provided," on the part of ships' officers, have become a branch of the fine arts. That these kindly-disposed ship masters, of whom I speak, will not even bridge over the great gulf between forecastle and quarter-deck, even by personal abuse, is true. But the trouble is, they virtually put disciplinary power in the hands of their officers, who, generally speaking, are men of a rougher mold. And discipline in its practical enforcement has a very wide range on shipboard; for the captain, however much he may be averse to personal abuse, cannot be on deck all the time, and as he has not actually forbidden his officers from punishing the men, a blow or a kick is the invariable result of the first or second mate's ill temper. If he go further than this—knock a man down with a pin, for example—his excuse is "discipline." And as for the matter of oaths, foul names or harsh commands the captain does not, of course, trouble himself.

Ah, me! As I have heard the vilest epithets that a vile tongue can frame hurled after Mercantile Jack on the slightest pretext, I have ceased to wonder that, treated like a brute on shipboard, he should so naturally grow prone toward self-brutalism on shore. Not strange is it, that his heart should become filled with an envenomed bitterness which kills out the germ of self-respect which lies somewhere hidden in the bosom of God's most degraded beings.

Of ships which are known by Mercantile Jack in his milder moments as "wild packets," or, in more emphatic ones, as "hells afloat" (I use the term advisedly and in no profane sense), I have not space here, else I might tell of men tied

up by the thumbs, beaten, maimed and bruised, kicked in the face with heavy sea boots when lying senseless on deck, of broken arms and battered faces. Thank God, such fiendish brutes as Captain P——, of the once notorious packet-ship N——, or Captain R——, of the J—— F—— are not permitted to work their will with Mercantile Jack as freely as ten years since; but there is enough violence and abuse yet to call for great reform.

No; I will simply speak of the good ship, the exceptional one. Such as will sail from millennial harbors when all the world shall be at peace.

Well, Mercantile Jack, probably drunk, and not unlikely quarrelsome, has gone on board, sail is made and sea routine begins.

It is a week perhaps before he begins to shake off the effect of his protracted debauch. But, as away from temptation, he gradually comes to himself, as he sees with something like amazement that while he does his work faithfully and readily he is treated with ordinary kindness, he begins to take an interest in his daily duties.

My friend Jones would hardly recognize in the erect, active sailor who responds with his ready "Aye, aye, sir," to the spoken order of his superior officer, the slouching, half-inebriated personage of a few weeks previous. True, he would not find the mariner of fiction—the dancing, singing, reckless being for whom his poetic soul has yearned. The wearisome routine of a sea life, with its peril and exposure, is not so conducive to careless jollity as the nautical writers are apt to imagine.

But he would see a kind-hearted, well-meaning individual, who stands ready for a call by day or night, who pulls and hauls with untiring energy, or battles manfully with slatting canvas and icy reef points. A man who, wet to the skin or benumbed to the bone, stands unflinchingly at the wheel or breasts the gale on the lookout, and in the hour of peril can be depended upon to do his duty.

There are great possibilities of good in Mercantile Jack, after all. How these possibilities may be developed is the question. But one thing is certain—shipmasters will take the initial step in this developing process, when they shall lay it down as a rule that as long as Mercantile Jack shows himself a man on shipboard he shall be treated as such. A due degree of discipline may be enforced without using unnecessary harshness. But as long as he is kicked, cursed and abused at sea, treated like a—aye, worse than—the brute, so long he will brutalize himself on shore. Thus I have tried to show you that Mercantile Jack is not after all the utterly debased wretch as those who see him at his worst, and never at his best, assert. That is, when he is thought of at all, for, in truth, it would sometimes seem that no class or condition of mankind are so thoroughly ignored as our merchant service sailors. As I said at the commencement, it seems only an act of common justice to mention Mercantile Jack's better qualities, for such he has, and far more than I have so imperfectly mentioned. Is not the experiment of trying to develop them worth the trial?

WATERPROOFING FLIES—Some English flymakers waterproof their flies. This is new to us. We often wet a fly, as trout sometimes seem to prefer them wet. Are we wrong? Who waterproofs flies in America, and are they better when so treated? The subject is now open for discussion, in which we will take no part.

CORINTHIAN CREWS.—The committee of the Seawanhaka Y. C. acted in perfect good faith, we learn, in barring Fabita from the races July 18. It was an oversight on the part of those entering her in not giving the professions of her crew accurately.

HAVERHILL YACHT CLUB.—The annual regatta was sailed June 17. Course from Haverhill Bridge to Groveland Bridge and return. Two cash prizes in each class. In first class Twilight, Mr. Meadowcroft, 24 ft. 3 in. won in 1h. 27m. 22s. beating Emma L., Empress and Will A. K. In second class Josephine, Mr. Brown, 19 ft. 5 in., won in 1h. 24m. 12s., beating Josie T.

The only safe and sure cure for Gravel or Urinary troubles is Hop Bitters. Prove it.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

C. J. C., Biddeford, Me.—We refused the advertisement of the $1 gun and stated the reason at the time. We do not propose to help men to obtain money under false pretences; and we consider the advertisement a deceptive one. If you have any regard for your standing as a gundealer, we advise you to let the cheap guns mentioned alone.

GLASS BALL, Macon, Mo.—A and B are shooting a match at glass balls, two judges and a referee having been appointed. A shoots at a ball which falls to the ground apparently unbroken; the judges call "lost ball." A claims the ball and the referee gathers it. The ball shows that the 3 shot have gone entirely through it. Now, what is the duty of the judges in the premises, and is it a broken or lost ball? Ans. It should be ruled a broken ball.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

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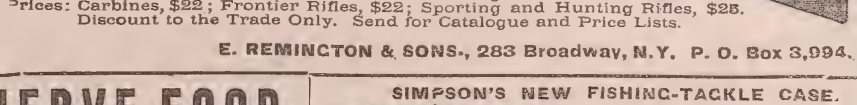
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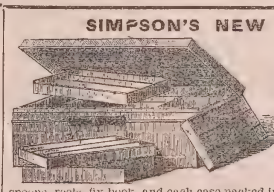
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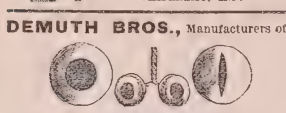


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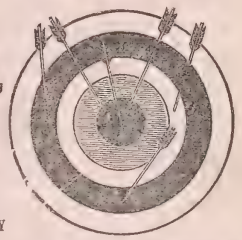
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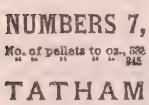
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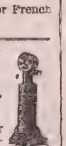
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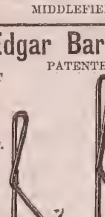
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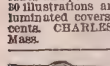
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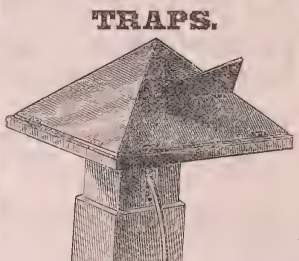
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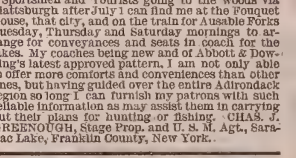
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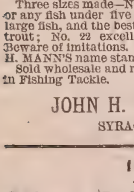
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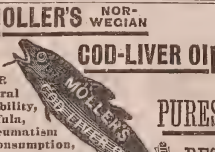
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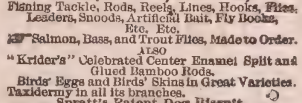
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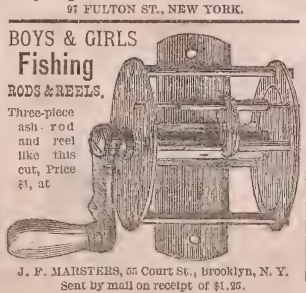
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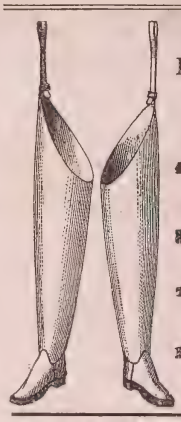
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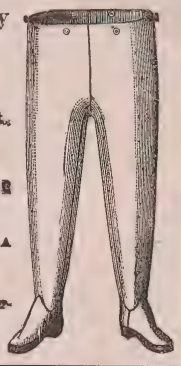
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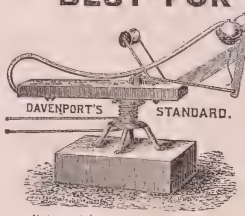
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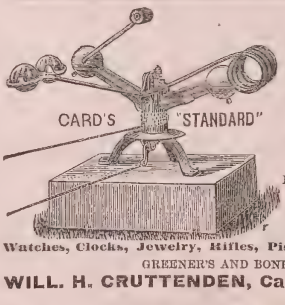
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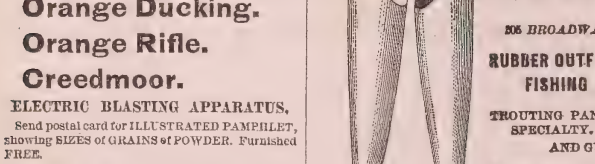
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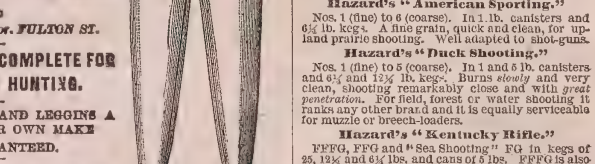
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, July 7.

'POSSUM STORIES are now in order.

DO NOT forget that the same rules of health hold good in the camp as at home; and in particular that a full allowance of refreshing sleep is necessary to repair the waste of tissue during the working hours. The good results, which would otherwise follow a week in the field, are too often prevented by a neglect of the ordinary hygienic principles of correct living. Sound sleep and plenty of it. Remember that, and arrange the programme of your trip so that the hours for sleep may not be curtailed nor broken.

THERE is great deal of anti-monopoly talk nowadays, and it is not to be wondered at that the formation of large game clubs and the occupation of immense tracts of desirable shooting land should be looked upon with alarm by some of those who are thus shut off from former privileges. A correspondent in this issue suggests that such clubs are akin to monopolies. There is abundant argument on the other side of the case; and the club members can doubtless give good reasons for their course. But is not the hint a fair one that some days might be set apart for the benefit of opposed parties who may not be club members?

DEATH TRAPS.

ONCE more the community is startled by a frightful "accident" in which a number of precious lives are sacrificed to the clumsy ignorance which has so long characterized the modelling of small yachts in America. It is safe to say that the "accident" to the Mohawk some years ago was a most serious set-back to the development of the sport in our waters, and now we are called upon to chronicle a second edition thereof in the capsizing of a cabin sloop in the Sound under even more aggravated conditions and far more flagrant in the display of stupidity. So thoroughly incapable and willfully perverse does our style of modelling seem in the light of these frightful and ever-recurring horrors that we lose patience and fail to find words strong enough to paint in contempt and ridicule the pig-headed humbuggery which seeks safety in beam instead of in low weights. It is, in our mind, an open question whether the builders of such despicable man-traps as the sloop in question and her entire class of light-draft, flat-floored caricatures are not open to the charge of deliberate manslaughter, and most of their skippers or owners amenable to the laws for the grossest recklessness and downright imbecility. That people entirely unacquainted with such matters and unable to tell one boat from another should become innocent victims to their temerity in going sailing in death traps is, perhaps, natural enough, however unfortunate. Everybody cannot be expected to know the dangers besetting a type of boat radically faulty in conception, the treachery of the thing being hidden beneath paint and varnish. But it may well be questioned whether the originators of the death traps cannot be legally held accountable for the havoc they create. Brought up from youth to the profession of building and modelling, there can be no possible excuse in mitigation of their responsibility for execrable work which *capsizes under bare poles!* When a doctor, in performing a surgical operation, evinces a lack of professional skill he is sent to jail, and the family of the patient have a just cause of action for damages. Where a yacht builder sells to his customer, a green hand perhaps, a thing that cannot stand up in a squall without a rag on her, where is the difference? The victims of his gross ignorance count up by the hundreds every season, and it cannot be long before the law must be invoked for the protection of the public. Unfortunately the builder is not always solely responsible for the traps he launches, which are heralded in the lay papers as "models of strength and beauty" by verdant pens totally in the dark about the real state of things, deceived into praises by cabin tinsel, superficial neatness and decoration, when a decided stand against the multiplication of death traps would save many a new aspirant for innocent and beneficial recreation from an untimely grave in the deep.

We protest in the interests of the general public and the sport of yachting against the construction of the miserable sailing machines having nothing but beam to depend upon, neither body nor low weights, sparred far beyond reason in the pursuit of an oft refuted "theory" that a flat floor and light draft are necessary to speed. It has been shown in practice over and over again that a good, wholesome boat, a safe one at that, is the equal of the machine in point of speed and her superior in every other quality. Although late years have seen a marked modification of sentiment in their favor, we are still hampered with a class of old fogies unwilling to learn from experience, and criminally averse to anything having the color of a change from the ancient, insipid and thoroughly baseless "rot" with which their minds have been poisoned while in the shops as apprentices taking aboard all the transparent hallucinations of men absolutely ignorant of the first elements of mechanics, and utterly at a loss for a rational system upon which to build for their customers in a way combining speed with safety. In the narrowness of their minds and illiberality of their spirit there can be but one way to accomplish what they seek, and that is a slavish submission to the antediluvian lore passed along from man to man, padded, colored by the imagination, almost wholly devoid of truth, and a laughing stock to persons conversant even in a moderate degree with the common lever of statics and the rudiments of dynamics. Even the little boy whittling out a chip hangs lead to the keel, and sees his plaything safely bound o'er the ripples of a mill pond, now nearly plumb holding her way through calms, then struck down by a squall without consequence or damage, always coming back to a normal position, and reaching the opposite side in safety—blow high, blow low, rain or shine. That same small boy displays in his crude efforts a more thorough appreciation of the forces at work and the mechanics necessary to meet them in the fight than his sage, white-haired sire, who builds wide and flat "to make her stand up," or to accommodate that peculiar class of so-called yachtsmen whose disgust is aroused lest they can berth a 50-ft. ship on a mud flat with a few inches of water, and for the attainment of which they are prepared to sacrifice without murmur the very first essential—safety—a good design and a valuable boat should possess. The future of yachting on small tonnage would be hopeless indeed and a grand sport confined to the wealthy few were the light not already breaking.

In the East outside weights and keels have become general, and in New York the drowning—year in, year out—of most estimable citizens cannot fail to bring about the cure. Put some more brains into yacht modelling, or else let us have Government inspection to insist upon sound proportions and a full outfit for all emergencies, or the great million will never be got to look upon yachting as anything else than a tight-rope performance, and making one's final will must become a step as politic as it now is necessary before going off for an hour's sail when the sky is not clear and "probabilities" guaranteed from Washington. That we have not yet been able to solve the problem of building safe and fast as well is a disgrace to those responsible for the present fleet. Surely there have been opportunities enough, for many an owner would prefer to put his money into something which shall be safe first and fast next. Yet he goes to the builder in whom he puts his trust and the latter, forsooth, to make the boat safe, gives a "little more beam and a little less depth," and leaves it to FOREST AND STREAM to recount the disaster and trace the drowned when the machine first strikes a combination of adverse circumstances, ignominiously turning the beast wrong side up. Now, in the name of common sense, why must we in New York continue in such evil ways? Have not *deep* boats like Elephant, Vixen, Fanita, Intrepid and others of New York; Hesper, America, Lillie, Gael and a host of keel sloops in the East shown themselves fast, smart and uncapsizable? Was not Peerless, schooner, improved by outside lead? Has Agnes not done well this season with ballast below the garboards? Does Crusader lag for a similar reason? If the whole matter of keel and low weights were still in the realms of experiment only, well might the builders be excused from risking their reputation and little all in something likely to be a failure. But there is no longer any experiment about it. Practice has shown that keels and outside weights, with the necessary concomitant of brains, can hold their own for all-round work with the old-fashioned theories of light draft and beam. Some of the most sorry failures of the season are boats, small and large, built on the silly brained "skimming over the water" delusion one is so apt to meet with as the stock in trade of many a yacht-builder's "faith." If some builders refuse to take the initiative, we trust the large public reading our columns will place their orders with those who have sufficient intelligence to keep abreast of the small boy's toy, and who are able and willing to learn. Shake off the dusty shop lore for once, look facts in the face, and have courage to back your opinions against the hearsay diatribe which holds such powerful sway over those whose business it ought to be to lead and not to tow behind. To solve the question between light draft traps and honest yachts, no better plan can be proposed than a close examination of the model yachts sailed by their professional makers on the lakes of the parks. Ask them if they would have a wide dish with a board or a well-proportioned hull with keel and lead, depth and moderation in beam. Their answer, whatever it may be, will have been obtained through a vast deal of experience, and we stake our reputation that they will bear us out in the assertion that speed and safety are attainable in a yacht with just the same ease we now produce capsizing traps, which are not always fast at that. As for a yachtsman who, to keep his boat on a flat, will deliberately choose a machine to save himself half an hour's journey in reaching the craft, he is past salvation, and in his case the verdict some day may be: Served him right; he is beyond the pale of com-

miseration. There is one thing more which concerns the owners rather than the builders. You may try to sail in smooth water and fair weather as much as you please—sometimes an unlooked for combination of adverse circumstances may arise. If you are afloat in a trap see to it that provisions are made for quitting a sinking ship. Have life preservers within reach on deck, have them easily adjusted by yokels fresh from green swards ashore. Have a practical plan of a raft in your mind, to be improvised in haste from gratings on the cockpit floor, with grip lines rove around the framing. Have a can of water, brandy and provisions lashed thereto. See that the thing cannot jam at a critical moment, and lash what oars, buckets or wreckage you have to the raft, in such a way as not to "slosh" around when afloat. Finally, use a modicum of common sense when yachting just as you would ashore. Do not rely on the sailing master as your sole salvation, and bear in mind that "forewarned is forearmed." Strip heavy boots and clothing in nasty looking weather, and give full directions before the storm is upon you. Batten down hatches and doors, and stand by to trim ship as required. When overboard, tread water as though you were walking on land, keep your mouth shut, don't swallow water or waste precious breath in useless cries. Don't attempt to stem the tide or sea, but save your strength to some purpose. You are not going to drown simply because you are wet, but have the chance of picking up something to help keep you afloat. With a bucket, an oar, a stool, you are safe for twenty-four hours or more, and stand a good chance of being picked up or getting safely ashore. But if you have kept your wits about you in the first place, safety will have been assured by means of a life belt previously attached. Looking drowning in the face is an accompanying requisite of our present vicious and ignorant style of modelling, and preparations for such a contingency should form part of every yacht's outfit.

Had a tithe of the foregoing been observed by the unfortunates aboard the sloop yacht Sophia, capsized in the Sound June 28, the lives of all would have been saved. Simple and natural enough as these directions seem not one of the sloop's crew, from skipper down, had sense or composure enough to follow even the readiest of all, other than to go in out of the rain and then open the cabin doors again, letting the flood down below. The "accident" illustrates most forcibly the immediate danger of deep cockpits, but these are passing away in yachts of latest build, and flush decks, with nothing more than "blind" or "false" cockpits bid fair to become the rule. A few dollars would have put a bulkhead under the forward and after thwarts of the yawl-boat and she would not have sunk from beneath those clinging to the bottom. But in the utter neglect of every precaution, in her meagre, shabby outfit, in her dangerous model, top-heavy spars and a very full inventory for the gratification of the stomach, the luckless sloop was no different from the great majority of so-called yachts of her sort. Built in ignorance, light draft for deep waters, carrying four tons of iron high up, when six down low would not have been out of proportion in a well-balanced production, no wonder she rolled over to a squall, filled and sank, and for want of outfit; no wonder five precious lives have been sacrified and a noble sport, which can be made as safe as any other, receives another black eye, from which it will take years to recover.

We believe FOREST AND STREAM has done more than all other journals put together in effecting reforms, and can trace the increasing demand for safe, honest boats to our efforts in these columns to cover the machines with the contempt they deserve, and we hope soon to see a healthier appreciation of the qualities of various types of boats. Public opinion is already ranging on our side.

If disasters, fraught with terrible consequences, can hasten the turn of the tide and quench the craze for beamy, light drafts, the victims of the sloop in question will not have lost their lives in vain, poor consolation as this may be to friends and relatives so suddenly bereft of those they loved. There was nothing extraordinary or exceptional about this disaster; the only wonder is that more of the sort do not occur. A sloop hired for the occasion, thoroughly seaworthy, staunch and fast, of course, sets sail for a short cruise up the Sound in charge of an experienced and thoroughly competent "captain," of course—one of the kind who has never seen a day at sea, but has graduated about Gowanus Bay from the hearsay school. The yacht was well and completely fitted, of course—that is to say, in the estimation of sand-bag critics, who think a mast, perhaps a bowsprit, and enough gear to hoist sail all that any sensible, "practical" man would have on a yacht. The merry party consists of the usual muster of clerks and brokers bound on a holiday, this time supplemented, unfortunately, by a most estimable young lady, persuaded into the trap by the rest, who knew as little about a boat as she did, though one was "brought up all his life among yachts and boats," but in the moment of trial was found as little prepared to devise means of safety as a novice. After drifting about June 28, beyond the Middleground light, in a calm, with a threatening sky, the "captain" taunted by the passengers for not making more sail, the squall finally burst with fearful fury. Sails had been furled in time, "everything secured and all preparations made," as the survivors report, no doubt referring to stowing the dishes out of harm's way, for nothing else was accomplished. The sloop, under bare poles, is literally overpowered by the gale, "lifted bodily into the air," and thrown on her beam ends. The seas rush in, and the miserable thing incontinentally sinks. The yawl follows suit, and hardly a thing is to be found adrift. After a short struggle five are drowned; two luckily get an ice-box within their reach and are rescued by a passing schooner, revived, and bring home the sad news. That is all; a plain enough affair, likely to happen again unless the advice and warnings we have given are heeded.

Capsized under bare poles! What a comment upon yacht modelling in America! Are there any obtuse enough not to see the moral of this disaster, and, with it, as powerful evidence, how long before the old school will relinquish, or be compelled by law to relinquish, the unsupported myths, the wildest and most illogical cant, they still cling to as "practical" teachings, when they only lead to dismal, abject failures, stamping them incompetent to the verge of criminality?

THE FLYING CLAY PIGEON.

THE latest device intended to afford a substitute for live pigeons at the trap is the "flying clay pigeon," invented by Mr. George Ligowsky, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The target, or "bird," as it is called, is a light convex disk of clay, much resembling in shape a saucer with the rim turned over and in toward the centre.

A trap has been made to throw this target at any desired vertical angle, and the flight much resembles that of a quail or a pinnated grouse; in fact, it is the nearest artificial approach to the natural flight of a bird that we have ever seen. The disks are very brittle, and when struck by shot are not liable to leave any room for dispute. In flight they skim along horizontally, or at such an angle as may be desired, and settle gently down to the ground like a bird and without breaking.

This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds in the field that the "clay pigeons" afford excellent practice for wing shooting, at the same time possessing in a less degree than other substitutes for game the disadvantages attending trap shooting. An expert "clay pigeon" shot is well advanced toward being an expert wing shot in the field; and it takes a good degree of skill to make a fair score with the clay target, as some of those who tried it at Coney Island last week discovered. Mr. Ligowsky's "birds" were more difficult shooting than many of the live pigeons which were thrown up from the traps to a certain point in the air and hung there for a second, before falling, as they did fall whether hit or not.

It is yet too early to fully and unqualifiedly indorse the "flying clay pigeon" as a satisfactory substitute for live birds, but it appears to be such, and we commend all sportsmen to test its merits and decide for themselves. The address of the manufacturers will be found in our advertising columns. A trap is now on exhibition at this office.

THE ST. LOUIS ASSOCIATION.—The St. Louis, Mo., Fish and Game Protective Association has an active membership of 135. The first annual report of the society is now before us. It shows that work has been done and results accomplished. Four prosecutions have been instituted against illegal netters; three convictions were secured and fines imposed. Two convictions were also had of parties violating the game law. The society has secured one very sensible and effective aid in their work, that is the co-operation of the express companies, who have been induced by the society to prevent the shipping of game killed out of season. But by far the most encouraging sign of the St. Louis Association's good influence is the growing recognition of their work and aims by the public. The people are finding out that there is such a society and that its members are in earnest; and such knowledge goes a great way. The Secretary of the association, Mr. H. C. West, care St. Louis Cotton Exchange, invites any information of game law violations. The President of the society is Hon. John D. Johnson, in whose hands, we need not add, the work will go on.

CARRY IT OUT.—While the late meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was barren of result—save the pigeon shooting and fly-casting—it may yet prove a turning point in the history of the society if one of the resolutions there made be carried out. We refer to the proposal to call a meeting of delegates from the several counties of the State to transact the business which legitimately belong to a game protective association. It is sincerely to be hoped that this matter may be agitated by the clubs, and such a convention called together. An association representing the entire State would have great influence at Albany, and the annual wrangling over the game laws might be stopped if that society took the matter into its hands. The proposed convention is a most excellent project. Carry it through.

WILD CELERY.—Can any one inform us as to the cultivation of wild celery? Has it ever been transplanted or sown in waters to serve as food for wild fowl? Who can supply the seed, and at what price? When should it be sown? This information is sought by several correspondents.

AN INVASION OF WEAKFISH.—The fish known as weakfish, squetague, squit, salt-water trout, etc. (*Cynoscyon regalis*), have been unusually plenty for the past ten days. Three menhaden steamers hauled their purse seines around some 20,000 pounds of them and threw them on New York market in such quantities that they could not be sold for a cent a pound. Such are the poor accommodations of New York for distributing an unusual catch of fish that many of these went back to the oil factories. The fish are plentier than in many years and are taken up the Hudson as far as Yonkers with hook and line, a most remarkable circumstance. And this fish was thought to be gradually decreasing. We know but little yet of the laws which govern the increase or decrease of fishes in a state of nature.

MANHATTAN BEACH still holds the leading place among Coney Island resorts. Its varied attractions, the bathing, the music, the Tuesday and Thursday fairy-land illuminations, the Saturday evening pyrotechnic exhibitions, and the Marine Railway excursions, afford abundant entertainment and amusement for the thousands who seek the beach daily. Manhattan Beach is easy of access via the boats from Whitehall street to Bay Ridge, or by way of Greenpoint. There is a solidity about the Manhattan establishment which argues well for its future.

WITH JULY comes to us the June number of the new aspirant for public patronage, *The American Gentlemen's Magazine*, which appears to be in all respects, save in the name, an after issue of *Brentano's Monthly*. The periodical is conducted by Mr. Marius Lazare, the well-known bicyclist, and is devoted to sports of the day.

SOME of our esteemed daily contemporaries affect to condemn dog fights; but they take good care to give all the particulars of each affair of the kind. The rule is to assume high moral ground, but give the news. A very good rule—but what is news?

WHAT has come over the *Market Index and Journal?* Its comments on the Coney Island tournament are not in keeping with its former *role* of "special organ."

THE 'POSSUM IS SERVED.

ONE day last month there came, in our Southwestern mail, this letter:

TUCSON, Arizona, May 5, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A controversy has arisen in this remote locality on account of the inclosed engraving in *Harper's Weekly* of April 30, 1881.

A Kentuckian contended that no well-bred negro would cook an opossum upon a cooking stove, and a Virginian asserted that opossums were always to be eaten cold, whereupon the dispute was left to the arbitration of Senator Norwood, of Georgia, who happened to be sojourning among us, and who decided that an opossum should be eaten cold.

The Kentuckian appeals from the opinion of the Senator to the FOREST AND STREAM, and alleges for exception that the opossum is essentially a winter dish, and as a winter dish should not be eaten cold, but hot like spare-ribs, sausages, buckwheat cakes, etc.

It is well known to all hunters of the opossum that he must be frosted three nights upon a clap-board roof before he can be properly cooked, and that the accompaniment must be sweet potatoes. No other esculent will answer. No wine or beer of any kind is proper with a baked opossum. Nothing but genuine Bourbon whisky is strong enough to assist the digestion of 'possum fat.

The engraving in *Harper's* is an atrocity, equal to the decision of the Senator from Georgia in favor of cold 'possum. An African cooking an opossum on a cast-iron cooking stove—this would raise an old Virginian or Kentuckian 'possum hunter from his grave.

If you will kindly take the trouble to have a formal decision entered in your columns whether an opossum should be eaten hot or cold, you will oblige many readers, and very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES D. POSTON (from Kentucky).

Now, while the FOREST AND STREAM claims to know a great deal about the subjects which are properly within its field, it confesses that this Tucson appeal was a poser; and the editor cheerfully owned up, on this particular point, to that "inexperience," of which the Dittmar people have been tooting since their preposterous powder pretensions were exploded. He was the more willing to do so, since from very early times the art of preparing this game for the table has been recognized as the accomplishment of a gifted or fortunate few. As the Latin poet has it, *Non omnia possumus omnes*—we cannot all cook 'possums.

But next to knowing a thing yourself is knowing where to find out from some one else who does know it. The FOREST AND STREAM has the happy advantage of being in a position to supplement its own knowledge with the information and experience of others; there are few culinary mysteries from an Ichthyophogian stew to an Alaska gurry-garoo which it cannot fathom.

We besought our Tucson friend to allay the excitement in Arizona, to calm Kentucky, and to restrain the States of Georgia and Virginia from any rash action—and we would find out how to cook a 'possum and all about it. We have received, in response to correspondence on the subject, a number of happily written letters, which we print to-day, with our acknowledgement to the writers for their aid in bringing to a satisfactory conclusion so momentuous an inquiry. Supported by the advice of such trusted councellors we have now no hesitation in "entering a formal decision" that 'possums should be served—but read the testimony before hearing the judgment.

The first comes from a Virginia judge—his pseudonym is familiar—who after the delightful manner of Virginia judges first delivers a sententious opinion, and then tells a story for the edification of the court-room:

STAUNTON, Va., June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to the 'possum problem propounded by you, "how to cook and how to eat him," I have to say that I never was a 'possum hunter; but having all my life been in the South, where the darkey abounds, and his inseparable companion, the 'possum, is to be found in great numbers, I have seen that classic bird cooked and eaten many, many times. Before entering into the more minute details, let me say, that the man who calls a 'possum, *opossum*, displays his ignorance of the whole subject in the start, and his views are not entitled to much weight.

Now, as to cooking him. The first thing to be done is, what some lady in her recipe book on cooking rabbits prescribes, viz: to catch him. This will be no difficult matter, I fancy, with a "yaller" dog, and a carcass, a persimmon tree, or a chicken roost near by. After being secured he is penned up in box, barrel, or coop for a week or ten days, and fed as a pig, duck or turkey is usually fed before being slaughtered, in order, as the darkeys say, to "drive all de wileness and de varmint tase out-en-him."

This somewhat difficult, if not impossible, point being achieved, he is then killed and dressed like a pig, hung out to freeze thoroughly for several nights, and when ready to be cooked is stuffed with stale bread crumbs seasoned with any pungent herb that can be had, or with onion according to the taste of the consumer. But, talking about wine in connection with 'possum is simple sacrilege, and the idea of *stewing* a 'possum is simply absurd. Such a proposition would shock the moral and gastronomic sensibilities of the most callous darkey in the South. There is but one way to cook a 'possum, and that is to roast him, just as you do a turkey or pig. A cooking stove is a good place to do it in, but the old-fashioned "spit," and the plantation big iron oven is just as good, and more frequently used than anything else, because the darkeys can't luxuriate in a cooking stove.

Now, as to how to eat him. This is a matter of taste altogether, in the sense that the old woman who "kissed the cow" may be said to have exercised this faculty.

I *have* seen people eat hot 'possum, but I never saw the same man do it twice. The man whose stomach can stand hot 'possum, even with Bourbon whisky to help him through, and relish it, has a way of being pleased that ought to render him a supremely happy mortal. Did you ever eat hot souse? Well! when you do that you will want some hot 'possum—not before!

Of course everybody has heard the story of the darkey who visited a friend late at night, and finding Joshua fast asleep, Ginger commenced prowling around the cabin in the uncertain light of an expiring chunk, in search of something to eat. Suddenly he came upon the remnants of a cold 'possum in the cupboard. Ginger fell to work upon it, and after completely demolishing it, he placed the bones on the hearth, and greased the slumbering Joshua's fingers, mouth and face thoroughly with the fat, and left. About dawn Josh woke up, and bethought him of his dainty 'possum. Upon going to the press he discovered that it was gone. He soon saw his hands greasy and found his mouth in the same fix, and concluded that he must have eaten the 'possum himself while asleep. But still a feeling of uncertainty remained as to whether he had done so, and placing his hand on his stomach he soliloquized thus:

"Here de bones and de grease on my hands and face, and nobody's here but me, so I *must er* eat him; but one thing is sartin, dat dar 'possum do set lighter on my stomach and gibs me de least satisfaction ob any 'possum I eber eat."

Perhaps Joshua had been in the habit of eating *his* 'possum hot, but if he did, he's the only man, white or black, that ever made a habit of it. JACK.

Next comes a racy sketch from Arkansas. Its author is by profession a lawyer, by occupation a planter; and being the grandson of Col. Davy Crockett—a relationship, he explains, purely accidental on his part—he is by nature and education a lover of the rod and gun. He owns and shoots with the rifle which was presented to Col. Crockett by the citizens of Philadelphia in 1834; and we know not how many hundred deer and lesser game have fallen before it. We have the promise of other stories from his pen—but now to the 'possum hunt:

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, Arkansas, June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ah, me, how the name of 'possum carries me back to the days of my boyhood. I forget the gouty foot, resting upon a pillow as I write. I forget the "sable silvered" locks and snow-white beard which the cool prairie breeze is caressing, as fancy leads me back—away back—through the "shadow and sheen" of two score years to the happy, care-free days of my childhood; now in the sunlight of some pleasant memory that lights my worn face with a smile;—anon in the shadow of some long forgotten sorrow that dims my old eyes with tears.

It is a cold winter evening and I am helping the negroes to feed the stock, when "Ike" says "Mars Bob, we're gwine 'possum huntin' ter-night; s'pose you ask your Ma couldn't you go long wid us."

Supper over, the family gather around the hearth before the blazing hickory fire, my mother with her sewing, my father with a book; the candles are "snuffed," (no lamps in those days) and just as they are settling down to their evening's occupation I hear a horn blow. The sound gives me courage to say, "Mother, the 'boys' are going 'possum hunting to-night; please let me go with them."

"No," she says, "it is too cold and you might get hurt."

I try to argue the question, but she grows more firm in her refusal, when another "*toot-toot-to-o-o-t*" rouses my father who, his heart stirred, perhaps, by some memory of his own boyhood, says, "Let him go, Mother; old Ben and the boys will take care of him."

I am soon ready, and when I reach the big gates where the darkeys await me I am greeted with a deafening chorus of yells, barks, howls, horns and "Whoop! here comes Mars Robert!"

A brief discussion ensues as to the route we had best take, some suggesting the creek bottom "whar dere's lots ob grapes;" others contending for "de ole 'Green field' whar de 'simmons' is jest breakin' de trees down." "Uncle Ben" cuts the matter short by shouldering his ax and leading off in the direction of the creek bottom.

Reaching the woods we stop a while, as Uncle Ben says, "to gib de dogs a chance;" and we soon hear them pattering about in the dead leaves in search of 'possum or trail. Meantime the young "niggers" are loudly discussing the merits of their respective dogs, when old Ben, who is standing in a patch of moonlight a little ahead, whirls 'round and yells, "Here, you young uns, stop dat fuss! How de debbil is I gwine to hear de dogs! Ike, if I hears your mouf agin, I'll stick your hed in a sink hole and lef you dar—*you hear me!*" That settles us.

A few minutes pass in silent expectancy, and the stillness is broken by a low whimper from one of the dogs.

"Dat's 'Remus,'" whispers Ike, "I knows his toogue: 'possum or polecat shore!"

Now, there's a quick, sharp yelp in the direction of which all the dogs break with a rush; and the whole pack dash off in full cry. A short run of perhaps one hundred yards; and then suddenly all is silent again.

"Have they lost it?" I ask—and for answer the dogs open again with a "standing bark."

"Dar, dey's treed!" and away we go, helter skelter, now tripped by a trailing vine, anon falling headlong over a rotten log, bruising shins, scratching faces, tearing clothes, whooping and yelling we reach the dogs, which, encouraged by our presence and yells, become frantic with excitement.

The 'possum has taken refuge in the top of a small oak sapling, up which a grape-vine has climbed. Old Ben shakes the tree and jerks the vine, but no 'possum falls.

"Here, you, Silas, you clim' up de saplin' an I pull him out, and min' you doan lef him drap 'mong de dogs!"

Silas, aided by a boost from Uncle Ben, shins up the sapling and in a moment sings out, "Whoop, I got him, but his tail done rapped roun' dis lim so tight dat I can't loose him. Hello! Look out! Dar he comes!" and the 'possum comes tumbling down into the very jaws of the eager dogs, and the whole pack pile right on him; but Ben, with a few hearty "licks" with the ax helve and vigorous kicks with his No. 11 brogans now makes an opening through which he reaches down and, grasping the 'possum by the tail, lifts it high above his head to keep the dogs from regaining possession of it.

The dogs are kicked and cuffed into something like quiet, Silas slides down the sapling, the 'possum, which all this time has been "playing dead," is dropped into a sack; a young darkey throws it across his shoulder; Ben picks up his ax; and after taking a look at the "seben stars, to see what time it is," away we go in search of more game.

About midnight, with three or four more 'possums, we turn our faces homeward, old Ben trudging along in front, and singing:

"The squirrel has a bushy tail
Stumpy grows de har;
De ole coon's tail am ringged all round
De 'possum's tail am bar."

The dogs seem to know that the hunt is over; and with drooping heads slouch along at heel. Now and then a young dog sees a rabbit playing in the moonlight and with a yelp or two dashes after it but soon returns. The youngsters—white and black—now that the excitement is over, grow sleepy and silent as we drag our tired feet along; and are glad enough when the "big house" and the "nigger cabins" are sighted in the moonlight.

Old Ben empties the sack on the frozen ground; but the 'possums make no effort to escape—they are still "'possuming" dead. There is but one correct mode of killing a "'possum" and that's the "Ole Furginny" style. So Ben gets a light rail, places a 'possum on its belly on the ground, lays the rail across its neck close to the head, makes a young darkey stand on each end of it, then taking position in front of the 'possum catches him by the tail, puts his left foot on the rail—a quick jerk—"tchick"—its neck is broken. A long-bladed knife is plunged into the "sticking place" and pushed home to the heart and it is then hung up to bleed.

Next morning a tub is half-filled with hot water (not too hot) into which is dropped the 'possum and held by the tail, until the hair will slip; then taken out, laid upon a plank or board, and the hair or wool pulled off with the fingers. It is nicely done and the skin is as soft, smooth and white as a baby's.

In those days we knew nothing of cooking stoves—they had not been introduced in the South; and so the 'possum was let to freeze two or three nights, then placed in a five-gallon kettle of water, into which was thrown two pods of red pepper. After boiling one hour in the pepper water, that was poured out and the kettle refilled with plain water. After boiling in this for one hour it was taken out, placed in a large oven, sweet potatoes cut in half put around it, black pepper, salt and a pinch or two of sage sprinkled over it, a pint of water poured in, the lid put on; and with a slow fire baked until done. Eat all you can at dinner while it is warm, and if by chance there be a remainder over, eat it cold for supper, and swear by Diana, the chaste, that hot or cold there is nothing more toothsome than "baked 'possum."—BOB H. C.

Does the 'possum "play dead?" Or is his simulation of death, like that of the humming bird, the effect of fright, and something over which he has no control? We believe that there is good authority for this theory. At any rate, a 'possum in this helpless condition, whether cunningly shamming dead or not, is a more desirable beast to meddle with than a wide-awake one up a tree, as the following story from the ever-entertaining pen of St. Clair goes to prove:

LAWTONVILLE, Ga., June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many long years agone, when this writer was a gay and festive lad, delighting in all kinds of sport by land and water, it was once his good fortune to witness the actual cooking of a 'possum. He had often eaten them, cooked to a turn and richly brown in all their glory; but it was reserved for one golden night for him to know how they are cooked.

Mrs. Glass says: "First catch your hare," then, in a Sairy Gampian spirit, she tells you how to cook him. Wishing to avoid the path of this estimable lady, I'll tell how our 'possum was caught, and then tell the manner of cooking.

"Hole back dar, you little niggers, an' doan run so fas' arter dat 'possum," was the warning cry of Uncle Leven, the best coon hunter in Kentucky, one still, frosty, moonlight night, as "Ole Bose" was heard barking furiously about a mile away. The powers that ruled in the big house had granted me leave to go on a 'possum hunt, and I, too, with a mob of little darkeys, Uncle Leven panting at our heels, flew rather than ran to the spot where Bose was giving loud-tongued evidence that he had a 'possum treed. Up in a scrubby hickory covered with a thick matting of grapevines we could see glistening in the moonlight the white fur of an enormous opossum. He had been feeding on grapes, of which these animals are very fond.

Jake, the impulsive, had already commenced climbing the tree to shake the animal down, when he was stopped by the authoritative voice of Uncle Leven: "Doan shake dat 'possum, Bose 'll bruise um; here, take dis bag and put um in."

Dubiously did Jake venture up to the old patriarch 'possum, whose low growling convinced him that he meant mischief. Getting above the animal, he let the bag down on his foot until the head of his game was parallel with the bag. He was rewarded with a sudden bite through his tow linen pants, deep into the flesh. Loud applause from the pit, intermingled with yells from the principal actor. Presently down came Jake, headforemost, with the 'possum still clinging to him, and in an instant Ole Bose, in his eagerness to get at his game, fastened his teeth in the seat of Jake's tow linen pants.

Uncle Leven now took part in the fray, and seizing the game in his arms, soon had him bagged. Jake examined his wounds, anteriorly and posteriorly, and was consoled by being promised an extra share of the 'possum next night.

A merry party were we—five "niggers" all my own age and myself—who had gathered at Uncle Leven's cabin the next night after the hunt to eat 'possum. With the solemn importance of a Druid priest about to perform some mysterious rite, Uncle Leven first laid the 'possum tenderly in a large oven. He then covered him with cold water. Around him, and over him, and about him he packed sweet potatoes until not another one could be put into that oven. He then put fire under the oven until all the water was boiled out, then putting fire on the lid he went forth to bake him. For two mortal hours, indeed, what time all the little darkeys slept, and this writer was only kept awake by the folk lore of Uncle Leven, did that 'possum cook.

At length the important announcement was made that the supper was done. What a fragrant smell rose up to the rafters of the old cabin, and how brown and glorious lay the "bosa" 'possum of "Ole Kaintuck!" Eat him? Ah! What good eating a baked 'possum is no one can know who has never tasted one. So large and fat that Bose came in for his share. *Eheu! jam satis!*

If you have not plenty of sweet potatoes, then use Irish.

Baked 'possum is superb; in any other way he is not so good, for there is an abundance of oil in his composition.

Hoping that I have made the approved Southern method of cooking 'possum—when caught—perfectly clear to the minds of the innumerable readers of FOREST AND STREAM, whom I greet right fraternally, I am, as ever,

ST. CLAIR.

"KENTUCKIAN" WRITES FEELINGLY.

MILL SPRINGS, Ky., June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While quizzing a class of medical students a facetious professor called on a member for the proper process of preparing chicken broth, which was promptly detailed, when the professor, with mock gravity, inquired, "Would it not be expedient, Mr. Smith, to first procure a chicken?"

Presuming the 'possum procured; dress it as you would a pig. We discard the head.

After it is dressed "Aunt Dinah" thinks an opossum unfit for the cook-stove till it has lain out on the smoke-house or back porch roof at least one frosty night. When the animal heat has been removed salt the 'possum as other fresh meats are treated. Any cook knows the time that fresh meats should "talk salt" before they are cooked.

When ready to cook wash thoroughly; place in a vessel; cover with cold water; throw in a small pod of red peper; boil vigorously, say an hour; pour off the liquor; cover with fresh boiling water, and boil till tender, when it is ready for the bake-pan. Sprinkle with flour and black pepper, pour into the pan enough of the liquor from which it has just been removed with which to baste it frequently.

When sufficiently browned serve hot, but not floating in gravy, as is too often the manner of bringing on the table a roast which would defy the digestive superiorities of a Digger Indian's stomach, and severely tax the assimilative apparatus of an ostrich. Garnish with relishes to tickle tastes.

Sweet potatoes are an almost indispensable Southern accompaniment. Pared and sliced they are basted and baked with 'possum.

In ante-bellum times a fresh oyster was but a heard-of luxury to us boys for whom the mail carrier's horn sounded but thrice a week, but 'possum, pig fries and burgoo were as appetizing winter night-mare propagators as the choicest inventions of the most versatile Icthyophagous.

The distinctive effluvium peculiar to many popular meats preserved in cooking is by no means the relish that is a woodcock's trail, and in preparing a 'possum for the table the prime desideratum of an experienced cook is to dispense with the 'possum odor and superfluous fat.

Did you never eat of a well served 'possum? If not come out this fall and, *Deo volente*, you'll confess that there's an unfillable hiatus in your gastronomic enjoyments from so late an introduction to a Southern delicacy. The 'possum is not ripe till persimmons begin to fall. He has an especial weakness for that fruit, and the location of all the bearing trees are known to the 'possum hunter, be assured.

My wife is skilled in cooking game after our approved styles, and except served by her teacher and self I rarely ate of 'possum that wasn't murdered in the pot, and would disgust a semi-civilized stomach.

Kentuckians generally are plain cooks and little given to relishes. I never saw olive oil on a farmer's table, unless there for effect, not for use.

A fat 'possum is almost deliquescent, and served floating in its gravy could be digested by a lard oil manufacturer only with aid of a handful of gravel. KENTUCKIAN.

SENATOR GARLAND IS "ON THE FENCE."

LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas, June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours of 9th instant relative to the cooking and eating of a 'possum is received, and the subject has been as fully considered by me as its gravity and importance require, bearing in mind the thermometer is at 98 degrees in the shade and still "*a coming.*"

I am not much on the cooking of a 'possum, or any other animal as for that; but the bent of my mind is that if you would boil the 'possum in salt and red-pepper water until he is quite tender, and then brown him well in an old-fashioned oven, or skillet, wherein around his body a goodly number of potatoes are baked and browned, you would have a dish unrivalled and more than oriental, and a person who could not relish it, whether he took the 'possum hot or cold, would have no celestial fire in his soul, nor music either.

Whether the 'possum should be eaten hot or cold is a question that has bothered me for many years, and even now I am not prepared to say directly how it is. Rather than miss entirely, I would try to eat him in either way I could find him, and really I am of opinion that he is better hot or cold, according to the state he is in when I last partake of him.

I was once chosen by two professed artists in making mint-juleps to settle the question which excelled. I approached

the discharge of this duty with all possible misgiving as to my ability to decide, and with all necessary preparation, and I found every time, in discussing the various points involved in this wonderful accomplishment, that the last julep always tasted the best to me; and I was not able to determine till I would take one from the other man; and the trial went on from one to another julep for some time—till I had taken some—well, I can't tell now how many; and from some unaccountable reason, I never made up my mind, and no decision was ever rendered, but I performed much work on that occasion.

But in "the case at bar," I would say about this: after the animal is cooked as above indicated, I would eat freely of him at dinner, hot; and if any of him should be left, I would take that at supper, cold. But if this should be supposed to be overdoing the thing rather freely, and I was "forced to an election," I would take him hot for dinner and "rest my case here," hoping to have pleasant dreams of him during the night's slumbers as a substitute, to some extent, for not having him cold at supper.

I do not know that I have given you any light on this delicate question, but you have my views as succinctly as I can render them, as it is difficult for me to restrain my thoughts and words on a subject so suggestive.

Very truly yours, A. H. GARLAND.

FROM THE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter to Hon. S. S. Cox is received. The party addressed is now in the Netherlands, far from the land of Bourbon and opossum. Were he here, no doubt you would receive a satisfactory answer to your letter.

In an interview with a South Carolina (family) cook, I learn that the 'possum is considered most edible when served cold, though it is a matter of taste greatly. It is a very fat quadruped, and the meat consequently delicate and rich. It is usually cooked in what is called a "kitchen," over a wooden fire. The writer knows nothing from experience, but in a strict cross-examination of ten colored persons acquainted with the habits of the 'possum seven incline to the belief that "'possum is de best hot," while three hold to the opinion "it am de most eatable when cold."

The fluids to go with this lively bird can best be determined by the epicurean, though in the States of Kentucky and South Carolina Bourbon is doubtless the only concomitant, *i. e.*, for Democratic 'possums. For 'possums of the opposite political complexion "apple sass" is considered inseparable

In view of this discussion I would suggest that you address either Hon. Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina (U. S. Senate) or Hon. Alex. H. Stevens, of Georgia, at his home, (Crawfordville, Ga.).

Trusting that you may find a proper solution to this question of "mixed fa(c)t and lard," believe me,

Respectfully yours, H. W. SPOFFORD.

GREEK-LETTER SOCIETY MYSTERIES.

SAVANNAH, Tenn., June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Cook an opossum on a cast-iron stove and eat him cold! well, I should smile. Just hint such a thing to the sable *chef de cuisine* in any Southern kitchen and see how the idea will be received. Among the many escapades of my college days—or rather nights—there are few that have a stronger hold upon my memory than the 'possum suppers partaken of in some musty dormitory at an hour when all studious and well conducted young men are supposed to have ceased to consume the midnight oil, and to be slumbering soundly, ready to awaken at the first stroke of the morning bell.

There are few among those who have attended Southern colleges that have not attended these mysterious suppers, held usually under the auspices of some Greek-letter society, where the initiated, dodging the prying eyes of over-inquisitive tutors, assembled to pay their respects to the spread, in which the dish of hot 'possum and potatoes, cooked and served by some sable hanger-on of the college, occupied the chief place.

The manner of cooking the opossum generally practiced is: After having kept the "varmint" in close captivity, and having it properly fed for a fortnight or more, to kill it, and after carefully dressing it expose it for several nights to the frosty air; then it is customary to parboil it in water containing a little sage, and then roast in an old-fashioned oven surrounded with sweet potatoes. The opossum needs little seasoning save salt and pepper, with a dash of lemon. Of fat he has enough, and to spare. Another way is to suspend the animal on a string in front of the fire, the twisting and untwisting of the string giving it a rotary motion, and while roasting to baste with vinegar, pepper and butter.

If opossums grew to be several times larger than they do now, probably there might be enough left to put away and eat cold, but until some marked improvement is produced in this respect of size it will hardly be convenient to make the experiment. So far as I know, the opossum has always been eaten hot, indeed the call to the table given by our sable purveyor used to be, "Here's your 'possum and taters all hot."

As to the beverage with which to wash down the repast I cannot say, not being learned in such things. However, all lovers of 'possums are correspondingly haters of snakes, and I believe that all are also agreed that for snake bites old Bourbon whisky is the "sovereignist thing on earth."—WILL.

THE EXTREME PENALTY IN MISSISSIPPI.

CORINTH, Miss., June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your letter asking for information in regard to the proper way in which the rat tailed marsupial, yclept the 'possum, should be cooked, I beg leave to state that it has always been considered a "hanging offence" down South to cook the 'possum any other way than to bake him, with no other accompaniment except yam potatoes, and to eat him red hot.

A little "Mountain Dew," or "Old Bourbon," is considered an admirable corrective after a too free indulgence in "'possum and taters,"

Yours truly, GUYON.

EMINENT NASHVILLE AUTHORITIES.

NASHVILLE, June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the flesh of this animal is exceedingly strong in flavor, it is all the better for being allowed to freeze two or three days before preparing it for he table—even then to remove the remaining rankness, it should be parboiled in water, properly seasoned with red pepper pods and salt. There are persons who eat the dish while hot, though *connoisseurs* agree that it is better cold. The following receipts for preparing the opossum are from colored persons, who are admitted to be the most expert in the business. William Hobbs says:

"First boil the opossum in water with an abundance of red pepper pods and salt, until the meat is tender. While this process is going on steam a number of sweet potatoes and slice them; cover the opossum with them and then bake brown."

Jinks Mullin's receipt is, to parboil the opossum after it has been frozen thoroughly in water containing red pepper pods and salt, then bake him with sweet potatoes and red pepper, thickening the gravy which melts from the opossum with a little flour. Jinks also favors barbacuing them. This process is the same as followed with pigs or mutton, only the opossum requires to be cooked longer and constantly basted with a sauce made of red pepper, salt and vinegar.

Jennie Moore says that in Giles County the colored people soak the opossum in strong salt and water for two days, then parboil it for a half-hour in one water, changing this for another water in which red pepper and salt are in quantities; when tender, sprinkle with black pepper and flour, place a number of steam potatoes in the pan and bake until brown and crisp.

To clean the hair off the opossum the negroes roll it in hot hickory ashes, claiming that this mode destroys a portion of the wild flavor, though scalding as in the cleaning of pigs is most often resorted to. Many are prejudiced against eating the meat, though those who are not claim it is a great delicacy. Thousands of them are brought to the market and eagerly taken principally by the colored people who would rather have it than ten times its weight in quail, wild turkey or venison. J. D. H.

THE ANTE-BELLUM STYLE.

MARIETTA, Georgia, June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have taken the opinion of two old and experienced men on the question of cooking the opossum. They were both large planters before the war, owning many slaves; one a rice planter on the coast, the other a cotton planter in this region. Both are familiar with negroes and their ways. They both say the 'possum should be roasted, preferably in the open air, and should be eaten hot.

I also asked the question of an experienced colored cook. His way is to parboil the animal, so as to remove the strong flavor; then either bake or roast it. In either case, it should be eaten hot.

It is too rich a dish for most white stomachs, but suits the negro like fat bacon and pork. His liver is seldom disordered.

Very truly yours, S. C. CLARKE.

TEXANS ARE OMNIVOROUS.

CORPUS CHRISTI, Texas, June, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If the weather be cold enough the "'possum," after being cleaned, is hung out of doors for two or three days. He is cleaned like the pig, only different. This difference lies in the manner of scalding the hair off, which is done with cold instead of boiling water. Soak the 'possum in cold water and cover him for about a minute with hot ashes and coals. After this he will shed as easily as an old last year's cockleburr bush. Dress him just as you would a roaster and lay him out until morning.

If the weather is warm (for the opossum is in season all times of the year), he should be cooked the day after being caught. To do this properly take a big Dutch oven, curl the animal in it, fill all the chinks with peeled yams, then cover the whole with a layer of yams. Dig a hole in the ground deep enough so that the top of the oven, when set in it, will be about four inches below the surrounding earth. Fill this hole with live coals. Let the coals stay in the hole about an hour, replenishing from the fire when necessary; then clean out the hole and set in the Dutch oven "wid de 'possum and de taturs;" pour in the oven about half a pint of water; put on the lid and see that it fits well; put some ashes on top of the oven and heap on the coals; over the hole lay some sticks close together, over these some leaves or grass and cover the whole with the loose earth which came out when the oven went in. Cover well, so that there will be no blaze; and—then sit down and talk about "'possum and 'coon" hunts for the next two hours at least.

Don't season this game with anything but salt. If you know what is good eat "de 'possum" when he is hot; but if you happen to be offered some cold don't say no. Any man who eats all the steaming hot "'possum and tatur" he wants and does not suffer from a large attack of dyspepsia need never fear to trust his stomach.

There never was a bad 'possum. Some are fatter than others and more tender and juicy; but they are all good.

I have seen the opossum baked in a stove and roasted on a spit, and have tried him broiled, boiled and fried, and have found him always good, except when he was better or best. The trouble is that he is very rich and he tastes very good and one always eats too much, but never learns by experience to eat less next time. Some people make fools of themselves over a 'possum, but I don't; I get sick and am sorry I ate so much—until next time. BEXAR.

"And last of all the woman came also!" Bless her dear, motherly old soul! we listened to her words of wisdom long years and years ago; and we have a great deal of respect for her yet. Mother Goose is sound on the 'possum question. Take off your hats while we read to you what she writes. The letter came down the other night with the stick of a sky-rocket:

THE MOON, July 4, 1881.

My Dear Forest and Stream!

There is no sense in your trying to enter any formal decision on that 'possum case. It is purely a question of taste; and tastes differ.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old.

Jack Spratt could not eat it at all; his wife passed her plate for more every time. The Man in the Moon went down too soon for his and burnt his tongue eating it cold.

Have you seen the comet? Yours as ever,

MOTHER GOOSE.

From a careful and unbiased consideration of the testimony thus far adduced, taking into account the eminence of the gastronomic authorities who have so kindly contributed to the discussion, and having an eye also to the mercury—this is July 6th—we are inclined to the opinion that between 'possum hot and 'possum cold the preference is most decidedly for

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE SHOOTING OF THE WOODCOCK.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

CRYSTAL and still was the air of the bright autumn moontide.
All round the pool were suspended the pencils of rushes,
Writing no more with the breeze on the blue scroll above them—
Poising as still as the pen of a pondering Poet!
Drooped the tired lilies, and sighed in the face of the sun-god,
Yielded, like languorous maids, to the kiss of their lover,
Laughing and strong, with his rank, ruddy beard streaming o'er them!
Yielded and sighed, till the forest was bathed in their fragrance,
And the frail flowers of the glen in the sweetness were swooning.

Hark! In yon copse is the breeze from its slumber awaking,
Stirring the leaves, as it binds up its beautiful tresses,
Rising to run through the woods like a loose-girdled maiden?

From the thick copse peered the glorious head of a pointer.
Silent his step, and unearthliness floated about him.
Straightway he parted the leaves and came forth in his beauty,
Wizard of woodlands, foreknowing their deep-hidden secrets!
Scarce was he free from the edge of the thicket, ere followed,
Slowly, a sportsman with picturesque trappings upon him.
Neat were his garments of russet, and fringed and romantic.
Woodcock and snipe from the net of his game-bag protruded.
Even as flew the last twig from the hand of the sportsman,
Lifted the quivering pointer his forefoot, and sank low,
Bent like a rod! Then arose, at his master's quick bidding,
And lo! a bird whistled up, like a shaft from a bow-string!
Straight to the fowler's brown face the brown barrels ascended;
Loud rang the stillness, and smoke drifted up through the forest.
Checked was the woodcock's swift flight, and he fell long and drooping,
Till with a splash in the rushes—the prize of the sportsman!

TWO WEEKS WITH THE BASS AND PICKEREL.

AT INTERMEDIATE LAKE, ANTRIM CO., MICHIGAN.

BY KINGFISHER.

CONTINUED.

ACCORDING to all the best received and well-worn signs as honored and cherished by the craft, the next morning promised a fine day for sport. The rain had ceased falling, the clouds were drifting in just the right direction, and everything looked fresh and bright. A light breeze ruffled the lake, just enough to make the waters laugh, and we left the island eager to try conclusions with anything that had fins.

We fished over about the same water I had prospected the day before, the Scribe and Jim (the Editor's camp name) in one boat, and I in the smaller one, alone. The Scribe had brought with him a new hornbeam (ironwood) 11oz. rod, and he decided this would be a good day to test its temper and capabilities. During the forenoon he took with it a 5½lb. small-mouthed bass, the largest one he had ever taken in a twenty-five-years' experience as a bass fisher, and, as a consequence, he was the most intensely pleased disciple of the lamented Izaak in all Michigan. He just swelled up with pride and importance till his clothes wouldn't fit him, and it was positively unsafe for him to turn around in the little boat or try to stand up in it. Of course Jim had to do all the rowing, now and then casting a furtive glance at that bass, and pinching himself at intervals to see if there was any of him left.

The crucial test of the rod took place, however, later in the day, on a bass of perhaps a pound less in weight, but a vigorous, powerful fellow and a fish of much suddenness. He had played him till well in hand with about four yards of line out from the tip of the rod, when the fish took a sudden fancy to go under the boat. At this critical juncture the Old Nick got into the reel, and it refused to budge an inch, or any part of an inch, either way. Here was a fix. It was all done so quickly that he did not have time to lead the line around the stern of the boat, and as he could not turn around, not having recovered from the effects of the 5½ pounder, the situation began to grow serious; and the fish was all this time in plain sight on the opposite side of the boat, tugging the rod into something the shape of the letter U. Then, the breeze setting in my direction, I could make out at forty rods away that the Scribe was desperately in earnest and making vehement remarks about that reel.

At last he shouted, "Swing her 'round to the left—quick!" Jim yanked her to the left, from his standpoint, which was wrong from the Scribe's, as they sat facing each other, and he yelled, "Great fish-hooks! Jim, to the right—to the right! or that infernal fish will burst the rod into flinders."

The boat was finally brought around to suit him and the fish fought into submission and brought to the landing net, the reel still firmly locked.

And then he ventured to his feet and gave a mighty yell that waked the echoes for two miles up and down the lake and scared into sudden flight a sleepy bald eagle that sat perched on the top branch of a dead cedar back in the swamp.

It is not probable that a rod would be called on twice in five years' fishing to stand the strain that this one did, and barely possible that one in a hundred would come out of the test as well.

Ironwood as a material for bass rods at once stepped to the front. I took the cap off the reel, but did not discover the difficulty at the time, and it cut up the same shine on two or three other "reely" trying occasions. Afterward it was found that a little wedge shaped metal click was too long and would stick fast between certain cogs of the smaller wheel, preventing the spool from turning either way. A few strokes of the file and the trouble ended.

A smart rain set in late in the afternoon which drove us into camp, happy and hungry, with two strings of bass and long-faces that were just good for the eye to linger on. This catch filled our live box so full that the next morning two-thirds of them were dead from overcrowding. After this we tied the larger ones separately to stakes driven into the lake bottom thirty to forty feet from shore, in six or eight feet of water, but only the more hardy of them would live more than four or five days. The mortality among them we attributed, whether rightly or not, to the change from the cooler depths of the lake to the much warmer surface water and the confinement. However, we kept a bountiful supply of fresh live ones on hand, which were free to such of our neighbors as would take the trouble to come after a back-

load. One of them, living about three miles back from the swamps, came paddling over in an old boat from the main land one day with a peck of new potatoes, which he wanted to "swop fur a mess o' fish." He said he would have brought a half-bushel, "only it was so hot, and it was too fur to tote 'em." New potatoes were just what we were longing for, and he was made happy with a load of fish much heavier to "tote" than his potatoes.

A pair of bald eagles, which were bringing up a young family over in the swamp, would, contrary to our preconceived notions of the high toned independence of the bird, frequently swoop down and carry off to the nest a dead "floater" that the wind had blown away from the island; so very few of our fish went to actual waste. And then we ate fish—boiled, broiled, baked, fried and roasted—until we felt scaly; and toward the last Jim's face got so long we dubbed him "Old Pickerel."

That night it cleared up, and we had fine weather the rest of our stay, with the exception of a foggy morning or two and an occasional puff of wind that made the lake a little rough for comfortable fishing.

We had agreed to devote at least one day to a trip to Central Lake, a village at the head of Intermediate, distant about seven miles from camp. As the next morning was bright and pleasant, we took the largest boat, a minnow bucket, half a dozen different patterns of spoons and trollers, a single-piece Japanese cane rod each, and started, leaving Johnny to look after camp and add to our stock of frogs and firewood. The fishing part of the trip going up was a failure, as we trolled nearly the whole way with two or three spinners out without getting a strike; but the lovely day and the scenery of the upper lake more than compensated for the poor fishing.

Above Long Point the lake widens out to perhaps a mile and three-fourths to two miles, and the shores present a bolder and more rugged appearance, having a background of quite pretentious and thickly wooded hills. Along the east shore three or four clearings notched into the woods mar the landscape, and on the west a nursery and another clearing break the charm of utter wildness that would greet the eye of the lover of primitive nature.

We missed the swamp belt as we proceeded, but the change was a pleasing one, and we neglected our trolling to admire something new and beautiful as each bay and headland came into view.

A turn around a point brought us in sight of Central Lake, much to Jim's joy, as it was his turn at the oars. The heat of the day and the hard work he made for himself at the oars on account of his lack of skill in handling a boat caused sundry rivulets of perspiration to trickle down his beaming countenance; and when the Scribe proposed that the writer take the oars and that "we go into port with some style about us," the smile that reached clear back to Jim's ears indorsed the proposition plainer than speech. As we changed places he offered to wager that in the last straightaway mile he had rowed over more water than both of us had since leaving camp, in order, as he claimed, to give as a near view of both shores of the lake. "A broad view of a short distance," muttered the Scribe, as we gathered headway.

Pulling around to the landing, we stepped ashore and were right in the town. The village numbers ten or twelve wooden houses, and is pleasantly located right at the head of Intermediate Lake. It boasts of a general store, at which you may obtain almost anything in the way of dry goods, boots and shoes, groceries, drugs, or a stick of striped candy. You can be supplied with a chunk of salt pork, a can of Boston baked beans, or a troller for bass or mascallonge; a yard of calico, a cane fish pole, or a dose of physic. In the store is also the post office. The place flourishes a small hotel, capable of accommodating twelve or fifteen guests, presided over by mine host, W. W. Smith, who sets a fair table at reasonable rates, catches bait for his guests, who may wish to wet a line, keeps a dozen or more boats for hire to anglers and tourists at prices that will not cause the hair to turn prematurely gray, and knows where and how to fish. It may be said of him "he is a landlord of many parts." The store is kept by Messrs. Wadsworth and Thurston. We found Mr. Thurston to be a clever, intelligent gentleman, well posted in regard to the country and its resources, and keenly alive to every move tending to its development. While resting, we spent a very agreeable hour listening to his description of the upper lakes and streams, which created such a desire on our part to pay them a visit that we have resolved to build our camp fire somewhere up there next year. Mr. Wadsworth is an old settler. He has lived there for years; has surveyed over a large portion of that section of country, is said to be authority on distances and localities, and knows every bush and brake and stream and lake for miles and miles all over that part of Michigan. He has hunted and fished its forests, streams and lakes, and knows them like an open book. He loves his rod and gun, and is, therefore, of course a gentleman.

Intermediate is connected with Cedar Lake above, by a narrow, shallow little river, quarter of a mile long, overhung with trees and bushes, which in places reach out over the water to the serious inconvenience of the oarsman, who has neglected his early aquatic education. This was the case with our Editor, and it was not without material aid rendered him by us, in the shape of yelling, "Pull on your left! Pull on your right! Ha-r-d on your ri—pull—there he goes into that tree-top," etc., that he was enabled to make headway against the current and rest on his oars in the quiet water of Cedar Lake at the head of the river, whither we were bound in quest of a bucket of minnows. Smith had preceded us in his boat to show us where to fish and help catch them, kindly furnishing minnow tackle and "wums"—the latter a scarce commodity in all that north country.

Cedar Lake is a very small and beautiful little sheet of water, affording, Smith said, fair bass and pickerel fishing, which we did not stop to verify, but turned our attention to the minnows. After fishing nearly an hour in all the good places pointed out by him, we had only secured about two dozen small shiners, the sunfish and barred perch being so numerous and ravenous that they "barred" the others out.

Before starting, Smith said we could "ketch a hundred around the head of the river in no time;" but after yanking out two or three dozen perch and sunfish, he "guessed the minnies had gone some'ers else," and casting his eyes skyward—the sky was cloudless—he added, with a weather-wise shake of the head, "Guess it ain't a good day for minnies," which the Scribe echoed back, "Good day for minnies;" and we pulled back to the village to wait for dinner.

To while away the time Thurston advised a visit to Mound Spring, and pointing across the river, said we would find it over there in the woods about eighty rods. Crossing the stout wooden bridge spanning the mouth of the little river near the store door, we took our way up a hot, sandy road in search of the trail leading to it, and on asking at a house by the roadside, a very small midge of a boy volunteered to show us the way. The Scribe gave him a nickel, which the very small M. of a B. immediately shoved far down into a wonderful and apparently fathomless pocket, and started ahead with a broad grin on his freckled, intelligent face that convinced us that the Scribe had made another friend. Going through a small patch of sickly-looking corn and robust thistles before reaching the woods we frequently lost sight of our guide behind a corn hill or thistle stalk, but by scattering out we managed to catch a view of him at intervals till he dodged into the "bresh" and disappeared from sight. At the point at which we lost sight of him we struck into a dim path and were soon at the spring.

We found the spring just where we did not expect to find it—on high, level ground, right in the thick woods, and perhaps fifty feet or more above the level of the lake. The Mound, from the apex of which the water boils and bubbles up, is eight or nine feet higher than the surrounding ground, and evidently owes its formation to the action of the water, the earth and sandy marl thrown out by it settling and building up through countless years into this shape. The whole structure is miry and shaky, but by the aid of a few "chunks" and a strip of board thoughtfully placed by former visitors, we climbed to the top and drank a tin cup of the clear, cold, iron-flavored water bubbling up in the little basin in the centre, and felt amply paid for our eighty rods' tramp. The water, forming a tiny rivulet, flows away through the woods and is lost in the river connecting the two lakes.

Altogether it is a curious and continuous boil on the face of nature, and is well worth the walk from the village to see. Our little guide had vanished in the bush, but as we passed the house going back, we saw his bright face peering timidly around a corner at us, from under a well frayed straw hat, and no doubt wondering how many sunfish hooks he could buy with that nickel.

Central Lake is a good base to reach out from either up or down the lakes for good sport. From the outlet of Intermediate clear around to the head of St. Clair Lake is called Intermediate Lake on the guide maps of that section, but from the outlet mentioned to the mouth of the little stream flowing into the head of the first small lake of the chain there are eleven distinct lakes all connected by little narrow winding streams of from a few rods in length to four miles. Two of these lakes, St. Clair and Six-Mile, are of goodly size, and all of them will gladden the heart of any brother of the rod who has a weakness for bass and pickerel fishing.

The general shape of this waterway from Long Point on Intermediate to Six Mile Lake is that of a fish hook, suggestive at least of sport, the foot of Six-Mile representing the point, and St. Clair Lake the bend of the bowl.

A very pleasant trip may be made by a party of two or three by loading a boat on a wagon in the early morning at Central, crossing the country eastwardly by a fair road to Echo Lake, about Six miles, and from there coming back by water through Scott, Six-Mile, St. Clair, Bowers', White's Sissons, Hanley's and Cedar lakes to Central, over 30 miles, all in a long summer day, provided they do not stop too long on the way to fish.

From Echo Lake the variety-loving angler may haul his boat across country six miles to Jordan River, one of the best trout and grayling rivers in the State, from whence he may paddle down into the south arm of Pine Lake, on down to Charlevoix and back up Pine Lake to the mouth of Boyne River, another excellent trout stream. Six miles from the mouth of Boyne, by a good road, is Boyne Falls, on the G. R. and I. R. R. A dollar pays the fare between these two points in a good stage—no Mancelona hack—that connects with daily steamer for Charlevoix, the South Arm and Jordan River. Another pleasant trip for a party of not more than a dozen is to charter the little steam yacht Wahwataysee—whatever under the canopy that may mean—owned by Wadsworth and Thurston, leave Central Lake in the morning, steam to the head of Six-Mile, which is as high as the boat can ascend, and back to Central in time for supper. This will be a trip strictly for the scenery, as there will be no time to wet a line.

Or, go down the lake to the mouth of the little stream opposite Long Point, fish the water along there for half a mile, and go on down into the pocket and around the islands, and you may be sure of good sport among the bass and long-faces.

From Central you can make the trip in small boats down through Intermediate, Grass, Clam, the lower end of Torch, Round and Elk lakes to Elk Rapids, the outlet of the "Six Lakes" into Great Traverse Bay, fishing where you please and camping where you can, for good camping places are scarce along the shores of these lakes.

From Central across to Russel's landing on Torch Lake is four miles by a good road, and four miles across the lake is the Lewis House. At either place you can take a daily steamer and reach Elk Rapids, going through nearly the whole length of Torch Lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water 18 miles long and four miles wide, and clear as crystal.

Going down, you pass the mouth of Clam River to the left, which is the outflow of Clam, Grass and the lakes above.

At this point is a fair "hostelrie," kept by Mrs. Lucy Thayer, where you may also procure boats in which to go a fishin'.

To the left, after leaving Clam River, you pass Spencer Creek, flowing into Torch Lake from the East, and into Torch River, from the same side comes Rapid River. Both excellent trout streams, the latter, perhaps, the best for large trout in Michigan.

At Elk Rapids, after a transfer of a few rods, another steamer takes you to Traverse City, the terminus of the branch road, twenty-six miles from Walton Junction on the G. R. & I. R. R.

This is a much better route by which to reach Intermediate Lake, via Central, than the one we went in by, and we intend going in that way next season. By this route there are only four miles of wagoning, and it saves the laborious and back-breaking trip up Intermediate River and the twelve and a half miles hack-ride (?), not to mention the amount of plain and ornamental "cussin" necessary to reach Lewis' Island from the head of the rapids.

Another way to go in is by way of Torch Lake and the Lewis House, near the head of the lake.

A steamer takes you from Traverse City to Torch Lake, where a narrow strip of land separates the lake from the bay, crossing which you run into Frank Lewis and his house—famed as a resort for hay fever victims. Frank, besides knowing how to keep a hotel, is one of the best "inveiglers of trout and grayling in them parts," and, knowing the streams and lakes of that section like a book, can tell you where to drop your fly and be reasonably certain of a rise.

From his place, Traverse City, Charlevoix, Petoskey and the Island of Mackinac may be reached by a daily line of steamers.

KINGFISHER.

TO BE CONTINUED

GRASS RIVER.

IT was evident that the trout would no longer bite in Massawepie, so the Professor had readily agreed to Hank's proposal to make a fishing trip to Grass River, and the sun on this August morning caught its first glimpse of them already half way across the lake, rowing toward the outlet. Massawepie outlet is a very narrow, shallow, sluggish brook which loses itself in an interminable mass of alder bushes. Wren says that sometimes it flows into the lake and sometimes out of it. It cannot float an ordinary cedar boat, but it is no ordinary boat which is being pushed along it to-day, and whose history Wren tells as they work their way down. Some time ago there dwelt near the South Woods settlements an old Indian named Leo. Once these woods were the home of others of his race, and for years the Raquette flowed by the wigwams of his fathers. But at last he alone was left to hunt the forests and fish the streams that had been theirs. Every spring, when the snows had melted from the hills and the ice passed from the waters, a canoe came down the river from the North Woods, running the rapids as the Hurons ran theirs of old, and Leo had a visit from the Indian Capt. Peter. A few days the two hunted and fished together, and then Capt. Peter went up the river and back again to guide in the North Woods. But one spring Leo watched for the old guide in vain, for the Huron had run his last rapids and the waters of the Raquette had borne him for the last time. Soon Leo too was gathered to his fathers, and left his bark canoe, named Capt. Peter for his Indian friend, to an old trapper; the old trapper gave it to a guide; the guide sold it to our Professor; and it is the very same shapeless, ugly craft that he is pulling along to day through the alders, in constant fear of driving some hidden snag through its bottom. He bought it without seeing it. It was enough for him that it was a bark canoe; but when he first viewed his purchase he was overcome. "Oh, shades of the red men! Can it be that the Huron whom I have oft pictured in my mind, skimming these wild mountain lakes, ever floated about in such a tub as this?"

The craft became the laughing-stock of the camp, and all agreed that, like its master, it had much more tar about it than poetry.

Four miles of alder bushes over, they had reached Grass River. The course lay up the stream, and it was hard paddling. Grass River is here about five feet wide. Innumerable creeks and inlets, looking much more like rivers than the stream itself, constantly led them astray. Two miles up they landed. The Professor cast a fly upon the stream, and in a few moments had ten trout—enough for dinner. A few rods from the river bank was one of the inevitable three-cornered bark huts, built by some still hunter, probably Hutchins, Wren said. Here they camped, and by two o'clock were again on the river.

Never was brook so alive with fish. They were not large, the best weighing only half a pound. There was not perhaps that exhilarating excitement which the fisherman feels when his light rod doubles in playing a two or three-pounder. But if there be any sport in landing the spotted trout as fast as you can throw your fly, that sport was the Professor's on that August afternoon. Only an alder pole and a few flies—a split bamboo would have been useless here among the bushes—but whew! how they did rise, and take hold too. The Professor cast his fly upon the surface of a dark pool. A flash of golden light from the gloom below, a strike, and a quivering half-pounder lay in the bottom of the canoe. Then he took another from the same spot, then still more, until thirty-eight had been taken from that one spring-hole.

"Hulloa! what's that?"

"Hulloa! yerself."

"A man, Wren; look at him; square in the middle of the brook."

It was a man, sure enough, and he was wading across the stream. The water was about up to his waist and the tails of a blue swallow-tail coat which he wore were streaming out behind him upon its surface. His beard was long and shaggy, his figure lank and emaciated. Over his shoulder were a gun and fish pole, and from the latter hung a string of trout.

"I say, old feller, what are you going across there for?"

"To get to the other side, you darned fool, what d'yer s'pose."

"It's ole Wheeler," said Wren; "he's a crazy hermit. His hut is just across there. We'll visit him some day."

It was quite dark when our two fishermen reached their camp. They soon had a blazing fire, and by its light cooked their supper. Never had fish seemed so delicious to the Professor. Often since that night, when he has sat down at a hotel table to a dish that the bill of fare called "trout," he has recalled that supper in the backwoods—the bright light of the camp-fire breaking the gloom of the forest around and flickering upon the faces of the two weary fishermen; their table, the mossy covering of the ground beneath their feet; their repast, the fresh, rich trout; their drink, the water from a clear, cold spring.

And when through the branches above they could see the stars appearing, one by one, they lay down with their feet to the fire and the rude bark for their covering. Committing themselves to Him whose care is for the least of His children, they were lulled by the moaning of the hemlock to their rest.

"Wake up, Professor! Wake up!"

The Professor put forth his head from the blanket, and looked out. Hawk was standing in the rain outside.

"What's the matter?"

"Bear!"

The Professor made a frantic grab for the rifle.

"Don't be scared; he's over Blue Mountain by this time."

He pointed to the ground as he spoke. The Professor looked, but saw only a small trout lying there. Nothing remarkable that, but just beyond he saw another, then more. Then it flashed across him. He turned to where they had left the pack basket with three hundred trout, all cleaned and salted.

It was gone.

"Don't tell me a bear could carry that off. Wren, you've hidden it, or old Wheeler's stolen it."

"He's stuck his head in it an' he can't get it out, Professor. He crossed the brook down yonder and the basket dragged in the mud. He's scattered the fish all along. He'll have to travel mighty slow, an' p'raps we can foller him."

In a moment they were off, the Professor with the rifle, Wren with an axe. Along the brook the creature's tracks were plain in the mud, and here and there lay a trout. Through a cedar swamp they went; up a ridge, down again, now on hands and knees, now climbing fallen trees, now sinking in pools of water. It became slow work, then monotonous, then tiresome. Everything was wet. It was raining in torrents.

"Well, Wren," gasped the Professor, after toiling up a ridge. "I don't see as many fish as I did."

"Guess we'll have to give him up. Hope they'll make him sick."

"I hope he'll never get his head out of that basket."

They turned back. It seemed to take twice as long to follow the trail back again. When had taken the precaution to bring a little food, and it was well he did so, for it was eleven o'clock before they reached their camp. It had become an island. They waded to it through a pond of water that rose to their knees.

"I think we'd better start for home at once."

"Guess we had, Professor. We'll be drowned out sure if we stay here."

Grass River was swollen to twice its usual size. Each took a paddle, and the canoe flew through the water. Rain, pouring hard, is not calculated to improve one's spirits. The Professor thought something else was needed. He did not sing at home much—he wasn't appreciated there—but here in the woods with no one to hear but Wren, why not? He began. His voice fairly shook the spruces along the river side, and the mountain echoes rolled back "there's music in the air." That is, they said "in the air," and the Professor, feeling that he had touched a cord to which nature herself responded—that sentence is the Professor's—went on through the whole list of known songs. "Rock me to sleep, mother," "Fair Harvard," Good-bye, Sweet Heart," "Upidee," "Babe-bi-bo-bu" followed, all with numerous variations. The surroundings suggested "Paddle your own canoe," and "Shoo Fly." The mosquitoes, who had come in large numbers to the concert, didn't take the hint, however. Wren said next day that he wasn't much of a judge of opera music, but he thought those variations were splendid.

Estimated by its effect on the spirits of the two wet travelers, this concert was a success; and they needed all possible cheer, for now they turned into Massawepie outlet. Against the current, through a stream that would scarcely float the boat, and which was so crooked with alders that it was hard to tell which was the brook and which was a clump of bushes, up they went. Now they pushed with the paddles, now pulled on the bushes. Every leaf, every twig, every blade of grass held all over its surface little crystal globes of water. If they touched the foot of an alder it sent its shower upon them. When they pushed their way through a thick bush it only gave way after dashing its myriad beads of water in their faces. About dark they reached the lake. Here they had left the oars. Wren took them. The Professor put all his strength into the paddle to keep himself warm. The two miles were quickly passed. A little later they stood beside the camp fire.

"Professor, you're a dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant body; but have you got any fish?

"We caught enough, but——"

"Then go right back to Grass River."

When all were seated about the camp fire the Professor, in dry clothes and good spirits, told the story of the trip.

NORTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

NO. II.

THE small "imp of Satan," who is popularly supposed to be an important factor in every printing office, "raised the d—l" with one or two words in my last manuscript, having transposed the camp of the Connecticut River "Lumber Company" to "Sumpter County," an unknown region in New Hampshire; and he increased the weight of my split bamboo from 10 oz. to 60 oz., or three pounds and three-quarters. No wonder my companions should think my rod heavy.

I strung out my letter on fishing topics to such a length that I was obliged to omit a few words which I might have added for the benefit of that portion of your readers who enjoy other things than merely catching the trout, though they like to "go a-fishing" too, for you have readers, and writers, too, of the gentler sex, and to them there are other attractions in our northern woods in June than the mere pleasure of trout fishing.

The scenery of the Upper Connecticut Valley is surpassingly lovely, and to those who have only visited the granite peaks of the White Mountains it is an astonishing change to strike the fertile meadows of Lancaster, Northumberland and Colebrook.

Too far north and too high for successful cultivation of Indian corn and rye, the meadows are mostly kept in grass for the hay crop, while the slopes of the hills and the valleys of the tributary streams bear heavy crops of potatoes and more or less spring wheat, and afford the finest pasturage, for on the "Coos slate" foundation the grass grows deep and rich to the tops of the highest clearings.

The roadsides in early June are studded with the blossoms of the wild strawberry, the dandelion, the cinquefoil and the buttercup. The white blossoms of the "dogwood" are seen in every thicket, and the native songsters, undisturbed by English sparrows, are to be heard on every hand.

The dense woods are mainly of spruce, intermixed with old yellow birches, which shoot up fifty or sixty feet without a branch, and then finish with an inconceivable tangle of knots and gnarls, twisting and twining in every direction. Their trunks, two or three feet in diameter, furnish firewood for the present, while the spruce lumber is floated down the river to market, but when railroad communication is opened above North Stratford, will furnish a large supply of beautiful wood for cabinet furniture, to take the place of the fast diminishing black walnut.

The mossy carpet underneath the trees is thickly starred with the white blossoms of the "bunch-berry" or dwarf cornel, and on every hand are seen the purple and painted trilliums, the dracæna, and occasionally a lady's-slipper or a Solomon's seal. All along the woodpaths are the feathery flowers of the tiarella, and on either hand the white clusters of the hobblebush.

Around the shores of the lakes are great masses of the purple blossoms of the rhodora, which sends out its flowers in advance of its leaves, and there are flowers without buds, which a more skilful botanist could name for you.

Birds are plenty everywhere. Red squirrels and chipmunks entertain you with their gambols, a Northern hare occasionally scuds across the path, and a deer may be seen now and then. "Bob" and I spent half an hour watching one on the shore of "Little Diamond," as he was feeding near the outlet, and paddled up within rifle-shot of him quietly, preferring gazing on him to profitless whipping the water for untemptable trout.

When we had looked our fill a shrill whistle startled him from his feed, and he disappeared in the woods.

Colebrook is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Connecticut, with a bold mountain mass, known as Monadnock, turning directly from the opposite shore. There are two excellent hotels here, as well as at North Stratford, and a very good one at Stewartstown, and I have already mentioned the Lake House at Connecticut Lake.

Rolfe's "Camp" at Diamond Pond is really a summer hotel, and ladies visit it as well as Thos. Chester's at Second Lake.

The road from Stewartstown to Connecticut Lake crosses Hall's Stream and Indian Stream, famed in the days of Daniel Webster and the Ashburton treaty and the dispute with England about the boundary line, and this is a delightful drive all the way.

Summer travelers are finding their way more and more into Coos, or "The Place of Pines," as the interpretation of the Indian name is said to be, and its beauties in June and July only need to be seen to be appreciated. VAN W.

Natural History.

NOTES ON SOME ENGLISH BIRDS.

DUBLIN, Ire'and, June 15, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you a cutting from the *Standard*, a leading English newspaper, giving an interesting account of some of the birds protected by our Wild Birds Protection Act. My reason for sending it is that the writer confirms my views about our British starling as a grub destroyer, as communicated to you in an article which appeared in your columns some time ago.

RICHARD O'CONNOR.

From the article so kindly sent by our correspondent we extract as follows:

"Having already referred to the barn owl, it may be well to take into consideration the usefulness of this particular bird; and, useful as it is, I am sorry to say that there are few land birds who suffer more on account of their beauty. Bird-stuffers, especially, destroy scores of them, killed simply for the reason that they sell readily when stuffed and put into glass cases; and because there is a great demand for their wings for fans, fire screens, or trimming for ladies' hats or bonnets. Who that has watched the barn owl in the twilight of a summer evening, as it silently glides through the air in search of its legitimate prey—rats and mice—but would at once try to preserve as many of them as possible about his premises? The good they do to the farmer, especially at the breeding season, is indeed great. A gamekeeper gives a very interesting account, and also an enlightening one, with regard to the food of the barn owl. He found an owl's nest with only a single young one in it. He visited the nest for thirty consecutive mornings, and in that time he removed from it one hundred and five rats, forty-nine mice, eleven shrew mice, two robins, and one sparrow. This was what was over and above what the owl needed for its own consumption. Taking the rats only, the bird had evidently earned its living well, for many persons will gladly give threepence a head for the death of a full-grown rat, so destructive are they; so these owls, in thirty days, had more than saved the outlay of twenty-five shillings and threepence to the rat-catcher alone, independent of mice, etc. One almost wonders how it is that the barn owl's life is not entirely protected by the State. In fact, the bird has derived one of its names on account of its frequenting barns for the purpose of catching rats and mice which infest such places for the sake of the grain generally stored there. In many parts of Kent and Sussex there used to be holes made in the barns, granaries, and also in the roofing of old farmhouses, for the ingress and egress of the barn owls, and if they would only breed there it was considered a good omen. Yet now an act of Parliament is considered necessary to protect them from slaughter.

"Let us take another bird into consideration: The starling (one not in the Schedule). It is admitted that his presence is not much wished for near a cherry orchard during the time of ripening; but, apart from his love of cherries, he does an incredible amount of good, and, although I am a fruit grower, I have had holes made about my house and outbuildings, and boxes put up for the starlings to breed in. Some time ago I had two nest places made close to a window where I was in the habit of sitting. The holes were made at six in the evening, and at seven in the morning the starlings began to build in them. After the usual time of the birds sitting the young were hatched, and then I had the pleasure of observing the parent birds. They were up and about soon after four in the morning, commencing the day with chattering and whistling and other queer noises. Then, after a brief space, they went forth to breakfast. At six they began to feed their young. I noticed they were seldom gone more than a minute, the fullest extent being two, ere they returned with a grub in their beaks—sometimes more. Their nest being but a yard from the window, I could discern that many of these grubs were those of the Daddy Long-legs (*Tipula oleracea*). These were mostly secured from the meadow close by, and, thanks to the starlings, my grass grew abundantly. Sometimes the yellow cabbage butterfly was brought, and this went on for hours; then a little rest and more chattering and whistling, then again to feeding, which involved more grub and insect gathering for their little ones. In all cases I found the feeding of the young ended very nearly if not quite about six in the evening. The old birds would then plume themselves, with more whistling and chattering, and then go to rest for the night, a little while before dark. One curious fact I have noticed, which is that when the young birds can all fly well they entirely disappear from the neighborhood with the old ones, and invariably return and visit their nesting places again in September. In only one instance in all my experience of years of observation have I ever known them to bring any fruit, and that once was a cherry, but not from my own trees, for I saw the robber bring it from a distance, and they never touched either my plum or my currant trees. It is delightful to watch the tactics of a flock, or rather a pack of starlings in a meadow and note how curiously they feed, the hind ones continually flying to the front, by which means they can observe the holes of the insects in the ground, from which their sharp-pointed beaks quickly draw forth the occupants. I look on starlings as some of the very best friends I have.

"The song thrush is another. I do all I can to get as many of these about my grounds as possible. I feed them in the winter, and I protect their nests in the summer; but it is a delicate bird, and, feeding as it does on insects such as snails, worms, grubs, etc., not many can live in one spot, as there is not food enough, so they are driven off by their own species beyond a certain radius. Where thrushes abound you may be sure there are plenty of worms, grubs, and snails to be got. So look on them kindly and indulgently as friends working for you, though they do eat a little fruit such as currants and strawberries (which you can net) when the weather is dry—for if moist or wet they generally prefer insects, as does also the blackbird, though, save for his sweet melodious song, he is not such a favorite with me as the thrush, as he makes sad havoc among the fruit, especially the apples and pears, pecking small holes first in one, then in another, spoiling many before they are ripe, and in dry weather he does more mischief to the plums than the apples. These birds will also clear a large cherry tree in two or three mornings, if not scared from it in some way. I have found that red, yellow, and blue rags, feathers, looking-glass, and other scares only answer for a very few days, the birds rapidly getting used to them. They heed them so little that they sit in the trees eating the fruit, evincing a perfect contempt for the gorgeous flickerings fluttering about them.

"The cuckoo eats insects, and is of particular service with regard to the gooseberry catter-pillar, which he frequents the gardens to secure, and is the only bird that I know of that has a particular fancy that way. Here I may mention that, although a garden may have many varieties of insect-eating birds within its boundaries, yet they may not feed on those particular insects which are doing the most damage. Insect-feeding birds do not feed on every kind of insect that fails in their way. Few birds, for instance, will eat a hairy catterpillar, and I know of none that feed on those that inclose themselves in groups in a kind of web, such as are found on apple trees, and which denude them often of every leaf. Each bird has its particular food, and, as a rule, does not depart from it unless driven to do so by hunger or thirst. Many a time have I watched the blue-tits among the apple and plum trees in the winter, searching here and there, above and below, hanging head downwards with observing eye for any larva about or around the buds. How quickly, when found, are their sharp-pointed beaks inserted, and then what would have been a catterpillar destructive to the tree is itself destroyed. For my part, I feel I never have too many blue-tits, cole-tits, and marsh-tits, and yet in the autumn, if the weather is hot and dry, these good friends of mine peck little holes in the pears just by the stem, and so spoil some fruit; but I reflect that this fruit and many others would not have had an existence possibly had it not been for the insect searching eyes of those self-same little beauties, the tits. I have never known them destroy blossom buds, of the fruit trees, like the bullfinch; but even these, as a slight reparation, feed their young with catterpillars.

"Often have I placed myself in jeopardy of being "locked up" for trespassing by getting over hedges and invading fields belonging to others, from seeing a dead rook hanging by the leg from a pole as a warning to other rooks not to come there. I have run this risk for the purpose of seeing what the bird's crop contained, and in no case as yet have I found any grain, but only worms and grubs. It is my belief that they often are really doing the farmer much good at the time they are supposed to be doing much harm, and driven from his fields. A case illustrating this came to my knowledge a short time ago. A farmer I knew living near the South Downs set a small boy to drive off the rooks from a certain seed-sown field. He went that way to see whether the boy was doing his duty. Scarcely that. In one part of the field the rooks were busy at work. They rose on seeing my friend and one, unfortunately for the rook, came near. He, having a gun, shot it. On his going to pick up the body he found that three wire worms had just crawled from its beak to the ground. He then opened the crop of the dead bird, and found several more wireworms, besides grubs. "Well," said I, "what did you do then?" "Why," he replied, "I sent the boy home at once." Rooks do an enormous amount of good by eating the grubs of the cockchafer, and from my own examination of the crops of their young I find they were fed almost entirely on worms (and worms destroy the fertility of the soil, as any one can easily learn for himself if he tries to grow plants in mould formed entirely of wormcasts). These young rooks are generally shot for sport at the very time they are and would be of the most benefit to the farmers, which I consider a great error. Out of thirty-two young rooks whose crops I examined, I did not find in one a grain of any sort.

"The kestrel is another bird of great service in destroying mice, young rats, and large insects, such as cockchafers, etc., yet no sooner does one appear than every endeavor is made to shoot it. It seems to me a grave ommission that the blackcap warbler was not put into the Schedule of reserved birds, as it is one the birdcatchers like to get. It sells well and is a sweet singer—in some parts being called the mock nightingale. And I for one should have been glad to have seen most of the warblers included, indeed I feel astonished that so very few birds are selected, though they appear more than they really are, on account of so many local names being appended. Still, to my joy, I find the Act strives to preserve the nightingales, whose numbers for some years have been decreasing in this neighborhood, only one singing in the adjoining woods last Spring. The difference in this is great, for I have counted as many as nine warbling in delightful harmony at one time.

"While writing of the song of the wild birds I should like to refer to a certain paragraph which appeared in one of the London papers some few years back. In it some naturalist (I forget his name) stated that Shakespeare was in error when he gave precedence to the lark as being the earliest songster, even before the peep of day. This was copied by very many of the local papers, in fact it "went the round" of them. Yet no one contradicted the would-be defamer of Shakespeare's truthfulnes, and it seemed universally believed that the Immortal Bard was wrong when he wrote in *Cymbeline*—

> "Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
> And Phœbus 'gins arise."

And again in "Venus and Adonis"—

> "Lo! hear the gentle lark, weary of rest,
> From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
> And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
> The sun ariseth in his majesty."

"Feeling sure that Shakespeare was not wrong, but yet not certain from observation, I have taken much pains to determine which was the most accurate—the poet or the professor. And I now most emphatically, without any doubt, declare the former to be perfectly right. I have frequently heard the lark singing, high up, in the early morn, long before any other bird was astir, long before daylight, aye, when it was so dark that surrounding objects were invisible, and though all else in Nature slept, or appeared to, still from

above came the golden rain of harmony. Next in carliness with his pean of song is the blackbird. At this time, the merry month of May, he begins soon after two, and then the thrush, then the robin, and soon, very soon, others join in, and all Nature is in tune. The sparrows are nearly if not quite the last.

Brenchley, Kent, June 4. GREY BEARD.

TREE-CLIMBING WOODCHUCKS.

LOCUST GROVE, Lewis County, N. Y., July 1.

In your issue of June 1 (p. 346) "RIO" narrates the treeing of a woodchuck (*Arctomys monax*) by a dog, and queries if any of your readers have observed a like phenomenon. Affirmative testimony appears in FOREST AND STREAM of June 30 (p. 427), and from no less a keen-eyed observer than our "Ruffed Grouse." "Bonasa" tells us that his dog treed three woodchucks, two of which took refuge in "low, leaning trees," while the third, hard-pressed, scrambled up a small ash.

Now, having been brought up, so to speak, among woodchucks, having smoked them out of hollow trees, poked them out of hollow logs, worried them out of stone walls; having stealthily hunted them in deep forest and open meadow, first with the bow and arrow, and later with the rifle; having trapped them from the first spring thaw till their disappearance in autumn; having broiled their tender young in the East, and roasted them (till "ground hog," of the Rocky Mountains) in the West; having kept both young and old alive in captivity for months at a time, or, in other words, having hunted, trapped and dined upon woodchucks from my earliest boyhood, I trust I may be permitted to add my testimony on this subject to that of "Rio" and "Bonasa."

Woodchucks, when unmolested, particularly during their youthful days, often climb up ten or twelve feet in shrubbery and young trees that abound in low branches, and not infrequently scramble up the trunks of large trees which have partially fallen or slant sufficiently to insure them against falling.

Occasionally, especially when hard-pressed by a fast-approaching enemy, they ascend large, erect trees whose lowest branches are some distance from the ground. But, in order to do this, they must take advantage of the impetus of a rush, for they cannot start slowly upon the trunk of an upright tree and climb more than a few feet without falling. Neither can they stop and go on again before reaching a branch or other resting-place.

I once chased one up a large butternut tree in an open meadow, and he was so terrified at my savage mien that he halted not till the uppermost branches bent low with his weight. He then began to show much consternation as to how he should get down "when" (if a granite cobble may be substituted for a "chunk of old, red sandstone," and a grassy meadow for "the floor,") in the language of Bret Harte:

> "A chunk of old, red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
> And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
> And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

C. HART MERRIAM, M. D.

JOHNSTOWN, Penn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been my good, or bad, fortune to kill quite a number of these animals, and I can assure "Rio" that upon more than a few occasions I have seen the woodchuck take to a tree, though not so freely or with as much grace as a duck to water. I have seen them ascend both small and large trees, when assailed by a dog, and upon one occasion "treed" one at night while hunting "coons."—C. L. D.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

I frightened a 'chuck which climbed a cherry tree in the lawn, in preference to going forty feet further where there was a good cover in a dense hedge. It climbed about twelve feet and crouched in the fork of the tree. It did not see me, and had about five minutes to hide before I came to it.—R. H. D.

GUINEA HEN HYBRIDS.—I noticed in last number of your valuable paper a correspondent writing about a cross between the guinea and dunghill cock asks if it is a common occurrence. I have seen it frequently, and it is almost certain to occur where one has guinea hens among his chickens without a guinea cock. I have a friend who had on exhibition at the Aberdeen, Miss., Fair last fall, a pair of these hybrids that were very beautiful. These were a cross between a very fine game cock and a guinea hen. He said they would lay as many eggs or more than a guinea hen, but had no disposition to sit at all. He had frequently tried to hatch their eggs under chicken hens, but had always failed, and did not believe they would hatch. This pair were red and white, speckled with white predominating, and had the head of the guinea without comb or gills. They made a noise of their own. It was neither like the guinea or chicken, but a kind of cross between the two; and, strange to say, they were larger than either the game cock or guinea hen. I saw on exhibition at same fair at same time a cross between a pea fowl and guinea hen that was the most beautiful bird I ever saw. This bird was the color of the guinea fowl, but had the shape and carriage of the pea fowl, but was not quite so large.—K.

WARRENTON, Miss., June 10.—I have just read the article in your paper of June 9, 1881, from Natchez, Miss., dated May 26, and signed "S. M. D." Early in the month of April of the present year I had occasion to visit Mitchell's Station on the Virginia Midland R. R. in Culpeper County, Va. Here I saw in the possession of Mr. Taylor, an old sportsman familiarly called "Judge" by his associates, a bird almost as large as a female turkey, but with plumage pretty much that of the guinea fowl, the only difference as far as I could I could judge being that the feathers were barred instead of spotted as the guinea's are. The plumage of the back and neck was dark gray or black with white bars, while that of the breast was barred with a dirty brown (I send you one of the feathers I had from the breast. I had several others from various parts of the body, but regret to say I have lost them). It also had a peculiar crest very much like that of the pheasant, which it erected when excited. It seemed to be very fierce, but not at all wild or frightened. Its history as told me by Mr. Taylor was this: Some time, in March, I think, a man brought the bird to his store, and wanted to sell it saying that it fought his chickens, and that his wife had determined to get rid of it. He said that he had one guinea hen and no cock. That at the usual season for the guinea to incubate she disappeared, and did not return for some time, and when she did come she was followed by the curious hybrid which is the subject of this letter. The bird grew very rapidly, finally far surpassed its mother in size. I think the bird was hatched during the summer of 1880. When I saw Mr. Taylor he spoke of sending it to the Smithsonian Institution, but I do not know whether he did so or not. His theory was that the bird was a hybrid between the guinea and the pheasant, but then comes the question if its size. Could it have been a cross between the guinea and the turkey? If so whence the crest.—OBSERVER.

It would be difficult to conjecture from the information at hand what the parentage of the bird is.

SNAKES AS TREE CLIMBERS.—It is very common in this section to see black snakes and chicken snakes in trees. I never saw a rattlesnake climb. I noticed to-day hanging in a large post oak, fifty feet from the ground, the "shed" of a large black snake, and presume his snakeship makes his home in the tree. The tree was topped many years ago, and where the body was cut off in topping would make him a cozy berth.—K.

The tree-climbing habits of the black snake are well known. The point of inquiry was about the rattlesnake.

ANOTHER DRUMMING WOODPECKER.—There is a golden-winged woodpecker that has about, every pleasant morning for the last month, here in Nashua, N. H., given us a serenade on the tin roof of the cupola of my neighbor's barn. Perhaps he is trying to call a mate, but he appears to enjoy the racket he creates and whacks away like a boy with a toy drum.—WEBB.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Mr. M. P. McKoon, of Franklin, N. Y., reports the return of the migratory quail put out in that vicinity last season.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL BREEDING IN CONFINEMENT.—We had last Saturday a pleasant call from Mr. W. S. Kittle, of California, who informed us of a most interesting experiment with California valley quail now being made in New Jersey. Four of these birds were sent to Mr. Phillips, of Lawrenceville, N. J., some months ago and the female of each pair is now laying. They are confined in a large coop, about 16 ft. by 10 ft., and Mr. Phillips visits them only once in two or three days, leaving them undisturbed as much as possible. We shall watch the farther progress of this experiment with interest.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

Game Bag and Gun.

No WOODCOCK SHOOTING on Long Island permitted before August 1.

ARE THEY MONOPOLIES?

LARGE GAME CLUBS CRITICISED.

NEW YORK, June 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is quite probable that we disagree on the question of sporting monopoly, and you, being the autocrat of this breakfast-table, may, in that case, refuse to have the dish served up; but I would like very much to know whether you, or any of your correspondents, have good and sufficient reasons for supporting your ground.

This, as a free country, has always been the admiration of people who have suffered from autocratic rule in Europe; but how long will it remain so? In England a man may rent a farm, but he does not dare to touch a hair or feather of the game around him. All luxuries are for the rich and favored few. Under that system a thousand must suffer and forego all pleasures in order that one man may revel in them. I believe in sensible game laws and in their strict enforcement, and I believe in a man's prohibiting shooting and fishing on his farm if he chooses to, but I deny that a few men, simply because fortune has given them the means, have the *moral* right to buy up thousands of acres and monopolize the sport to the exclusion of hundreds of others who are equally fond of it, but have not the means to buy the privilege. I do not adopt the standard of Calvert, who makes the chivalrous Bayard the only perfect gentleman of the world, but I do say that a man is not a gentleman who cares only for himself.

As a sample item for a free country, take the club at Sandusky. A few men have purchased nearly every foot of ducking ground in that region, and that they may enjoy a few days' sport all others are denied the privilege of shooting a bird at any time. The club, as one of the members told me, "is a close corporation, and they are rigidly restricted as to inviting even their friends." If the main plank on which that club stands is not pure selfishness, what is it?

If they would adopt the system of giving the privilege of a day's shooting occasionally to outsiders, keeping out all market shooters, they would not appear so glaringly obnoxious to the charge of selfishness. My wonder is, as it now stands, that the people tamely submit to it.

Some years ago I was invited by some members of the St. Louis Hunting Club to go with them on a snipe-shooting expedition about sixty miles up the river to a prairie marsh, where the birds were so plenty that if they had kept quiet it would have been almost impossible to walk without treading on them; and this ground is also now owned by a club, though the region is wild and unsettled.

As wealth increases every acre of good shooting ground will be cut off from "the people," and where will be our boasted freedom?

One of our great financiers—an ex-Secretary of the Treasury—emphatically predicts that, in the not far future, this country will see a terrible revolution, the result of the tendency to concentration and monopoly; and he may be right, for we profess to be a free people, and will not tamely submit to oppression. DIDYMUS.

N. B.—Argument from the opposing counsel is now in order.

THE following letter was sent in to the last meeting of the State Association, but too late, we understand, for any action to be taken upon it:

NEW YORK, June 23.

TO THE NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF FISH AND GAME:

Gentlemen—You are convened to consider the game laws of the State and their enforcement. Having at heart the protection of game, I respectfully suggest for your consideration the employment of a regularly accredited and paid game detective to watch the markets of New York city. The demand for such an officer is imperative at this very moment. Since you gathered at Coney Island I have been informed on what I consider good authority that woodcock are sold in the New York market, also high holders. Thus, right in the face of the New York State Association, the market men and restaurant purveyors have defied the law by engaging in the illicit traffic in game. I respectfully submit that such a state of affairs imperatively demands your earnest attention. The city markets are the outlets for the work of the poacher, snarer and game thief. By checking off this sale of game you will remove one chief incentive to the illegal capture of birds. How can this be done? By employing a shrewd detective, and by retaining counsel.

Detective work must be done—who shall do it? The members of the association are all business men; the claims of their business will not permit of their undertaking this detective work. Some one must be employed. Who can do it? The association can provide the needed funds, either by appropriating a certain amount or, if need must be, by private subscriptions.

As proof of the sincerity of my belief in the efficacy of such a detective system, in the name of my friends I will pledge the sum of one hundred dollars toward such a fund, provided the association contribute a proportionate amount.

I would suggest that the sum, when collected, be placed in the hands of a committee of three, namely, the president of the Brooklyn Gun Club, the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM and Mr. Charles E. Whitehead, who, for several years, was secretary of your association, and who is a gentleman well fitted by his extensive experience to aid in this work, this committee to report to you at your next session.

Respectfully yours, G. WALTER,
Member of the Brooklyn Gun Club.

KILLING THE DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

HOW CAN IT BE STOPPED?

NEAR THE ADIRONDACKS, July 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The slaughter of deer in the northwest part of that portion of the Adirondacks known as St. Regis district has been during the two months just past exceedingly great; and it is still going on.

During the above mentioned time there have been all of twenty-five deer killed on the middle branch of the St. Regis, and at ponds in that vicinity; and also a large number were killed on the east branch, the exact number I cannot state, but certainly thirty in all. In hunting deer at night there are full as many wounded which get away as there are killed outright, of which one-half, at least, will eventually die of their wounds. Then in floating—or night hunting—two-thirds, at least, of the deer killed are does.

I base these statements on information received from parties who have been up and hunted by floating this season, and are heartily tired of it. They are all reliable persons. Besides, I have not always been a saint in former years myself; and I claim to know something about night hunting deer.

There were, in all probability, as many as five young fawn destroyed with the does—either by being *unborn* at the time that the does were shot, or by starving to death afterward. Counting all together, the number of deer destroyed would amount to sixty in one section of the Adirondacks before the 1st of July.

What is needed here is a State game protector. I was much surprised when I first saw the list of those appointed by the Governor, that none were appointed for northern New York. These three counties—Clinton, Franklin and St. Lawrence—are cut off from the rest of the State by the great Adirondack or Northern Wilderness, into which a large portion of the southern part of each extends. They have within their borders all of one-half the numerous lakes, ponds and rivers, with the thousands of small streams the wilderness contains, thereby including a large portion of the best hunting and fishing localities to be found within the State. The game protectors of Hamilton and Essex Counties, in order to reach the hunting localities here, would either have to tramp forty or fifty miles or more through the wilderness, or go around a distance many times farther. Besides, those two counties are many miles in extent, and the largest portion of them is a wilderness having hunting and fishing localities as numerous as any in the State; and it would require all their time to attend to them. But I believe there were protectors appointed in other parts of the State where their services were not needed nearly so much as here.

I have conversed with a large portion of those residing in this vicinity and elsewhere who practice early floating, and have not met one who does not admit it to be wrong. They say that if the killing of deer out of season could be stopped entirely, nothing would suit them better. But they say that if they wait until the season opens in August the deer will become so wild by being hunted so much throughout the month of July by the hundreds of so-called sportsmen that come in here at that time from all parts of the country, that it is impossible to get a shot at a deer when the season opens in August by floating; and that being the only way many of them ever hunt deer, they are bound to get ahead of those who come from abroad, and so they commence to hunt early in the season—as they have done in years past; and will so continue, until something is done to put a stop to the whole business of killing deer out of season. What they say in regard to those who come from abroad is true in a majority of the cases. During the month of July there are hundreds of such parties of so-called sportsmen scattered over the Adirondack region who kill deer whenever they can get a chance. Your able correspondent, "B. A. M.," in his article that was published in a late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, very well describes a party of the kind who were camped near him on Bay Pond while he was in that neighborhood on a fishing trip. I have come across many such parties while I was stopping in various parts of the wilderness.

I don't wish to be understood as claiming that those who practice hounding deer do not violate the game laws as well those who hunt them by floating, or by any other method; for I know many among them that would if they had as fair opportunity to do so and not get caught at it; and some do and run the risk. But what prevents hounding more than anything else—in this vicinity, at least—out of season, is that good deer-hunting dogs are not any too plenty about here; and as any person has a right to shoot a dog when following a deer out of season—and there are those about here who would do it *if their owners were not near*—the owners are for that reason careful about letting their dogs run deer during the close season, the dogs being too valuable to lose.

I was camped on the sixteen-mile level nearly the whole of last summer, and knew of but one case of hounding deer

before August 15. And then no deer was killed. Neither was, as I stated in a former article, a single one killed there during the month of July, although there was considerable hunting by floating. But the natives got the start, and killed or scared them off in May and June.

I wish to say to your correspondent "Wollat," that whatever "music" there was about the Level during July was not made by dogs, as he hints, I presume, in his article that was published in a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM. And I will also say that he is about as much out of the way in a number of other observations he makes in regard to my former letter to the FOREST AND STREAM in relation to deer killing on the Level. ADRION ONDACK.

A NEW MICHIGAN CLUB HOUSE.

DETROIT, Mich., June, 1881.

There has just been organized here another amateur sportsmen's club, which, in point of "tone," is likely to "carry off the cake." At the very least the Lake St. Clair and the North Channel had better look to their social laurels, for the new candidate comes along a-booming. It is called the Detroit Hunting and Fishing Club, and is composed of ten active members and one honorary member, the latter being the Rt. Rev. Samuel S. Harris. Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan. The active members are Captain Stephen B. Grummond, a wealthy vessel owner, whose name is familiar in every port around the Lakes; Derning Jarves, the head of a large manufacturing establishment in this city; John H. Bissell, a prominent member of the Detroit Bar, a former Geneva boy, and son of the present Episcopal Bishop of Vermont; S. H. Ives, yachtsman, hunter, angler and jeweler on a large scale; Geo. H. Parker, who has grown rich, though still a young man, in Ex-Post Master General Jewell's line; E. W. Reynolds, old salt water veteran and skipper of the Yacht Signor Max; Henry T. Phillips, the widely known dealer in game; John Belknap, pork packer; J. W. Winckler, tobacco merchant; and James Battle, Chief Engineer of the Detroit Fire Department. The executive officers of the club are as follows: President, S. B. Grummond; Vice-President, Derning Jarves; Secretary and Treasurer, John H. Bissell; Directors, S. H. Ives, John Belknap, Geo. H. Parker, E. W. Reynolds and H. T. Phillips.

Now, as to the grounds and other essentials of the club. I have shown the social and financial tiptopedness of the members, but neither money nor blue blood would furnish sport unless there were in the world some spot where it was to be had. First, then, the new club have leased a part of Fighting Island, which contains in all upwards of 1,000 acres. This island is nine miles from Detroit down the river; and the club house faces the Canadian Channel. The main building is 18x26 feet; the south wing, 12x16 feet, is the kitchen, and the north wing of the same size is set apart for the accommodation exclusively of ladies. There is a good dock in ten feet of water, two fine fish ponds are conveniently at hand, and the island is magnificently wooded—in fact, a kind of picknickers' paradise. The marsh belonging by lease to the club is about seven miles long by three quarters of a mile wide, and certainly the equal in point of desirability to the renowned Point Mouillie Marsh at Rockwood. Then, if you prefer it, oh, country-loving editor of FOREST AND STREAM! you may gather more than your fill of ripe and luscious berries of divers kinds. When you want novelty, if you chance to be a club visitor, you can mount to the observatory, which surmounts the club house, and gain an unobstructed view of the river and contiguous territory from Detroit to the Canada Southern crossing, taking in Ecorse, Wyandotte, and the head of Grosse Isle on the way. It will be observed that from this observatory an easy view of every foot of the club's possessions is obtained.

The only wonder I have in this connection is that the securing this most desirable spot for club uses should have been left till Anno Domini 1881. The present club is organized under the State law and by next year nearly every member will have built a cottage on the island, to which his family may retire for the heated term with the certainty of enjoying life in a perfect and rational manner, escaping the insolent and idiotic demands of fashion and serenely defying Society with its Gorgon eyes and supercilious sneer. The club have plenty of boat property, ample out-housing, and, in fine, everything that anybody wants. Long life to the Detroit Hunting and Fishing Club. BLACK BASS.

HOUNDING VS. STILL-HUNTING.

WE continue the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. There is no necessity of calling attention to the value of the data we are collecting and setting forth here. The views are those of experienced, well-informed observers. The particular points of the inquiry are as follows:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and its effects.
5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
7th Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
8th. What is the open season for deer?
9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

THE MUSKOKA COUNTRY.

There are many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that have a fair knowledge of the Muskoka country either from fishing or hunting excursions. This rugged north land extends from the outlet of Lake Simcoe on the south to the shores of Lake Nipissing on the north, and from the shores of the Georgian Bay on the west to the banks of the Ottawa on the east. It is a country dotted with thousands of lakes and drained with majestic rivers, rolling hills of hardwood, dark and sheltered rocky ridges timbered with pine and hemlock, lonely and thickly timbered spruce and cedar swamps—just the country for moose and deer. And so it is. There are very few sportsmen in Ontario that have not spent a good time in the Muskoka country deer hunting, and many a jolly American cousin from across the border has gone home with a well stocked game bag, and a diary full of campfire yarns to distribute around the fireside at home.

Now, in a country like this where deer are so numerous there are several modes of hunting and killing them, such as hounding into lakes and killing them in the water, still-hunting, jack-hunting, and lastly, pot-hunting. The resident pot hunter is the most destructive. He turns out in the months of February and March. Armed with his hunting axe, snow shoes and a cur, he proceeds to where the deer are yarded for the winter. He starts his cur out on the crust, and so scatters the deer out of their runways into the deep snow, and then the work of slaughter begins indiscriminately. Fawn, does and lordly bucks succumb to the ruthless hand of a brutal and merciless creature claiming to be a man.

There is a great deal of hounding done in this country during the open season. I do not think that more than one deer is killed out of every three that is watered.

Then there is the jack-hunting, which is carried on by the Indians, principally during the months of August and July. Very few of the settlers in this region are experts at jack-hunting.

And now for the still-hunter that hunts for the market. When the first flurry of snow covers the ground he is out, and kills, before the season closes, as high as one hundred deer.

We have a game law in Ontario. It is a farce and a dead letter in many parts, and until the local legislature appoint game keepers and pay them salaries for prosecuting offenders, deer will be slaughtered by pot-hunters in all parts of the district out of season. No matter how much we may differ in opinion as to running with hounds or still-hunting let us unite in condemning and crushing out jack-hunting and the slaughtering of deer in winter.—D. F. M.

Parry Sound

THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS.

I have hunted deer every fall for eight years in the Allegheny Mountains and ridges adjoining. A greater part of the time was in Fayette and Somerset counties. There is a law prohibiting the running of deer with dogs in Somerset. The first year I hunted deer were plenty, but the second year parties from Uniontown came in with dogs and got several deer and run the rest all out of that part of the county. Nor have the deer returned since. Occasionally you will see the signs of deer, but they do not stay long. I have shot deer within one mile of Confluence, on the B. & O. R. R., but they began to run them with dogs and the result was that last winter there were but two or three deer within five miles of where I hunted, and they were finally driven away. These are facts that cannot be got over, as parties who live there would tell you the same.—R. T. C. S.

PENNSYLVANIA AND MICHIGAN.

In the spring of 1837 I located at Olean, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., and there commenced my first experience in hunting deer. I had never seen a live wild deer, nor had I any experience in rifle shooting. I bought one—such as were used in those days—and commenced still-hunting deer for sport. At that time dogs were seldom used for driving deer, yet I think the first deer I shot (a splendid buck) was driven into the Olean Creek by a hound. I remained at Olean and in that vicinity for twenty years, and during that time killed quite a number of deer. I have never killed more than two in a day, six in a week and eleven in one season's hunting, going from home in the morning and returning in the evening.

In the spring of 1857 I removed to Venango County, Penn., and took up my residence on the Tionesta Creek, twelve miles from the village of Tionesta and remained there about twelve years engaged in the manufacture of lumber. Now I began hunting deer with hounds and did so during my stay there. The country was very favorable for hounding, the hills being high on either side of the stream. About once a week during the fall we would have some person start for the hills with the dogs, while others took stations on the bank of the creek and waited for the music, which seldom failed to begin soon after the dogs were let loose. To get a deer was then the rule; to fail, the exception. One morning we got two fine bucks. About twenty or thirty minutes was sufficient to bring a buck to water if the morning was cold and the ground frozen. We never used dogs when there was snow.

In 1869 I removed to Palo, Mich., and have hunted nearly every season since. Our party is from four to six persons; time from three to five weeks, and the deer killed from five to sixteen, and no dogs used.

In reply to you questions: First, the country about Olean and Tionesta are so similar that one description will do for both. Generally hilly and heavily timbered with hemlock and pine. In some sections there are hardwood, maple and beech, with some chestnut. Where the pine has been cut there is a great growth of blackberry briars, and on the Tionesta there are large patches of laurel. Here the country is very level, and in many places where I have hunted I have found extensive cedar swamps that are a nuisance to the still-hunter. Montcalm County is heavily timbered except where the pine has been removed, and there the brush and briars are a good cover for deer during the summer and fall. Lake County has extensive plains with oak grubs and jack pines. Some parts are well-timbered, plenty of lakes, with some very respectable hills.

Secondly, there are two or three methods of hunting in Michigan, but which is the more prevalent is a question that I am not prepared to answer. Those persons who are known as "gentlemen sportsmen" usually hunt with dogs, and there are others who are real sportsmen who prefer to still hunt. As to those who are called "pot or market hunters" I have no knowledge.

Thirdly, those who hound deer usually locate their camp near some lake and provide boats for capturing deer when chased into the water. In putting out the dogs it is best to have but one dog after the same deer, if the dog is all right. You can have two races each day unless the deer leads off to some lake far away. Whether hounding deer drives them out of the country is an open question on which hunters differ widely. Our Michigan sportsmen claim that it makes deer wild, and thus protects them from the merciless "pot and market hunters."

Fourthly, still-hunting is generally practiced when there is snow so that the deer may be tracked, and when the snow is right for the purpose perhaps this is the most successful. I have found deer hunted in this way, after being followed all day come back on the same ground where I had started them in the morning.

Fifthly, it depends on the skill of the hunter if each pursue the same method. Other things being equal those using hounds will kill the most. Residents would have the advantage of knowing the country and the roadways, which is quite essential to successful hunting.

Sixthly, I think a majority of the resident sportsmen would approve of a law prohibiting hounding, and residents would assist in its enforcement.

Seventhly, such a law would be no protection to deer as far as it relates to hounding. If such a law could be enforced during the summer season when many deer are shot in the water by floating for them nights it would be a benefit.

Eighthly, from September 15 to December 15.

Ninthly, it depends much upon the amount of snow and the coldness of the weather as to their habits. In very cold weather and deep snows they gather in the cedar swamps in droves, and live principally on ground hemlock. They frequently keep around the lumber camps, and feed upon the moss and twigs from the fallen timber. In November I have found deer on the plains in large numbers, and feeding on the roots of a certain kind of grass found there. As soon as the weather gets cold they leave the plains for the timber.

STILL HUNTER.

THE ADIRONDACKS AGAIN.

Of all the regions, it has been my pleasure to hunt deer in, the Adirondacks, in my estimation, should be last to have this discussion centred upon, nevertheless the majority of the letters appearing in FOREST AND STREAM as yet, concern that region. Now, why do I say this section should be the last? Simply this: It is impossible, except in a very modified degree, to still-hunt at all in the Adirondacks. Still-hunting, as I understand it, does not include "floating" or "crust slaughter," but silently approaching an animal on land, whether it be deer or bear it makes little difference, unless it is a grizzly, and then you want to get out of the way.

I sincerely believe that of all the vast multitude of deer that are slaughtered every season, (that is in the Adirondacks) not ten are killed by genuine still-hunting, it being next to an impossibility to penetrate far into the wilderness, without a guide going ahead and cutting the way. I would say here that not one guide out of twenty can guide a sportsman through the woods on foot, as they know only the water courses. To me it is preposterous to hear the hue and cry raised by some about the "terrible havoc" hounding is making with deer. The most glorious parts of a deer hunt to me is the roar of the pack, the fluttering heart, the trembling nerves, and wild anticipations and hopes that the on-coming deer may be one of those "old bucks" we hear so much about, and see so little of. To me, the pressing of the trigger, and slaughter is secondary. "floating" and "crusting" by the guides in winter to procure meat to salt down, and in order to break in young hounds are all the causes of the sad decrease in the ranks of the deer in the Adirondacks.

B. A. M.

ONONDAGA VALLEY, N. Y.—May 14.—The prospect for woodcock is very promising. There have been no rains to drown out the young long bills, and by this time they are able to move. Two weeks ago as I was gathering moss and litchens my setter pup came to a point. On examination it turned out to be a woodcock setting—four eggs just hatching. The ruffed grouse wintered well, and are now hatching. I never knew so many grouse in our locality before. But very few snipe killed this spring. While on the Indian lands a few weeks ago I flushed a grouse with the primaries pure white, something I have never before seen.—DOC.

BIG GAME UP A TREE—Fairland, Ind., June 27.—A dispatch from Seymour, Ind., in the Indianapolis *Sentinel* a few days since announced the shooting of one of its citizens out of a mulberry tree by a gunner of that neighborhood who mistook him for a squirrel. It was large game, but he succeeded in bringing him to bag at the first shot with an ounce of squirrel shot. At this time of the year when the berries are ripe a mulberry tree is a favorite resort for squirrels. Well, we have another proof that the fools who carry guns are not all dead yet. We have the promise of good woodcock shooting when the season open.

SHELLS BURSTING IN COLD WEATHER.—LONG PRAIRIE, Minn.—"Amateur," of Sauk Centre, wishes to know why his paper shells burst in cold weather. The loading has nothing to do with it, as the same kind of load will not split them in warm weather. I have had the same kind of trouble, and find that in cold weather a fire is kept in the house, and the shells become dry and hard and slightly smaller, and when put to the strain of a charge of powder will burst before they expand to fill the chamber. The damp weather in summer is inclined to swell paper shells, so in winter they shrink. If "Amateur" will dampen his shells a very little, they will not burst. A.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, June 28.—Dove-shooting will be commenced now in a few days. Already large numbers of young ones have been shot in the wheat fields just harvested. John Nicholson bagged twenty one afternoon and reports them more plentiful than ever he saw before. Squirrels are also unusually abundant and afford excellent sport to crack rifle shots. Col. Joseph Woodfolk amuses himself shooting bull bats with a small Winchester. Jim Palmer and Hermann Burkholz have organized a grand dove hunt, to come off next month. They propose going in a covered wagon and follow up the game from field to field, camping out and having a good time generally.—J. D. H.

A NEW AUBURN CLUB—Auburn, N. Y., June 28.—At a meeting of Auburn sportsmen last week (Tuesday) it was determined to try the experiment of a club and the following officers were elected: President, Chas. E. Thorne; Vice-President, Clarence B. Thornton; Secretary, Geo. R. Peck; Treasurer, Chas. A. Bannister; Executive Committee, John B. Harlow, Chas. W. Tuttle, Harvey N. Howland. Practice shoots are frequent and regular, the interest is lively and the future bright. The club has an excellent list of names for members and it hopes before long to have quarters of its own and a membership in the State Association. Long life to it!—G. R. P.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Many woodcock have bred in Monroe County, Penn. In the neighborhood of Kresgeville, about ten miles from Weissport, on the Lehigh, Penn., I hear this morning they have hatched in quantities. At Kresgeville no one shoots at all, save the Dutchman, with his smooth-bore rifle; consequently the birds will be unmolested until autumn unless a city sportsman gets there.—HOMO.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Nashua.—Think that we may have more grouse this fall than for many years past, as the woods are full of young birds. We have no summer shooting, so the birds will have a chance for their lives until they are strong enough to take care of themselves. The season has been favorable for woodcock and they are reported to be plenty.—WEBB.

MAINE RESORTS—New Sharon, Maine.—I saw in the issue of May 26 that T. and J. wanted to go fishing here in Maine.

I think I could put them on the right track for a good time with fishing and gunning, if they would write to me and let me know what they expect and at what time they would like to come.—E. C. H. SMITH.

NASHUA, N. H.—Died, June 14, Chas. E. Laton, a member of the League, a keen sportsman and a genial gentleman, honest and true. A host of friends mourn his early death.—WEBB.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.

Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus.*
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus.*
Mascalonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambloplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chenobryttus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*
Shad, *Alosa sapidissima.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Weakfish or Squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
La Fayette or Spot, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciænops ocellatus.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*

FLY-FISHING, by far the most elegant and interesting branch of the art of angling, ought not to be regarded exclusively as an art of imitation. It no doubt depends on deception, which usually proceeds on the principle of one thing being successfully substituted in the likeness of another; but Bacon's distinctive definitions of simulation and dissimulation place the subject in a truer light. As simulation consists in the adoption of affectation of what is not, while dissimulation consists in the careful concealment of what really is—the one being a positive, the other rather a negative act—so the great object of the fly-fisher is to dissimulate in such a manner as to prevent his expected prey from detecting the artificial nature of his lure, without troubling himself by a vain effort to simulate or assume, with his fly, the appearance of any individual or specific form of insect life. There is, in truth, little or no connection between the art of angling and the science of entomology; and therefore the success of the angler, in by far the greater proportion of cases, does not depend on the resemblance which subsists between his artificial fly and the natural insect.—JAMES WILSON.

'SCONSET COTTAGE LIFE.

MR. A. JUDD NORTHRUP, whose "Camps and Tramps in the Adirondacks" was so well received a year ago, has written a little book with the above title, narrating the pleasures of a summer spent in a cottage on Nantucket Island. What 'Sconset is we will let Mr. Northrup tell:

"At least half of these fishermen's houses are occupied as 'cottages' by the summer visitors, and by the fishermen during the fishing seasons, spring and autumn, and most of them are vacant in the winter when there is 'nothing to live for' in 'Sconset. The owners of the cottages are mainly residents of the 'town'—as Nantucket village is invariably designated. After the first days of September have sent the children home to the schools, and the fathers and mothers back to their homes on the continent, and the summer birds have flown, the Nantucketer who has quietly staid in town goes out to 'Sconset with his family to enjoy his own vacation and take his ease in his own house. He will tell you that the summer visitors make a great mistake in going away so early, and that the months of September and October are the most delightful of the year. This accords fully with the experience of my own family who remained there through the month of September. After the 'August Storm' the temperature is equable and agreeable for several weeks.

"It was years ago, however, that Nantucket discovered a delightful retreat in 'Sconset. The 'town' itself is in the quiet and peaceful enjoyment of a serene old age, its mighty deeds all gone into history, its whale fisheries a glory of the past, its population living on what it has done in olden times and upon its growing reputation as the most delicious summer resort anywhere on the coast.

"So it happens that here and there among the fishermen's humble homes a more modern and ambitious house lifts its two-storied front, tempting Providence and the storms. So, also, it comes about that along the one broad street, and up the slight ascent on the road to Nantucket, the rich men of the Island, old sea-captains and merchants, built more pretentious cottages for their summer enjoyment. Later, as 'foreigners' found out the secret of 'Sconset, there sprang up the two hotels, The Atlantic House, and the Ocean View House, which are still modest and moderate.

"Also, a little south of the old village, along the bluff named Sunset Heights, is springing up a still larger growth of cottages, half a dozen or so, built and owned by the residents of several different States. These command the finest views and are delightful residences. We shall hear more of Sunset Heights before ten years shall pass—a new 'Sconset of wide and deserved fame. The bluff north of the village is witnessing a similar growth and promises to be a fit companion wing to Sunset Heights.

"But there is quaint little original 'Sconset yet, with the diminutive, be-shingled, low-roofed fishermen's houses of days long gone by; and it is that which makes the charm of this sea-side resort unlike anything and everything else along the Atlantic coast. The 'modern improvements' are yet and long will be externals—the heart will always be 'Old 'Sconset.'

"There is no railroad to 'Sconset. By and by there will be. Now no sound more fearful breaks the spell of the ocean's solemn moan than the blast of Captain Baxter's tin-horn announcing his arrival with the mail, or, when he sets forth to town, telling all 'Sconset to hurry up with their letters and errands, for he is off in five minutes,—five minutes exactly by that big silver watch which, he says, General Grant gave him!

"Indeed, but for the summer visitor, big and little, Sleepy Hollow never was half so quiet as 'Sconset. As to noise and bustle, it is Sunday all the while. There isn't a pavement to rattle a hoof or wheel upon,—the velvety turf makes no sound under your foot. Possibly Sunday is a busier day than all the rest of the week, for on Sunday there is the little school-house, a Quaker meeting or a Unitarian service, or, in one of the hotels religious exercises are conducted by some clerical visitor according to his own creed. Of course, when one is hungry for religious instruction and solace he takes what he can get, whether it is cut and carved or dished after his own particular fashion or not."

But we must not quote the whole book, though tempted to do so. The charms of the island are set forth in a most fascinating manner, and we commend the book to those who, having never tried a summer by the seaside, are minded to avail themselves of the author's goodness of soul in pointing out the attractions of 'Sconset. By the way, Mr. Northrup has set an excellent example; for, having first found out and tested these resting places, he seems to be determined to spread his knowledge for the benefit of the people.

We forgot the sport at Nantucket. It is bluefishing of course, with cod, too, and sharks for those who want them. Perch are to be had in the interior waters of the island, but who would want perch when bigger fish are to be had?

The book may be had of the author, Syracuse, N. Y., or of Baker, Pratt & Co., 19 Bond street, New York; price, 50 cents.

THAT MEDAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My clerk has just brought me the current number of FOREST AND STREAM, and the first thing that caught my eye was "The Order of Trout Hogs." A hurried reading convinced me that the medal scheme was a good one, and I offer in-



In "hog" signo vinces.

closed samples for your inspection and approval. It is barely possible that the Bradford gentleman may take the prize, but I would merely throw in as a suggestion that you await further developments, for who knows what possibilities may lie in "Buck County" or the Adirondacks? D. LIVINGSTON.

"JOSEPHINE," THE EMPRESS OF THE CATSKILLS.

SOME New York boys have been trout-fishing at Phœnicia, in the Catskill Mountains, and one of them, Fred. Hoey, son of Mr. John Hoey, of the Adams Express Company, has distinguished himself by catching a much bigger fish than anybody dreamed was to be found in the whole Catskill Mountain range. The story of how they carried the big fish from the brook to the hotel is thus racily told in a letter to the *Commercial Advertiser*, of this city. It is something unique in the literature of trouting:

"Kerr and Fred. have done well in the meadow, as their baskets show. As the saw-mill is but a stone's throw below them, and as they have 150 trout among them in three hours' fishing, they conclude to take the road and stop the sport. Fred., boy like, lingers behind, casting his line idly into the stream. The others have gained the main road and are anxiously inquiring about the invalid's condition, when a roar, a yelp, breaks the stillness. In one minute the trio are rushing back, the invalid leading and shouting, 'The boy is surely drowned!' They reach the stream and there is Fred. with his rod bent double and his line straining as though it would break every minute. His hat is off, the sweat rolls down his cheeks and he is yelling with all his main. The doctor rushes for the end of the rod and just as it breaks he grabs the line. The leader is strong and holds. The doctor, with the invalid's assistance, unhooks his little landing net from the back of his coat and they land a monster. How their hearts beat as he lies on the ground panting and flapping. One great thought enters the four heads together—'Keep him alive!' The invalid and Kerr make a joint break for the mill. Up to the road they scramble, now one, now the other ahead. They take the rails over into the road like steeplechasers. Now they have gained the straight stretch to the mill. Kerr, alas, fat and puffy, spills, while the invalid rushes on; he secures a big pail somewhere, somehow, he can hardly tell afterwards, and rushes back. Kerr, up and fresh, he meets half-way back, and to him he resigns the pail. Kerr plunges on and down the bank with bated breath to the fish.

"Meanwhile, the doctor's old time fish lore has not deserted him. He had thrown his trout from his basket to the ground, put the big fish alone in his basket, closed the lid firmly, and held it down in the running water waiting for the others. The fish is soon put in the pail in water, a wooden cover with holes for air is made, and the proud quartette are homeward bound. The doctor sits in front and holds the pail carefully by the handle off the wagon floor. The horses walk every step of the seven miles, and often do they stop on the way to give the big trout fresh water in the pail. At one dread spot Kerr lifts the pail cover and looks in at the fish. She is on her back with outstretched gills. Kerr cannot speak; he points into the pail and groans. One spring lands the doctor and Fred. on the ground. They dash with the pail to the brook. Fresh water is hastily put in, the fish revives, and the four—in fact, with the trout, the five—breathe again.

"Just as they near the hotel they gather laurel blossoms, which grow profusely about, and deck the carriage and pile them around Fred. till he is neck deep in a sea of blossoms. They cheer and shout, and the hotel guests turn out at the noise, and wonder at the 'bouquet carriage.' The invalid's family are alarmed for his safety. Out the four jump, and rush for the fountain in front of the Tremper House. A big wash tub filled with water is secured—the trout is dumped in. Hurrah! he swims! The people all look and wonder. The shouts have reached the village, and the crowd thickens. The big fish measures fifteen inches, and is fat and heavy. Her spots are the handsomest ever seen, and the victor and the party are idolized. They put her in the fountain and name her 'Josephine'—for is she not an empress of her kind? To-day she still swims and jumps, and is the admiration of the country all round about. She is the biggest brook trout caught in the Catskill Mountains in ten years. The four go like champions to supper, and the poor invalid eats fifteen trout, drinks two bottles of St. Louis lager, and his devoted family are up all night rubbing his stomach alternately, and in the morning they say his lungs have been weak all night. —J. S. H."

IN THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

MR. H. W. FULLER, formerly of the Erie Railroad, and now Passenger Agent of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company, writes from Richmond, Va., under date of June 30:

I think the accounts of the ground shooting and fishing grounds along the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway had a good deal to do with my accepting this place, and taking up a residence in Virginia. I have met a few of our Richmond sportsmen, and the regal reports that I have so often heard of their good qualities have been more than fulfilled. I brought my Red Irish Ben with me, and anticipate many a good day's sport on quail this fall, and am trying to get a day or two to casting flies upon the Virginia mountain trout. I inclose the following article, which does not lessen my desire, I assure you. It is taken from the Staunton *Spectator:*

"The trouting party that left Staunton some twelve days ago for the headwaters of the Elk, consisting of Col. W. L. Bumgardner, Dr. Carter Berkeley, J. B. Scherer, C. L. Cooke, Capt. Jas. Bumgardner, Jr., John M. Carroll and Capt. T. S. Doyle have been returning in detachments. This was probably done for the wise purpose of not exhausting the provisions along the route of their return, as might have been the case had they all returned together. However, on last Friday, on the 12:45 train, the first detachment of the "Elkers" came into town with small baskets of trout and large accounts of the fishing in the Heart of the Alleghanies.

"On Saturday, at 12 o'clock M., the baggage came in the wagons by the Parkersburg Pike, under charge of the colored troops of the Elk Department. And now, truly, the tales of trout grew marvelous, and all Staunton was wild to see evidences of the grand catch, which, however, were not forthcoming. But, at an early hour on Monday morning, the remaining detachment of this famous *corps de trout* arrived in the last wagon, and not only confirmed the reports previously brought in, but produced the evidence in the shape of a basket filled with nearly thirty beauties, not one under a foot long.

"They reported the weather in the mountains bad, snakes numerous, trout and venison plentiful. The principal field of their sport was Deer Creek and Elk River, with its tributaries in the county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, and 120 miles west of Staunton.

"They all seem greatly pleased with their trip, which certainly must have been an enjoyable one, notwithstanding the hard work, and sometimes discomforts, which inevitably attend any such undertaking. But the sport out-balanced all draw-backs, and they return home, the discomforts forgotten, and their memories filled with the many pleasant incidents of the trip. One of these, which we have heard, grew out of the luxurious desire of one of the party to enjoy the civilized comfort of an air-pillow. He may have enjoyed it, but there was an occasion when it came near frightening his bed-fellow out of his wits. He was peacefully reposing, dreaming of the comforts of home, etc., when suddenly there was a hiss of, what in those wilds could be nothing but a 'venomous sarpient,' right in his ear.

"Partially aroused, he again heard the hateful hiss, and this time there was no mistaking it. With a frightened bound, and a still more frightened cry, he cleared the tent, and insisted that snakes were in his bed. Upon careful and cautious investigation it was discovered that the fearful sound had proceeded from the air-pillow of his bed-mate, which had sprung a leak.

"The catch of the party was 628 trout, the largest of which was 14½ inches in length. The last detachment stopped at Old Millboro' Springs on Saturday night, and are loud in their praises of their treatment. To hear their talk one would think there are no brown biscuits, elegant coffee or 'done-to-a-turn' beefsteaks away from that fine old watering place."

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

SHEEPSHEAD fishing has begun at Atlantic City and in the bays as far north as Barnegat, N. J., and last week we learn the fish were biting fairly well. At the latter place, notwithstanding it is rather early for their coming, bluefish appeared in the inlet, and we are informed that they were quite plentiful for a day or two at Barnegat. But the fish were small, running about one to two pounds in weight. We shall hardly expect to hear of good weakfish fishing before the first week in July on our New Jersey coast. It is seldom that they take the bait readily until the 5th to the 10th. Now that net fishing in some of the bays has been prohibited by law, Tuckerton and Barnegat bays last year offered grand sport to the angler, and we may expect excellent fishing there the coming summer. Shedder and soft crab bait will be scarce and high, as the past intense winter destroyed great numbers of hard crabs.

In the Schuylkill River, at Conshohocken and upward, black bass were taken last week of some size. At Conshohocken one of three pounds and a half was caught by a resident of that place. So far as we can learn the minnow was the lure.

Jumping abruptly from fin to feather, I must chronicle the slaughter of woodcock by a market shooter on the 18th of June, within the city limits. I am informed by a gentleman who heard the shots and saw the birds; and notwithstanding they were well able to fly, still the law was violated, and will be so long as summer shooting is allowed at all. I am not able to give the name of the villain who participated in this sport, but shall endeavor to obtain permission to publish it. The brood was one of those of which I wrote a short time since, hatched in close proximity to Cobb's Creek, Philadelphia. HOMO.

HOW TO RUB OLD-FASHIONED REELS.—Those old-fashioned reels, with a bolt that goes through the pole and a nut on the

end, make an excellent reel for taking up the line fast, but the great trouble with them is that the line will run off and get caught somewhere. So in trying to devise a plan to obviate that trouble, I hit upon the simple one of taking a piece of rather stiff, strong wire, and running it through the rod, bend it in the form of a loop over the reel; then when the bolt has been put through the pole, place the small ring at the end of the wire, over the bolt, and screw the nut down tight on it; that makes the wire lay close to the pole and brings the large loop of the wire through which the line is to run directly over the reel, but of course it should not quite touch it, and it is thus secured firmly. Now, when used, the line is bound to run on the reel, and if by chance slack line gets off, it can be prevented from getting in between the pole and reel by putting a short pin or screw of some kind in the pole at each side of the reel, close to but not quite touching it. Thus, you see, when the wire attachment is used in connection with the reel, it makes a cheap and very good one.—T. A. LESTER.

TO DRIVE AWAY MOSQUITOES.

NEPESSIQUIT RIVER, Bathurst, N. B.—I notice in your issue of June 23d, which was forwarded to me here, some one desires to know what will prevent mosquitoes biting. Now I have in my camping experience of many years tried a dozen prescriptions, finding none of them sure until I came across the following:

3 oz. Sweet oil,
1 oz. Carbolic acid.

This will *surely* prevent black flies, mosquitoes, and moose flies from troubling you every time. Let it be thoroughly applied upon hands, face, and all exposed parts (carefully avoiding the eyes) once every half hour, when the flies are troublesome, or for the first two or three days, until the skin is filled with it, and after this its application will be necessary only occasionally. Another receipt, equally as efficacious, is:

6 parts Sweet oil,
1 part Creosote,
1 part Pennyroyal.

Either of these are agreeable to use, and in no way injurious to the skin. We have both of these in our camp with us, and all flies keep a safe distance.

I have with me here upon my salmon preserve Messrs. Henry and E. Pope Sampson, of New York, and we are having fair sport, yet nothing like this part of the magnificent Salmon River formerly afforded, for the simple reason that the Government does not properly guard it. Yet we hope to take the necessary steps soon to give it the most complete protection, all it needs to make it one of the best in the Dominion. IVERS W. ADAMS.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, June 28.—From all sections of the State come notices of associations being formed to enforce the protection laws, also of the perceptible increase in the quantity of fish at present in the different streams. Large creels are of common occurrence even in the Cumberland, and the fish in many instances are unusually large. There is a perfect rage on the part of the farmers for fish ponds, and I hear of them being built everywhere. Carp, and game fish have both their patrons, and the private propagation will, therefore, be about equally divided of the two varieties. Col. Geo. F. Akers and a party of five or six intend making an extended visit to "Sycamore," here bass and black perch are said to be found in great numbers and of a size before unknown. C. Hillman, F. Furman, Edgar Jones, Ed. Hicks, and the two Mr. Thompsons, composing the Wisconsin Angling Club, returned this week from their annual excursion to the Wisconsin lakes.—J. D. H.

SALMON IN CANADA.—RESTIGOUCHE, July 1st.—But few trout or salmon are being taken here now, although the first week the fishermen put in their nets the catch of salmon was very large. Those taken in the Bay Chaleur would average, so I am informed by those who claim to know, twenty-six pounds each. The system that our Canadian Government is pursuing in leasing our salmon rivers to a few individuals is wrong, and smacks too much of the old feudal times when privileges were only allowed to a few. By doing away with the present system of leasing these rivers and making them open waters to all sportsmen, charging one dollar a day to each rod, the Government would increase its revenues derived from this source twenty per cent. or over, saying nothing of the benefits that this country would be sure to receive from the great influx of sportsmen that this would bring here. You will hear more of this later.

STANSTEAD.

PENNSYLVANIA TROUTING.—I was unable to go up into Maine at I had hoped, and I had to content myself with nearer spots where the fishing was not sufficiently good to be an object. I spent ten days in the neighborhood of Water Gap, Averyville and Caudensis, Monroe County, Pa., but only fished two days out of this time. More beautiful streams for trout than there are in these places I have never seen, but they had been all much fished early in the season, and this coupled with the fact they were very high rapid from the incessant rains of the previous week made the sport poor.—H. O.

MORE THAN HE COULD DIGEST.—The Hartford, Conn., *Times* tells the following: "Mr. R. L. Hungerford, of the firm of Williams & Hungerford, while fishing yesterday afternoon caught a very large bull-frog, which was evidently suffering from indigestion. Mr. Hungerford cut the frog open to ascertain the cause and was surprised to find in its stomach a mud turtle nearly two inches long, alive and kicking. He brought the turtle home and to-day it was quite lively in the aquarium in the drug store of the firm."

THE RODS USED AT THE TOURNAMENT—New York, July 2.—I notice in your report of the Fly-Casting Tournament that, with the exception of Mr. Pritchard and Mr. Bryan, the Nichols split bamboo were the rods used. Please add that Mr. Endicott used a split bamboo of his own make, and I one of Conroy's hexagonal split bamboo rods—a rod I have used over two years, and during which time it has caught very many black bass and trout.—W. HOLBERTON.

FARRAR'S RANGELEY AND MOOSEHEAD guide books are very useful compilations of practical information for visitors to these renowned sporting regions. If you are going there do not fail to procure these books of Mr. Farrar. See the advertisement elsewhere.

ELK RAPIDS, Mich, is so much of a fishing place that the local paper, the *Traverse Bay Progress*, chronicles the catch in a whole column of items. Bass, perch and trout are the fish, and the anglers come from all parts of the country to enjoy the sport.

WATER-PROOF FERRULES.—A new ferrule is advertised in our columns as being water-proof, and therefore it is claimed that the rods on which it is used are more durable in consequence. We therefore call attention to the advertisement of William Mills & Son in our issue of to-day, in which great lasting qualities are said to be inherent in rods which have this style of ferule.

THE KNELL OF THE GRAYLING.—We read in *Ohaff*, of Detroit, that "Grayling are being caught in immense numbers in Northern Michigan, and quantities arrive in Detroit daily. They are delicious eating, and are considered by many better than brook trout."

IRONWOOD FOR RODS.—Hornbeam, or ironwood, is tough, and our correspondent "Kingfisher" tells in another column how he tried a rod of this wood most severely on Intermediate Lake, Michigan.

CALIFORNIA TROUTING.—Allen Springs, Lake County, is said to be an excellent trouting centre. There are good hotel accommodations there.

GOOD GROUND.—The fishing at Good Ground, Long Island, is said to be good just now. Big flounders, bluefish and striped bass are the fish to be caught there. Lane's house opened last Saturday.

CUTTYHUNK.—Bass running 44 to 74 lbs.; two taken June 11; water cold; fish not running full yet. More anon.—EZEKIEL.

HALF A LOAF is better than no loaf—as the boy said when he got half a day off to go fishing.

Fish Culture.

REPORT OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COMMISSION.

THE New Hampshire Fish Commission report sent to the June session of the Legislature, 1881, records another successful year, although the unprecedented drouth of the past summer seriously interfered with the return of the salmon to the headwaters of the Merrimac River. Large numbers of salmon entered the river in June, and by the 9th of July the Commission had captured nineteen, weighing from ten to eighteen pounds each, at the hatching house at Plymouth. After that date the water was so low that no more were taken until Oct. 2, when two more were captured.

In referring to the "anomalies in the run of salmon, and all other migratory fish, for which science is yet entirely unable to account," the report cites some well-known facts, but advances no new theory. It quotes the report of the State hatching house at Plymouth, N. H., to E. A. Brackett, Commissioner of Inland Fisheries for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In this Mr. Powers gives the following as the number of eggs from nine different salmon: Oct. 23, one fish, 10,000 eggs; Oct. 24, three fish, 19,000; Oct. 26, two fish, 13,000; Oct. 31, two fish, 12,000; Nov. 2, one fish, 6,000; total from nine fish, 60,000 eggs. The report of the Superintendent of the Lawrence Fishway, which follows, we gave in our review of the report of the Massachusetts Commission.

The salbling (*Salmo salvelinus*), 50,000 eggs of which were sent by the Deutsche Fischerie Verein to Prof. Baird and by him to the New Hampshire Commission, were received with a loss of only 5,000 eggs from Germany, and were hatched. After correspondence with Prof. Baird on the subject of the tastes and habits of these strangers, it was decided to plant them in Newfound Lake, which, from its depth and clear, cold water, seemed to be the proper place, as well as its freedom from predatory fishes. Prof. G. Brown Goode's paper on this fish, prepared for FOREST AND STREAM, is given at length, and covers the ground of their relationships and habits.

Of brook trout 200,000 eggs were taken, and half sent to Massachusetts and the remainder hatched here to be delivered at the hatchery to those applying for them for public waters. Of the "Winnipesaukee whitefish," or "shad-waiter" (*Prosopium quadriteratia*), 60,000 eggs were taken and evenly divided with Massachusetts. The Commissioners truly remark that in all plantings the larger the plant is the more likely it is to be successful. Landlocked salmon have been seen jumping for flies in lakes where none existed before their introduction. Black bass have been taken in Winnipesaukee in great numbers, and "the Merrimac and Connecticut rivers are now full of them."

The "Growth of Carp in America," by Mr. Fred Mather, as read before the Central Fishcultural Society, is given in full, and an extract from the report of the Massachusetts Fish Commission on the carp, in which Dr. Rudolph Hessel is quoted, is given. The fishway at Amoskeag Falls was unsatisfactory, and the right for the "Brackett way" bought and will be introduced into the waters of the State. One has been built at Fisherville by the Contoocook Manufacturing Company, and a similar one at Hillsborough Bridge.

The paper on "Breeding California Salmon in Fresh Water," by N. K. Fairbank, read before the Central Fishcultural Society, is given in full, and then come reports on the game, which we will review in another column at a future time. The report as a whole is very creditable, and shows that New Hampshire has a live Fish and Game Commission.

REPORT OF THE NEBRASKA COMMISSION.

THE second annual report of the Fish Commissioners of Nebraska, for the year 1880, calls attention to the fact that Mr. N. K. Fairbank has bred the quinnat salmon in the fresh waters of Geneva Lake, Wis. Dr. Livingston, of the Nebraska Commission, also relates how a gentleman from Weston, Iowa, caught two of these fish in one of the branches of the Nishenabotone River, below the town of Red Oak, Iowa, in the fall of 1879, one of which weighed eight and the other eleven pounds. Some salmon of this species were planted in Nebraska in 1880, and the Commissioners prophecy their return in four years thereafter.

Their appropriation was not large enough to afford any means for trial of the land-locked salmon, which they think would thrive in their lakes. One hundred and thirty-five German carp were received from Prof. Baird, and they have been retained for breeders instead of distributing them. The appropriation given to the Commissioners to work with is small, and has been largely used to build hatcheries and ponds which will help them in future, but has left little margin for work this year. Much of their hatching was done by Messrs. Romine and Decker, at South Bend, at a nominal price.

In letters to the Board, Mr. J. C. McBride, Pres. Nebraska Sportsmen's Association, writes that salmon have been seen in the streams, and that a good-sized eel was for sale in the market at Lincoln recently which no doubt came from the car of fry wrecked in the Elkhorn River a few years ago, in defiance of the theory that eels could not live in the Platt River. Mr. Mason writes that the fry of the salmon placed in a pond some months before are there still and now, Dec. 26th, weigh one-half pound. Other writers bear similar testimony.

THE CONNECTICUT SHELL-FISH COMMISSION.—As we have announced, the Fish Commission of Connecticut has a distinct department of shell-fisheries. The waters are being surveyed and leased for oyster culture, etc. Their office is Room 10, Insurance Building, New Haven. The *Register* of that city says: The state board of shell-fish commissioners held a session to-day, July 2d, and voted to assess ten cents an acre on all grants of oyster lands, for the expense of surveying and making maps. Bills amounting to 114.97 were approved. The clerk was instructed to prepare deeds for the allotment of a number of applicants who have complied with the requirements of the law.

The board go to Darien on Wednesday, the 6th, for the purpose of fixing the line between that town and the state of New York.

THE SHAD HATCHING on the Potomac by the U. S. Fish Commission has been a grand success. We have been informed by a gentleman who is in a position to know about the work, although not engaged in it, that Col. McDonald has probably hatched more shad there this season with the scows and their steam machinery than have been hatched at all other places put together. The "Fish Hawk" has been at Havre de Grace, Md., and has turned out 16,000,000. Our informant had not the list of plantings, but heard that Mr. Frank Clark was gone with a shipment for the Kansas Commissioners, to be placed in some of the waters of that State.

LONG ISLAND NOTES.—Mr. Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, has hatched, for Mr. Blackford of the New York Fish Commission, 2,500 rainbow trout, which he will place in some of the streams. He has also hatched between four and five thousand Maine salmon, *Salmo salar*, and placed in the streams about Roslyn and Glen Head, as well as 1,500 quinnat salmon within the past four years.

REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.—We have received the report of this Commission for 1879 and '80. It is so important from a natural history point of view, that we defer its notice for a week or two. It contains "the fishes of Pennsylvania," by Prof. E. D. Cope, with many figures, and is a valuable addition to our ichthyological literature.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 9. Elbridge McConkey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 374, New York City.

October 4, 5, 6 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

November 26, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Gach, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November —, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

MY FIRST CHICKEN SHOOTING.

I WAS sitting in my office one afternoon in August, looking over the last number of my FOREST AND STREAM, when I heard some one drive up and yell, "Oh! Doc.," and on going to the door I saw Sam, as he is familiarly called by his friends, sitting in a light, square, boxed wagon, holding with one hand a rather restive span of ponies, and with the other a very restive setter. Now the said setter had only made up his mind to get out of that wagon and interview my red Irish Leo, that was slowly marching back and forth in front of the door with his "coat tails" dragging on the ground, and inviting master Spot (Sam's dog) or any other dog to tread on them just once. A sharp "Down, charge," accompanied by a suggestive motion of the hand toward a stick lying near, brought him out of his belligerent attitude at the same time that Sam forced his canine down to the bottom of the wagon, and putting his foot on him to hold him there. Turning to me he said, "Doc, does your finger cramp any? If it does you had better load yourself and traps into this wagon, and if your car will be peaceable he can ride too. Go out home with me, stay over night, and we will try the chickens a back in the morning. To-morrow is the opening of the season, and there are dead loads of them around my place, and not a gun has been fired among them yet, so if you want to try that dog of yours on chickens, it will be a good chance. Will you go?" "Go? of course I will go." "Well, hurry up, and don't be all day getting ready."

A few moments sufficed to pack my hunting suit, cartridges, belt, dog whip, etc., etc., in a valise that I carried out with my gun and stowed away under the seat. At sight of the gun, both dogs were nearly frantic with delight, and forgot all about their previous pugnacity. After stowing them away in the back part of the wagon I got in myself and off we went. Sam owned a fine farm about eight miles out of town in a splendid wheat country. A thorough-going farmer, a keen sportsman, he was not exactly the sort of man to encourage shooting out of season, and poachers and pot hunters gave him a wide berth, but to the friends of all legitimate sport he was hail fellow well met.

After supper we had a general overhauling of all our traps. Every empty shell was loaded, the guns inspected to see that everything was in order. We were up betimes next morning, and had breakfast out of the way by sunrise, when Sam, who had stopped outside, said, "Oh, Doc., just look here!" On going to the door, he pointed toward a wheat field about three hundred yards from the house, and there was a covey of about twenty chickens that had just sailed over, in the act of alighting in the stubble. "Well, Doc., if the dogs have had their breakfast, let's start."

"The dogs have been fed," remarked his wife, "and hadn't you better take Will along with you and send him back with the first birds you get, so we can have some for dinner, that is, if you get any?" she said, with a sly nod to me. "If we get any!" he replied, as he buckled on his cartridge belt and picked up his gun; "what do you suppose we are going for if it is not to get some? Get a bag and come on, Will," he said, turning to his twelve-year-old son that was playing with the dogs. The bag was soon got, and calling Spot and Leo to heel, we started for the stubble. My dog had never seen a prairie chicken. I had in the spring come from the East and brought him with me, and he was as green as myself regarding chicken shooting, although he was good on ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock. Not knowing how he would perform among a covey of chickens, and as we got into the stubble field I fastened a stout check cord, about forty feet long, to his collar, and let it trail. With a sharp word of caution to them, we sent them off. They worked back and forth, quartering the ground in fine style, until they had got nearly to where we had marked down the brood from the house, when Leo stopped, raised his head, sniffed the air in the direction of the birds, half pointed, then drew on carefully for a few yards, and then froze stiff, Spot backing in fine style. "Good for the wild Irishman so far," exclaimed Sam, "be careful, now, and don't let him flush them." I quietly advanced until I got to the end of the check-cord, picked it up, and took a turn around my left hand with it, at the same time holding my gun ready for use. Sam, who quickly came into position, said, "You attend to your dog and take the first two birds that get up, and I will come in after." Moving carefully up behind the dog with, "Steady, sir; steady!" I had got close to him, when up flew a chicken about ten feet ahead of him, and was making off in fine style, when I brought my gun to bear on him, and at the report down he came all in a heap. Startled at the shot, two more flushed, one turning off to the left in front of Sam, which I left to his tender mercies and his Colt, while I got sight at the other that was going straight away, and knocked it over at



DR. N. D. HATHAWAY'S BLUE DAN.

about thirty yards. Sam fired at the same time and killed his bird, and as they dropped up got at least half a dozen, one of which he laid out with his other barrel. My dog had by this time become completely demoralized. The rapid firing, the flushing of so many large birds and the fluttering of the four on the ground was too much for him, and he made a desperate break for the nearest one; but he stopped when he got to the end of the check-cord, for his own momentum, aided by a smart "yank" on the cord, caused him to turn a complete somersault. He quickly regained his feet, a very much astonished and disgusted dog. "Down, charge, you villain!" I yelled, with a suggestive motion of the rope, at which he dropped in good shape.

"Come, come, hurry up and load, and don't be all day about it," exclaimed Sam, as he closed his gun after changing the empty shells for loaded ones. My gun was quickly loaded, and, still keeping hold of the check-cord, I gave a sharp "chuck" which brought my dog to his feet. "Now, steady, you villain—dead birds." He started on carefully, and had got about half way to where the nearest one was lying, when he pointed beautifully. "That's good," cried Sam, "but look at old Spot." There he stood, about ten paces ahead of Sam, his body and limbs as stiff as a stake, his head slowly moving from right to left and and his eyes glaring like a demon's. "He has got two birds there, and don't know which is the best one," said Sam. "Egad! Doc, what wouldn't you give for a stereoscopic view of this scene?" "Hang your view," I said; "let's stir 'em up, or I shall have the buck ague so I can't hit a flock of barns." "All right; then go ahead and tend to your own dog and I will to mine." I had taken but a few steps toward my dog, when up got three birds; one started off to the right, and the other two, flying close together, turned a little to the left. I sent the right barrel after the single bird and missed him clean, but turned on the two others, which had by this time got off about thirty yards, and were almost in a line; got a good sight, let drive, and knocked them both down. As I fired my last barrel the birds that Spot was pointing both flushed, and Sam brought them both down with a beautiful double shot, but at the last report the rest of the covey arose, flew about two hundred yards, and again settled. My dog in the meantime had learned wisdom from experience, and remained quiet. "There, thank Heaven!" I exclaimed, "they are gone, and now we can gather up the dead birds and start again." They were quickly brought in by the dogs, both behaving splendidly. The birds, eight nice, large, plump beauties were deposited in Master Willie's sack, and he dispatched to the house with them with directions to saddle his pony and take his game-sack and come on after us. This game-sack, by the way, was an invention of Sam's. It consisted of an ordinary seamless two-bushel bag with the mouth sewed up and two openings, one on each side of the centre large enough to take in a chicken or duck. It could be thrown across a horse either before or behind the saddle, and thus made two large pockets that would hold all the birds that any party ought to kill in one day.

"Take the rope off your dog," said Sam; "he behaves all right now." "No, I thank you, not just yet," I replied; "I am not going to have you cussing me because my dog scared off your game. After another time or two he will get sobered down, find out what they are, and then he will be all right." Thankful enough I was that I did not take his advice, and that, too, within the next five minutes. While we had been busy with our first brood we had also marked down several packs that had come into the stubble to feed, and we now started the dogs in the direction of the nearest one. We had gone but a short distance when Leo suddenly stopped, half pointed, drew back a little, and commenced barking furiously, at the same time I heard the sharp singing of a rattlesnake. "Look out for your dog; call him back," yelled Sam, "it is a cussed snake." Darting forward and at the same time yelling to the dog to come in I caught hold of the check-cord, and —well—perhaps that dog did not come away from that snake quick! Making both dogs come to heel we advanced cautiously to where he was, and we saw, not one, but two of the horrid reptiles coiled about two feet apart, and they were making their tails go lively. A sharp right and left from Sam's heavy Colt tore their heads into shreds, and calling the dogs away we left them there.

"That's the way to serve those fellows," coolly remarked Sam as he put in a couple of new shells, "I never consider a charge of shot wasted when put into a snake, hawk, or cat. Hie on, dogs." Away we went once more checking them with a sharp note of the whistle if they showed any inclination to range too far, and motioning them to right and left they quartered the ground beautifully until near where we had marked down a brood they both stopped, turned their heads in the direction we were working, drew on slowly for a few steps, and then pointed beautifully. Side by side they stood, not over four feet apart, as rigid as iron. It was a fine sight, and one to stir the blood in the veins of any one who loves the dog and gun.

"You look out for your dog, Doc.," said Sam; "don't let him get crazy, and I'll put them up." Stepping carefully up behind to within twenty feet of my dog I stood upon the trailing cord to hold him if he should start, and nodded to Sam that I was ready.

"You take the first ones that get up," he said, as he advanced to the side of his dog. In an instant up started one, and was making off, when, taking a quick aim full at it, I tumbled it over just as another got up. Waiting until he had got over a short distance I fired and brought him down. Then another arose and another, then two at a time, then a single one, and so on until as many as twenty had been flushed. In the meantime we were not idle, Sam brought two down, and we both loading while they were getting up and leaving, but the last three that started off we knocked over. I had one barrel loaded, and was standing there waiting for another one to start, but they had all gone. Just then something descended like a shot, and pounced upon one of the chickens we had killed. It was a large hawk. He seized the bird and was raising slowly and laboriously with it, when an ounce and a quarter of No. 8, sent by a good charge of powder, made the pirate forget all about being hungry. "Good on your head, old man," said Sam, heartily, "he won't catch any more birds. Golley! that was lively work; and another thing, you can take that rope off from your dog, or you can get off my farm, for I'll be cussed if a dog that does as well as he is doing shall be disgraced by dragging around a ball and chain." Neither dog, during all this hubbub, had moved, so, nothing loth, I untied the rope and put it in my pocket, and with a "Carefnl, sir; dead birds," sent him on. The dogs brought in the chickens, leaving the hawk where he fell, and after stowing them away in the pockets of our canvas coats, we started on again, and so the sport went on. We were soon in the midst of another brood, of which we rendered a good account. The dogs both behaved splendidly, and by the time Master Willie came back our pockets were full and we were glad to unload, transferring our game to the sack. We went at it again, and the sport was grand until about nine o'clock, when the chickens had done feeding, and nearly all had left the stubble fields. We sat down in the shade of a large cottonwood that grew beside a spring of clear, cold water, and after quenching our thirst we had a smoke, and then started for the house, where we arrived in time to change our clothes and have a wash before we were called to dinner. Then that dinner! How shall I describe it better than to say I hope for many more like it. When we could eat no more, and the pipes lighted, we counted our bag and found that besides those that the boy took to the house for dinner, we had thirty-seven as nice birds as one could wish to look at.

"Do you want to hunt this afternoon?" inquired Sam, as we finished counting our game. "What's the use?" I said. "We have got all the birds now we can take care of before they will spoil. I had rather come out some other day and finish up the hunt, and besides, I ought to be back at the office."

"My sentiments exactly," remarked my friend; so when the ashes were knocked from our pipes we packed away my traps, gun and dog, and a score of chickens, and started for town, where we arrived in about an hour none the worse for my first chicken hunt.

HEMATITE.

TIMOTHY D. GLADSON.

NEW YORK, June 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I regret to announce to you the death, on the 22d inst., of Timothy D. Gladson, of Boonton, N. J., long and widely known as a breaker and trainer of sporting dogs. Mr. Gladson went South last fall, with his dogs, and contracted one of those malarious swamp fevers so prevalent to that section, returning only in the early spring, when entirely broken down in health and constitution, to meet his untimely end.

Without an unkind or derogatory word of any other professional in the same line, Mr. Gladson, without doubt, stood at the head of the list as a breaker and trainer, accomplishing in more than one or two instances what has always been considered impossible, and even now is looked upon as skeptical by many. Some years ago, when Col. Skinner was on the editorial sporting staff of this city, Mr. Gladson expressed to him his belief in his ability to break and train any dog that had the nose to smell a bird, and to begin his labors he advertised for the most worthless and spoiled dog, one that had been given up as incurable, as well as known in sporting circles to be such. The gentleman to whom this matter was referred selected a Gordon setter from Huntington, L. I., which was said to fill the bill for worthlessness. Within three months from the date of his reception, Mr. Gladson and the writer shot for several days in succession, over this same dog, an average of sixty quail per day. The result was therefore pronounced an entire success, since which time the same thing has been repeated several times. Mr. G.'s method of training and breaking was one peculiar to himself, and dies with him, much to the regret of the sporting community. He leaves a wife and son, the latter a cadet engineer in the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

NEW JERSEY.

BLUE DAN.—We give this week an excellent portrait of Blue Dan, a blue Belton, owned and bred by N. D. Hatheway, M. D., Middleboro, Mass. Sire, Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III. Dam, Dr. Hathaway's Opal. (Rake-Fanny.) Y. H. C. in Native Setter Class, at New York Show, 1881. Two and one-half years old. Weight, sixty pounds.

COCKER SPANIELS.

[Reprinted from Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," furnished to the FOREST AND STREAM by the author, through the courtesy of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 739 Broadway, New York.]

THESE engaging members of the spaniel family are almost extinct as regards purity, but their working capacity has never failed them. As will be seen from Mr. Langdale's remarks, there is more than one family of the breed which has practically been lost sight of. A breed of black or black-and-tan cockers certainly existed, and has been perpetuated down to recent years, proof of which can be found in the pedigrees which accompany this article. In the first instance we give that of Dr. W. W. Boulton's Regent, which is as follows:

PEDIGREE OF DR. BOULTON'S REGENT. (No. 2,162)

- Boulton's Fern.
- Boulton's Royal.
  - Boulton's Nick.
    - Boulton's Captain.
    - Boulton's Rose.
      - Boulton's Zoe. — Black Spaniel dog. / Boulton's Poll.
      - Boulton's Bona. — Sire, winner 2d prize Birmingham. / Dam, first ditto, 1866.
  - Boulton's Nipple.
    - Boulton's Rufus.
      - Boulton's Zoe. — *Vide* above.
      - Boulton's Bona. — *Vide* above.
    - Boulton's Dam of Regent, No. 2,162.
      - Boulton's Zoe. — *Vide* above.
      - Boulton's Poll. — *Vide* above.
- Jet, *alias* Fan.
  - Rufus, pure dog.
    - Spangle's Dyke.
      - Kedward's Dart
      - Rose.
    - Spangle's Romp.
  - Prince's black and tan dog.
    - Bullock's black and tan dog. — Burdett's Bob, No. 2,107.
    - Lord Denbigh's black bitch.
  - Clse.
    - Palmer's Rover.
    - Yates' Fan. — Princethorpe's Bob. / Footman's Jet. — Purdett' Dash.

Mr. A. W. Langdale, who has long been an admirer of these valuable little dogs, has sent us the following for publication:

"This breed of spaniel is closely allied with Wales and Devonshire, and, I believe, more used in those parts than anywhere else. It is indeed rare, even in the adjoining country, to find cocker spaniels, but few people being apparently aware of their great value. Smaller than their brethren the springers, they work in a totally different style; and in a hedgerow, or copse, with a very

thick underwood, are invaluable. They, like the springers, are not noisy, but when they do give tongue it is of such a silvery note as to warm the ardent sportsman's blood. Dr. W. W. Boulton, as in other breeds, gave his mind to producing cockers, and in his Rhea we saw a black cocker of great merit; she was bred by him in 1870, and was the offspring of those two good dogs, Captain and Rose. Rhea had rather a full eye, but a regular cocker head and body; she was full of quality. Of late the big shows have left off giving classes for this splendid little dog, and it is to be deplored, as nothing tends to extinguish a breed sooner than their name not appearing in an important schedule. Cockers run into all sorts of color, going from almost white, orange and white and orange, most generally seen in Wales; to the liver and white, liver and tan and roan, generally seen South; and the black and tan, of the North. Of this last color, Mr. Burdett was the principal breeder; and of the orange, perhaps the best seen on the bench was my Ladybird, bred by Mr. Lort, who was selected for illustration as a typical specimen. Their weight generally runs at about from four-and-twenty to seven-and-twenty pounds; they are smooth-coated, free from dog-hair, in fact a small cobby-made spaniel. Of those shown at present I take Bessie II.—a liver and gray—to be the best specimen, but her pedigree is not a cocker's proper, being by Bebb ex Smutt—Bebb, a liver-colored dog, with a long winning list to his name; and Smutt, I believe, a black and white."

From these remarks it will be seen that some of the best of modern cockers have other than cocker blood in their veins, but still many of the best specimens, Rhea to wit, has a long pedigree to be proud of. The following is her pedigree and performances:

Rhea, black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 8, '70 { Captain (W. W. Boulton). Rose (W. W. Boulton). } { Zoe { Black spaniel dog. Poll—Old English cocker. Rob, 2d Birmingham, 1866. Bona { Nell, 1st Birmingham, 1866.

Rhea won first prize at Driffield; second prize Manchester and Birmingham, 1871; first Thorne, first Driffield, second Kendal, and extra prize Crystal Palace, 1872; first prize Manchester, first prize and cup Fakenham, second Birmingham, 1873; first prize and cup Northampton, first prize and cup Crystal Palace, first prize Manchester, first prize Darlington, and first prize Hull, 1874.

As so many cockers are met with on all sides whose pedigrees are mixed up, and whose outlines differ considerably, a description of their points is scarcely possible; but a reference to the former article on blacks will, we think, be sufficient to give our readers the information they desire concerning these smaller dogs.

GONE TO JOIN MONTE.—One of the sad duties of our editorial calling is to write obituaries on such dogs of note that come to grief in baffling the trials of field, fire and flood. On this occasion, however, a reporter on the Cincinnati *Daily Enquirer* has kindly helped us out: One of the oldest Crawford House boarders, "Patsey," the black and white dog, has passed away. Yesterday afternoon, while paying his addresses to a piece of meat, Mr. Clerk Linck, with an eye to Patsey's welfare, drove him away, and the heavy wheels of a hack rolled over his body. Patsey was a character, an historical dog. Though he roomed at the crawford, he boarded at Hunt's. Each day he went for his beer to the booth at the Atlantic Garden. On one occasion burglars attempted to enter a store which Patsey considered on his beat. His barkings brought the policemen, who arrested the burglars, and they are now at Columbus. Sometimes Patsey was insulted. He had been poisoned, cut with a knife, kicked and cuffed times out of mind, but when a certain cook cut off his tail, then "the boys" held a mass meeting, and were determined to revenge the wrong. Result: the cook landed in the workhouse. Patsey was an epicurean. He wouldn't eat scraps, bones, offal—oh! no. His loved pies, cakes, spring chickens, and a bit of toast with a snipe bone. Colonel Hunt thought so much of him that he paid for his license, and Blackey Edwards was equally accommodating some time before. Hotel clerks will wear mourning for thirty days.

SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.—It is contended by some who have made the experiment, that no castrated dog, if made so at or previous to his attaining four months of age, ever becomes a sheep killer. If left much older than this before the operation is performed, he might stray off, associate with bad company, and become a sheep killer. If any of our readers have ever made the experiment with a dog, we should be glad to hear from them whether it has succeeded or not.

There are several advantages attending castration which make it desirable to be adopted with all dogs which are not expressly wanted for breeding purposes. If not castrated they are apt to wander off, especially at night, when it is more particularly necessary that they should be at home to watch the premises or aid in any sudden emergency of their services being required. A castrated dog is more affectionate and gentle in a family, is not so apt to become snappish to children, or make sudden attacks on any one, as those occasionally do who are left in their natural state. Nor are they so quarrelsome with other dogs, or so continually running after them when passing by their master's premises.

Some say that castration makes a dog grow up heavier and less active than if not done, but when so we suspect it arises from overfeeding. One must be careful as to this. Give all the food requisite to grow the pup to full size and good form, but after he has attained these, be careful to allow him no more than is necessary to keep in fair condition; and always give him opportunity for plenty of exercise, especially on grass pasture, and a good swim in mild weather, if possible two or three times a week. Have a comfortable, clean place for him to sleep in, and see that he is kept clear of fleas or other tormenting vermin. This last is easily done by the application of powder prepared especially for the purpose and sold at a cheap rate.

In some countries shepherd and watch dogs are invariably castrated. It is said that these are not so liable to go mad as those left in their natural state.—*Nat. Live Stock Journal.*

[The castrated dog is relatively about the same as any other castrated animal. We have known a few very good ones, as house dogs.]

SIDE-LONG MOVEMENT OF DOGS.—The New York *Sun* finds room in its correspondence columns for almost every freak of fancy. This is one of the latest:

"There are several reasons of a scientific character why a diagonal position of a dog's body to the line of his motion is the most advantageous for the dog when going at a trot.

"First he is less liable to be upset. Any oblong body moving forward on the ground has a broader bearing when turned athwart or diagonally than when going directly endwise. A dog gains 50 per cent. or more of base by thus running, so to speak, upon a broad gauge, than when going upon a narrow gauge, that is to say, in the direct line of his length. Being liable to kicks and blows, and to be pounced upon by other dogs, it is obvious that he is able to offer greater resistance when he is moving diagonally.

"Secondly—In case a dog's safety requires him to turn suddenly and run in an opposite direction—as he is frequently compelled to do—his diagonal position is then most favorable for him, because he is partly turned around already, and his feet are in a position to serve his object most effectively.

"Thirdly—The diagonal position enables him to throw a backward glance of his eyes more readily, so that he is safer from attack in the rear.

"The nature and habits of dogs are peculiarly interesting to mankind, and especially so to young people. Does not their diagonal trot show in a familiar way the wondrous faculty of instinct?

"OPTIMIST."

ANOTHER RAILROAD DOG.—With reference to the good dog Jack, whose proceedings were described in the last number, a correspondent writes: "Perhaps you can find room in your next issue for a short account of another of the canine species, who regularly travels on the Great Western line in the Birmingham district. He wandered into Snow Hill Station, Birmingham, about eighteen months since, and, being noticed by one of the station policemen (R. A. Innes,) was given a little food. This attention to his wants at once made him follow his benefactor to his home and back to the station. He stopped at the station for some months, not doing much riding, but getting in the meantime familiar with the drivers, policemen, guards and porters, who were very fond of him and named him Topper. At last he has taken a journey, and since then he has not had any stated home. He is riding nearly the whole of the day, either in the van, on the engine, or perched, sage-like, in a compartment. He has been known to go by an early train (starting from Birmingham) to Acock's Green, and there alight for breakfast. He will then go on further and get out at almost every station to have a little chat (by almost wagging his tail off) with the officials, and will reach Leamington for his dinner. If he takes it into his head he goes still further to Banbury or Oxford, or else he returns to Birmingham, and goes home with one of the men to supper and sleep. He has been heard of and is well-known at all the stations north and south of Birmingham for a considerable distance, and, strange though it may seem, managed somehow to get on to Stafford on the London and Northwestern Railway. His instinct is wonderful, and he now chooses his friends. Some guards he will have nothing to do with, and the sight of a borough policeman drives him into a fit of rage. The reason of this is that he was one day cuffed by a policeman, and he has never forgotten it."—*London Illustrated News.*

WANTED—The pedigree of Lawlor's Leo.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Princess Pearle—Mr. C. R. Dufour, Washington, D. C., claims the name of Princess Pearle for white, black and tan setter bitch pup, by Druid-Princess Draco (Rob Roy-Livy) whelped March 3, 1881.

Luna, Stella—Mr. Hermes Roesch, St. Louis, Mo., claims the names of Luna, Stella for setter pups. Luna is a black, white and tan bitch puppy, and Stella a white and black ticked.

Kit Carson—Mr. O. F. Hill, Greenbush, N. Y., claims the name of Kit Carson for dog puppy by champion Rory O'More out of Norah O'More.

Sandy Dick—Mr. W. Montgomery, Plymouth, Ind., claims the name of Sandy Dick for puppy bought of R. G. Sylvester.

Handy Andy—Mr. R. H. Carrol, Red Hook, N. Y., claims the name of Handy Andy for cocker spaniel whelped March 26, 1881, from Racer (imported) and Daisy II., bought of Robert Walker, Oulcout Kennel, Franklin county, N. Y.

Bow Bella, Bow King—Mr. A. C. Thoenssen, Baton Rouge, La., claims the name of Bow Bella, Bow King for pups bought of Detroit Kennel Club.

Count Chum—Mr. S. L. Abbott, Jr., Boston, Mass., claims the name of Count Chum for black, white and tan, with blue ticks, dog puppy, whelped July 26, 1881, by Royal Blue (champion Gladstone-Mersey) out of Modjeska (champion Leicester-Peeress). Count Chum's marks are as follows: All white with blue ticks, black ears, a small black spot at the root of his tail, a small black spot on his right side, tan spots over his eyes and on his cheeks.

Drum—Mr. Geo. B. Inches, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Drum for black, white and tan setter dog puppy by Dick (Dinks-Flirt) out of Zoe (Cowing's Ben-Glytie).

Gipsey—Mr. G. W. Edwards, North Andover, Mass., claims the name of Gipsey for Gordon setter bitch whelped February 15, 1880, out of Bess by Baily's Tom (formerly Doane's Tom), bred by Mr. E. C. Aiden, Dedham, Mass.

Rush II—Mr. J. Herreva, Havana, Cuba, claims the name of Rush 2d for liver and white pointer dog puppy whelped April, 1881, by Glenmark out of Girl.

Cora—Mr. J. Herreva, Havana, Cuba, claims the name of Cora for lemon and white pointer bitch puppy whelped April 1, 1881, by Glenmark out of Girl.

Mac—Mr. W. Cleaver, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Mac for red Irish setter dog puppy, whelped April 1, by Jock out of Clever's Nell.

Nora and Juno O'More—Mr. Wm. Canning, Georgetown, D. C., claims the names of Nora and Juno O'More for puppies purchased of the Rory O'More Kennel.

Flora—Mrs. L. O. Rauson, Cleveland, Ohio, claims the name of Flora for pointer bitch pup by Vandal out of Maggie G.

Romeo and Juliet—Mr. J. S. Roadcrmour, McKeesport, Pa., claims the names of Romeo and Juliet for dog and bitch setter puppies of John Fawcett's stock.

BRED.

Pussy-Ayrshire Laddie—Dr. Cattanach's (14 West Forty-fourth street, New York) imported Scotch collie bitch Pussy to J. Lindsay's imported Ayrshire Laddie (1st New York, 1881), June 13.

Mossey-Ayrshire Laddie—Mr. Wm. Lindsay's Scotch collie bitch Mossey (Cowper's Sheep-Hills' Beauty) on June 4, to Jas. Lindsay's imported Ayrshire Laddie (1st New York, 1881).

Dutchess-Don Royal—Mr. Theo. A. Gill's liver and white pointer bitch Dutchess (Dilly's champion Ranger-Dell) to Mr. W. A. Coster's Don Royal (Snipe-Countess-Sancho), June 17.

Waldine Bergmann—Mr. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn.) imported dachshund bitch Waldine to his imported Bergmann.

Gipsey-Rowland—Mr. G. W. Edwards' (North Andover, Mass.) Gordon setter Gipsey (Bess-Tom) to Mr. S. B. Bray's (Beverly, Mass.) imported Gordon setter Rowland.

WHELPS.

Fanny Fifth's Pups—Brickerville, Pa., June 25.—Fanny Fifth's litter of pups is neither ten nor two, but exactly three months old to-day.—C. CAMERON.

Fannie—Mr. Geo. T. Well's (Faulkner's, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Fannie, whelped June 25, nine puppies, five dogs and four bitches, by Maj. Dexter II. Follette's imported Max. All doing well.

Evangeline—Mr. R. G. Hall's (Portland, Me.) red Irish setter bitch Evangeline whelped on June 23, eight pups, five dogs and three bitches, by Baltimore Kennel Club's Dary.

Nora—Mr. T. H. Smallman's (London, Ont.) Gordon setter Meg whelped five pups, three dogs and two bitches, by Blossom. All black and tan.

Judge—Thomas J. Egan's (Halifax, N. S.) red Irish setter bitch Madge (Nell II.-Berkley) whelped June 18, six puppies, three dogs and three bitches, by Mr. Adolph Nelson's Elcho III. (Elcho-Rose).

Judy—Mr. Thos. J. Egan's (Halifax, N. S.) clumber bitch Judy whelped June 23, nine puppies, four dogs and five bitches, by Mr. Oscar Dubuar's Bang.

Rose—Dr. Wm. Jarvis' (Claremont, N. H.) red Irish setter bitch Rose whelped seven puppies, June 13, five dogs and two bitches, by Elcho.

Flounce II.—The Baltimore Kennel Club's red Irish setter bitch Flounce II. whelped June 26, eight puppies, three dogs and five bitches, by Derg.

SALES.

Jack—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Wm. B. Drane, of Tennessee, the beagle dog Jack (parents imported).

Fanny—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Wm. H. Drane, of Tennessee, the beagle bitch Fancy (parents imported).

Queen Bess—Mr. C. E. Scott, Schenectady, N. Y., has sold his valuable brood bitch Queen Bess (lemon and white setter) to Austin Vass, Newark, N. J.

Little Dorrit—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, has sold to Mr. Maxwell Evarts, New Haven, Conn., wire haired fox terrier bitch Little Dorrit (champion Riot-Dusty).

Fanny—Calvin C. Reiss, Londerton, Pa., has sold to P. B. Baughman, Pa. Fanny, M. L., the renowned English setter bitch Fanny, Belle of the East.

Dan—Calvin C. Reiff, Londerton, Pa., has sold to Sam Carl, Lehigh county, Pa., his pointer pup Dan.

Bess—Mr. Yearsley, Jr., Coatesville, Pa., has sold to Col. Albert G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind., his bitch Bess (Pocohontas-Penn).

Rex-Topsey—Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, has sold a collie dog pup by Rex out of Topsy to Mr. S. C. Squier, Rahway, N. J.

Rex-Topsey—Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, has sold to Mr. G. R. Shotwell, Rahway, N. J., a collie dog pup by Rex out of Topsy.

Rex-Topsey—Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, has sold to Mr. H. B. McKnight, Jersey City, collie bitch pup by Rex out of Topsy.

Duke of Athol—Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, has sold to Judge Learned, Albany, N. Y., his black, tan and white imported Scotch collie dog Duke of Athol.

Shepherdess—Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, has sold to Mr. C. Adams, Burlington, Iowa, his imported black and tan Scotch collie bitch Shepherdess.

Arnolda—Mr. Isaac Yearsley, Jr., Coatesville, Pa., has purchased back Armida (Pocohontas-Leicester) a litter sister to his Countess, from T. A. Diffenderffer, Lancaster, Pa. She is now in whelp by imported Dashing Lion, he out of Llewellin's Leda by Dash II.

PRESENTATIONS.

Dell—Mr. Wm. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., has presented to Mr. C. W. Bostwick, Hudson, N. Y., an English setter puppy whelped May 8, by Joe out of Nellie.

Vauxhall—Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, has presented to Mr. R. G. Hall, Portland, Me., the black, setter pup Vauxhall, by Scott, out of Bessie. This pup is three-quarters Irish and one quarter Gordon, and contains the blood of Elcho, Flash, Rodman's Dash, Doane's Tom, etc., and was the only black pup in the litter, five others being a beautiful dark red.

EXCHANGE.

Capt. M. L. Norton, Greenbush, N. Y., has exchanged his English setter bitch Vic (Fletcher & Smith's Dash out of Campbell's imported English setter bitch Flora) with J. J. Donovan, Boston, Mass., for his red Irish setter dog Jerry D. (champion Rory O'More-Norah O'More.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT

164. C. C. R.—Is it a sign when a puppy six months old carries her ears back that she is worthless in the field? Ans. No.

165. L.—S. Joe, St. Joseph, Mo.—The books you want are Hutchinson on Dog Breaking, English edition, and The Management and Diseases of the Dog, by Hill. We can furnish them.

166. A CONSTANT READER, Norwich, Conn.—My pup is two and a half months old. The first thing I noticed wrong was about a week ago, when he began to cry out and groan in his sleep. For the last two or three days he shakes his head as if shaking water from his ears, and yesterday I discovered a lump about the size of a walnut on the left side of his throat, about two inches below the jaw bone; it does not appear to be at all tender, and is soft but firm. The puppy is in fair spirits, but thin in flesh, although he eats about as well as usual. Bowels are in good condition, nose cool and moist. His eyes run quite a little, and the hair seems to be coming off around them. Have washed his eyes twice a day in warm water, and he is kept dry and warm. Please tell me through your paper what you think is the cause of the lump, and what to do for him, and you will greatly oblige. Ans. The puppy seems to be constitutionally out of condition. The glandular swelling especially shows this to be the case, and it is quite possible he is having distemper. A mildly alterative treatment and sustaining as well is the course to pursue. See that his kennel is well ventilated and dry.

167. A. C. L., Madison, Ind.—A fatal disease for the second time has broken out among the dogs in this locality. It first makes its appearance in the eyes, which become inflamed. This is often followed by a discharge from the nose, after the manner of distemper. The appetite is soon gone; this is followed by copious frothing at the mouth, oftentimes whirling round and round. There is no indication of rabies further than the frothing at the mouth. Soon after this paralysis of the hind parts comes on, and death soon follows. The animal is not disposed to run about, but lies still and moans. I have met with no case where the dog becomes vicious. On last Saturday Mr. W. P. Graham, of this place, lost a Bruid-Neilsson bitch, twelve months old, and will probably lose her sister to-day (Dr.) died with the same disease. The latter was purchased of Mr. Simpson, a gentleman of Canada, and pronounced by Mr. Arnold Burgess the finest bitch that he had ever followed in the field. Some two months ago she was on a visit to Dashing Service, but failed, to the disappointment of her owner. Last summer, three puppies, five months old, died of the same disease. They were by Lotty out of Leda, sister to Coin. This litter I had raised myself, and I did everything that I could to save them, but all of no avail. Medical skill, no matter how great, was all at fault in the matter. Morphine administered hypodermically gave some relief from suffering, but that was all. Now the causes. Could it be from high breeding? All of these cases were of the same blood. One other case with these same results was a high bred pup of red Irish stock. Ans. The disease is probably distemper of an aggravated form, which is especially fatal among in-bred dogs. "High breeding," properly so called, is not injurious in any way, but in-breeding is.

Don't physic, for it weakens and destroys, but use HOP BITTERS, that builds up, up!

DRIFT FROM EXCHANGES.

APROPOS OF THE STEPHENSON CENTENARY the new English weekly, *Field Sports*, recalls the fact that the illustrious engineer "occupies a prominent niche in the Valhalla of the Prize Ring. The latest editor of that noted classical work, 'Boxiana,' says: 'It would indeed be the ignorance which casts away pearls were we to pass unnoticed an illustration of manhood identified with the practice of pugilism wherein the honored name of the greatest engineering genius of an engineering age was the prime actor. George Stephenson, therefore, the practical originator of the locomotive, the creator of railways as we now see them, the constructor of the most complete, permanent, and stupendous works on mainland, coast, and sea that an age of wonders has seen, finds a place in Pugilistica.' The single battle which has procured George this high honor will be found fully narrated in Smith's 'Life of Stephenson.' His opponent was one Ned Nelson—a noted bruiser in the North and an outrageous bully. The men fought in a ring with everything quite in accordance with the rules of that noble institution, the P. R., and George won an easy but not bloodless victory."

BALD-HEADED EAGLES are disappearing from the Connecticut hills. A correspondent of the Litchfield (Conn.) *Inquirer* feelingly writes: "A pair of these birds have lived for many years in the vicinity of Bantam Lake and visitors there were often delighted at the sight of them soaring high in air. One very clear day last August they came up to the village and remained circling far above the flag-staff and West Park for nearly an hour at high noon. Groups collected upon the corners to admire them, as their changing positions brought the bright sun-light full upon their splendid white heads and magnificent wings. It was the first time several of our visitors had seen an eagle and it was afterward remarked by them 'what a beautiful sight those eagles were, above the village green.' In your last week's paper I read with surprise and sorrow that they had been 'shot at Bantam Lake!' So the last pair of eagles disappear from old Litchfield, and the species is now forever extinct here; there will never be any more of them. Their age was no doubt very great. The eagle does not come to maturity until five years old and lives a long time. One died in Vienna after a captivity of 105 years. Who can tell for how many scores of years this pair had kept watch over Bantam Lake? I know not who did it, but the shooting of them was a public calamity and has forever deprived our village of a rare attraction."

OF TOMBSTONE, a town in Arizona, which has come into notice recently because of a disastrous fire there, Mr. S. Nugent Townsend writes in his recently published pamphlet, "The New Southern Route:" "The history of this remarkable name is that the discoverer of mineral here, when he first arrived, said he thought he could find mineral in the hills north of Benson. 'You will find your tombstone,' remarked a cattle drover sneeringly. The prospector persevered, and, when he did 'strike it rich' and was requested by his admiring followers to name the district, he said: 'Oh, it has been named before. I was told I should find my tombstone. And so to this day, the place is Tombstone, and despite its ominous title, a very busy, prosperous and cheerful place it is."

EAGLE'S NEST is the name of a locality in the Selden Canyon, New Mexico, where a pair of American eagles have built their nest in the face of a cliff which towers up in the air, and overhangs the railroad track. In this canyon is a lit-

tle opening or cave in the rocks, within thirty feet of the track, where a wild cat has built his lair, and sits in the mouth of his den and watches the passing trains. He has been shot at several times, but thus far has escaped.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

THE EDITOR of the Lebanon, Ill., *Journal* has received from "an estimable citizen and fellow sportsman, Mr. J. J. McKee, an infant chick of common birth, but of no common appearance. To the casual glance it appears to only be a small, brown, downy, cheeping chicken, but examination shows it having four feet, making our ordinarily biped a quadruped. Three well-formed legs are seen; one, at the knee-joint diverges, and two feet with three toes each are attached to the deformed limb. Being thus supplied, one would ask no odds in matching it with any of the gallinaceous birds of youthful years for a go-as-you-please race, any distance. But unfortunately for this individual nature has failed to give it sinew to affect any locomotion with its numerous pedal appendages."

ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE the dog cast away on Taylor's Island in the Niagara River were at the last reports unsuccessful. The Niagara Falls *Journal* says that "James Brown and Charles Shirley, made a box trap, baited it with meat, set it and let it down on the dog's solitary island by ropes. One rope 300 feet long let the trap down from the cliff above, while another rope 700 feet long held on the Suspension Bridge kept the trap from the cliff's side as it descended. The trap was landed in good shape on the top of the island. The dog came out, stood before the trap and commenced to bark. Soon he began to walk around and examine it, and finally he jumped on the uplifted top springing the trap and standing himself on top of the box monarch of the box as well as of Taylor's Island. The trap was drawn up, reset, and again lowered to a resting place on the island where the dog makes a daily inspection of it, but hasn't yet put his foot into it."

A NEW HAMPSHIRE hawk-trapper writes to the Manchester *Mirror* that he caught 300 hawks last spring in this way: "Hawks have a time of flight in the spring the same as any of our birds, and can be caught only in flight time with any degree of success. In the first place, we have one live one to start with. We tie him on the ground in a good, sightly place, giving him about four feet of line to fly up with. Then just near enough so that the decoy cannot get in, we place four or six jumper traps, baited with red or chip squirrels; one chip will bait three traps. Some times we find all the traps full. We have had them kill the hawk caught in a trap, and eat it partly up before we got around to take them out. We caught fifty hawks in one day during the two weeks that we were catching the 300. We had twenty decoys out and 100 traps. I did not shoot one during the time, and don't think Perham did. We had our guns with us all the time to kill bait with."

A DOG OWNER'S PROTECTIVE SOCIETY has been organized in England "under distinguished patronage," the advertisement reads. "To exterminate if possible by the united cooperation of dog owners the spreading practice of dog stealing, the committee propose to agitate for the alteration of the law that dog stealing become a felony instead of a misdemeanor; to secure more perfect supervision of dog dealing and dog traveling, and to forward the prosecution of persons in illegal possession of dogs."

TROUT IN CANADA.

LAKE MEGANTIC, June 20.

THE trouting season opened slowly and unfavorably in this region the present spring. On the 6th and 7th inst. we had such severe frosts that the leaves fell from the ash and butternut trees as if scorched by fire. There was a great run of brook trout into the lake on the first and second days of this month. Careful observers estimated that over a barrel of trout were caught on each of the days named, the bridge across the Chandien at the outlet being lined from end to end with the natives, from six to sixty, pulling them in by main strength and awkwardness. Sunday, the 5th, three gentlemen, Messrs. Hall, Drew and Ham, from Lewiston, arrived at the foot of the lake, having tramped through from the headwaters of Dead River. They were caught in a shower which was almost a hail storm, when eight miles from the lake, then sat in their wet clothes to be rowed twelve miles, and when they arrived were nearly speechless from cold. They became enthusiastic, however, when thawed out, and reported trout abundant in all the upper waters of Dead River, and signs of large game abounded throughout their route.

The trout streams which I have visited here do not compare favorably with those of my own State. The waters are discolored and shallow, and no trout are found in them after summer weather fairly sets in. I cannot advise sportsmen to come here in the spring; but it must be a magnificent country to hunt and fish in in the fall. Deer, caribou and moose are plenty, especially the two first; also the fur bearing animals, as well as ruffed grouse; and a trip through the forest to the Moose, Magalloway or Dead rivers at that season of the year would be simply delightful.

Passing through the baggage-car on the International R. R. the other day, my attention was drawn to a beautiful spaniel lying at the feet of a gentleman whom up to that time I had not particularly noticed. Just then one of the train hands came along and asked him what luck he had. His answer was to lift the cover from a butter firkin at his side and display a lot of beauties which made the native's eyes open to their fullest extent. Then followed the inevitable question: "Where did you catch them?" "Oh, I pull'ed them out of the mud holes above the dam" (on Salmon River). The gravity with which this extraordinary statement was given could only be equaled by the good faith with which it was received. This gentleman who had such remarkable success in pulling trout out of mud holes was your correspondent "Stanstead," well known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. His hands were torn by the alders through which he had forced his way, his neck was badly bitten by black flies, and his face was a beautiful tan color, from the effects of oil and tar; but he had forty pounds of brook trout, some of them weighing two and one-half pounds, and was happy. PENOBSCOT.

AN AMAZING FISH STORY.

[A translation from the French in the San Francisco *Chronicle.*]

A rich proprietor at the interior had made to establish a pond artificial, where found themselves agglomerated 3,000 trouts.

This proprietor is the father of a girling of from 5 to 6.

She had taken the habitude to go each morning to give to eat to the trouts, at the aid of crumbs of bread.

These fishes were become so enlamed that they skipped out of the water for to attrap the crumbs which the infant held in the crevice of her hand.

It arrived one day that she lost the equilibrium, and she fell, the head first in the pond, of which the water was enough profound.

At the cries emitted by the girling the father was run himself

But what horror! He saw his infant extenced without movement at the surface, where she floated as a cork.

What was not the surprise of the father in seeing that she had been supported by a mass compact of trouts.

The fishes had arranged themselves under her body as to sustain and prevent her from to drown.

If this history is truthful the fishes are not so much deprived of the intelligence as one pleased himself to believe.

THE LARGE TROUT OF THE RIO GRANDE.—The Del Norte *Prospector* says: "Through the kindness of Daniel W. Soward we were shown a paper profile of the largest trout ever taken from the Rio Grande, and we may venture the prediction that it is the largest that ever was or ever will be found. On the paper were these words: Exact size of a trout taken by W. J. Banta at Antelope springs, Colorado, June 12, 1881. Weight when taken from the water, nine pounds two ounces; dressed, seven pounds six ounces. Length, two feet two inches. Witnesses, D. W. Soward, Robert Phillips, R. D. Filson, Pittsburg, Pa., J. D. Prideaux, Mineral Point, Wisconsin; J. Soward, Thos. Cadle, Will Crites, Henry Green, Wm. Clipper. There are many who will doubt the truth of the above statement, as it is generally known that a three-pound trout is considered about as large as they usually get to be, and one of four or five pounds' weight is considered a monster, and requires skill in landing."

A friend, in commenting on this to Mr. Chas. F. Imbrie, says:

They don't grow in Colorado. Oh, no! Just size up to this trout with some of your *liver fed* sick ones in New York.

I take a back seat—nine pounds two ounces is the boss.

C. NEWMAN.

ONE of the most exciting sports in Bombay is hunting the peacock, which is found in great numbers in the jungles. Peacock's eggs form a staple article of commerce in India. Curiously enough the natives have an old proverb which they give to peacock hunters—"When you see the peacock look out for the tiger," for they declare that these two incongruous beings live in perfect harmony together.

SPALDING'S MANUAL.—We have received from the publishers "Spalding's Complete Manual of Boxing, Club Swining and Dumbbell Exercise. The book is written by Geo. H. Benedict, well-known expert in the art of which he writes; and is amply illustrated. The instructions are plain, concise and intelligible; and the book forms an admirable manual for self instruction. D. G. Spalding & Bros., publishers, 108 Madison street, Chicago. Price paper 25; board 50.

That invalid wife, mother, sister or child can be made the picture of health with Hop Bitters.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE TRAP.

THE TOURNAMENT AT CONEY ISLAND.

TUESDAY—CONCLUDED.

During the day the first contest of the Inter-State match was shot off. There were forty-five entries, and the following score will show the work done:

R B Organ	1111111—7	F Fitzmire	1111101—6
M J Eick	1111001—5	H Altenbrand	0011111—5
Dr C Henry	1011101—5	Wm Hughes	1111111—7
J M Hersher	1111101—6	A Roberts	1101011—5
C Willard	1111111—7	H L Roberts	1011001—4
W Greenwood	0111112—6	W S Bell	1111111—7
E Hudson	1111101—6	J R Hendricks	1111111—7
D M Le Fevere	1111111—7	C W Wingert	1011110—6
W Stanwood	1111111—7	F M Thompson	1111112—7
M J Pigmore	1101111—6	M Y Baylis	1111111—7
J Linnerman	1111112—7	H B Hooker	1111110—6
C Townsend	1111111—7	J Denvan	0111111—6
J F Kleinz	0111111—6	J B Black	1111111—7
Wm Brewer	1111111—7	I H Smith	1111111—7
G A Strong	1101111—6	J A Nichols	0111111—6
F McQuade	1111111—7	P P Denlson	0111111—6
S D Brigham	1110111—6	E H Madison	0111111—6
E M Hammond	1111110—6	G Meister	1111111—7
J Ferguson	1101111—6	J P Fisher	1011111—6
Dr Karsner	1011110—5	G W Smith	1111011—6
Dr Talbot	1011111—6	G C Luther	1111111—7
T Davis	1110011—5	E P Smith	1111111—7

Eighteen men tied on seven birds, and at 26 yards scored as follows: Organ 3, Willard 2, Le Fevere 3, Stanwood 3, Linnerman 3, Townsend 3, Brewer 3, Hughes 3, Bell 2, Hendricks 0, Thompson 3, Baylis 3, Black 1, Smith 3, Meister 3, Luther 3, Cook, Jr. 3. Those that had died on three then stepped back to the 31 yards score, and the shoot-off resulted as follows: Smith 3, Hughes 3, Thompson 3, Organ 0, Linnerman 3, Meister 3, Townsend 3, Le Fevere 1, Luther 3, Stanwood 3, Brewer 0, Cook, Jr. 3. In the next tie on three only one man dropped out, as the affixed score shows: Smith 3, Hughes 3, Thompson 3, Linnerman 0, Meister 3, Townsend 3, Luther 3, Stanwood 3, Cook, Jr, 3. Second tie on three at 31 yards: Smith 1, Hughes 3, Thompson 3, Meister 3, Townsend 3, Luther 3, Cook, Jr, 0, Stanwood 2. Third tie on three at 31 yards: Hughes 0, Thompson 3, Meister 1, Townsend 3, Luther 3. Fourth tie on three at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Fifth tie on three at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Ties on two at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Mr. G. C. Luther, of Syracuse, winning first, and F. M. Thompson, of Jersey City, winning second place in Class A. In the ties on six at 26 yards the following scores were made: Hammond 3, Hudson 3, Hersher 3, Smith 0, Kleinz 3, Fitzmire 3, Fisher 3, Plympton 3, Greenwood 3, Wingert 0, Bingham 0, Nichols 0, Hooker 1, Madison 3, Strong 3, Denman 3, Talbot 3, Brewer 3, Hughes 3, Bell 2, Hendricks 0, Thompson 3, Baylis 3, Townsend 3, Luther 3. Fourth tie on three at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Fifth tie on three at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Ties on two at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Mr. G. C. Luther, of Syracuse, winning first, and F. M. Thompson, of Jersey City, winning second place in Class A. In the ties on six at 26 yards the following scores were made: Hammond 3, Hudson 3, Hersher 3, Smith 0, Kleinz 3, Fitzmire 3, Fisher 3, Plympton 3, Greenwood 3, Wingert 0, Bingham 0, Nichols 0, Hooker 1, Madison 3, Strong 3, Denman 3, Talbot 3. Second tie on three at 31 yards: Hammond 3, Hudson 3, Hersher 3, Smith 1, Hughes 3, Thompson 3, Meister 3, Townsend 3, Luther 3, Cook, Jr, 0, Stanwood 2. Third tie on three at 31 yards: Hughes 0, Thompson 3, Meister 1, Townsend 3, Luther 3. Fourth tie on three at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Fifth tie on three at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Ties on two at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Mr. G. C. Luther, of Syracuse, winning first, and F. M. Thompson, of Jersey City, winning second place in Class A. In the ties on six at 26 yards the following scores were made: Hammond 3, Hudson 3, Hersher 3, Smith 0, Kleinz 3, Fitzmire 3, Fisher 3, Plympton 3, Greenwood 3, Wingert 0, Bingham 0, Nichols 0, Hooker 1, Madison 3, Strong 3, Denman 3, Talbot 3. Second tie on three at 31 yards: Hammond 3, Hudson 3, Hersher 3, Smith 1, Hughes 3, Thompson 3, Meister 3, Townsend 3, Luther 3, Cook, Jr, 0, Stanwood 2. Third tie on three at 31 yards: Hughes 0, Thompson 3, Meister 1, Townsend 3, Luther 3. Fourth tie on three at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Fifth tie on three at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Ties on two at 31 yards: Thompson 2, Luther 3. Mr. G. C. Luther, of Syracuse, winning first, and F. M. Thompson, of Jersey City, winning second place in Class A. In the ties on six at 26 yards the following scores were made: Hammond 3, Hudson 3, Hersher 3, Smith 0, Kleinz 3, Fitzmire 3, Fisher 3, Plympton 3, Greenwood 3, Wingert 0, Bingham 0, Nichols 0, Hooker 1, Madison 3, Strong 3, Denman 3, Talbot 3. Second tie on three at 31 yards: Hammond 3, Hudson 2, Hersher 0, Kleinz 3, Fisher 3, Greenwood 3, Denman 3, Talbot 3. Fourth tie on three at 31 yards: Hammond 1, Kleinz 3, Fisher 0, Greenwood 3, Denman 1, Talbot 1. Mr. J. F. Kleinz and W. Greenwood, both of Philadelphia, dividing the first and second prizes in Class B.

In the ties on five there were only six contestants, and they scored as follows at 26 yards: Eick 2, Henry 3, Altenbrand 0, Roberts 2, Denlson 0, Karsner 1. Ties on three shot at 31 yards: Eick 3, Henry 3, Karsner 0. Mr. M. J. Eick, of Chicago, winning first, and Dr. Henry, of Jacksonville, Ill., winning second prize in this class.

The only man that had killed only four birds was Mr. H. L. Roberts, of Winsted, Conn., and he won the first prize in Class D. This ended the sport for the day. On Wednesday the birds were a trifle better than on the previous days, but a small number of them only were good strong flyers.

CLASS SHOOT.

The next contest was a class shoot at five double rises. There were only twenty-three entries in this contest. Following is the score:

J D Burroughs	01 11 11 10 11—8	J B Henricks	11 11 11 10 10—8
H B Hooker	11 11 10 11 00—7	J B Black	11 11 11 00 11—8
J F Kleinz	11 11 11 11 00—9	J C Linnerman	11 11 01 11 11—9
Dr D Karsner	10 10 11 11 11—8	J M George	11 11 11 10 11—9
J Brewer	11 10 00 11 11—7	G F Gildersleeve	11 11 11 11 11—10
S A Tucker	11 11 11 10 11—9	Wm Greenwood	11 11 11 11 10—9
R B Organ	11 01 10 10 11—7	E Hudson	11 01 10 11 11—8
C Henry	11 11 00 11 11—8	M Y Baylis	11 11 10 11 11—9
M J Eick	11 10 10 11 10—7	H W Brooks	11 11 10 11 11—9
St John	11 11 00 11 11—8	I. H Smith	11 01 11 01 01—7
C Townsend	11 10 11 11 11—9	Dr Talbot	11 10 11 11 11—9
W S Bell	11 11 10 11 11—9		

Mr. G. F. Gildersleeve, of Brooklyn, being the only man that had killed all his birds won the first prize. The ties on nine for the prizes in Class B were shot off at two pair at 31 yards, with the following result: Bell 1, Kleinz 4, Baylis 1, Tucker 4, Greenwood 1, Linneman 4, George 4, Brooks 1, Talbot 4, Townsend 2. Ties on four: Kleinz 4, Linnerman 4, George 4, Talbot 3. Second ties on four: Kleinz 3, Linnerman 4, George 4. Third tie on four: Tucker 3, George 4. Mr. J. V. George, of Bradford, Pa., winning first, and S. A. Tucker, of New York, winning second in class B.

The ties on eight were soon disposed of as the appended score will show: Hendricks 3, Karsner 0, Hudson 4, Burroughs 4, Black 1, Hersher 4, Henry 1. Ties on four: Hudson 3, Burroughs 3, Hersher 4. Mr. J. M. Hersher, of Osage City, Kans., winning the first prize in Class C. There were not sufficient entries in class A, so No. 12, so it was declared off. The last contest of the pigeon shooting was:

CONTEST NO. 13.

Class shoot, five traps, Hurlingham rules, 5 birds to each contestant, 30 yards. The following are the scores:

I. H Smith	11111—5	C Henry	11101—4
M Y Baylis	11111—5	E Hudson	11100—3
H B Hooker	11111—5	J Brewer	11110—4
J F Kleinz	11111—5	C W Wingert	11011—4
W Greenwood	11111—5	E H Madison	10010—2
Dr Talbot	11111—5	F Thompson	01110—3
W S Bell	01111—4	S A Tucker	11111—5
J S Linnerman	11111—5	F Harrison	11111—5
J B Black	11111—5	J Register	11111—5
H McLoughlin	10111—4	G C Luther	11111—5
J R Hendricks	11111—5	F Hyer	11111—5
J M George	11110—4	H Hedeman	01100—2
Dr S Karsner	11110—4	Capt W L B Steers	01110—3
R B Organ	11011—4	P McGill	01110—3
C E Willard	11111—5	J Von Lengerke	10111—4
J M Hersher	11101—4	C Townsend	11111—5
M J Eich	11111—5	J A Nichols	11110—4

There were seventeen men that tied on five birds, and in the ties shot off miss and go out: Smith 11, Baylis 0, Hooker 4, Kleinz 28, W Greenwood 5, Talbot 8, Linnerman 7, Black 1, Hendricks 4, Willard 27, Eich 0, Tucker 1,8 Harrison 26, Register 9, Luther 4, Hyer 9, Townsend 27. Mr. J. F. Kleinz of Philadelphia won winning the first place.

The ties on four were next shot off with the following result: Bell 2, George 1, Karsner 2, Hersher 6, Brewer 1, Wingert 0, Von Lengerke 16, Nichols 15. Mr. J. Von Lengerke of Hoboken winning the second prize.

Ties on three for third prize: Thompson 1, Steers 3, McGill 4. Mr P. McGill of Brooklyn winning.

Ties on two for fourth prize: Madison 0, Hedeman 1. Mr. H. Hedeman of Brooklyn killed the last bird in the tournament and won the fourth prize.

The report of the awards in the Press shoot, in our last issue, was intended to be a simple statement of fact, and not at all a comment upon the nature of the transaction.

SOME LEADVILLE SCORES.—Leadville, Col., June 26.—We have a gun club here and practice on glass balls once a week, Wednesday being our shooting day. Yesterday six of us got together and decided to shoot twenty braces each, the result of which you will find below. I think it will compare favorably with any reports we see in your paper. We can do it six days in every week, too:

A M Hogle	11111 11111 11111 11111 11011—19
F C Fay	11011 10011 00111 10111—14
Wm Holland	11111 11111 11111 11111 11111—20
Wm Kidd	11111 11111 11111 11111 11101—19
H A Ford	01101 01111 00111 01111—14
J M Fisher	11111 11111 11111 01101—18

J. K.

THE MICHIGAN STATE MEDAL—Detroit, Mich., July.—Yesterday had long-delayed shoot for the Michigan State Medal came off at Hurlingham Park. It was a mighty lively scramble. Gilliman had already won the medal twice in succession and needed to win it only once more to make it his personal property and thus break up the system which has been in vogue about ten years. However, he didn't win it, and the golden bauble is still the property of the Michigan State Medal Association. Everybody was in good form and the following score was shown:

Gillman	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—10	Avery	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—10
Metzger	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—10	Eldredge	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 *
"Nimrod"	1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—9	Chudleigh	0 1 1 0 *
Stenton	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	Mason	1 1 1 1 0 0 *
Jewett	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10		

First Shoot-Off on Ties.

Gillman	1 1 0 1 1—4	Jewett	1 1 1 1 1—5
Metzger	1 1 1 0 *	Avery	1 1 1 1 1—5
Stenton	1 1 1 1 1—5		

Second Shoot-Off.

Stenton	1 1 1 1 0—4	Avery	1 1 1 1 1—5
Jewett	1 1 1 1 0—4		

* Withdrew.

Avery won the medal and he made a genuine jubilee over his achievement. Gilliman accepted defeat with characteristic stoicism and ditioed the guying of his comrades, who somehow always find peculiar satisfaction in seeing this Jack-the-Giant Killer devoured.

BLACK BASS.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.—Semi-annual shooting contest, Bridgeville; fame birds, strong flyers and hard to hit; 26 yards. The first prize, a handsome silver cup, was won by Mr. C. Carpenter. The second prize, a gold medal, was won by Mr. Breckenridge, and the third prize, a silver medal, was taken by Mr. W. C. Taylor. Owing to the scarcity of birds, only eight were shot at. Mr. Carpenter won in the tie with Mr. Taylor. The following is the score:

C A Carpenter	11111111—8	James Bown	00101111—5
W C Taylor	11111111—8	J P O'Neil	11001111—6
W Breckenridge	10111011—6	Henry Thomas	11001111—6
C Hostetter	11101110—6	Henry Hartley	10101111—6
J Denny	11110111—7	J B White	01001100—3
R C Robertson	01101111—6	W White	00010100—2
J M Thorpe	10101101—5	S C Creamer	00001000—2
E Gregg	00010001—2	W C Berringer	01101110—5
A Crawford	11011000—4	J C Graham	10111011—6
J W Orth	10100111—5	F Denny	11010010—4

In the handicap match at five birds eight ties were made. This match was for a gold medal. The positions were according to the first score, ranging from 31 to 17 yards. After shooting off numerous ties, Mr. Breckenridge won the medal. The glass ball shoot at 18 yards' rise was won by Mr. Taylor with twelve balls out of fifteen, and he won the silver medal.

DAVENPORT, N. Y., June 18.—Davenport Gun Club; weekly shoot for club gold badge; 15 balls per man, Davenport's revolving trap and rules, 18 yards:

W Muller	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0—11
J Davenport, Jr	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1—10
D Cha berlain	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—12
L A Davenport	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14
S Sawyer	1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—10

June 21, same condition, only shot from Davenport's extra swift trap throwing a ball 40 yards:

L A Davenport	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0—12
S Sawyer	0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1—10
W Muller	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—10
J Davenport, Jr	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—13
Peter Smith	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0—10

TOLEDO, Ohio, June 25.—The Corn City Rifle Club had a shoot at their range this afternoon at 500 yards, Creedmoor target, 3 lbs. pull. It required from 0 to 3¼ points wiggage on long-range rifle. The light and weather were bad and showery. First score:

F A Root	5555555555—50	Geo Spross	4455555455—45
S L Frazer	4034455054—34	F T Lindenberger	4544325444—38
B F Sawyer	4545452054—38		

Second score:

F A Root	4455555535—48	F T Lindenberger	4555453555—46
Geo Spross	5555555555—49		

ST. PAUL, Minn.—A glass ball tournament, open to all sportsmen, will be held at St. Paul, Minn., under the auspices of the St. Paul Gun Club, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, July 19, 20 and 21, 1881. A large attendance and valuable special prizes are already assured. Full programme of the shoot will be out in a few days. For further particulars, address John P. Burkhard, Sec. St. Paul Gun Club.

CATAWISSA, Pa., July 2.—Below please find weekly score of Catawissa Glass Ball Club, Saturday, July 2, for badge:

	Total.
Aldrich	1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—14
Eyer	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1—15
Fox	0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—16
Reifsnyder	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—16
Drinker	0 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0—9
Stadler	0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—13
Waters	0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—15
Maloy	1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1—10

H. B. A.

IN THE BRIDGEPORT TOURNAMENT June 19th, Mr. John White won the State Championship Prize in a contest with sixteen competitors. His score was 22 balls out of 25. Harry Nichols took second money, breaking 21 balls, and George W. Simmonds third, breaking 20. White, Nichols, Adams, Simmonds and Lawsted in the sweepstakes shooting.

When worn down and ready to take your bed, Hop Bitters is what you need to relieve you.

Yachting and Canoeing.

July 9.—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S. Members' prize.
July 9.—Beverly Y. C. Championship regatta, Swampscott
July 10.—Salem Bay Y. C. Second Championship race.
July 12.—Pacific Y. C. Annual regatta.
July 12.—Columbia Y. C. Commodore's Cup.
July 15.—New Bedford Y. C. Annual race.
July 15.—Atlantic Y. C. Annual cruise. Black Rock.
July 16.—Dorchester Y. C. Club house regatta.

THE INTER STATE MATCHES.

THE races have been sailed and poor Silence comes North again, after a plucky venture with the odds against her in the way of several of the smartest jib and mainsails ever built. For the regular inter state race, June 30, there came to the line such noted flyers as Lady Emma, ex-W. H. Brown; Pluck and Luck, Cygnus, of Southern build, and Albertine, ex-Susie S. With such a fleet as opponents Silence had taken a heavy contract, and the chances were hardly in her favor. Still she sailed a grand race, and a different tale might have been told had she not, in true New York fashion broken down at the critical moment. But for carrying away her topmast and getting in a mess with the sail, Skipper Smith would have landed a cool $1,000. The yachts were sent away at 3:30? to a promising five knot wind from the west. Albertine took the lead, followed by Albertine and Silence close aboard. A gust took the topmast out of her, but the wreck was secured as speedily as possible, and as the wind was freshening right along the loss was not felt. She went into second place with Lady Emma leading by a little more than a minute. The first mark was rounded by the lady ahead, Silence next, then Albertine, Pluck and Luck, Daisy and Cygnus. At the next mark Pluck and Daisy fouled, the race virtually laying between the two leaders, who made the three rounds of the five-mile triangular course without change, Lady Emma winning by the narrow margin of 41 seconds, after allowing for slight difference in length. The match for $1,000 between Silence and Albertine, sailed July 2, was declared void, owing to misunderstanding about rounding the marks and a race ten miles to windward and back was subsequently made. Silence lost 2m. 46s. at the start, her anchor fouling, and Albertine won the stakes by 1m. 43s. It is a pity that both races should have been lost to the New York boat through accidents, and Skipper Jn Smith deserves sympathy for his poor luck, as he was the only man in New York with enterprise enough to accept the liberal offer made by the Southern Y. C.

THE POOR MAN'S YACHT.

WITHOUT question the foremost of all manly sports is yachting, encouraging as it does, in the highest degree, self-reliance, decision, quickness of thought and action, endurance and daring, while open to none of those objections which are urged against the less manly urged against many out-door sports, whose sole attraction is the pleasure of killing something; and not likely to degenerate into an mere excuse for gambling, as many have. But yachting even on a small scale is costly, and the majority, or the vast majority, so that those of limited means seek amusement or exercise in what we have had to choose between the small sailboat, or the shell, or wherry. The former, while excellent for some purposes, are seldom adapted for any kind of cruising or for more than short sails in smooth water, and the exquisite that make yachting a delightful art of a great extent absent, while in the rowing boat these are entirely lacking, the sculler being nothing but a skillful gymnast who has transferred his labors to the water, and not of necessity either a boatman or sailor. Within the past few years, however, a new class of boats has sprung up, and the title "Rob Roy" of Macgregor has given birth to a fleet of small craft, scattered over all the world, of such variety as to suit every taste, and offering to all the pleasures of a yacht at a merely nominal cost. The man whose ideal is a big schooner, with luxurious cabins, well-filled wine locker, and sailing master to take her from port to port in summer, while he runs around by rail, would hardly appreciate a fourteen-foot cruiser, and he whose "boating" consists of just spins on a "slider," would laugh at four miles an hour in a canoe, but those who love the free open-air life, the liberty to go when and where one pleases, the contest with wind and wave, the sense of power that a hand on sheet or tiller brings, and who can take a dashing cheerfully, or face a norwester without grumbling, will find that the pleasures of yachting and canoeing, differ in degree, but not in kind. The canoe is no longer an experiment, but an established fact; ridiculed by newspapers, chaffed by small boy and bargee, left to leeward mourning and wrathful, by the cat-boat, looked down on with scorn by the oarsman from the standpoint of his slider; the canoeist has nevertheless steadily paddled his way into favor, learning from one here and another there, taking his paddle from the Esquimaux, his sail from the Chinese, his model from the birch-bark, the kayak or the dug-out, as he will, and, as he improves, whirling rapids, or ventures on deeper and broader waters, always improving his boat, until now he is sole commander of a craft as perfect in every detail as the finest yacht, and capable of any voyage short of a trans-Atlantic one. He is troubled with no sailing master, pilot or crew, and can laugh at bills for docking, wharfage, pilotage, etc., that sound the yachtman's pocket, while the sense of perfect freedom, and the exhilaration of an out-door life are enjoyed by him as thoroughly as by the owner of the schooner or cutter. The question of relative cost between a canoe and a small sailing boat is often decided against the former, the argument being, "Why pay say $100 for canoe carrying but myself, when for double the sum I can buy a cat-boat 18 to 20 feet long, not new but in good order, in which I can take out a party of friends?" This is one side, but the end of one season shows the other. The cat-boat or sloop cannot "eat her head off" like a horse, but what she can do, between moorings, caretaker, hauling out and scrubbing, laying up in winter, new sails, repairs and numberless incidentals, will probably astonish one who tries it for the first time. The canoe, on the contrary, once complete needs but a boat-house or shelter, usually easily found, and a coat of varnish from time to time. In winter she is "laid up" in his sanctum, if owned by a bachelor, otherwise the garret or cellar must do, and the needed repairs and alterations are usually a labor of love for her crew. She is always ready for use, and the expenses of cruising (not including rail transit) where the owner sleeps aboard and camps out, need not exceed two to four dollars per week. To students and professional men, especially, the canoe offers a means of exercise at once safe, pleasant and easily learned at a reasonable cost. Compared with rowing the position, with a rest for the back, is much more comfortable, while the canoeist has a full view of all beyond him, instead of fleeting glances at the receding shores, a great advantage on a pleasure trip in strange waters. That rowing does not fill the general demand is shown by the experience of our college navies, who often find it difficult to find four, out of a dozen or three hundred, who will undergo the trouble or expense of training for a race, added to which, there is often trouble in meeting the expenses of boats, etc., owing to the small number interested. Canoeing, on the contrary, requires no long and severe training, but brings in the same degree of seamanship in the sailing races, that would interest many, and the paddling races, owing to the different stroke, are open to none of the dangers of rowing.

When rowing first took a place among college sports some sixty years since, the long oars and clumsy fittings made the work hard and laborious, but the stroke being slow, there was little strain on the respiratory organs, and no danger of over-exertion, but the improvements in the boat and fittings have reduced the amount of work to almost nothing, but increased its rate, the strokes per minute being almost doubled, so that the strain is thrown from the back and arms on to the heart and lungs, greatly increasing the danger, diminishing its value as a means of exercise, and making it unsuitable for the very ones who would be most benefited by open air exercise. The charm of canoeing does not depend on traveling at the greatest possible speed, nor does it rely on the stimulus and excitement of racing. The stroke is much slower, and though the work of paddling a loaded canoe is much heavier than rowing a shell, and may make the arms and back ache, it is often done by those who could not safely stand a mile spin at half speed. As to racing, the canoe answers perfectly without sacrificing those cruising qualities that should always be predominant, and it is fast becoming a favorite feature. The best view possible of a shell race is but brief and unsatisfactory to the participants, how much more than that a fleet of canoes under racing canvas. Since the brilliant turnout of 1875, college aquatics have, with few exceptions been anything but flourishing, and a number of the smaller colleges no longer send out crews. Owing to the size of our coasts the Yale-Harvard race can never become a National event like the Oxford and Cambridge, but the interest in college races must be mostly local. What each college needs is some sort of sport open to all, strong and weak, large and small, and not only to a few athletes. Such rowing does not fulfill this condition, and students can find no better time than the present to try whether the "Poor Man's Yacht" does.

W. P. STEPHENS.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.

THE union regatta was sailed July 4 under rules of the most approved sort. That a lake club of only a few years' standing should have swung itself to the fore and enable us to hold it up as an example to the long-jointed, much-rigged organizations along the Atlantic coast speaks volumes for the intelligence and "drive" of our Western friends. It does seem as though all the improvements and innovations are to come back to us from the West. If such a young club as the Buffalo cannot as yet muster as strong a fleet, or show as much tonnage as similar institutions on the seaboard, it is only because Buffalo lacks the population, wealth and leisure of older yachting ports. But in its sailing rules the B. Y. C. is not only fully abreast of the time, but sets an example in several respects even to such well organized concerns as the New York Y. C., Atlantic Y. C. and Seawanhaka Y. C., besides the host of smaller ones, which, without exception, are far behind the demands of the times in respect to measurement, starting, classification, sails allowed, ballast, etc. We hope that other lake yachtsmen, in casting about for suitable rules by which their races are to be governed, will not deem it necessary to come to New York for information when they can find a more intelligent and enlightened administration of affairs much nearer home. We commend to their consideration, besides the regular "rule of the road" as laid down in the Y. R. A. pamphlet, the following rules, distinctively adopted by the Buffalo Yacht Club:

"Measuring.—All yachts must be measured before 10 A. M. of July 4, and the same handed to the time-keeper before taking position in the race.

"Scrutineers.—The judges may appoint a man to accompany each yacht as scrutineer if they deem it advisable.

"Starting.—All yachts must be in position to take a flying start at 1 o'clock P. M. sharp, the start to be made as follows: Four whistles will be given to start, time to be taken at the sounding of the two or starting whistles. Any yacht north of the starting line at the time of sounding and starting whistles to be ruled out of the race. Time allowance will be given at the finish.

"Sails.—Any and all kinds of sails may be carried.

"Ballast.—Yachts will not be allowed to take in or discharge ballast after having taken position at the starting line, without permission of the Regatta Committee.

"Crews.—Schooners shall be allowed to carry one man for every five feet of mean length, and sloops one man for every six feet mean length.

"Rule for Measurement.—Measurement for time allowance shall be based on size, to be found by multiplying the mean length by extreme beam, the product multiplied by depth (which equals the cubic contents of a circumscribed parallelogram, and divided by 117 gives the tonnage. In the final product of the three dimensions fractions under one-half cubic foot shall be dropped, and for one-half or over it shall be regarded as one and added. Fractions of an inch shall be expressed in hundredths, and fractions under five thousandths shall be dropped, and five thousandths or over shall be counted one hundredths. Mean length will be found by adding one-half of the overhang at each end (overhang forward from fore side of stem at water line to fore edge of rebate at deck) to length on water line fore side of stem to extreme after end, exclusive of rudder. Beam is measured at the widest part outside of planking, but exclusive of guard or sailrail. Depth is taken outside from plankshear at lowest part of shear to bottom of planking at the deepest place.

"Time Allowance.—Time allowance shall be one second per mile for one-thirtieth difference in size, as per table (which is started at two tons, one advantage in time), which is made out for a ten-mile race. To find the time allowance, subtract the time opposite the smallest one from the time opposite the larger, as follows: Suppose the time a ten-ton yacht should allow one of nine tons is wanted. The time opposite ten tons is 7 minutes, 3.7 seconds, and that of nine tons is 6 minutes, 3 8.7 seconds, and the difference between them is 30 seconds, which is the time the ten-ton yacht allows one of nine tons in a ten-mile race. If the race is either over or under ten miles, multiply the time allowed by the number of miles, and divide by ten as follows in a ten-mile race:

30
13

10)390

39 seconds.

TABLE OF TIME ALLOWANCE FOR A TEN-MILE RACE.

Tons.	Cubic feet.	Min.	Sec.	Tons.	Cubic feet.	Min.	Sec.
2	234	..	..	27	3259	11	58.4
3	351	1	49	28	3376	12	9.1
4	468	2	55	29	3493	12	19.4
5	585	3	55	30	3610	12	29.4
6	702	4	45	31	3727	12	39.1
7	819	5	27.8	32	3844	12	48.5
8	936	6	5.3	33	3961	12	57.6
9	1053	6	38.7	34	4078	13	6.6
10	1170	7	8.7	35	4195	13	15.3
11	1287	7	35.7	36	4312	13	23.5
12	1404	8	.7	37	4429	13	31.6
13	1521	8	23.7	38	4546	13	39.5
14	1638	8	46.1	39	4663	13	47.3
15	1755	9	6.1	40	4780	13	54.7
16	1872	9	24.9	41	4897	14	2.1
17	1989	9	42.7	42	5014	14	9.1
18	2106	9	59.4	43	5131	14	16.1
19	2223	10	15.1	44	5248	14	22.9
20	2340	10	30.1	45	5365	14	29.6
21	2457	10	46.6	46	5482	14	36.1
22	2574	10	58.2	47	5599	14	42.5
23	2691	11	11.8	48	5716	14	48.8
24	2808	11	23.8	49	5833	14	54.9
25	2915	11	35.8	50	*5980	15	.9
26	3142	11	47.3				

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE SEAWANHAKA Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Through your columns I desire to address a remonstrance to the officers and Regatta Committee of the S. Y. C. regarding their action in excluding the sloop Fanita from the last Corinthian race.

As I understand the case from the reports of the papers the Fanita was excluded on the ground that some of her crew "were well-known oystermen from Communipaw Bay," whereas their occupations were put down as farmers by Captain Prague in his crew list.

I did not see Captain Prague's return, but as I am acquainted with all the proposed members of that crew I have no doubt the farmers referred to were the three Van Buskirk boys.

I have known these young men for fifteen years. One of them is and has been for many years past book-keeper and cashier for his uncle, Phillip Ellsworth.

The other two always have lived with and worked for their father, John Van Buskirk, who is a large landed proprietor—one of the old new Jersey stock—and owns a farm as desirable a look that is of a size and money value that would a hundred times balance the meagre bank accounts of some "Corinthians" who affect to disparage and slight his boys.

None of the three boys ever followed the occupation of oystering as a means of living.

In the second place, to my knowledge these same young men have been always and eagerly sought for, and have heretofore sailed in the Corinthian races of this club without their standing as amateurs being questioned.

Now, on the other hand, in the same race the schooner Clytie is listed as sailing with "her regular crew, and therefore professionals."

She was allowed to start with this fact known, and with the permission of the Regatta Committee, if the report is correct.

Also in the crew list of the sloop Mischief is the name of A. Cary Smith. This gentleman is an old friend of mine, I hope he will not be offended at that which I shall say about him.

He served his time as a yacht and boat builder with Captain Bob Fish, and on graduating from his shop set up on his own account. He built various craft of various sizes, and raced them for money. I refer to the old Comet, N Plum, Dream and others.

Since that time he has become an artist (and a good one, too,) but at the same time no inconsiderable portion of his income is derived from designing and building yachts of all classes. I think he makes his living "off the water" just as much as any clam man, and if he is an amateur just fetch on your professionals, and let us see what they look like.

Mr. Maxwell has modelled yachts for himself and for others, and so has Mr. Centre, so has Mr. R. Schuyler and so has Mr. Kunhardt, and the last gentleman was also formerly a naval officer. I think if any one either down at Annapolis or at the FOREST AND STREAM office called him an "amateur" that he would get awfully mad.

Yet these gentlemen sail in the S. Y. C. both as amateurs and as professionals. I think this is rather tough on the professionals also.

Now, I have endeavored to draw my comparisons mildly and with fairness, as I know Corinthian comparisons are "odorous" sometimes, but I wish to say to this club that if you desire success you must be just and not oppressive in your decisions. If you rule out three men because they know a little something about a boat you must rule out all. Let there be no more "turkey and buzzard" decisions. Always giving the buzzard to one man to eat becomes monotonous, and in the end tends to injure your club; and finally always be consistent even if sometimes it is painful.

In the present instance the attempt to gather all the "boat sharps" into one or two favored yachts, and then when you can't beat another yacht in may other way rule her out, is so transparent that it is simply ridiculous.

I have the cause of Corinthian sailing much at heart, and do not wish to see it injured. In 1873 I offered a cup to be sailed for by my small cabin sloop under Corinthian rules, and a fine race we had.

I simply mention this to show that I am one of the oldest Corinthians afloat, and as such have a right to criticise the S. Y. C., besides the right earned by losing a day's valuable time through the unfair action of that club last week.

FRANKLIN BEARDS,
Commodore Long Island Y. C.

New York, June 25, 1881.

SALEM BAY YACHT CLUB, JUNE 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE first of our club matches was sailed June 25 and we were favored in having excellent sport. The small boats turned out strong, and among the large ones we had a most interesting race with the good old America, of international fame. The wind seemed too light for her and some of the short work did not suit her, or else the recent alterations to her sails have not improved her, for she was beaten by the old Alice on time allowance. The famous schooner, however, was the first boat home and I rather think that if her skipper did not improve her by splicing on that new counter he has at all events not spoiled her. By the way, why was so much faith put in a sailing master to put on timber ends of Fleet's masterpiece? We are not sailers proverbially ignorant about the science of design? It was a risky thing to do and General Butler may be congratulated that he escaped having the faultless handiwork of a genious thrown back upon his hands as a failure after being experimented upon by tyros in the business. Our club is now strong and prosperous. We have a fleet of forty sail on the list, including five large schooners—America, Alice, White Cap, Brenda and Tempest; seven crack sloops over 35 ft. long; such as Lily, Valhalla, etc., and a lot of smaller craft. The club is out of debt, has just paid a 6 per cent. dividend on the club house stock and a balance of several hundred in the treasury. After our race, which was without especial feature owing to light weather, we had a supper at headquarters at which General B. F. Butler attended. The following is the sailing time, measurement being by "three dimension" rule and time according to Y. R. A. scale:

	Actual Time.		Corrected Time.	
Name and Owner.	H.	M. S.	H.	M. S.
FIRST CLASS.				
Alice, W L Lockhart	2	22 51	3	15 20
America, B F Butler	2	20 24	2	20 24
White Cap, D H Rice	2	29 42	2	32 05
SECOND CLASS.				
Lily, W Dillingham	1	59 51	1	59 51
THIRD CLASS.				
Perl, c. b, cat, F H Cabot	1	30 39	1	23 05
Wave Crest, c. b., cat, E B Rodgers	1	31 38	1	26 57
Comfate, c. b., cat, F A Brown	1	34 03	1	31 21
Squantum, c. b., L F Miller	1	46 56	1	41 02
Mab, c. b., cat, C F Murphy	1	47 55	1	44 11
Madeline, c. b., cat, F A Fielden	2	05 55	1	59 21
Oma, keel, A Liebsch	2	07 08	1	53 47
Nita, keel, G Seccomb	2	13 02	2	10 07
Vesta, keel, G P Berry	2	16 29	2	16 19
FOURTH CLASS.				
Lola, C H W Foster	1	10 03	1	04 35
Comet, G W Mansfield	1	21 53	1	15 11
Hermes, F C Chase	1	10 33	1	12 30
Twilight, Decker			Did not sail the course.	
Claudia, H P Chapman			Not taken.	

MIZZEN.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following general orders have been issued for the usual summer cruise of our club:

FLAGSHIP AGNES, June 16, 1881.

General Orders No. 2.—The fleet will assemble at Black Rock Harbor on Saturday, July 16, for the annual cruise.

In the absence of Vice-Commodore Vermilye Rear Commodore Howell will act as Vice-Commodore and Captain Peet will act as Rear Commodore.

Classes C, D, E and F will form the First Division, Vice-Commodore Howell commanding.

Classes A and B will form the Second Division, Rear Commodore Peet commanding.

The order of starting will be habitually as follows:

First gun—From the flagship and the signal, "Prepare to get under way."

Second gun—From the Vice-Commodore's flagship, five minutes later, for First Division to start.

Third gun—From the Rear Commodore's flagship, five minutes later, for Second Division to start.

On Sunday, July 17, divine services will be held on board the Cruiser.

On Monday, July 18, the fleet will start for New London; on Tuesday, July 19, for Greenport; on Wednesday, July 20, for Newport; on Thursday, July 21, for New Bedford.

At New Bedford will be a regatta, under Atlantic Yacht Club rules, open to yachts of the New Bedford, Seawanhaka and Atlantic clubs.

Further orders will be issued for the subsequent movements of the fleet.

Messrs. J. L. Marcellus, S. W. Knowles and G. B. Moffat are appointed a committee to have charge of the New Bedford regatta. Sail restrictions during the cruise will be the same as in regatta of June 11.

L. A. FISH, Commodore.

W. W. RICHARDS, Fleet Captain.

The sloop Fanita has also challenged for the champion pennant in Class D, a notice of which has already been issued from headquarters, where the challenge has been placed on file.

RED LETTER A.

CRUISE OF THE YQUINA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is the log of the two days' cruise of the Yquina to Vallejo: May 29, Saturday afternoon, we got our stores on board, and by 3 P. M. weighed anchor and started on our first cruise this year to Vallejo. Got a good breeze across the channel with all sails set, arriving at Angel Island at 3:40 P. M., where we got becalm-d, and laid off the Island, drifting around and waiting for the flood tide, which we were to get at 6 P. M. In the meantime we started our fire for supper, and all hands eat heartily. Drifting close to Red Rock, we at last got a breeze, which brought us to the Brothers. The sun had now gone down and the wind had once again left us off Raimers' light. The calm lasted till about 8 P. M. We took to the little boat with a line to keep lead off shore, as we had a strong flood tide at the time, and in doing this kept the yacht well up to the Marin county shore, where we got a light breeze from the north, which carried us up the wind once more growing light until we reached Pinate Point, where we struck into a strong wind which brought us off Mare Island Light. We got well around the Point, when we could see Vallejo right ahead. Lowered our sails and started to keep clear of buoys and beacons, which Vallejo channel has in multitude. Arriving in Vallejo, we lowered away and dropped anchor at St. George's wharf at 12:30 A. M. Saturday night fixed up everything snug and went ashore for about an hour. The crew once again came ashore for the night, turning in at 2 A. M., after having a pleasant chat in the cockpit. Sunday morning all hands were up at 4:30 A. M., the cabin all upset from the night's sleep. Things were cleared up and the breakfast started, all hands eating hearty and enjoying the meal with relish. After breakfast

everybody went ashore, as we had only a few hours to spare, as the tide was running out and the yacht began to lie deep in mud. The day was passed in visiting the men-of-war in the stream off Morris Island, and inspecting the surrounding country. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we boarded our craft and all hands joined in songs and spinning yarns. After a great deal of this the signal was given to get under way at 4 P. M. for home. We hauled anchor and got under way, carrying a steady breeze all the way down, arriving off Red Rock at 6 P. M. Coming across the channel we struck several squalls, bringing up at our moorings at 9 P. M. Sunday night, with the whole party well satisfied and pleased with their ship and sail.

YACHTING NEWS.

NAUTILUS YACHT CLUB.—This club sailed a race in Salem harbor June 23, in a fresh southeast wind, a regular nose ender for the larger craft over their 12 mile course. When it came to running home the wind fell, but the race had virtually been decided in the beat to windward. The match ended as under:

FIRST CLASS—22 FEET AND OVER.

Name and Owner.	Length. Ft. In.	Actual Time. H. M. S.	Corrected Time. H. M. S.
Venus c. b., Brown Bros.	24 03	3 31 11	2 51 21
Expert, c. b., E. G. Souther	23 03	3 34 19	2 53 18
Rita, c. b., Rock Bros.	23 05	3 37 04	2 56 25
Emily, c. b., McManus	25 00	3 31 43	2 53 22

SECOND CLASS—18 FEET AND UNDER 22 FEET.

Comus, c. b., J. Newcomb	18 00	2 39 30	2 10 59
Peri, c. b., F. H. Cabot	18 06	2 40 26	2 13 24
Uno, c. b., H. P. Kitfield	19 06	2 17 56	2 50 31
Iras, c. b., Snow Bros.	19 06	2 44 58	2 17 08
Wave Crest, c. b., E. B. Rogers	18 06	2 43 56	2 15 25
Nettie Pendleton, c. b., F. C. Robinson	21 04	2 57 26	2 31 52
Mule, c. b., Butman & Roberts	21 00	2 17 22	2 51 59
Charm, k., A. Wheeler	19 00	3 10 38	2 42 41
Hard Times, k., J. Q. Bonnett	18 09	3 04 08	2 35 54

THIRD CLASS—UNDER 18 FEET.

Helen, c. b., W. Porter	13 06	2 12 19	1 52 00
Snow Ball, Pullnti	16 01	2 57 39	2 31 32

Venus, of Gloucester, won $10; Expert, of Lynn, $5. In second class Comus won $7.50; Peri, of Beverly, $5. Keels—Charm, $7.50. In third class Helen won $3.

ELECTRIC MOTORS.—There can be little doubt that at a no distant day the problem of applying electricity to driving boats of moderate size will be satisfactorily solved, as experiments are now being at work upon the matter, and a fortunate "success" may be looked for, especially in cases where the cost of running is not of much consideration. The following from the *Pall Mall Gazette* will be of interest, premising that a metre is 39 in. long and a kilogramme 2.2 lbs. avoirdupois: "Another new application of electricity as a motor has been experimented in during the last few days in Paris. M. G. Trouve, a well-known electrician, has devised a method of applying the electrical current to the propulsion of a boat, and so far the results have been eminently satisfactory. The experiments have been made on the Seine, on several occasions, with a small boat containing from two to six persons. The boat was five and a half metres long, one and one-fifth broad, and weighed eighty kilogrammes. M. Trouve's electric motor consisted of a Siemens coil, which by a simple but ingenious arrangement is made to transmit its power to a three-bladed screw at the stern of the boat. The motor itself is fixed on the upper part of the rudder, which it follows in its movements, as does also the screw. The motor, with its accessories, does not weigh more than five kilogrammes. In the centre of the boat are arranged two bichromate of potass batteries of six elements each, and with a total weight of twenty-four kilogrammes. The two batteries may be employed together or separately, and at night, while the one is driving the screw, the other may be used for lighting purposes. M. Trouve's apparatus may be adapted to any boat, and there seems no reason whatever why it might not be so modified as to be applicable to vessels of much larger dimensions than that experimented on, which sailed against the current at the rate of one metre per second, and with it at the rate of two and a half metres. Experiments in navigation by electricity were made on the Neva in 1839 by Jacobi, but the method adopted had so many drawbacks as to be practically useless."

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.—Has issued a pamphlet on "Yachting Etiquette," containing instructions to be observed in gun-firing, colors, etc., based upon the Navy regulations. Generally speaking, there is too much gun-firing and noise of all sorts aboard our yachts, and much too little solicitude about things aloft, which should claim the sailor's first attention. As long as we must have pop-guns going off upon the slightest provocation, it is well to have the noise governed by rational statute such as the directions now before us; but we hope the day is not far distant when gun-firing will be monopolized by the "navy" fashion, and not countenanced by the respectable yachtsmen. It is boys' play at best, and has long been abolished in England. What the S. Y. C. suggests as to colors is proper enough and ought to save us the sight of variegated streamers, pennants, champion whips and name flags flying one above the other and proclaiming all on board verdant from head to foot. Club burgee or owner's signal at masthead and the national ensign at the peak; this is all the bunting that should ever be displayed, unless for the purposes of signaling or for "dressing ship" when at anchor. The trials of the club will start off Whitestone, July 11. The following new members have been added at the last meeting: Frederick W. Adee, Hugh D. Auchincloss, Joseph P. Earle, Henry P. Eggleston, F. T. Garretson, P. Grant, W. A. Haines, Charles King, Albert A. Kingsland, Edward S. Paddleford, H. Grenville Parkin, Archibald Rodgers, Alfred Seton, Jr., F. N. Shepard, Edward M. Talbot, A. C. Tower, H. Walter Webb, Frederick A. Whitney and Miles Wood.

LONG ISLAND YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Long Island Y. C. will hold their annual race on Tuesday, July 26. The race will be free to all yachts under forty feet in length, belonging to any organized ya cht club. There will be no entrance fee. The course is from the club- house, foot of Thirty-seventh street, South Brooklyn, to and around the can buoy at Robbin's Reef, to and around Fort Diamond back to the starting point to be sailed over twice—about 25 miles. The start will be flying; each cla s will be allowed five minutes only to cross the line. The time allowance in all classes is two minutes to the foot of extreme length over all. There will be three classes—1st, all cabin yachts; 2d jib and mainsail open boats; 3d, all-rigged open boats. The prizes will be two in each class, $25 in gold to the first boat; $10 in gold to the second; and will be handed to the winning boat at the conclusion of the race. Address entries to A. Bond, Secretary, foot of Thirty seventh street, South Brooklyn. If challenged the winning yachts will be measured by the club measurer at the conclusion of the race. This is the fifth union race held by this club. It is expected to be a success, and a large number of starters are looked for. FRANKLIN BEAMES,

A. BOND, Commodore L. I. Y. C.
Secretary L. I. Y. C.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—A branch of the club has been established in New York city. At a meeting recently at the Brunswick there were present, among others, Com. R. L. Ogden, J. Clem Uhler, Mr. Spreckles, Mr. Malter and C. B. Kunhardt. The topics for the evening were yawls, Turner models, the club house and the sinking of the Emerald by a ferry-boat. It was unanimously agreed that "Charley" Yale, the indefatigable Secretary in San Francisco, had the longest end of the rope in the discussion with the San Francisco *Bulletin* concerning the line of the Road, and laid the law down in a way which clearly fastened the responsibility of the collision upon the ferry steamer Capital. When the *Bulletin* wants nautical lore, there are plenty of yachtsmen on the Pacific coast who can take the wind out of its sails. We hope the Emerald's owners will sue the ferry company for employing a pilot whose sphere of usefulness should be confined to sawing wood by the cord, and not risking the lives of yachtsmen and his passengers through the grossest incapacity or through wilful carlessness. The fleet of the S. F. Y. C. escorted the yacht steamer Rodgers to "The Heads" June 18.

NEW KEEL YACHT.—We take the following from the *Boston Herald:* "The Freddie is the name of a fine keel yacht, all-rigged, launched from Anderson's yard, at South Boston, yesterday forenoon. She is 29 ft. 4 in. on deck, 26 ft. on the water line, 11 ft. 2 in. beam, and has a draft of 4 ft. 3 in.; is built of the best selected hard pine, without butts, each plank going the entire length; the frame is of best live oak, well seasoned; the trunk cabin is 11 ft. long, with head room of 4 ft. 8 in.; the mast 40 ft. long, 10 in. at the partners; the main boom is 34 ft. long, gaff 20 ft.; hoist 26 ft., and the sail is eight-ounce duck, treble-bited, and contains 1600 yds. The cabin has four large transom berths, supplied with mattresses and cushions of hair, and the floor is covered with Wilton carpet. The standing-room is also tilted with cushions. The work was done by Anderson, under the direct supervision of the owner, Capt. M. J. Driscoll, who deserves much credit for what he may well be termed the finest built and handsomest cat rig in New England.

LAUNCHED.—The new cutter designed by A. Cary Smith and built by Driscoll, Greenpoint, by Dr. Dawson, has been launched. She is of the medium type, and if as successful as Hesper will help to teach New York that a fast light draft is no proof that safer types cannot be made speedy as well. In Boston the Hesper, with only scant three beams, and drawing 6 ft., has run up an enviable reputation as a fast ship. Dr. Dawson's cutter has been named Valkyr. She is 54.50 ft. over all, 46.50 ft. on the water line, 15 ft. beam, 7.3 ft. depth of hold, and draws 6 ft. 3 in. She also has a small centreboard dropping through her keel keel of six tons. Rigged as a modified cutter. It is possible that she will sail a match to Bermuda with Mr. Lee's new cutter, now building, the same match to be open to any of the flat-footed tribe who can be found to dare venture off soundings.

CONSUELO.—The San Francisco *Call* has the following: "The sale of the old favorite yacht Consuelo, to parties in Mexico, for a reported price of $5,000, takes a fine yacht out of the fleet of the San Francisco Yacht Club. This was the first of Captain Turner's yachts, and she swept the course for several years, never having been beaten till the O'Connor came to the front. After she was beaten, her owner, Mr. J. D. Spreckles, took less interest in her, though he yet thinks she can beat the O'Connor, an opinion in which he is not alone. However, the facts of the two tests are against this opinion. The yachtsmen will all be sorry to lose the old Consuelo. We should not be surprised to see the Spreckles Brothers start in on a fine large yacht to eclipse in size, beauty and speed any now in our waters. It is hardly probable they will be long without a yacht."

SOMERSAULT.—For the most complete somersault on record in journalism commend us to the windy "space filling" of a contemporary reporting local races. It has been forced by the course of events to disown the corner loungers's interpretation of the American Cup deed, to which it had given expression, and now seeks to palm off upon its readers a stupid switch e saddling the responsibility for its curbstone views upon "prominent members." Our contemporary will hereafter read FOREST AND STREAM with more care and save itself from falling into a pit. It should remember that the gentlemen composing the large clubs are not animated by the same "spirit" to which "rounders" subscribe.

HULL YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Hull Y. C. was held Saturday, June 25, and the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Commodore, W. P. Lambert; Vice Commodore, C. A. Perkins; Secretary and Treasurer, Thos. F. Patterson; Measurer, A. E. Sheriffs; regatta committee: W. E. Lambert, *ex officio*, C. A. Perkins, H. P. Stanwood W. L. Phinney, W. A. Cary; committee on election of members: W. L. Lambert, *ex officio*, C. A. Perkins, Thos. F. Patterson, W. L. Phinney, Percy Aborn. There will be club regattas every two weeks during the season. The union regattas will be announced later.

VIVIAN.—This sloop did not sail in the Seawanhaka Corinthian races, as erroneously reported. Her owner naturally objects to having her set down as having lost a match without as much as starting.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—Mr Robert Center has been appointed Fleet Captain by Commodore Waller, and Mr. Center has accordingly taken a berth aboard the flagship.

ACTEA.—This schooner, E. Y. C., is cruising eastward, and was at Halifax during the middle of June. She is bound for Restigouche, N. B., on a fishing voyage.

GUINEVERE.—This eight-ton cutter is off on a Corinthian cruise on Lake Ontario. She left Toronto June 28, bound for Hamilton, Port Dalhousie and Niagara. The crew list shows the following names: G. D. Nicol, owner; W. B. Nicol, J. B. Ray, Messrs. Bain, Houston and Douglass.

A little Hop Bitters saves big Doctor bills, long sickness, suffering and perhaps death.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

W. D. W., Philadelphia.—For elk head write to Fred Sauter, 199 William street, New York, N. Y.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Address Prof. Parker, trick dog trainer, care of New York *Clipper*.

J. T. H., Pine Bluff, Ark.—The muzzle-loading rifle you mention is not made at present in this country. The Winchester is a modification of it.

SUT, New York.—The New Jersey woodcock law is off from July 1 to Aug. 1; and again from Sept. 30 to Dec. 16. The open season for quail is Oct. 31 to Dec. 31.

C. W., Minnesota Junction.—1. We refused the advertisement of the firm you allude to because we did not believe their goods to be reliable. 2. The Remington rifle you mention is accurate and safe.

W. H., Matteawan, N. J.—1. We send you a Dittmar powder pamphlet, for which there is no charge. A perusal of it will show the dangerous nature of that compound. 2. William Lyman, Middletown, Conn., makes a fine sights. 3. For descriptions of the two grades of rifles send to the manufacturers for their illustrated catalogue.

E. S. Y., Baltimore.—Please answer in your next issue: What is the best method of killing brook trout immediately after taking them? Ans. We take the trout in the left hand, with its back down, and put the thumb of the right hand in its mouth and the forefinger behind the neck and break its vertebræ where the heads joins the body. The fish merely quivers and dies instantly.

C. E. L., New York.—There were four dogs named Dash in the native English setter class at Philadelphia, 1876. One owned by Mr. C. S. Westcott, of Philadelphia, by E. Hatch's Dash out of Jacob's Nell; one owned by Mr. Frank Furness, of Philadelphia, by the Holmesdog of the Ludlow bitch; one owned by Mr. Justice Von Lengerke, of this city, by Brown's Fudge out of Jane and a Dash I, owned by Mr. Chas. P. Tasker, also of Philadelphia, by Heck I out of Kate III.

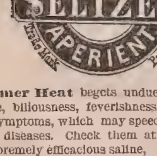
J. M. S., Dakota, Iowa.—Please inform me what animal it is that lays eggs and suckles its young, or is there any animal which does this? I have heard it said there was. Ans. There is no such animal; it would be a violation of all known laws. All mammals bring forth their young alive and never lay eggs. There are no milk glands in birds, reptiles, batrachians, fishes, crustaceans, mollusks or insects, all of which lay eggs. You have been misinformed.

W. R. G., Boston.—Although it may seem strange to send to New York to inquire of a place near Boston, I beg to ask if now is the height of the bluefish season in Buzzard's Bay, or when it is and what part of the bay is best to fish in and stop at for a day or two at reasonable prices that is what is most convenient to the best fishing grounds? Ans. Go to Mattapoisett or New Bedford on the West, or to West Falmouth on the East. The first named place has a good harbor and boats can be had. The bluefish season is good for two months yet. The fish are not always in one place—here to-day and gone to some other feeding ground to-morrow. Your local boatman will set you right.

C. W. M., Louisville, Ky.—Which is the more approved way using the reel, on top or underneath the rod? and if underneath, either in by fishing or bait fishing, when a fish is hooked should the rod be turned over so as to use the reel on top? Ans. The weight of a reel naturally causes it to turn to the bottom; hence when it is placed there it is quiescent and requires no strain or muscle to keep it in position. A reel on the bottom of a rod held in the left hand easily comes in position to work the crank with the right when needed. When the fish is likely to demand the whole spring of the rod then of course he is not being reeled in. A heavy reel on top or on the side of a rod keeps twisting to get below. We prefera reel on the side and let it turn the rod when the enemy is not engaged. These things are largely the choice of individuals.

G. W. K., New York.—Can you give me any information in regard to "Waramang Lake," Litchfield, Conn.? How far is it from Litchfield? Is the fishing good—black bass I mean? Would Litchfield be the place to stay at or is there some village nearer the lake, or farm, where one could put up? Some one has recommended Dingman's Ferry as a good place for bass in the season. What are your views? I don't want to stop at the hotel (High Falls) if I can avoid it—it is a little too swell. I much prefer something quieter and less pretentious. Ans. We do not think the fishing is very good there; would prefer Twin Lakes, in the Northwest. You will find the village of Morris quiet enough, or you may find accommodations at a farm-house. Some fish have been taken at Dingman's Ferry, and if you strike it right, may get some, but it is not a thing to be depended upon.

S. P. N., Philadelphia, Miss.—By mail I send you a little fish (somewhat disfigured in capturing it) for identification. I know very little about the real names of fishes and as I have heard this fish called trout from childhood I had believed that it was a trout till I commenced reading FOREST AND STREAM, which have now come to the conclusion that it is a black bass, although there is very little black about it. Several men in this county whose veracity I have never had reason to doubt have told me that they have occasionly caught these fish that weighed 12 and 13 lbs., and I saw one weighed that kicked the beam at 9 lbs. The extra large ones are oftener caught by turning off the water from the deep mill ponds than by angling. They are considered by most persons to be the best fish we have. I would be glad to know its true name. Ans. The fish is the species or black bass known as the "big mouth," *Micropterus salfidus*, miscalled "trout" in the South. The true trout does not exist in Mississippi.



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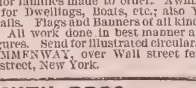
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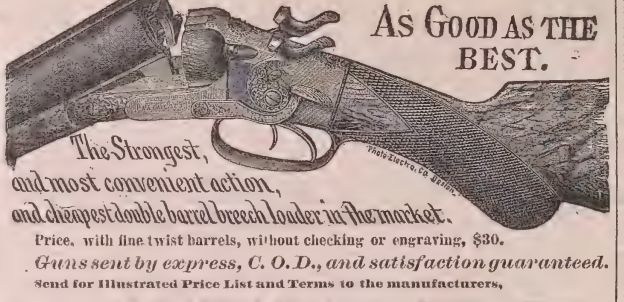
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PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES.

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

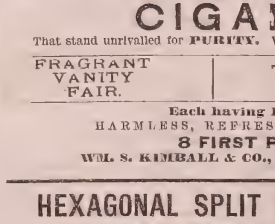
MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

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A want long felt for by Sportsmen. All Anglers will acknowledge that the most vexatious thing that can happen him is to have his spoons, Hooks and Lines all tangled up. This case will prevent any such disaster, as it is so arranged that the most careless fisherman can keep his Tackle in shape. They are made of the best material and handsomely ornamented and furnished with a lock and key. This case is approved of by the practical piscatorial professors who have investigated its perfections. Size—Box: Length 12, width 7¾, depth 4½ inches; trays (2): Length 7½, width 4, depth 1 to 1½ inches; top tray: Length 11¾, width 7, depth 1½ inches. Three partitions in each small tray, eight in large tray, two compartments in box, making twenty-four places for lines, hooks, sinkers, spoons, reels, fly-book, and each case packed in a neat book and sent on receipt of $4.50. To Clubs taking 6 at one time, $24.00. Send for Catalogue of FISHING-TACKLE AND SPORTSMAN'S GOODS.

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FOR SALE.—A beautiful Llewellin setter bitch puppy, six months old. Color, blue Belton, black, white and tan, out of my Victoria—Gansee's Belle (Pride of the Border-Kirby) by Warwick (Leicester-Petrel)—by Burgin's Frank, a. k. c. N. Y., 1878. Price $20. Will ship for inspection. E. L. MILLS, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C. July7,3t

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HARE BEAGLE KENNELS.—For sale, the produce of imported and home bred animals that have been hunted since able to follow the dam on the trail, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa. May7,2t

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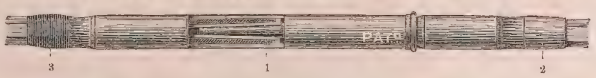
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WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.



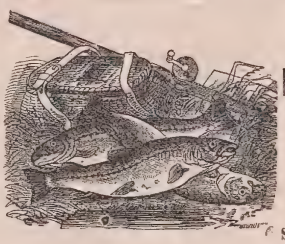
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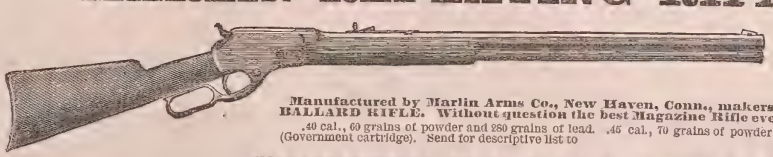
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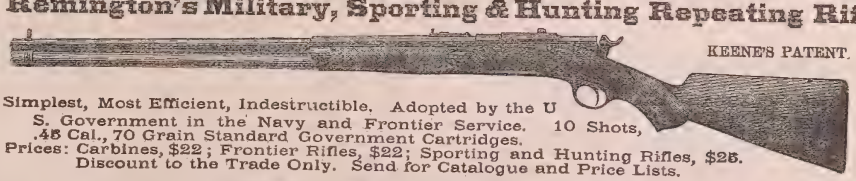
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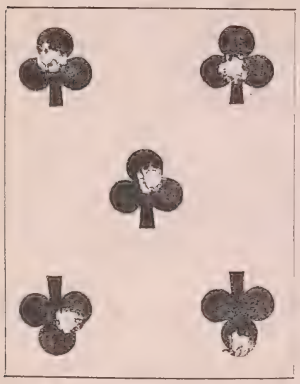
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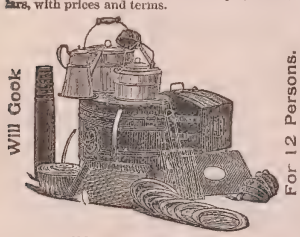
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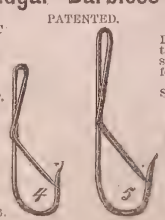
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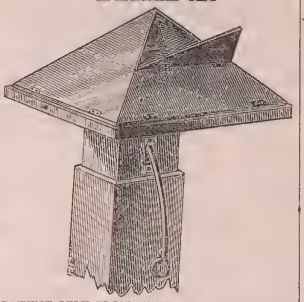
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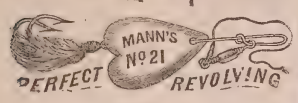
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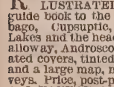
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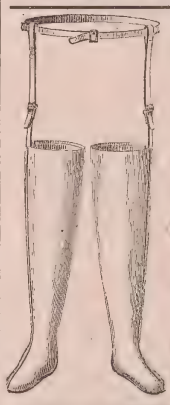
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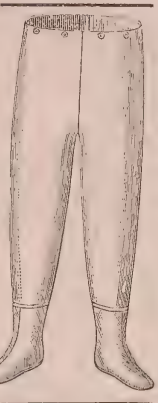
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, July 14.

Is ANY READER of the FOREST AND STREAM familiar with the poem written by Bryant on the introduction of the English sparrow into New York?

THE INITIAL LETTER from "Yo," which we publish this week, gives promise that the series written by him from the Northwest will be a valuable one. Our correspondent's proposed trip will take him into a country of which little is known and the many objects of interest met with there will afford abundant material for his letters.

A FINE GUN is the handsomest present one can give a friend who has shooting proclivities. It is a source of pleasure and—if he knows how to use it—of pride. If your friend inclines to the gentler pursuit, a well-made rod will remind him of your regard for him, and when plying it he will be in a frame of mind to appreciate your gift.

BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS.—Dr. J. A. Henshell writes us that his "Book of the Black Bass" is in the printer's hands, and will be issued, certainly and promptly, during this present month. The delay has been caused by the author's having recast and rewritten the first chapter of the "Scientific History of the Black Bass," adding sixty additional pages, and making the book contain altogether 460 pages.

NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS FOR LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.

IT certainly is remarkable that, after having so many illustrations of the great intelligence and usefulness of the Newfoundland, he has not long before this been systematically employed at all of the life-saving stations along our coasts. It is true that from time to time we hear of some wandering waif or some poor shipwrecked animal taking up his abode with the surfmen employed by the service; but although the dogs have in every case at once earned for themselves their allowance of junk and hard-tack, yet their stay among the sand hills, with the lifeboats, morters and other life-saving apparatus as their companions, has been brought about by the hand of fate, and not by any wise provision of the Government.

Many months have passed since we first suggested in the FOREST AND STREAM that the Newfoundland could thus be utilized, and recommended adding a dog of this breed to the crew at each station. We wrote at the time:

Unquestionably the Newfoundland is one of the greatest favorites outside the setter and the pointer. From early youth his excellent and steady qualities are impressed upon our mind. No child's book or early primer is without his picture, and the variety of occupations in which he figures is incalculable. On one page we see him enforcing a strictly moral lesson by dragging the pilfering school-boy from off the apple tree, while over the leaf his courage is displayed in rescuing a young miss from a duck-pond grave. We grow up to recognize in him all the amiable, generous and domestic characteristics of a fine disposition, combined with a courage and fearlessness that is sure to win man's heart. Therefore, we take it, that a race of powerful dogs of this breed could be very profitably employed at our life-saving stations, and that at times their sagacity, watchfulness and fearlessness would prove of great advantage. How often it is that a shipwrecked crew almost gain the shore and are drowned in the very face of a shelving beach. These dogs could be trained to patrol the beach and give a warning, after the manner that the St. Bernards are trained for the service of the Hospice; while the tutoring to save a drowning person could be easily effected by means of lay-figures similar to those used some time since at the water trials in England. Thus in a short time the honest Newfoundland would have gained for himself quite as romantic and weird a history as his stately brother way up upon the Alps.

Since the time at which the above was written we have been looking into the matter, and have had some correspondence with those stationed on the coast. From the first the idea has been received by the surfmen as a happy thought. Thus encouraged, we called upon Capt. James H. Merryman, U. S. Inspector of Life-Saving Stations, and found that his views coincided with our own on the subject. The Captain spoke in the most enthusiastic manner of the introduction into the service of a hardy race of dogs, and trusted that the Government would at some near day devote an appropriation for an experiment in which all humanity is deeply interested. Of course a most moderate outlay is all that is required, as the initiative trial should be confined to one of the districts of the service. Should it prove a success, then it would be an easy matter to raise a breed of powerful Newfoundlands and locate them at every life-saving station in the service.

As the first step in the United States toward an organized effort for assisting the shipwrecked was the establishment, early in the present century, of the Humane Society of Massachusetts, we would be pleased to hear from it and like societies on this important subject, and will give what help we can.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

Before giving in detail the uses to which this noble animal can be put we shall give a brief description of the dog, selecting the delineation given him in the "The Sportsman's Cabinet," as the most just and correct we have ever read. The graceful writer, although dealing with the dog in the early part of the century, can with safety be quoted, for what he says of him is true of the pure dog at the present day:

The Newfoundland dog in a state of purity, uncontaminated by the blood of any inferior race, is one of the most majestic and awefully attractive of all the canine variety, although at first sight he appears terrific from the seeming immensity of his magnitude, the placid serenity of his countenance as instantly dispels the agitating vibrations of fear by fondly affording early proof, that ferocity is not the predominant or distinguishing trait of his disposition. With those to whom he is barely known (but particularly where he is attached or familiarized) every look seems not more impressively intended to entreat attention than to solicit an early exchange of mutual services. Naturally disposed to action he is always eager to be employed, and is never more delighted than when such little offices are assigned to him as are not beyond his power or ability to execute. Emulative by nature no one passion lies sluggishly dormant, but all are equally alive to the emergency of the occasion. He seems, by an inexplicable impulse, to be the friend of every individual without displaying the least tendency to animosity with any part of the creation. Offense he is scarcely ever known to offer, but insult he never receives with impunity. Docile beyond conception, and affectionate beyond description, the Newfoundland dog is easily taught almost everything within the power of the human mind to inculcate of which his own strength and frame are capable. Equally sagacious as energetic, he patiently perseveres in whatever he undertakes, and never relinquishes the attempt so long as there remains the most distant hope or possibility of success. Adapted by his powers, and the pliability of his temper to the use of man, he never shrinks from whatever task may be enjoined, but undertakes it with an ardor proportioned to the difficulty of the execution. Exultantly ostentatious in the province of being employed, he forcibly displays his pride in being permitted to carry in his mouth (for miles) the basket, bundle or stick of his employer; to take from him either of which would be found a service of no small danger. The sagacity of this animal is so palpably blended with a peculiarly attentive attachment to the human species, and such an instantaneous sense of impending danger, that the inactive mind, lulled to an apathy, becomes immediately roused to action in the contemplation. Previous to a confirmation of which, it may be strictly consistent to observe, that being habitually inclined to industrious employment, they are equally serviceable to the settlers of the coasts from whence they are brought, as are to us the galloways and ponies of our own country.

INSTANCES OF THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

It would indeed be an endless task to recapitulate the many wonderful stories of the intelligence of this dog, but we shall give two well authenticated instances of his sagacity. The first is selected from Mr. Berwick's History of Quadrupeds, and the second came under our own observation:

Mr. Berwick writes, "During a severe storm in the winter of 1789 a ship belonging to Newcastle was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore bringing in his mouth the pocket-book of the captain. He landed amid a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavored to take it from him. The sagacious animal as if sensible of the importance of the charge (which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master), at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man, who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and continued to watch with great attention for everything that came from the wreck seizing them, and endeavoring to bring them to land."

The second instance is even more remarkable, for it demonstrates that the dog has the faculty of calculating time with the greatest accuracy. A friend of the writer, who lived on the Passaic River, owned for many years a superb specimen of the black Newfoundland type. It was the habit of the dog to bathe in the river, during almost all the months of the year, but especially during the heated term. He would then take his dip whenever oppressed by the heat, and when the tide was out would scramble into the covered boat house which was directly in front of his owner's residence, and lie on the wet planking of the floor where it was cool until driven out by the rising of the water. He would then lazily float around to the steps near the dock, and, after shaking the water from his coat, would sedately march off to his kennel which was situated in some thick shrubbery directly behind his master's house, and from where all view of the river was completely shut out. After many years, this noble old fellow became so decrepit that it was with great difficulty he could raise himself on his feet and totter down to the river. In fact, it would take him at least half an hour to traverse the lawn he had once so joyously bounded across in a few seconds. But so well did the dog calculate the falling of the water, and make the time allowance each day for the end of the ebb, that he would never attempt to leave his kennel until he knew that the boat house flooring was bare. He pursued these tactics into a ripe old age, until he one day was found to have followed Mr. Barker's example, "and to have gone out with the tide."

Of the many reasons why the Newfoundland should be utilized at the life saving stations the principal are these:

The service requires that the surfmen shall at certain hours of the day and night patrol the beach, and that their beat shall extend to each side of their station (except where inlets intervene), just half way. As the stations on the Jersey and Long Island coasts are about six miles apart, of course, three miles is the extreme limit of the beat, which is the meeting point of the patrolmen from the two stations. The Service has inaugurated a system of exchange checks, to prevent the patrolmen from shirking their duty; for the temptation to stay warmly housed during the wild weather on the coast is great. It is no child's play to turn out in a December night and face the fury of a northeaster for three miles under the most exposed conditions. And little does any one know, who has not lived on the coast, the hardships the Life Service men have to undergo, if they adhere strictly to the discipline of the Service. For the most part the men appointed for the crews are seamen or those who make their living on the waters of the coast. They are hardy and tough, and no strangers to physical pain, with nerve to face the highest running surf, yet children, many of them, when darkness sets in, and having the very utmost dread of loneliness. Many of these men are full of superstition and silly beliefs, that no mortal man can argue out of them. Living a sedentary life, and listening to the traditional tales of ghosts, sights, and lights upon the shores, there are some that even if they adhere to the strict rules of discipline, are in the very act, so incapacitated by extraneous circumstance for the work at hand, as to be absolutely unfit to be the guardians of the sands. We know whereof we speak, for we have for many months lived near these men, at different sections of the coast. What companion for such men can surpass the noble, courageous dog that knows no fear and is ever on the alert? Should the patrolman be stricken down, he will have by him a friend that will never desert him, who will sound the alarm and call for aid, should his own powerful frame be inadequate to the task to save his master. No human being can compete with the dog in scenting danger from afar; and when the dog discovers its presence, he has a thousand and one ways of giving a timely warning. With eyes that can peer into the very clouds and see objects long before their approach makes them visible to the human eye (for who is it that has used the Newfoundland for a retriever that has not been told by him that fowl were moving long before his own eyes could discern the floating thread—the string of geese?), in foggy weather, when the signal flags and lights may fail, and when the booming of the surf will drown the sound of the signal gun. What messenger can be dispatched to give the alarm and secure aid with as fleet a foot to run the sands and span the water-breaks in the beach as the Newfoundland? Then, should the eprouvette mortar fail to send its line—for in high winds and in the hands of even the most practical persons it is no sure thing that the line will reach the wreck—the dog can at times be sent off. We have seen many a dog face and clear the surf where no boat handled by an ordinary crew could live.

It was in the latter part of the last century that the first line ever brought to the shore from a wreck was carried by a Newfoundland. The vessel was one of the many that stranded on the Goodwin sands, on the coast of Kent, in England.

In this country a dog was known to render great service at the wreck of the Huron, in 1877, on the coast of North Carolina. He belonged to a farmer that resided several miles inland, but when the news spread that a vessel was in the breakers, the dog was along with the first that collected on the beach to render the perishing passengers and crew assistance. Since then he has deserted his old home and lives at Station 4. He now accompanies the night patrol leaving that station, and on meeting the patrol from Station 5, joins him, passes the day at the last named station, and returns to Station 4 on the following night. The dog is said to be a great favorite, and more than earns his living by dragging to the beach all the passing drift stuff, besides being useful in a hundred ways.

Should care be taken in training the dogs from their puppyhood, the most reliable coast patrol can be established, and it would not seem unlikely that he might often aid in assisting the revenue officers in scenting out much that was contraband. While being only a sad sea-dog in one sense of the word, he will not have the temptations of Jamaica spirits and seven-up to keep him indoors.

TESTS FOR WATER DOGS.

In England, although the Newfoundland has been for many years greatly admired and his many grand qualities known, it was not until our friend, Mr. Hugh Dalziel, was instrumental in inaugurating water trials in 1876 that the public were shown in a practical way to what extent the dog could be utilized. We have recently received from Mr. Dalziel a copy of his admirable book, "British Dogs," and we cannot do better than quote what that distinguished authority has to say on the subject, but in justice to ourselves, we must say that we conceived the idea of attaching the Newfoundland to our life-saving stations long before we saw the matter agitated in other quarters. Mr. Dalziel writes as follows:

As a water dog the Newfoundland has no equal; he delights in it, will almost live in it, and his high courage and great swimming powers enable him to face and do service in such a sea as I believe no other land animal can successfully encounter.

Knowing and admiring the wonderful faculty he possesses suggested to me, when viewing the sea from the site of Portsmouth Dog Show in 1875, the advisability of instituting water trials as a means of keeping up and developing this wonderful and useful natural power, that his great abilities as a life-saver might be made the best of for the benefit of man; for it cannot be denied that without such aids public or private shows may do serious harm, giving, as they properly do, prominence to the finest developed animal. But if prize winners, however grand in appearance, are uneducated, their instincts and natural powers undeveloped and indeed checked, are continuously bred from, we shall soon have lost sterling qualities, and get in return mere good looks.

But the two things—fine physical developement, with high cultivation of those instincts and natural powers—are not incompatible, and should, I think, be simultaneously encouraged by dog-show promoters, just as the Kennel Club does for pointers and setters by their field trials.

Chiefly at my instigation, water trials of Newfoundlands took place at Maidstone Show, May 1876, and were repeated at Portsmouth later in the same year, and, although neither could be pronounced as a brilliant success, they were each of them in many respects interesting, and provided that with more experience and well carried out such competitive trials might become more than interesting—highly useful.

I would be the last to advocate again reducing this or any breed to a beast of burden, but I cannot but think and here repeat what I have so often written, that the Newfoundland's extraordinary natural power as a water dog, his wonderful sagacity and intense desire to serve should be systematically developed and utilized, and I can see no reason why one or more trained dogs should not be attached to every life-boat station, and at every popular bathing resort around our coasts.

I must here render praise to Mr. C. Marshall for the excellent rules he drew up for the conduct of the first water-trial of dogs. As a basis for others who may wish to institute similar competitions I append the tests adopted at Maidstone:

First.—Courage displayed in jumping into the water from a height to recover an object. The effigy of a man is the most suitable thing.

Second.—The quickness displayed in bringing the object ashore.

Third.—Intelligence and speed in bringing a boat to shore. The boat must, of course, be adrift, and the painter have a piece of white wood attached to keep it afloat, mark its position, and facilitate the dog's work.

Fourth.—To carry a rope from shore to a boat with a stranger, not the master in it.

Fifth.—Swimming races, to show speed and power against stream or tide.

Sixth.—Diving. A common flag basket, with a stone in the bottom of it to sink it, answers well, as it is white enough to be seen and soft enough to the dog's mouth.

With a brief outline of the life-saving service we close an article which we trust may assist in bringing the Newfoundland as a useful animal into notice.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

There are regular organizations or societies for the preservation of life from shipwrecked vessels in Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia, supported by voluntary contributions, but under the patronage of their respective governments. A few years since a humane society was instituted and is now admirably conducted in China. The first appropriation made by Congress of the United States was of $5,000 in 1847, and in the next year $10,000 more was appropriated for providing rockets, coronades and surf-boats, and shortly after the authority of Congress was given for the regular organization of the Life-Saving Service. In 1871 a liberal appropriation of $200,000 was granted for increasing the number of stations.

A reference to the official register of the Service shows that there are twelve districts which are divided up as follows: District No. 1.—Coasts of Maine and New Hampshire; 7 stations; 6 in Maine and 1 in New Hampshire. District No. 2.—Coasts of Massachusetts, 15 stations. District No. 3.—Coasts of Rhode Island and Long Island, 38 stations; 6 in Rhode Island and 32 in Long Island. District No. 4.—41 stations. District No. 5.—Coasts of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia (Cape Henlopen to Cape Charles), 11 stations; 3 in Delaware; 1 in Maryland and 7 in Eastern Virginia. District No. 6.—Coasts of Virginia and North Carolina (Cape Henry to Cape Fear), 25 stations; 5 in Virginia and 20 in North Carolina. District No. 7.—Eastern coast of Florida, 5 stations. District No. 8.—Coast of Texas, 6 stations. District No. 9.—Coasts of Lake Ontario and Erie, 9 stations. District No. 10.—Coasts of Lake Huron and Superior, 13 stations. District No. 11.—Coast of Lake Michigan, 18 stations. District No. 12.—Pacific coast, 12 stations; making in all 196 stations, but of this number some forty have not been built.

The Service is under the general supervision of an inspector, designated from the list of captains in the Revenue Marine Service by the Secretary of the Treasury. At each station six experienced surfmen are employed under the charge of a competent person known as a keeper. From September 1 to May 1 the beaches are patrolled day and night, and the discovery of a wreck is made known by means of a system of signals (flags by day and colored lights by night). Each station house is provided with boats, and a complete set of life-saving apparatus. We, however, believe that if the Newfoundland is added to the list, a season will not pass without due proof of his usefulness being given.

We respectfully submit the foregoing to all those who have the lives of their fellow creatures at heart.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.—In the artistic excellence of its illustrations, the worth of its contents and the magnitude of its circulation, *Harper's* is first of all the popular monthly magazines. The names of the other periodicals of this house have long ago become household words. The *Bazar* for the ladies, the *Young People* for the little ones and the *Weekly* for everybody have achieved a decided success in their respective fields. Americans are confessedly ahead of other nations in the excellence of their illustrated periodicals, and the Harpers somehow manage to keep ahead of other Americans.

THAT LAW ON EATING SALMON.

WE hear on all American rivers, which are now nearly or wholly salmonless, that a law once forbade employers from forcing their apprentices or servants to eat salmon oftener than once or twice a week, as the case may be. This is told as a joke, but was probably intended to preserve those useful persons from gout. A man who can eat salmon twice a week for six months earns, and deserves, either gout or indigestion, and cruel employers were thus prevented from using salmon as a means of punishment for refractory servants. Yet we have no doubt that the law was often violated, and can imagine that irate employers even used the machine known as a sausage stuffer in order to wreak vengeance on their helpless victims. It is as easy to picture the bloated employer with the dreaded "stuffer" down the throat of an apprentice, who is on his knees to save his gouty feet, as it is to believe in the passage of this law on all these rivers.

It is quite possible that it originated somewhere, for Bishop Pontopidan mentions some such thing as protecting the serving men of Norway in the 12th century; Johnson speaks of a similar law in Holland; while in English literature it is often referred to. We read in the Memoirs of Thomas Berwick:

From about the year 1760 to 1767, when a boy, I was frequently sent by my parents to purchase a salmon from the fishers of the "strike" at Eltringham Ford. At that time I never paid more, and often less, than 1½d. per pound (mostly a heavy, guessed weight, about which they were not exact). Before, or perhaps about, this time there had always been an article inserted in every indenture in Newcastle that the apprentice was not to be obliged to eat salmon above twice a week, and the like bargain was made upon hiring ordinary servants.

Kane does not mention it as occurring among the Eskimos, nor do Dall nor Elliott report finding it among the Alaskans, although we fully expected that the researches of Capt. Beardslee would unearth it among the Siwashes.

It is a matter for congratulation to us that these old laws which so interfere with the liberty of the individual have passed away; and we can now have the most perfect liberty in respect to salmon. We shall avail ourselves of this in future and introduce the salmon punishment into this office, and all printers, compositors, proof-readers, and others making errors in this article will be compelled to eat salmon twice a week, no matter if it costs a dollar and a half a pound.

MR. BERGH'S ANTI-PIGEON SHOOTING BILL.—Just as we go to press we learn that the Senate has passed the bill prepared by Mr. Henry Bergh prohibiting the trap-shooting of pigeons. The bill awaits Gov. Cornell's signature before becoming a law. Its provisions are:

SECTION 1. Any person who shall keep or use any live pigeon, fowl, or other bird or animal for the purpose of a target, or to be shot at, either for amusement or as a test of skill in marksmanship, and any person who shall shoot at any pigeon, fowl, or other bird or animal, as aforesaid, or be a party to any such shooting of any pigeon, fowl, or other bird or animal; and any person who shall rent any building, shed, room, yard, field, or other premises, or shall suffer or permit the use of any building, shed, room, yard, field, or other premises for the purpose of shooting any pigeon, fowl, or other bird or animal as aforesaid, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 2. Nothing herein contained shall apply to the shooting of any wild game in its wild state.

The bill is a direct and not wholly unexpected result of the Coney Island pigeon killing tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Had the sport of pigeon shooting been confined to individual clubs of gentlemen testing their skill at the traps, it is doubtful if the matter would ever have received, as it would not have merited, public attention. But when a society, which organized ostensibly for the protection of game, treats the public to such a spectacle as that at Coney Island, neglects the matters with which it should be concerned and devotes 20,000 pigeons brought from their nesting ground to its wholesale slaughter, its members can hardly look for any other public sentiment than exactly that feeling which has been aroused. An afternoon shoot at a few pigeons, and a ten days' shoot at unlimited numbers of helpless birds—many of them squabs, unable to fly, and others too exhausted to do so—are regarded by the public as two very different things.

THE TRAVIS COUNTY ASSOCIATION.—We have received a copy of the constitution of the Travis County Game and Fish Protective Association, of Austin, Texas. There has long been manifest the necessity of some such concerted action as the Association contemplates; and we trust that the members may not be discouraged by the obstacles which an apathetic public sentiment places in their way. The society will make it a special object of their work to secure the best practicable protection of game and fish; and will also labor to promote fish culture, to which end they will devote their funds. The list of charter members includes some names which are well known beyond the State, and we bespeak for the gentlemen thus organized the support of the right-thinking part of their community.

THE hoped-for Washington bulletin—Bullet out.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

FIRST PAPER.

IT is a long time since any letters from my pen have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM. For quite two years I have been silent, and my name has no doubt passed from the memory of your readers. But I would not have you think that because I have not written to you I have lost one particle of my enthusiasm for that portion of our continent about which, in the past, I have discoursed so fully in your columns. Last summer I was unable to get away from New York for any extended trip, but this year I intend to spend three months in a region a little out of the beaten track of tourists, and I shall report my doings as fully as possible for the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

My proposed excursion has for its objective point Southern Alaska, and is to take in by the way Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia. It will include, I hope, a trip over the western lines of the Northern Pacific Railway as far as completed; that is to say, as far as the Spokane River and perhaps beyond to Lake Pend d'Oreille. The region passed through by this line, although so little known to residents of the East, is for a considerable portion of the distance well settled and is a splendid farming district. Oregon and Washington horses, cattle and wheat have long since made their reputation in this Western country, and it is a reputation that will increase rather than diminish.

Of what we shall see in British Columbia and Alaska I can now say but little. It will be my aim to avoid, so far as possible, the settled portions of these countries, and to see those untouched by the finger of civilization. Whatever may come under my observation shall be faithfully recorded in your columns for the benefit of those who may care in the future to follow in my footsteps.

But little need be said of the journey from New York to Chicago. It is always the same—dull and monotonous beyond description. From Chicago westward there is more variety, and the apparent prosperity of the country attracts one's attention. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad is the shortest line to Omaha, and in my many trips to the Missouri River is the one that I have almost always traveled over. Nothing could be more comfortable than the Pullman sleeping and dining cars with which this road is equipped, and on it one need never fear missing his connections. The amount of traffic on the C. & N. W. this year is surprising, and I was told that the officers of the road were hard pushed to get passenger cars enough to accommodate the purchasers of tickets over this line. At Omaha, which is reached early in the morning, three or four hours are spent, but there is little here to interest the traveler. At the offices of the Union Pacific Railroad, however, are a number of interesting objects gathered from the widely-separated localities reached by the lines which this corporation controls. Gold-bearing quartz from Idaho is shown side by side with the dull silver and lead ores of southern Colorado, and huge antlers from the northern Rocky Mountains are flanked by specimens of grain grown on the banks of the Missouri River.

More and more astonishing each year appears to me the growth of this Western country, and its development is going on with a constantly increasing rapidity. Each year sees the extention of railways into what has hitherto been an unbroken wilderness, and with the railways, *pari passu*, the country thus invaded yields up its treasures, whether mineral, vegetable or animal, in an abundance which astonishes even the most sanguine. The Union Pacific Railroad is now engaged in the construction of a number of lines which are to pierce the mountains in various directions and open up new fields for the tireless energy of the pioneers of business on the frontier. A line which is to furnish them with a waterway to the Pacific, passing through Utah, Idaho and Oregon, has been surveyed and is now in process of construction. This road will start from Granger and will follow the valley of the Snake River for some distance, reaching the Columbia River near the Dalles. The Utah Northern Road is now completed to Dillon, so that the traveler is brought by rail to within one hundred miles of the far-famed Geyser Basins of the Yellowstone National Park.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, too, now being so rapidly pushed toward completion from both ends, is opening up an entirely new section of country, and will furnish an outlet for the vast amounts of precious metals, grain and stock to be produced by the territory through which it passes. The mines of Idaho and Montana, though not so well known as those of Colorado, are said by experts to be not less rich, and a large proportion of their products will seek an outlet over the lines of this corporation. The great valleys of the Madison, Jefferson and Gallatin rivers will send forth millions of bushels of wheat to be added to the millions already grown on the great flats of the Red River bottom; and the rolling plains of Dakota and Montana, on which a few buffalo still linger, will furnish luxuriant grazing for thousands upon thousands of sheep, cattle and horses.

One cannot pass over any of these great highways of travel over the plains without thinking of the hardships and sufferings of those who in the early days performed the same journey under such different circumstances. The miles that now slip by one so easily were then passed over slowly and laboriously. The distance now traversed in a day was then with difficulty accomplished in a month. Dust, fatigue, cold, heat, hunger, thirst, sickness, danger from hostile Indians are now either unknown, or have sunk to mere annoyances where once they were real hardships, too often real perils. The story of each emigrant train was full of pathos, but, happily for our sympathies, the history of the sufferings of those thousands of patient men, women and children will never be written.

Now we rush out of Omaha at noon up the fertile valley of the Platte, and just after dark strike the eastern border of the great grazing region of Nebraska. The cattle men of a part of the State are said to have suffered somewhat severely during the past winter, both from the intensity of the cold and from the great snowfall. I was told that on the Loups and on the Fishara the loss of stock had in some herds been as much as seventy per cent., while one poor fellow who in the fall had 160 head of cattle, found in the spring but four.

In some sections the cattle were unable to get at the grass owing to the unprecedented fall of snow and the length of time it lay upon the ground; in others all the water froze solid and the animals died of thirst. Of course, when weakened by the lack of food and drink they were unable to withstand the severe cold, and many thousands must have perished. In Wyoming, along the line of road, the loss was severe. On one little hill, not far from Rock Creek, I counted sixty carcasses, and the number of dead cattle to be seen on the prairie is far in excess of anything that I have ever seen in previous years.

We stopped for a day at Como, Wyoming, at the hospitable ranch of our good friend Mr. Reed, with whom in bygone years I have had many a delightful hunt. A jaunt over the prairies back of Como Bluff was interesting and altogether delightful. We visited the quarry from which have been taken so many bones of the tiny Jurassic mammals, that are a standing puzzle to the paleontologist, and then climbed the bluff and drove out over the prairie which lies between Como and Foote Creek, a tributary of the Medicine Bow River. Antelope were very plenty here and the does were just bringing forth their young—pretty little gray creatures, with very little white upon them at first and with enormously long, stilt-like legs, on which they balance themselves rather awkwardly. Their hair is crimped—almost curly in fact—and they stand at first with all four feet close together. From birth, however, they can run, and that fast, but they are not strong enough to go very far, and may be easily captured. When caught they readily learn to drink milk and are reared without difficulty. As pets they are very interesting, but become so tame as often to be troublesome and annoying. We were lucky enough to capture a couple of these kids, which were added to the two that Mr. Reed already had at the ranche. One of the two that we caught was seen with his mother, who ran off, while the kid hid among the grass. After some little search the small animal was seen crouched flat on the ground and partially hidden by a protecting sage bush. Its large brown eyes were watching every movement of the searchers, and as soon as its whereabouts was discovered all but one of the party withdrew to a little distance, stepping about, however, and talking to attract the animal's attention. While it was watching them very earnestly the remaining man crept up behind and seized it. It cried and struggled hard for a little while, but soon became quiet, and at night drank and submitted to be handled as readily as those which had been caught two weeks before.

While at Como Mr. Reed told me of an experiment that he had recently completed which bears directly upon a question that has been discussed in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. It has often been asked if the antelope shed their horns annually, as is generally believed by those most familiar with the history of this animal, what becomes of the shed horns, which are not seen on the prairie in any very great numbers. In order to ascertain the length of time that a pair of horns would last when constantly exposed to the weather, Mr. Reed experimented with a pair under the following circumstances: In the early spring of 1879 he killed a buck antelope back of Como Bluff and near a large white rock, which formed a conspicuous feature of the landscape, and could thus be easily found. He split the skull lengthwise and placed one-half on each side of the rock. Visiting the spot in the spring of 1880, he found the points of the horns still hard, though somewhat bleached by the weather; but at the base each horn was much split and showed that it was rapidly going to pieces. In May of the present year he again went to the place and found that all that was left of the horns was a little pile of splinters, looking more like a few black hairs than anything else, and so inconspicuous that they would not have been noticed except by one who was searching for them and who knew just where to look. From this experiment we may conclude that under ordinary circumstances the horns of the antelope do not retain their form more than two years, and it is probable that in the case of shed horns the progress of decay is still more rapid, since the shed sheath is exposed to the disintegrating influence of the atmosphere as well from within as from without.

Our stay at Como was most pleasant and I found it all too short. It was delightful to stroll along the borders of the lakes, to watch the flight of the ducks over the marsh, to feel the cool, invigorating breezes that blow fresh from the snow-clad summits of Elk Mountains, and to recall the many, many pleasant incidents of our stay at this charming spot three years ago. But, as in all pleasant things, the end came; and with a hearty hand-clasp to Mr. Reed, a promise to stop if possible on our return and a sigh that we must now part, we boarded the cars and were whistled away Westward.

Salt Lake, Utah. YO.

[*Special correspondence of Forest and Stream.*]

THE WOODMONT ROD AND GUN CLUB.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1881.

THE members of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., celebrated, with appropriate ceremonies, the opening of their new Club House on the 4th inst. The club owns some 3,000 acres of land in Washington county, Maryland—only four miles from Berkley Spring, and fronting a mile on "Dam No. 6"—the finest point for black bass fishing on the Potomac River. The land, with the exception of one hundred acres in cultivation, is covered with a dense growth of timbers, which is now filled with all kinds of game. Deer are numerous, and wild turkeys in the greatest abundance. Pheasants and woodcock abound everywhere, and the whole tract is fast becoming the very paradise of sportsmen.

A little over one year ago the club erected a fine hunting lodge near the centre of the tract, but there being in the Association more fishermen than hunters, it was determined to erect another Club House, on one of the high bluffs overlooking the broad Potomac, skirted as it is by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal on the one side, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on the other. This house was completed and occupied for the first time on the 4th instant. Most of the members of the club (limited by the constitution to twenty-five) were present, with a large number of distinguished guests. The following is a correct list of the present membership, viz.: A. H. Evans, President; General R. C. Drum, Vice-President; Thos. Russell, Treasurer; J. B. Church, Secretary; Com. Earl English, Com. R. D. Evans, Major Marcellus Bailey, I. M. Tinker, Major Frank Taylor, B. E. I. Eils, W. C. McIntyre, Dr. Wm. Lee, George P. Goff, F. B. McGuire, S. H. Kauffman, Col. Wm. C. Wood, Thos. L. Hume, Dr. F. A. Ashford, Levi Woodbury, Paymaster Albert Bacon, R. I. Bright, Dr. Baxter, Senator McPherson, Com. Henry Picking and Mr. Geo. P. Rowell, of New York.

As the company arrived at noon in a special car from Washington, a salute of 21 guns was fired from a howitzer, which made the mountains echo and re-echo for many miles around. The whole party proceeded to the new building, from the tall flag-staff of which was flying the Stars and Stripes. The building stands some two or three hundred feet above a level of the canal, and commands an extensive and magnificent view for miles up and down the river. The dining-hall and club-room are large, fine rooms, beautifully finished and furnished with chandeliers of exquisite patterns. There are ten fine chambers, all handsomely furnished; a "locker-room," with twenty-five lockers; linen-room, store-room, wine-room, halls, stairways, etc. The kitchen and superintendent's quarters are built detached from the club-house, but connected by a covered way. Around three sides of the building there is a twelve-foot covered gallery. Walker, an eminent builder of this city, was the contractor, and the building is a monument to his skill.

At five o'clock dinner was announced, and soon the whole party, with the keenest possible appetites, was seated. The president of the club, in an appropriate speech, greeted the guests with a cordial welcome. The dinner was all that could be desired. The menu, which was printed on heavy white satin, was as follows:

WOODMONT ROD AND GUN CLUB,
July 4, 1881.
MENU.
Soup.
Mock Turtle.
Fish.
Boiled Rock—Lemon Sauce.
Baked Beans.
Meats.
Roast Beef. Corned Beef. Baked Ham. Roast Lamb.
Vegetables.
Mashed Potatoes. Boiled Oni-n. Peas. Raw Tomatoes.
Salads.
Cold Slaw. Le tuce. Shrimps,
Fruits. Nuts. Coffee. Cigars.

The wines were fine and in the greatest abundance, and the whole occasion one of the most enjoyable we have ever known.

The company remained over to breakfast and dinner yesterday, and left again on a special car last evening for this city, where we arrived at 10 P. M., all charmed with our trip to the happy hunting grounds of the Woodmont Club.

SENEX.

THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT of the National Archery Association is now in progress at Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The meeting is a brilliant one, some eighteen clubs being represented. The sport will continue through to-day.

THE LATEST DELICACIES provided by some of the New York marketmen are sold to their customers as "prairie-hen eggs." From an examination of one of these eggs submitted to our inspection we believe it to be the egg of the clapper rail. Whether all of them are rail eggs we do not know. This may, or may not, be less of an atrocity than if the lying pretenses of these unscrupulous dealers were true; but it is an atrocity all the same.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD RESORT FOR CAMPING AND SHOOTING when the season opens, report it.

COLD 'POSSUM.

THROUGH the courtesy of the Messrs. Harper and Brothers we to-day supplement our unique 'Possum collation of last week with a cold cut—and most authorities agree that cold 'possum is not to be sneezed at. The accompanying illustration appeared in *Harper's Weekly* of April 30th, 1881; and it is the one which, as the *casus belli*, has given rise to such a lively dispute in our columns respecting 'possum hot and 'possum cold.

Now, Mr. Hovenden's painting, of which this is a drawing, may have been a sketch from life, or it may have been purely an artist's dream; but as either, we submit, the testimony of experts thus far adduced in the FOREST AND STREAM goes to show that there was no occasion for our Arizona friends to criticise the picture. Most of the eminent authorities whose letters were published last week agreed that this rat-tailed delicacy should be parboiled before being roasted; and it is evidently that stage of the cooking process which Mr. Hovenden has chosen to depict.

Of the "left over" communications which were received too late for insertion last week, the first describes the 'possum

COOKED IN A CLAY SHELL.

PUTNAM, July 11, 1881.

Some thirty years ago I had business calling me to the plantation of a wealthy farmer, twenty miles south of Petersburg, Va. I went out shooting two or three times, and one day we secured a very large fat 'possum. This I gave to Uncle Jim, who, with Aunt Cloi, promised the darkey's a roast. Early in the evening I repaired to the scene of the roasting, where a roaring fire had been kindled. The 'possom was scalded, as we do a pig, and the hair all cleaned off nicely; then the animal was carefully drawn and stuffed with bread and crackers. Some clay had been prepared and the 'possum, being wrapped in clean white muslin, was covered all over with about an inch of clay, placed in the coals of the fire and covered up with live coals, and the fire replenished. In about an hour it was pronounced done. When the shell of the clay was cracked open and the 'possum taken out the aroma of the cooked meat was delicious. The house cook selected a generous piece, which was sent to the house but was returned with thanks and with a bucket of ginger tea (ginger, molasses and water). The 'possum was now served with roasted potatoes, corn bread and ginger tea; and I then thought it delicious. After the feast Uncle Jim got out his fiddle and with a peculiar instrument called a "jaw bone" the good time wound up with a plantation dance.—G. F. W.

FRED MATHER HAS TRIED IT.

The editor of FOREST AND STREAM evidently has more 'possum on the brain than he has had on his stomach; and great was my surprise when he entered my den and asked if I had ever eaten of the individual whose bang-up swell name is *Didelphys virginia*, but who, in his playful moods, allows foreigners to speak of him as "The Virginia Opposum," with plenty of capital letters; and who, to his friends, most especially his woolly-headed and long-heeled ones, is familiarly a 'possum. Answering in the affirmative, I was further astonished at an order to write something about it, over my own signature. "But," I protested, "a 'possum is not in the Class Pisces; it's a confounded rat-tailed marsupial mammal, a blasted old plantigrade that is of interest to embryologists and darkeys, and I don't know much about them; and besides it is not my custom to append my name to what I have to say in FOREST AND STREAM, as the paper has an impersonal character; and——" But he was gone and had not heard half of it. The order was to relate what I knew—that certainly was not a formidable undertaking. So here goes:

During the late war I found myself, in the year 1863, promoted from a first Sergeant in Battery I, 7th N. Y., Heavy Artillery, to be a 2d Lieut. in Battery C, of the same Regiment, then stationed at Fort Pennsylvania, Tennallytown, just outside of Georgetown, D. C., on the Harpers' Ferry road. With a few other young officers I engaged board in the family of the drum major. Now the drum corps of that large regiment numbered twenty-four boys, as full of deviltry as boys from fourteen to seventeen years can be when away from the restraints of home, and we betide the chicken that failed to roost high when the 7th drum corps went "coonin'." One morning in November while sitting reading a work of humor called "U. S. Army Regulations, to which are appended the Articles of War," the smallest drummer in the corps, named Cook, who was under many obligations to me for certain banjo lessons, asked: "Lieutenant, did you see that 'possum in the box over at the sutler's?" Laying down the book in the midst of a side splitting article on making returns of ordinance stores, a nod in the affirmative was given.

"They say they are awful good to eat, Lieutenant."

"Who says so?"

"The old colored woman who cooks for your mess."

I saw the point and, looking sternly at the young imp, said: "Cook, you are thinking of stealing that 'possum for our mess. It is wrong; the sutler paid a quarter for it and refused to sell it to me for a dollar because he said he wanted to send it home to New York. Now, don't you steal it and cut its head off, skin it, and give it to our cook, because if you do, and I find it out, I will buy a dozen cigars and make you smoke yourself sick."

The next day "Aunt Martha," the cook, told me that she had "a nice fat 'possum, but she done freeze him free nights, den bile him an' stuff him wid bread an' inyins and roas' him. She didn't 'zackly 'member whar dey cotch him, she only know dey done got him."

And so a 'possum was got somehow. I don't positively know that young Cook stole the 'possum, but if he did not, it was a singular coincidence that the sutler lost one on the self-same day. "Aunt Martha" followed her programme to the letter; she froze it three nights—the magical number—and then parboiled it, stuffed it with bread, chopped onions, sage and perhaps other things, and baked it whole, the head being left on. We ate it hot, and a rank, greasy mess it was, although the 'possum-eaters present called it good. It was something like coon, bear meat and hog all rolled into one; and as I dislike all grease, I said it might do for those who liked it, but that as for game, venison, woodcock and prairie chicken were good enough for me, and I didn't aspire to be epicure enough to relish 'possum.

When we rose from the table the pile of chicken bones by my plate exceeded those of the 'possum, and as we adjourned to the sutler's to open a basket of wine on the strength of the animal whose habit it is to be born before his time, we passed through the drummer's quarters where young Cook sat on the edge of his bunk with his banjo, singing:

Ky-arve dat 'possum,
Ky-arve, oh, ky-arve dat 'possum,
Ky-arve dat 'possum,
Ky-arve him to de heart.

FRED MATHER.

We regret that the limitations of cold type preclude a delineation of the break-down with which this innocent-appearing, but susceptible couplet is usually accompanied.

From gastronomy to philology is but a step. Our researches into the culinary lore of the opossum have led us to a discovery—the ethnological and philological importance of which our modesty will not allow us to estimate. Every one is familiar with the fact that the Ballaroke tribe of Southwestern Australia derived their name from *Balbi-wak*, a diminutive species of opossum upon which the people of the tribe in former times principally subsisted.*

Now in conformity with the harsh customs of that Antipodean land, the manly Ballarokes were prohibited from matrimonial alliances with the fair daughters of the Gwerinjokes, Kotejumenos and Yungarees. This, of course, led to frequent pow-wows, broils and bloody club battles, and when the Ballarokes were worsted in the fray, as was usually the case,† their enemies led them captive, keeping time, time, time to the untuneful and derisive rhyme:

Pos sumungu mtree,
Coo nioi beiool ler,
Nig gerket ebumb ooh,
Selli orad ol lar.

Now, strange as it may seem, this war song of the Australian savages has been discovered to be current among the Negroes of the South, where, however, like the butterfly emerged from the chrysalis, it takes on a more beautiful form, as related by our well-known correspondent, "Chasseur:"

WARRENTON, Va., July, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Down on the old Virginia lowlands where I came from, which is the true home of the 'possum, I have hunted and eaten this rat's stepfather a hundred times, and love it better than any dish that ever was set before a king.

The process is simple: Cut his throat; leave him in the frost one or two nights; then get the hair off by dipping in hot water with a handful of ashes thrown in; parboil him; then smother in onions, sweet potatoes and a pod of red pepper.

Do we ever eat him cold? Well I never saw a piece of cold 'possum in my life, and the reason is simple: there never was, never is and never shall be enough of hot 'possum "to go round." First, the white folks had their "sheer," then the old mammy; next the uncle, who was master of ceremonies, took nearly all the balance, while a score or so of little darkies watched—grinning with impatience—for the spare bits and bones that the patriarch would give them. I never saw even the dish go unlicked—much less half put away to get cold. Cook him in a stove? Not much; not as long as

'Possum up gum tree,
Coon in de holler;
Nigger ketch um both an'
Sell for a dollar.

CHASSEUR.

But a truce to levity! Is "playing 'possum" an act of cunning on the part of the animal, or is the condition of seeming insensibility involuntary and of the nature of hypnotism? Mr. George Romanes contributed to *Nature* some years ago a paper which gives one view of the question and which we reproduce here.

*Sir George Grey: "Travels in Northwestern and Western Australia," vol. ii., pp. 225, 230.

†C. Dittmar: "Progress of Detonating Explosives Among the Savage Races," vol. xxi., pp. 294 *et seq*,

HYPNOTISM.

BY GEORGE ROMANES.

The phenomena of "hypnotism," "mesmerism," or "electro-biology," have of late years excited so much popular interest—not to say popular superstition—that their investigation by a competent man of science will appeal to the sympathies of a wider public than the purely scientific. My object, therefore, in writing the present article is to give a brief review of a monograph on this subject, which has just been published by the well-known physiologist, W. Preyer, of Jena.

In order to eliminate all possible effects of the imagination, Preyer performed his experiments only upon animals, and he begins his paper with an historical sketch of previous investigations of a similarly restricted nature. First we have the "Experimentum mirabile" of the Jesuit Athanasius Kircher, published by him in the year 1646. This consists in taking a common fowl, binding its feet together and placing it on a flat. As soon as it has ceased to struggle a straight line of chalk is drawn from the point of its bill along the floor. If the legs are now untied the fowl makes no endeavor to escape, but remains as it were transfixed and refuses to move even when urged to do so. Preyer observes in passing that the chalk line constitutes no essential part of the conditions, inasmuch as a fowl may be equally well thrown into a state of hypnotism by simply holding the animal for a short time upon the ground so as forcibly to prevent struggling.

After Kircher, no one seems to have investigated the phenomena of hypnotism, or, as Preyer calls it, kataplexy, till the years 1872-'73, when some articles on the subject were published by Czermak. The most striking of his experiments were those which he conducted on inverebrated animals—crawfish, for instance, being made to lie on their backs motionless, or even to stand upright upon their heads. Czermak endeavored to account for the facts which he described by supposing that in some way or other the act of fixing the eyes upon a certain object, or of gazing into space, caused the animals to become sleepy and stupefied.* So vague an explanation could scarcely in any case be entitled to rank as a physiological hypothesis, and Preyer showed, in 1873, that the act of gazing had nothing to do with inducing the state of kataplexy, inasmuch as animals fell into as exactly the same state when their optic nerves were divided, or their eyes covered with a hood—provided that their bodies were at the same time held in some unnatural position. Preyer, therefore, propounded a theory of his own, which, as first published, was that the state of fear into which the animal is thrown by being held in some unusual attitude serves to inhibit the power of volition and so of spontaneity—the animal, therefore, when released remaining statue-like in the position in which it was placed. In order to sustain this theory, Preyer pointed to other cases in which fear serves to inhibit spontaneity—as, for instance, the motionless horror which some animals exhibit in the presence of great danger, the fascination of birds by snakes, etc.

The theory as thus stated was very justly criticised by Heubel, who, in 1876, published a paper detailing his own researches on the subject, and seeking to identify the state of hypnotism with that of ordinary sleep. The effect of this criticism was to make Preyer state his theory with a greater clearness, and, as we now have it (1878), it seems to be as follows: Any "sudden, strong, unexpected and unusual stimulation of centripetal nerves" produces an emotion of fear, which in turn produces some inhibitory effect on the will, and eventually a state of stupor. It may, I think, still be questioned whether this theory is of very much value, for, even granting that "deathly terror" is always present—which it certainly need not be when the subject of the experiment is a human being—we are not acquainted with any other facts which would lead us to connect the subsequent state of motionless stupor with the preceding state of active fear. But, passing on to the facts, we soon find that an important exception must be taken to the above statement as to the condition under which hypnotism occurs, for various experiments proved that "sudden, strong, unexpected and unusual stimulation" of any of those "centripetal nerves" which minister to the *special senses*, so far from inducing a state of hypnotism, instantly aroused an animal which had previously been thrown into that state. So that, in point of fact, as we are afterward told, we may more correctly state the conditions which produce kataplexy in animals, by substituting for the words "centripetal nerves" in the above-quoted proposition the words "nerves of tactile sensation." But here I may observe that, so far as the experiments go, there is nothing to prove that special stimulation of even the cutaneous nerves is necessary (indeed, thermal and chemical stimulation of the skin was specially tried and produced no results); and therefore it seems to me, that possibility is not excluded that the special stimulus in question may really have reference only to the "muscular sense."

At any rate, all these experiments go to prove that kataplexy can only be produced in animals either by suspending them in the air, or by forcibly holding them in some unusual position. Most animals recover their normal state after a few minutes, but frogs when suspended in the air will continue kataplectic until they die. Horses become kataplectic while they are being swung from wharves to ships, as shown by the fact that they remain passive so long as they are suspended in the air, but again begin to struggle so soon as their feet touch the deck. Preyer has succeeded in rendering kataplectic various species of toads, newts, frogs, ducks, poultry, peafowl, partridges, sparrows, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, etc.; but has uniformly failed in the case of many other animals. On the whole he concludes that while among sundry species of reptiles,‡ batrachians, birds, rodents and ruminants, the phenomena of kataplexy may be more or less easily produced, such is not the case with fish and the more intelligent mammals. Nevertheless, in another part of his memoir he attributes to a state of partial kataplexy the period of motionless delay which is observable in children after they unexpectedly fall and before they begin to cry. He also states, on the authority of Dr. Genzmer, that a squalling child (not a young baby) may often be quieted by laying it upon its stomach or by gently pressing its face with the hand, care being taken in neither care to interfere with the breathing.

Our author further maintains that the so-called "shamming dead" of certain species of *Articulata* when in the presence of danger is probably to be attributed to kataplexy. But here, I think, it is difficult to agree with him. That the action in question is not a properly so-called intelligent one no competent person at the present day is likely to dispute; but, for my own part, I cannot see any evidence to show that it is not of the nature of an instinctive action, which has been developed in the way to which Preyer alludes. It being for the benefit of some animals that they should remain motionless, and thus be comparatively inconspicuous in the presence of danger, those individuals which endeavored to escape would be destroyed, while those which ceased to move would survive. Natural selection would, therefore, soon fix the artifice of "shamming dead" as an inherited instinct. To this view Preyer objects that, if we accept it, the origin of the instinct is difficult to explain; while, on the supposition of the action not being instinctive, but purely kataplectic, there is no difficulty to surmount. But to this it may be answered that there is no more difficulty in explaining the origin of the instinct to remain passive in the presence of danger than

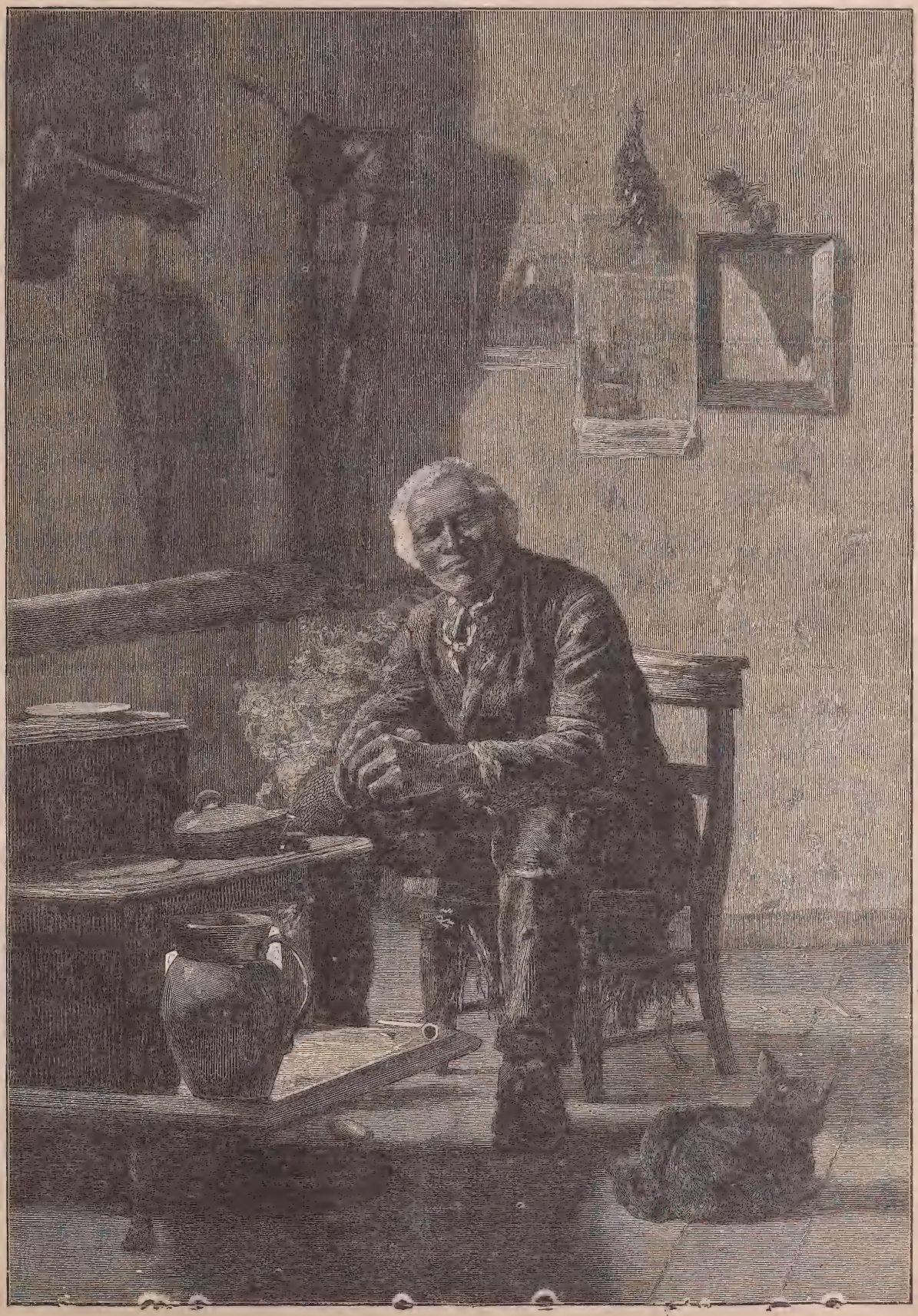
*When we fix our eyes upon a certain object, and then alter their adjustment for some more distant point, so that the eyes endeavor, as it were, to look through the object, there is no doubt that after a time a somewhat sleepy feeling may be produced. Some persons, I find, can perform this action more easily than others, and it does not seem to consist altogether in maladjustment. At least, I have observed that when the action is performed by persons who can do it well the pupils dilate prodigiously, and this even when the eyes are fixed upon a bright light, such as the naked flame of a moderator lamp. As the action is completely under the control of the will, one is thus able to observe this curious spectacle of the inhibition by the will of a reflex which under all other circumstances is beyond the control of the will—the pupils dilating or contracting instantly at word of command, and quite irrespective of the stimulus supplied by light.

*Indeed, a very remarkable experiment which is detailed further on would seem to show that even in the case of animals the state of fear need have nothing to do with inaugurating the state of kataplexy. The experiment in question consisted in suddenly decapitating a fowl, and while the reflex convulsions were still in progress, holding the mutilated body firmly on its back. The convulsions forthwith ceased, and the headless animal became for a time kataplectic. Unless, therefore, we suppose that the spinal cord is capable of suffering fear, and that it is more alarmed by being held firmly down than by being severed from the brain, we must conclude that a state of fear is no essential antecedent to that of hypnotism.

‡Preyer does not appear to have himself experimented on any species of reptile, but in another part of his monograph refers in this connection to a very old authority, viz., Moses, whose power of causing serpents to appear like rods he supposes to have been probably due to the sagacious Israelite having known something about the phenomena of kataplexy. But considering the number, variety and general quality of the experiments which Moses is said to have performed, it would surely be desirable to repeat the one in question before accepting the result as a fact of modern physiology.

"DAT 'POSSUM SMELL POWERFUL GOOD."

FROM THE PAINTING BY T. HOVENDEN, IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—COURTESY OF MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS.



there is in explaining the origin of any other instinct—that of running away from danger included. Moreover, one of the animals to which Preyer refers, viz., the *Armadillo vulgaris*, not only remains motionless when alarmed, but rolls itself up into a ball—an action which certainly cannot be explained on the hypothesis of kataplexy. The most, therefore, that can be said for this hypothesis is, that possibly in its first initiation the instinct may have been assisted by the occurrence of kataplexy.

The time during which the kataplectic stupor lasts varies in different species of animals, and also in different individuals of the same species. The maximum duration observed in the case of rabbits was twelve minutes; but fowls and Guinea-pigs continue stupefied for a somewhat longer time. By watching carefully for the first indications of recovery, and by preventing the voluntary movements in which these indications consist, animals may be kept in a state of kataplexy for an indefinite time Warm-blooded animals do not suffer from such prolonged experiments, but the latter are fatal to frogs. In mammals the most characteristic features of the kataplectic state, besides that of unconscious stupor, are violent tremblings of the extremities, blinking of the eyes, movements of the jaw and pupils, irregularity of the pulse and breathing, pallor of ears in rabbits, occurrence of defecation and micturition. On recovery the abnormal state passes off suddenly, leaving the animal bright and brisk as before, and thus, as in so many other respects, the state of kataplexy differs from that of ordinary sleep.

One other point of interest must be noted. Preyer finds that it is impossible to produce the state of kataplexy in any animal that is "newly-born." In the case of guinea-pigs susceptibility to be thrown into this state only begins to show itself during the first week after birth, and then gradually increases through two or three weeks. This curious fact is explained by the hypothesis that the volitional centres—or the centres which are supposed to be affected by kataplexy—require some time after birth to be brought into functional relation with the lower centres.

On the whole, then, it will be seen the facts relating to the hypnotism of animals are much more definite than the theories by which it is sought to explain them; and although we may be prepared to agree with Preyer that these facts in some way depend on certain unusual stimuli acting in some peculiar manner on some inhibitory centre or centres, we must feel that this statement of the case brings us only to the threshold of an explanation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO WEEKS WITH THE BASS AND PICKEREL.

AT INTERMEDIATE LAKE, ANTRIM CO., MICHIGAN.

BY KINGFISHER—PART III.

THE sun was well past the noon mark when we headed for camp, with a gentle breeze in our favor.

For two miles or more we tried the "shiners," but as we did not get a run we were glad we had not wasted more time incatching them.

When opposite Johnson's the wind freshened and was soon blowing half a gale down the lake, curling the waves up out in the middle to a height of three or four feet and covering the surface of the water with a fleecy foam of white caps.

We kept near the east shore where the water was a little smoother, that in case our boat should broach-to and "flop" we could easily wade or swim ashore and save our tackle. We, however, managed to keep her before the wind, and went forging and wallowing ahead at a rate that sometimes nearly buried her bows under water. Our Editor, who is a little timid on rough water—albeit he never did take kindly to it—shut his teeth hard together, and, grasping the sides of the boat with a firm grip, sat stiff as a telegraph pole, all the while keeping his weather eye out for "rollers" that every moment threatened to come in over the stern.

A couple of miles above camp we shot around a point into a little cove sheltered from the wind into quiet water, where we could light a pipe and look out with a feeling of relief from our haven at the foam-capped waves tumbling and roaring out in mid-lake. The Editor so far forgot the squall as to hook on a small green frog, one of three or four procured from Brer Smith, and in ten minutes was mixed up in a personal difficulty with a five-pound longface, right there in the rushes. He was a game and cunning rascal, working his way around inshore, and then dashing under the boat where we lay in four feet of water. A fit of absentmindedness on Jim's part came near losing him his fish, as he forgot to let the line run from the reel, and in a flash the tip of the rod followed the fish under the boat. For a time we thought the line or rod would certainly snap, as Jim still refused to surrender his grip on the reel handle; but by the excellence of the tackle and a liberal outlay of main strength solely on his part, longface was finally worked back from under the boat, when the Scribe jerked the gaff in his jaw and deftly knocked him on the head.

We lay under the lea of the little headland for over an hour, waiting for the blow to go down, the Scribe meantime taking a couple of large-mouthed bass and Jim another pickerel. I tried the shiners again, but could not stir a fin. Poor day for shiners! The wind and sea went down as the afternoon wore on, and starting, we followed the shore around 'till opposite the island, when, as the shadows began to creep out on the water from the west, we crossed over to camp and into quiet water. Johnny had seen us coming when away up the lake, and had a fire started and supper well under way when we arrived. We broiled a pair of bass, and when the Scribe had brewed a pot of coffee that would carry a head equal to "Old Crow," we sat down to supper with appetites well sharpened by the pure air and the fourteen miles' work at the oars.

It is astonishing how an appetite will develop and hang around one when camped out in the woods, and the quantity of groceries and provisions, fish and game hid away seems to be limited only by the capacity of a party for storage.

Our Johnny was always hungry and ready to tackle a square meal on the slightest pretext, and after watching him manipulate his knife and fork for three-quarters of an hour without missing a stroke, we concluded he was hollow from "eend to eend." But he was a growing youth, modest and cautious withal, and never ate more than he could hold. From force of habit rather than for warmth we lingered around the fire till it went out, talking over the incidents of the day's trip and planning a day's trouting up Cedar River.

We awoke late next morning and stepped out of the tent into a fog so dense it could almost be felt. Everything outside a radius of ten yards was completely hidden in a white bank of mist, and the only signs or sounds of life were a few bird notes issuing from the surrounding gloom and the measured snore of the camp boy in the small tent. Over near the water, in some low bushes, a dozen or more swamp blackbirds were making the air vocal with a morning rehearsal, and a half dozen of our little brown friends that came around the table every day for the crumbs thrown to them were twittering and peeping from a low tree near the kitchen fly, wondering, no doubt, if breakfast would soon be over; while overhead, in the branches of an elm, a small colony of restless, inquisitive blue-jays flitted and hopped and peered furtively at us through the mist and the dripping foliage, scolding and jeering at us and calling us a score of unpronounceable names in the jay language for being so late astir.

The tents and fly were wet and shrunken till the guys were taut as drum-cord's; leaf, branch and twig was covered with a thin film of moisture, and a touch of a bush brought down a shower of glittering drops like a rain. The air was cold and raw, and Jim and I proceeded to construct a rousing fire, over which we hung the coffee-pot, while our hollow youth sonorously and peacefully snored.

About eight o'clock the warm rays of the sun lifted the fog, giving us a glimpse of the opposite shore, and in half an hour more we were on our way up the lake in search of the "bull bass." I used up the forenoon fishing along the west shore two miles or more above camp; total result, one little bass a trifle longer than the frog I baited with. I dropped him back into the lake with a piece of good advice to grow up with—emulate our camp boy, and never tackle anything to eat that he couldn't get away with.

When we drifted back to the island about 1 P. M. for lunch, I told my carefully prepared story about the little bass to the boys, and was greeted by the scoffers with what smacked of undue levity for so small a fish (story). They were jubilant over a fine string of large bass, and three or four pickerel in the bottom of the boat had evidently found the fighting editor *in* when they called. But I had my revenge in the afternoon. I fished the east side above the mouth of the little stream, and on comparing notes at camp in the evening, I scored one over the boys with a small mouthed black bass that stopped the scale at six pounds eight ounces—a glorious game fish that tried the temper of my little rod a dozen times till my heart was in my throat, and gave up the fight only when reduced to the last feeble "wiggle" of his broad tail.

The handling of that bass in thirty or forty feet of clear water—no roots, rocks or snags for him to whip around and break away—approached as near to pure delight as is usually vouchsafed a follower of the gentle Izaak in a lifetime, and I was in a very serene frame of mind over it the rest of the evening. Eight other bass of from three to four and a half pounds each, and three longfaces made up an afternoon's sport not soon to be forgotten. The boys had taken more fish than I, but none the peer of old "moss back" at the head of my string.

Sitting around the fire in the cool night air, between puffs of smoke, the incidents of the day were related and battles with fierce pickerel and cunning bass fought over again, which lost nothing in the recital. There, off the little round island above the camp, Jim had a masterful fight with a four-pound bass, the largest one he had ever taken, and which he vowed with a mighty clincher, was worth the whole cost of the expedition. "Some hope for him yet!" muttered the Scribe.

A little further up the Scribe took five heavy bass in working over a hundred yards of water.

Off "pickerel point" the writer struck a mighty longface, and after an evenly balanced fight of half an hour, the line flew back over his head with the remains of a badly-frayed double-gut snell at the end of it as a reminder of the meanness of pickerel in general.

The Scribe changed his crossed legs, shoved a fresh shell in his pipe and remarked that "it was natural and proper, as fish stories go, for one to always lose his biggest fish; he had frequently done so himself, but as to the 'enormousness' of my pickerel, he had only my unsupported word, and he would have to put it down as *another* one on my old score of whoppers;" and so on till the fire went down and the pipes out.

The scene was so quiet and restful that we sat around the dying embers till the candle burned low in the old bayonet candle-stick in the tent, the deep silence of the night being only broken by the splash of a fish or muskrat off shore, and the occasional weird, lonely cry of a loon far up the lake. The soft beams of a nearly full moon spread a silver sheen over the placid waters between us and the east shore, and crept in hazy lines through the misty shadows in the foliage overhead. "Camp talk" lagged, and stopped, and each sat buried in his own thoughts till the spell was broken when the candle burned down into its socket in the old bayonet and dropped through, warning us that it was time to be in bed and in dreamland.

Next day the boys fished below, in the pocket, while I went up the lake alone, as usual, and had a quiet, dreamy day to myself. Floating or pulling lazily along the margin of the rushes and lily-pads in the blue haze, feasting the eye on the scarcely ruffled lake and the green shores, the angler may dream away the hours, all too short, of a long summer day and wish the hard realities of life were fewer, and their angles a trifle less angular. If the fish are a little "off feed," he may set his rod, lie back in his boat, and draw comfort from the happenings around him; for your angler, pure and simple, is, in the eternal fitness of things, a lover of Nature, and sees beauty and harmony in all her creatures and belongings. From a pleasant reverie he is suddenly aroused by the sharp chatter of a kingfisher as he winds up his reel, with the click on, and flaps slowly away from his perch on a dead branch overhanging the water. Balancing himself on a projecting limb a few yards further away, he resumes his solitary watch for the small fry that live in the shallow water among the reeds and rushes, and on which he must count for his dinner. Watching a bald eagle soaring a quarter of a mile above the trees the man has forgotten the kingfisher and his dinner, when he is startled by a splash inshore and turns in time to see him rise, dripping from the water, with a struggling minnow in his mandibles. He hunts a convenient perch, bolts his prey at two gulps and winds up his line for another cast. He frequently misses his fish but never gets discouraged. "Better luck next time," is a bit of philosophy drilled into him from the time he first peeps from his shell. Verily, the lines of the kingfisher are not always cast in pleasant places.

The silent man in the boat may follow up with his eye, yonder two little V shaped waves to their point of divergence and catch a glimpse of the brown head of a "musquash" with a mussel in his mouth, as he disappears behind a branch of spruce dipping into the water, and if he keeps quiet a minute, he will see him crawl out on yon guarled root at the edge of the water and open his prize. Yonder, dressed in his summer suit of dark brown, skulks a mink along the shore, his mouth no doubt watering for the mess of frogs he appears to be in search of.

The muskrat finished his mussel and slid into the water in quest of another, and I was on the point of taking the oars, when out from the bulrushes a few yards ahead of the boat emerged a beautiful summer duck, and swimming closely after, I counted nine little baby ducks not larger than walnuts, and looking like little balls of mottled brown fur.

They had apparently not noticed me, but a stroke of the oars alarmed them, and at a low "quack" from the mother, they huddled closely together and paddled vigorously up the lake, she following between them and the boat, directing and encouraging them from time to time by a motherly "quack-quack!" A few more strokes placed me between them and the rushes, when a word from the mother headed them out into the lake, and I watched them bobbing up and down on the tiny waves till they disappeared, mother and little ones, behind a long point on the opposite shore. It is not likely that the mother raised her whole brood, as, no doubt, one or more of them found their way into the hungry bowels of a sneaking pickerel, or fell victims to some prowling mink or "sly old coon." I saw them a day or two afterward, some distance away, but they slipped into the rushes and hid before I could get near enough to count them.

The whimper of a little stream flowing into the lake to the left was a welcome sound, as I was hot and thirsty, and cramped from sitting so long in the boat, and guided by the sound of the rippling water—for the mouth of the stream was completely hidden from view—I forced the boat half its length through a dense growth of overhanging bushes, and crawling under and through them, gained a footing on the shore Inside the wall of bushes, as far as the eye could penetrate the shadows, the low, spongy ground was strewn here and there with fallen tree trunks, dead, moldering and mosscovered. The woods were damp and chilly, and, coming in from the bright lake, they looked dark and gloomy, the thick branches overhead allowing never a ray of sunlight to gladden the face of the little tinkling brook that flowed with a ceaseless murmur through the dismal shades. Where it splashed and sputtered over a cedar root into a little pool, cold, and clear as crystal, I dipped up and drank a tin cup of the water and felt refreshed, but the gloom and dead stillness of the scene so oppressed me that I pushed the boat out from under the bushes, glad when I was once more back on the laughing lake and into the warmth of the welcome sunshine. It took an hour and an exciting fight with a four pound bass to warm my blood and get it back into healthy circulation again.

I fished, and floated, and idled away the afternoon, now and then adding a bass or longface to the string on either side of the boat till, ere I was aware of it, the sun was below the trees, and soft wavy lines of mist began to creep along the shore, and assume strange, fantastic shapes as they whirled and eddied through the fringe of bulrushes. Away across the lake, from out the deepening shadows, came the prolonged, plaintive cry of a loon, the embodiment of utter loneliness; and from a huge nest of dry sticks in the top of a dead cedar back in the swamp, a half-mile below, the shrill cries of the young eagles clamoring for their supper warned me that night was falling and it was time to turn the bow of my boat campward.

As I swung around in the gathering gloom, the stillness was further broken by the profound bass *too-whoo* of a great owl away back in the hills, which was directly answered by the mellow tenor of another across the lake. Back again from the hills came the response of another, different in tone, and far up the lake still another took up the strain. For twenty minutes or more the conversation was kept up by the quartette, and then all was suddenly still, the marauders probably seeking the rendezvous agreed upon during their talk, where plans for a night foray on the neighboring hen roosts would be matured, and each robber assigned to his particular territory.

Passing close by Long Point, I was raised nearly off the seat, and each individual hair straightened in a combined effort to lift the hat from my head, by an unearthly wail, seemingly under the very bows of the boat. For an instant my heart stood still, and each hair felt as if it was an electric needle thrust into the scalp, but by the time the cry was half uttered I knew it was a loon, although I could not see it in the shadows and increasing darkness.

Once sure that the cry proceeded from nothing more than a loon, the hair went down and the heart resumed its wonted functions, but the sudden shock drove the "owl quartette" out of mind and brought me to a realizing sense of my whereabouts.

The gleam of the camp-fire a mile down the lake meant supper and rest for my cramped legs, and lifting the two heavy strings of fish into the boat to save the drag, a long, steady stroke soon brought me abreast of the island. "Boat ahoy! who comes there?" from the camp, and the answer, "The lone fisherman," brought the boys to the landing with a lighted lantern, to see my fish and help put them away. They had been in camp since before sundown, and had eaten supper, satisfied that "Old Hickory" would turn up all right in due season.

A cup of hot coffee and a bountiful supper took the kinks out of my legs and added a cheerful glow to the fire that softened the shadows in the surrounding bushes, and put new life into the monotonous *creak-creak* of a solitary cricket that had taken up quarters in the commissary tent.

The frequent and fragmentary remarks of the Editor to the "skeeters" were soon lost in the recital of the adventures of the day. The boys had spent a most enjoyable day below, and had brought in a fine string of fish, but, as usual, had lost the *big* one. The Scribe struck him near the lower island; a lovely bass of such extraordinary size that he declared my 6½ pounder might have easily hidden under one of his pectoral fins. Jim here chipped in with a batch of elaborately prepared testimony to sustain the Scribe, and I was silenced and overwhelmed, and gave up the unequal contest.

As for myself, I had passed a pleasant, happy day, fishing, idling, and dreaming; a day that leaves pleasing memories to come after; a day with Nature in one of her best moods, listening to her many voices and quaint sermons, and I felt that I was better for it all.

Of a truth, the subtle influences, the wonders and mysteries of the woods and the waters are beyond our ken.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD RESORT FOR CAMPING AND SHOOTING when the season opens, report it for the benefit of others.

Natural History.

SKUNKS AND HYDROPHOBIA.

FOR SUMMER READING buy a copy of Van Dyke's "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," price $1.50, postpaid. For sale at this office.

LOCUST GROVE, Lewis Co, N. Y., July 2.

EVER since the Reverend Horace C. Hovey, M. A., took it upon himself to notify the civilized world (through the medium of the *American Journal of Science and Arts* for May 1874, pp. 477-83) of the terrible consequences attending the bite of our common skunk (*Mephitis mephitica*) the columns of your valuable paper, together with those of various other publications, have been much of the time pregnant with more or less extended remarks upon the subject.

The Rev. Mr. Hovey announced that the bite of the skunk as usually fatal and produces in the human subject a peculiar kind of hydrophobia, which he named Rabies mephitica. In the New York Medical Record for March 13, 1875, Dr. John S. Janeway, U. S. A., proves that the disease is nothing more nor less than ordinary hydrophobia as derived from the dog, cat or other rabid animal.

Dr. Elliott Coues deems the subject of sufficient importance to reproduce both articles (Rev. Hovey's and Dr. Janeway's), but unfortunately without comment, in this most admirable and valuable monograph of our "Fur-bearing Animals" (pp. 223-35).

Dr. Janeway states that the disease "is evidently epidemical, no cases of it having been reported previous to 1870 in this region," which is unquestionably the fact.

Now it strikes me that there is a good deal of first-class "poppycock" in the Rev. Mr. Hovey's article and in most of the contributions that have appeared since.

Let us take a rational view of the case, and glance, for a moment, at the history of an average outbreak of hydrophobia. Here is a rabid dog. Before succumbing to the disease, or to the hand of man, he has probably bitten at least one or two other dogs or cats, which in their turn bite others, and so on, till the community becomes aroused; and scarcely enough of these animals are left to propagate their kind.

Now, suppose a "mad dog" should, in his wild delirium, chance to run across and bite a skunk, and in a region where skunks happened to abound, would not the natural result be that this skunk would bite others and so communicate the disease to them, and they others still, and so on till most of the skunks of that neighborhood had been infected? During a certain stage of the disease, should any of these hydrophobic skunks, by any accident, fall in with a man sleeping on the ground, that man would certainly be very liable to be bitten, and if bitten to die of this terrible malady. Exactly such a state of things, apparently, came to the notice of Mr. Hovey, who published the facts in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, as above stated. But instead of confining his remarks to a simple, truthful narration of facts, he indulges in the wildest speculations and empty theories concerning the fatal nature of skunk bites in the abstract.

To suggest, as does the Rev. Hovey, that the bite of a healthy skunk as followed by hydrophobia is, to speak mildly, the height of irrational nonsense. Equally insane is his idea that skunks, in the normal state, are aggressive animals and habitually bite those persons whom they find sleeping upon the ground. Indeed nothing could be more contrary to the known habits and disposition of these beautiful and useful little animals.

As to the effect of skunk bites in general I will only state my experience. Twelve or fifteen years ago, when hunting and trapping skunks, I was twice bitten by adult animals and never suffered therefrom more than from equally severe bites from any of our common mammals. About the same time, Dr. C. L. Bagg was also bitten, but nevertheless he still lives and is practicing medicine in New York City. Last summer I was again bitten by a skunk—this time by a half-grown one that I had alive for several months—and have as yet experienced no evil consequences from the bite. Our dogs have many times been bitten by skunks and were never seriously injured thereby.

These remarks are called forth at this time by a card of inquiry published by Dr. Howard Jones in your last issue (June 30, '81). In the same number a correspondent (signature "F. U. R.") expresses surprise at finding the remains of a skunk that had been killed by a fox. Now it is a well-known fact that foxes and great-horned owls are the common enemies of skunks, and devour them annually in large numbers. I once had two tame skunks killed in one night by a tame fox.

C. HART MERRIAM, M. D.

THE STROKE OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

THE fact that poisonous serpents strike with the fangs, which are only found in the upper jaw, into the objects of their attack instead of biting them is not generally known by the public unfamiliar with their structure and habits. The lower jaw is used in seizing food only, and plays no part in defence. The curved fangs are strongly thrown forward in the segement of a circle of which the portion of the animal resting on the ground is the centre. The force of this stroke is given with all the power of the muscular system of an exceedingly muscular organization; its force is realized only by those who have felt it. We once placed a foot on the head of a small prairie rattlesnake, in Kansas, and a friend took hold of its tail and cut its head off with his pocket knife. The body was no sooner released from the head than, with a quickness only equalled by the traditional 'flash," it struck his hand with the stump hard enough to bruise it so as to be useless for a week or more.

This has been called to mind by the following letter to Prof. Baird from Mr. Stone, of the United States Fish Commission, in charge of the Department of the Pacific Coast. He writes from Baird, Cal., June 23:

"One of my young men had a narrow escape from a terrible death last week. He was walking down the trout pond ditch (flume), when he was suddenly struck by a rattlesnake on the side of the leg, about half way between the hip and the knee. Fortunately, he had on long rubber boots, fitting rather loosely. The snake's fangs pierced the rubber entirely through, and one of them tore a slit half an inch long in the boot leg; but the fangs did not reach the flesh, and the man escaped unhurt. The snake hung a moment by his fangs, and the man had to shake him off. He says the blow was so hard that he thought some one had struck him with a rock. The man was Mr. Loren Green, who works at the trout ponds. It was such an extraordinary escape that I thought you would perhaps like to have me write you about it.

"LIVINGSTON STONE."

TWO TAMED COOTS.

BARDSTOWN, Ky., July 3, 1881.

LAST fall I recorded in FOREST AND STREAM, p. 307, Vol. XV., the capture of two coots (*Fulica americana*), and seeing in your last issue (No. 22) the letter of G. R. Hardenberg in regard to two captive sora rails, it suggested to me that a few facts about my pets might not prove uninteresting.

They spent the whole of the winter in a basement room, subsisting almost entirely upon corn-bread, and became so tame that when the person who fed them entered the room they would run eagerly to him, and one of them would feed from his hand. About the middle of April they were put in a large cage, which was placed in the yard. There they remained perfectly contented in their confined quarters for about a week, when the door was carelessly left open and they escaped. They made no attempt to fly or run off, but wandered around the yard feeding all day, and at night returned of their own accord to the cage.

Ever since then they have had unlimited freedom and are as tame as chickens, coming when called and being on the best terms with all of the other domestic animals, except a riotous Chesapeake Bay puppy and a pair of quarrelsome Pekin ducks. The former, with youthful precipitation, supposed that the birds were legitimate objects of pursuit and retrieved one of them in fine style shortly after they were liberated, and came very near killing it. Since then Judy—the puppy—has been made to understand better and never molests them now; but they still eye her with suspicion and always give her a wide berth, while they are utterly indifferent to the near presence of the other dogs. Every day they have two or three difficulties with the ducks over the pan of water in which they bathe, the ducks generally, but not always, getting the best of it, in which case the coots march off to a spring branch about 300 yards distant, where they perform their ablutions undisturbed and then return.

They have thus far evinced no desire to breed, hence I infer that they are both of the same sex, whether male or female I cannot tell.

C. W. BROKHAM.

GREAT CAROLINA WREN.—I have the pleasure of recording the capture of a pair of great Carolina wrens (*Thryothorus ludovicianus*), on June 11, 1881, at Greenville, Hudson county, New Jersey, within four miles of the City of New York. While collecting that day in an old woods in which was considerable undergrowth, I noticed what was to me a new voice in the woods—loud, clear and continued. For the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the stranger, I turned my footsteps toward him but found a canal between us. To find a bridge I had to make a detour of some distance, but during all the time I had the same loud, clear voice to guide me to the little rocky glade in which I had the pleasure of meeting my first "great Carolina wren." Carefully approaching the sound I saw the little brown songster in a small sapling. He allowed me to view him but a moment when he flew to the opposite side of the glade and, alighting on the trunk of a small tree, began to inspect it after the manner of the brown creeper (*Certhia familiaris*). Wishing to have "a bird in the hand" I shot, but only wounded, and while killing it, it uttered a few cries which brought the female near me, when she also was secured. The ova in the female were about the size of dust shot, showing, I think, that the pair had not commenced nesting yet, but were only prospecting for a suitable summer home.

WM. DUTCHER, New York City.

TREE-CLIMBING SNAKES.—Bingham's Corners, N. Y.—Mr. Morton Buttles, being out in the woods hunting near by a tree in which a neighbor of his had found a swarm of wild bees early in the spring, thought he would take a look at it. On approaching the tree, which was a large oak, and scrutinizing it closely to see if any bees remained, he observed something on a large branch, some thirty or forty feet from the ground, that had life, but it did not look much like bees. Waiting a few moments, he saw it move quite distinctly, and he took deliberate aim at the branch and fired, when down came a monster black snake, ten feet in length, crippled by the shot. It was quickly dispatched with a club. Whether the snake climbed the oak direct, or went up a small sapling and thence to the branches of the oak, is a matter of conjecture.

It is well known that black snakes are extremely expert at climbing trees.

CHIMNEY SWALLOWS—STANLEY, N. J., July 4.—The other day while out collecting birds, I noticed some chimney swallows flying through a decayed elm tree. Every little while one of them would strike a branch as though they were gathering material for their nests. As I have never seen them light on the ground or on a tree, I think they gather the twigs which compose the nest while flying. This habit may be known to many but I have never read or heard of it.

I secured a nest in a chimney. It was built in the following manner: A small platform of twigs stuck together with a glutinous substance, was built out from the chimney. Around the edge of the platform the twigs were built so as to form a small hollow. In this there were four white eggs. The nest was very strongly attached to the chimney with the same substance that held the twigs together. This material resembled glue. The gunning bids fair to be very good this season. I have seen a brood of about thirteen young partridges. Quail are whistling in the fields, and rabbits are very abundant.

HARRY DE B. PAGE.

[The "glue used in the construction of the chimney swallows's nest is secreted in glands, situated one on each side of the bird's head, and exuded with the saliva.—ED.]

AN OLD ALBINO ROBIN.—For eight years an albino robin has annually reared its young in a nest just under the eaves of the piazza attached to the residence of Dr. James L. Tyson, Penllyn, Montgomery County. It is believed that for several years it hatched its eggs in the same nest, but this season it selected another position and raised a brood of four. It is not often that a robin has an opportunity to locate for so long a period in the same position, as it is hunted quite as much in the South, where it usually remains in winter, as it is in the North, and it is remarkable that this specimen has so long escaped the gun, as its white feathers make it a more conspicuous object than the less attractive plumage of its companions. In Germantown and the surrounding country, robins are quite as numerous this season as they usually are, and at evening and in the early morning their melodious song is heard on all sides.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

When the brain is wearied, the nerves unstrung, the muscles weak, use Hop Bitters.

Game Bag and Gun.

NEW YORK OPEN SEASONS.

Quail.—From Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. No shooting in Montgomery, Schenectady, Saratoga and Albany counties before 1882.
Woodcock.—Aug. 1 to Jan. 1. The Oneida and Herkimer counties, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.
Wood Duck, Wild Duck, Wild Goose (brant).—Sept. 1 to May 1. In Long Island waters, Oct. 1 to May 1.
Ruffed Grouse (partridge).—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.
Pinnated Grouse (prairie chicken).—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.
Robin, Meadow Lark or Starling.—Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.
Rabbit (hare).—Nov. 1 to Feb. 1.
Deer.—Aug. 1 to Dec. 1. Hunting with dogs, Aug. 15 to Nov. 1; unlawful at all times in St. Lawrence county.
Moose.—Killing prohibited at all times.

THE QUEER CUSTOMS OF DARE.

THE SHORE DWELLERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

WE have a letter from Dare county, North Carolina, which we shall soon put into type. Meanwhile here are some pen-pictures of the Dare folks and their ways from a letter in the Raleigh, N. C., *News*. Many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will recognize the truthfulness of the sketch:

The people of this region are of an amphibious nature, and live so much on and in the water that most of them, I am sure, are web-footed. They live mainly on fish, clams, oysters, crabs, terrapins and wild fowl. When they leave home they go in a boat, and whether they go to court or go courting, or to trade, or to mill, or to a funeral, they always go by sail. Their corn mills are run by sails, and some of them pump their water with windmills. They don't go up stairs, but "go aloft," and when they go to bed they "turn in;" when they are ill they are "under the weather," and when in robust health they say they are "bung up and bilge free." They speak of a trim built sweetheart as "clipper built." If she is a little stout they say she is "broad in the beam," or she is "wide across the transom." Many of them have ships' cabin doors in their houses that slide on grooves, and to their buildings they give a coating of tar instead of painting them. The "old woman" blows a conch shell when dinner is ready, and they measure time by "bells." Their babies are not rocked in cradles, but swung in hammocks. They chew black pig-tail tobacco, and drink a wild tea called "Yeopon." They manure their land with sea grass, and bury their yam potatoes in the sand hills. When they want the doctor they hang a red flag against a hill side as a signal of distress. If he don't come, because the "wind ain't fair," they take a dram of whisky and copperas, soak their (web) feet in sea water, "turn in" and trust to luck. If they die they will be buried on the top of a sand ridge, and when you see several sail boats on the water in procession, with a flag at half-mast, you are looking at a funeral.

They ornament their houses with whales' ribs and jaws, sharks' teeth, swordfish snouts, devilfish arms, sawfish swords (six feet long), miniature ships, camphor wood chests, Honduras gourds, spy-glasses, South American lariats, war clubs from the Mozambique Islands, Turkish pipes, West India shells, sandal-wood boxes, Chinese chessmen, Japanese faces, Madagascar idols, Australian boomerangs, and other strange, outlandish things, instead of having in their parlor a few Boston chromos, a family tree, a certificate of membership in some lodge, a photograph or poetry album, bound volume of Godey's Lady's Book, bust of Henry Ward Beecher, or some other great and good man, like Christian people have "where I was raised." Outside of their houses and about the yard you will find ships' blocks, dead-eyes, anchors, chain cables, ships' figureheads and names on gilded scrolls, ten-foot turtle shells, harpoons, chain grabs, oyster tongs, seines, nets, blue-fish tackling, duck batteries, stool-geese boxes, wooden decoy ducks, imitation brant and pans for fire-lighting game; live decoy geese will honk at you, if you are a stranger, and tame swans will take a nip out of the fleshy part of your leg in a playful way, while a pet fawn is chewing your handkerchief.

Their hogs are raised on clams, mussels, offal of fish and garbage, and their cattle wade out on the shoals for miles, where the water covers their backs, to feed on sea grass, and if they are carried up country and fed on corn and fodder they will not live. Every man is captain of some kind of a boat, and "she" is always better than any other boat in some way. "She is hard to beat in a gale of wind," or "before the wind" or "beating to windward," or "with the wind on the beam," or "she can sail closer to the wind," or "will carry sail longest," or is "hard to beat in a light wind," or "totes more stock," or is "stronger," or "dryer," or "bigger," or "she is a big little boat," or "draws the least water," or "needs less ballast," or "she is the newest," or "has the best timbers," or "steers the best," or "she is a lucky boat," or "stands up better," or "needs less sail than any other boat," or "she is best for fishing," etc. Perhaps "she comes about better than any other boat." She is bound to have something about her better than anybody else's boat. One "captain" will claim that "she" has the best set of sails in Dare, and another that "she rows easiest." The other day I heard a "captain" to put me on the steamer "Wave," out in the Sound. His "coonah" was a very old, patched up concern—the worst I had ever seen. She leaked like a basket, and he had to keep the bailing gourd busy to keep her from filling. I was curious to know what claims he could put in for his craft. As we drifted slowly over the sound, with all sails set, and before a fair wind, he informed me that she "was not overly fast, though 'twasn't every one could beat her," but that "she was the best *one man boat* in Dare," and could "near about sail herself." The crew of a "coonah" usually consists of a man at the helm (the "captain") and boy before the mast. We reached the "Wave" and left the "one man boat" and went aboard with my traps, and the "captain" called out to "turn her loose," and with the parting remark, "Here we go, as the boy said when the bull was after him," he started for Nag's Head pier. But a flaw struck him just as he swung clear, his sail jibed, and knocked him overboard, and the next moment "she" was "sailing herself," and her captain was towing behind, with a tight grip on the main sheet. I called to the crew of the "Wave" to go to his assistance, but they laughed and said, "Uncle Billy was all right," and sure enough he presently pulled himself up to the boat, climbed in, shook himself, waved his hand and went off drifting to windward.

The "Wave" is what is called a "wheelbarrow." She has a wheel at the stern as big as a mountain mill wheel, and she is built for going in shallow water. In Currituck Sound and Kitty Hawk Bay the grass that the wild fowl feed on is so thick that a propeller cannot be used on account of its choking the wheel. The "Wave" only draws about eighteen

inches of water and is well adapted for the business she is engaged in.

As we got abreast of the Narrows near Van Slyck's, abreast of Rattlesnake Island (a famous place for canvas-backs in the season), a heavy fog came down and the captain of the "Wave" found great difficulty in keeping in the channel. He had to take soundings with a pole. Presently we grounded hard and fast. The engineer "went back on 1 er," but she did not move. All hands and the cook tried pushing with poles without result, and the deck hand said he "reckoned we were thar till the tide riz." But the captain was equal to the emergency. He went to a locker, and, pulling out a pair of long rubber wading boots, put them on, and, jumping into the sound, put his shoulders to the wheel and shoved her off, and we went on our way rejoicing. The "Wave" passes through the famous fowling grounds, and the captain told me that the waters in the fall and winter were alive with ducks, swan and geese. They begin to come about the middle of October and remain until the first of March. Every man and boy who can muster a gun is actively employed shooting them or waiting on the Northern sportsmen who belong to the clubs. They shoot the fowl mostly from blinds made of bushes on the points and islands, and from coffin-like boxes made of juniper that are anchored by weights near the feeding grounds.

Canvas back and red heads, the most valuable of the duck kind, frequent the waters near the narrows and about the Currituck Club grounds and in Kitty Hawk Bay. Geese are found all over Currituck and Roanoke sounds. Swan are more plentiful about Collington Island, Gallop's Marshes and off Roanoke Island. Black and white brant in millions "place" on the shoals of Pamlico Sound from Duck Island down to Hatteras Inlet. Only citizens of North Carolina can shoot from batteries in Currituck County, but in Dare County any one can use them.

Nature has done so much for these people that they don't find it necessary to do much for themselves, and many of them are disposed to take life easy. I have noticed that their hands and feet are smaller than those of Western people, who follow the plow and earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

One reason I had for coming down here was to gratify my fondness for fish. We catch a few brook trout in the mountain streams, but they are scarce and shy, and only those who have plenty of time and patience and are expert anglers can secure a "mess." But here the waters are full of fish and the names alone of all the various kinds that are caught with the greatest ease would fill a column of your paper.

If you Know of a Good Resort for Camping and Shooting when the season opens, report it for the benefit of others.

HOW TO TEST GUNS.

HINTS ON PATTERN AND PENETRATION TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every few weeks in the different sporting papers appears an account of some person's gun trial, either of a number of guns by different makers, or else a test of some particular way of loading with various kinds of powder and shot.

Now, nearly all of these are conducted without any method, or even a knowledge of what will make easily apparent the actual results. For instance, some one borrows a dozen guns from his friends, loads them all with the same charge regardless of weight or calibre, and then thinks the gun that shoots the most shot in a given space, or through more sheets of paper than the others, is the best.

There is scarcely anything liable to be more false than this, and the most diametrically opposite results may be produced by afterward loading each gun according to its bore, weight and amount of choke; then taking the percentage of shot in the pattern, and that of the penetration by the load of powder used in the cartridge, and we can at once distinguish accurately the respective shooting qualities of each gun.

As an aid to those who wish to make private tests of their guns, I will give a few hints in order to let them do it properly.

The pattern is the most important thing, and when the guns are tested in the open air a sheet of paper four feet square at forty yards should receive the charge, and a thirty inch selected circle marked out on it after every shot. A stationary circle marked on the paper before it is shot at, is only good for trials held in a long shed or building, where no wind and draughts of air can deflect the loads from striking exactly in the ring.

A notable instance of how necessary the selected circle is in open air trials, was shown in one superintended by a Western newspaper about a year and a half ago. A strong breeze blew directly across the firing point, and the pattern in the stationary ring was most irregular, sometimes, with the same load, only one-third as much shot would be found in the target as at other times, and the penetration also suffered from the poor patterns, as they were outside pellets of the charge and had not as much velocity as the more central ones. The whole results of this long, tedious trial were so miserably uncertain from the lack of a suitable building, or from not using selected circles, that it has proved almost nothing to those who wished most to have it.

One of the quickest ways to find a pattern is to cover the surface of the paper (four feet square) with thirty inch rings, and then no matter where the charge strikes on it a ring will always be found in the centre.

For the penetration a rack of insulated card-board is the best; the pieces should be cut six or eight inches square and separated at least one inch apart. Paper pads and iron discs registering the force struck by a spring and scale, give very unequal results; the pads because the first pellets of the charge are sometimes struck and driven on further by those coming in the rear, and the iron plates on account of their giving higher results when a great number of shot strike, than the superior force of a few. If very thin cards or even paper is substituted for card-board, the test of the penetration can be made as delicate as any one desires.

The rest in the open air can be taken on a bag of hay or between the knees of the shooter in the Creedmoor mid-range sitting position, but indoors there is nothing better than the vise and machine rest as used by the London Field in its last test, with a scale attached to determine the recoil of the guns. Two or three sighting shots should be taken with this before the gun begins to score, so that all the loads will strike fairly in the target.

When the different makes of guns are tested, the depth of choke, the size of bore, the price, length of barrels and weight of each gun should be absolutely the same if any definite result is desired.

There have already been in this country a couple of trials for guns of various makers, but they were so very imperfect in nearly all their details that I think it is nearly time to have a good reliable test by some disinterested and competent parties. It would settle the question as to who makes the best guns here and in the last few years, since so many good guns have been invented and come out, the makers as well as sportsmen would be anxious to have it. The idea was proposed before in another paper, but as the article disapproving of it was shown to contain nothing but false theories, by no less an authority than the English gunsmith Mr. E. C. Green, no more attention should be paid to it than the idea of trying Dittmar's explosive with good black powder by the same persons, and which seems to have fallen through since your *expose* of it. COLIN.

Philadelphia, July 2, 1881.

If you Know of a Good Resort for Camping and Shooting when the season opens, report it for the benefit of others.

LEAVEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

GRANITEVILLE, S. C., June 18.

ALTHOUGH last winter was so severe for this latitude that even the oldest inhabitant could not remember, etc., yet in the face of it the most honorable Robert White came in for a full share of public patronage and braved as well the inclemency of the weather. The number of shooting days allotted to us were not as many as heretofore, being only eighty per cent; usually it is one hundred per cent. from the 15th of October to the 15th of April, not including Sundays. The bright and glorious winter days come and go, morning after morning the sun "comes peeping over the hills" and takes his course full of smiles all day. Seldom does he allow the clouds to weep; and if they do and you happen to be caught, there's fun in it. Build a "lightard" fire if you get cold, take out your lunch and be happy. Keep on shooting if you wish, with plenty of bruises and the shooter in good form. Let it rain, he will not notice it, that is, if you have a gun that you load at one end and the charge goes out of the other. This little joke is not original, consequently I claim no credit for it. It came about in this way: I was trying to persuade a son of Noah, who owned "the best gun in the county" (it being the original piece of ordnance that formed the armament of the Ark), to purchase a breech-loader. I had two samples. He examined first one then the other, opened and shut them and made diligent inquiries. At last, after many shakes of the head and remarks not calculated to reflect credit on breech mechanism, he concluded he would not have a gun that loaded at both ends. He evidently was afraid of centrifugal forces and an explosion near the centre. I sold him a nice gun at last. He is the most delighted chap; he has been initiated in the mysteries of pattern and penetration, and talks in a pedantic way to his neighbors of the relative power of the choke and the cylinder; so it's one more convert and a game protector as well. Step by step we are putting a stop to quail trapping and covey shooting. I put the FOREST AND STREAM in the hands of all who will read, and bang away at the game laws, most by the Fifteenth Amendment representative, for he is the very worst trapper. He takes whole coveys and wrings the necks of the innocents. Where he traps for a while "the sun of noon looks down and sees not one," and many a fry and brile "the old woman and chil'n have."

Peter Jones (colored) lives two miles from here. I found traps on Peter's place. He—he felt sure "de chil'n miss hev sot dem traps." Peter was shadowed and caught. Peter sees through an entirely different pair o' specs, and his respect for the South Carolina game laws has increased. One more convert and one more soul made happy, as the Magic Oil man said.

I should like to say something about dogs of this vicinity, but time and want of space forbid. We will try again.

DICK SWIVELLER.

If you Know of a Good Place to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

CALIFORNIA GOOSE SHOOTING.

IN reply to a correspondent's query, transmitted through the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. N. E. White, of the Sacramento, Cal., *Bee*, recently wrote the following letter, which we have permission to print here. It is dated at Sacramento, May 30, 188-, and is as follows:

"I am afraid that I cannot give you any new light on the subject of goose hunting, for the reason that it has been for many years only an incidental feature of sport out here. Duck hunters often bag such geese as happen to come their way and send them to market; but I know of no one making a specialty of goose shooting.

"Some years ago, when I was in my teens and living on a 'ranch' in one of the coast counties, I used to take some interest in what I would call 'stalking' the 'critters.' Our favorite method then was to crawl through the ditches, which ran at frequent points around and through the grain fields, and thus get within range of the too, too wild geese. Occasionally we would get a gentle old horse, or ox, and creep up on the 'off' side to the big flocks of the fowls and at the right moment let go the contents of two barrels, or of a big 'Yaeger' among them.

"This is, in reality, the most successful way of hunting wild geese. Hunters used to employ big six and eight gauge guns and, from behind an ox or horse, literally slaughter them. Fifty and upward have been obtained at one discharge. On the great wheat ranches in the Sacramento Valley the myriads of wild geese do great damage to the young grain in the late fall and farmers employ men by the month to shoot them—or shoot at them. I don't know that they try to bag many of them, however, but simply to frighten them off. I may safely say that goose shooting—either for sport or game—is a thing of the past out here, although there is an unlimited field for all that like to follow it.

"Game of all kinds will be plentiful here next season, notwithstanding the persistent violations of the law. Our dove season commences July 1 and will afford good sport until the quail and duck season opens, Sept. 15. The open season for mule deer also begins July 1, and, in the words of a Democratic orator, 'the woods are full of 'em,' for all they are regularly slaughtered for their hides in the far-off counties. The law 'prohibits' it, but the work goes on all the same. Our mountain lakes and streams are full of trout, but the best fishing is some weeks off yet. N. E. WHITE."

If you Know of a Good Resort for Camping and Shooting when the season opens, report it for the benefit of others.

ARKANSAS GAME.

OWL'S COVE, Ark.

THE game prospects in this "neck of the woods" are good. Deer are frequently seen in the deep forest, but by a sort of common consent no one shoots them this time of year.

Turkeys have partially raised large broods. They are frequently seen near grain fields. They are considered big enough to pick here in September; they are then of the size of a Brahma fowl, full feathered and strong on the wing, but not "educated" like the old ones. These will be fully ripe in November, and better sport than they afford then is hard to imagine.

The Virginia partridge, colin, Bob White, did not suffer much last winter. The breeding stock is undiminished; the woods and fields are alive with them. There is probably no part of the United States so well supplied. Along the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railway, right in the towns, birds are plenty, and more so, of course, a little out of the line of travel. I was down in Jackson County a few days ago, along White and Black rivers, and there learned that the supply was large. A gentleman from the North had been there training dogs and, taking advantage of the want of a game law, had slaughtered some birds in April and May. Some of the citizens had mildly remonstrated with him to little effect. A little more of that might possibly induce our numbskull legislators to pass a game law.

The flights of aquatic birds—ducks, geese and swan—can not be foretold. The food supply for them will be fair and other conditions favorable. Whether they will come in large or small numbers will depend upon the weather and the "inducements" held out by other localities. We have had three rather unfavorable seasons in succession. Even in a bad season, however, we have what in most sections of the country would be called very good sport.

I have heard of but very little bear sign; they may come in and may not. The woods are and have been alive with squirrels.

The prospects for all sorts of game are unusually good in all that region about Panther Bluff and 'Possum Walk. In Greasy Valley quail and turkeys are in full supply. There is no part of the State where I am acquainted where good and even fine sport may not be confidently looked for during the approaching season. YELL.

A NOVEL MODE OF KILLING WOLVES—Monomonie, Wis.—A few weeks ago the Secretary of State at Madison received a certificate entitling a fellow in the southern part of the State to a reward of $120 for killing 20 wolves. The idea occurring to the Secretary that that was a pretty good haul for one man to make, he sent one of his clerks to investigate the matter. He went to the chairman of the town board and found that a certificate had been issued to the man in question entitling him to the pay for 2 wolf scalps; he then went to the chairman of the county board and found the same to be the case, and that the chairman addressed the letter containing the certificate to the Secretary of State and handed it to the applicant to drop in the post office. Then the wolf was let out of the bag. The brave slayer of *Canis occidentalis* had converted the 2 into 20 and $12 into $120. This is certainly very encouraging to sheep-raisers.—M.

WOODCOCK IN NEW YORK RESTAURANTS—NEW YORK July 9, 1881—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—Is it lawful for restaurants in this city to serve woodcock to their customers at this time of the year when shooting or having the same in possession is expressly prohibited by the State game laws?

A. T. W.

It is unlawful; but in the absence of any machinery to detect violations of the game laws and to punish offenders we see no way of remedying the matter. This sale of game out of season by the marketmen of New York has been fully ventilated in our columns during the past year; and we had indulged the delusive hope that some action regarding the provision of a remedy might have been taken by the Association which met at Coney Island the other day. There is plenty of room for energetic action if a society which truly intends to do anything of the kind would take hold of it

SHINNECOCK BAY—Good Ground, Long Island.—Bay snipe shooting promises to be unusually good this season, the birds commenced to fly July 4, and have kept it up right along. To-day Wm. Lane, Jr., brought in a nice bag of dowits and yellow-legs; some jacks have also been seen. The kind of birds and the unusual quantity out this early date leads me to believe that we shall have a good season; besides, large quantities went north this spring, and, owing to bad weather, were not much shot.—WILLIAM N. LANE.

If you Know of a Good Resort for Camping and Shooting when the season opens, report it for the benefit of others.

THE STATE ASSOCIATION PROGRAMME.—The few remaining copies of the handsome book recently published by the Long Island Sportsmen's Association for the use of the members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at their annual convention in June last, are now offered for sale at 25 cents each. It is quite a complete history of the Association for the past 23 years. Orders may be sent to this office.

MINNESOTA CHICKEN SHOOTING.—A Chicago correspondent tells us that Capt. B. K. Cowles, noted as the proprietor of the Railway Eating House, at Baraboo, Wis., opened, on July 1, a new hotel at Tracy, Minn. This point is in the midst of the Minnesota chicken shooting grounds, and Capt. Cowles will be glad to see and take care of all chicken shooters who make Tracy their headquarters.

TO DRIVE AWAY MOSQUITOES—Oakfield, Wis., July 2—To prevent mosquitoes from biting I have used oil of tar and other mixtures, but find carbolic acid, mixed with lard or any heavy oil, to be the best preventive. Try it and be convinced.—HORICON.

FOR SUMMER READING buy a copy of Van Dyke's "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," price $1 50, postpaid. For sale at this office.

Holabird Shooting Suits. Upthegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind.

We have had many inquiries for something to prevent the bites of mosquitoes, black flies, etc. Mosquitoine, advertised in this issue by John D. Wood, is claimed to be a sure preventive.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.

Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus.*
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus.*
Mascalonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Amblopiites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chœnobrytlus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus corporalis.*
Shad, *Alosa sapidissima.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*
Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Weakfish or Squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
La Fayette or Spot, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciœnops ocellatus.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*

"'Tis reported by Pliny, but perhaps 'tis but a Plinyism, that there is a fish called Lucerna, whose tongue doth shine like a torch. If it be a fable let the tongue of a minister be the moral of that fable. Now, such an illuminating tongue was that of one Pierson."—*From the introduction to biographical sketch of Abraham Pierson, in Cotton Mather's "Magnalia."*

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

MR. PRICHARD ON THE FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.

NEW YORK, July 11.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I will avail myself of the privilege you kindly extend to me of correcting any incorrect statement published in the editorial account of the fly casting of the 23d.

In the first place, on the salmon casting, you state that I "lost several flies." This is incorrect. I lost but one, and that I did not replace because there was but one minute left of the five which were allowed me. Now sir, I would like to know why some of the contestants were allowed fifteen minutes instead of five. I should also like to know why some of the contestants were allowed to leave the platform, and walk forward to the edge of the pond and then back; enabling them to get their lines straight out before casting. Again, I think the judges should have examined each of the contestant's leaders as soon as he had made his casting. I do not understand how my opponents were enabled to throw their flies into the grass behind them, and then forward, yet never losing a fly, nor did their hooks ever once foul in the grass. This matter very much surprised me indeed. I also object to your saying of my trout casting, that I "failed to, or could not retrieve." It is true I failed to, because I was not aware that I was required to retrieve—not because I could not. Before that you saw me cast further than any of my opponents, and yet I had no difficulty in retrieving; in fact that part of it seemed so unimportant that I gave it no thought, until I was told that the rules required that it should be attended to.

I trust that these remarks will not be attributed to a carping spirit. In making them I am actuated by the same feeling which I know you entertain yourself—a desire that on future occasions the most accurate justice may be done to everybody. I give myself but little credit for my own performances on that day. The consciousness of veteran competitors around me, and it being my first attempt in such a contest gave me something like what you would call stage-fright, a feeling not calculated to command success on any occassion. But for next year let us hope that there will be improvement all around. HARRY PRICHARD.

Mr. Prichard's candid letter shows that he thinks that some favoritism was shown in the matter of the allowance of time allowed to the contestants. This, and some other points, plainly point out what Mr. Prichard will readily allow to be true, that he came to the contest wholly unprepared in point of knowledge of the rules of such contests. The men who appear to have been allowed fifteen minutes, instead of five, claimed time under the rule which says: "Each contestant shall be allowed five minutes for style, delicacy and accuracy in casting, and five minutes more for length of reach; and in case of accident, such as parting or fouling of the fly or line, the Referee may allow additional time in his discretion." This would have been allowed Mr. Prichard as read by as the others if he had asked for time to replace his fly, no matter if it had taken ten minutes to do it. In regard to their walking to the edge of the pond to get out a line before beginning to cast, we do not know why it was done and do not see anything gained by it, but if it had been objected to, the objection would have been entertained.

Concerning our remark that Mr. Prichard "failed to or could not retrieve," we can only say that he was cautioned several times on this subject, and the impression, as expressed by many, was that he could not. We gave him the benefit of the doubt. "No cast shall be valid unless the line be retrieved," says the rule. This may have been to prevent a cast being counted when the wind was with the caster so strong as to help him out with more line than he can properly handle, and it seems to be a good one.

We are pleased to have Mr. Prichard's views on his first attempt to cast in public, where he made a most creditable attempt to wrest the championship from the veterans, and we repeat what we said before, that in future he will make them look to their laurels, which have been worn quite easily for some years.

That the late contest had many imperfections no one knows better than ourselves, but it was so much better and more perfect than any previous one that all acknowledge it to be a long stride in advance toward a perfect system, at least all who are familiar with the history of the fly-castings. And now a word on rules. Much was said before the tournament about some needed changes in them, but at the last moment it was decided not to attempt it; but on the principle that the best thing to do with an obnoxious law is to fully enforce it, we concluded to make the five foot allowance for rods, hoping that its injustice would be so apparent that it would be repealed at the meeting. It was announced that a meeting would be held on the evening after the tournament, when these things would be considered. We attended, and none of the fly-casters were there. The shooting members were discussing their affairs, and would probably have passed any amendments to the fly-casting rules which we offered, but as we knew that there were persons who held opposite opinions on the rules we declined to take advantage of their absence to amend them to our way of thinking, and so the meeting of fly-casters came to naught.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

TIM POND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just received the following letter from my friend, a reverend D. D. I think it has great value to your readers. The flies complained of are less troublesome after middle of July and mosquitoes after first of August. Mr. Smith writes that on a recent trip to the Seven Ponds he saw seven deer within short rifle range. J. W. T.

TIM POND, Me., July 5, 1881.

Friend T.:

In writing to the loved ones at home I have sent one or two messages to you; but though tired, having just returned from catching twenty-five nice trout with the fly, I will redeem my promise.

First, then, all you have said as to the abundance of the trout and the sport of taking them with the fly I have more than verified in my own experience. Two, and sometimes three of us, have been able to supply the camp with our fishing morning and evening, and only once have we been out before breakfast. We had abundance to-day for twelve persons, six of them men Mr. Smith has at work cutting the last two miles to the Seven Ponds. He expects to have it ready this week, and hopes to have a camp up also, when he will be ready for his friends. When this is done, from what I hear from all the woodsmen around here, it will be the grandest place to catch trout in the United States. They are larger in this pond, but I doubt if they will afford better sport. The most I should fear would be the abundance of the fish, unless we had a regiment to eat them when caught, as you know no true sportsman would catch more than the wants of the camp required.

This, too, must be a grand place for game in September and October. In traveling around we see abundance of ruffed grouse, hear bears at night making a noise (one was caught in a trap a few days since), and this evening, while fishing, a magnificent large buck came to the edge of the pond and stood looking at us in the boat, not more than two hundred yards away. I am a great friend of game laws, but if I had had a good rifle in my hands it would have been a severe strain on sound principles.

I am very much pleased with Mr. Smith and his son Edgar. They are as obliging as they possibly can be, and think nothing of any trouble which will add to the convenience or pleasure of their guests. His camps are a real luxury in the woods, and not only protect you from the cold and rain, but are fitted up to shield you from mosquitoes and flies—a necessity in June and to the middle of July. The cooking thus far has been all any reasonable man could ask, as also the variety of food for the table. But my daily diet is trout, either broiled or fried in pork, and of these I never tire; and for dessert I am satisfied with maple sugar and nice biscuits. Now, you have my opinion, or rather experience, of and at Tim Pond. It has been an unalloyed pleasure, with three exceptions—the absence from my family, the want of old and congenial companions, and last, but most numerous, the plagues of the forest, black flies and mosquitoes. These last will compel me to make a shorter stay than I purposed. It is impossible to write or study for them, and I will have to go where I can. Now get your locks on to bar out the rascals, and come here and enjoy yourself as a rational man, for all hands are waiting to welcome you.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

THE FISHERY CENSUS.

THE Census Bulletin No. 176, dated at the Department of the Interior, Census Office, May 24, 1881, being a communication from Prof. G. Brown Goode, Special Agent in charge of Fishery Division, to Hon. Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of the Census, is the first of a series of preliminary reports upon the fishery industries of the United States. It embodies a report upon the statistics of the Pacific States and Territories, consisting of four tables in which are presented the statistics of California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska.

Table 1 shows the number of men engaged in the above States and Territories in the fisheries. It includes the fishermen proper, and the shoremen and factory hands, or all who live directly from the fisheries. These are:

Cod fisheries, 263; fur seal, 110; general fisheries, 5 650; marine salt industry, 140; oyster, 75; salmon, 8,400; seal, 249; shore, 1,744; whale, 114; total 16,745.

Of the above the following are the nationalities: Esquimaux, Aleuts and Indians, 7,010; and about 4,000 Chinese.

Table 2 shows the number of boats employed to be 5,547, and their value to be $404,695; vessels, 53, value, $174,450. Value of buildings and apparatus of manufacture, $960,000 making a total of capital invested, $2,748 383.

Table 3 shows the number of salmon fisheries and canneries of the Pacific coast, statistics of fishermen, boats, capital invested in the fisheries and first products of the same and of canneries; capital invested in canneries, product of the canneries, number of factory hands, with totals of capital, persons employed and value of product for the entire industry.

Table 4 shows the quantities and values of the products of the sea bordering Pacific States and Territories.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

A WEST VIRGINIA CAMP—Pittsburg, Pa., July, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of four wish to start from Pittsburg this summer, and camp somewhere within 150 miles of that place where we can combine bass and trout fishing with shooting of any kind (rifle or shotgun). What we want is good sport.—S. P. S.

Go to Cumberland, thence to Keyser; thence stage to Pittsburg. Stop at Cunningham's Hotel; and there you will find information of exact localities. The whole country thereabouts is a fine one for fishing and shooting, the latter now out of season. You can find all the fish you want within five miles of Pittsburg. Board can be obtained at the farm-houses. If you want to camp out you must take your tent from Pittsburg. Report to the FOREST AND STREAM for benefit of others.

HOW TO TAKE LAND-LOCKED SALMON.

SALISBURY, Vt., June 19.

I AM informed by the people who live near this beautiful lake that some years ago there were a quantity of land-locked salmon put into the lake and that none have ever, as yet, been caught. There are quantities of perch found dead, having been bitten in the back, and the oldest inhabitant is of the opinion they are bitten by the salmon. Can you give me any information on their habits, and what you would make use of for bait? It may be that the other fish in the lake have destroyed them, but it will be no harm to prospect for them. LAWSON B. BELL.

If there are salmon in the lake we should think that some one would see them rising at flies occasionally. If they won't take flies, try a live minnow trolled in deep water near the bottom by leading the line.

IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE to camp and fish, or to board and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others.

FISHING ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST AND IN PENNSYLVANIA RIVERS—Philadelphia, July 9.—During the past week the fishing along the Jersey coast has not been at all good. I wrote you week before of the fairly good prospects reported to me, but I am informed by fishermen returning from Cape May, Townsend's Inlet, Beesley's Point, Atlantic City and Tuckerton Bay that the catches are scarcely worth mentioning. All reports are of the same tenor. Outside the bay and inlets the fish seem to be in numbers and are large when taken. Bluefish are plentiful outside, and are being taken from boats able to go to where they are. At Betterton, the celebrated perch fishing ground at the mouth of the Sassafras River, the fish have not put in their appearance. Opposite Grove Point they are *non est*, but the run is expected daily. They are a little late this year. In the Schuylkill River fishermen are taking some bass. The Susquehanna is full of them, and a great many large ones are being taken there at all points.—HOMO.

SALMON IN CANADA.—Mr. George Dawson, of the Albany *Journal*, has just returned from a two weeks' trip to the Marguerite, a tributary of the Saguenay. He reports the fishing as of the poorest description, and, although he had a pleasant trip and a most enjoyable time otherwise and came back much refreshed, he got but few fish. But for the villainous assault on the President by the murderer Guiteau and the critical position of Gen. Garfield, Mr. Dawson might have remained longer. He tells us that up to the 6th of July not twenty salmon entered the river, according to the observations of the men who watch closely below for the coming of the fish. Some fish which would have gone up were stopped by the nets at the mouth of the Saguenay. It had been promised that the nets should be removed as soon as two hundred fish had been taken; and while Mr. Dawson does not know the exact number captured when he left the river, he doubts that these figures had been reached.

The fish seen and those taken were large, but their numbers in the Marguerite, as well as in the other tributaries of the Saguenay, were small. No other parties have made any catches in this district this year, and Mr. Dawson thinks salmon fishing on the Saguenay is a thing of the past.

LARGE BROOK TROUT—Rockland, Mass., June 24—There was quite a little breeze of excitement created in our town by the arrival home on Saturday, June 18, of E. P. Wheeler and W. F. Burrell, two ameteur fishermen, from the lakes of Maine, bringing with them a good string of trout. The latter gentleman had one which weighed six and three-fourth pounds. It was a speckled brook trout caught in Lower Richardson Lake, in the narrows three miles above the middle dam. The fish was caught with an angle worm, after they had tried minnows and flies and the trout would not rise.

The night before in the same spot a trout was caught weighing six and one-half pounds. I would like to inquire of some brother sportsman how large a speckled brook trout has been known to have been caught? ROCKLAND.

HOW TO RIG OLD-FASHIONED REELS.—In the article published, July 7, on how to rig the old fashioned wooden reels, there was a mistake made in saying that the wire run *through* the rod. It should have said, Bend the strong wire in about the form of the letter Z, with the large loop at the end, and the small loop at the other end. Then, when adjusted to the rod, say the reel is on the under side and the nut on the top side, the wire will lie close against the left side of the rod, and it will be held in place as firm as if the wire did run through the rod; and further, it will not be in the way of the hand when you grasp the rod ahead of the reel; and still better because, when the nut is removed to release the reel, the wire will fall off also. Please correct and oblige,

F. A. L.

MAINE FISHING NOTES.—The Belfast *Republican Journal* says: "A salmon weighing twenty pounds has recently been caught in the Androscoggin, and the hope is entertained that this river may soon be stocked with them again.....A salmon weighing nineteen pounds was caught in the East Machias River last week. Fish have been plentiful in this river, due, the *Union* thinks, to the enforcement of the fish laws..... The *Home Farm* in answer to numerous inquiries says that Mr. Henry O. Stanley, of Dixfield, is the only legal Fish Commissioner. Mr. E. M. Stillwell occupies the position of Acting Commissioner, receiving his authority from being assigned to duty by Mr. Stanley.....A sturgeon which weighed 150 pounds when dressed was caught in the Kennebec at Richmond recently."

BLUEFISHING IN BUZZARD'S BAY.—Boston, Mass., July 5.—Thanks for your information. Have been to Mattapoisett and fished for bluefish yesterday, with eelskin over a jig. The fish seem to keep almost entirely above Bird Island light. We had baffling winds getting there, but had about an hour on the grounds, and caught six, weighing from 3 to 8 pounds. These we caught off the Great Hill House, Marion, about a mile out. We lost a number more. Several boats were cruising about, and we hailed one party who had only taken three. I think if we had time we could have caught a good number. We will go down again later, and spend more time. If persons go to fish in Buzzard's Bay from Mattapoisett and intend to stop at the Mattapoisett House, they would do well to make their terms beforehand.—W. R. G.

SALMON IN MAINE.—The Belfast *Republican Journal* says: "The close season for salmon in this State begins on the 15th of July. The season has not been a successful one in this vicinity, the catch not being half that of last year. The theory recently established is that the fish return to our rivers every second year. Two years ago the fish were very plentiful and ran small; the larger quantity caught were from ten to twelve pound fish. This year the same school should have returned, but has not done so. This rather conflicts with the above theory. Again, the fish appear very different, running very large. Mr. Collins, of this city, who buys largely, says the fish this season rarely go below eighteen pounds, the average weight being much greater. Salmon have this year frequented streams where their presence has not been known for years. Verona and Lincolnville have been the best fishing grounds this season."

STRIPED BASS IN THE POTOMAC.—The largest of the season is recorded by Major J. H. King, in the Germantown *Telegraph*, as follows: Mr. Shaffer, a well-known angler of Washington, D. C., on Saturday the 18th inst., captured in the Potomac, at Little Falls, three miles west of this city, a magnificent striped rockfish which carried the beam down to 15½ pounds, and measured thirty-six inches—or three feet—in length. This noble specimen was on exhibition at that old and noted fisherman's resort, Johnnie Hancock's Old Curiosity Shop Restaurant, 1,234 Penn. ave. Mr. H. is known as the "boss fisherman of the Potomac," and has on exhibition a large and interesting collection of curiosities.

SALMON IN CANADA.—In our issue of June 30 we referred to a large salmon taken by Mr. Gilbert E. Jones, of New York, a member of the Restigouche Salmon Club. The following is his score for five days. The fish were all taken with the "Silver Popham" fly except one which was captured with the Silver Doc'or:

June 18, 3 fish; 19½, 22, 23½ = 64 lbs.
June 22, 3 fish; 27, 20, 18 = 71 lbs.
June 23, 3 fish; 23, 25, 38 = 86 lbs.
June 24, 1 fish; 29, — — = 29 lbs.
June 25, 1 fish; 20, — — = 20 lbs.
Total, 11 fish, weighing 270 lbs. averaging 24½ lbs. each.

THE STONE LUGGER.—In our issue of June 23 we printed a letter from our correspondent, D. H. B., of Syracuse, N. Y., on the subject of a fish which builds mounds in the St. Lawrence River. Since that we have received a specimen of the fish from Mr. Geo. L. Davis, Vice-President of the Round Island Park Association at Clayton. It seems that this cyprinoid is quite common at the famous angling place among the Thousand Islands. The fish is preserved in fluid, and will be diagnosed at an early day and the result given.

THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.—The Commission will pursue their summer investigations at Wood's Hole, Mass. The Fish Hawk is now on the way there to pursue the deep sea dredging, and the Lookout is on the way. Wood's Holl is one of the best points on the north Atlantic coast for collecting specimens, it being the northern limit of the southern, and the southern limit of the northern marine fauna. The Commission have made it headquarters before, and now return to it. Prof. Baird and staff have just arrived there. Prof. Goode will be detained in Washington by his work on the fishery census all summer.

SALMON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—We are having like the Canadians, not a large run of salmon up the Merrimac, but a run of very large salmon. One was brought down the river Saturday which had been killed by some accident, and was found in one of the canals here, which measured thirty-eight inches long. Mr. Powers has taken several very large ones at Plymouth, and placed them in the storage pond.—S. W.

LUMINOUS FLOATS.—A Mr. Archer has patented a luminous float in England. It is painted with a luminous paint which shines like phosphorus after dark. The top of the float is a glass tube filled with the paint and the angler at dusk strikes a match and holds it near the tube, which is then rendered luminous for some time.

A NEW EDITION OF "Fly-fishing in Maine Lakes, or Camp Life in the Wilderness," by Charles W. Stevens, has been published by A. Williams & Co., Boston. We noticed the book some weeks ago. The present edition has a plate of colored flies as a frontispiece, and an appendix of five pages.

A BIG NEW YORK TROUT.—PULASKI, N. Y., July 1—A trout weighing three and three-quarter pounds was taken with a fly yesterday by Dr. Henry W. Caldwell, from the north part of Salmon River. X.

SPEAKING OF "PLAYING 'POSSUM," this story, told by Uncle Jerry Greening, of Pike County, Penn., to a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, is in order: "They 'm 'cute critters, too. Once I shot at one clost by an' down he come. I put 'im in m' game bag an' went on, when bimeby I shot off t'other barrel of m' gun, when I'll be durn ef thet bird d'dn't jest fly out o' m' game bag an' make off for th' woods ez nice ez ye please. Ye see he hedn't been teched by a shot, but knowin' I would shoot t'other barrel o' m' gun at 'im an' prob'ly got 'im, he jest played 'possum an' waited till I'd emptied m' gun an' then off he started lickety-split, an' I hope t' be chawed up by b'ars ef, jest cz I were a-lookin' at th' bird when he skipped outen th' bag, thet thar bird didn't wink 'is eye at me, jest ez if t' say: 'Wall, Jerry, I played ye for a sucker once.' Ever since thet I've allers wringed a woodcock's neck when I picked 'im up, an' I advise ye all t' do th' same."

Fish Culture.

FISHES WHICH CAN LIVE IN BOTH SALT AND FRESH WATER.

BY FRED MATHER.

[Read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

IN RESPECT to the medium which they inhabit fishes may be divided into three classes, viz.: salt water fishes, fresh water fishes, and a third class which can live in either fresh or salt water indifferently. There is no name for this class, that I can learn, and, if there is no objection, I will propose to call them *Amphiceous* fishes, from the Greek *Amphi*, both or everywhere, and *Oikos* to inhabit. This class includes many fishes besides the anadromous fishes which leave the sea and seek the rivers to spawn, and the catadromous fishes which leave the fresh to spawn in salt or brackish waters, as the eel does. It contains fishes which seem to be indifferent to the medium which they breathe so far as its saltness or freshness is concerned, provided the change is not made too suddenly, and it is an open question if the chemical properties of salt water are of as much importance to the fishes living in it as its density is, but it is one that I have no inclination at present to discuss.

Foremost among the fishes which seem at home, as far as breathing and procuring food are concerned, in either salt or fresh water, are most members of the salmon family. I say *most* members because there are some which do not seem to have been observed in salt water, but as I think it highly probable that all members of this family, which as at present constituted includes the salmons, trouts, smelts and the *coregoni* or "whitefishes," "lake-herrings," graylings, cisoes, etc., are descended from a common ancestor and have been differentiated by physical causes, there would seem reason to suppose that the graylings and other untried members might live in salt water also. Those fishes may not be able to increase their species without access to fresh waters as its density is probably too great for the gills of the embryo, even if it did not destroy it before its gills were formed. In some experiments which I made a few years ago with young quinnat salmon of six months old it was found that when placed into sea water they showed signs of uneasiness at first, then of a desire to keep their noses out into the air and to jump out of the tank, after which they became exhausted and began to die in half an hour after immersion in it. This trial did not prove that salmon of six months old could not have lived in sea-water provided the change had not been sudden. In a state of nature there are no such sudden changes and young fish making their first voyage from the upper waters of a river to the ocean may consume several months in the journey, dropping down gradually and hardly noticing the increasing density from day to day to which they have become accustomed.

The list of fishes which live in either salt or fresh water as given by the late Prof. Milner is as follows:

Salmon	*Salmo salar*
Sea-trout	*S. immaculatus*
Brook-trout	*S. fontinalis*
Whitefish	*Coregonus sp.*
Smelt	*Osmerus mordax*
Four-spined stickleback	*Apeltes quadracus*
American sole, or hog choker	*Achirus lineatus*
Tom-cod	*Microgadus tomcodus*
Striped bass, or rockfish	*Roccus lineatus*
White perch	*Morone americana*
Silver gar, or bill fish	*Belone longirostris*
Shad	*Alosa sapidissima*
Alewife	*Pomolobus pseudoharengus*
Tailor (shad)	*P. mediocris*
Hickory shad, or foothed herring	*P. aestivalis*
Eel	*Anguilla bostoniensis*
Sharp-nosed sturgeon	*Acipenser oxyrhynchus*
Short-nosed sturgeon	*A. brevirostris*
Lamprey	*Petromyzon americanus*

Of these nineteen fishes Prof. Milner says: "Eight of the fishes named are believed to enter the rivers solely for the purpose of spawning." The genus *Pomolobus* has been divided by Prof. Goode, since Mr. Milner wrote, into two species, it would therefore add another.

To this list I can add:

Ten-spined stickleback	*Pygosteus occidentalis*
Flounder	*Pseudopleuronectes americanus*
Killy fishes or mummies	*Cyprinodontidæ sp. sp.*
Anchovy or spearing	*Engraulis vittatus*
Sawfish	*Pristis antiquorum*

The flounder I have taken in Currituck Sound, which is fresh water now, but was salt twenty years ago. It was in winter and not in the spawning season. A species of ray was found in the interior of Eastern Africa and the sawfish is said to exist in Lake Nicaragua and in Laguna de Bay, near Manila. The others I have taken in fresh water or experimented with in aquaria. I also hear that pike (*Esox*) are taken in the brackish and even salt waters of Maryland, but diligent inquiry among fishermen on the south side of Long Island, where the little "mud pike" (*E. americanus* or *E. fasciatus*) is found in great numbers, failed to learn of its going into salt water, although found in the salt bays where fresh water pours in. Animals with soft skins are easily affected when changed from fresh to salt water. Frogs die soon, and, as they breathe by means of lungs, it follows that it is entirely from osmosis, or absorption by the skin, and probably our catfishes (*Siluridæ*) would not stand the change well, although there are two marine species (*Ælurichthys marinus* and *Ariopsis milberti*) on our coast.

I am informed by Professor G. Brown Goode that sting rays (*Trygon centrura*) are found in Lake Harney, on the headwaters of the St. John's River, in Florida, while the following species are often found in the river in pure fresh water above Jacksonville:

Sheepshead	*Archosargus probatocephalus*
Sailor's choice	*Lagodon rhomboides*
The flounder or New York fluke	*Paralichthys dentatus*
Triple tail	*Lobotes surinamensis*
Whiting	*Menticirrus alburnus*
Yellow tail	*Bairdiella punctata*
Menhaden	*Brevoortia tyrannus*
Cutlass fish	*Trichiurus lepturus*
Silver mullet	*Vomer setipinnis*

and perhaps twenty others, but the above are the principal fishes in point of value.

It is interesting to note that none of these fishes enter fresh waters in the northern States, and it immediately raises the question why they do so in Florida? Possibly it is only in the winter time, as the large striped bass (rockfish) run up the Hudson at the same season; probably an instinct connected with hibernation, as it is certainly not for food nor for the purpose of spawning. It would be interesting to know out of all this class of fishes, for which I have proposed the name *Amphiceous*, how many would breed in their new home; for while a salmon or a shad might exist for years in salt water, I would be surprised to learn that their eggs would hatch in the water of the ocean. According to Eckstrom, species of the pike-perch, *Stizostethium;* the miller's thumb, *Cottus gobio;* the ling or eel pout, *Lota vulgaris*, and a species of *Acerina*, a perch-like fish, were found in the brackish waters of the Baltic Archipelago. In the Caspian sea Eichwald found a species of Cyprinus; the pike, *Esox lucius*; the common river perch, *Perca fluviatilis;* the loach, *Cobitis fossilis*, and a *Stizostethium*. Of mammals, birds, reptiles, crustaceans, molluscs and worms I have taken no account, for although not foreign to the subject, they would tend to swell this paper beyond its limits.

It does not appear that it is due to any toxic action that some fresh water fishes die in salt water, but rather a difference in the density of the fluids, just as we would die in a short time under the great pressure to which sub-marine divers are subjected. The reverse would occur in salt water fishes when introduced into fresh water. They would then resemble ourselves on mountain tops where the blood is forced by internal pressure from the nose and ears, and the "balloon sickness" is felt. A French investigator, M. Paul Bert, has examined the causes of death in fishes and reptiles when changed from fresh to salt water, and is of the opinion that the cause does not reside in any poisonous quality of sea-water, but is simply a phenomenon of osmosis, or transmission of fluids through the membranes; or, in other words, absorption of a heavier fluid in a membrane already filled with a lighter one. An example is cited of a frog which, when plunged into sea-water, it is claimed, loses one-third of its weight, and if only one foot of the frog be immersed in it, the blood globules can be seen to leave the vessels and distribute themselves under the skin. If an animal be taken whose skin is not so absorbed, the same results appear in its bronchial system. When salt water takes the from sudden introduction into fresh water endosmosis takes place, which is about the same thing under a reversed condition—the body of the fish containing a denser fluid than its new medium. If the slime be removed from a fish its death will be accelerated when the change of water is made. This is illustrated by the eel, which can bear these sudden changes if uninjured, but if a portion of its protecting mucous coating be removed, its skin becomes absorbent of the surrounding medium and it dies. The eel, which seems at home everywhere, puzzled M. Bert in a curious manner, but in the end confirmed his theory. He had already experimented with them in changing fresh water ones into salt water, and found that they were indifferent to the change, and, wishing to continue his experiments, he directed his assistant to introduce the fish and report the results. To his great surprise the eels died after being three or four hours in salt water, and a long search failed to show why it was that they lived when he placed them there, and died when his assistant did so. Finally he found that on account of the eels being so slippery his assistant had used a cloth in handling them and rubbed off their slime, while M. Bert used his wet hands to which very little adhered. Osmosis had occurred in the denuded portions and the eels died. Observations on introducing sea fish into fresh water produced analogous results. The gills were the seat of alterations, the same as those noted in the fresh water fish; and he observed that the life of sea fish could be prolonged after the change by adding salt, which also tended to confirm his views.

The shad, which passes so much of its life in the sea, cannot live there when first hatched. The experiments conducted by Prof. Milner and others, by direction of Prof. Baird, at Noank, Conn., in 1874, while I was on the way to Germany with young shad, showed that the newly hatched fish soon died under a gradual addition of sea water. My shad starved to death on the tenth day, as we reached England, and as it was impossible, and is yet in our ignorance, to feed the fry, it was hoped that they could be trained to endure sea water and find food in it as they do in river water when we transport them inland.

Concerning the alewife in fresh water, the Watertown, N. Y., *Times* said, in June, 1878: "In the bay at Dexter they are having a great run of small fish at the present time. The species is new down there, and they are called shad and 'herring.' They are only caught with nets, and in such great quantities that they are almost valueless. They are sold at twenty-five cents per barrel, and farmers are buying them for manure." The fish proved to be one of the species of alewife and not young shad, as some of the fishermen supposed, as proved by the following letter from Dr. Bean written to me shortly after in reply to one in which I sent the account:

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Washington.

MR. FRED. MATHER.—Your letter and article on a supposed shad in Lake Ontario particularly attracted my attention. The Institution has received specimens of the so-called shad, and also from Cayuga and Seneca lakes, New York. These fishes were not shad, but alewives, *Pomolobus pseudoharengus*. The individuals from Lake Ontario were spent females and could not be distinguished from the average alewife of the coast, even by their size. The Cayuga and Seneca Lake specimens were *young* females and males. The ova of the females were quite immature. These alewives differ from the coast alewife *only in size*. I have compared the last specimens with a large series from the coast, and find no other difference.

Yours very truly,

TARLETON H. BEAN.

It is evident that the alewife is not appreciated at its full value among the people residing near its new home. It is a fish of great value, coming in enormous schools, and when they learn to eat it in its fresh and salt it for winter, they would grieve to lose it. It is not a fine fish in the epicurean sense, but like the farmer's pork barrel, it is a good reserve to draw upon when the butcher fails to get through the snow drifts.

There are many good fishes which can safely be transplanted from salt water to fresh, and one object of this paper has been to show that it can be done with certain species if done gradually. Among the most valuable of these are the smelt, the striped bass, the tom-cod and the alewife. The smelt is already established in fresh water in Vermont, New Hampshire and New York. The Vermont Fish Commissioners say that smelt have been fully established in every lake into which they have been placed and heard from, and it is a curious fact that the people have not found out what a truly excellent fish this is for the table, its insignificant size seeming to fully protect it, save from an occasional fisherman who has taken them for *bait*. This use of smelts would cause smelt-fishers to raise their eyebrows and examine the man who did such a thing in their presence; but the rural angler will get over that in time, which will educate him that the little smelt has other uses and a higher value. The report truly says of the smelt: "When they come to be established wherever there is a fit lodgment for them, that event alone will fully pay for all the expenses incurred since the formation of the Commission."

In New York it has been established so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and in the Adirondacks the guides call it "frostfish," and salt it down. It is found in some of the Fulton chain of lakes and not in others, a very interesting account of which will be found in FOREST AND STREAM some time during the coming month (April), from the pen of Mr. E. R. Wilson. They are locally known as frostfish in that region. Mr. Wilson says: "Some time ago I observed in your columns an inquiry relative to the finding of smelts or 'frostfish' in fresh water. The so-called frostfish is found in several lakes of the Fulton chain, in the 'John Brown's Tract.' Most visitors to that region have annually wondered at the sight of the old wooden weirs or 'picket lines' set up in the inlets. These fish run up the shoal inlets between those lakes in October, or about the period of the advent of frost—whence the peculiar title—at which time they are taken and salted down in considerable numbers by the guides for home use, and occasionally sent to the adjoining settlements. The fish is a regular habitant of Second, Fourth and Eighth lakes of the Fulton chain, and also Racquette Lake, all deep waters. They seem to stick to the deeper lakes, except in the spawning season, and are a favorite dainty for the salmon trout, as I have frequently caught the latter all through the summer, both by trolling and deep fishing, which, on opening, almost invariably contained the remnants of the smelt. Early in 1862 a party of us camped at the head of Fourth Lake and set buoys for salmon trout. The suckers had not commenced to run, and we had no bait, so sent back to Arnold's for a net, which we set out well in the lake, off the mouth of the inlet. On hauling it the next morning we found the 'net proceeds' comprised suckers and (tell it not, for we let them go), speckled trout, with some twenty frostfish. After baiting the buoys we found that the 'lakers' bit best at the latter. The guides state that, except the fresh frostfish, they are fatal to any trout that swims. They run remarkably uniform in weight, say about one pound, and are somewhat slim in proportion to length, with bright white scales, and flesh of firm texture and light color. They have a long nose, and are evidently a bottom fish. The guides say that the young, when hatched, immediately head for deep water, and reappear only to spawn when fully grown.

"There is a physical oddity in the topographical distribution of

this fish. Eighth Lake is entirely disconnected from Fourth Lake, or any others on the chain, and Racquette has a long land barrier from any waters known to contain this finny denizen. A veteran visitant to the Northern Wilds, Mr. L. H. Redfield, of Syracuse, advances the theory that fish spawn are transported over long distances by being entangled in the feet of wild fowl, and also that mature fish are carried over intervening land through the agency of water spouts. Without the aid of some similar hypothesis, it would seem difficult to account for the presence of finny population in certain localities. I once stumbled upon a little bowl of a lake in that section, away up close to the crest of a mountain, swarming with trout and the course of its only outlet, a mile or two long, would have broken the neck of an Alpine goat to descend, and his very heart to look at the cataract ascent. There are two lakes near the south branch of Moose River, severally known as "Indian" and "Squaw" lakes, separated by high falls impassable for fish, while the lower pond literally teems with trout, yet my companion trappers and guides asserted roundly that not a fish had ever been taken in the upper waters. From sheer contradictory "cussedness" I fished it for the best portion of three days with fly-bait—from shore and dug out—and with every possible device and captivation, without raising a fin. The water was clear, the season right and every surrounding apparently favorable, yet I couldn't circumvent the first sight of a scale from its crystalline depths. To discount my disgust I caught a dozen or so *Salmo fontinalis* from the lower lake, and transported them safely into a camp-pail through the woods to the upper sheet, where I trust they have since followed the scriptural injunction in their new Eden. Eheu! that I might revisit those shores next summer and see.—E. R. WILSON."

Mr. N. K. Fairbank, of Chicago, one of the Fish Commissioners of Illinois, owns a part of Geneva Lake, just over the line in Wisconsin, and has ordered a million smelt fry from Mr. Ricardo this spring. Mr. Fairbank has succeeded in completely land-locking the quinnat salmon, an account of which can be found in FOREST AND STREAM of February 10, of this year; they have not only lived but have spawned.

The introduction of a new fish requires that the people should be educated to appreciate it. The small size of the smelt in the case of the people living near the Vermont lakes led them to neglect it for any purpose but bait, and there are people who are accustomed to seeing them eaten who think it necessary to remove the head and the bones. This may be necessary in the case of the large Eastern smelts, which sometimes weigh half a pound, but in the delicate little New Jersey smelts, they are simply cooked without opening and taken in the fingers by the tail and eaten, there being no waste whatever.

The striped bass is another fish which, although we do not know of its being perfectly acclimated in fresh water, I believe would readily become so; and in this connection permit me to quote from FOREST AND STREAM of to-day (March 31), as follows:

STRIPED BASS IN LAKE ONTARIO.

We saw the following in the Watertown *Times* of March 15:

"Clark & Robbins, the fish merchants of Sackets Harbor, had brought to their office the other day a sea bass, probably the only one ever caught in the lake or river. It was caught in Chaumont Bay and weighed six pounds. They are a very fine fish, and it is thought by some that this is a forerunner and that there will be others caught."

We immediately wrote the firm named, inclosing drawings of two fishes which might be meant by the term "sea bass," and received the following reply:

SACKETS HARBOR, N. Y., March 24.

Your favor of the 21st inst. at hand with inclosure of slip from the Watertown *Times*, also drawings. The fish taken here was the lower one in drawing—*Roccus lineatus*—or striped bass of New York.

It is the first one ever seen by us taken from these waters, and we have an idea that it found its way up here by following the alewife. The specimen was very handsome and there is no doubt as to its identity. The great question here is, "What will be the ultimate result of the appearance here of the alewife?" Have they caused the extermination of the native ciscoe? Will the alewife remain with us, or are they to disappear as mysteriously as they came, or will some of the food fishes of the salt water become *habitues* of our lake?

These are questions we hardly dare venture an opinion on, as we really can see no good that is to be enduring by the appearance of the alewife in our waters.

We should be glad to read your opinion on these questions, and would be pleased if the Department at Washington would appoint a commission to investigate. The subject needs to be dealt with in a masterly manner. CLARK & ROBBINS.

The Ogdensburg *Journal* has an article on the alewife as follows, for we think we are correct in assuming that they refer to this fish when they speak of menhaden, which do not go into fresh waters in this latitude. It says:

"Considerable interest will hang upon the question, 'What effect did the singular mortality noticed last year have upon the alewives or menhaden of the St. Lawrence?' The total absence from the fish markets of the old-fashioned ciscoes of Lake Ontario, reminds us that the species of fish have been supplanted by the newcomers as certainly as the aborigines have disappeared before the whites on the land. If it shall turn out that the menhaden are as numerous as ever the present season the fish commissioner should take some steps to investigate them and teach the people how to utilize their presence. If the presence of the sea bass recently caught near Sackets Harbor comes from the following of the menhaden to our waters and other species are liable to do the same thing, fishermen and fish eaters may be benefited by the facts. We suggest the superintendent of the Fishery Department send a duly qualified deputation to the St. Lawrence in June of the present year to investigate the menhaden visitation which takes place at that time."

The people are alarmed at the new visitation, but, in my opinion, when they learn that the alewife can be eaten and salted for winter they will find that its greatly increased numbers will make it a more valuable fish than the lamented "cisco," as it breeds faster, being a spring spawner and therefore hatching quicker, as well as having smaller eggs and many more of them.

There may be no fresh water fishes which would be of practical value if introduced into salt water, but it is interesting from a zoological point of view to know that some of them will live there. The brook trout of Long Island run down into the salt bays and the sea and feed on shrimp, and some species of white fish are recorded by Pallas as living in the sea and sending off legions into the streams flowing from Lake Baikal, from whence some of the young return and some remain in fresh water forever; while shad have been taken in the Genessee River, in western New York, and in Lake Erie, at Toledo, as well as in Lake Champlain. It is also reported that two valuable salt water fishes of Europe, the basse (*Labrax*), and the gray mullet (*Mugil*), are artificially bred in pure fresh water in the Lake of Acqua, near Padua, at the head of the Adriatic.

THE BERLIN FISHERY EXHIBITION.

REPORT OF THE ITALIAN SCIENTIFIC COMMISSION.

WE have received the report of the Zoological Commission of Italy to the International Fishery Exhibition of 1880, by Prof. Enrico Hillyer Giglioli.* The report treats only of the vertebrate life there exhibited, which was mainly aquatic, from an entirely zoological point of view, without relation to their economic value. Prof. Giglioli says in his introduction that not until the 10th of March did he receive his appointment to attend the Exhibition, which opened ten days later, to report upon the vertebrate forms of aquatic life there exhibited.

The report opens with the German department, and speaks highly of the specimens preserved by Prof. Wirkersheimer, the formula of whose celebrated fluid we have published. Specimens alive and preserved in fluids, stuffed or skeletonized by different persons are noticed, together with the hybrids produced by the fishculturists, of which the Germans are so fond. Of the display of his own land, under Prof. Tozzetti, which we personally know was, from a zoological point of view, the best and most complete in the whole exhibition, Dr. Giglioli gives only the same notice bestowed on other collections, merely enumerating the exhibitors.

In speaking of the collection of the United States he awards it the first place as an exhaustive display of all things connected with the fisheries and with fish culture, and especially mentions the Natural History exhibit made by the National Museum through its curator, Prof. Goode, and of the Smithsonian Institution through Secretary Prof. Baird, under whose direction the entire American exhibit was made. Mr. Blackford's live hellbender, and Prof. H. A. Ward's collection of seals and reptiles are noticed among the animals having a relation to the fisheries. Under the head of fish the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum are again mentioned as showing excellent plaster casts, charts, etc., and Prof. Goode's gift, as curator of the Museum, to the Museum of Natural History at Florence, of 100 species of North American fish, is acknowledged. Mr. Blackford's fresh fish, the stuffed and skeletonized fishes of Prof. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y., are specially mentioned. Under the head of scientific publications, geographical charts, photographs and designs we note the following: Reports of the U. S. Fish Commission from 1870 to date. *The Game Fishes of the United States*, published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, chromo lithographs from designs by Kilbourne and text by G. Brown Goode. A complete series of FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN, New York, "in great part devoted to fish and fish culture." Eight beautiful charts illustrating the distribution of fishes and the work of the Fish Commission, by G. Brown Goode. Photographs of American fish by T. W. Smillie, of the National Museum. Fishes in water color by the late Prof. Louis Agassiz, exhibited by his son Alexander. Views of the Alaska seal fisheries, in water color, by H. W. Elliott, and oil paintings of salmon and other fishes by the late S. A. Kilbourne, and salmon by Walter Brackett.

*Ministero di Agricoltura, Industria e Commercio | Direzione dell' Industria e dell Commercio | Annali | dell' Industria e dell Commercio | 1881 | num. 29 | Esposizione Internazionale di Pesca di Berlino 1880 | — | Sulla parte scientifica | riguardante gli animali vertebrate dell' anzidetta esposizione | Relazione del prof. Enrico Hillyer Giglioli | — | con appendice | (coat of arms) | Roma | Tipografia Eredi Botta | — | 1881.

NUMBER OF EGGS IN THE COD FAMILY.

THE following is from a forthcoming report of the United States Fish Commission:

	Length of fish.	Weight of fish.	Weight of ovaries.	Estimated weight of ovary walls.	Net weight of eggs.	Number of troy grains weighed out.	Number of eggs in the portion weighed out.	Number of eggs to the grain.	Total number of eggs in fish.
TABLE I.—*Showing the number of eggs in codfish of different sizes.*									
	Ft. In.	*Lbs.*	*Lbs. Oz.*	*Oz.*	*Lbs. Oz.*				
No. 1...	....	70-75	8 8	6	8 2	7	1,108	160	9,100,000
1(a)	....	70-75	8 8	6	8 2	7	1,132		
2...	4 2½	51	7 2	5	6 13	6	1,181	188.5	8,989,094
3...	3 8	30	2 8¾	2¾	2 6	6	1,341	223.5	3,715,687
4...	3 5	27	2 9⅔	2⅝	2 7	7	1,680	240	4,095,000
5...	3 4½	22¾	2 2⅜	2	2 0⅔	6	1,368	228	3,229,388
6...	3 3	21	1 15¾	1¾	1 14	6	1,249	208.17	2,732,237
TABLE II.—*Showing the number of eggs in haddock of different sizes.*									
	In.	*Lbs.*	*Oz.*	*Oz.*	*Oz.*				
1...	28½	9 9-16	9½	⅝	8⅝	4	1,950	487.5	1,839,581
2...	26½	6 13-16	5¾	½	5¼	4	1,479	369.75	849,315
3...	26	6 8-16	6½	½	6	4	1,457	364.25	856,156
4...	24	4 12-16	6¾	½	6¼	5	1,160	232	634,380
5...	22	4	5¼	½	4¾	5	970	194	403,132
6...	20¾	3 3-16	5¼	½	4¾	5	960	192	398,976
7...	19½	2 6-16	2⅞	⅞	2	5	966	193.2	169,050
TABLE III.—*Showing the number of eggs in pollock of different sizes.*									
	Ft. In.	*Lbs.*	*Lbs. Oz.*	*Oz.*	*Lbs. Oz.*				
1...	3 3½	23½	2 2	2	2 0	6	1,727	287.8	4,029,200
2...	2 8½	13	1 2¾	1¼	1 1½	6	2,043	340.5	2,569,753

SALMON IN GENEVA LAKE.—Geneva Lake, Wis., has acquired great fame since Mr. N. K. Fairbank successfully stocked it with quinnat salmon, which bred there without access to salt water. Our Chicago correspondent, W. D. T., sends the following slip from some local paper, and says: "Here are some of the fruits of the salmon fry planted in Geneva Lake by Mr. Fairbank. Many of these fine fish are hooked, but somehow manage to break away." The slip says: "Ed Walter caught twenty-four large black bass at Powers Lake yesterday, and a few pike. Two large California salmon have been hooked and brought up to the boat—but escaped by breaking the lines—within a few days. They are beginning to be fished for, but too light tackle is used. Those brought up to the boat would weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds. One might easily be taken in, only the fastidious fisherman (Bob Warren) refused to have so handsome a fish gaffed."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 9. Elbridge McConkey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

October 4, 5, 6 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

November 28, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November —, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

BREEDING, PUPPING AND REARING.

[Reprinted from Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," furnished to the FOREST AND STREAM by the author, through the courtesy of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, No. 739 Broadway, New York.]

"IT is surprising how soon a want of care, or care wrongly directed, leads to the degeneracy of a domestic race." Thus speaks Mr. Darwin in his "Descent of Man," and no practical breeder of any sort of stock can be found to disagree with him. No care and attention on the part of the owner and his servants can turn a badly-bred, ill-formed animal into a good one; and though it is impossible to bestow too much consideration on the treatment of the stock, all exertions on behalf of animals badly bred will be, as a rule, thrown away when they come before the judge. Years of anxiety go for nothing, if due attention is not paid not only to the health and strength, but also to the proper selection of the breeding stock. As in the articles of the various breeds full prominence has been given to the special points which must be studied in each individual variety, it is unnecessary here for us to go beyond a general outline of the management of what may be called the breeding materials.

It is wonderful to reflect upon the success which seems to attend the efforts of some of the most loosely-conducted establishments, and to see winner after winner turned out from a kennel where no rules of breeding are for a moment studied, and where the management is often left by the owner in the hands of a kennel-man whose knowledge of the breed is absolutely *nil*. Such success in the few instances in which it occurs is eventually unfortunate in its results, both to the breeders of the dogs themselves and also to many of the outside world, who, either to save themselves trouble, or through ignorance of the simplest principles of breeding, ignorantly rush for the services of the nearest prize-winner, utterly regardless as to whether he is likely to "nick" with the bitch they propose uniting with him, in shape, size or pedigree. The result may be a temporary success, but is certain ultimate destruction of all type. Breeding *can* be regulated by rules and judicious selection, else how do we see so many breeds of dogs now in existence (which we can prove to have originated from a cross of two older varieties) keep on throwing puppies which consistently resemble their parents in every property, and whose difference from them only consists in minor insignificant and immaterial features? By rigidly adhering to an ideal type, and resisting all temptations to go from it, a breeder is certain in time to find himself in possession of the sort of dog he has, rightly or wrongly, determined on possessing; and then he is in a position to discover, from the success of his dogs, whether his exertions are to be repaid or not.

We must commence, then, by impressing upon all beginners, and many older hands, the desirability of adherring to *one type* if they want to make a name for themselves as amateur breeders. Of course, in the case of those who breed solely for the market it is right that they should produce good specimens of every recognized standard, so as to please buyers, whatever their own opinions may be; but as these remarks are not intended to be addressed to dealers, who are perfectly competent to manage their own business, but to amateurs, it is sufficient to point out the importance of adhering to one type. By breeding to one standard, we necessarily imply that no one should be induced to set up as a producer of canine stock until he has clearly made up his mind what sort of animal he wishes for. In the case of a beginner, there is generally an acquaintance at hand who possesses more or less experience in such matters, and who, if he be a real lover of the dog, will be glad to place his services at his young friend's disposal. The opinions of such an individual may not all be correct; but if he be fairly competent and honest, he can always be useful to the beginner. It is a great assistance, too, in arriving at a correct opinion, if the uses for which the various breeds have been brought into existence are brought under consideration. It is no good breeding a dog, though he be ever so handsome-looking, if he is palpably unfit for the work he is supposed to perform if called upon; and, under a judge who knows his work, a flashy-looking dog often has to lower his colors to his more sober and workman-like neighbor, whose undoubted good properties have escaped the attention of the uninitiated.

Having decided upon the type which he himself desires to produce, a beginner should make it his next business to ascertain if his ideas in any way resemble the orthodox standard; if so, his labors are considerably diminished, as his object in breeding will be to obtain the services of such stud dogs as he particularly admires, and in whose pedigree he has satisfied himself there is no bar sinister. It is an indisputable fact that a well-bred dog is far more likely to beget stock resembling himself than a good-looking mongrel is. Again, in the case of the former, even if he fails to impress his own likeness on his progeny, there is a possibility, if not a fair amount of certainty, that the puppies will throw back to a well-bred ancestor of more or less elegant proportions; whilst with a dog whose pedigree is enveloped in mystery or something worse, there is a chance of the young ones displaying every conceivable type and temper.

The subject of in-breeding is one which has exercised the minds of breeders for many a day, and affords matter for a controversy which seems far from being brought to a termination. There can be no sort of doubt that, if carried to too great a length, in-breeding stunts the growth and weakens the intelligence and constitution of all dogs. This opinion is, we believe, unanimously received by all breeders of canine stock; though, in the case of game-cocks more than one authority has it that incestuously-bred birds are stouter, gamer and more active than birds whose parents are unrelated to each other. Observation has proved that the union of father with daughter and mother with son is far preferable, where dogs are concerned, to an alliance between brother and sister. Once in and twice out is, we believe, an excellent system, if the crosses are judiciously selected, and the reasons for this appear to be as follows: A breeder has a dog belonging to a strain which usually produces good-headed ones, but apt to be leggy and perhaps deficient in coat. He naturally wishes to remedy these defects, and in many instances selects as a mate a dog indifferent in head, but good in bone and in jacket; the result being most probably one fair puppy and several very indifferent ones which inherit the faults of both their sire and dam. On the other hand, however, had he exercised a little patience, and mated his dog with one of the same strain, thereby strengthening the probabilities of the puppies being in their turn likely to beget good-headed offspring when allied with another strain of blood, he would in the course of a few years, have most probably got exactly the sort of dog he desired to obtain. We are perfectly aware that this argument may be said to cut both ways, and that those taking a contrary view of the case to our own may exclaim that the faults are just as likely to be perpetuated as the good properties; but we would observe that perpetual wandering from one blood to another *must* eventually produce specimens of uncertain type, whose services at the stud are perfectly useless from the fact that there is no fixed character in their breeding, and who are liable to throw puppies of every conceivable shape and make in the same litter. In short, in-breeding is, when judiciously carried out, absolutely essential to a breeder's success as a breeder, if such is to be maintained.

Finally, before closing our remarks upon the general subject of breeding, we wish to warn beginners that they are undertaking a tedious and very disappointing pursuit when they set up to be breeders of exhibition dogs. The best of calculations are often upset by accident or fate, and many a promising puppy falls a victim to the ills that puppyhood is peculiarly heir to. To have bred a first-rate dog of any breed is indeed a thing to be proud of, when it is considered how many scores of persons are expending time and money and judgment upon this very object. How few champions there are in the world is a statement which can be read in two ways—either there are so few that it should be an easy matter to add to their number, or it may be construed as implying that a vast amount of labor is wasted in trying to produce what is in reality a matter of chance. To us there appears to be both truth and untruth in each opinion; but the fact remains that champions have arisen, and will arise again, and are far more likely to be brought into existence when due attention is paid to the mates a breeder selects for his dogs.

Careful people invariably keep regular stud books referring to their breeding operations; in these the date of birth (and if necessary of the purchase) color, sex, weight, breeder and performances of their stock, are registered. The visits of their own bitches and of others to their stud dogs are also entered, as are the dates of sales and the names and addresses of the purchasers. By this means ready and accurate information can be obtained concerning the history of any animal which may at one time or other pass through their hands.

RABIES IN TENNESSEE—Savannah, Tenn., July 6, 1881.—The mad dog excitement has broken out again, and there seems to be good cause for it. On Monday last a little girl some eight or ten years old died, having all the symptoms of hydrophobia. All the dogs suspected of having had any chance of being bitten by rabid dogs have been killed, and I hope that further danger is over. I have not seen a rabid dog myself, and was inclined to doubt that any had been attacked by rabies, but think that this case, which certainly had all the symptoms of hydrophobia, settles the matter.—WILL.

FOR SUMMER READING buy a copy of Van Dyke's "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," price $1.50, postpaid. For sale at this office.

HYDROPHOBIA, LYSSA OR RABIES IN ANIMALS.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.—This disease was described by Aristotle 322 B.C. He regarded it as a disease communicated to dogs and other animals by the bite of a rabid animal causing a fatal disease. He did not regard the disease as communicable by man. Celsus also described hydrophobia.

This disease is said to prevail chiefly among animals of the dog tribe—as the dog, wolf, fox, hyena, jackal—often as an epizootic. It is an acute, infectious disease, characterized by a disturbance of the functions of the nervous system; it has no gross pathological changes, and perhaps no minute ones, and has a long and extremely variable period of incubation. The *materies morbi* is unknown, but it is probably only *communicated by infection*, the virus must come in contact with the broken skin or mucous membrane.

HYDROPHOBIA A MISNOMER FOR THE MADNESS OF ANIMALS.

Since rabid dogs and other animals have no dread of water, the term hydrophobia is inapplicable to them, and should be abandoned, as Fleming, in his well-known and classical work on rabies and hydrophobia, has very properly insisted.

It is equally true that real aversion to water, though a prominent symptom, will not serve to distinguish the human disease. Hydrophobia has been observed in various nervous affections, and where no suspicion was entertained that the person had been bitten by a rabid animal, as, for example, in a case of brain disease from cysticercus. Pharyngial and laryngial spasms, on the other hand, are usually regarded as the most characteristic phenomena. Yet while the word hydrophobia is unsatisfactory, even in its application to the human form of the disease, it has a certain popular recognition which perhaps makes it inadvisable to recommend a change at present, especially as the nature of the disease is still imperfectly understood.

MAY RABIES HAVE A SPONTANEOUS ORIGIN.

Spontaneous hydrophobia is entirely unproved. Still it is believed by many authorities that it is possible to animals of the canine tribe. The causes assigned are intense heat or cold, deprivation of water, the habits engendered by artificial method in domesticated life; unsatisfied sexual appetite, and inherited savageness or viciousness, as in certain breeds may be found. Although the majority of observers have given in their adhesions to the view that canine rabies is always communicated by a bite (especially such authorities as Blaine, Youatt and Weynell), Fleming and Sir Joseph Fahrer, are inclined to agree with Tardieur and Bouley, and regard this point as worthy of further inquiry. Fleming asserts that the possibility of a spontaneous origin is unassailable, adducing in support of his opinion the subjoined reasons given by Roupier—namely, the marked intermission in its manifestations at different geographical centres, its regular propagation from each centre, the multiplicity of cases at certain epochs of very short duration, contrasting strikingly with their rarity at other times; the intervals between the outbreaks, which are longer than the period of incubation of the virus; the small number of cases compared with the crowds of wandering dogs; the difficulty of explaining by contagion alone the maintenance of the disease in every region after long interruptions. Naturally to the contagionists, who are now are in the great majority, these reasons appear insignificant. Many of them would apply equally well to the spread of small-pox or syphilis. Though each contagious disease must at some time have had its origin *de novo*, no one would think of asserting that they ever have a spontaneous origin at the present time. But to take up the more important statements: The intermissions in the disease are explained by the fact that epidemics are more or less self-limited, even if, as in many cases, the wholesale slaughter of dogs and the strict surveillance of all others did not crush out the disease. Then again the intermissions may have been apparent, as "dumb rabies" occurs not infrequently where its existence is not suspected. Finally the duration of incubation is very variable, and may in exceptional instances be several months and perhaps longer, probably long enough to fill up the apparent "intermissions" between the outbreaks. It is not a disease of domisticated life, as it prevails in the East where animals roam at large. Nor does poor feeding produce it, as experiments have shown. As to unsatisfied sexual desires, castrated dogs are as liable to the disease as any others, and again the total number of mad dogs is divided between the two sexes in a ratio nearly equivalent to the numerical relation of the two sexes.

In wild animals to whom the sexual appetite is denied during confinement; hydrophobia is not known. Nor will the bite of an angry dog always produce hydrophobia, as the evidence of almost every one will demonstrate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RABBIT HUNTING WITH BEAGLES.

IT is very evident, judging from the increased number of entries in the beagle and dachshund classes at the different bench shows lately held in this country, that as feathered game is becoming more scarce in the neighborhood of cities sportsmen who are not able to make prolonged trips from business are turning their attention to hare or what is commonly called rabbit hunting with these busy little dogs. In some of the articles I have read on this description of shooting one would believe their exists in the Eastern, Middle and more northern Southern States—namely, Maryland, Delaware and Virginia, two varieties of the common rabbit, hare or cotton tail—the ordinary gray rabbit, *Lepus sylvaticus*—and, as some have told me, a variety smaller than the former, fond of marshes, "very swift on foot, making long runs when started from her form, and plainly distinguished by its small, black foot." Never having came acoross such a marsh rabbit in my shooting trips, yet often having killed *Lepus sylvaticus* after she had been run into marshy ground from higher country, I have lately made inquiry on the subject, and still fail to secure information that would warrant belief in the existence of a marsh hare with us.

Audubon mentions the swamp hare, *Lepus aquaticus*, which is fond of wet woods, a trifle larger than our gray rabbit, and with ears a little longer; but he gives the State of Alabama as its most northern and eastern limit. The swamp hare takes to water readily when pressed. Our gray rabbit will not, and rather winds it.

The same naturalist describes also the marsh hare, *Lepus palustris*, of the Southern States much smaller than the gray rabbit, and more of a rufus color than the swamp hare. The marsh hare he says is never found north of the Carolinas, is a very poor runner, having short legs, and will take to water, swimming with ease even when not pursued. Neither the swamp hare nor the marsh hare as Audubon describes them can be the marsh hare which I am told of.

I am aware there are other varieties of the hare in the United States, notably in the Eastern States in the more elevated regions—the Northern hare which turns white in winter—but we do not commonly find him, and he is not often hunted. Likewise the jack rabbit and other Western varieties; but what I wish to arrive at is, Does there exist, and do we, with beagles, hunt in the New England, Middle or more northern of the Southern States—namely, Maryland, Delaware and Virginia—any other cotton tail than *Lepus sylvaticus* or the common gray rabbit? I think not, and these "marsh hares" of Maryland and Delaware are no more or less than our own Pennsylvania cotton tail, *Lepus sylvaticus*.

HOMO.

SLIPS.—Mr. Wm. Loeffler, well known as a breeder of dachshunds, writes us that he has removed from St. Louis to Preston, Minn., and intends making his home there. He also states that the prospects are fine for prairie chicken and quail shooting..... Mr. T. M. Aldrich has five very good dogs on hand. The Connecticut laws do not give Tom a chance to shoot woodcock over them.....Mr. W. Tallman is teaching riding in Providence, in addition to dog handling....The Providence boys have soured on "the same old gang" that run the field trials, and it is unlikely that they will show up this year. This will give outsiders a chance to get in their fine work.....Mr. Clarence K. Drane has lost by death his imported Llewellin setter dog Lofty....A little girl, named Ida May Drayton, who lived on Jersey City Heights, died on Sunday of hydrophobia, after suffering most terribly. The child was very fond of dogs, and, unfortunately could not resist the temptation to pat every strange one that came in her way. On June 5 she stopped in the street to pat a small black and tan, and he sprang at her face and bit her nose and lip. The wounds received medical attention, and in a few days healed and were forgotten. No one imagined that the injuries inflicted upon the child would develop into a terrible case of hydrophobia. So they did, however, on Friday morning last. She asked for a glass of water, but when it was brought to her she went into convulsions. The "wourari treatment" was adopted, but all efforts proved unavailing, and on Sunday morning death kindly brought her sufferings to an end. We cannot too earnestly warn all parents not to let their little ones handle strange dogs at any time....The City Government of Newark, N. J., has appropriated $1,000 for the establishment of a dog pound....Every city and town in the country should have a dog pound, as there are thousands of worthless curs that are only fit to be drowned....The placing of uncovered swill barrels in the streets is one way of establishing lunch routes for the large army of canine tramps.

BARRISTER AND LANDLADY.—These are the names of the two Sussex spaniels recently imported by Mr. F. P. Magoun, of this city, from the kennels of Mr. A. W. Langdale. Mr. Magoun informs us that the dogs arrived in good condition, and in appearance justify what Mr Langdale writes about them, which is as follows: "They are a grand brace of pups and must do you some good. The great point is not having a white hair on them and being straight coated. As to their antecedents, I beg to say that they are both from one litter and were whelped September 16, 1880, and are bred by me by my celebrated champion Sussex dog Lawyer, winner of first prizes a the following shows: Crystal Palace, Manchester (Pomona), Malvern (Malvern Vue), Boston, and cup for best spaniel Brentwood, and cup for best spaniel Stratford, Northampton, Hull, Norwich, Bristol, Darlington, and v.h.c. at this last Crystal Palace show. His pedigree is uncertain, but he gets whole colored stock from part colored bitches, so that looks like there being no stain in his blood. The dam is my Ladygirl, a liver bitch with white frill, second prize winner at Cirencester, 1880, under Mr. Lort, the only time she was shown. I should, before exhibiting the dog puppy, get him thoroughly accustomed to be led out, as neither of them have been much on the chain. They will do far best loose, when at home. As to the names I think you could not do better than call the dog 'Barrister,' being by Lawyer, and the bitch 'Laudlady.' She is a little on the small size, but that is all in your favor. Cross her, when about eighteen months or two years, with a dog of the Benedict stamp, and you will get some grand black cockers from her."

FASHION VS. USEFULNESS.—In toy and fancy breeds the scale of points by which dogs are judged is dependent upon fashion or taste, but it should not be so with sporting dogs. We have more reliable means of judging what is the correct size and shape for them. In greyhounds, for instance, coursing matches have taught us what is the best form for speed. All experienced sportsmen know, too, what is the best form for pointers and setters, though, on account of the variety of work required of them, the scale of points should allow for variations in style. Spaniels are a breed that are likely to suffer by fanciers allowing points of beauty to interfere with those of usefulness. Another thing to be considered in regard to them is, that some varieties that are suitable for English work are by no means desirable in this country. There, bow-legged, heavy dogs, such as Clumbers, are often useful, partly because they have to retrieve heavy game, but I do not think many American sportsmen would be bothered with them. I would not myself take a gift of a spaniel, big or little, that was not of the Indiarubber ball type—I mean one that is exceedingly active and strong. I have owned some, not much over twenty pounds weight, that would follow my hunting-wagon fully twenty miles in a day, in addition to hunting and retrieving, without being over tired. Such a dog as the first prize field spaniel (Benedict) at the last New York bench show, if bred to smaller and compactly built bitches, would be sure to produce pups of the right stamp, and his color is not only fashionable but much more desirable than solid liver, being more readily seen in cover.—IBEX.

Shadwell, Va.

TWO FAMOUS DOGS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BITTEN BY A RABID CUR.—Mr. Walker H. Beebe, of this city, informs us that both of his English setter bitches, Mina and Blue Bell, well known on the bench as winners have been bitten by a dog supposed to have been rabid. This unfortunate occurrence happened on Tuesday night one week ago at Mr. Beebe's kennels at Morris Plains, N. J. We sincerely trust that the biting cur may belong to that large class of dogs supposed by many to be mad when only suffering from fits and like disorders. However, proper precautions are being taken, and should either of the bitches show unfavorable symptoms from the biting, Mr. Beebe has promised to place one of them at our disposal, and we will spare no trouble or expense to have the case watched and a comprehensive diagnosis given for the benefit of our readers.

DRAFT FROM THE TILLEY KENNEL.—We call attention to notice of sale in our kennel advertising columns of a draft from the kennels of the late Mr. James R. Tilley. The young bitches are good ones, in whom is the combined blood of such well known dogs as Grouse, Rupert, Stoddart's Duke, and Jerome's Shot and the bitches Mab and Dream.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Sportsmen will be pleased to hear that Mr. James Tenney, long known as conductor on the Erie Railway day express, has been appointed superintendent of the New York and Greenwood Lake R. R. Mr. Tenney is a thorough sportsman and an excellent shot.

WANTED.—The pedigrees of Gordon setter dog Lenark, of orange and white setter dog known as Phelps' Dick, of Gordon setter dog known as Blake's Duke and S. A. Foult's (Urbano, O.) Irish setter Captain, and of Lawlor's English setter Leo.

LOST.—Two fox terrier bitches. Active and chance. They were missed about two miles from the kennels in Warren County, N J. Any one sending any information concerning the same will greatly oblige L. & W. RUTHERFURD, 175 Second avenue, New York city.

NOTICE.—A red Irish setter bitch with white marking was recently lost in the immediate vicinity of this city. We know of her whereabouts, and the owner would do well to communicate with us at once

KENNEL NOTES.

*** *Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Nan—Mr. A. L. Runyon, Manhattan, Kansas, claims the name of Nan for red Irish setter puppy whelped December 23, 1880, by Ready out of Bliss.

Jim—Mr. Robert Kiernan, Three Rivers, P. Q., claims the name of Banjo for black setter puppy whelped February 19, 1881, by Mr. W. H. Parker's Shout out of Belle.

Tip—Mr. F. G. Wotherspoon, Three Rivers, P. Q., claims the name of Tip for setter puppy whelped February 19, 1881, by Mr. W. H. Parker's shout out of Belle.

Hindoo Princess—Mr. Erastus Corning, Jr., Albany, N. Y., claims the name of Hindoo Princess for his liver and white cocker spaniel bitch puppy, purchased from Mr. M. P. McKoon.

Patsy—Mr. T. S. Dumont, New York city, claims the name of Patsy for Irish setter dog puppy, two months old, by Bit out of Nora.

Gypsy Allen—Mr. J. J. Donovan, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Gypsy Allen for red and white English setter bitch two years old by Royal Ben (Carlowitz-Lucy) out of Katie (Tan-Blanche).

Gladiolus—Mr. F. H. Andrews, Charlotte, N. C., claims the name of Gladiolus for black, white and tan bitch puppy by Gladstone out of Leila (Leicester-Kirby). This fine puppy was presented to Mr. Andrews by Capt. J. W. Foster, Leesburg, Va.

Dock—Mr. Chas. P. Ryan, Chicago, Ill., claims the name of Dock for setter puppy by Maquoketa (Louella-Daisy) out of Beauty (Colburn's Dash-Wuddell's Fan).

Hare Bells—Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., claims the name of Hare Bells for white, black and tan beagle bitch pup out of Copette (imp. Chanter-Beauty) by Flute (Rattler-True) whelped May 7.

Lotty—Mr. A. L. Ingham, Saybrook, Conn., claims the name of Lotty for white, black and tan beagle bitch pup whelped May 7 out of Copette (imp. Chanter-Beauty) by Flute (Rattler-True). Purchased of Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn.

Gypsy Queen—J. C. Vance, Chattanooga, Tenn., claims the name of Gypsy Queen for his Irish setter bitch, one year old, by Rory O'More out of Queen Bess.

Cupid-Tom—Mr. J. C. Vance, Chattanooga, Tenn., claims the name of Cupid-Tom for his Irish setter dog by Frank out of Biddy.

Little Rhoda—Mr. T. M. Aldrich, Providence, R. I., claims the name of Little Rhoda for blue Belton setter bitch puppy, four months old, by Green's Sam out of Smut II.

Black Ned—Mr. T. M. Aldrich, Providence, R. I., claims the name of Black Ned for black setter dog puppy, four months old, by Green's Sam out of Smut II.

Sam—Mr. T. M. Aldrich, Providence, R. I., claims the name of Sam for black and white setter dog puppy, four months old, by Green's Sam out of Smut II.

Juno—Mr. T. M. Aldrich, Providence, R. I., claims the name of Juno for blue Belton white setter bitch puppy, four months old, by Green's Sam out of Smut II.

Breeze—Dr. F. B. Greenough, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Breeze for his setter puppy, by Fay's Coin (Leicester-Rose) out of Over's Beauty (Shot-Dr. Mason's Dora).

Bride—Dr. F. B. Greenough, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Bride for his setter bitch puppy, by Fay's Coin (Leicester-Rose) out of Over's Beauty (Shot-Dr Mason's Dora).

Blondie—Dr. F. B. Greenough, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Blondie for his setter puppy, by Fay's Coin (Leicester-Rose) out of Over's Beauty (Shot-Dr. Mason's Dora).

Bruna—Dr. F. B. Greenough, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Bruna, for his setter puppy, by Fay's Coin (Leicester-Rose) out of Over's Beauty (Shot Dr. Mason's Dora).

Dan—Mr. F. G. Colsey, Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y., claims the name of Dan, for lemon and white pointer dog puppy, by Mr. W. F. Steel's Gleanmark (Rush-Romp) out of Green's Girl (Trell-Maryland).

Ned—Mr. F. G. Colsey, Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y., claims the name of Ned, for lemon and white dog puppy, by Trim, brother to St. Elmo, out of Huyler's Nettie.

Jake—Mr. Wm. E. Quiggle, Dedham, Mass., claims the name of Jake, for Gordon setter dog whelped February 15, 1881, out of Bess by Mr. C. T. Bailey's (Dedham, Mass.,) Gordon setter Tom.

BRED.

Fannie-Tom—Mr. Clifton E. Wing's (Jamaica Plains, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Fannie to Mr C. T. Bailey's (Dedham, Mass.) Gordon setter Tom, June 21.

Dinah-Tom—Mr. Gilbert Tolman's (Randolph, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Dinah to Mr. C. T. Bailey's (Dedham, Mass.) Gordon setter Tom, July 1.

Lucille-Tom—Mr. Charles See's (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Lucille to Mr. C. T. Bailey's (Dedham, Mass.) Gordon setter Tom, July 9.

Amy Robsart-Tom—Mr. Geo. E. Brown's (Dedham, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Amy Robsart to Mr. C. F. Bailey's (Dedham, Mass.) Gordon setter Tom, July 9.

Judy-Cumberland—Mr. T. Donoghue's (La Salle, Ill.) imported Irish water spaniel bitch Judy (Drake-Duck) to his C unt Bendigo (Bob-Bridget) July 1.

Rose-Toronto Beau—Mr. C. H. Beddoe's (Norfolk) spaniel Rose to Mr. J. E. Kirk's (Toronto) Beau (Kaffir-Squaw) July 7.

Mollie B-Snipe—Mr. H. C. Bronsdon's (Boston Highlands, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Mollie B, of imported stock, to his Snipe.

Tubby-Don Royal—Mr. Chas. W. Parker's (Staunton, Va.) liver and white dog Don Royal (Bob Lee-Net) to Mr. W. A. Coster's Don Royal (Snipe-Countess Royal).

N-lie-Shot—Mr. H. C. Glover's black, white and tan setter bitch Nellie (Eagleston's Rover-Belle) to same owner's Shot (Weakie's Harris-Hunter's Nell).

Faithful-Sport—Mr. Colin Cameron's (Brickerville, Pa.) imported white and tan beagle bitch Faithful to owner's beagle dog Sport June 29.

Victress-Flute—Mr. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle Victress (Victor-Lucy) was bred to owner's Flute (Rattler-True) June 19.

Colette-Flute—Mr. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle Colette (imp. Chanter-Beauty) was bred to owner's Flute (Rattler True) June 20.

Bunnie-Flute—Mr. N Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle Bunnie (Ranger-Lucy) was bred to owner's Flute (Rattler-True) June 21.

Queen-Feute—Mr. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) beagle Queen (Victor-Lucy) was bred to owner's Flute (Rattler-True) June 26.

Grace-Gay—Mr. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) lemon and white pointer Grace (Sensation-imp. Juno) to owner's Gay (imp. Snapshot-Fanny II.) July 1.

WHELPS.

Bess—Mr. N. Elmore's beagle bitch Bess (1st at Boston, 1878, 2d at New York, 1881) whelped June 26, two dogs and one bitch, all white, black and tan and solid.

Bunnie—Mr. N. Elmore (Granby Conn.) has recently bought of Mr. Lyons (Collinsville, Conn.) the beagle bitch Bunnie (Ranger-Lucy).

Flora—Mr. G. A. Colman's (Charleston, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Flora (Donald-Tom Collie) whelped May 4, seven puppies, four dogs and three bitches, by Mr. W. E. Perry's Scott (Bigelow's Tile-Perry's Pete).

Wasgen—Mr. William R. Hill's (Albany, N. Y.) smooth fox terrier bitch Wasgen whelped July 6, six puppies, five dogs and one bitch, by Messrs. Rutherfurds' Royal.

Peg—Mr. Frederick Schuchardt's black pointer bitch Peg (Schuchardt's Jim-Glover's Gwendolin) whelped June 13, eight puppies, four dogs and four bitches, by Glover's imported Spike.

Thistle—Mr. S. T. Hammond's (Springfield, Mass.) setter bitch Thistle (Alton-Nelly) whelped June 29, nine puppies, six dogs and three bitches, by Mr. J. C. Higgins' Dashing Monarch. Four dogs and three bitches black and white; two dogs pure white.

Moonlight—Mr. Geo. A. Freeman's, Jr., fox terrier bitch Moonlight whelped at the kennels of Mr. Charles E. Wallack (Long Branch, N. J.) on June 29, five puppies, two dogs and three bitches, by Mr. C. H. Mason's champion Vosburgh II. Moonlight is a handsome bitch by Shuttlesley's pet out of Wasp (Young Tyrant), and has been three times shown, winning Puppy Class at Stratford, first Halifax, 1881, and was h. c. in a very strong class N. Y. Dog Show, 1881. Since then we hear she has greatly improved.

Lou—Mr. D. Sewell's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Lou, whelped on July 9, six puppies, two dogs and four bitches, by same owner's dog Guess.

Fannie Turner—Mr G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) silver and white pointer bitch Fannie Turner (Sensation-Queen II.) whelped July 3, eight puppies, four dogs and four bitches, by his Beautort (Champion Bow-Beulah). The puppies are liver and white and lemon and white.

SALES.

Windsor—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Mr. B. F. Dexter, Mass., beagle dog Windsor (Ashburnham's Rattler-Evans's Spiglily).

Fanny Z—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Mr. B. F. Dexter, Mass., the beagle bitch Fanny Z (Pounalt's Dan-Fanny V.)

Flute-Copette Whelp—Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., has sold to A. L. Ingham, Saybrook, Conn., a white, black and tan beagle bitch pup from Copette (imp. Chanter-Beauty) by Flute (Rattler-True).

PRESENTATIONS.

Little Rhoda—Mr. T. M. Aldrich, Providence, R. I., has presented Mr. Horace Bloodgood, of same city, with the blue Belton setter bitch puppy Little Rhoda, by Green's Sam out of Smut II.

EXCHANGED.

Jerry D. for Vic—Mr. J. J. Donovan, Boston, Mass., has exchanged his red Irish dog puppy Jerry D. (Rory O'More-Norah O'More) for liver and white English setter bitch Vic (Dash-Nora).

IMPORTED.

Brace of Sussex Spaniels—Mr. McGown, of this city, has just received from Mr. A. W. Langdale, Leytonstone, Eng., a brace of liver colored Sussex spaniels.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT

168. J. W. B., Pittston, Mass.—Your puppy is suffering from a bad case of mange. Avoid feeding meat, and keep him on cooling diet, such as boiled rice, indian meal and well cooked vegetables. A little boiled milk will do no harm. As the disease is contageous you should quarantine the youngster, and see that his kennel is kept extremely clean. A mild aperient of Epsom salts is recommended once a week, and a third of a teaspoonful of sulphur and magnesia to food every other morning. Dress the sores with oil of tar; and to the hairless spots where you say there is no inflammation apply compound sulphur

ointment with friction twice a day. Write in two weeks time result and we will suggest further treatment.

169. H. P., Paradise Furnace.—See answer to M. O. S. in FOREST AND STREAM, February 24, 1881. It will give you the information you want.

H. C. GLOVER offers some fine dogs for sale in this week's issue.

DRIFT FROM EXCHANGES.

A TRAMP IN THE CATSKILLS is one of the most satisfactory ways in which a New York man who is not afraid to use his legs can spend a short summer or fall vacation. A writer in the *Times* gives these hints as the result of personal experience:

"Go by Hudson River Railroad to Tivoli; cross over to Saugerties; ride up to Phœnix Hotel free. They will send you (if there are two) to Burghees, at Palmsville, for $3, in a two-seated one-horse wagon, or for $5, with a two-horse carriage—distance, ten miles. This is a fine, cheap place to stay over night or for a day. Walk up through the clove. Before you get to the Catskill bridge strike down to and follow the stream up to Haine's Falls. You will find a path and stairs where needed. You can stay over night at Haine's Falls, including supper and breakfast, for $1.50 each. In the morning cross over by path through wood and field—less than a mile and one-half—to the Laurel House, at Kaaterskilo Falls. Take a room for one day. Spend your time until dinner (from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.) 'taking in' the falls from different points. There is now plenty of water and you will in those five hours see the water turned on a half-dozen times. After dinner stroll by Mr. Harding's new road over the new Kaaterskill House; diverge when you see the shingle 'To Sunset Rock' to pay your respects to that charming spot. From this new house pass on by the old path to the Catskill Mountain House. Return by path either side of the lake to Schutt's Laurel House. If there shall have been no recent rain to make mud, take the south path by all means. Your one day's bill at the Laurel House will be $2 50 or $3. After breakfast take the above path toward Haine's Falls until you reach the path that leads up to the right by an unpainted farm-house; follow that up to the road—on to Stony Clove, passing Hilton House, Mulford's, the famous Roggens and innumerable other summer hotels or boarding-houses; stop at Gillespie's, on the Hunter "pike," half a mile before you reach the Stony Clove, for bread and and milk and butter. Eleven to twelve miles from the Laurel House you will stop over night at Connolly's one and one-half miles from the summit of Stony Clove. Your supper, breakfast and lodging will be $1, and often involves brook trout. The Hunter stage will take you, at 8 A. M., to Phœnecia in time for the 10 A. M. train for 50 cents. You buy your ticket to New York, which you reach at 3:30 P. M.

"When the weather is not too hot this trip may be varied profitably. (The writer is giving his personal experience.) Take the Ansonia to Saugerties; walk up to Hummel's Mount Airy House—some four miles—to breakfast and then on, on foot, through Quarryville to Burghees. The last day, instead of walking to Stony Clove, walk to the Overlook, either by way of the new road or by way of Mink Hollow. Stop at Mead's, two miles below the Overlook. The walk through Mink Hollow is the finest, most filling mountain walk I can recall."

BEAVERS IN GERMANY are making trouble for the landowners. The London *Globe* says: "Possibly some naturalists, and a great many other people, are quite unaware that the beaver is still living in considerable numbers in a part of Germany. We know that in Britain, where this wonderful little animal once had its natural home, recent attemps have been made with much perseverance to introduce it artificially, and Mr. Harting has lately shown, not only what was the probable date of extinction of the species here, but also how far Lord Bute's efforts to reacclimatize them may be considered practically successful. Other similar attemps have also been made in Poland, Austria and Russia, but in no place has the experiment been carried so far as on the banks of the Elbe, where special laws have been passed for the preservation of the amphibious rodents. Here their multiplication has become a subject of serious protests on the part of those inhabitants who care more for their crops and private interests than for questions of natural history, however interesting. The beavers have begun to attack the trees on each side of the bank within a wide range of the river, and have not only demolished quantities of the younger saplings, but also gnawed through and razed to the ground many quite full-grown trees. They have likewise, in the course of their various works in damming and diverting the stream, caused great damage to the existing banks and defenses, so as to cause inundation, and impose much toil and expense upon the riparian proprietors. So serious are the depredations of the tribe, as it continually increases in number, that the Germans are preparing to address petitions to the Government, and ask for an act, conceived somewhat in the spirit of the hares and rabbits act, authorizing them to protect themselves by organizing beaver hunts on a large scale."

Truth reports that "Storms says that when he first put the thing on his dog's nose, the muzzled pug wore a puzzled mug."

The Tourist and Sportsman is a summer publication printed at Minneapolis, Minn., devoted to making known the attractions of Lake Minnetonka and the park region of Minnesota.

FOR SUMMER READING buy a copy of Van Dyke's "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," price $1.50, postpaid. For sale at this office.

There are more cures made with Hop Bitters than all other medicines.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—Weekly practice of Knickerbocker Club, 30 yards: E Bennett 47, J N Mergenthaler 47, W H Reed, Jr, 47, R H Hawthorn 46, W V Overbaugh 45, Dr Toal 45, W Harrington 43, R C Brunner 43, W C Langdon 42, P J Dempsey 38, T Green 35.

Ballard Rifle Match.—Scores up to date at 25 yards, 5 shots, four scores to win, or possible 500; ring target:

J N Mergenthaler	112	109	113	114	—448
H Oehl	107	99	102	106	—414
Dr Toal	98	101	97	108	—404
C Gibbs	103	96	89	100	—388
Mr Erchart	89	66	84	81	—320
F Kobbi	103	48	93	69	—307
H Gunther	87	95	83		—265
C Edgar	103	95			—197
T J Dolan	106	105			—219
W V Overbaugh	96	105			—201

ALBANY, N. Y., July 4.—Rain in afternoon prevented large attendance. Only the best scores which were made are given below, Capt. William E. Fitch winning first place in both short-range matches, Mr. E. V. Denison first place in the 500-yard match, and Theodore Mosher first place in the 60-yard match. In the last match (600 yards) Mr. W. F. Miles is credited with a miss which in reality was a bullseye on the wrong target, while Capt. Fitch gets a miss for neglecting to put a bullet in his gun.

Short-Range Match, 200 yards.

William E Fitch	4454434—30	H R Spelman, Jr	4444445—29
Charles H Gaus	4544434—30	Michael Murphy	4444444—28
James H Miles	5444454—30	Andrew Donner	4444434—27
William T Miles	5544444—30	Charles Keeler	5344344—27
Buel C Andrews	5454455—30	O Dexter	4434433—25

Short Range Match, 200 yards.

William E Fitch	5444454—30	Michael Murphy	4454534—27
William T Miles	4344445—28	H R Spelman, Jr	4553244—27
James I Miles	5444454—30	Theodore Mosher	3444434—26
S Baldwin	5444434—28	Charles H Gaus	4434434—26
Buel C Andrews	4544443—28	Andrew Donner	3444443—25

Mid-Range Match, 500 yards.

Edgar V Denison	5455555—34	Charles H Gaus	5455543—31
William T Miles	5555545—34	Michael Murphy	3554444—29
James I Miles	5445554—32	Charles Keller	3434524—27
Andrew Donner	5545453—31	Benj R Spelman, Jr	4455433—27

Mid-Range Match—600 yards.

T Mosher	5455555555—49	C H Gaus	5555553453—43
J I Miles	5554555544—47	E V Denison	4454545254—42
W T Miles	5545534544—44	W E Fitch	4530535544—40
B R Spelman, Jr	4545534454—43		

NEWTON RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—At the range of the Newton Rifle Association, July 4, at Newtonville, the handicap vase match was concluded, and the following were the best scores made:

F C Claflin	4554555—33	Dr A Hudson	4545444—30
Dr E H Hitchcock	5544454—33	M L Pratt	4444554—30
M C Laflie	5444445—30		

The totals for the whole match in the three days' shooting and the winners of the prizes are as follows: M. C. Laflie, 98, first prize; F. L. Claflin, 97, second prize; Dr. E. B. Hitchcock, 97, third prize; M. L. Pratt, 95, fourth prize, and Dr. A. Hudson, 94, fifth prize. In the above Pratt and Laflie are allowed four extra points each, and Dr. A. Hudson two points, which are included.

OMAHA, Neb., July 4.—The young amateurs of this city held their first practice shoot to-day under the following conditions: Distance, 25 yards off-hand; Creedmoor target reduced; bullseye 1¼ in.:

First match.

C Turner	54443—20	W Hamilton	03454—16
W Rogers	54324—18	W Kennedy	24323—14
F Hamilton	43523—17	C Hamilton	02222— 8

Second match.

W Rogers	34434—20	F Hamilton	03545—15
W Kennedy	45424—18	C Hamilton	05343—15
W Hamilton	32423—17	C Turner	40453—14

Third Match.

W Rogers	55555—25	C Hamilton	43341—18
W Kennedy	54141—21	F Hamilton	42424—16
C Turner	54353—18		

Fourth match on bell target, half-inch bullseye and half-inch circles; same distance, off-hand; possible score, 50:

W Rogers	39	C Turner	29
W Kennedy	37	F Hamilton	27
C Hamilton	31		

BOB WHITE.

BRINTON RANGE, Elizabeth, N. J., July 9.—The score for the military rifle match was as follows:

G Jolner	5455445545—46	T W Griffith	5454444445—43
Col Howard	5455414545—45	T Bonnett	4454444544—42
J Thomas	4544454455—44	J H Brown	5345344444—42
Henry Oehl	4455454545—44	J W Schroder	4434444444—39
F Alder	5545443544—41	Dr V Moabiag	4454245342—36
J Mandeville	5444444545—43		

In the champion marksman's match, 200 and 500 yards, five shots at each distance, the following score was made:

	200 yards.	500 yards.	Total.
Col Howard	23	22	45
Major Denman	20	23	43
P Bonnett	20	19	39
J R Byrd	19	18	37
J Oehl	20	17	37
Sergt A A Baldwin	12	15	27

WORCESTER, Mass., July 8.—At the Pine Grove Range in Shrewsbury to-day the following score were made (possible 120, sharpshooters' match, Massachusetts target):

Morse	12	8	11	10	12	11	11	10	11	9	—105
	11	11	12	11	12	12	12	12	12	11	—116
Allen	10	11	11	12	11	11	11	10	11	12	—110
	12	10	10	9	12	11	12	11	12	11	—111
Arnold	11	11	11	11	11	9	11	10	11	10	—103
	11	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	11	10	—113
Clark	11	10	11	10	10	10	12	10	10	10	—104
	11	11	11	12	12	11	11	11	11	10	—112

GARDNER, Mass., July 3.—At the recent practice of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range, the ring and Creedmoor target combined was used; distance, 200 yards off-hand. The score tells the story:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
G F Ellsworth	87	46	95	48	182—94
J E Newton	85	47	79	44	164—91
S B Baldreth	77	46	86	43	163—91
Chester Hinds	83	43	80	47	163—90
F E Nichols	81	45	78	45	159—90
A Mathews	75	45	83	44	157—89
F H Knowlton	74	44	75	43	149—87
S L Walker	67	42	62	43	129—85
C Shumway	53	43	65	43	118—86

The Gardner Club have been invited to shoot a friendly match with a team from the Massachusetts Rifle Association. It is expected that the contest will take place at the Hackmatack Range, Friday, July 15.

THE TRAP.

THE CLAY PIGEON MATCH.

WE have received, and publish below, the official scores of the Logowsky clay pigeon match, shot at Coney Island at the conclusion of the State shoot. It was unfortunate that this match came late in the week after so many of the delegates had gone home. Many of the contestants in the match were well-known expert shots, and something of the merits of this new substitute for live birds may be inferred from the scores made. The match was at 18 yards, 10 single and 10 double.

	Single.	Double.	Total.
M H Hills	1001111011—6	10 0 10 00 11—4—10	
E Hudson	1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1—6	01 10 00 w	
G A Strong	0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1—3	10 10 00 10 00—3—5	
J M George	0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0—5	01 11 01 10 00—4—10	
J B Brack	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—2	00 10 00 10 10—3—5	
Dr Kersner	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0	w	
M Y Baylis	0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1—4	00 10 01 01 11—5—9	
A Heritage	0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0—5	00 11 11 11 00—6—11	
F M Thompson	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	10 10 10 10 10—5—13	
H B Howser	1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—2	00 01 00 w	
W S Bell	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—7	10 11 10 10 00—5—12	
J R Hendricks	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 w		
P McGill	0 0 0 1 1 1 0 w		
I Ferguson	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1	00 10 00 00 w	
J C Lindermann	0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1—5	11 11 11 10 10—8—13	
H Hiederman	0 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—3	w	
W Greenwood	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—3	w	
E H Hudson	0 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1—4	01 00 10 10 10—4—8	
C Wingerd	0 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 1—5	00 10 10 11 11—6—11	
Dr Talbot	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0—7	11 11 00 10 01—6—13	
F Harrison	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—w		
F Wurneyer	0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0—3	11 01 00 01 w—4—9	
W Mills	1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0—3	10 10 01 w	
Garrett	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—7	00 11 01 10 10—5—12	
I Regt ter	0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1	00 w	
S A Tucker	0 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 0—3	10 10 11 11 00—6—10	
C Schwerer	1 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 1—5	00 10 10 w	
J F Kleinz	0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0—5	11 10 00 10 11—6—11	
J Brewer	0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—8	10 00 01 11 10—5—13	

Ties of 13 shot off at 4 single and 4 double:

Thompson	0111—3 00 w	Talbot	1111—4 10 00—1—5
Lindermann	1111—4 11 10—3—7	Brewer	1111—4 11 11—3—7

Second ties:

Lindermann	1111—4 10 10 10—3—7	Brewer	1111—4 10 01 11—4—8

Ties of 12 shot off at single and double:

Bell	1001—2 00—2	Garret	1111—4 01—5

LONG BRANCH CUP.—In the annual contest at Deal Beach, last week, for the subscription cup of the Long Branch Club, six cups competed, with the result annexed. The prize is a handsome trophy of hammered silver:

Fountain Gun Club.

M V Baylis	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1—12
C W Wingert	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—13
E H Madison	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1—12
G B Tucker	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14
Dr Talbot	1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1—11—62

Jersey City Heights Club.

C Townsend	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—15
W Hughes	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—13
H Von Lengerke	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—12
J Von Lengerke	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—12
T H Hall	0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1—9—61

Long Branch Club.

V Zelmar	1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—11
Spier	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—11
Howard	0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
E G Murphy	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14
F Sands	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1—14—69

Midway Club.

W A Dunlap	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—10—11
S Lamberson	0 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1—11
Jas Tribune	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—11
J Lamberson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1—12
J Van Brackel	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—10—55

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Wm Wynn	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—11
Jas Brier	0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—11
Hammond	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0—11
B West	0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—11
G F Gildersleeve	0 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0—9—53

Long Island Gun Club.

G H Creed	1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0—8
R Robinson	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1—7
G A Chappel	1 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—7
A Crooke	0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1—7
L Pike	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1—9—38

FRANKLIN, N. Y., July 11.—Enclosed please find score of shoot. Capt. Bogardus gave an exhibition shoot at Oneonta July 4, closing with a free-for-all shoot for a silver cup. You will see by score that C. Willis retired; he had the misfortune to break his arm. The lucky man to bring home the cup was L. M. Hine:

R Smith	10011 11111—8	W Ruth rford	10111 00011—6
L Harriss	11101 1101 1—7	W Hamilton	11011 10111—8
M F McKoon	11101 10111—8	L M Hine	11111 11111—10
C Willis	11101 retired	John D Vanport	11101 11100—7
C R Owins	10011 00100—3	P Smith	01010 01110—5
L A Davenport	11001 11011—7	E Quackinbush	01010 10000—3
E Bogardus	11111 11101—9		

CATAWISSA, July 11.—Weekly score of club for badge:

Aldrich	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 1—15
Eyer	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1—16
Yeter	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—17
T Fox	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1—15
Reifsnyder	0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—12
Brinker	0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 1—9
Stadler	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—18
H Fox	1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1—8
Sharpless	1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—16
P Waters	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—14
Robinson	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 w

Stadler winning badge, Yetter second premium, Sharpless third premium. H. B. A.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 11.—The regular weekly contest for the championship gold badge of the Capital City Gun Club, for 1881, took place last Saturday afternoon with the following result. Card's rotary trap, 20 yards rise, 20 balls each:

E L Mills	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—20
C A Stoddard	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—19
E M Aldred	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—19
O M Ball	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—19
H L Sheppard	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—18
F B Farnsworth	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—18
R Kruger	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—17
W B McKeiden	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—17
C R Dufour	1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—16
H King	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—16
E E Peck	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1—14
J E Hasford	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14
Goodrich	0 1 1 0 0 2 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0—10

Mr. E. L. Mills won the championship badge last year and seems destined to carry off the one for 1881, his score of 175 out of 180, with only 20 balls more to shoot at to complete his score of 200, being 50 far ahead of his competitor's as to render it almost impossible for any one else to win it. Some of the new members are making wonderful progress in the art of glass-ball shooting and next year Mr. Mills and some of the other cracks will have to look to their laurels.—M.

MENOMONEE, Wis., July 4.—10 balls from a Mole trap, 18 yards rise, S. J. Bailey 9, Ed. Benjamin 6, D. S. Bailey 4.

10 balls from a Bogardus trap, shot with rifle: Ed. Benjamin 39, S. J. Bailey 39.

There was also a glass-ball shoot at Knapp on the Fourth. The balls were thrown by hand, and shot with the Winchester rifle. Following is the score:

H. Peck	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9	H. Peck	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—9
D. Downer	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—8	D. Downer	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0—7
H. Peck	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—8	H. Peck	1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1—7
D. Downer	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0—8	D. Downer	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—10

Also half-dollar pieces were thrown up, and Mr. David Downer hit, with the rifle, two out of three.—MC.

RIVERSIDE SHOOTING CLUB—Brunswick, Me., July 4.—

	Singles.	Double.	Total.
Chas Grud	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	11 10 11 10 10—7	22
A Q Grud	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—9	01 11 11 11 11—9	20
G H Grud	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—8	01 10 10 01 11—6	19
M C Hall	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—7	00 11 11 11 11—8	19
A E Hall	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—7	10 10 10 10 01—5	17
E Nickerson	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—9	10 10 10 00 11—5	19
G E Keen	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—9	00 00 00 10 01—2	16
C C Winslow	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—9	00 11 11 11 01—7	21
J S Bonney	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—7	10 10 10 10 00—4	14
C Key	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—8	11 11 11 11 11—10	22
H A Stetson	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1—8	10 01 11 10 11—7	20
S Knight	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—7	11 10 00 10 10—5	16

Ties on 22: C Grud....11110—4 C Key....11111—5 Won by Key.

Second Match.

	Singles.	Double.	Total.
C Grud	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—9	10 01 11 10 10—5	14
A Q Grud	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	11 11 01 11 11—9	25
M C Hall	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—9	11 01 11 11 00—7	21
E Nickerson	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—9	00 11 11 10 11—7	21
C H Winslow	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—9	00 11 11 11 00—6	19
C Key	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10	10 11 10 11 11—8	23
H A Stetson	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—9	11 11 10 01 01—6	20
G H Greenleaf	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—9	01 01 10 00 10—4	15
J S Bonney	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	00 10 10 01 00—3	14
A E Hall	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—8	10 10 11 00 00—4	15
S Knight	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—8	10 01 11 01 11—7	18

Badge won by A Q Grud, 25 straight. H. A. S.

EATON, July 9, 1881.—The sixth shoot of the Eaton Sportsmen's Club for the Taber badge was won by S. A. Curtis by the following score: Card's rotary trap, 18 yards rise, Bogardus rules. Ormsby handicapped 3 yards, Richardson and Tuckerman 6 yards:

Taber	8	Short	8
Richardson	7	W Taber	7
Tuckerman	7	Ormsby	7
Sutcliffe	5	Morton	2
Curtis	9	Chamberlain	5

EIGHT GAUGE.

DR. CARVER will shoot a match at the Gun Club grounds, London, England, with Mr Stuart Wortley, a member of the Hurlingham and Gun Clubs, for £100 to £500, at 100 pigeons each, thirty yards rise. The Committee of the Gun Club will give a handsome cup to the winner of the match.

BATH, Maine, July 5.—On June 2 the Sagadahoc Association held their first shoot of the season at glass balls, 15 balls from card new trap. Following is the score: C Keyes 11, C H Greenleaf 10, A Q Gould 10, H Stetson 10, E Nickerson 8, S Knight 8, M C Hall 7, A E Hall 7, C H Winslow 6. Badge was won by C Keyes.

July 4 the second match was held, with same conditions. Following is the score: C H Greenleaf 12, C Keyes 12,H A Stetson 10, Chas Gould 10, Chas Winslow 11, A Q Gould 11, W Williams 10, A S Alexander 10, S Knight 10, M C Hall 10, A C Hall 10, G Minott 9, E Nickerson 8. In shooting off the ties the badge was won by C H Greenleaf.—SECY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 7.—Tournament at Lakeside Park. First match, 25 balls; entries limited to amateur shots:

Daniels 15, Eastman 23, Sibley 19, Sanderson 14, Brown 18, Jones 15, Emmett 17, Moore 8, Miller 9, Wood 19, Soule 19, Arthur 9, Frazer 9, Wilson 8, Kirk 22, White 15, Wheaton 11, French 11, Ayling 16, Steves 19, Smith 21, Luther 0.

Luther was barred out, being decided a professional. Eastman and Soule, who had tied on 23, divided the handsome prize, a silver pitcher valued at $25. Kirk, who alone broke 22 balls, took the cake basket valued at $15, and C. Smith the pickle dish, valued at $10, on his score of 21. The fourth prize, a silver mug valued at $5, was won by Walters in shooting off ties of 19. The free-for-all match brought the amateurs and professionals together:

Luther 22, Hudson 22, Kirk 19, Sibley 21, Daniels 16, Mann 20, Soule 20, Eastman 24, Brown 22, Smith 18, Steves 17, Dayton 3.

Luther, Hudson, Brown and Eastman having cracked 22 balls each, shot off ties. Luther and Brown scored each one, thus ending the issue Luther won. The prize was a silver ice-pitcher valued at $25. The second prize, a $15 castor, went to Sibley by virtue of his score of 21. The third prize, a fruit casket, valued at $10, was carried off by Mann, with Brad Soule in shooting at the ties on 20. A sweepstakes which followed this match Emmett, Sibley and Soule were the winners. The rain fell briskly during the progress of the second match.

EAST WOODBRIDGE, July 4.—Screened Huber trap, 18 yards, smoke target balls:

Wm M Brown.....	0110111111—8	Oscar H Miller.	1110111101—8
D A Brown.....	1111111111—10	Chas N Miller.....	0101111011—7
Chas E Brown.....	1111111111—10		

Team total, 43 out of 50.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., July 4.—The third glass-ball shooting match given by the Arlington Boat Club for the prize medals occurred on the latter part of the morning rounds of the Cambridge Club. It was held out of 20, F Rich 18, M Rowe 16, J P Poland 15, H Zewoth 15, A Batt Hill 15, Geo Hutchinson 14, O W Whittemore 14, Geo Winn 13, W E Foote 13, C S Richardson 12, J H Richardson 12, G A Swan 12, W L Hill 10, Willie Proctor 8, Geo Fessenden 7, C Thaxter 7, F Fessenden 4.

THE WORCESTER, MASS., GUN CLUB announce a glass-ball match for a $60 purse, open to any number of any gun club in that State, to be shot for on their grounds four miles from the city, on the three days, to close Tuesday, Sept. 6. Each contestant to shoot at 300 balls. All communications will receive prompt attention addressed to F. H. Fuller, Secretary.

MACON (MO.) GUN CLUB.—The team from our club won the State championship gold medal at St. Louis in May and we are going to do our best to hold it at next tournament.—A. S.

In the raffle for Gwynne Price's gun at St. Louis, the 1st prize of the gun was won by Mr. Dixon, of London, England, with the extraordinary score of 17, 18, 17 —total 52. Second prize, $18 cash, was won by Mr. Chas. Boyd, of St. Louis, with a score of 43. The dice were thrown by Hilie Miss Bellacella, and three officials of the Sportsmen's Club superintended the operations.—GWYNNE PRICE.

FOR SUMMER READING buy a copy of Van Dyke's "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," price $1 50, postpaid. For sale at this office.

That low, nervous fever, want of sleep and weakness calls for Hop Bitters.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

July 30.—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S. Mayor's prize.
Aug. 2.—New York Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 2.—Quincy Y. C. Second championship regatta.
Aug. 6.—Beverly Y. C. Chaplon regatta, Nahant.
Aug. 6.—Pacific Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 6 to 20.—Quaker City Y. C. Annual cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
Aug. 6.—San Francisco Y. C. Annual regatta.
Aug. 10.—Columbia Y. C. President's Cup.
Aug. 11 to 14.—American Canoe Association. Lake George meet.
Aug. 16.—Salem Bay Y. C. Special regatta.
Aug. 30.—Salem Bay Y. C. Third Championship race.

CANOEING AND CANOEISTS

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let the light, single canoe come to the front. The time has come when oarsmen no longer hail the double blade with, "Rule, old quill wheel!" "How are you, tanbin' mill?" "Well, well; here comes a wind mill on water!" etc., etc. Only three or four times in a cruise and paddling excursion of five hundred miles was the double blade saluted with opprobrious epithets: called wind mill, fanning mill, etc. The guides mainly showed the pitying respect due to innocence and fruitly when my 15 lb. canoe came to the landings. To inexperienced tourists and even to the summer boarder she was always an object of lively interest, while the youngsters could hardly be kept out of her even on dry land. Last summer the little Nessmuk was a doubtless the lightest clinker built cedar canoe ever made. And now another builder, Mr. Jas. H. Sprague, of Carlsville, N. Y., has done gone and built a canoe longer, broader, and 2 lbs. 1¾ oz. lighter. Bismillah! It is well. I am glad of it. Mr. Frank Green, the owner of this light canoe, resides at Campbello, Mass. I wonder will he paddle her in canals, mill ponds, etc., or take her to the woods for a straight away cruise of one or two months? If he be not a good woodsman and self reliant, I wish he would contrive to head me off somewhere between Paul Smith's and the Forge House, say about the last of July. I will divine the last hard tack, coffee, and cereal juice with him; and will go with him on a month's cruise anywhere in the wilderness, except to the eastern side. Too much civilization there: too many people. Better a cruise down Long lake, from Forked lake, call on the old forest Trojan, Mitchell Sabattis, and the third day down, landing young Grant, the son of Uncle the Raquette, take in Mother Johnson's, around by the two Tuppers, by Smith and Albany lakes to the Beaver river; stop at Ed. Knisker's camp on Loon lake, stay with Joe Dunbar a day or two; down to the still water of the Beaver, where several guides carry across to Twitchell lake, two-mile carry to Big Moose, down that lake and the North Branch lakes, with four miles of carry, and you come out on Fourth lake, Fulton chain, opposite Ed. Arnold's, and seven miles from the Forge House. If health and strength permit I hope to take that cruise the present summer.

It looks now as though the next point to be aimed at by canoe makers was lightness, and it is a good point. Tourists almost invariably go to the woods overloaded with a lot of unnecessary traps which had much better be left out. Good boats or canoes are always heavier than they should be. Now that the ball is started, let us see how light a canoe *can* be made to carry one man and his baggage with safety in ordinary weather. Mr. Sprague thinks he can get her weight down to 12 lbs. or less. In a letter to me he gives particulars of make and material of his 15¾ lbs. canoe, the main points of which were published in his "ad." (See F. and S. for June 21.) She is a credit to her maker, and I trust she will not be laid away in a boathouse, to be taken out second season for a half-day's paddle around the lake or mill ponds, which, I take it, is the usual fate of most canoes belonging to clubs.

Rather to my surprise and disappointment I did not meet a single canoeist in the North woods last summer, though it is my best finest place for a canoe cruise it has ever been my lot to visit. There ought to be a hundred canoes afloat in the forest in July and August.

During the long, cold winter, when outdoor sport was none, I was at some pains to correspond with makers, procure drawings, diagrams, catalogues, etc., and get some idea of the extent to which light boat and canoe building has attained. Among the various circulars, drawings and specimens I have, three styles especially interest me, *i. e.*, the Herald boats, made at Gore landing, Ontario; the Racine boats and canoes, and the clinker built cedar canoes of J. H. Rushton. The Herald canoes are smooth skinned, not heavy, fast, and modeled more nearly after the Indian birch than the others. It is claimed that they are the speediest canoes extant, under paddle, and almost as fast under sail. But the oval, keelless bottom make a deal of leeway on a wind. They are cheaper than canoes made on the American side, but the red tape of custom-houses, with the 35 per cent. *ad valorem* duty, prevent their general use in the States.

The Racine boats and canoes are models of ingenuity and mechanical skill. I have a section of one before me, showing keel, keelson and sides. The make up is unique. The sides are made of three layers of thin veneer, cemented and pressed on forms, each side being whole with keel, and stem and sternpost between keel and keelson. The veneering—mainly of yellow birch—has the two outside layers running athwart ships, and the centre one fore and aft. The layers are 1-12th inch thick before pressing, but when finished the sides are less than ¼ inch in thickness. They are mighty stiff and solid, seeming more like metal than wood. I judge that the sides would warp if exposed much to a hot sun, and the makers probably think so too, as they advertise that they do not wish to sell a boat to any one who will not have a cover and shelter for it. They are exceedingly fine boats and well worth caring for. The models are as fine lined and form as any yet seen by your correspondent. For a gentleman who loves and can take care of a fine canoe, the Racine has few superiors. But every modification of size and shape requires a different form for pressing, and I believe their lightest canoes weigh about 43 lbs. Candidly, I think they will stand as much rough usage as light boats or canoes can be made to stand, and are destined to take a pretty strong lead. But to any one who wants a very light canoe at a moderate price for a rough and rocky cruise through a strange wilderness, where lakes and rivers, interlacing and interlocking each other, make carries frequent and not always easy to find, there is nothing to equal the clinker built cedar canoe. And I see no valid reason why it should not be, in the hands of a skilful canoe builder as a cruising canoe, under sail or paddle. No man can say that a perfectly just-bow light cedar canoe can be built to carry, say 150 lbs. But I judge that a couple of summers will test the question; and, after a few score of canoes have been discovered or have drowned we shall probably decide that a 10 lb. canoe is rather light for carrying purposes.

The manufacture of light boats and canoes is assuming proportions that few are aware of. Mr. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., writes me that his shop is crowded and that with the season's work on hand, most of the orders being for fine work. He employs a trifle more than twenty workmen. "Four years ago," he says, "I was working alone." New makers and new styles are constantly coming to the front; let them come. The various tastes and different needs of those who love the water will give employment to all. We are an ever-working, surging, restless people. We need rest—quiet; something that will ease up on the tired brain and muscle for a few days or weeks each year. Is there anything better, more soothing than a bark camp by a low murmuring stream, with a book or newspaper at hand, and a quiet float on a placid lake by day? I have not room to speak of the Kyak, the birch, the paper or the canvas canoe. But there is one style of canoe entirely unknown in the States, I believe, that I want some one to bring me in hand on. It is very strong and easily made, fast, and, I think, would cost little. I speak of the *montaria* (pronounced monty-ree-ah) of the Amazon River, Brazil.

I was on the Amazon in the summer of '67 and again '70. I took great delight in the native craft, and especially in the montaria. I frequently rowed in her; found her fast, going over the water easy as a loon, and I watched her in all the phases of her construction. To make her here, I would take a basswood log 18 inches in diameter at the small end, cut it to a length of 12 feet, then split off a slab 3 inches in thickness. The next move is to fasten the log in position and dig out the inside until you have a shell, open at the ends, and less than an inch thick. Now place the shell on two strong, crotched stakes to hold it about two feet above the ground, build a moderate fire under it from end to end, and, as the shell becomes soft and pliable, keep the inside thoroughly wet until the wood becomes soft and pliable, when you commence putting in the braces to distend the sides. As the sides open and spread, the bottom settles, and the ends begin to close; water is poured in and the fire kept up. The ends are worked into a spoonlike form, and the braces are rapidly and skillfully worked until the shell has a satisfactory shape, and the ends are nearly closed. Then, two oval, narrow blocks of hard wood are inserted at the stems, nailed securely, a few tacks put in to hold the sides and the montaria is done. An American builder would bring the plant stems down to an inch oak strip and make sharp cutwaters. The blocks, however, are above the water line and do not interfere with speed. The single craft is fairly orderly. She will ship but little for a generation and is comfortable to ride in. Rather heavy for a carry, but an excellent fishing boat, and will do to shoot from. I should like to see one made.

I have spoken of the Northern wilderness of New York a little enthusiastically, perhaps, as a region specially adapted to the requirements of the cruising canoeist, and with good reason. There is no healthier spot. Switzerland is not equal to it in scenery. Nowhere else on this earth can you find as crystal lakes and ponds, forming the heads of four distinct river systems in the space of 50 miles square. Interlocking each other in such a manner that you may go from one to the other by carries, seldom longer than 1½ miles, many of them only a few rods. Trout and venison are to be had in reasonable quantity, grouse and hare in any quantity by the expenditure of a little powder and shot. The air is of the purest, the springs are pure and cold, and, what is a *sine qua non* with me, there is always to be had at night a bed of fragrant balsam or hemlock browse.

To the canoeist who can keep his head on map and compass lines, and has some knowledge of woodcraft, a trip through the North Woods is not difficult to make. Any landlord, and many of them have been guides, will give himself some trouble to put you on the right courses. Such guides, too, will always be found ready to serve you, and, so far as humanity is concerned, they are the leading features of the woods. From one of the Brown's tract guides I got the best and most succinct notions of routes, carries, etc., that I obtained from any source while in the wilderness. All the guides were willing to answer questions, but Sam Dunakin had a way of giving one of two salient points, with the true compass point added, that usually enabled me to get over a route as though it were familiar—as though I had been there before. He is the only guide, besides Nessmuk, the air is of the purest, the springs are pure and cold, and, what is a *sine qua non* with me, there is always to be had at night a bed of fragrant balsam or hemlock browse.

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As to the lightest canoe, I hope to see 15½ lbs. beaten this season. I hope also to meet a lone canoeist occasionally in the Adirondacks; but I am not sanguine. Canoe clubs, boat houses, monthly meetings, carries, skiffs, punch—that is how it will go. And the canoes will have a long rest. I may meet a plucky fellow toting his canoe through the woods, over the carries. If I do I will report.

NESSMUK.

A SUCCESSFUL CUTTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The new four-ton cutter built for Mr. Tatum by Kirby, of Rye, has been launched and tried. Sails well, steers perfectly, has shown very fair speed, though we will be able to tell more of that when tried alongside of something. This is rather a secondary matter, as a safe, able, cruising yacht was aimed at, combined with as much speed as possible. The cutter is 23 ft. water line, 8¾ ft. beam and 4 ft. hold; draws 4 ft. 3 in. Has lead keel of 8,000 pounds outside and 2,000 inside, total of 2½ tons. In her trial she proved very easy on her helm, and she is comfortable. I shall soon begin to cruise to Bermuda or down the coast to Florida. In general features she resembles the design published in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 17, though the lines have been slightly modified to suit larger dimensions.—RYE.

[The cutter in question is but one forerunner to a whole fleet of the kind. Yachts of moderate form and unexpatiable are certain to become popular if we have a few more such potent practical lessons as the recent Sophia disaster. Our own observations all go to satisfy us that when builders shall have had the same extensive experience in modelling boats of safe depth as they have had with light drafts, they will also attain as high a rate of speed, with depth, as they now do in the light draft mantraps. Outside of this we may rely upon ordinary common sense to give the wholesome difference between over the deep and over the shoal. A good deal of correspondence has reached us anent an editorial on this subject in last week's paper, but for want of space at present the matter must lie over.

THE "FLAG OFFICER'S SLOOP."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Herewith I send you the correct dimensions of sails for the "flag officer's sloop" recently described in your journal. Mainsail on foot, 62 ft.; hoist, 55 ft.; head, 32 ft.; leech, 64 ft.; jib on foot, 43½ ft.; leech, 62 ft.; stay, 33½ ft.; gaff topsail, luff, 64 ft.; foot, 38 ft.; leech, 37 ft. The sloop is being put up as fast as possible, and shows to exceeding advantage in point of work and material. Her deck frame is now being "tumbled in."—N. Y. Y. C.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA, JULY 4.

THE Annual "regatta," for which the city of Boston generously and wisely appropriates a round sum of money, was sailed July 4. *One hundred and ten* entries were made! No restriction as to sail, no dumping or rigging out of ballast. Start from an anchor with springs on the ebb. Herreshoff's allowances, based on length of water-line. First class to carry a serviceable boat on deck. Headsails to be kept on bowsprit before the start. The start in each class to be *simultaneous* upon the lowering of the flag on the judges' steamer Woolsey. No period of grace to be allowed. This we consider the only seamanlike manner of getting a fleet away, whether from anchor or under sail. It avoids all confusion incidental to taking numerous times at the start and makes the initial proceedings full of interest and rivalry, obviating the slovenliness induced by granting ten minutes leeway to get off in. A handsome circular, full of instructions, had been issued, showing a thoroughness of preparation to which we are yet strangers in New York. When we next muster courage enough for a public Bay regatta, our advice to the committee in charge is to procure one of the Boston circulars and adapt it for home use. The committee for this regatta deserves the highest praise for the impartiality in which the interests of all, large and small, were looked after. In Boston the standard is not dollars and ostentation, for in those happy waters the skipper of the honest little keel sloop is as big a man as the one who walks the quarter-deck of the hundred-tonner; hence the multitude of small yachts hoisting lighting colors in Eastern waters for every fixture on the list. This is as it should be. Give the school for the sailor all the chance possible and we will have fewer displays of such incompetency as exhibited by several of the crew of the luckless Sophia, recently capsized in a Sound squall, who failed to adopt precautions of the most ordinary kind. The members of the committee were Wm. Woolsey, C. D. Hersey, A. F. Loudon, Matthew Walsh and W. F. Bartlett, and the judges, M. J. Kiley, associated with Wm. Morris, G. A. Palmer, G. W. Abbott and J. M. Charnock. First class was open to schooners 88 ft. and over on water-line; second class for yachts 23 ft. and over, third class for yachts 18 ft. and over, fourth class under 18 ft. Prizes, $300, ranging down to $30; total, $615. The boats were measured by John Winnin.

Course for the first class, distance twenty miles.—From Judges' Boat out Broad Sound, leaving Ram Head Buoy on the starboard, Bell Buoy on port, rounding Egg Rock light, the only lighthouse edge of the Graves, leaving it on starboard, thence to Bell Boat and Hardings, leaving it on starboard, up Light House Channel, through the Narrows, leaving Fort warren, Gallop's Island, Nix's Mate Buoys and Nix's Mate on port, to the Judges' Boat, passing between the Judges' Boat and the Flag Boat.

Course for the second class, distance fourteen miles.—From Judges' Boat down West Way, leaving Thompson's and Rainsford Islands on the starboard, Long and George's Islands and Point Allerton Buoy No. 3 on port and back through the Narrows, leaving Fort Warren, Gallop's Island and Nix's Mate buoys on port, to the Judges' Boat, passing between it and the Flag Boat.

Course for the third class, distance eight miles.—From Judges' Boat round Gow Pasture Buoy No. 8, in Dorchester Bay, leaving it port; thence to Buoy No. 7 (off Fort Independence), leaving it on the starboard; thence to sculpin Ledge Buoy, leaving it on the port; thence to Buoy No. 6 on Lower Middle, leaving it on the port, to the Judges' Boat, passing between it and the Flag Boat.

Course for the fourth class, distance five miles.—From Judges' Boat to Buoy No. 6, Lower Middle, leaving it on the port, Fort Independence on the port, Buoy No. 11, Slate Ledge, on the port, to Judges' Boat, passing between it and the Flag Boat.

Owing to the sad news from Washington, which occupied so much attention at the time, the number of starters was reduced to thirty-six, the lot, however, including many well-known ships, such as Madcap, the all but invincible; Mr. Bryant's well-known Shadow, Mr. Neal's Magic, the new Hera, the crack Gem, and among the wonderfully active small fry a fine string of names like Muriel, Banneret, Sheerwater, etc. After a most successful day's racing the fleet had put the following times to their record:

FIRST CLASS.

	Ft. In.	Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.
W C Cabot's Madcap.....	36 00	6 21 15	6 21 15

SECOND CLASS CENTREBOARDS.

J F Shepard's Folly.....	26 04	5 03 06	4 59 06
J Bryant's Shadow.....	33 00	4 58 49	4 54 31
E C Neal's Magic.....	30 06	5 53 30	5 25 53

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Dillingham & Bond's Lillie.....	36 02	5 18 23	5 18 45
C G Weld's Hera.....	35 02	5 50 35	5 47 69
F Lincoln's Gem.....	25 08	6 01 57	5 47 59
C McManus' Emily.....	27 01	6 11 05	5 57 01
J D Mack's Geneva.....	36 02	5 53 45	6 02 07

THIRD CLASS CENTREBOARDS.

C G Weld's Muriel.....	21 05	1 42 37	1 39 08
W L Dean's Fannie.....	21 05	1 47 20	1 43 51
A S Watties' Allie.....	21 06	1 51 31	1 48 06
H J McKee's Posy.....	21 01	1 56 18	1 54 27
F W Baxter's Andy.....	20 08	2 03 19	1 56 00
B Jepny, Jr's, Leda.....	21 06	2 07 29	2 04 05
M J Driscoll's Shamrock.....	20 04	2 18 33	2 14 52

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

F A Daniels' Banneret.....	22 09	1 52 18	1 51 10
Elwell & Friend's Raven.....	24 04	2 00 43	2 00 02
E T Pigeon's Judith.....	22 11	2 39 15	2 37 10

FOURTH CLASS CENTREBOARDS.

W L Lambert's Clara B.....	17 10	1 24 10	1 22 24
J A Stetson's Julia.....	17 10	1 24 40	1 22 54
W L Phinney's Janet.....	17 10	1 34 38	1 32 32
J K Souther's Ibis.....	19 04	1 36 05	1 33 55
W Merrill's Sheerwater.....	17 03	1 42 45	1 40 33
E B Rogers' Wave Crest.....	18 04	2 00 51	1 59 34
J M Knight's Glance.....	17 07	2 02 28	2 01 38
S A Freeman's Flora Lee.....	16 00	2 06 03	2 02 38
L Heywood's Diadem.....	17 07	2 06 13	2 04 17
F P Bass' Rocket.....	15 10	2 07 00	2 04 25
Chandler's Undine.....	17 08	2 07 04	2 05 04
H A Keith's Wildfire.....	17 03	2 08 21	2 06 07
G Coffin's Joker.....	19 05	2 07 16	2 06 50

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.

J W Mansfield's Nonpareil.....	16 03	1 32 35	1 29 25
Goodrich Brothers' Inez.....	18 06	2 07 43	2 06 53
G G Garraway's Charlotte.....	17 05	2 09 03	2 07 03
A H Thompson's Belle.....	19 12	2 13 12	2 13 00

First prizes go to Madcap, Folly, Lillie, Muriel, Banneret, Clara B. and Nonpareil. Second prizes to Shadow, Hera, Fannie, Raven, Julia and Inez. Third prizes to Allie, Judith, Janet and Charlotte. Fourth prizes to Ibis and Belle. A protest was entered against Charlotte and the times of Hera and Gem are in question.

LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB, JULY 4.

THE annual regatta of the club was sailed, July 4, off Larchmont Manor, in very variable sort of weather from a dead calm up to a "bare pole" piece of business, which simply means that the advent of a black cloud and a gust with rain made everything in the fleet show the white feather, lower away all, and shirk until butterfly times once more appeared. Had the Sophia's machinery been no longer in the hurry, and usurping the more appropriate appellation. The long list of entries is complimentary to the club, and must have been encouraging to its promoters Course for cabin yachts, classes A and B, from club house around buoy off Lloyd's Neck and home, about 26 miles. For the first, second and third prizes the start was 10 minutes. Time allowance, 6 sec. per foot per mile. The fleet got away well together, with the last of the ebb to help them along, in a light southerly wind which, however, was so vascillating that sailing was evidently to play an important part in the day's sport. Puella was left out in the cold, but finally caught the breeze and brought it along with her at a good pace going by the ruck and into the lead. A black cloud threatening darkness had climbed up from the horizon. Hera was the first to bear in mind her light draft and "turtle" propensities, and handed all her duds, soon followed by the rest, with a wholesome dread of the treachery of their light draft, and for quite a while the fleet presented a dilapidated and helpless condition which, on a less short and protracted squall, might have caused more than one to rattle her bones on the beach. Finally, the brunt having passed, Katie C. and Willis mustered courage, hoisted the heart of their jibs and scudded for the mark, the last cruiser lugging with a couple of reefs down and nearly spilling her insides in the manœuvre. The Katie C. hauled around at 1.44.55, Willis at 1.45.52, Cruiser at 1.46.35, then Fairy, Twilight, Coquette sailing her maiden race, and Cornell, Hoyden, Truant and Foe. Sail was made all round, the sun had come out, and butterflies were once more about. So

everything was once more lovely, and the fleet to be congratulated upon having got through the ordeal of a reeling breeze without furnishing subjects for the undertaker. Among the cabin yachts Fanita hauled around the mark at 2:2:30, Winona at 2:13:29, Clarice at 2:14:43, Wayward at 2:16:36 and Schemer at 2:16:36. The wind once more died out, and it is now it was at all events safe sailing the rest of the way home, a second squall passing them in past the judges on board the steamer Gordon. The finish was as under:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.

Name.	Owner.	Length.	Elapsed.			Corrected.		
		Ft.	In.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M. S.
Fanita,	J. G. Prague	46	5	2	19	59	6	19 03
Wayward,	T. P. Arnold	43	5	7	05	57	7	01 09½
Winona,	J. Stivers	42	6	7	13	57	7	01 87
Curlew,	O. B. Smith	42	6	..	..	..	..	.. ..

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.

Schemer,	W. S. Alley	34	1	7	06	55	7	06 55
Helena,	C. Sackett	32	7	..	..	..	..	.. ..
Falcon,	T. B. Brown	30	6	..	..	..	..	.. ..
Vivian,	H. Craighead	26	0	..	..	..	..	.. ..

CLASS C AND D—OPEN SLOOPS.

Cornell,	W. Jardine	28	0	6	36	43	6	36 43
Katie C.,	W. G. Reid	22	9	6	02	49	5	52 39
Willis,	C. E. Jenkins	24	9	6	01	10	5	50 40
Fairy,	H. M. Towle	21	9	6	01	19	5	47 49
Zoe,	H. A. Sanders	23	10	..	..	..	..	.. ..

CLASS E—CATS.

Hayden,	N. D. Lawton	37	1	6	03	24	6	03 24
Truant,	C. Fryer	34	8	6	02	51	6	57 16
Twilight,	F. H. Ralph	24	8	..	..	..	..	.. ..

CLASS F—CATS.

Cruiser,	A. B. Alley	20	10	6	03	03	5	58 16½
Coquette,	H. B. Towle	18	11	6	07	54	5	59 12½
Clara,	C. Green	23	3	..	..	..	..	.. ..

Prizes go to Fanita, Schemer, Fairy, Truant and Cruiser.

SMALL YACHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have lately been reading some old files of sporting papers containing full accounts of the *debut* of the yacht America in English waters in 1851, and comparing the discussions then elicited with late articles on yacht modeling in the English journals. The English idea of that day seems to have been a full-bodied vessel of some three times or less length to beam. At present their idea seems to be strangely different, as some of their yachts are in length seven times the beam, with enormous false keels.

As I understand the present American ideal of yacht building, it is that of a spoon-shaped hull, combined with a sharp entrance and also enormous false keel—either by means of a centreboard or otherwise.

Now, I am anxious to get real information on some points of this matter for actual use and beg to submit them to those who are both seamen and yachtsmen:

In the first place, I freely admit the value of the centreboard on our coast; but does this style afford the safest and most roomy boat for general cruising? The centreboard case certainly cuts up the hold into four "wings" and thus, in small vessels, cramps everything. I think the man who cruises in a small yacht (such as most people can afford) for many months will be sure to agree that in a thirty-foot boat room is the very first requisite. Yet such a boat, with crew of two men, is just the one with which the amateur could get most enjoyment, being large enough to live in and stand quite a heavy gale and yet small enough to bob into almost any harbor.

Now, I take it for granted that a craft of this size must "have a good hold on the water" to be safe in a heavy sea, as otherwise they are liable to trip up. I have been told this so often by good seamen that I must accept it.

Again, the shallow spoon-built model does not seem to me to afford the necessary height of cabin without too much trunk. For it must be remembered that the trunk in a blow is equal to a certain amount of after-sail that we cannot furl.

The next question is as to ballast. Is not the long boom of the sloop both annoying and dangerous? Now, the man who goes out to sea must prepare against gales. The good weather will take care of itself, but for months we must be prepared for the very worst weather to be safe. Yet does not the threshing of the boom of a sloop in the water when the wind draws aft the mainsail present one of the most dangerous possibilities? And the topping lift is certainly a most dangerous thing to use just in proportion as it is most needed.

Hence it seems to me that the rig for safety is the schooner. Here the sails are divided and lighter—either can be furled or reefed without more than slightly checking her course, and the booms are not used for sounding poles in heavy weather.

As before said, I wish information from some one who can suggest the dimensions and rig of a sea-going boat of say thirty feet on deck. Such a one as will give most cabin room, with good sailing qualities, and safety above all.

Again, I have made many cruises in small crafts and, though never having used the rag, yet I have heard upon one if I should need it, but beyond the dogmatic assertions of some few old salts I have never seen any sensible directions as to use, etc. To make one is simple, but will any one be kind enough to suggest the minimum length of rope requisite to lie easy?

I have always thought that the rope should be just long enough to reach the trough without getting upon the slope of the next wave; because the boat needs the pull just as she rises to the crest of the wave under her. Now, if the drag is on the nearest slope of next wave at that time it will be advancing toward the boat and she will probably broach to just under the crest. I suggest these things to those who love to talk about them, not of my knowledge, but my gossip.

For me there is a fascination about the blue sea that nothing else in the world can equal. The smashing one's self against the ocean supplies a steady, healthy excitement that is simply delicious. The sweet, fresh air and the long swing of the open sea intoxicate me. As the Frenchman said of a pretty woman—"Her little, foolish laugh would drive a man distracted." BOWWOW.

[As a general illustration of the best type of small yacht, our correspondent is referred to our issue of February 17. An opinion is prevalent among the ill-informed that in yacht modeling we have reached perfection in America, because we have beaten some English vessels. We have attained a high degree of speed, but at a sacrifice of most other desirable qualities, and there is no valid reason why we should not now seek to combine all the good qualities in a single model, instead of overlooking everything but mere speed. The Mohawks and the Sophias are in our estimate a disgrace to America's mechanical talent and the stain they have left upon the records ought to stimulate builders to experiment in new directions, seeking safety as well as speed. Until then yacht modeling in America is still to be considered in a state of headlong chaos, with the present tendency in favor of good depth we hail as a straw showing which way the wind blows.]

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—The sixty-first regatta of this club was sailed off Swampscott last Saturday. Wind right from southeast, but freshening all day. Moya, 25 ft. 1 in., Ed. Burgess, one of the new cutters of this season, had a sail over in first class. Peri, 21 ft., Henry Parkman, won in second class, with Josie second, Hopeful third, Mosquito, 22 ft. 1 in., E. W. Cadman, won in the keel class, with Lola second. Among the cat rigs, Psyche, 19 ft., 7 in., R. D. Sears, won first prize, and Mirage, 19 ft. 4 in., H. F. Sears, took second prize, beating Sadie, Josephine and Bluebell. The next regatta will be sailed July 30.

TOO GENEROUS BY FAR.—The generosity of the Southern Y. C. is certainly to be put to a severe strain if the following from the New Orleans *Democrat* is true. The New York party evidently wanted all the pie, and having got none of it, now expect the Southerners to pay their bills to boot:

"Captain Ira Smith and the crew of the New York yacht, Silence, left this morning for New York on the steamship Hudson, of the Cromwell line.

"The crew carries back with them the Albertine, and leaves in her place the yacht Silence, which arrived here last week by the way of the lakes from Southern yachts, and failed to do so in two marches.

"It has transpired that in the match race at Mississippi City between the Silence and the Albertine, wherein the Silence was beaten, Mr. Alex. Brewster, the owner of the Albertine, returned the losers $1,000.

"Mr. Miller, of New York, seemed to be dissatisfied with the result of the match, and claiming the cause of the defeat to be a mishap, Mr. Alex. Brewster, with his usual generosity, returned the gentleman's stake money, which he accepted.

"Yet, notwithstanding, a bill of expenses occurred by the Silence in bringing that yacht to this city and return to New York, amounting to seventeen hundred dollars, will shortly be forwarded from New York, and the local yachtsmen are expected to pay one-half of the amount."

BOSTON REGATTA.—The judges have rendered a decision in favor of sloop Hera by two-tenths of a second in the city regatta, July 4.

CLEVELAND YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following gives the result of our regatta, sailed July 4. The course for first and second class yachts was twenty miles, for third class, fifteen miles.

FIRST CLASS.

	Measurement.	Time.
	Ft. In.	H. M. S.
First Prize—Cygnet	62 11	3 46 50
Second " Capolino	51 8	

SECOND CLASS.

First Prize—Corsair	43	10	4 23	9
Second " Ida	38	8	4 38	14
Third " Rover	40	4	4 55	9

THIRD CLASS.

First Prize—Unique	28	9	3 20	37
Second " Penny Piss	34	3½	6 29	16
Third " Lark, Ida	26	6	3 35	45

The Gardner Challenge Cup for first class yachts was again won by the Cygnet of Buffalo.

The Cleveland Yachting Association Cup for second class yachts was won by the Corsair of Erie, Pa.

The Lark, one of the fastest of the second class yachts, was dismasted by a collision with a barge in the river before the race.—K.

DEATH TRAPS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to express my satisfaction for the manner in which you handle a "skim-dish" or "death-trap," as you call them. The article under that heading meets my approval entirely. I own a boat 28 ft. over all, 24 ft. water line, 9 ft. beam and draws 3 ft. of water. She is a good boat and a fast sailer, but I have a fine model which is my pride just now. It is 40 ft. over all, 35 ft. water-line, 13 ft. 2 in. beam, 6 ft. 9 in. deep and draws 5½ ft. If I make her a centreboard, in which case the board would be 13 ft. long and she would draw 13 ft. with it down, but if I make her a keel she would draw 6½ ft. This is the outgrowth of the information I have received from FOREST AND STREAM. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That was the "last straw," and you can count me fully converted to your views. I say pitch into the death-traps. You are too easy on them, but your last article was a good one. I have owned a small cabin sloop, made out of a jib and mainsail open boat and came so near drowning some lady friends in her that I now say with you, "Get behind me, Satan." I will build a 28 ft. boat this winter and she will be 8½ ft. deep, with a keel and an iron shoe. No more death traps for me, and that is what all my friends say is beginning to think, thanks to your trenchant way of putting things. R. S.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a design, crude in your eyes no doubt, but which would like your opinions on propellors. Agree perfectly in all you have written on the fallacy of the claim that only light-draft "death-traps" can sail fast. In sailing with models I have always found the boats with good depth to outsail the shoaler and wider ones, and from this I judge you will be right in saying that with more experience we can learn how to build safe boats which will also be fast. You will see in my sketch that I have made the boat full, because speed is with me of no importance, hence also the small schooner rig. CRUISER.

WHAT IS A CORINTHIAN?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Though I am not a member of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, I think their decision in excluding persons making fishing, oystering or any kind of manual labor from Corinthian races, perfectly proper. As I understand the letter of Commodore Beams in your last paper, he does not maintain that some of the Fanita's crew were not making a living by manual labor, but sets up their bank accounts as a criterion of their eligibility. I am not acquainted with the particular persons objected to, but hope that clerks, accountants and, in general, persons not used to manual labor will not be made to meet those who are inured to work and hardship on equal terms. It is unfair to the former. I think the term Corinthian implies one who labors on board a yacht as a matter of pleasure, and is not otherwise accustomed to that or similar work, or does not gain a livelihood by his hands. If the decision of the regatta committee was on these grounds, it seems to me they acted perfectly right.—JESTITIA.

Editor Forest and Stream

In answer to Com. Franklin Beams, let me say that Mr. A. Cary Smith, Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Rumhardt, of FOREST AND STREAM are in no sense proposals in contradistinction to Corinthians. Neither of these gentlemen live by manual labor in or about boats, nor do they take wages. They live by their heads. A professional is one who makes his bread by actually engaging in the physical work "in or about a boat," a very different thing. An architect is not a laborer, but a person is. The former can be a Corinthian housebuilder if he should take the trowel in hand, but the latter would be a professional, and at laying bricks has a long start of the architect, though the latter may know a great deal more about how to build a house. Permit me to add that the Seawanhaka Yacht Club is actuated by the fairest of motives, and if Mr. Prague has been wrongfully dealt with through mistake, he should have had recourse to an interview with the gentlemen composing the regatta committee before he rushed friends to bring unfair charges against them in print. Charges which are not at all likely to affect the club's good standing, in spite of Mr. Beam's fears. To avoid trouble in the future it is likely that the club will adopt some strict definition of the term Corinthian, and those not coming within that need not apply. Personally, I think the definition cannot be too strictly drawn, or Corinthian crews will soon become so only in name. I am ready to concede to Com. Beams the fact that at present there is much uncertainty as to what really is a Corinthian.—A MEMBER OF THE S. Y. C.

OSHKOSH YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the annual regatta of the Neenah Yacht Club, sailed July 4, at that place, the Winnebago Lake fleet took a severe defeat at the hands of the Carrie Morgan, of Oshkosh. The Albatross won second money in first class. The Realities, of Oshkosh, won first money in second class, and Vinaroth second. The wind was S. W., blowing very fresh, and the housing of topmasts and reefing of canvass was the order of the day.—C. C. M.

THE "CANOE PILOT."

THE following, sent us by Mr. N. H. Bishop, Secretary of the American Canoe Association, should be complied with at the earliest date possible, as it will promote an early appearance of the publication to be known as the "Canoe Pilot:"

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Association Book of the American Canoe Association is to be issued as soon as all members' signals have been received. Will you please forward your proper P. O. address, the name and dimensions of your canoe, name of builders, etc., etc. Diagrams of private signals are also desired. Please state if you expect to be present at the annual meeting and regatta of the Association to be held at Lake George on the 11th, 12th and 13th days of August, 1881.

An early answer will serve the interests of the Association.
Lake George, Warren Co., N. Y. N. H. BISHOP, Secretary A. C. A.

LAKE GEORGE CANOE MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For free pass for canoes only between New York, Albany and Glen's Falls, apply immediately to Mr. Charles L. Norton, University Club, 370 Fifth avenue, New York. Passes will be given for canoes to the lake and home again.

N. H. BISHOP,
Secretary A. C. A.

YACHTING NEWS.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—A match for small boats, open to all comers, was sailed July 7. Course, from club-house, Bay Ridge, around mark of Oyster Island, around Robbins Reef buoy, back to club-house; sail twice over; distance, twelve miles. Two sloops entered: Pilot 24 ft. 8 in., J. B. Morgan, and Corinne, 23 ft. 1 in., H. B. Howell; also, two cat-boats: Hayden, 27 ft. 11 in., N. D. Lawton, and Cruiser, 20 ft. 10 in., A. B. Alley. Judges, Messrs. W. H. H. Beebe, J. Lyman and R. Arnold. Wind light from northwest and tide last of the flood. Pilot took the lead, but Hayden went into first place at the Reef, with Corinne and Pilot following in close order and Cruiser well astern. The wind died out and struck in again from the southwest, when the second round was finished in slow time. Corinne got in last, the ebb carrying all hands far out of their course, and took the prize, her competitor having withdrawn. Hayden won among the cat-boats.

A CUTTER CRUISING.—Now, here is something like it. The cutter Comfort, built from designs of Mr. John Hyslop last year, arrived at Halifax July 5, seven days out from Salem, Mass. She is bound for a cruise in the lakes. Captain Young does the navigation and cabin list musters Messrs. Cook, Smith and Hazelwood. The Comfort is an honest boat—not a dish or scoop-shovel model, but deep-sided, keel and outside ballast. She is only 30 ft. water-line, 12 ft. beam and 5 ft. 9 in. deep. No larger than the Sophia, Comfort knocks about the coast in perfect safety, is as fast as the average dish of her size. Sophia, incarnation of self-styled "practical" men's practice drowns her crew and sinks herself in the narrow waters of the Sound. Brains in one design; ajnsh servility in the other—built flat, wide and of light draft. Somebody told somebody told somebody else and moves somebody who says that deep boats cannot sail. Note the difference in actual performance. Will any one of sane mind, having these two examples before him, still choose the death-trap just because, etc.?

GONE ABROAD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. J. B. Herreshoff and family sailed recently in the steamer Persian Monarch for several months' pleasure trip in Europe. The yachts built for the English Government were taken out by the same steamer. Mr. Herreshoff says that their business has grown to such proportions that a respite from active labor has become a necessity to him, a fact which those who are conversant with the many details and intricacies of an engineering establishment will know how to appreciate. Mr. Hobe Lennox Kennedy has given an order to the Herreshoffs for a 60 ft. steam yacht, and the foreign department of their works promises to keep us busy on orders for abroad for a long time to come.—X.

KINGSTON RACE.—The Kingston, Ontario, races were sailed July 1, open to all comers, for very liberal prizes offered by the city. Open to yachts under twelve tons. Course, twenty-six miles. Prizes, $75, $50 and $30. The start was made in a light breeze from northeast, which pegged out before the mark was made, leaving the yachts becalmed until lifted over the rest of the course by catspaws and airs. Skipper Chase, sailing Mr. G. Gifford's Emma, handed first money in 8:07:15, with the famous Katie Gray a good second in 8:09:39; Gracie third and Laura fourth, after having run into a skiff near the turn; Zitella, Una, Garfield, Peerless and Eclipse not timed.

QUINCY YACHT CLUB.—The first championship "regatta" was sailed July 2 off Quincy Great Hill. In second class Clara B., W. B. Parker, 25 ft. 9 in., won in 2:03:54, beating Whisper, Glance, Salem, Linet, Thisbe, Aimy, Naquilus and Vesta. In third class Rockett, R. F. Bass, 16 ft. 7 in., won in 1:38:54, beating Flora Lee, Cricket, Dandelion, Elmer, Zip, Buttercup and Scud.

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.—W. Howard Mitchell, Fleet Captain, has issued the sailing instructions, by order of Commodore, postponing the annual club cruise to September, so as not to interfere with current fixtures. This is a good move, if for no other reason because it is a break in a monotonous order of things, and the squadron is likely to find more wind in early fall.

RUBY-PHANTOM sailed a match July 5 at Mississippi City, over a seven and a half mile course, twice over. Ruby took the lead and kept it all around, winning in 2:00:28, with Phantom in 2:03:34, beating Judges, J. B. McConnell, Ed. Harris and A. A. Magiants.

LAKE GEORGE MEET.—It has been stated that Mr. Baden Powell, well known as the designer of the Nautilus canoe, and as one of the best and most capable yachtsmen of England, will be present at Lake George, Aug. 11, and make a study of American canoes.

DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.—At the July meeting the Treasurer reported $273.04 to the club's credit—all bills paid.

IT PAYS—Schenectady, N. Y., June 13.—The little "ad." I inserted in your paper has been heard from already, from almost half the States in the Union.—C. E. S.

FOR SUMMER READING buy a copy of Van Dyke's "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," price $1.50, postpaid. For sale at this office.

Physicians of all Schools use and recommend Hop Bitters; take their advice.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

B. A. MAYOR.—Please send address to this office.

E. C., Albany, N. Y.—For open seasons in New York see game columns.

F. J. N., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—There is no provision in the New York State law respecting the shooting of snipe.

G. E. T., New York.—The gun has a good name, and yours performs well. 2. For rail use 2 drs. powder, ¾ oz. No. 1½ shot.

READER.—1. Your description is insufficient to identify the dog. 2. For care of him see recent articles in our kennel columns.

F. B. W., Ware Lake, Ia.—The bird of which you send head and legs is the yellow-headed blackbird, quite common in the West on the prairies and marshes.

A. C. COGSWELL.—We have written you at the post office given and the letter has been returned to us. Yes. We would like an account of your Nepigon trip.

W. H. D., Indianapolis, Ind.—We would suggest that you get Mayhew, or Hill on diseases of the dog. We can furnish either. The first named is 75 cents and the last named $2.00.

S. R. S., Plainfield, N. J.—There is no shooting in Maine during the month of July. 2. To keep your gun from rusting use mixture of one-half best neatsfoot oil and one-half pure paraffin.

A. E. R., Eaton, N. Y.—1. It is against the law to shoot swallows and other insectivorous birds. 2. In some clubs guns are handicapped according to their bores, but it is optional with each club.

N. E., Granby, Conn.—The following gentlemen judged the beagles at Philia.: 1879: Dr. J. Howard Willetts, of Port Elizabeth, N. J.; Mr. William C. Hay, of Winslow, N. J., and Mr. Josiah Hibberd of Philadelphia.

HORNBOOK.—Loon Lake is one of the headwaters of the west branch of the Saranac River. Reached by way of Fenton's, or by main road from Malone. Contains trout, and deer used to be found in the vicinity.

J. G. S., Oregon.—To shoot buckshot in choke-bores you must chamber the shot on a wad at the point of most constriction. If this is properly done, and the right load thus determined, there will be no danger in its use.

JOHN BULL.—The only mastiff bitch we know of named Leah is owned by Mr. M. Rathbun, 453 Fifth avenue. No bitch of that name was exhibited at Philadelphia in 1879, and consequently she did not win a prize there. You have been misinformed.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. The "Camp Cottages," described in our issue of June 30, are the original design of the Lake George Park Association. 2. The cottages made to order and ready to be put up, which you have seen advertised in our columns, are constructed by Mr.

A. B. C., 55th St., New York City.—Wrote to your address and letter was returned, as your residence was closed. Address Mr. Harry Bishop, 66 E. Broadway, Louisville, Ky., Secretary Rose Tree Hunt, care of John Kidder, Second and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, and Mr. Belmont Purdy, this city.

G. C., West Elizbeth, Pa.—You give us no data to found an opinion upon. We should not allow the highest summer temperature and the amount of flow. If your pond will not get warmer than 70 degrees in summer try brook trout. If it gets up to 80 then put in carp. For the former write to any of our trout breeders and for the latter to Prof. S. F. Baird, Washington, D. C.

W. H. H., Allston, Mass.—As a rule dogs do not have teeth at birth. When about one month old the temporary teeth seem to be all complete and cut through the gums. In the course of a short time the temporary teeth give way. The cutting of the permanent teeth commences at the age of four months and at about six months the animal generally has them all and at eighteen months dentition is complete. Perhaps up to about a year old there is not much difficulty in telling the age of the dog. Feed your puppy on good table scraps. For training dogs get Hutchinson on dog breaking. Greener on the Gun will give you all the latest information regarding firearms. We can furnish both books.

Miscellaneous

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

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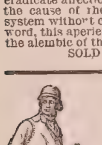
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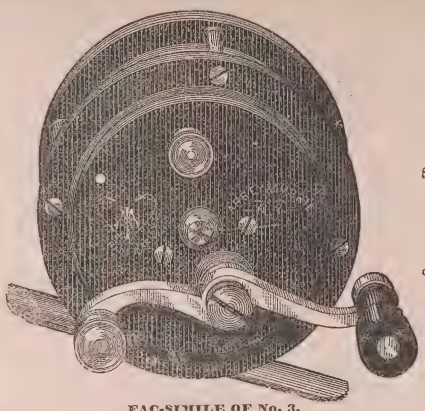
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COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

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Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PEconic OR ALL-AGED STAKES,

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

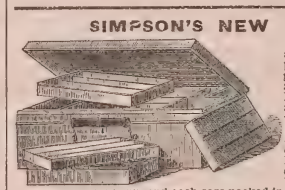
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Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

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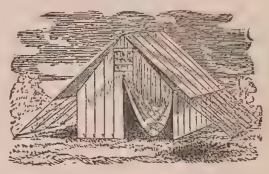
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Price $1.50.

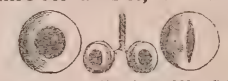
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TO SPORTSMEN.—A gentleman who has the exclusive right of shooting over a large marsh on Lake St. Clair, abounding in wild ducks of all kinds, and over a large area of adjacent country well stocked with quail, partridge, woodcock, snipe, and a few wild turkeys, is anxious to find two or three gentlemen of means to join him in sharing the expenses of housekeeping and preserving. Commodious club house, good boat house and kennels. A resident keeper and wife capable of making guests comfortable. Splendid bass fishing to be had in the season. Apply to D. C., Box 101, Niagara, Ont.
July 7,3t

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SCOTT GUN FOR SALE—12-gauge, 30 in. barrels; 7½ weight, 2 oz. less than 8 lbs.; right-hand barrel slightly, left close choked; solid firing pins, horn heel plate, rebounding locks, extension rib, high grade, costing (on small margin to select) $125 and in perfect order; an A1 shooter. I will take $85 for the gun, which offers a rare bargain to any one wanting a fowling-piece of this description. BURR H. FOLK, Lincoln, Nebraska. July14,1t

FOR SALE, J. P. Clabrough & Bros. B. L., 8 G., 12x30x8¾x14x3 laminated barrels; used two seasons; excellent shooter and in good order. Baker, by L. C. Smith, 10x30x2¾x4¾; close, hard shooter; Damascus barrels; beautiful gun; used one season. Both have pistol grips and all late improvements. Will be sent for trial. J. P. McCLEERY, Milton, Penn. July14,1t

FOR SALE, shooting outfit of the late T. D. Gladstone: One Parker B. L., 30 in., No. 12, 8¼ lbs.; very superior gun; leather gun cases, brass shells, etc., etc. Also, one superior bitch puppy, 8 mos. old; color, black and white ticked, out of Mr. Foster's (of Morristown, N. Y.) bitch Speck, by A. H. Moore's (of Philadelphia) Roderick—best stock in the U. S. Address N. J. DEMAREST, No. 1,455 Broadway, N. Y., or Newark, N. J. July14,2t

FOR SALE, one Parker Bros. B. L., 10 G., 30 in., full choke, P. G., 14 in. stock, 8 in. drop, 9 lbs.; used but once; guaranteed in perfect condition and a close, hard shooter. Can be seen at HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt street, N. Y. July14,1t

FOR SALE, a fine Open Yacht, 21x3; at present cat-rigged; has sloop rigging for sloop; model of the best; able and fast; price reasonable. Address E. F. POWERS, Lansingburgh, N. Y.
Jul, 14,2t

A CANOE

In complete order for sale at WM. M. FOWLER'S, 100 Chambers Street, City. June23,4t

The Kennel.

FLEAS! FLEAS!
WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs
A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animal, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs.
A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail.

Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

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Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken.
Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment.
Dogs have daily access to salt water.

N. B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs for sale; full pedigrees. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE CURE.

A positive remedy for all SKIN DISEASES, may be had of druggists and dealers in sportsmen's goods.
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RECEIVES AND FORWARDS Dogs, Fowls, etc., to any destination. Kennel Clubs, Sportsmen and others, intending to import dogs from Europe, should have their stock consigned to him. Information furnished in regard to the best methods of importing, shipping, etc

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. P. LOTZ, 3,919 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSEY & SEEBACH, Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, Lasalle County, Ill.
June2,4mos

Pointers For Sale.

One Brace Pups by Rocket ex Rhona.
One Brace Pups by Rocket ex Belle.
Price, $35 each or $60 the brace.
Also,
One Brace Fox Terriers, dog and bitch; age, 10 mos.; by imp. Nip ex imp. Wasp. Price, $60 the brace.
For further particulars, address EDMUND ORGILL, 1,096 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. June30,tf

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DASHING LION IN THE STUD.

The imported dog Dashing Lion will serve a limited number of approved bitches. Fee, $25.
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FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1881.

Imported black field Spaniel at the Stud. Fee, $25. Mr Jacobs' strain. Brother to Squaw and Lass of Devon; brother in blood to Kaihr and Zulu. Negro, litter brother to Benedict, was second to Kaihr at the West of England show last month.
Black and liver-colored puppies by Benedict for sale. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I.
June16,tf

PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if the dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices, $50 and $75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia.
Oct 2,tf

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest, as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1879; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the gold necklace at New York, 1880. For sale, thoroughbred pups. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y.
June24,tf

EXCHANGE—Irish setter dog for a breech-loading gun. J. H SHIRK, 337 W. Queen street, Lancaster, Penn.
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FARRAR'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of the entire Richardson-Rangeley Lakes Region. Large size, each 25 cents. Send for catalogue. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jaffrey Plain, Mass

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Split Bamboo Rods,
WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.



No. 1 SHOWS WATERPROOF CUP IN FERRULE (PATENTED OCTOBER 26, 1875).

This prevents any moisture from reaching the wood, and the ferrule from becoming loose. The constant wetting and drying of the bamboo must rot the wood, and make other makes of rods less durable than Leonard's.

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This split thoroughly strengthens where the ferrule is joined to the wood, which is the weakest part of a rod, and where so many of other makes of rods (bamboo especially) break. Mr. Leonard has yet to hear of a single instance of breakage at this point since the PATENT SPLIT FERRULE has been applied. We consider this the GREATEST IMPROVEMENT that has been introduced in rod making since rods have been made.

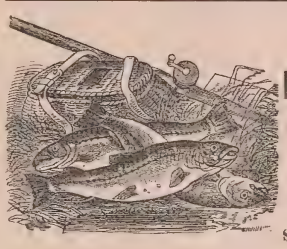
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EVERY ROD WARRANTED.

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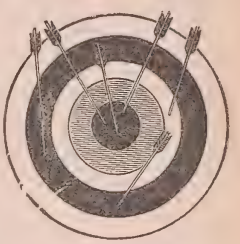
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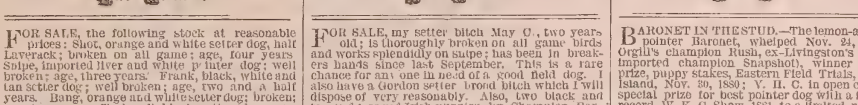
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Prices: Carbines, $22; Frontier Rifles, $22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, $25.
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July14,1t

ELM GROVE KENNELS.—The Elm Grove Kennels is the place where your dogs can get a good education for work and daily exercise in the woods and access to fine stream of water. I am prepared to take any number of dogs to board and could take six to break—either setters or pointers—train them thoroughly and guarantee full satisfaction. References exchanged. For price, etc., address HORACE A. SAUNDERS, P. O Box, 551 South Norwalk, Conn.
July14,eot

NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN.—If you want a good dog to work this fall for a small price, or a good puppy from June, by Nat, address F. S. KELLEY, New Bedford, Mass.
July14,1t

The Kennel.

FOR SALE, my setter bitch May O., two years old; is thoroughly broken on all game birds and works splendidly on snipe; has been in breakers hands since last September. This is a rare chance for any one in need of a good field dog. I also have a Gordon setter brood bitch which I will dispose of very reasonably. Also, two black and tan and two red Irish puppies, by Champion Ranger, 9 months old; they are just right for breaking this summer and coming fall. For pedigree and information, address CLINT. B. WILSON, 240 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.
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July14,tf

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarch Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Lousdic, Leicester, Limerick, Lilona, Launceston, Lena, Lydney, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie II., Baroness, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system.
Mar31,tf

The Kennel.

BARONET IN THE STUD.—The lemon-and-white pointer Baronet, whelped Nov. 24, 1879 (by Orgill's champion Rush, ex-Livingston's Rose, by imported champion Snapshot), winner of third prize, puppy stakes, Eastern Field Trials, Robbins' Island, Nov. 30, 1880; Y. H. C. in open class, and special prize for best pointer dog with a field trial record, W. K. C. Show, 1881, to a limited number of bitches. Breeders furnished with full printed pedigree. Address HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 West 42d st., New York.
May12,tf

NEMASKETT KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass.—Sporting dogs boarded, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained Setters and Pointers for sale. Address BOX 235, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN.
June2,tf

FOR SALE, the beautiful lemon and white pointer bitch Snowflake; won 3d N. Y., 1881, when only 13 months old and shown in bad form. Also, one of her bitch pups, lemon and white. Wanted, two broken beagles. THEODORE MEYER, 313 8th street, Jersey City, N. J.
July14,tf

FOR SALE, Native English Setter Bitch Donna, by Charm-Fanny; three years old; liver and white; winner of first prize at N. Y. Bench Show, 1881. Sold only as owner has no place to keep her. Can be seen at 224 East 126th street, or address CHAS. MORAN, JR., 48 Broad street, N. Y.
July14,1t

FOR SALE, a very fine Beagle dog, twenty mos. old; was hunted during the whole of last season. Price, $15. Address F. L. Brooks, 846 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.
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For 10 cents by mail. Engravings and descriptions of 35 varieties. How to select, manage and breed. List of 73 diseases; symptoms, treatment and cure. 51 plain prescriptions, to be had of any druggist. Also, best remedies for Mange, Distemper, Cough, Worms, Fleas, etc., with directions, ready for use. Price, 50 cents each. Can be sent by mail. Address
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FOR SALE.

By Warwick, ex-Ollie, five very handsome whelps. Also two red Irish setters. For price, etc., address H. W. GAUSE, Wilmington, Delaware. June23,4t

NARRAGANSETT KENNELS, Nayatt, R.I.—I am now prepared to take a few dogs to board and break, and can arrange with parties who wish to have their dogs handled to do it in the most thorough manner. W. TALLMAN, 40 Westfield street, Providence, R. I. July7,4t

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PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or the five for $1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec30,tf

FOR SALE—A pair of well trained black and tan fox hounds, two and three years old. Address LOCK BOX 16, Rome, Ga. july7,2t

STUD PUG AND STUD KING CHARLES SPANIEL, both small and perfect specimens; bred from English Champion stock. Pug puppies for sale, all ages. Apply or address for terms, MILLER & CO., No. 6 Second street, New York City. July14,1t

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No. of pellets to oz., 332 475 883 1057 Soft.
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SOMES OIL TANNED Moccasin Mits.

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CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "camp life" indoors and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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New styles, by best artists. *Bouquets, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Water Scenes*, etc.—no two alike. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Great variety *Advertising and Bevel-Edge Cards*. Lowest prices to dealers and printers. 100 *Samples Fancy Advertising Cards*, 50c.
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SELF-CLOSING PLUNGE
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PATENT SELF-CLOSING TRAPS, WITH EXTRA DOOR TO SHOW WHEN BIRD IS NOT IN TRAP.

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This trap is used by all the principal associations in the U. S., and is considered the best trap made for rapid shooting. Manufactured by

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The Safest, the Shortest, the Best Route to Florida and South.

Pullman Palace cars direct without change. Guns and dogs carried free. Leaves New York at 10 P. M. and 3:40 P. M.; Washington, 7:10 A. M. and 10 P. M. MERCER SLAUGHTER, General Ticket Agent, Alexandria, Va.

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We are now prepared to furnish Angling Parties with Canoes, Camp Outfits, Guides and all the ordinary Groceries and Provisions necessary for a trip up this far-famed river.
A selection of the best Canned Meats and Fruits kept in stock and supplied at reasonable prices.
LIQUORS NOT KEPT.
Parties will do well to engage their men on the spot, there by saving the steamboat fares and extra wages coming and going.
Best of men to be had for $1 per diem.
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THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE
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FAMOUS SUMMER, HEALTH AND GAME RESORTS AND LAKES OF
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The waters of the
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and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.
BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in these waters.
The TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept 1.
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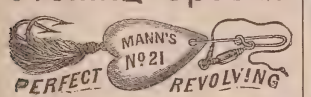
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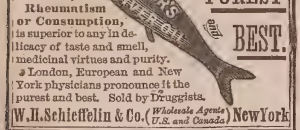


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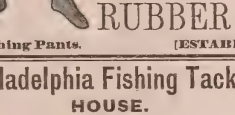
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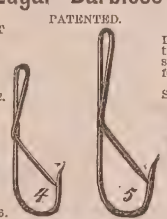
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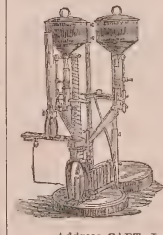
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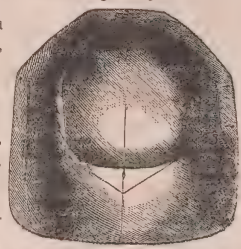
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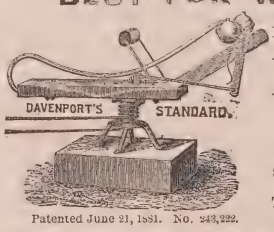


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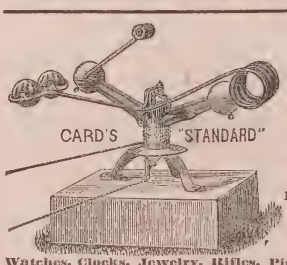
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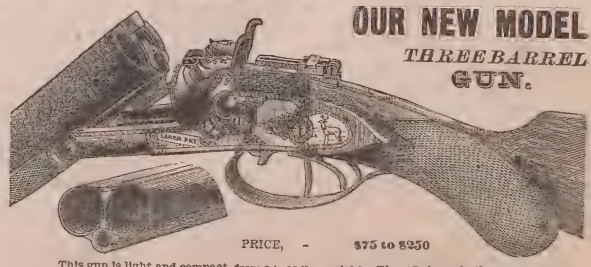
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address: **Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,**
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, July 21.

THE BERLIN FISHERY EXHIBITION.

WE have received Part II. of the Official Report of the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, 1880—"The Sea Fisheries, by Dr. M. Lindeman," from the press of Paul Parey, Berlin. It is an octavo of 244 pages, printed on heavy paper in clear type and illustrated. As a specimen of typography it is elegant. The illustrations are good, but some glaring errors in either the drawing or the naming are apparent. Fig. 117, labelled "a schooner smack from Maine," is evidently an oyster boat, such as is used in the vicinity of Boston. Fig. 128, a diagram of a purse-net boat, has a rig unknown to purse-netters. The artist has mistaken an umbrella anchor for an implement to hoist the bag of a purse-net. This becomes quite comical in Fig. 134, where a perspective view of the working of the net by means of this umbrella anchor is given, with the men in position, heaving away on the lines, whose attachment to the net exists only in the imagination of the artist. In other respects the report on the sea fisheries of the different countries, as far as we can judge, is a very good one. It includes the exhibits of boats and nets, together with oyster dredging and some appliances for curing fish, but does not cover the whole ground of the immense exhibit of sea-fishing implements exhibited at Berlin, where every form of knife, tool, harpoon, clothing, rig of boat, implements for curing fish and the thousands of things pertaining to the sea fisheries were exhibited. The fishcultural report was so complete that we confess to a feeling of disappointment in this. The different reports will be uniform and are for sale by the publisher named and will be a handsome *souvenir* of the exhibition.

ONE PHASE OF THE WASHINGTON ASSAULT.

THE divinity that doth hedge about a king, according to the great dramatist, seems to be playing an important part in recent Washington occurrences. The would-be assassin of President Garfield was not, according to all accounts, troubled by any "Buck-fever." He kept a wonderfully cool head and steady aim when he fired at short range into a vital part. The chances were overwhelmingly in favor of the shooter accomplishing his murderous end, yet our President lives on, a contradiction to the opinions of men who declared he had received a death-wound, and affording a text for the discussions which have been going on for the past fortnight on small-arms of various sorts.

The talk upon the subject of pistols and their effectiveness has brought out some very curious assertions from men in a position to know whereof they were talking, and their talk seemed to show conclusively that they had not improved their opportunities. The weapon used, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, was a five-chambered, self-cocking "British Bull Dog." It has a nominal calibre of .44, though that seems to be the measurement of the chamber and not of the barrel. It was of course not known as a military weapon, but belonged to that large class of noisy, dangerous pieces of mechanism which are turned out in such vast quantities each year for, if we may so term it, "amateur" consumption, to be sold to those who have either no experience with firearms or only a still more dangerous smattering of knowledge on the subject. The advantages of this particular arm in the eyes of the wretch who used it was its large calibre, and when fired off, the amount of racket kicked up by it. Its disadvantages, which he entirely overlooked, was that it was badly arranged for a secure grip; that its short barrel of 2½ inches did not suffice for the consumption of all the twenty grains of powder used, and that in so short a space the rifling was practically inoperative, making the weapon really a smooth bore, and that the slight initial velocity secured gave the bullet very small penetrating power.

Listening to the many remarks made by military men about the national capital on this subject, we were surprised by the curious conclusions drawn from simple data. When it was announced that a .44-calibre pistol had been used, the insufficient conclusion was at once reached and the wrong opinion expressed by men holding responsible positions in the regular army, that it was the most dangerous one that could have been chosen. Gen. Sherman was very much impressed by the noise which the shots made, and argued from that fact alone that it was a very destructive mechanism. It did indeed create a great hubbub, he discharge being louder than that of a long-range rifle burning up to 110 grains of powder. but in this case the comparatively silent piece sends a bullet with an initial velocity of 1,700 feet per second, while 700 feet is the calculated velocity in the other case.

Another official, holding one of the most influential offices in the War Department, got the crotchet into his head that there was a point at some distance from the muzzle where the bullet had a greater velocity than it had on leaving the weapon—in other words, he disregarded the well-known fact that from the moment of starting on its journey every influence brought to bear on the flying bullet is of a retarding nature, and that there is no reservoir of force anywhere about the bullet to be expended while it is *en route*, and yet this officer was reckless enough to say that he regarded it as fortunate that the victim was close to his assailant, since "if he had been standing at that point of greatest velocity, the destructive effect would have been more marked."

It was not until a systematic examination of the question was made by a civilian that any accurate knowledge was shed on the subject. Mr. A. A. Adee, of the Columbia Rifle Association, with the fund of information he possesses as one of the foremost riflemen of the country, expressed opinions only as they were based on experience, and very soon determined that the choice of weapon made by the assassination was about as poor as could have been made, since the low initial velocity of the ball made it an easy matter for clothing and tissue to check its course and turn it from its way inward. Mr. Adee's experiments brought prominently forward a fault common to many classes of firearms, and especially in such rule o' thumb constructions as pistols, that no attempt is made to establish any sort of relation between the burning capacity of the pistol and the amount of powder in the cartridge, and this again in relation to the weight of lead used. The British bull-dog, according to the outcome of civilian examinations made upon it and in direct contradiction to official off-hand verdicts upon it, seems better adapted for barking than biting, and that it should be dear to those who believe in the Chinese tom-tom style of warfare, where noise is an important element in determining a battle. The point of real interest to the public, outside of the main issue of the shooting, is that we have in high positions under our War Department men whose knowledge of firearms is so meagre that such opinions as those mentioned above should ever have been uttered.

ABATE THE PISTOL NUISANCE.

THE fatal toy pistol did its deadly work as usual last Fourth of July. The reports of fingers blown off cases of lockjaw and deaths are not all in yet, but the number of victims will count up many scores, and the record is sufficiently bad as it is.

One way to abate the plague would be for our legislators to stop their antics at Albany, and pass a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of such toys. Another wise move would be to indict the manufacturers for manslaughter and send them to prison. And while about it, the legislators of this State and of other States ought to pass a law prohibiting the sale to, or possession by, a minor, of any kind of pistol, save under clearly defined conditions. No law of this kind is necessary so far as our reputable gun dealers are concerned, for they already exercise due discretion in selling pistols to boys. There are altogether too many bulging hip-pockets on our streets. The murderous arms borne by crazy Guiteaus and city gutter Thugs are evidences of something radically wrong in the brains or hearts of these fellows, and the sooner society snuffs out the fire from their eyes by removing the pistol from their pockets the sooner will our daily papers cease to be filled with accounts of these fatal accidents and murderous assaults.

There are laws now on the statute books relating to the carrying of concealed weapons, but it usually happens that a man is never punished for violating these laws until after he has put his infernal machine into use. Our police manage to capture the pistol only after it has been discharged and flung away. Three out of every five gamins in the street have some kind of a crazy old firearm concealed upon their persons; and there are shops in Chatham street which make a specialty of supplying the tools. Some means ought to be devised to check this pistol nuisance. When the Albany legislators get through discussing skunk protection and peeking through key-holes, let us hope they will take up the toy pistol and the revolver.

TROUT FOR THE FISHERY CENSUS.—Prof. G. Brown Goode wrote to Mr. E. G. Blackford for a good specimen of a trout from which to make an original drawing to illustrate the census report. Mr. Blackford asked the South Side Club for some. We happened to be in Fulton Market when they arrived. There were three, all males, weighing one pound fourteen and a half ounces, one pound and eleven ounces, and two pounds and one ounce, respectively. They were quite high colored, but as an old male trout is not graceful, and has hard lines about his head, which is long, we did not admire them much. Mr. Blackford will send for some females and let Prof. Goode take his choice.

ENCOURAGING MEN TO BREAK THE LAW.—The "official organ of the Market Protective Association," of this city, and late "official organ" of a sportsmen's association, shamelessly incites its patrons to violate the laws relating to trapped birds when, in giving directions for shipping to market wild turkeys, wild ducks, prairie chickens, woodcock and quail, it says:

The freight on trapped birds is no more than on others, and those shot or otherwise mutilated not only bring a low price, but are apt to spoil, and by their more rapid decomposition cause the others to smell badly, thus injuring those they are packed with more than the value of the mutilated birds. If they must be sent, they should be put in separate packages.

Which is to say, that the marketmen want trapped birds in

preference to those which are shot. Now what becomes of all the high moral ground assumed when they were trying to spring the "refrigerator amendment" on us? We do not know how much of an "official organ" of anything this market journal may be, but if its attitude on the trapped bird business, as indicated in the paragraph quoted, is the stand taken by the marketmen in general, we may well understand the necessity of a "protective association." Trapped birds—and out of season at that—are to be had at the markets, and game bird eggs for that matter. Will this market journal tell us how game birds' eggs should be packed for shipping to market?

WIMBLEDON.—During the present week the annual meeting upon Wimbledon Common continues, and to-day the Elcho Shield will be again contested for. The weather has been very hot, but the shooting has been up to a good standard and there is no suggestion yet of any crooked marking, such as created such a scandal last year. Mr. Hyde is still in England and is making himself prominent at the meeting. The Canadian visitors were well received and were well satisfied with their preliminary practice. By next week's issue we shall be able to give more detailed accounts of the shooting.

THE ROBINS' ISLAND CLUB members propose to build summer residences on the island. Grain has been sowed for the quail, of which there promises to be a good supply for the field trials.

The Traveler is a weekly paper published by C. A. O'Rourke, at the office of the N. Y. City Press Association, 115 Nassau street. The paper is not very old, but it is an assured success, as it was from the first issue. It is an indispensable guide for all who go by rail or sea.

CLAY PIGEON PRIZES.—As will be seen in our advertising columns, the manufacturers of the clay pigeon will offer a number of prizes for excellence in shooting at their new substitutes for live pigeons. The conditions, rules, etc., will be published in our next issue.

TO PROVIDE against losses attendant upon accident and physical injury is the act of a wise man; and we know of no better method of doing this than by taking out a policy with the Travelers Life and Accident Insurance Company. We are familiar with the history and character of the company, and can indorse it in the most unqualified terms.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO WEEKS WITH THE BASS AND PICKEREL.

AT INTERMEDIATE LAKE, ANTRIM CO., MICHIGAN.

BY KINGFISHER—CONCLUDED.

OUR excursion for trout up Cedar River had been laid out for the next day, and accordingly we were astir long before the young eagles across the lake said a word about approaching daylight. The Scribe felt indisposed, or had a premonition of what was to come, and said "he believed he would stay in camp and look after an accumulation of bile"—laziness, Jim called it—"that was a pesterin' of him."

Jim and I had, however, made up our minds to have trout for supper, and taking the small boat and our tackle went to the foot of the lake and down Intermediate River a mile or more till we struck an old log road, used only in winter, leading through the swamp, another mile or more to the main road on the "hard land." This we followed till we come to the "witness" tree at the intersection of the township lines, where Cutler's instructions said, "Go due south 80 rods, and you will find Cedar River." A farmer who happened along put us on the right track, and told us it was just a mile to the river, and when we reached the stream we were satisfied he had a higher regard for the truth, or a better knowledge of distances than our friend Cutler.

Striking into the township road, which was a mere trail, a half mile brought us to the brow of a high hill, and down this the devious path led us through a heavy wood to the edge of the swamp, through which flowed the river we were in search of. Across the swamp, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide, a corduroy road had been constructed, and two rude bridges of logs and poles scarcely two feet above the water, spanned the stream, which was here in two branches and separated by a strip of swamp a few yards wide. The stream itself, what we could see of it, was beautifully clear and cold, and after our tramp through the hot woods a copious draught of its icy water refreshed us wonderfully. Between the two bridges we "camped" and prepared for the sport.

We had been told it would be useless to try to use fine tackle, as the "brush" was so thick we would be sure to break our rods getting through it along the stream, and fly-casting was utterly out of the question except in a very few spots where there were no fish.

We had, therefore, taken with us a couple of light cane poles, nine or ten feet long, a line tied to each, of near the same length, hooks, and a good chunk of lead to hold the bait "level" in the rapid water, and a dozen or more mussels (clams, the natives call them) for bait. Mussels are easily procured in the shallow water along the shores around the islands, and in shallow places in the rivers. Float your boat over them, and with a switch four or five feet long, sharpened to a flat point, you may get a dozen in as many minutes without getting wet. They lie partly buried in the sand with the shell usually open from an eighth to a quarter of an inch, and into this opening poke your sharpened stick and they at once close on it with a grip so firm that you may pull them from the sand and gravel when half buried, and lift them into the boat.

The buff colored, tough strip next the thin edges of the shell (the "foot" of the mussel) makes famous trout bait, and bass and pickerel take it with good relish when nothing better offers.

Jim was so eager to take his first trout that he baited his hook and wormed his way through the bushes three or four rods below and began to fish, while I finished cutting up the bait. He said he had heard so much about the delights of trout fishing that he wanted to get at it right away, and astonish the first "smarty" of a trout that went for his clam, by the easy and graceful manner in which he would be yanked from his native element. He had read up on "speckled beauties," and the thrills of ecstacy that chase each other through one's frame while playing one of the aforesaid s. b's., and he wanted to go back home and say to his friends that he had been thrilled; that "ketchin' trout was no great shakes after all." Five minutes after he disappeared in the bushes and I heard a heavy splash in the water below, but thinking he had stepped on a rotten log which had broken and fallen into the stream, I paid no further attention to it.

A few minutes later the bushes parted and a discouraged, shiftless looking object stepped out on the corduroy, dripping with water and listlessly dragging a fish pole after it. It was the frame of Jim, collapsed and shrunken. His pallid face, from which all color had fled, looked ghastly, and with chattering teeth and a sickly grin that tried hard to reach from one side of his full grown countenance to the other, he jerked out, "first trout—to get; thrills, and chills—plenty of 'em;" and a few other similar remarks that the occasion seemed to him to require.

While he unloaded his pockets of soaked matches, smoking tobacco, plug ditto, box of fishhooks, pipe, knife, cigars, etc., and spread them on a split log in the road to dry, I leaned up against the shattered stump of an old cedar and—"rested." A few minutes in the broiling sun took the chill out of him and stopped the chatter of his teeth sufficiently to let him tell how it all came about. He had found a nice looking pool forty or fifty yards below the road, which, judging from what he had read about trout streams, ought to be a good place for fish.

The stream was about fifteen feet wide and four or five feet deep, and directly across it at the deepest point lay the moss-covered trunk of an old cedar, the greater part of it under water. Dropping his bait quietly in above the log, he saw a flash dart from under it, and a smart tug at his line told him that he had a "bite." Thrill number one (with the ecstasy). A fierce jerk wound line, hook and sinker around a branch eight feet overhead that hung over the middle of the stream, without the trout. All efforts to loosen it (from the bank) were fruitless, and the only way he saw to reach it was from the log across the pool. Stepping cautiously out on it, he placed one foot on a limb four or five inches in diameter that projected from the trunk straight up the stream, and pulling the branch down with the line in one hand, reached for the hook with the other. He was a few inches short, and taking another short step out on the limb, he stretched for it again, and just as he touched the branch the bark on the limb slipped, and he went backward his full length into the icy water. Thrill number two (ecstasy left out). He did not stop to examine the formation of the bottom, but coming to the surface with a snort, reached for his hat, which had floated off, clambered up on the log and back to the bank, still hanging on to his pole. He said the first sensation he felt when he struck the water was that it was boiling hot, and the next that all the blood in him had rushed to his heart and frozen there in a lump.

A vicious yank broke the line near the sinker, and he came skulking through the brush back to the road with his carrying capacity taxed to the utmost limit, with wrath and suppressed profanity, which broke loose in full volume as he warmed up in the sun. This little side show spoiled the fishing in that pool, and it was the best looking piece of water we found during the day. Stripping off his pants and woolen overshirt, we wrung them out and spread them to dry on the hot, clean logs and poles forming the road, Jim meantime seeking the shade of a friendly bush to ponder on the uncertain tenure of rotten bark on a moss-covered cedar limb, and group together the different "thrills" he had experienced in his first half hour's trout fishing.

I took my way up stream to try my luck, leaving him to his solitary watch on his fast drying raiment and his reflections.

After floundering through an almost impenetrable tangle of brush and fallen trees for three-quarters of an hour, occasionally finding a place where I could get to the water, I returned to the road with a trout of half a pound to find Jim getting into his nearly dry clothes, and ready to again try the temperature of Cedar River, if it got in his way.

We went down the stream, passing the "Editor's Sanctum" on the way, Jim stopping a moment to shake his clenched hand at his hook dangling from the branch over the water. Every step of our way was impeded by bushes and branches sweeping the ground, through which we pushed and struggled, dragging our rods after us. Trees and brush, bushes and trees, upright trees, leaning trees, fallen trees, crossed and tangled, barred our way, and old logs here and there, covered with moss, green and rotting, helped to fill up the measure of our discomfort. Overhead the thick branches kept out the sun's rays, except at rare openings along the stream. Once in a while we would find an opening to the water and poke our rods through it over the stream to try for a rise between the logs and limbs and fallen trees that covered the water like a tangled spider's web, in places a tangled mass, over, and under, and partly in the water, in every conceivable direction. Frequently, as we forced our weary way along the low banks, we would step on a patch of soft green moss and plunge a foot or two into the icy water, where the treacherous current had eaten under the bank, leaving only the treacherous carpet of moss as a lure for the feet of the unwary angler, and it was at such little mishaps that Jim's wonderful command of language—not in the books—came into play with the most brilliant effects. Dragging a leg out of a hole, he tilted it back in the rear to let the water run out of his boot, and as he rubbed his off eye where a spruce branch had swished into it as I passed ahead, a few fragments caught my ear, such as "Delights of trout fishing—glorious sport—fell in the stream—broiled in the sun—both shins peeled—boots full of ice-water—one eye knocked out with a 'bresh'—back bro—" Here a hearty "ho! ho! ho!" changed the drift of his thoughts as I tripped over a root and measured my length in a nice bed of soft, black mud.

After fishing every available spot of water for half-a-mile without a nibble, we were convinced that Jim had polluted the water to such an extent when he fell in that all the trout that were not paralized had taken refuge in their deepest and most remote hiding places. We sat down on a log to rest, and Jim swore a highly polished oath that he wouldn't go a step further for all the trout that could find breathing-room in Lake Michigan, and, striking the butt of his rod a foot into the ooze at his feet, clinched it with, "There, blank you! Stick there till some other lunatic comes along and pulls you out! Let's go to camp."

Avoiding the windings of the stream, we worked our way back through the woods to the corduroy, striking it a few yards from the bridge over the south branch. Disliking to go back to camp and face the Scribe without a mess of trout, I prevailed on Jim to wait and rest while I went up the stream to where I took the half-pounder.

The character of the swamp above the road was much the same as below, if anything a trifle worse. At very few places could I use more than three or four feet of line on account of the overhanging limbs and bushes, but by carefully fishing the south branch for an eighth of a mile, I took eight beautifully-marked fish of nearly the same size as the first one, and lost twice as many more for want of room to handle them in. Some of them I lifted a foot or two from the water, only to see them shake clear of the hook and fall back in the stream. One hungry fellow took the bait six times, and was twice lifted a foot or more out of the water. The sixth time, the hook buried itself over the barb, and by sliding the rod back of me through the bushes I got hold of the line and dragged him out on the bank. In fact this mode of landing them was the rule and not the exception.

I am aware it was an unsportsmanlike way of taking a trout, and a fly-fisher looking on would have smiled at the procedure, but had the best of them been in my shoes they would probably have done as I did, or gone back to camp troutless. The fish were not at all shy; on the contrary, some of them would take the bait four and five times while I stood in plain sight. To fish this stream—at least where we fished it—a short, stiff rod and a stout line and hook are necessary with which to yank them out from between the logs and from under roots before they have time to whip around a limb or snag. Nearer the mouth there are a few pools where neighbor Johnson has cut away the "bresh," and at these places, he said, excellent sport might be had with both bait and fly, but he carelessly failed to apprise me of this fact till the day before I was ready to break camp. Score one for brother Johnson.

I am satisfied that the stream is full of trout, but whoever starts in to fishing must keep it steadily in his mind that he is not going to a picnic, but to a day's hard, laborious work. A lusty shout from below and a glance at the sun through a rift in the foliage warned me it was time to quit if we were to make camp before dark. Back to the road once more, I found Jim enjoying a quiet smoke—his tobacco and matches having thoroughly dried in the hot sun—and impatient to start. Going back to the boat we twice took a wrong road, adding at least a mile to the weary tramp, but finally the sight of the little river gladdened our eyes and put new life into our tired legs. A vigorous use of the oars took us to camp at sundown, and a few minutes later our trout were crowding out the smell of bass and pickerel from two sputtering, sizzling frying-pans over the fire. So ended the Editor's first day afloat.

I spent most of the next day up the lake with my old friends, the bass and longfaces, with whom I had many sharp and frequent differences. The boys spent the forenoon in studying over and preparing for a contemplated trip down the lakes to Traverse City, back up the bay to Charlevoix, up Pine Lake to the mouth of the Boyne, stage to Boyne Falls, and from there to Petoskey by rail. In the afternoon they tied a boat to a stake in the edge of the rushes at the foot of the island, and with the middle and top joints of a bass rod, and four or five feet of a light line, had some rare sport with the sunfish. Around the islands and along the shores of these lakes near and among the rushes are countless thousands of these game little fellows, from an inch to seven and eight inches in length, and they bite eagerly at anything in the shape of bait. They are clear grit to the last, and besides the sport of taking them, which is the prime consideration, they diffuse a very "comfortin' odor" from a well regulated frying-pan.

After supper the question of breaking camp was taken up and disposed of. I had my choice of breaking up, sending the traps with the camp boy to the R. R. to be shipped home, and join them on their trip, or stay, fish out my furlough, pack up and go home by myself. I chose the latter, as I had come just a purpose to fish. Breakfast over next morning, the boys packed a small gripsack with a box of cigars and a paper collar, and waited for one of the Cutler boys to come over with his boat and take them to Central Lake, whence they were to cross over to Russel's and wait for the steamer for Elk Rapids. While they waited I went up the lake and fished till they came along, and when the good-byes were said they disappeared behind Long Point, and I saw them no more till we met at home.

When they were really gone, having my man Friday ready to hand in the person of "Johnnie," I felt a little Crusoeish, but that night about 10 o'clock a party of four young fellows arrived from Chicago for a week's fishing, and knocked all my sentiment and solitude into the lake, and I drifted gladly back into the old, pleasant relations with the fish, the eagles, the loons, the kingfishers and the muskrats.

Next day I took, with eight others, the largest small-mouthed black bass that we got on the trip, but was unable to get his weight, as the Scribe had locked the scale in his trunk and taken the key with him. He was three inches longer and an inch deeper in front of the dorsal than the one that weighed 6¼ lbs., and I fondly believed he would have pulled the scale "nigh onto" 8 lbs!

Somehow, it is nearly always the case that when one lands his biggest fish there is no scale at hand to get his weight, and it is also a well-known fact that the fish is sure to benefit by it in the matter of avoirdupois, but herein is one of the chief comforts of the honest angler, for besides gratifying a natural propensity to tell "fish stories," it displays a characteristic trait in the craft in not taking a mean advantage of anything, not even a fish, to make it appear smaller than it really is.

I gave him, with a dozen others, to three neighbor boys—shavers of ten to fourteen years who had fallen into the praiseworthy habit of picking a tin pail full of ripe, red raspberries every afternoon, and bringing them over to us in the evening, and I am certain the friendly relations existing between us were not in the least disturbed by not knowing the exact weight of that fish.

The last four days of my stay I tried a new bait, suggested by using a trout fin, and the result was most astonishing. It was simply the half of the caudal fin of a 3 or 4 lb. pickerel. Select a bright-colored fin, leaving enough flesh and skin on to afford a firm hold for the hook, and troll with it with 60 to 75 feet of line out. The bait does not revolve in the water like a spoon, but dodges from side to side in a crazy, erratic sort of way, and if there is a longface in

sight he makes a dash for it without waiting to ask, "What have we here?" It is the most killing lure for pickerel I ever used, and I verily believe that had I been disposed I could have taken a hundred of them in a day's fishing. I took a dozen or more large bass with these pieces of fin, but it seems to be the one particular sham the long-faces have been looking after, for lo! these many years.

After taking eight or ten fish with the half of a fin, it becomes worn and split by their teeth till it is useless. Select another one which has the stripes of rusty black, dull red and orange well defined, and repeat till you are worn out handling them.

I will say of the two kinds of bass in this lake, the large and the small-mouthed, that they are identical with the *Micropterus pallidus* and *M. salmoides*, described by Prof. Gill. They are game to the last gasp, especially the small-mouthed ones, and I had more keen sport and high enjoyment handling a dozen of the largest ones, than with all the pickerel I took, although it is rare fun to wear out and gaff a ten or twelve pound longface. There may be better sport than black bass fishing, but the writer seeketh it not, neither doth he hanker after it. Contentment ariseth and goeth forth with the bass fisher, in the early morning, it lingereth with him through the day; and it abideth with him even unto the falling of the shadows of the evening, and unto the closing of the day. True game, noble and glorious is the black bass; the peer of all his fellows of the waters, and as the craft begins to appreciate his qualities, he takes a step to the front each year as the future game fish of the North and West. Not many years, till he will flirt his tail in the face of the last *Salmo fontinalis* of these regions, unless a law is passed and *enforced*, to punish the murderers of innocent fingerlings, and to better protect the forests that give life to the streams.

Friday morning and time to break camp came all too soon, and I prepared to leave the little green island and go back to the smoke, and dirt and din of the "Paris of America" with many genuine regrets. The Cutler boys came over early in the morning to help pack up, and by ten o'clock the sun had dried the dew out of the tents and fly and everything was ready to put aboard the boats.

This time, we used but two boats and made but one trip, by lashing the boats together about three feet apart with some loose boards, and loading the bulkier boxes on top as a deck load, leaving room at each side to handle an oar.

One of the Cutler boys had engaged to take us to Mancelona by a road that promised a better way of getting out from the lake than to go by Bellaire, and believing there could not be a *worse* way, I swallowed the bait eagerly, and wished afterward I hadn't. Our point of debarkation—the only place for a goodly distance along the east shore where a wagon could get to the water—was near the mouth of our little stream at a "landing" where a corduroy road had been made through the swamp from the hard land to the lake shore. Pap Cutler was waiting for us with a new wagon and a yoke of sleek, powerful young steers—a team that did not promise much speed, but they proved sure and reliable in miry places and wearisome, knee-deep sand hills that we found on the way. I am sure a pair of ordinary horses would have stuck in some quagmire or left us hard and fast on a sand hill somewhere on that infernal road, and I was thankful before the end was reached that we had the patient, plodding cattle; and a careful driver to handle them, in the person of Willard Cutler. When the wagon was loaded, with head uncovered, I made a profound bow to the beautiful lake, said good-bye to Pap Cutler, who stayed behind to care for the boats, and bade adieu to the "laughing waters of Intermediate Lake."

We stopped a few minutes at Cutler's house—which, with his outbuildings, make up the town of Lake Shore, post-office and all—to get an axe and a log chain, to be used in case we should have to cut away a fallen tree from across the road or meet with a mishap of any kind. While waiting, good, matronly Mother Cutler filled the writer up with cool, fresh buttermilk, for which he confesses a special weakness, and at 12 M. Willard said, "Come, boys," to his pets, and we were fairly in for a drive, or rather tramp, of fifteen miles over a road that would develop profanity in a wooden Indian.

It is enough to say of that road that there may be a few more in Michigan, or somewhere, that are not so good. We walked nearly all the way, because we could not stay on the wagon without being tied on.

Five miles from the station we crossed Cedar River, stopping awhile to rest the tired cattle and our nearly played-out legs. Here we cooled the red-hot inner man and boy with copious draughts from the limpid stream, and went on our way filled with fresh vigor and cold water. About three miles further on we stopped at a farm house to get a drink from a well 163 feet deep, and, judging from the extreme coldness of the water, it must have had direct underground communication with the deepest and coldest pool of Cedar River.

From here into town the road was better, and we managed to stay on the wagon, greatly to the relief of our weary legs and the evident disgust of Willard's "boys"

An hour before sundown we drove up to the depot, thankful that it was all over, and after checking the baggage and billing the camp furniture through as freight, I dropped in on Charley Persons, of the Mancelona House, to scour up and see how many of his 32 calibre biscuits it would take, flanked by a 2x4 beefsteak, to fill a good sized area of crying emptiness, somewhere in the region below the diaphragm. In twenty minutes after the call to supper I had a waiter-girl distracted and the genial Persons ready to make an assignment. Appetites? Well, yes! Northern Michigan is full of 'em.

When the biscuits gave out the waiter-girl folded up her exhausted frame into a chair, and Persons and I adjourned outside to laugh at the antics of a young bear cub chained to a stake in the yard.

The train south came along at 11:05, and half an hour after I was curled up on two seats, sound asleep and dreaming I was back on the sparkling lake with the bass and longfaces, and the loons and kingfishers.

Before reeling up this "hundred yard, hard twisted letter of many kinks," I wish to say a word about the G. R. & I. R. R. and its management, as affecting sportsmen.

First, there is no region in the country as easy of access as by this road that will afford the trout and bass fisher better or more abundant sport. The "Six Lakes" chain is literally alive with bass and pickerel, and several of the streams flowing into these lakes are full of trout, with a fair sprinkling of that "silvery beauty of the gorgeous dorsal," the American grayling.

The region around Petoskey is perhaps as good, but there are too many people there during the season. Everybody—his uncles and his aunts and his aunt's sisters—goes there, till "the woods are full of 'em." They camp out, and they stay at the hotels, and they overrun the country, and they fish, and they don't fish—mostly don't. If you want solitude—and what true lover of the rod and reel does not?—if you want to have a private talk with dame Nature without being interrupted or jostled by a crowd, go to the Six Lakes; if you don't, go to Petoskey and fish Crooked, Burt and Mullet lakes, and on through to Cheboygan.

Deer and ruffed grouse (local, "partridge,") are very plenty in the region where we were, and later in the season the lakes are covered with thousands of wild geese and ducks, but as all game and wild fowl are out of season in July except woodcock, they received no attention from us.

A bear may be found almost any day along Cedar River, but we had not lost any bears that we knew of, and besides, somehow, we did not care much about bear meat.

But to come back to the railroad. The management carries dogs, guns and fishing tackle, with a liberal allowance of traps, free, and one can always get a civil and respectful answer to a question from the officers and men, from conductor down to the humblest "wheel polisher."

I have no acquaintance with Mr. W. O. Hughart, President and general manager of the whole line, but if he is half as courteous and obliging and as solicitous of the comfort of the patrons of the road as are the men under him with whom we came in contact, the directors have certainly the right man in the right place.

The lower end of the line, from Fort Wayne to Richmond, is under the able management of that clear-headed, sterling old Quaker, Wm. Parry, well and familiarly known in Eastern Indiana railroad circles as "Uncle Billy," and the angler who may have occasion to "run" the end of the "fishing-line" held by him, may be assured that his lines will be cast in pleasant places and his comfort looked after by a crew of careful and obliging train men. The road from Richmond to Cincinnati is controlled by the C. H. & D. R. R. Co., and is under the eye of that clever gentleman, Mr. Lew Williams, general manager, to whom the writer is indebted for many courtesies.

A word about the expense. We were out from Cincinnati seventeen days, and our expenses, each, including $19.75 for round trip ticket, were $42 and a few cents. This included transportation from Mancelona to the lake and back, boat hire and camp boy, and we lived well and had everything needful for a well conducted camp.

I got home on Saturday night, and Monday morning fell into line and resumed the prose of life with new vigor and clear head, having enjoyed a trip that will never be forgotten. And now, old friend, my lines are reeled up, reels cleaned, oiled and put away, rods unjointed, burnished up and in their cases, and the Editor, the Scribe and the writer are counting the weeks till the time comes when we (with yourself) may again wet our lines in the "placid waters of glorious Intermediate Lake."

NOTES OF AN ANGLER IN THE NORTH.

BY FAIRCHILD, JR.—PART FOURTH.

NATURE'S SUPPLY STORE.

IN the Northern Wilderness Nature has abundantly provided man with the requisites for a moderate luxury. It is no exaggeration to say that were an old woodsman suddenly placed in the heart of the wilderness and deprived of everything but his clothes, a flint and steel and a knife, and told to shift for himself, he would in a very short time make himself exceedingly comfortable, leading a regular Crusoe existence in fact, and in time would make his way to the settlements richer in worldly goods than when he started.

From thirst he cannot suffer, as water, pure and undefiled as the dews from heaven, is everywhere abundant, but to allay the cravings of hunger he must speedily devise means. Every little balsam swamp he knows abounds with hares and partridges, and without losing any time he sets to work to effect their capture. With the aid of his knife and the abundance of dead brush he constructs a low fence extending several acres across this swamp. At intervals he has left small openings. He next gathers some of the long, tough, pliant roots of the swamp spruce and fashions them into slip-nooses, which he sets at the openings he has left in his fence. His next care is to provide himself with shelter. Yonder bolou or yellow birches yield their outer bark readily, and from it a small lean-to is formed, and a fragrant and soft couch is made from the balsam branches. A short search about the camp discovers some Indian tea growing. This makes a very agreeable substitute for the tea of commerce. But how is he going to boil water for tea? exclaims the reader. Nothing easier; the birch bark from which the woodman has constructed his lean-to can be fashioned into vessels that will hold water, and stones heated and dropped into the water bring the latter to boiling point in incredibly short time. Undismayed by his position and certain of a good breakfast in the morning our woodsman goes supperless to bed. Sure enough, a visit to the snares in the morning discloses several hares and partridges suspended in mid-air. After a hearty meal is partaken of our friend sets himself to fashion a line from the intestines of one of the hares, and then to make himself a rude hook from a tough splinter of birch wood. As primitive as are these appliances, and with no bait but a piece of partridge meat, he succeeds in landing several dozen small trout from the brawling stream near by that literally teems with fish. Well provisioned now he packs his proveuder in a spruce bark corseau, and, laying his course by the stream, he jogs off as light hearted as a schoolboy. He knows this stream must fall into a river somewhere, and that river must bring him sooner or later to the settlements.

When after a couple of days he reaches the river he remains camped beside it several days, laying in a store of provisions and constructing himself a canoe of spruce bark to float himself down stream. He searches out a large, clean stemmed tree and denudes it of its bark in one large sheet for some ten or twelve feet from the ground. He then makes a frame of cedar poles that will exactly fit the bark, and the two are lashed firmly together with the spruce roots. Some gum and rosin are next hunted up and applied to the seams at the ends to render the canoe water tight. While by no means as serviceable as a birch canoe the spruce canoe with care proves an excellent makeshift. We shall now leave our woodsman, conscious that the remainder of his journey will be uneventful.

THE CANADIAN CURE.

A most important individual is the priest, or curé, as he is called, in a French Canadian parish. In his one person is represented not only the spiritual authority, but the temporal as well. His sway is absolute, but as it is usually tempered with much *bon hominie* and paternal regard for his flock, they render a cheerful obedience and look up to him with a feeling of reverential fondness. He is seldom a man of much erudition or a great student; the multiform duties of his respective offices absorb his time and attention. He is fond of sociability, and over his pipe of an evening he does not object to a quiet game of cards and a glass of toddy with even a heretic. He is hospitable to a degree, the word stranger or sportsman is an open sesame to his heart and house. From the pulpit, of a Sunday, he breathes fierce anathemas against *les Protestants*, but this is a duty his Church forces upon him; he himself is incapable of bearing malice. In all the social gatherings in the parish the priest is the most welcome guest. No one can tell a better story, and a song from the curé is always received with tumultuous applause. Does the fun slacken, M'sieur le Curé comes to the rescue, and mirth and jollity again resound. He is as much in demand at the bedside of the sick as the physician, and performs this duty with unflagging cheerfulness. At all hours, in all seasons, in all kinds of weather I have met him on the road on his errand of hope to the sick or dying. He is sometimes an ardent disciple of Walton, or has a fondness for the sports of the field.

I recall with much pleasure the many pleasant hours I spent in the congenial companionship of one of these worthy men during a long winter I passed in a little back settlement. He was passionately fond of shooting, but singularly unsuccessful, yet his good nature ever came to his rescue, and his ill-luck was made a source of jest. I never knew him to kill anything, but day after day he would accompany me on my tramps after hares and partridges, and my good fortune appeared to give him complete satisfaction. One day I heard the report of the curé's gun. "Good!" I mentally ejaculated, "the curé has at last killed something." It was not long ere I heard his reverence coming. "Well, old fellow, what luck?" "Luck," exclaimed the curé, "just my luck. Fired at a partridge and I'm certain I killed him, and here are a handful of feathers I knocked out, but I could not find the bird." I laughed at his exhibition of chagrin, and thought no more about the matter until along in the afternoon, when beating back over the ground I suddenly caught sight of a partridge's tail just sticking out of the snow. In a moment I knew this was the curé's partridge. Bang went my gun in the air, and I then picked up the partridge and waited the curé's coming, but I quite overlooked the fact the bird was frozen as hard as a rock. Along came the curé. "Hallo! a partridge. Do let me take it a moment. Why, it's frozen already, isn't it?" exclaimed his reverence. "How cold it must be to day." With the soberest face I could command I begged his acceptance of the bird, and for several days I kept him in ignorance of the joke I played upon him.

Brother angler, when you visit a Canadian parish inquire your way to the curé's, and, my word for it, your subsequent paths will be those of joy.

ARDENT SPORTSMEN.

There is something irresistibly attractive about forest life, and I can recall a number of men of means and social position who have abandoned all the pleasures that both might have given, and sojourned for years in the bush, living in the most primitive manner, devoting themselves to the chase and exploration. Captain D——, well known in Quebec, threw up his commission in the British army, and took to the bush. He was a man of fine accomplishments, and wealthy, but once having tasted the sweets of a bush life he became a slave to the passion for hunting and exploring, and it was on one of these expeditions that he met an untimely end, dying in the bush, from whence his remains were dragged out on a toboggin by his faithful Indian guide. The old settlers still tell strange tales of two Englishmen who, for many years, made their home in the bush, far removed from all civilization and companionship, appearing only in the settlements at rare intervals for supplies and letters from home. They were both men of wealth, but ardent lovers of the sports that Canada's fastness offered. Other instances are not wanting to show that there is a large leaven of the primitive man inherent in the English race.

The Canadian, however, is pre-eminently an ardent lover of bush life. His leisure from the duties of his profession or business is spent in the woods. As an angler he has no equal. Part of his early schooling was to learn to handle a rod as well as a pen. He is an adept in bush lore, and wields an axe like a professional chopper. He is hardy to a degree, a capital hunter and fair shot, and a genial fellow to boot.

VACATION RESORTS.

PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.

In answer to your inquiry in this week's paper I take the liberty of sending you a slight description of one of the many beautiful summer resorts situated near New York where one can go and spend a vacation at a small expense. Being an old reader of the FOREST AND STREAM I take pleasure in informing your many readers that there is no summer resort more pleasant and picturesque than the growing and popular village of Port Jefferson, Suffolk County, Long Island, with its many lovely shady groves situated near the water's edge, and very convenient for camping parties.

Fish, oysters and clams are in abundance in the beautiful bay which the village surrounds. Good board can be had at five dollars per week in many private families near the water. Reliable sail and row boats are to be let on very reasonable terms. Sailboats large enough to carry twenty-five persons can be hired for $2 per day or $9 per week. Blue-fishing is usually very good during July, August and September, and there is no better spot on Long Island for woodcock shooting than around Port Jefferson. I killed thirty in three evenings just before dusk, and a friend of mine bagged twenty-seven one morning before breakfast, and did not go two miles from his house and was home before nine o'clock.

There is no place within one hundred miles of New York more convenient for persons residing in New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City than this beautiful summer resort. It can be reached by the Port Jefferson & Locust Valley R. R. from Long Island City or Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, or by the New York and New Haven R. R. to Bridgeport, and cross the sound in the steamer Brookhaven, which makes two trips each way every day and, crossing in this way, a fine view of Long Island Sound and the surrounding counties can be had. T. M. S.

CROOKED LAKE, MICHIGAN.

FORT WAYNE, July 16.

Replying to several notices in your issue of July 14, in regard to a good place to camp and fish I can cheerfully rec-

ommend Crooked Lake, Mich., as just the spot for a sportsman, and a delightful place to camp or board. The bass and pickerel fishing is first-class, in fact, for lake fishing cannot be excelled. Passing through a narrow channel from Crooked Lake into Pickerel Lake brings you to a beautiful sheet of water and fine pickerel and bass fishing. In rowing to the fishing grounds one passes over many places, where, in ten minutes' time, can be caught with hook and line all the minnows one can use for the day.

The air on and about these lakes is wonderfully cool and bracing, the scenery is beautiful. The angler is never troubled with mosquitoes; in fact, a fisherman's paradise.

Crooked Lake is six miles from Petoskey, the northern terminus of the Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R. Rates low, accommodations first-class.

I have fished in these waters once or twice every year for the past eight years, and always with big success. Shall be pleased to furnish any information desired. G. S. F.

MORE LIGHT ON THE 'POSSUM PUZZLE.

DONE INTO POETRY.

DELAWARE, Ohio, July, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thinking I might possibly be able to throw some light on the vexed question of "How to cook dat 'possum," I interviewed my ancient colored friend, Uncle Dan'l, with the following result. His views, I think, settle the question at once and forever. Age and experience have spoken, and he must, indeed, be hypercritical and hard to please who does not accept this colored Nestor's dictum. Listen, then, while

UNCLE DAN'L SPEAKS.

"Iz I ebber cooked a 'possum?"
Yah! yah! yah! you'z shoutin, now!
"Wan'ter know the way to boss 'im?"
Sho! any fool nigga tell yo' how.

"'Possum up a"—wat's dat, honey?
"Wat I thinks de bestest way?"
"Cooney in a"—all right, sonny,
Cain't go gracious—gittin day!

"Nebber seed a 'possum cookin'?"
Lawd! Mass Harry, wha's you bawn?
'Spess you wish you'd been a lookin',
Wen ole Gab'el blows he's hawn.

'Members when I—wat yo sayin'?
"Want to know the ras-sy-peez?"
Drat dem dogs—how dey's a bayin'!
You Jim you, tuff dat wiskey be!

Tell yo' wat—dey ain't most nuffin
Better dan wat 'possum am.
Yo' Nancy, wat yo' doin', cuttin'
Dat pore little, in'sunt lam'!

Yes, I'z gwine to tell you, shorely;
Doan' ye hurry de ole man.
He'z a feelin' radder porely;
Mus'n't fluster Uncle Dan

Bestest way I know to cook 'im,
Iz, to ketch yo' 'possum fust.
Mine dem low wite trash doan' hook 'im,
Caze dey'll do it, *sho*, or bust!

Den you—hole on da, Mass Harry,
Tell you in free minutes mo'.
Den you—"Haint got time to tarry?"
Yo'ze in a pow'ful hurry, sho'!

Well, massa, if yo' *mus'* be goin',
Hopes I'll see yo', 'morrer night;
Den I'll tell yo', so'ze yo'll know 'im,
How to cook dat 'possum right!

H. P. U.

A MINNESOTA LAWYER'S EXPERIENCE.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An old subscriber and an attentive reader of your excellent paper, I have become much interested in the 'possum question now being so ably debated by your Southern correspondents, and if it may be permitted to a resident of this Northern region to intervene in the discussion of a matter which pertains so peculiarly to more favored climes, and which already shows a decidedly rising temperature, I crave permission to "give you a breeze" from the Northwest upon the subject, and to cast a feeble ray of "Northern light" upon the argument.

Let it not be inferred at this point that I desire to be "set down as one who loves his 'possum cold," or who, upon the other hand, fires his intellect and heats his argument with 'possum hot. I fight under neither banner. In a word, I simply wish to give my own sad experience in attempting to prepare, cook and eat a 'possum.

During the winter of 1879-80, while being shaved, my particular barber, who had, after the manner of his craft, discussed almost every subject, took a fresh grip, and broke out: "You is very fond of huntin', Mr. ——." "Why, yes, Matt," I replied; "you know I am." "Ever hunt down South, sah?" "No, I never was down South though I should like, of all things, to spend a winter there." "Dar de place fer huntin', sah," said Matt, "an' de 'possum! Shorely you don't know wat's good, sah, twel you've done eat 'possum."

I had plenty of time, and I liked to start Matt, and seeing that he needed but slight encouragement, I said, "Tell me all about the 'possums, Matt." And he did. Details would be wearisome; nor could I do his eloquence justice as he descanted on the 'possum, winding up by saying that he had seen some for sale at a game market on Jackson street; that they had been sent up from the South, and had been "froze just right."

It was too much for me. The picture he drew of the brown, juicy, delicious dish that could be evolved from "dat 'possum" captivated my Northern appetite, already sharpened by a Minnesota winter temperature, and I listened to the voice of the tempter—and fell. I sent the porter for one of "dem 'possums." He brought him to the shop, arousing the wildest enthusiasm in the entire corps of tonsorial artists, and after receiving full and minute instructions as to its preparation and cooking, I carried home my prize.

Here my misfortunes began. The little animal so worshipped in the barber shop had suddenly become an object of aversion and disgust. Aided and abetted by my wife (usually docile and obedient) the entire family, including the servants, broke out into open revolt. "The ugly little rat,"—so did they revile the royal 'possum—"should not be cooked in *that* house, nor touched nor allowed to remain. I had better get my *friend* Matt or take it to him, or perhaps invite him to dinner. Indeed the latter course was much preferable, but that beast, ugh! take it away." In vain I begged and pleaded, in vain explained, quoted the FOREST AND STREAM, and expatiated on the 'possum's dainty diet of persimmons. All was useless; the lovely prospect was fading away, and on the kitchen table lay the 'possum, and seemed to grin sarcastically at me as I ruefully contemplated him.

However, I was resolved, and, silencing all opposition, I announced that *I* would prepare and cook the 'possum myself, and then, then, when he lay upon the dish done to a turn, browned to the proper color, bathed in a delicious aroma, such as never before had been inhaled by those Northern blue noses, then would I be both revenged and rewarded. So after supper I caused a large kettle of water to be boiled, to which I added a quantity of hard-wood ashes making a strong lye, and plunged the 'possum in. Now Matt had said that this was the way to take the hair off, and that it would come off at once. It did not, but the skin commenced coming off my hands very rapidly. So, determined to conquer, I put on a pair of light shooting gloves—buckskin—and at it I went, scraping that 'possum.

Oh! the memories of that contest, both hands full of lye and hair, my heart full of rage and disappointment, the air nearly blue with, well—adjectives. I could not smoke for I could not bring my hands near my face to touch pipe or cigar, and oh! how the hair on that beast did stick! I got it done about midnight, and, if the 'possum was not parboiled, my hands were, and the smell of the lye made me sick. I then cleaned the brute, cut off its head, feet and tail, when it looked like a little pig, and quite presentable. The next day I bribed the cook into agreeing to bake it, following my directions, which I gave according to Matt.

On the next evening behold me, seated at the table, surrounded by an admiring—though doubtful—family, whom my determination and faith had almost converted to the enthusiastic belief that I had in the 'possum for which I so impatiently waited. Now was my hour of triumph, now was my faith about to be rewarded. I expressed some contemptuous pity for narrow prejudices, some approbation for those great minds who know and recognize a good thing, even before they see it; and then, arranging my napkin, I ordered in the 'possum. He came. I recognized Matt's description; there was the plump, golden brown body, there the rich gravy trickling down the juicy sides on the brown slices of potatoes. I cut off a slice; the rich aroma rushed out. It seemed a little strange; rather strong, so to speak, but I would not yield. With a smile (a trifle mechanical) I cut off a piece and put it in my mouth. Why, oh, why! did my mind wander back to the night before? Why did I see the kitchen, the table, the lye, the half-scraped, parboiled thing I had worked on so hard? Why did memory and my nausea rise up together and my heart and stomach fail me?

About eleven o'clock that night (after a cup of strong tea and a slice of dry toast) I ventured on a mild cigar, and explained to my wife that, while one should always investigate, the study of natural history should not be carried too far.

I have heard of an "auld Scotch wife," too fond of mountain dew, who, overcome by her potations, sat down upon a rock by the seaside at low water, and then fell asleep. As the tide rose she was gradually covered, until at last the wavelets rippled upon and splashed her face and lips. She was found in this dangerous predicament, and murmuring in maudlin tones: "Na, na, nae ane ither drap, ither het or cauld."

And such is my position on the "'possum" question.

MARK NORTH.

ANOTHER 'POSSUM TALE.

LEWIS ROBB, our barber, six feet in height, one hundred and seventy-five pounds, is passionately fond of hunting sly Reynard. To enjoy this fascinating pastime Lewis will mount anything in the shape of horse-flesh.

Not many moons ago Lewis determined to try the chase. After seeking in vain to obtain a horse he hired a little active mule from a colored brother. Mounted, his long legs almost touched the ground, as the little mule cantered along with him to the merry green wood. Lewis was in high spirits. The moon, at her full, shone in resplendent glory. His well-trained dogs at his heels bayed joyously over the prospect of a race after the cunning old fox. The little mule pricked up his ears, cut a few playful antics with the long-eared hounds that now and then sniffed at his heels, and nimbly hied away over the long, long wire grass.

Soon they are upon the hunting ground. The old veteran of the pack takes a sniff of the ground, and announces by a deep-mouthed bay that he scents the prey. Join in his cry the opening pack, and away they speed, making the welkin ring with music sweeter to the hunter's ear than that of his mistress. Lewis, thanks to the activity of his mule, keeps well up, expecting every moment to rouse sly Reynard from his hiding-place. A half-mile is left behind! Suddenly the dogs fiercely bay something in a log. Lewis rides up to find a large opossum seated in the forks of the fallen tree, growling defiance at his foes. Encouraged by the presence of their master the dogs seize and drag the prey to the ground. Visions of "baked 'possum and tater" floated through Lewis' brain so vividly that he dismounted and rescued the 'possum from the hounds. Knowing the cunning creature's art of feigning death he determined to break his neck; so, planting a foot on his neck and seizing the tail, he pulled with might and main. Satisfied that the brute was dead, he tied him on behind, and proceeded on his hunt. He had not gone far before his little mule stopped short, and seemed to reflect for a moment. Then, as though stricken with "St. Vitus" dance, he commenced capering wildly madly and vigorously over the wire grass. "Whoa! whoa! mule! whoa!" yells Lewis, "who-o-o-oh!" But he don't whoa, but fans the air rapidly with his hind legs, and Lewis shoots out of the saddle, over his head, to mother earth, splitting the wire grass with his head, "as boats are sometimes by a wanton whale." Mule sheds the saddle by slipping through the girth, runs a short distance, stops, turns around, and snorts vigorously. Lewis, rises, rubbing his bruises, catches the mule, looks around for his saddle, and lo! the opossum is running away with it. The cause of his disaster was apparent. Tired of his peculiar confinement, and rousing from his feigned death, the 'possum, in his efforts to get away, commenced tickling the mule's flanks with sharp claws, which performance resulted in the collision between Lewis and our planet. Catching up with the varmint, Lewis turned him loose to wander at his will. And never, hardly ever, will he ever believe a dead 'possum. O. G. G.

Bainbridge, Ga.

From the August *Scribner's* just at hand we take these "Aphorisms from the Quarters:"

"Tain't easy to find a man dat kin git mo' 'tention arter he's he's dead dan de Chris'mus 'possum."

"Dar's right sharp good schoolin' in de tail of a 'possum: nebber let go a thing long as dar's a chance let'."

"A good 'possum dog may tell a lie by accident, but you can't proobe it on him ef de tree's holler."

"De 'coon puts up de bes' fight, but de 'possum is beap de smarter an' is got de bes' edication."

Natural History

SOME OF THE BATS OF WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.

BATS, through superstition and prejudice, have long been looked upon in anything but a favorable light. Their satanic wings and noiseless flight, their reputation of hopelessly entangling heads of hair, and worst of all as carriers of *Cimex lectularis*, may be among the causes which place them in disfavor. But to the unprejudiced what class of mammals are more interesting with their little bird-like eyes, long, erect ears, and dog-like faces, enlivened by the sight of their small, needle-like teeth, and spitful, grating squeak when they are disturbed or imposed upon? To us they are beautiful, regardless of their somewhat clumsy body, their seemingly unproportioned limbs, and the questionable report that they are introducers of the bed bug. The entrance of this torment into our houses would, we think, be better referred to other sources than the little bat, yet the bats which we have examined may have been unusually fortunate in not having these pests upon them.

Bats may become a nuisance by their numbers, as in the case cited by Dr. Harrion Allen, in his Monograph (p. 17 of introduction), where nearly twelve thousand had to be killed before a certain house could become tenantable, on account of odor, noise, etc.

Interesting as the bats are, they are the most difficult to observe, on account of their nocturnal and secluded habits. This accounts for so little being known regarding their history, period of gestation, and the manner of taking care of their young.

We first see the bats after emerging from their winter quarters, late in March or early in April, depending a good deal on the weather. In some early springs a few may be seen by the first of March, but this is exceptional. They do not go into winter quarters until the November storms cut off their supply of food; occasionally they may be seen in mid-winter after a few days of warm weather, just at sunset or soon after. Bats may be easily aroused from their hibernating sleep. Some boys a few winters ago, eager for adventure, entered the old silver mine situated a short distance south of this village. This mine was worked just before or soon after the Revolutionary war; which, is uncertain. Quite a number of bats were found there, and the boys, knowing our weakness for them, tried to catch some; but as soon as they advanced near the bats with their torches, they would fly to a more remote portion of the mine.

While feeding bats go singly, in pairs or flocks. We remember one evening in the early part of last fall, just before a thunder storm, seeing a hundred or more feeding over a field to the lee of a clump of woods. The flock was composed mostly of little brown bats and red bats. The field being comparatively small, it was a lively scene.

We have noticed the following species:

Atalapha (lasiurus) noveboracensis. (Erxleben) Coues—Red bat; New York bat.

This, one of the most common bats, may be seen any evening in summer, just after the sun has set, being the first of the bats to make their appearance. Even at times they may be seen on the shady side of some wood, half an hour or more before sunset. We have seen them flying in cloudy weather at noon time, but this is unusual. During the day they may often be seen suspended from limbs of trees in the foliage, seeking crevices and holes less frequently than the other bats. Their flight resembles somewhat that of the larger moths more than the narrow-winged bat. We have made the mistake in the darkness and shot a cecropian moth, thinking it to be a bat of this species. We have never taken the pregnant female. Prof. B. G. Wilder (*Pop. Sci. Mo., No.* 42, *p.* 651) states that two specimens which he examined each contained three foetuses. *Atalapha (lasiurus) cinereus.* (Beauvois) Coues. Hoary bat.

This rare bat we have never seen, although it doubtless occurs. Mr. J. A. Allen considers it the rarest species in Massachusetts. (*Mammalia, Mass.*, p. 208.)

Vespertilio (Vesperus) fusous. (Beauvois.) Carolina Brown Bat.

This bat is third in frequency; some years more common than others. They are the last to make their appearance in the evening. In fact when it gets so dark that objects are blended in one uncertain mass, and the bat hunter finds he is unable to shoot with any precision, the Carolina bats make their appearance as mere dark shadows flitting here and there, while busily engaged in catching insects. We have to make a snap shot as they dodge in and out from behind the dark tree tops, and are left in doubt as to the result until in the gloom we may perchance see our little black and tan, seemingly as interested in the results as we are, pointing the dead animal. This species is particularly fond of fields well surrounded by trees. There three or four will feed until darkness hides them; they may feed all night, at least a few years ago while "suggaring" for moth we have seen them as late as one o'clock A. M.

Vespertilio (Vesperugo) georgianus. (Cuvier.) Georgian Bat.

We have no record of this bat, it probably occurs. Mr. J. A. Allen gives it as "not excessively rare" in Massachusetts. (*Mammalia of Mass.*, p. 208.)

Vespertilio (Vesperides) noctivagans. (Le Conte.) Silver Black Bat. Silver Haired Bat.

We have never seen but two specimens of this bat, one male shot June 15, 1881, the other a female killed June 24, 1881. In flying they resemble the Carolina bat, but unlike them they leave their hiding places early in the evening. Both the above were the first specimens shot on the respective evenings. The female contained two young, well-developed, and probably would have been delivered in a few days. The

young each weighed 1,450 milligrammes. On removing the amnion the ears of one of the young bats became erect. The placenta of this species is different from that of the little brown bat; instead of being circular it is illiptical, measuring 10 by 15 millimetres. The placenta were attached to the posterior wall of the uterus near the summit of each corner. The umbilical cord measured twenty millimetres in length.

Vespertilio subulatus. (Say.) Little Brown Bat.

This little bat exceeds all other species in frequency; more common even than the red bat. The little fellows enters our houses in the evening oftener than any other in search of insects. Of ten pregnant females which we examined last June each contained two young. Prof. Bert. G. Wilder (Pop. Sci. Mo. No. 42, p. 651) examined twenty females in June, 1874. Each contained two little bats, though Dr. C. C. Abbott states (Geology of New Jersey Appendix, p. 752) that they bring forth a litter of three to five. We consider this number unusual as all the specimens examined by us never contained more nor less than two. The abdomen of the female is not so prominent, but very much broadened, a fetus developing in each horn of the uterus. The uterine walls at term are very thin, the entire organ weighing only about a centigramme. The placenta of this species is circular, measuring nine millimetres in diameter, umbilical cord twelve millimetres long. A young one taken from a female whose mammæ contained milk, weighed 1,350 milligrammes.

Sing Sing, N. Y. July, 1881. A. K. FISHER, M. D.

HABITS OF BEAVER.

IN the summer of 1860, in San Saba County, Texas, on the banks of the Colorado River, I saw several small trees partly cut down by beaver, and others which had been cut down. There was no sign of a dam or any dwelling place of beaver. The country was thinly settled, and there were no houses nor people living near. The river is subject to freshes so deep and strong that a beaver dam could not be permanent in its waters. Nor was there any smaller stream near that could be used for making a beaver dam. A few days after I inquired of one of the settlers of that county if he knew where the beaver lived which had cut those trees. He said yes; that their homes were underground rooms in the banks of the river, the entrance to which was beneath the water, and portions of the room above high water mark. He said he learned this by a land slide of the river bank after a freshet the slide exposing the cosey and comfortable rooms of the beaver.

In the Natural History of the State of New York, Part I. Zoology, by James E. De Kay, at page 74, the author says: "In the summer of 1840 we traveled those almost interminable forests on the highlands separating the sources of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, and included in Hamilton, Herkimer and a part of Essex counties. In the course of our journey we saw several beaver signs as they are termed by the hunters. The beaver has been so much harassed in this State that it has ceased making dams, and contents itself with making large excavations in the banks of the streams."

Great has been the progress of zoology since De Kay wrote the above as may be seen from a statement made on the same page from which the above quotation is taken.

"The geographical range of the beaver, now so much restricted, once extended from the 68th to the 30th parallel. In the United States its southern boundary does not extend beyond the districts already mentioned in the State of New York."

It is now well known that its range extends southward as far as the lower Rio Grande in Texas.

In the month of September, 1858, on the plantation of Dr. Jenkins a few miles from Camden in Wilcox County, Ala., I saw a beaver dam on a small stream on both sides of which corn had been planted. I also saw that the corn near the dam had been partially destroyed. The doctor told me that the beaver had done it.

It was the first signs of beaver I had ever seen, and I was much surprised to learn that they were in that place. An attempt had been made and was then being made to destroy the beaver or drive them away, but their sagacity was such that they were seldom seen or any of them caught, although many night watches had been made and also traps set.

Austin, Texas, July 4, 1881. S. B. BUCKLEY.

SPIKE HORNS AGAIN.

SPIKE HORNS ON OLD BUCKS.

I HAVE noticed in late numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM considerable controversy in relation to spike horn bucks, some claiming them to be a different species of deer and others that they are not, and that all spike bucks are only the young bucks from one year to eighteen months of age.

I do not pretend to be authority on the subject, but I am satisfied in my own mind that not all spike bucks are young ones, and that spike horns are often found on bucks that are advanced in years. But as to their being a different species of deer, I do not think they are. I am convinced that bucks that have a full pair of antlers one season may only have a pair of spike horns the next.

In proof of what I say I will give the particulars of a case of spike horns that was related to me by a noted deer hunter, who is well known to many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and a gentleman whose word cannot be impeached. Whatever he states can be depended on to be facts.

Some five or six years ago he and I were hunting together at a small pond between Meacham Lake and the St. Regis River, when one day the conversation happened to be about spike horn bucks. I asked him if he believed them to be, as many claimed that they were, a different species of deer. He answered that he did not, and then related the following circumstance that came under his notice some years before, while he was residing in the south part of St. Lawrence county: One of his near neighbors owned a tame buck deer which had grown to be of such an age that his antlers were quite large, with several prongs on each in season. One year during the winter he in some manner injured one of his legs, so that he was lame, until some time in the following spring, at which time also he was very thin in flesh, but afterwards gained flesh and was all right. But that season nothing but spike horns came out. The next season following he had a full set of antlers according to his age, as he also did every season thereafter while my informant remained in that neighborhood. It was his belief that spike horns on old bucks over 18 months or so of age were caused in some such manner—by the deer meeting with some injury or having some kind of sickness, so that they were in poor health or condition at the time the horns began to form.

Whether or not this is the cause of all spike horns on aged bucks, I will not pretend to say, but I am satisfied that I have seen several spike bucks during the last twenty-five years that were well advanced in years. There is a difference in the appearance of old and young deer, as well as with other animals; perhaps not so much as in some other species, but enough to tell an eighteen months' old buck from one that is six to ten years of age.

As to spike horns being more plenty now than formerly, I don't think they are; that is, old ones. I used to come across full as many that I called spike horns twenty-five and thirty years ago as I do late years. The majority of bucks killed by floating are young ones. Old bucks soon leave at the approach of a light at night, having learned when they were young that it was dangerous, as the scars on many of the old ones killed will show. The young bucks having only spike horns at first have by that led many to think that they were the regular spike horns, and are on the increase of late. I saw more bucks with large antlers last season than in many seasons before; all were killed before dogs, or by hounding. Two large ones were killed in one week on the 16-Mile Level that had each eleven prongs on their horns, six on one horn and five on the other. And about three weeks later another was killed with the same number of prongs on his horns. I don't mention this as being anything remarkable, only in their all having the same number of prongs or spikes on their horns, and all three having odd numbers, five on one and six on the other, and all being killed in the same neighborhood and so near the same time. The prospect for deer hunting on the Level when the season opens is good, for all so many have been killed by early floating. But the supply is kept up by there being such a great unfrequented extent of wilderness for miles on both sides of the river.

Moira, N. Y. A. C.

THE WEIGHT OF LOONS.

I SEE in your issue of June 2 an item from your correspondent "Mergus" relative to loons. As he seems to doubt the reported story of one being killed that weighed twenty pounds, I send you photograph of one that was captured by my partner in shooting, Prof. Blair, quite recently, while duck shooting in the Penobscot Bay. It weighed the day after being shot, and after quite a loss of blood, seventeen pounds and ten ounces, measured from end of tail to the top of the head forty inches, from tip of tail to the tip of beak forty-eight inches. I will say to "Mergus" that I consider the story very probable, as this one is not considered the largest specimen. As to toughness of the bird, I fully agree with your correspondent and should believe to story told had he said the bird fell a thousand feet, split the rock and swam off apparently uninjured. This one that I send you photograph of was shot through the head at about thirty yards with double B shot; one shot entered one eye, passing out the other and destroying both; another passed through the head just below the eye. Then he attempted to rise and another charge of BB fell in the body brought him to the water; then he was made a target of for a thirty-two calibre rifle at about a hundred-yard range, one ball passing through his neck; then, as it seemed he was not to die by shooting, he was taken into the boat and strangled by a rope around his neck. I am ready to believe anything of a loon, as well as a snake, so your correspondents have one believer in anything they can say of either.

As to the habits of the loon, according to my observation in this section, they go to the salt water in winter and return to the ponds and lakes in summer to breed. They lay their eggs, without preparation of nests, on the shore, just above water line. I have never found in one place more than two eggs, in size something larger than a tame goose egg. In color they are grayish, marked with brown spots. The photograph I send you shows the bird in color as he is, excepting the neck and head, which shows black, but in color it is dark green. The smaller bird in picture you will recognize as our common cock whistler. M. S. BUKER.

Bucksport, Me., June 15.

SKUNK BITES AND HYDROPHOBIA.

BOSTON, May 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I took for granted that the request for information on the subject of hydrophobia from the bite of a skunk, published in your issue of the 30th ult., by Dr. Howard Jones, would call forth communications from some members of the profession who had had opportunity of seeing such cases. As such has not been the case, however, I would say that the matter was brought up and discussed at a meeting of the Boston Society for Medical Improvement a few years after our civil war. I was at that time secretary of that society, and although I have not had time to hunt through the records, I can state in a condensed form what the result of the discussion was. It seemed proved beyond all question that many cases of rabies had been observed as resulting from the bite of skunks in our army, and it also appeared that these cases were pretty much confined to certain geographical limits. Exactly what these limits were I do not remember, but if I am not mistaken quite a large proportion of the cases occurred in Texas. One of the members of the society had been in the medical service and had seen rabies from a skunk bite while serving with his regiment on the plains.

This information is of course not exact or of scientific value; but my reason for encroaching on your space is to state that without doubt very full and accurate reports of the number, result and locality of such accidents would be furnished from the office of the Surgeon General at Washington to any physician who was interested in the subject.

F. R. GREENOUGH, M. D.

A HAND-BOOK OF INSECT COLLECTING has been prepared by Mr. Walter P. Manton, of Boston, Mass., whose "Taxidermy without a Teacher" has been so favorably received. Mr. Manton has the merit—and an important one it is in these days—of coming to the point at once, saying what he has to say and then stopping. This hand-book is small; it contains only thirty-two pages, but no one of those pages is wasted; and the instructions given are plain, complete and cover the ground. We heartily commend the author's style of book-making. The manual is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, price 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA'S BABOON.—Keeper Rolling is succeeding admirably in educating the large male Chacma baboon at the Philadelphia Zoo. Already "Henry" has been prevailed upon to wear a coat and cap, and at 11 A. M. and 5 P. M. he sits at table with his keeper, and altogether deports himself well—for a baboon. Rolling handles "Henry" with impunity and has him under perfect control. For instance, when the baboon is carried across the space from his dressing-room to his box, he will pretend to bite his keeper's neck. No other keeper in the Garden would care to have such demonstrations of love practiced upon him, and all say Rolling will be bitten by the Chacma some day, but the trainer says he fully understands "Henry." The female orang outang still lives and is growing finely. Now, while the temperature is warm, she is allowed great liberty, and can be seen every fair day swinging in the trees near the superintendent's office. A large new aviary building is in process of erection at the Zoo, and the collection of birds will consequently be greatly increased—a need that has been felt. The ant eater which lately reached the garden is still flourishing on his diet of boiled eggs and ground liver. He has been nicknamed the "Great American Egg Eater." Much interest is taken in this animal, as they are rare, very delicate and difficult to be kept in confinement. The first one purchased by the society died in three weeks after reaching the Garden. The elephants have had a pool made for them large enough and deep enough for the whole herd to bathe in at a time, and it is amusing to witness the antics of the immense brutes when they are allowed their daily bath. The keeper says their health shows great improvement since they have had this luxury allowed them.—HOMO.

SNAKES EAT FISH AND CLIMB TREES.—Some time since I remember that you were taking testimony as to whether or not "snakes would eat fish." I always believed that they would do so if they could catch them. This evening I saw two small water snakes swimming near the shore, and one of them soon came in, and as soon as he did so the other disappeared. I then found that the one which had landed had seized a young eel about four inches in length, the snake being about a foot long. He immediately began engorging his prey, which he had seized about three-fourths of an inch from its tail. This process occupied about three minutes, and as soon as the head of the eel had disappeared the snake turned toward the water when I struck him with my sabre about the middle of his back, and, rather to my surprise, he, apparently with a single effort, immediately disgorged the eel. I had supposed that this could not so readily be done, owing to the formation of the mouth and teeth. I did not examine for teeth in this one. Perhaps he was too young, and they were not well developed.

As to "snakes climbing trees," do not all constrictors do so as readily as move along the ground; provided, of course, the tree is commensurate with their own size, *i.e.*, such that they can readily encompass? With the boa of the tropics the tree is one of his favorite places of ambush from which to seize his prey. Venomous snakes are very different in construction—shorter and thicker, and may not be able to climb as do the constrictors.—A. D. S.

Washington Barracks, D. C.

We do not think that any one doubted the fact that water snakes eat fish, but the question was in regard to other species, the black and the garter snakes. The question is still open as to whether these latter habitually or even occasionally eat fish.

A RABBIT WHIPS A SNAKE.—Last Saturday Hon. John Clifton, of Miller county, was on his way home from Bainbridge. While passing the plantation of J. D. Talbut he heard the cry of a rabbit. Looking over in the field by which the road ran, he saw, to his astonishment, a rabbit and a coach-whip snake in a fierce struggle. He stopped his buggy to watch the fight. In a minute's time the snake took flight and the rabbit gave chase. Closely pressed, the snake endeavored to climb an oak sapling. The rabbit seized him by the tail and pulled him back. Again a rough-and-tumble fight ensued. His snakeship got away again, and, before the rabbit could stop him, got up the tree out of reach, and the rabbit sat leisurely down at the foot of the sapling to watch him. Clifton seeing Mr. Talbut, called him, told him of the singular combat, and pointed out the situation of the combatants. Talbut approached the tree, and the rabbit beat a retreat. The snake was dislodged and killed. He was six feet long, and his body showed large wounds from the bite of the rabbit.—O. G. G.

Bainbridge, Ga.

STILL THEY CLIMB.—*Apropos* the tree-climbing woodchuck question: A couple of men in my employ lately killed two "chucks" both being in trees when first seen. Whether frightened into climbing by their approach or not they could not say. One was in the lower branches of a large oak, and the other in a small poplar.—BADGER. (Waushara County, Wis.)

Well now speaking of woodchucks I shot one forty feet from the ground in a black oak tree near my residence two or three years ago. A young man out hunting cows scared the animal, and it took to the tree with a rush. Going out with my shot-gun I brought the creature down slightly wounded. We kept it in a hollow tree a few days, but it finally left us. —CHARLES ALDRICH. (Webster City, Iowa).

We don't have many tree-climbing woodchucks, but I shot two of a family of chucks that used to live in a leaning apple tree. A woodchuck was killed near here a short time ago that had horns. I believe it was sent to the Albany museum. —J. O. F., Hornellsville, N. Y.

HOW TOADS FIGHT.—I always keep a number of toads in my orchard-house for the purpose of destroying vermin. The other morning while watching two males I was highly amused to see them have a regular set-to fight. They went at each other in a regular scientific manner, sparring and boxing with their forepaws and butting with their heads. After a while they seemed to get tired, coolly sat down, and viewed each other with great complacency. From my earliest days I have been in the habit of watching ways of toads, and never saw them fight before.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

ALBINO SWALLOW.—Newport, July 2.—On the 28th ult., I shot a white swallow. I had watched it for some days. Have you heard of an albino in the swallow family before? W. D. L.

We have observed albino swallows, but they are rare.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—*By Purchase:* Five American porcupines, *Erethizon dorsatus*; one iguana, *Iguana tuberculata*; two kinkajous, *Cercoleptes caudivolvulus*; one great ant eater, *Myrmecophaga jubata*; one Chacma baboon, *Cynocephalus porcarius*; eight boas, *Boa constrictor*; two ocelots, *Felis pardalis*; one brown Capucin, *Cebus fatuellus*; two Fournier's Capromys, *Capromys pilorides*; one great-horned owl, *B. virginianus subpallatus*; two large alligators, *Alligator mississippiensis*; one Gila monster, *Heloderma suspectum*.

By Presentation: One screech owl, *Scops asio;* three common rabbits; one red-winged blackbird, *Agelaius phœniceus;* one white rat; nineteen opossums, *Didelphys virginiana;* one black bear, *Ursus americanus;* four alligators, *Alligator mississippiensis;* five bald eagles, *Haliœtus leucocephalus;* two horned lizards (*Phrynosoma cornuta;* two Ostend rabbits; one black iguana, *Metopoceros cornutus;* one Angora rabbit; one woodcock, *Philohela minor;* two bell-benders, *Menopoma allegheniensis;* two red foxes, *Vulpes fulvus;* one snowy owl, *Nyctea nivea;* one snapper terrapin, *Chelydra serpentina;* one Panama wolf; one turtle dove, *Turtur risorius;* one hog-nosed snake, *Heterodon platyrhinus;* one humming bird, *Trochilus colubris;* three woodchucks, *Arctomys monax;* one purple gallinule; one loon, *Colymbus torquatus;* one black snake, *Bascanion constrictor;* two quail, *Ortyx virginianus;* one night heron *Nycticorax grisea;* one king crab; one land tortoise, *Cistudo clausa.*

By Birth: One buffalo, *Bison americanus;* one American porcupine, *Erethizon dorsatus;* one oryx, *Oryx leucoryx;* three collared peccaries, *Dicotyles torquatus;* one rat kangaroo, *Hypsiprymnus rufescens;* one elk, *Cervus canadensis;* one Virginia deer, *Cervus virginianus.*

Game Bag and Gun.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table. Except the Minnesota pinnated grouse season, which closes Oct. 1, none of the seasons named close before Nov. 1, 1881:

States.	Deer.	Woodcock	Quail.	Ruffed Grouse.	Pinnated Grouse (Prairie Chicken).	Wild-fowl.	Wild Turkey.
Ala.*	Oct. 20..	.....	Sept. 15.	.....	.....	Oct. 1..	Oct. 20.
Calif.*	July 1..	.....	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	.....	Sept. 15	.....
Col....	Sept. 1.	.....	Prohib.	Oct. 1...	Oct. 1...	.....	.....
Conn....	.....	Oct. 1....	Oct. 1....	Oct. 1....	.....	Sept. 1.	Prohib
Dakota	.....	.....	Aug. 15..	Aug. 15..	Aug. 15	.....	.....
Del.*	.....	July 1....	Nov. 1....	Nov. 1....	.....	.....	.....
D. C.a	Aug. 15..	July 1....	Nov. 1....	Aug. 1....	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	.....
Ga*	Oct. 1....	.....	Oct. 1	.....	.....	Oct. 1..	Oct. 1.
Idaho*	Aug. 1....	.....	Sept. 1....	.....	.....	Aug. 1..	Sept. 1.
Ill.....	Sept. 1..	July 4...	Oct. 1....	Oct. 1....	Aug. 15	Aug. 15	Sept. 1.
Ind....	Oct. 1....	July 4...	Sept. 15..	Sept. 1...	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Nov. 1.
Iowa...	Sept. 1..	July 10..	Oct. 1....	Oct. 1....	Aug. 15	Aug. 15	Oct. 1..
Kan....	.....	.....	Nov. 1....	.....	.....	Sept. 1.	.....
Ky*....	Sept. 1..	Aug. 15..	Oct. 20..	Oct. 20..	.....	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
La.....	Aug. 15..	.....	Sept. 15..	.....	.....	.....	Sept. 1.
Me.b...	Oct. 1....	Sept. 1..	1883	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	.....
Mass..	Nov. 1....	Aug. 1....	Oct. 15..	Sept. 1..	Prohib.	.....	.....
Mich.c	Oct. 1....	Aug. 1....	Nov. 1....	Sept. 1..	1882	Sept. 1..	Oct. 1..
Minn..	Nov. 1....	July 4...	Sept. 1....	Sept. 1...	Aug. 15	Sept. 1..	.....
Miss..	Sept. 15..	.....	Sept. 15..	.....	.....	.....	Sept. 15
Mo.d...	Sept. 1..	July 1....	Oct. 15..	Oct. 15..	Aug. 15	.....	Sept. 15
Neb....	Oct. 1....	.....	Oct. 1....	Aug. 15..	Aug. 15	.....	Oct. 1..
Nev....	Aug. 1....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	.....	Sept. 1.	.....
N. H.e..	Sept. 1..	Aug. 1....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	.....	Aug. 1..	.....
N. J.f..	1884	Oct. 1....	Nov. 1....	Nov. 1....	Oct. 15.	.....	.....
N. Mex.	Sept. 1.	.....	Sept. 1....	Sept. 1....	.....	.....	Sept. 1.
N. Y.g..	Aug. 1....	Aug. 1....	Nov. 1....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	.....
N. C.*	Aug. 15..	.....	Nov. 1....	Oct. 1....	.....	.....	Oct. 15.
O.....	Oct. 15..	July 4...	Nov. 1....	Sept. 1..	Nov. 1	Sept. 1.	Nov. 1.
Or.....	July 1....	.....	Aug. 1....	June 15.	July 1	Aug. 1..	.....
Pa.....	Oct. 1....	July 4...	Oct. 15..	Oct. 1...	Oct. 1..	Sept. 1.	Oct. 15.
R. I....	.....	Sept. 1..	Nov. 1....	Sept. 1..	.....	Sept. 1.	.....
S. C....	Aug. 1....	Oct. 15..	Oct. 15..	Oct. 15..	.....	.....	Oct. 15.
Tenn.*	Sept. 1..	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	.....	.....	Sept. 15
Texas h	Aug. 1....	.....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	July 1	.....	.....
Utah...	Aug. 1....	.....	1883.....	Sept. 1..	.....	Sept. 15	.....
Vt.....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	.....	Sept 1...	.....	Sept. 1.	.....
Va.*....	Sept. 1..	July 1....	Nov. 1....	Aug. 1....	.....	Sept. 1.	Oct. 15
Wash*..	Aug. 1....	.....	Sept.....	Aug. 1....	Aug. 1..	.....	.....
W. Va..	July 15..	.....	Nov. 1....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	.....
Wis. ...	Sept. 15..	July 10..	Aug. 1....	Aug. 15..	Aug. 15	Aug. 15	.....
Wyo..	Aug. 15..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

Antelope.—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.

Buffalo.—Colo., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1.

Caribou.—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1 *c.*

Dorcic.—Ala., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Ga., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 15; Mo., Aug. 1; S. C., Oct. 1; Va., Oct. 1.

Elk.—Colo., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug 1; Minn., Nov. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Or., July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.

Moose.—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1 *c*; Ore., July 1.

Mountain Sheep.—Col., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.

Plover.—D. C., Sept. 1; Me., Aug. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. H., Aug. 1; Pa., July 15; R. I., Aug. 1.

Rail.—Del., Sept. 5; N. J., Sept. 1; Pa., Sept. 1.

Reedbird.—Del., Sept. 5; D. C., Sept. 1; N. J., Aug. 25; Pa., Sept. 1.

Snipe.—Dakota, Aug. 15; D. C., Sept. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.

* In these States there are special county laws. *a* The deer law applies to sale or possession. *b* Wildfowl not protected on the coast. *c* In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. *d* California quail protected to 1883. *e* In Coos County deer season opens Aug. 1; moose and caribou Sept. 1. *f* First open woodcock season began July 1; will close Aug. 1. *g* Quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1882, in counties of Montgomery, Schenectady, Saratoga and Albany. Wildfowl season in Long Island waters opens Oct. 1. *h* Deer law relates to female deer only.

HOUNDING VS. STILL HUNTING.

WE continue the publication this week of the numerous replies received in response to our request for experience and observation on the subject of deer-hunting. The particular points of the inquiry were as follows:

1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
3d. Describe hounding deer, as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
4th. Describe in like manner still hunting and its effects.
5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
6th. Would resident sportsmen approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
7th. Would they approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
8th. What is the open season for deer?
9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them.

MAINE AGAIN—"PENOBSCOT" PRODUCES HIS DIARY.

NEWPORT, July 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just arrived home from a three months' sojourn in Canada, and, it is needless to say, have been eagerly devouring the contents of the pile of FOREST AND STREAMS that have accumulated during my absence. That is how it occurs that I have only just seen the criticism on my article under the above heading in your issue of May 5. The writer "proposes to answer some points of that article." Let us see how he succeeded. I cheerfully admit that "the region drained by the Machias is many times larger" than that described by me; but as the place I described does not touch the Machias waters at all I fail to see what connection that observation has with the article under criticism. I arrived on the ground Nov. 13 and left Nov. 22, and would like to ask "Old Tug" where he found the "admissions" which caused him such "boundless surprise," and, as he himself advocates a law allowing shooting through Sept., if the "surprise" is not a little inconsistent when he thinks they have been killed in that month? He has "hunted and explored this region as far as Beddington." As that is at least thirty miles from the tract described by me I can well believe that he did not hear "the music of the hounds" coursing deer at the lakes named in my article.

In regard to the number of deer killed, I had it from the hunters themselves, and it was fully confirmed by the express agent who shipped the saddles. "Old Tug" has been "kept posted" by the lumbermen. These lumbermen kill more deer illegally than all other men combined, because they outnumber the hunters as twenty to one, and because their facilities are a hundred times superior, living as they do in camps in the midst of the deer, and not being obliged to transport them through the back towns where any man met may prove an informer. Does any one suppose that the "Boss" is going to pay eight or ten cents per pound for beef when venison can be had for the killing? Not much! And this would be excusable, but usually over one-half of the crew are "Provincemen," who care nothing for our game or its preservation, and who kill them Sundays for sport. As the writer has camped among them twenty-seven winters, he knows whereof he affirms.

The allusion to "L. H.'s camp" furnished me material for a good, hearty laugh. Having carried a rifle twelve of the best years of my life for a livelihood, and with a score of deer killed squarely by still hunting at least equal to any in the State, I think I had a right to laugh.

Nothing in my article justifies "Old Tug's" diatribe about "business men" and "class legislation." I simply proposed to change the law so as to give all an an equal chance.

But what are we to think of "Old Tug's" substitute for the conclusion of my article? "If dogs are not allowed to hunt deer no other legislation will be necessary!" This would allow both jack and crust hunting; and it is a notable fact that however widely experienced hunters differ in their views, in regard to the comparative effects of hounding as against still-hunting, they are without exception agreed as to the destructive effects of the two former methods. A glance through their communications in your columns will justify my assertion. Jack hunting is but little practiced in this State except in the Rangeley Lake District, where it has been introduced by visiting sportsmen. Crust hunting is what annihilates the deer in our State. At least every fourth winter the snow gets to be three feet deep in the woods; then the slaughter goes on. No "cur" nor "army gun" is needed. The former makes too much noise, and the latter is a useless encumbrance, for when one can cut the deers' throats with a jack-knife or beat out their brains with a club, what is the use of a gun? Last winter was a favorable one for deer, and but few were killed. The winter before was the reverse. Over 100 deer were hauled out through the town of Greenfield, after the middle of February; most of them killed on the track which "Old Tug" says is so well "protected." I hold myself in readiness to prove my statement.

Now a few words to "C. F. S." in regard to there being no deer or hounding twenty years ago. I have kept a continuous diary since 1856, and a fragmentary one since 1851. In it is recorded not only every deer killed, but every one seen, and so of all other kinds of game. I find my last regular season's hunting on the Union River waters and vicinity was in 1860. My score for that season is thirty-three deer and two moose—the latter killed November 18 and 27, the former all before Jan. 15, which was the close season at that time. There were four men hounding in Alligator and Williams ponds: Jack Darling, Isaiah Morey, Peol Sockis and John Pennyweight. That was my sixth season on those waters, and hounding had been done every year and has been done every year since, as well as years and years before. In 1859 a man well known in all the eastern part of the State had about thirty Indians and over that number of hounds employed in running deer into "Jimskittcook dead water," on the Mattawamkeag River, and, finally, the first deer I ever saw, over forty-five years ago, was a noble buck, swimming the Penobscot River, followed by a magnificent hound. The only deer I ever killed, chased by hounds into water, I killed in Upper Mopang Lake, with a paddle! it being strictly a question of meat for the nine fishermen encamped on its banks.

I have always been a still-hunter, and as such fought hounds bitterly and persistently for years, but FOREST AND STREAM called for *facts*, not opinions merely, and I submit that if a score of writers in favor of hounding argued that it did not deplete the deer, and an equal number of still hunters argued that it did, nothing would be gained toward a settlement of the vexed question. But facts will bear their weight, and such I gave; hard bottom facts which I can bring scores of competent witnesses to testify to, if necessary. I repeat emphatically: Protect deer from Jan. 1 to Aug. 1 (so as to cut off jack and crust hunting) and deer will increase and multiply.

PENOBSCOT.

WESTMORELAND COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

ROSS FURNACE, Penn.

Having been born and brought up in the shade of the forest, I had a very good chance to study nature, which I made use of in an awkward way, as I had no books or time to waste (as other people would say). At present my home is on a spur of the Alleghany mountain, called Laurel Hill; and is steep, mountainous land such as deer call a paradise. The prevailing method of hunting is still-hunting by name, but not by practice, as not one out of fifty hunt very still.

Hounding here is not put in practice, as it is unlawful in this county (Westmoreland), but there are three or four packs of hounds in the neighborhood, that are kept under the pretence of hunting foxes; but I do not know of a single fox being killed with all four packs, but I do know of twelve or fifteen deer; and with the list of unknown, it would count up thirty, which are more than were killed by still-hunters in the same territory last season. The hounds are not kept close, but steal away and run a deer until they catch and kill it, and, of course eat it, as they are neatly starved, their masters not having enough to buy the necessaries of life and wants of their families.

This is a needless slaughter of the deer. I say slaughter, as every deer killed this time of the year with fawns counts two or three next season. The one caught and killed by hounds near our house was dissected and we found three fawn with her.

I do not think this kind of hounding *drives* deer from the country, but it takes them out, which is worse.

I have not time or space to fully describe still-hunting here, but we do not see much until the first tracking snow in the season, and then we see everybody from fourteen to four score years old, nearly; some armed with old Harper's Ferry muskets, some with horse-pistols tied on a stick, and some with all the latest models of improved repeaters and breech-loaders.

The effects are about the same with both class of hunters. The one with the modern gun has the theory of hunting, but cannot see the deer to shoot; and the one with the horse-pistol has the practice and sees the deer, but cannot shoot it. I think that the non-resident market hunter kills the most.

The resident sportsmen would approve of a plan to *exterminate* the hounds and would assist in enforcing the present law were they not afraid that the lawless parties who own the hounds would burn their buildings.

I do not think that they would approve of hunting deer under any circumstances, as it would not be practicable, but destructive to our game.

The open season is from October 1 to December 16, which makes it long enough.

In the first part of the winter the deer are in the habit of roaming around and gathering in droves of from four to ten or twelve; in the latter part of winter staying on top of the mountain if the winter is open, and coming down into the hollows along the stream and under cover of the large laurel in the spring and summer, which gives the hounds all the better chance to chase them.

The fawns are dropped in the latter days of May or the first few days of June, and ought not be shot before the first of October under any circumstances, as I think they are hardly large enough for game then.

I think that still-hunting is the only proper way to hunt deer in the Eastern, Middle or Southern States, because it combines science, art and genuine pleasure and amusement, which gives a person exercise and health, while hounding is nothing but cruelty and death to the deer. SIDNEY.

FAYETTE AND SOMERSET COUNTIES, PENN.

UNIONTOWN, Penn., July 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent signing himself "R. T. C. S.," in writing about the running of deer with dogs in the counties of Fayette and Somerset, this State, says that he has hunted every fall for eight years in the Allegheny Mountains, a greater part of the time in these two counties, and that the first year deer were plentiful, but the second year they (the deer) were chased out by dogs, have never since returned and consequently none are now found in the localities referred to.

Let us see how this statement will compare with the facts. I have lived in Fayette County some twenty-six years and have hunted deer with dogs every fall for ten years past, and at no time prior to 1878 were deer so plentiful as they now are and have been for the last three seasons. In the fall of 1879 more than twenty deer were killed within fifteen miles of Uniontown and last year fully that many were brought in—all killed in this county, where deer have been run with dogs from time immemorial. Now, as to the adjoining county of Somerset, whence the deer were all run out years ago and have forgotten to return, I still-hunted there in the fall of 1879. I found deer in goodly numbers within a few miles of Confluence, but for every deer track I also found a dozen bushwhacking wolverines following the hot scent like south hounds. Every day I was out I heard dogs running and knew they were owned by parties living right there on the hunting grounds, the statute forbidding the running of deer with dogs in Somerset County notwithstanding. Last season a great many deer were killed within six or seven miles of Confluence, one party killing seven. Deer are killed there on that same ground every year, in season and out of season, with the aid of dogs and without them, at artificial salt licks in the heat of summer and in dense laurel thickets in mid-winter and early spring, to which places they are driven by the severity of the weather or by the scarcity of food, or both, only to be either murdered in their beds or, on being routed therefrom, dispatched in the deep snow. Talk about exterminating the deer with dogs! We wish you could once witness the novel—not to say disgraceful—scene of one of these bushwhackers, above referred to, on the track of a deer; see him, down on all-fours, enter a thicket, and presently hear him give tongue and break the brush in a manner that would put to shame the veriest old lop-eared hound in the country and make him shrink to nothing at thought of his own utter insignificance as compared with this improvised nondescript. Then we would like to have your judgment in the matter, which one of the methods employed would seem best adapted to run, not only deer, but also all other kinds of game out of the country. C. H. S.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

THE heat in this city has been almost beyond endurance for a fortnight; 100 degrees in the shade has frequently been touched and no day in July has made any concessions below 90 degrees. Many Detroiters have not sufficient plethora of purse to make a seaside or mountainous refuge practicable, and so they avail themselves of the next best thing and flee to the islands of lake and river hereabout. One of the most frequented localities for the favored is known as the St. Clair flats. There, if anywhere in this latitude, a breeze is to be had, and, while there are no scenic diversions, there is a beauty and peacefulness in the prospect quite enjoyable, and when to that are added the delights of bass fishing unequaled anywhere else on the continent, I take it we can dispense with salt water or mountain air with tolerable resignation. While the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club exercises its prerogative of exclusiveness in the selection of company, we cowans and barbarians can do very well at the Star Island House, in the same region. There all who choose to go are welcome, and summer fishing makes the days glide by on happiest zephyrs of enjoyment.

I need not remind readers of FOREST AND STREAM that there is no summer sport quite so appetizing as a day's fishing, or that nothing under the stars ever tasted as good as a well-cooked fish served up piping hot within ten minutes after taking its last swim in its native waters. There is a flavor, a tenderness and a relish about fish thus eaten that dwellers away from their haunts can never know. The Star Island House presents a lively scene for a sportsman on Sunday. Then, in particular, the city pours its swarms of hot humanity into the cooling region, and fishing and shooting parties are made up by scores. You can see them in town on Monday with sunburned noses and hear their enthusiastic and Calderonic tales of fishing and shooting achievements. It's enough to set one's blood dancing to hear them talk, and the fact that they never miss an opportunity to repeat the experience persuades me that they are in dead earnest.

At the Flats there are no conventionalities. Starch—literal and figurative—is unknown. Collars are never seen there except on the newest and greenest of new and green comers. Pants, woolen shirt and old straw hat and a belt compose the average *tout ensemble*, and mighty luxurious they

are when one has lived in a crowd and been obliged to respect the commands of society. The evening smokes on verandas, the yarns of adventure that are spun, the sweet, cool sleep and the betimes demands for breakfast are not the least of these dear delights.

Come up and take a week with me, somebody—anybody who never knew what such vacations mean. For an hour or two in the evening the chief occupation of the crowd is mosquito fighting, but that is only a kind of contrasting preparative for the solid comforts which in general are at the command of all the happy crowd at the Flats. PUNTER.

GAME AT THE WEST.

MONROE, Mich., July 12.

IT is gratifying to learn by advices from the West and Northwest, as the close season for game progresses, that the prospects for grouse shooting are excellent. Ducks are also reported to have bred exceedingly well, while the number of quail seen around the roads and whistling on the fences show that they also have passed the severe winter far better than was anticipated.

Here also in Michigan our prospects for ruffed grouse (the king of all our game birds) have not been better for years, and quail seem by the numbers now, compared with their absence in spring, to have been sent by the same hand as they were to the Israelites of old. Those, however, might have been of a different variety and sent for a different purpose, as I learn that some of these are meant for the education of canine luminaries expected to capture a part of the prizes at the Eastern Field Trials next November. The unexpected appearance of so many birds where so few were expected is considered a favorable omen in their favor. That their wishes may be fully realized, and also that the field editor of the FOREST AND STREAM may be there to give us a fair and impartial account of the running in the sportsman's newspaper of America is the wish of

JOHN DAVIDSON.

MINNESOTA NOTES.—Sauk Centre, Minn., July 16.—I have just returned from a plover shoot and dare not give you a record, for the score was so fearful poor I am ashamed. The birds are very wild, and require a hard hitting to bring them to bag. I had enough to say I had been "out," but if I had had my empty shells counted I fear the odds would have been largely in favor of the birds. Much obliged to "A," of Long Prairie, Minn., for his advice about those shells. Will put it in practice next winter and report to FOREST AND STREAM. Ducks are seen nearly every evening flying from one lake to another. There is splendid fishing in Fairy Lake about four miles from where I live. Pike, bass, etc., are in fine order, and take almost any kind of bait greedily.—DELL.

WISCONSIN DUCK SHOOTING—Waushara County, Wis.—The wild rice crop in this section promises to be immense. The marshes around Lake Poygan and along tributary streams as well as those along the FOX River both above and below Berlin are all bearing largely, and prospects for ducks are good. Young mallards are said to be unusually plenty on the Poygan marshes. Our close season expires August 15. —BADGER.

THE WILD RICE CROP.—Mr. Charles Gilchrist writes from Port Hope, Ont., under date of July 14: "The rice is all above the water, and it will be a very good crop I will have about 400 bushels this fall; will send advertisement when ready. My son took the sweepings of the floor of my drying house. He got about a peck of rice. It had been laying for nearly three months, and as dry as a bone. We sowed it in a lake in a place about twenty feet square. It is all above water, and will be quite a crop. It was in November last he sowed it."

HOW THE COCKNEY GOT AHEAD OF THE 'SQUIRE.—There was a Cockney, as they calls them London chaps. Well then, this 'ere Cockney was staying in the next village—the folks there call it a town because it's a bit bigger than our'n—and the 'Squire, living as he did half way between the two places, only about a mile apart, and being a hospitable, kind-hearted man, took notice of this 'ere Cockney, and asked him to dinner, and so on. A cleverish sort of chap he was, by his own acount—and talk! Well, he could talk, for certain! He could do this and that, and t'other; and made us all feel we was nobodies, and knowed nothing, and could do nothing – Shoot! Why, nothing with fur or feathers could live, if it got up before his gun. At last the 'Squire got on his mettle, and challenged him to go out with him on the 1st, and made an agreement with him for £5 a side who should make the heaviest bag, and whatever one shot the other was to carry. Well, there was a goodish party of us started, but only the Squire and Mr. Cockney was to shoot; so about 8 o'clock in the morning off we all went, and the 'Squire good-naturedly gave the Cockney first chance. Bang! bang! one barrel after t'other he went, but nothing dropped. Then the 'Squire pulled trigger, and fetched down a bird with each barrel, for he was a fairish shot. The Cockney made some excuse for missing, but there we could soon see he could do nothing, while the 'Squire hardly missed a shot; and as the bargain was that what one shot the other should carry, Mr. Cockney toward lunch-time was very glad to be eased of his load. He made a good fight of it, however, and made up for his bad shooting by his talking. But by 4 o'clock he had as much as he could well carry, and as the 'Squire always, like the sportsman he was, made it a rule not to shoot after this hour, we started for home. The poor cockney went staggering along with the 'Squire's bag; and I can tell you it was pretty heavy, and he looked regular done up, for it was a hottish day. Well, we had got pretty nigh home, and were going through the little paddock close to the 'Squire's house, and one had asked the Cockney if he could hit a hayrick or a barn, and such like chaff was going on, when we came across a goodish-size calf as had been capering round the paddock, and all at once come and stood stock-still within a few yards of the Cockney and was just going off for another scamper, when Mr. Cockney turned sharp round and let fly both barrels one after t'other, bang! bang! and shot the calf as dead as a hammer, and says to the 'Squire: "Now, dang it, carry that." Larf! Lor' a massy on us, how we did larf to be sure, and the 'Squire most of all, though he lost the wager; for you see, sir, the bargain was that which of the two made the heaviest bag was to be the winner; and, good as the 'Squire's was, the calf outweighed his'n. But there, he managed to get it up, but could hardly stagger under it for larfing. So, you see, sir, the Cockney made up for his bragging by his 'cuteness. It was a smart trick, wasn't it, sir? And I always larfs when I thinks on it.—*Chambers' Journal.*

SHINNECOCK BAY.—Good Ground, L. I., July 19.—Bay snipe continue to fly regularly, not by fits and starts, but a steady flight. Parties making good bags every day. Not many jacks yet, but we are looking for a flight now every day. Birds stop on the marshes to feed more than usual this season, owing to the grass having died out last season, during high tides, making better feeding grounds on the marshes.—WILLIAM N. LANE.

MAJOR MAX, according to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, listened patiently while his wife told of Alaskan bear killing.

"Quiet your fears, my dear," said the Major when his wife had finished. "That is the way they killed the bear when that story was first published, but in the last twenty years an improvement has been made, which I will tell you about, if you will kindly give me just a drop more of coffee, with cold milk, this time. The way the thing is done now is as follows: When Captain Berry, of the Rodgers, wants a polar bear for dinner, he gives a midshipman a copper bed—spring and a chunk of salt pork. The midshipman compresses the spring perfectly flat, wraps the pork around it tight, and holds it so until it freezes solid. Then the frozen pork, stuffed with the bed—spring, is thrown out to the nearest iceberg, when it is promptly swallowed by a polar bear. When the heat of the bear's stomach thaws out the pork it releases the spring, which flies out, and the bear soon dies from a pain in his side."

"Major," said Mrs. Max, with much warmth, "I don't believe that story is true."

"No, my dear, and you won't, until, in a few years, you see it in some fashion paper, and then you will swear by it."

A NEBRASKA HUNT—North Platte, Neb., July 11.—Buffalo Bill (Cody) and a party of friends start to-day for a grand hunt up the Dismal. They anticipate a good time.—P. H. M.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, July 11.—I saw a perfectly white owl a few days ago.—It was taken in Wilson County, and was a rare specimen. Mr. T. J. Hogan, of this county (Davidson) killed a hawk on his farm last week which measured fifty inches from tip to tip. The great heat has put a stop to dove shooting for the present, though they are reported abundant everywhere.—J. D. H.

AN ENGLISH SPARROW-PLAGUED FARMER asks the Germantown *Telegraph* if he has the right to shoot these birds. The editor replies: "We should say that he can shoot any bird or wild animal which comes upon and destroys his property; but he must show that it does so. It is a natural right."

CREEDMOOR.—Creedmoor had its postponed 4th of July everybody's match on Saturday last. The postponement from the day after the attempt on President Garfield's life did not injure the prospects of the day. Many ladies accompanied the riflemen who went to the range by the early trains. Although the sun shone brightly, the heat was tempered by a strong breeze. While the marksmen took their places at the firing points the ladies formed sets for lawn-tennis and croquet, and some of the more spirited misses arranged a match with the bow and arrow. Many children roamed over the spacious veranda of the club-house, and baseball and football amused the larger boys. The number of visitors increased with the arrival of the afternoon trains, among the passengers being Gen. Wingate, Col. Scott and Secretary Donaldson, of the Board of Directors; Col. H. G. Litchfield, United States Army, and Major Sporkley, United States Army, of Fort Leavenworth. The sky became overcast soon after midday, improving the light for shooting, but a "puffy" wind blowing from left to right across the line of fire caused many of the shots to go "wide." The principal rifle contest was open to all comers, and enlisted 487 entries. It was at 200 yards, five shots, military rifles, State model. In order to accommodate visitors who were not provided with military guns, rifles were loaned free of charge. The principal prizes were a silver cup of Tiffany's workmanship, valued at $50, a copy of Webster's Dictionary and several historical works, three marble and bronze mantel clocks, telescopes, sets of lawn-tennis, croquet, and archery, rifles, revolvers, oil paintings, etc. The scores of the prize winners were as follows, the highest attainable number being 25 points:

A. D. Pena, 23; J. S. Sheppard, 22; General G. W. Wingate, 22; G. J. Seabury, 22; W. F. Higgins, 22; Major C. Shorkley, 22; Captain E. S. Browe, 22; J. J. Dixon, 22; W. M. Summers, 22; J. L. Paulding, 22; D. Miller, 22; G. S. Harrington, 22; Frederick Alder, 22; T. J. Dolan, 22; Captain J. L. Price, 22; A. J. Howe, 21; H. Oehl, 21; E. Bennett, 21; G. D. Guillard, 21; W. V. Overbaugh, 21; Dr. M. M. Malthy, 21; J. W. Todd, 21; J. C. Mallery, 21; J. McNevin, 21; W. R. Bostwick, 21; C. L. Madison, 21; A. B. Van Heusen, 21; Thomas Lloyd, 21; H. B Thompson, 21; J. Myers, 21; C. E Lewis, 21; N. D. Ward, 21; H. Holges, 20; C. Donohue, 20; G. W. Munson, 20; S. F. Glover, 20; M. Dorrler, 20; C. E. Overbaugh, 20; F. A. Wells, 20; D. F. Davids, 20; M. Sullivan, 20; J. G Koop, 20; F. J. Donaldson, 20; H. T. Lockwood, 20; John Klein, 20. O. H. Decumbus, 20; John Horan, 20; F. Seward, 20. J. J. Simmons, 20; Colonel G. D. Scott, 20; T. Hearty, 20.

There were numerous "ties," some of which had to be decided by lot. Mr A. D. Pena, the winner of the first prize, is a resident of California, and is at present visiting Mr. Daniel Edwards, of the Seventh Regiment. His last effort at rifle-shooting was about four years ago.

We have examined one of the F. Wesson rifles advertised by William Read & Sons, of Boston, and can cheerfully say, that it is the genuine article and worth the price asked. See Adv.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FOREST TREES are of large variety. A writer in the Manchester *Mirror* says that New Hampshire was originally an entire forest, and the mountainous region was once covered with a heavy and thick growth of oak, maple, beech, walnut, hemlock, fir, white pine and other trees, while the plains and valleys were crowded with elm, cherry, ash, poplar, hornbeam, birch and other woods. Of the pine there were several varieties, and the white pine was perhaps the noblest tree in the country; its stem rose sometimes to the height of two hundred feet, and was perfectly straight, while its top was crowned with a beautiful tuft of green, presenting a tree that often exceeded six feet in diameter—a size double that of the famous tree on the Baker farm. The pitch-pine was also of great size and height. In the year 1736, near the river Merrimac, a little above Dunstable, was cut a white pine, straight and sound, which was seven feet eight inches in diameter at the butt end, and which furnished a log nearly 140 feet long.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.

Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus.*
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus.*
Maskelonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum*, etc.
Yellow Perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock Bass, *Ambioplites.* (Two species).
War-mouth, *Chaenobrythus gulosus.*
Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*
Shad, *Alosa sapidissima.*

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius.*
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Roccus lineatus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Weakfish or Squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
La Fayette or Spot, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciænops ocellatus.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*

LET no angler, whether in the bloom of early youth, the power of matured manhood, or with the silver locks of hoar antiquity above his wrinkled brow, ever induce within himself, or express to others, the belief that at all times and places he is perpetually catching enormous trouts in vast numbers, because we happen to know that this is not the case. We don't insist upon any one weighing every fish he captures, but we request that no one, after jerking out a few parr, will maintain next morning, or even that very night, that he has had a most toilsome but very glorious day, and has killed five dozen and four of the finest trouts the human eye ever gazed upon. "All men are liars"—and several anglers—is a proposition the exact import of which depends much on the mode of construction.—JAMES WILSON IN ROD AND GUN.

THE ANGLER'S CONFESSION.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 7, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I herewith inclose you a clipping containing a poem which may interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. It was composed for the Izaak Walton "High Jinks" of the Bohemian Club of this city. The author is Daniel O'Connell, a nephew (I believe) of the Great Agitator, T. D. D.:

THE ANGLER'S CONFESSION.

I've angled in many waters,
On many a summer's day,
By many a murmuring river,
In many a tangled way;
And the voice of the brook has never
Lost its pathos and charm for me,
As it ripples and runs forever
To its grave in the mighty sea.

These were the days the angler,
In the flush of innocent youth,
Told all his simple story—
Told nothing but the truth.
"I fished the stream near the mill-dam
Hour after hour in vain—
I've not a trout in my basket,
To-morrow I'll try it again."

But now, alas! this bosom
Is shockingly changed—I fear
I've learned to lie, like others,
In the angling months of the year.
"Fishing? I rather think so,
A hundred in half a day—
Two pounders and strong—such monsters!
Each took me an hour to play."

I've learned to lie like others—
I've gone to the stream and found
A small boy fishing before me;
Then prone on the pleasant ground
I've lain, and slumbered, and bid him
Call me when he had caught
Just enough to fill my basket,
And thus my fish were bought.

Then over my nice clean stockings
I've plastered the river mud,
And the sleeves of my angling jacket
I've smeared with the fishes' blood,
And strolled to the ferry landing
With a weary look in my eye,
Then revelled for days succeeding
In one long luxurious lie.

How I fell from the massive boulder,
How I swam the turbulent brook,
How in one pool four and twenty
Speckled beauties I took.
Men may rave of the joys of angling,
But let them not despise
The pure, the ethereal pleasure,
That dwells in those angling lies.

—D. O'C.

DISGUSTED PODGERS WANTS A FISHING PLACE.

DOWN EAST, July 10.

HAVING just finished the perusal of the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, wherein I have read of wondrous fish being taken by skillful anglers, I lay down the paper with a feeling of anguish at their good luck and the comparison with my own very bad success in coastwise fishing, and I am compelled by a sense of utter wretchedness to tell you of the fish I have not caught.

The FOREST AND STREAM is so replete with big fish stories and of the big ones taken that it will be novel at least to hear from a fisherman that has caught nothing save sundry duckings from the sudden shower.

With a mind oppressed with a sense of the absolute necessity of going somewhere to fish, and with a vivid recollection of the old-time fishing on the coast, which a protracted residence on the Pacific side had not obliterated, I started out to fish on the Eastern Shore.

Taking Boston as the objective point, I essayed to make a start from thence on a cruise Eastward. The first effort to charter a craft suitable to the occasion was met with demands about equal per week to the cost of the craft. Somebody said go to Gloucester; lots of boats there—cheap. So to Gloucester I went, only to find that as I journeyed East prices advanced. About the only boat to be had down this way is the inevitable "dory," a craft that has its beginning at Boston and its ending the Lord only knows where, judging from the fact that the further East I go the more dory. The dory has its qualities, both good and bad. In rough water it is safe—a splendid sea boat; in a wind it is the most exasperating craft man ever undertook to handle. Being buoyancy itself and having no hold upon the water, it cuts up fearfully and has a malicious habit of turning around and looking you in the face. It is a good boat for its original

purpose undoubtedly—pulling on calm waters or on the fishing banks with two men and two pairs of oars—but woe to the single hand in a squall. Finding a sea-going yacht unattainable, I concluded to come to anchor at a little watering-place near Gloucester and, chartering a dory, I here daily rowed east and west; have got from the fishermen the bearings of cod ledges and pollock grounds. I have fished from Dan to Bersheba from sunrise till dewy eve. Miles and miles have I rowed in this same dory—and nary a cod, nary a pollock, nary a fish, except the miserable "cunner," which are dignified hereabouts by the name of perch. My hands are like leather, my nose would make a respectable beacon and my face the color of an old saddle. I have been out in thunder squalls, got wet, been blown miles to sea, been picked up by fishing schooners and that patience so requisite to a fisherman hath ceased to be the virtue wrongfully attributed to it. I have loafed around the wharves of Gloucester until the all-pervading atmosphere of salt codfish has penetrated my very bones.

Hast ever been to Gloucester? Don't go! Every man, woman and child you meet has a codfish in his, her or its hand. It is the business of the place and its aristocracy are the true codfish type; prices of everything high and the tide always low and smells—oh! They charge you ten cents for landing at the few pairs of steps the wharves boast and there's no fishing between it and Boston. The shores are set with one continuous line of lobster pots, traps, seines, trawls and contrivances to take everything that swims.

I have settled with the dory man, packed my kit and shall shake the sea-weed from off my feet and depart—whither? Tell me where to go to fish—or rather, to catch something. I am not particular—inland or elsewhere.

To come from the Pacific coast, where I have caught the lordly salmon (excuse the customary scientific name) until my arms ached and the strap of my trout basket has almost cut to the bone with the weight (am I following in the footsteps of your numerous correspondents, and bragging a little?)—to come to this benighted region to land from a whole day out on the water with a few miserable "cunners" and have my dory man, by way of encouragement, say, "Got a nice lot of 'em this time, hain't ye?" I want to go home. I want to strike out for the Sierra's rushing streams; Lake Tahoe, with its ten-pounders; the roaring McCloud, with its speckled (I shan't say "beauties") three-pound Dolly Vardens; the foaming Truckee, with its red-bellied fly-snappers; the heads waters of the Sacramento, with its six-pound river trout, or even the bay and harbor of San Francisco, with its tomcods, smelt and young salmon—and I would go if I could. A friend invited me (John Paul, of the *Tribune*—you know him) to go to the Adirondacks; but, oh! those cussed black flies and skeeters. Shall I go to the St. Lawrence, Rangeley or to Moosehead lakes?

Who wants a chum for a trip?—one who knows what a fish is, who has lived under canvas, not days, but months and years; who can handle a boat or an axe and who won't stay in camp and drink all the whisky—is not afraid to do his share of work and will pay his *pro rata* of expenses?

Don't say go to Long Island's sea-girt shore—I've been there, and had no luck. The tautog had just struck out and the bluefish had not struck in, and three days' expenses there equaled the price of a Western farm. I want to go where every fish I catch, if any, don't cost ten dollars a pound. The unsophisticated countryman seems to think, whenever he encounters a man with a gun or fishing rod, that Mr. Vanderbilt or Jay Gould is out for recreation and goes for him. The firm of "Gouge & Swindle" seem to keep all the hotels, own all the horses, wagons and boats.

Is shooting and fishing a crime, that it should be so punished? It reminds me of a conversation I overheard on the wharf at San Francisco one day: "Hello, Bill, what yer doin' ?" "Nothin' much—jest set up the bobstay on that ere sloop" "What are yer goin' to charge?" "About two dollars, I reckon." "Two dollars (contemptuously); charge 'em ten. If they will keep yachts let 'em pay for it, d—n 'em." That idea has worked East as sure as you are born.

Speaking of yachts, I saw the regatta of the Boston Yacht Club on the 4th and that it was a failure also—no wind. All the blowing down this way seems to be on shore

PODGERS.

AMERICAN FISHERMEN.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THEM.

PROFESSOR G. BROWN GOODE, of the United States Fish Commission, and special agent of the census in charge of fishery statistics, read an interesting paper on "The Fishermen of the United States," before the Anthropological Society of Washington. Professor Goode said: Every man engaged in the fisheries has at least one other man who is dependent to a considerable extent upon the labors of the first for support. To the class of shoremen belong (1) the capitalists who furnish supplies and apparatus for the use of the active fishermen; (2) the shopkeepers from whom they purchase provisions and clothing, and (3) the skilled laborers who manufacture for them articles of apparel, shelter and the apparatus of the trade. In addition to the professional fishermen, there is a large class of men who have been called "semi-professional" fishermen—men who derive from the fisheries less than a half of their entire income. Taking into account all those persons who are directly employed in the fisheries for a larger or smaller portion of the year, those who are dependent upon fishermen in a commercial way for support, and the members of their families who are actually dependent upon their labors, it cannot be far out of the way to estimate the total number of persons dependent on the fisheries at from 800,000 to 1,000,000.

The total value of the product to the producers of the fisheries of the United States has not yet been definitely determined, but it will doubtless prove to be somewhere between forty and fifty millions of dollars. Of the thirty-one States and Territories whose citizens are engaged in the fishery industry, seventeen have more than a thousand professional fishermen. The most important of these States is, of course, Massachusetts, with from eighteen to twenty-five thousand men. Second stands Maine, with ten to twelve thousand, unless, indeed, the sixteen thousand oystermen of Virginia and the fifteen thousand of Maryland are allowed to swell the totals for those States. Maine, however, stands second so far as the fisheries proper are concerned. Third comes New York with about 5,000 men, then New Jersey with 4,000 men, North Carolina with 3,500, Oregon with its horde of salmon fishermen, 2,500 in number; Florida with 2,100, Connecticut and California with about 2,000 each, Michigan with 1,781, Wisconsin with 1,800, Georgia with 1,490, Ohio with 1,046, Delaware, Rhode Island and South Carolina each with about 1,000; New Hampshire, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas with about 400 each and Mississippi with only 60.

The majority of our fishermen are native-born citizens of the United States, although in certain localities there are extensive communities of foreigners. Most numerous of these are the natives of the British provinces, of whom there are at least 4,000 employed in the fisheries of New England. There are probably not less than 2,000 Portuguese, chiefly natives of the Azores and of the Cape De Verd Islands. Most of the Portuguese have brought their families with them, and have built up extensive communities in the towns whence they sail upon their fishing voyages. There are also about 1,000 Scandinavians, 1,000 or more of Irish and English birth, a considerable number of French, Italians, Austrians, Minorcans, Slavs, Greeks, Spaniards and Germans. In the whaling fleet may be found Lascars, Malays and a large number of Kanakas, or natives of the various South Sea Islands. In the whale fishery of Southern New England a considerable number of men of partial Indian descent may be found, and in the fisheries of the great lakes—especially those of Lake Superior and the vicinity of Mackinaw—Indians and Indian half-breeds are employed.

The salmon and other fisheries of Puget Sound are prosecuted chiefly by the aid of Indian fishermen. In Alaska, where the population depends almost entirely upon the fisheries for support, the head of every family is a professional fisherman, and upon a very low estimate one-fourth of the inhabitants of Alaska should be considered as fishermen. Few of them catch fish for the use of others than their own immediate dependents. Only one Chinaman has as yet enrolled himself among the fishermen of the Atlantic coast, but in California and Oregon there are about 4,000 of these men, all of whom, excepting about 300, are employed as factory hands in the salmon canneries of the Sacramento and Columbia basins. The 300 who have the right to be classed among the actual fishermen live for the most part in California and the product of their industry is to a very great extent exported to China, although they supply the local demands of their countrymen resident on the Pacific coast.

The negro element in the fishing population is somewhat extensive. We have no means of ascertaining how many of this race are included among the native born Americans returned by the census reporters. The shad fisheries of the South are prosecuted chiefly by the use of negro muscle, and probably not less than four or five thousand of these men are employed during the shad and herring season in setting and hauling the seines. The only locality where negroes participate to a large extent in the shore fisheries is Key West, Fla., where the natives of the Bahamas—both negro and white—are considered among the most skillful of the sponge and market fishermen. Negroes are rarely found, however, upon the sea-going fishing vessels of the North. There is not a single negro among the 5,000 fishermen of Gloucester, and their absence on the other fishing vessels of New England is no less noteworthy. There is, however, a considerable sprinkling of negroes among the crews of the whaling vessels of Provincetown and New Bedford, New Bedford alone reporting over 200. These men are for the most part natives of the West India Islands, such as Jamaica and St. Croix, where the American whalers engaging in the Atlantic fishery are accustomed to make harbor for recruiting and enrolling their crews. As a counterpart of the solitary Chinaman engaged in the Atlantic fisheries we hear of a solitary negro on the Pacific coast, a lone fisherman, who sits on the wharf at New Tacoma, Washington Territory, and fishes to supply the local market.

The number of foreign fishermen in the United States, excluding 5,000 negroes and 8,000 Indians and Esquimaux, who are considered to be native born citizens, probably does not exceed ten to twelve per cent. of the total number, as is indicated by the figures which have already been given. Considerably more than one-half of the fishing population of the United States belongs to the Atlantic coast north of the capes of Delaware; of this number at least four-fifths are of English descent. They are by far the most interesting of our fishermen, since to their number belong the 20 000 or more men who may properly be designated as the "sailor fishermen" of the United States, the crews of the trim and enterprising vessels of the sea-going fishing fleet which ought to be the chief pride of the American marine, and which is of such importance to our country as a training-school for mariners and as a medium through which one of the most valuable food resources of the Continent is made available.

Professor Goode referred to the mental and physical traits of the New England fishermen, their enterprise as shown in their readiness to adopt improved methods, their intelligence and public spirit. He spoke also of the education of the young fishermen, and the injury to good seamanship resulting from the custom of deferring the shipment of boys who formerly entered the business at the age of ten or twelve, but who now remain on shore until they are fifteen or sixteen and have had their perceptive faculties dulled by school training. Reference was made to the morality of the fishermen, the strict observance of the Sabbath to be met with among large classes of them, and the entire absence of ardent spirits on the fishing vessels. The character of their favorite books and newspapers, their amusements, their dialect and their superstitions were discussed. The chief diseases were noted to be dyspepsia and rheumatism. They are as a rule long lived, though the fishing population of large ports like Gloucester is decimated by disaster every year or two. The financial profits vary from $1,000 to $100 a year for each man, though sometimes a year's work results solely in an embarrassing burden of debts.

FISHING IN TENNESSEE.

SEVERAL parties have been out fishing lately and had fair luck, though the present weather is entirely too hot for any out-door sports. Major Heiss, of this city, is still in the mountains of East Tennessee, enjoying his angling tour. The "Major" is one of the most scientific and untiring disciples of "Sir Izaak" in this section, and, when he makes a raid on the finny beauties, he never returns without his game. General Ira P. Jones is another of our noted fishermen, and a more genial and cultivated gentleman would be hard to find. As we say out here, "George Akers takes the cake." There is almost as much pleasure in listening to some of his fish stories as to catch them yourself, for in the former case you are sure to catch some big ones. Charley Hillman ranks in excellence with the above named, but Charley is a sly fellow; no one ever hears of his going fishing, but coming back, thus he has all the fun to himself. The gallant chief of our Fire Brigade, Captain W. Stockell, has seen the day when no man in the State could match him, but now his duties preclude his absence from the city, though such is his fondness for the sport he will now and then wet his tackle in the Cumberland down by the wharf, and, when he does, his negro aide-de-camp always brings back a string of jack, drum, or cat. Colonel R. M. Edwards (late Greenback candidate for Governor) is an angler of the old school. He needs but little tackle, and that strong. He says:

"If any of you fellows would come out into my country (East Tennessee) with all them darn'd jinted poles and little brass winders, the folks would laugh you out of countenance. What we want is a good bamboo, twenty foot of line, and a strong hook, and when a trout gets away with that, it's what he's got a right to do."

The "Wisconsin Club," on their return from the lakes, brought back some fish, but, with an unheard-of liberality, ate them among themselves; so we of the "Can't-Get-Away Club" must wait until our friend "Maybury," of the Grand Rapids route, comes this way, as he is quite capable of bringing us a mess if he only thinks of it.—J. H. D.

Nashville, July 11.

BASS AT ALEXANDRIA BAY.

WESTMINSTER PARK HOTEL,
Alexandria Bay, N. Y., July 18.

WE are having great sport up here. To-day, Mr. H. R. Clark and I took over fifty black bass weighing from 1¼ to 2½ lbs. We returned to their natural nursery nearly thirty that would go from one half to one pound. We kept away from the perch and rock bass as much as possible, but were bothered by them a good deal. Nearly all of the largest bass were taken by casting small minnows; still, as we used fly rods, there was some music even with the minnow-fishing. The favorite fly was my Saint Patrick, which I christened last fall in honor of old Mike Morrison.

The bass are just fairly getting into "schools," and no doubt there will be some great catches the latter part of this week and all of next week. The size of the bass this year is not up to the average, or perhaps I should say the average is good enough, though there are not as many four or five-pounders as usual. I have not met any conscientious man, who carries a balance with him, and says that he has caught a five-pound bass this season. Of course "Gem scales, two for a quarter," "weigh as you please," don't count as scales at all.

The steam launches are all engaged. The newest one, The Flower, has been leased by our good friend, Chas. G. Emery (Goodwin & Co.), who knows two things besides how to make "Old Judge" cigarettes. The two things are, how to catch black bass and how to entertain his friends.

CHAS. F. IMBRIE.

GROWTH OF CARP.—Mr. J. RAYNAL recently showed a carp to Mr. E. G. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission, which weighed four pounds, and was one of ten which had been received from the United States Fish Commission on the 15th of September, 1879. When the fish were transplanted they were less than two inches in length. Mr. Raynal's pond, near White Plains, Westchester County, is some seventy feet long, thirty-five in width, and its extreme depth is eight feet. It has been in use as an ice pond. It is well surrounded by vegetation. The carp have never been fed. When examined for the roe, this was found in a fairly matured condition, though the fish would not have spawned before a month. It was caught on the Fourth of July with a worm-baited hook, and afforded considerable sport.

A TARPUM CAUGHT WITH ROD AND REEL.—We recently published an article on the tarpon, or tarpum, *Megalops thrissoides*, of the Gulf, in which it was claimed that the fish was too powerful to be taken with the rod. A few days ago Mr. Albert Ferguson, of jack-lamp fame, called and exhibited some of the enormous scales which characterize this fish, and informed us that it was taken by Mr. Benjamin Jones, while in Florida, with a rod and reel. The rod was a Conroy bass rod and a 3-0-yard, 12-thread line. The fish was six feet four inches in length and weighed 171 pounds. He was one hour and three-quarters before he could bring him to gaff, after which he proved too large to take him into the boat, and was towed ashore.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB should make a note of the fact that the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says that the conchs, both the queen and common conch, are not only desirable for their beautiful shells, but make excellent soup. I have, when I could get very little use, managed to worry down a stew of conch, but while the flavor is good enough the texture of the flesh is not unlike rubber. It's precious tough meat to chew. The worst of it is that in order to get the meat one has to spoil the shell by sawing the small end to dislodge the tail, which hangs on there tenaciously, tough even then, if not too badly broken, the shell remains of some use. Tremendous trumpet tones can be produced from it by a skilled performer, and it is the universal dinner-bell of Honduras.

ANOTHER RAILROAD BOOK.—We have received the beautiful "Travelers' and Tourists' Guide," published from the New York office of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, 119 Liberty street. The well-known Toms River, Forked River and Barnegat resorts for sportsmen are reached by this road and the book contains the fullest information of routes, distances, fares, hotels and everything else that the traveler wants to know. It may be had free on application by letter to H. P. Baldwin, General Passenger Agent. Address as above.

THE FORTUNE BAY CLAIMS.—Gloucester, Mass., July 19.—The amount paid by the Commissioner from the State Department yesterday, as reimbursement for Fortune Bay losses, in 1878, was between $55 000 and $60,000. Claims were presented by twenty-two Gloucester vessels.

There was a young lady of Gloucester,
Whose parents thought they had loucester;
But she came back one day
To their awful dismay—
So they called her a wicked impoucester.—*Puck.*

There was a young lady from Worcester,
Who climbed after a bob-tailed rorcester;
But he roosted so high
In a tree near the sky
That she called to her brother to borcester.

Specimen copies of this paper will be sent free upon application. We will esteem it a favor if our readers will call the attention of their friends to the merits of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Fish Culture.

OUR EDIBLE FISHES.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

[Read before the American Fisheultural Association.]

LAST YEAR, one of our most useful and practical members, Mr. G. S. Lamphear, presented to the notice of this meeting carefully prepared statistics relating to the total pounds of each kind of fish received in the wholesale markets of this city. Those tables, the result of a great deal of careful investigation, were perhaps the first of the kind ever brought to your notice. I need not suggest to you all the deductions which arose from these figures. I may cite, however, the following. It is made by each exact figures that we can arrive at positive determinations in regard to the abundance or a scarcity of any particular fish. Now, this abundance or scarcity may be general or local. New York city, with capacious maw, devours an incalculable quantity. I use the word incalculable perhaps in a poetic sense, for it is more or less impossible to count the fish. To be less vague let us say that our markets draw to themselves an enormous quantity of fish. If fish, then, be scarce in one locality, this want of fish is supplied necessarily from another quarter. This area of productive water is then, by means of easy transportation, always yielding a certain quantity of fish. Say that cod are scarce off Sandy Hook—the demand for cod brings in fish from Gloucester, from Maine, Take striped bass. It may not be found at one season in the North River, but the supply may come from the Delaware or from the Chesapeake. It is, then, the gross quantity of fish received in New York which tells us absolutely whether a fish is generally scarce or plenty. Now, with such tables as have been made by Mr. Lamphear, to be supplemented later by other compilations which the United States Fish Census will shortly have ready, I believe we will get to the great bottom facts in regard to fish, whether caught on our coast or in our inland waters or lakes. If we do get these figures as accurately as human investigations can make them, we shall then better determine what kind of fish, being scarcer, may present themselves to our especial care as worthy of culture.

It would be very presumptuous on my part, not having the whole series of figures, to advance any judgment on this subject. I may, however, be very certain that in some special localities sea fish are scarcer than they were in former years Professor Baird informs us on the best authority—and I may say that no one is more careful and accurate than our most distinguished fellow-member, the United States Fish Commissioner—that halibut, once plenty, are becoming scarcer every day. Formerly it was caught near shore in large quantities; to-day long and expensive trips have to be made to secure it. Spanish mackerel is also another most prominent case of the absence of a fish, most particularly in the waters adjacent to this city. Although it does not come within the province of this brief paper to enter into details accounting for the absence of the Spanish mackerel in New York waters, I can only state that it is believed to arise mainly from the dumping of the city refuse in our bay.

Now, as to that great staple fish which forms the bulk of our fish food, cod, perhaps its absence in certain localities will be found to be quite positive, though such want of fish in one area may be made up by catches in other quarters. The object, then, of such specific investigations derivable from the examination and comparison of this vast series of fish tables, which will be submitted to the United States Fish Commissioner, will be to eliminate these facts: Well, fish of a certain kind have been plenty or scarce. There is every reason to suppose, in looking at this vast subject in a general way, that constancy being a rule of nature, the quantity of the sea fish will not vary a great deal when an average of years is taken. It is unsafe to borrow matter. The year 1880 may have been a bad year for fish, which we will call B, and a good one for another fish, which we will call C. But had we been able to study the decade from 1870 to 1880, we might have found in certain years B was plenty and C scarce, and so the general average of B and C were about the same. But now, though we might arrive at this deduction, that is no reason why we should not, if we could, try and make B and C plenty all the year round. B is scarce off New York Bay and continues getting scarcer, and fairly plenty off Cape Cod. To get the fish B from Cape Cod may be easy enough, but still B will cost a fraction more to bring it to New York market. These are then some of the great problems which the Fish Census will solve; it will give us exact determinations, and, having some fixed basis to work upon, we will no longer be in the dark.

Might I be allowed to state that public opinion, even special opinion in regard to such matters, is worth very little? We are all inclined to take too narrow views of such objects as surround us. Our own horizon is necessarily limited. A fisherman, a single dealer, may from his own personal experience declare that fish are scarce, and so they may be. The fisherman may have had bad luck or the dealer few consignments. These individual experiences are perfectly correct, but their general deductions may be absolutely incorrect. Then again, popular opinon in regard to fish is prone to error. Providing fish remain in the same quantity, are there not incalculably more mouths to eat them? It is not possible to imagine that while fifty years ago there was one fish and more for every New Yorker (say in 1831), in 1881 there is not one-half of a fish for each person, and that the extra person must be satisfied with the bones? All this means that the fish being the same in the sea, even with increased fishing, there are more fish wanted. The fish is then a fixed quantity, the methods and men necessary to get more fish augment, but the number of people who want to eat fish, must eat fish, increases faster than the other two. There might be then a time arrived at—we do not pretend to fix the date—when the one fish would have to go round among three, five, ten people. If the example of the wants of a single large centre of population may be precised, does not the same rule of supply and demand hold good for the whole country?

Now comes in that which this Association are doing their utmost to advance, and that is fish culture. We have then, say, that fixed quantity, the normal number of fish, and that constantly increasing hunger of many more mouths to eat this normal number. Is the first to remain a rigid quantity? The American Fish-cultural Association believe that this may not be fixed, but that there are possibilities of increasing the number of fish. Now, not so many years ago, all the ends of this association were limited to trout culture. We have expanded somewhat since then, and with us the science and detail of fish culture has wonderfully broadened. We are not now bound within the comparative narrow limits of a stream to grow our fishes. Our pond has widened out until it has become almost an ocean, or if not an ocean, any long expanse of sea coast on which the sea breaks. What has been the great progress in these last two or three years has been made in the direction of the propagation of sea fish, and it is in this direction that the United States Fish Commission is advancing, and it is to this that the attention of the members of this association is called We began with the ornamental, we have come down, or come up to the absolutely practical, inornate but useful. From what so many of our good and intelligent newspaper friends will insist on calling "speckled beauties," we must now come to the descriptive of the commonplace cod. We must the handsome flowers in the fish bouquet—to use a doubtful metaphor—but we must not forget those other vegetables, the potatoes and the turnips. From the horticulturist we may derive both pleasure to the eye and sometimes to the taste, and even the humble kitchen gardener may learn a lesson from him. It is these trout, a handsome show of which Mr. Blackford will present to-morrow, which has made us proficient, as I have been endeavoring to explain, in other larger and better ways.

In them I were to tell you that I believe, from something like an actual count, errors excepted, that last year 49,442,000 pounds of fresh fish of all kinds were received in New York, worth $3,339,827. and that these represented 55,378,862 individual fish—halibut of 150 pounds, or smelt, eight going to a pound, being all counted. Let us hope that by fish culture our children may see these numbers very greatly increased, not only by the introduction of new fishes, which stupid prejudice now turns away from, but of the actual propagation of more fish.

REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COMMISSION.

THE Fish Commission of Pennsylvania has given us a most valuable report for the years 1879-80. Especially valuable in its appendix containing descriptions of the fishes of the State, with numerous plates, under the direction of Prof. E. D. Cope, of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences.

The report opens with an account of an examination of models of fishways for the purpose of adopting one and we are surprised to find that the McDonald way was not among them. An advertisement in a local paper for plans and proposals brought out four competitors whose plans however good they may be are unknown to fish-culturists at large. The bid of Mr. David Mitchell was the lowest and was accepted; the plan was by C. E. Whitney and the report says: "It is simply an opening in the dam one hundred and twenty-five feet wide at the face of the dam—the dam itself turning two L's up stream and converging to within forty feet of each other, and being parallel at that width for about forty feet. At the inlet, however, the water is shoaled by a platform to the depth of five feet, which platform extends down stream about forty feet, where its level is about four feet above the smooth, rocky bottom of the river. This plan was chosen because it came nearest to the form of a break in the dam, and breaks appear to have been the most successful ways known up to this time."

The number of fisheries in full operation below the Columbia on the Susquehanna during the season of 1880 was as follows: From Columbia to Turkey Hill (first five miles), forty-eight. From Turkey Hill to Maryland State line, twenty miles, 100, and 100 scoop-nets in the same distance. From State Line to Havre de Grace, nineteen miles, 100. From Port Deposit to Chesapeake Bay 250. Total 498. The catch of shad within the first five miles, from the dam to Turkey Hill, numbered, in 1879, 32,000; and in 1880, 47,000.

The State has two hatching houses, one in the east at Marietta, Lancaster County, in charge of John P Creveling, and a western one at Corry, in care of Seth Weeks, both of which have an excellent water supply. The report gives the results of salmon planting in the rivers, which is not very encouraging, although many have been taken in the Delaware. The whitefish of Lake Erie, while of great value, has not been propagated on account of the small district which lies upon the lake. Of grass bass (crappie), *Pomoxis annularis*, many have been planted. This is the "strawberry bass" of New York, and the late Prof. Kirtland called it "the fish for the million." We have long wondered at the neglect of this fish by fishculturists, and congratulate the Pennsylvania Commissioners on their good taste in introducing it into their waters. The shad have decreased in the rivers on account of insurmountable dams, although they are found below in Maryland in great numbers. No shad have been hatched since 1875, but last year they planted 750,000, a gift from Prof. Baird. Rainbow trout (*Salmo iridæ*) have been introduced and are growing, and many brook trout have been hatched and distributed.

An appendix gives a list of the fishing streams of the State, arranged by counties alphabetically, giving the name of the stream, where it heads and empties, its length, width and depth, its temperature, as "cold, very cold, temperate," etc., the names of its edible fish, its pollution by sawdust or tanneries, and general remarks upon its character.

The ichthyological portion of the work is a valuable addition to the literature of our Pennsylvania fishes, and being done by Prof. Cope gives it the stamp of authority. We only wish he had given us some better plates of fishes, although many of them are excellent. His figure of a quinnat salmon is very bad; so is the rainbow trout. The lake trout (*S. namaycush*), taken from De Kay, has teeth like an alligator, but the climax of the horrible is attained in the cut of a grayling, after Klippart. The fish has an irregular outline instead of a graceful form, a wild, savage look instead of the "gentle golden-eyed grayling," and worst of all, great hard scales rise up on the dorsal fin! The hard, ungraceful lines spoken of characterize all drawings made by Klippart.

We do not wish to be too severe on Mr. Klippart, but will refer to his figure of the whitefish, opposite page 104, the pike-perch opp. p. 120, the black bass and *S. canadense* on next page for confirmation of what we say. Next to Genio C. Scott's and Frank Forester's drawings of fishes they are the worst we ever saw; and as Mr. Klippart was an ichthyologist and the two others were not, we are not disposed to receive his caricatures as representations of our fishes, some of whom are very handsome.

In the text Prof. Cope gives us short descriptions of the mucodermal, digestive, respiratory, circulatory and osseus systems. In his arrangement he includes the *Teleostei* of previous authors and a considerable part of the *Ganoidei* of Agassiz and others in the sub class *Actinopteri*, giving his reasons for so doing. Two indices, one of popular and the other of scientific names, add value to the list.

The enterprise of the Commission in thus giving a list, with description and plates of the fishes of their State, makes this report one of especial value to many besides those merely interested in fish culture.

CROSS-BRED FISH.

IT is a singular fact that when a fish or reptile is found by the average man and that species is new to him, he immediately assumes two things. First, that it is as new and strange to all the world as it is to himself, for he supposes that he has seen all the creatures of the earth in the menageries; and second, that it is a cross between some two fishes or reptiles which he does know. His first supposition is wrong nine times in ten, or even more, and his second one is never right. It may be possible, as we believe it also probable, that some of the cyprinoid fishes, the little soft finned inhabitants of the creeks of which fifty species are called "minnows" in the vernacular, do actually hybridize. They swim all summer and in a narrow stream, and as they are closely allied in structure it is possible that the milt of one species often runs into and fertilizes the eggs of others. But in larger waters it is does not so readily happen. Animals must be closely allied in structure to interbreed, and you might pour the milt of a perch, or any other hard finned fish, over the eggs of a sucker, or any soft finned fish, by the gallon, without effect. The seed falls on barren ground, or barren to that kind of seed. Nor do the percoids readily interbreed, partly because they spawn at different times, and partly because they choose different places to deposit their spawn. Possibly the perch and black bass might be crossed by man, but it does not happen in nature for the reasons given above. We recently found the following in the *Cape Ann Advertiser*:

Rumor says that many years ago a New Hampshire Governor put a mackerel into Lake Winnipesaukee. A fish has appeared there which is supposed to be a cross between that and some of the natives. It resembles the mackerel in some features. It is a very handsome fish, of a blueish white appearance, the body being divided with minute diamonds by parallel black lines running at acute angles. For eating it is very delicate.

Being skeptical on natural crosses, and wishing to know what it might mean, we inclosed the slip to Mr. Sam'l Webber, of the New Hampshire Fish Commission, and received the following reply:

MANCHESTER, July 10.

Mr. Powers and I have both concluded that the "cross-breed," referred to above, was either a Schoodic salmon, or a young California salmon.

We put Schoodic salmon in Merry Meeting Pond, in New Durham in 1878 and 1879, and placed California salmon, in Smith's Pond, in Wolfsborough, in 1879.

Both of these waters are feeders of Winnipesaukee, and we expected and intended that these fish should work down into the latter, and my impression is that the fish referred to is either the one or the other.

Many large salmon have been seen here the past week, and although two have been killed going over the falls below the dam, owing to very low water, we think many have gone up, and will be heard from at Plymouth soon.

Mr. Powers has taken one of 22 pounds at the hatchery.

SAM'L WEBBER.

REARING WHITEFISH IN CONFINEMENT.—Northville, Mich., July 11.—I have on hand a half dozen young whitefish of last spring's hatching that have attained lengths varying from two and one-quarter to three and one-quarter inches and are otherwise well developed—in fact, are perfect whitefish in miniature. This is the number remaining from about two dozen that were placed in a tank at the time of the disappearance of the egg sac, and fed since then on fine particles of liver and kidney. Those who know by experience how difficult it is to raise these fish on any substitution for their natural food, will say at once that the percentage brought forward, even to their present size, is quite high, and that their growth has been very rapid. My assistant, Mr. S. Bowen, who has fed them from the first, says he has taken no special pains other than to diffuse the food into the water frequently and in liberal quantities, siphoning the subsiding particles from the bottom of the tank, thus keeping the water sweet and clear. The fish now eat very freely, and we confidently expect to raise them to maturity. With a larger tank and a greater water supply it is quite probable that fifty per cent. can be raised in this way.—FRANK N. CLARK.

FISH POISONS.—Wiegelt says that trout weighing five to twenty grammes die in a few minutes in water containing 0.005 grammes chlorine per litre, and even 0.0003 grammes, which is nearly the limit of the amount of chlorine that can be detected by chemical means, is undoubtedly fatal to small fish. Soda lye and even ammonium carbonate act much less injuriously. Fish kept in solutions of soda containing 3 grammes and 0.1 gramme of crystallized soda per litre of water for 15 and 45 minutes respectively, seemed to be uninjured. At least they were living six weeks afterward in a running stream. Sulphuric acid was more fatal by far than hydrochloric acid, but the fish soon recover from the bad effects when they are removed from the contaminated water. Waters charged with carbonic anhydride, neutral salts (calium chloride and sodium chloride), with a concentration of three parts per 1,000, have no injurious influence. These observations are of importance in considering the relations of certain manufacturing interests and fish culture.

CARP, AND HOW TO GET THEM.—The prospect for a large supply of young carp this fall is at present good. The fish have spawned freely in the National ponds at Washington, and if no accident happens there will be a liberal distribution of young. Those wishing fry of two inches long this fall had better apply now. Write to Prof. S. F. Baird, Washington, D. C., for blanks, or obtain them from this office. The blanks are to be filled out and mailed to the member of Congress from your district asking him to indorse the application and send it to Prof. Baird.

The application will then be filed, and at the proper time notice will be given you as to what further action to take. As far as possible the fish will be sent to some central point for distribution, and the applicant will be notified when, where and to whom to apply. Those, however, who prefer to go or send a messenger to Washington for the fish can do so, or they can be sent by express at the expense of the applicant in a suitable vessel furnished either by him or supplied at cost price by the Fish Commission.

CARP IN TENNESSEE.—From several sources have come most favorable accounts of the carp distributed in this State within the last two years, but the most gratifying results were related to me yesterday by the Judge of our County Court, J. C. Ferris. He said:

"I have just had a talk with Frank Green about his pond, situated on the White's Creek Turnpike, and from him I learn that the twenty pairs of carp deposited in it by him two years ago have grown to the great weight of from three to three and a half pounds each, that they have spawned, and the ova hatched into myriads of fry; which are now strong enough to swim about, and when they congregate blacken the waters by their enormous numbers. At this rate in two years more there will be a sufficiency of fish in this one pond to supply the whole country, besides an ample supply for Mr. Green's family.

Those in the Asylum Pond have also grown a great deal, and spawned this year for the first time. A gentleman from Robertson County describes his success in carp culture as far beyond his most sanguine expectations.—J. D. H.

Nashville, Tenn., July 11.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 9. Elbridge McConkey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 214, New York City.

October 4, 5, 6 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

November 26, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, secretary, New Orleans, La.

November —, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

THE LEONBERG DOGS.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, July 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have observed, in your issue of June 2, certain depreciatory statements in reference to the Leonberg dog. In FOREST AND STREAM for March 17, a letter from one of your correspondents appeared, in which the writer indulged in similar remarks of a disparaging character regarding this breed of dogs. As a reply to both writers I beg to submit the following account of the Leonberg dog, by Essig himself, which was sent to me in 1878 by Herr T. A. Berkruzen, by whom the dogs were introduced into this island. As Essig's account is a statement of facts and not mere vague assertions, it seems to me to refute completely the charge made by the writers referred to:

"I beg to state that the breed I have reared since 1846 is the result of a successful crossing of the Newfoundland dog with the original dogs of the St. Bernard Mount, which latter I have since improved by the great Wolf Dog from the Pyrenees, whence the first Bernardine dogs originated. The Leonberg is the largest race of long-haired dogs who unite sagacity with size and beauty. Most of the leading European papers have favorably noticed my dogs, and given illustrations and descriptions which prove the utility of the race. For the first honorable mention of them I am indebted to his late majesty, King William of Wurtemberg. In 1855, a gentleman of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) wrote to me: 'I have received a kind of dog from you which I have been wanting for years but could never meet with. Two years ago I traveled to Italy, and crossed purposely over the St. Bernard Mount to procure a dog thence, but found upon inspection that the actual renowned race did no longer exist there, but were replaced by a commoner short-haired animal. The same I found to be the case at the convent of Mount Simplon, which I likewise visited. Subsequently I obtained a Newfoundland dog from the Zoological Gardens at Berlin, which did not answer my expectations either I but now I am suited, and you may rest assured that proper care and attention will be given to the dog.' The Rev. Delfquise, Prior

of the St. Bernard hospital, expressed, in a letter to me, his sorrow that they only possessed one dog suitable for service; and when I made them a present of two dogs, the Prior wrote to me afterwards that the community of St. Bernard's Mount had desired him to express their heartfelt gratitude, since they regarded the present as a great service rendered to the hospital. Subsequently a traveler was told by the Friar Christoph, after describing a snow storm in that place, that a stranger from Wurtemburg (Essig), an experienced breeder of dogs, had, ten years ago, made a present to the hospital of a couple of his dogs who, crossed with their old race, had produced an excellent breed of great perseverance, and that the English Prince of Wales had got one of their dogs, for which he had made them a present of a piano from the factory of Ebrard, which agreeably shortened their long winter evenings. The director at the hospital of St. Gothard's Mount, M. Lombardi, wrote, in 1868, to a friend at Leipsic that 'in place of the Barry race, which are no longer existing, they now had the good-natured, superior dogs of Essig in Leonberg, who acquitted themselves of their duties in an excellent manner.' Director Lombardi favored me with a visit in 1873, and took two more dogs with him to St. Gothard's Mount.

"At the first dog show in Germany the Hamburg report states that Essig obtained the highest prizes for his Leonberg dogs, and carried the day over all others, which is the more remarkable as English dogs representing the value of £1,000 entered into competion. The honor was all the greater as there were forty or fifty Newfoundland dogs at the exhibition. At all exhibitions since, viz.: at Islington, (London), Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Baden and Lima in Peru, my dogs have mostly carried off the highest prizes for excellency in form and size. The *Saabian Mercury* (newspaper) writes November 15, 1872: 'We have mentioned before that the Leonberg dogs of Essig are sent all over the world. This autumn three went to Kischineff, in Bessarabia, and we now learn by news from London that at the International Exhibition at Lima, in Peru, two of Essig's dogs have won the first prize, consisting of a gold medal and money. This large, long-haired race of dogs has, like many things, become an article of luxury; and they are not only to be found in the country for watching purposes, but also in the palaces of the great, since from kind disposition they are great favorites, especially with the ladies.

"At the great dog show of Paris, in 1873, my dogs obtained the first prizes of two gold and two silver medals. I sell my dogs according to their value, and I hope I may be considered a judge; but I cannot send dogs on approbation nor guarantee for their turning out in every point as desirable. A traveler lately wrote to me: 'Lodroni, the dog I obtained from you, is dead. He saved my life in Australia, suffered with me hunger and heat, and accompanied me through the African deserts. He died there at the age of fourteen.' This proves that the race can stand heat as well as cold. Few animals have been so widely distributed as my dogs. The largest number have gone to the Rhine Provinces, West Russia, Bavaria and Switzerland; and further to Yokohama, Buenos Ayres, Cape Town, Mexico, Siberia, Portugal, Spain, Constantinople, Vera Cruz and Valparaiso.

"My dogs are favorites of the Empress of Austria who well knows how to value a dog's good qualities, and has lately received the fifth dog from me. Likewise the Grand Duke Frederic of Baden has five dogs; Prince Bismark, two; General Werder, two; Garibaldi, one. The zoological gardens of Brussels, Dresden and Frankfort also have had many dogs from me. The veterinary doctors of the Royal Institution at Stuttgart say that in or out of Europe there are probably but few of this kind of long-haired dogs who have not originated from the Leonberg breed. At the dog show of Baden Baden, in 1875, my dogs appeared in a most favorable light before all other races. They not only received the highest prize instituted by the Princess Thurstenberg but likewise obtained the greatest number of prizes, a distinction which I had not before obtained for my dogs. They are not subject to madness, no case having ever occured. I often have them from thirty to thirty-six inches in height and above 100 pounds in weight. While other dogs are full grown at one year, mine require three years to come to perfection."

I submit that a breed of dogs having such a favorable record as the foregoing are not likely to suffer, in the estimation of competent judges, by mere unsupported assertions, suggested probably by imperfect information or possibly by some prejudice. I may state that my knowledge of the Leonberg dogs introduced here fully sustains all that Mr. Essig has said of them in regard to their beauty, size and good qualities. In all, six dogs have been brought here from Essig's establishment. One of them (Diana) is admittedly the handsomest dog in the island, and in regard to sagacity, gentleness, affection and faithfulness, could not be excelled. She is over 30 inches in height and weighs 109 lbs. The owner would not take £50 for her. I have one of her last litter—Marko—now eight months old—a splendid animal, weighing already 105 lbs. His head is the most beautiful I ever saw, and his whole appearance exceedingly handsome. His height is 30 inches even at this early age, so that he promises when full grown to be one of the finest of the breed. He is most teachable and affectionate, very fond of children, a vigilant guardian, and the pet of the whole household. He has a splendid black coat on the back and sides—the rest white, with a white ring round the neck. He has also the double or split nose. It would take a very strong consideration to induce me to part with Marko. Two more Leonbergs, imported this year, promise also to be superior animals. All lovers of dogs here greatly prefer the Leonberg to the Newfoundland dog, both in regard to appearance and the possession of good qualities.

The charge made by the writers I have referred to is that the Leonberg is a "mongrel." I suppose they are acting on the principle that "to give a dog a bad name is to hang him." But I would ask these writers whether the finest races of horses, cattle and other animals, and, for that matter, of men, too, have not been produced by a happy crossing of races? If by a skillful intermixture of three of the finest breeds of dogs in the world—the St. Bernard, the Newfoundland and the Pyrances wolf dog—and this the result of years of watchful experimenting, the Leonberg dog is secured as a permanent new variety, are we to condemn him, with all his noble qualities, because the blood of various races mingles in his veins? If by the term "mongrel" it is intended to be conveyed that an originally good breed has been debased by intermixture with an inferior, then this is utterly untrue of the Leonberg. His progenitors are the very aristocracy of the race, and I affirm that he has only to be known to be valued.

M. Harvey.

HYDROPHOBIA, LYSSA OR RABIES IN ANIMALS.

CONTINUED.

RELATION BETWEEN RABIES AND THE SEASON OF THE YEAR.

In opposition to a view which has had wide acceptance—namely, that great heat, as of the "dog days," increases the tendency to rabies—it is stated by F. Muller that in the last epidemic of hydrophobia at Vienna (from the end of 1873 to the autumn of 1875), with its total of 332 cases, the greatest number occurred in the winter season, the least being in the warm weather. The same epidemic also failed to show that deprivation of water or that the surveillance over dogs was influential in the development of the disease. Muller also maintains that the evidence now in hand warrants us in believing that the extension of hydrophobia is only effected by direct contact, as through the bite of rabid dogs, and that the extended spread of the disease is explained primarily by the large number of dogs, and secondly by neglect in exercising proper watchfulness over them.

SPECIAL TOPICS THAT REQUIRE FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

In a critique on the report furnished by the medical commissions appointed by the "Medical Press and Circular" to investigate hydrophobia, Sir Joseph Fahrer enumerates special points which had invited attention. Among them were the following: 1. Can the human species communicate the disease from one to another or to animals? 2. What is the essential nature of the disease? 3. How long is the period of incubation? 4. What parts of the organism are affected? 5. What remedy or remedies should be employed? Though the number and breadth of these questions indicate how inconsiderable the present knowledge of the disease is thought to be it will be observed from the references which follow that data is at hand bearing upon each topic. Both from them and the report of the committee itself it may be well to state here that the outlook has some cheering rays of hope in it. According to a recent report of a committee appointed by the "Medical Press and Circular," hydrophobia is not as certainly fatal as most authorities have held. Additional crumbs of comfort are also to be derived from the following statements: Real instances of the disease are comparatively rare. Of persons bitten by rabid animals only about one in three die. Thorough cauterization seems to avert the disease in about two out of three cases. Finally, a proper attention to these matters on the part of our sanitary authorities will check the spread of the fearful disease, while there even is a possibility that well concerted efforts may be successful in stamping it out, as pleuro-pneumonia in cattle has been stamped out in certain localities by the energetic action of our State authorities.

COMMUNICATING THE POISON.

Sometimes the dog may have the power of communicating the disease to man and yet have the disease undeveloped. The poison seems never to have been transferred otherwise than by the direct bite, and it seems to have no force when apart from the system.

PROPHYLAXIS.

Hertwig succeeded in conveying the disease in 37 per cent. of his cases. Some dogs are known to resist it, as a favorite poodle of his was inoculated nine times in three years, and always unsuccessfully.

Hydrophobia has been denied as a disease by some writers who have ascribed the symptoms to fright or an injury. Prominently among these are Gerard, Bogseullon, J. Simon, Maschka and R. White. The latter inoculated dogs, cats, rabbits and other animals, and finally himself, without results.

THE NATURE OF THE VIRUS,

contained in the saliva and foam, also in the blood and salivary glands, is not volatile, that is, from their capability of being transmitted through the medium of the air, breath, etc., surrounding the infected creatures. As to the nature of the virus and its mode of conveyance through the blood, milk, meat, etc., Fleming regards the poison as an organic substance, but whether fixed or "volatile," he is undetermined. He is also uncertain whether the disease can be communicated by eating the flesh of a rabid dog, though he sides with Chairon in believing that the virus of a contagious disorder may be absorbed by the digestive organs. The same uncertainty exists, he claims, in the matter of cooked or uncooked meat, yet rabies has ensued after the applications of the flesh and blood of a rabid animal to the wounds of a healthy one. While, also, is as doubtful whether the milk can convey the disease. Bollinger cites the following incident, stating, at the same time, that the mode of communication is uncertain: A bitch, having contracted hydrophobia, nursed her three puppies and continued to manifest affection for them though the disease was well marked. After an interval of nine days two of the puppies died of hydrophobia, and five weeks subsequently the third puppy. The same author states that since the virus is not transportable in the ordinary sense, its purported transferrence by intermediate bearers is not supported by facts. In this category belongs the story of the girl who received a wound from a needle while mending a cloak torn by a rabid dog. She is said to have died two months afterward from hydrophobia.

INOCULATION TESTS OF THE CANINE VIRUS UPON OTHER OF THE LOWER ANIMALS.

Among the methods that have been prepared to determine whether the disease is real or not is that by inoculation. According to Galtier, hydrophobia in the dog is communicable to the rabbit, and from the rabbit to other of its own species, the predominating symptoms in these cases being paralysis and convulsions. The animal may live from a few hours to three or even four days after the disease has become pronounced. The period of incubation is shorter in them than in other animals, averaging only eighteen days, as shown by a study of twenty-five cases. Further, the saliva of a rabid dog taken from the living animal and preserved in water retains its virulence for twenty-four hours. This last fact, he says, has important bearings in the matter of post-mortem examinations, where due caution should be exercised by the operator and those in attendance. The utensils used by the animal prior to death should either be sedulously avoided or scrupulously cleansed. It will also be seen that if these statements receive proper substantiation they will be strong proof against the statements of Bollinger that the disease cannot be communicated through an intermediate object.

As bearing upon a kindred topic—viz., whether the lower animals can contract the disease from man by inoculation, Bollinger states that he took some bloody saliva from a hydrophobic subject four hours after death, and then inoculated it upon a large number of animals (three rabbits, three dogs, two goats and one horse), but gained only negative results.

POSSIBILITY OF HYDROPHOBIA BEING PRODUCED BY THE BITE OF A DOG IN THE INCUBATIVE STAGE.

Bollinger has not been able to collect any evidence on this point, but since, he claims, it has been proved of another inoculable disease—varivla—that it may be communicated during the period of incubation (see vol. ii. of Ziemssen's Cyclopedia, Am. Ed. p. 335) there is no reason to doubt that infection may take place similarly in hydrophobia. From this standpoint one of the most obscure topics in cbeology of human and animal rabies is thought to be rendered comprehensible.

COMPARATIVE INTENSITY OF THE VIRUS.

It is said that the sullen hydrophobia has a less infectious property than the violent species. Milk and flesh may be consumed without ill effects. (Gohier, however, states to the contrary.)

MESSRS. L. AND W. RUTHERFURDS' FOX TERRIER KENNELS.

At the northward end of the vale of the Pequest, at a little village called Allamouche, in Warren County, N. J., the kennels of the Messrs. Rutherfurd are located. The old estate, which has belonged to the Rutherfurd family for over a century, reaches across the wide and fertile valley and is naturally one of the best game preserves in the State. Fond of shooting and of dogs, the brothers have always had the best of stock about them, and within the last few years have taken up fox terrier breeding rather extensively as an amusement. Being gentlemen of large fortune, their stock has not been poked at the public after the "letter-writing dodge" so commonly resorted to by impecunious dog dealers in the American sporting press, and hence their admirable kennel is not as well known as it should be. We therefore take pleasure in giving a complete list of the terriers, many of whom are well known on the English and American show bench.

The grown dogs are champion Royal, champion Bowstring, Nailer and Joker.

Royal, by Echo out of Cricket, is a well known English winner, having secured first in puppy class at Maidstone; third, Cork; fourth, Lillie Bridge; first, Nottingham, and extra cup presented by the Fox Terrier Club for the best dog in the show, with 171 competitors; fourth, Bristol; third, Kennel Club Show, 1877, Alexandra Palace, under 18 lbs. weight; first Oxford, 1878, and extra cup presented by Fox Terrier Club for the best dog in the show, with 134 competitors; first, open class under 18 lbs. weight, Kennel Club Show Crystal Palace, 1878; first, champion class, Dublin, 1879; first, champion class, Kennel Club Show, Alexandra Palace, 1879, and second, New York, 1881. Royal is a dog now six years old, but does not show his age. He weighs 17½ lbs. when in condition, and is marked tan on ears and head, and has a black spot behind his right ear. He has a beautiful head and ears, good body and a good hard working jacket, and is, as Mr. Weller would say, "as game as pheasants."

Bowstring is by Turk out of Vexer, and won first at Pittsburg in January last, and first champion class, New York, in May. He is a very compact little dog, of immense bone and muscle; he has a good punishing head, marked black and tan, and a good jacket. He is now six years old, but is as good as ever. He is very game, and weighs a trifle over 18 lbs.

Nailer, by Buff out of Activity, v.b.c. puppy class, New York, 1880, and v.h.c. Pittsburg, 1881. He is from the same kennels as Royal and Bowstring, and is a thorough terrier, but might have a better skull. His gut is very good.

Joker, by Nailer out of Active, v.h.c. Pittsburg, 1881, and first New York, 1881, in puppy class. A promising young dog, now one year old, marked black on head, and has excellent bone and coat.

The grown bitches are Trussle, Active, Chance, Salley, Flighty, Tricksie, Cricket, Torment and Prink—an excellent lot.

Tessle, by Rutherfurd's Joe out of Venus. A bitch with excellent head and body, marked black and tan on head and ears, with two black spots on body, is now two years old. She won first at Pittsburg, 1881.

Active, by Gamester out of Gipsey. First, New York, 1880. A bitch of very good head and ears, and has good coat and muscle. She is now about four years old, and is the dam of the winning puppy in New York this year.

Chance is a four-year-old bitch, of good head and ears, but rather small in bone and light of coat. Her markings are black and tan on head. She was awarded second, New York, 1880.

Salley, by Flash out of Trussle. A fair bitch, but we would like a little more bone and coat. She is one year old, and marked black and tan on head. H.c., puppy class, Pittsburg, 1881, and second, New York, 1881.

Flighty, by Old Twig out of Baby. V.b.c., Alford, England, 1879, and New York, 1880. A little bitch of the cobby stamp, very low on the leg, with good bone. She is three years old, and marked tan on head and stern.

Trickesie secured v.h.c., New York, 1881, and is a fair three-year-old bitch, marked black and tan on head with black patch on back. She is in whelp to Joker.

Cricket, by Nailer out of Active, is a good stamp of terrier, her only fault being under-sized. Her age is twelve months. In whelp to Royal.

Torment is a little two-and-a-half-year-old bitch, by Old Rattler out of Fly. A nice-looking little bitch, but too small. She is in whelp to Joker.

There were also three puppies, Prattle, Clipper and Scissors, two months old, by Bowstring out of Flighty; two dogs and a bitch with remarkably good bodies and coats. One young dog, by Bowstring out of Chance, with a good head and something of the old dog in him. In addition there were six puppies, whelped on the 8th inst., by Royal out of Tussle, remarkably promising looking so far as coats are concerned, which is about all we can say of them at this writing. The stock was in fine condition, and we compliment the owners on their kennel management, which is simply perfect.

TO MY DOG "BLANCO."

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon-bars,
Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy,
To guard and please me well.

I clasp your head upon my breast—
The while you whine and lick my hand—
And thus our friendship is confessed,
And thus we understand!

Midsummer Scribner.

NOTES FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.—Senex, in *The Live Stock Journal*, says: A Wolverhampton paper has been handed to me by my editor, which contains a paragraph of considerable interest to doggy men. It appears Mr. J. C. Tinker's well-known St. Bernard bitch Mab, a noted prize winner, has been a great sufferer for some time from an affection of the bladder. On Saturday last Professor Woodroffe Hill, of Wolverhampton, skillfully removed, by the operation of lithotomy, 202 stones from her bladder. The stones varied from the size of a millet seed to a potato, the four largest weighing respectively three ounces, two ounces, one ounce and half an ounce, and the lot in bulk nine ounces. They are chiefly triangular in shape, perfectly smooth and white. The operation was performed under chloroform. No unfavorable symptoms have as yet resulted from this formidable operation, but Mr. Hill does not anticipate a successful issue. The case, however, is unique in canine surgery. I am sorry to say Mr. Hill's anticipation has been realized. Poor Mab is dead. She was about six or seven years old, and was bred by Mr. F. Gresham, her dam being champion Abbess. Mab was sold as a pup to Mr. Tinker, with whom fanciers will sympathize.

RESEARCHES INTO THE SUBJECT OF RABIES.—"M. Pasteur is still conducting researches into the subject of rabies which promise to show much needed light upon this obscure and dreadful disease. He has already demonstrated that the brain substance as well as the saliva contains the virus and will produce the disease as effectively if used to inoculate healthy animals. Matter from the *Medulla oblongata* and the frontal portion of one of the hemispheres and the liquid of the brain have been used with success. The uncertain development of the disease after inoculation, and the variable and often very long period of incubation have been among the chief difficulties in the investigation of rabies. M. Pasteur is now able to communicate the disease surely, and to shorten the time of incubation. His method is to inoculate directly the surface of the brain having recourse to trepanation and using as inoculating matter the cerebral substance of a mad dog as pure as possible. In that case it is said the first symptoms of rabies appear infallibly in a week or two and death ensues in less than three weeks. In these researches M. Pasteur had the co-operation of MM. Chamberland, Roux and Thuillier.

SLIPS.—Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, of New Brighton, Pa., writes us that he will run two youngsters in the National American Kennel Club's Derby, and intends also to be represented at Robin's Island. Some time since Mr. S. was presented with Prince Laverack, by Thunder out of Peerless, he was then two years old, and had never seen a bird or been afield. He was sent to Mr. Short to train, and the most encouraging reports have come to his owner. May Laverack is now in Mr. Snellenburg's kennels, and will be run by her owner in the Eastern Field Trials Club Association stakes.....Part 23 of Vero Shaw's Illustrated Book of the Dog contains the introductory chapters on Canine Medicine and Surgery, by W. Gordon, Stables, C. M., M. D., R. N. We shall publish these from time to time.....The Newark, N. J., dog pound is now in full blast. Fifty curs were destroyed on Thursday, and over one hundred on Satur-

day. Several good dogs were brought in on the first day, noticeably a small, black pointer dog and a black English setter..... Sportsmen are taxed twenty-five cents by the baggage masters running between Jersey City and Newark. A charge of forty per cent. in excess of the fare of the passenger, and yet they are absolved by law from all responsibility..... *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* (London, Eng., July 2) contains a picture of the Peterborough hound show, held on June 22, at which the chief packs in the kingdom were represented. The judging must have been cool work, for the judges are depicted as wearing ulsters..... In last week's issue we called the attention of the U. S. Life-Saving service to the fact that Newfoundlands could be utilized with profit at their stations.

FASHION VS. USEFULNESS.—*Editors Forest and Stream:* In my note, headed "Fashion vs. Usefulness," of your issue of the 14th inst., I intended to say that Clumbers were *low*-legged, not *long*-legged. Please correct this error, as I do not wish to slander this fine, though (in my opinion) too heavy, breed of spaniels. IBEX.

Shadwell, Va., July 16, 1881.

[We correct the absurd typographical error, which made nonsense of an extremely well-written article by our correspondent Ibex.—ED.]

DEATH OF FLASH.—Just as we are going to press we learn from Dr. A. Russell Strachan that his pointer dog Flash is dead; and the Doctor writes us that his kennel man says that he was poisoned. We sincerely trust this was not the case. Flash was one of the finest field dogs in America, and Dr. Strachan says the best he ever had the privilige of shooting over. Flash was twelve years of age, so that his best days were past. It is to be regretted that but little of his stock is in existence. Flash's progeny was the most famous of the kind in the country. He was the sire of the best small pointer we ever saw—namely, Mr. W. F. Steel's Flake. Flash was by Dr. Strachan's George out of Peg. Both of these dogs are so well-known that it is useless to again extol their merits. Recently Flash was bred to Mr. G. G. Barker's champion pointer bitch Princess, and Mr. Barker has just telegraphed for him to visit Princess again. Besides siring Flake he sired many other fine dogs.

WANTED—The pedigrees of a setter bitch named Nettie, owned by Commodore D. Ammon, U. S. N., and also of dog named Trap, owned by General Beal.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

Fausta II.—The Mohawk Kennels, Chatham, Ont., claims the name of Fausta II. for their setter bitch puppy by Leicester out of Rose, bred by Mr. J. N. Dodge, of Detroit, Mich.

Cruiser—Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Cruiser for dark liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy whelped May 10, 1881, by Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth out of owner's Vinnie.

Crafty—Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Crafty for dark liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy whelped May 10, 1881, by Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth out of owner's Vinnie.

Comet—Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Comet for dark liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy whelped May 10, 1881, by Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth out of owner's Vinnie.

Roy—Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Roy for dark liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy whelped May 10, 1881, by Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth out of owner's Vinnie.

Phantom—Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Phantom for dark liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped May 10, 1881, by Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth out of owner's Vinnie.

Vision—Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Vision for dark liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped May 10, 1881, by Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth out of owner's Vinnie.

Chic—Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Chic for dark liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped May 10, 1881, by Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth out of owner's Vinnie.

Sancho Panza—M. John Quigley, Newark, N. J., claims the name of Sancho Panza for lemon and white cocker spaniel puppy whelped June 1, 1881, by Col. Stubbs out of Mr. P. McKoon's Endora.

Tenny—Mr. F. E. Hesterman, Jr., Deerfield, N. J., claims the name of Tenny for red Irish setter bitch puppy by Rapid Star out of Floss.

Max—Mr. Horace L. Pratt, Binghamton, N. Y., claims the name of Max for his Gordon setter dog puppy, three months old, by Rufus (Eclipse-Maud) out of Mr. Arthur Thieston's Lou II. (champion Croxteth-imported Lou).

Zanette—Mr. Wm. F. Todd, Portland, Me., claims the name of Zanette for lemon and white pointer bitch puppy by Sensation out of Clymont.

Royal Lothair—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Royal Lothair for black, white and tan setter dog puppy whelped April 27, 1881, out of their blue blood setter bitch Kelp (Prince Rob-Kate Jewell) by Rackett (Rattler-Leda).

Royal Sultan—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Royal Sultan for black, white and blue Belton setter dog puppy whelped April 27, 1881, out of Kelp (Prince Rob-Kate Jewell) by Rackett (Rattler-Leda).

Royal Belton—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Royal Belton for lemon Belton setter dog puppy whelped April 27, 1881, out of Kelp (Prince Rob-Kate Jewell) by Rackett (Rattler-Leda).

St. Julien—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of St. Julien for black, white and tan blue Belton setter dog puppy whelped April 27, 1881, out of Kelp (Prince Rob-Kate Jewell) by Rackett (Rattler-Leda).

Merrimac—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Merrimac for liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 7, 1881, out of Grace by King Bow.

Brunette—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Brunette for liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 11, 1881, out of Lurette (Don-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

Blonde—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Blonde for lemon and white pointer bitch puppy whelped March 11, 1881, out of Lurette (Don-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

Gaston—Mr. G. V. Young, Waverly, Miss., claims the name of Gaston for lemon and white fox hound dog puppy by Logan out of Fancy.

Lively—Mr. G. V. Young, Waverly, Miss., claims the name of Lively for lemon and white fox hound bitch puppy by Logan out of Fancy.

Yan—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Yan for white liver ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 17, 1881, out of Dot (imported Ponto-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

Swarm—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Swarm for liver and white specked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 17, 1881, out of Dot by King Bow.

Elegant—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Elegant for liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 7, 1881, out of Grace (Don-Dot) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

Marine—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Marine for liver and white pointer bitch puppy whelped March 11, 1881, out of Lureth (Don-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

Olivette—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Olivette for liver and white pointer bitch puppy whelped March 7, 1881, out of Grace by King Bow.

Queen Vic—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Queen Vic for lemon Belton setter bitch puppy whelped April 27, 1881, out of Kelp (Prince Rob-Kate Jewell) by Rackett (Rattler-Leda).

Queen Maud—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Queen Maud for black and white blue Belton setter bitch puppy whelped April 27, 1881, out of Kelp (Prince Rob-Kate Jewell) by Goodsell's Rackett (Rattler-Leda).

Princess Alice—Mr. C. A. Latour, of Detroit, claims the name of Princess Alice for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy whelped April 27, 1881, out of Kelp (Prince Rob-Kate Jewell) by Goodsell's Rackett (Rattler-Leda).

Princess Louise—The Detroit Kennel Club claims the name of Princess Louise for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy whelped April 16, 1881, out of Leila (champion Leicester-Kirby) by champion Gladstone.

BRED.

Silk-Decimal Dash—Mr. A. E. Godefroy's setter bitch Silk (Dash II. Hamilton's Daisy) to owner's Decimal Dash (Dash II.-Duchess), May 8.

Nelly-Decimal Dash—Mr. J. E. I. Grainger's setter bitch Nelly to Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Decimal Dash (Dash II.-Duchess), July 4.

Queen-Croxteth—Mr. A. E. Godefroy's pointer bitch Queen (Collin's Jim-Whitney's Bella) to owner's Croxteth (Lowe's Young Bang-Macdona's Jane), July 5.

Beauty-Glen—Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Gordon setter bitch Beauty (Ned-Juno) to Dr. Aten's Glen, July 10.

Brunnfels-Tell—Mr. A. E. Godefroy's rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Brunnfels (Barry-Hilda) to owner's Tell, July 11.

Lilly-Rambler—Mr. Colin Cameron's (Bridgeville, Pa.) beagle bitch Lilly to imported Rambler, July 4, lately purchased of the Essex County Hunt.

WHELPS.

Thorne—Mr. Chas. Lounsbury's orange and white English setter bitch Thorne whelped July 5, ten puppies, five dogs and five bitches, by Grouse Dale, all orange and white.

Irish Fairy—Mr. Robert Sewell's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Irish Fairy whelped July 13, fourteen puppies, seven dogs and seven bitches, by owner's Rex.

SALES.

Ben No. 2—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Mr. Geo. A. Heckert, of York, Pa., the beagle dog Ben No. 2 (owner's Vidocq-Finesse).

Blonde—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold their lemon and white pointer bitch puppy Blonde to Mr. L. W. Perdue, of Charlotte, N. C., whelped March 11, 1881, out of Lurette (Dan-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

Sensation-Clymont whelp—Mr. Wm. F. Todd, Portland, Me., has purchased from the Baltimore Kennel Club a lemon and white pointer bitch puppy by Sensation out of Clymont.

King Bow-Dot whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold to Mr. J. R. Thomas, same city, a white liver and ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 17, 1881, out of Dot (imported Nell-imported Ponto) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

King Bow-Dot whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold to Mr. H. C. Shearman, Bradford, Pa., a liver and white ticked dog puppy whelped March 17, 1881, out of Dot (imported Ponto-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

King Bow-Grace whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold to Mr. A. B. Earhart, of Chambersburg, Pa., a liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy whelped March 7, 1881, out of Grace (Don-Dot) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

King Bow-Lurette whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold to Mr. A. B. Earhart, of Chambersburg, Pa., a liver and white pointer bitch puppy whelped March 11, 1881, out of Lurette (Don-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

King Bow-Grace whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold to Mr. Harry Walker, same city, a liver and white pointer dog puppy whelped March 7, 1881, out of Grace (Dan-Dot) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

Elegant—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold to Mr. A. B Earhart, of Blairsville, Pa., liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy Elegant (King Bow-Grace).

King Bow-Josie whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold to Mr. Geo. W. Bassford, Colusa, Cal., a white liver ticked pointer bitch puppy, bred by Dr. Saunders, whelped Dec. 16, 1880, out of the pointer bitch Josie (imported Windsor-Saunder's Dot) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

King Bow-Dot whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold to Mr. Samuel F. Dodson, of Baltimore, Md., a liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 17, 1881, out of Dot (imported Ponto-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

King Bow-Grace whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold to Mr. A. B. Cook, Portland, N. Y., a liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 7, 1881, out of their Grace (Dan-Dot) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

King Bow-Lurette whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has sold to Mr. Robert Espy, of Belair, La., a liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy whelped March 11, 1881, out of Lurette (Dan-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

PRESENTATIONS.

King Bow-Dot whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has presented to Mr. A. M. Root, East Saginaw, Mich., a liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 17, 1881, out of Dot (imported Ponto-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

King Bow-Josie whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has presented to Capt. Jarrardin, Detroit, Mich., a white and liver ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped Dec. 16, 1880, out of Josie (imported Windsor-Dot) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

King Bow-Lurette whelp—The Detroit Kennel Club has presented to Mr. Jerry Jardine, of Detroit, a liver and white ticked pointer bitch puppy whelped March 11, 1881, out of Larette (Don-imported Nell) by King Bow (champion Bow-Taffee).

EXCHANGED.

BOSTON, July 16, 1881.

Will you please correct an error on my part in the next edition of your valuable paper so it will read as follows: Mr. J. J. Donovan, Boston, Mass., has exchanged his red Irish dog puppy Jerry D. (Rory O'Moore-Norah O'More) for chestnut and white English setter bitch Vic (Fersman & Smith's Dash out of Campbell's imported Flora.

J. J. DONOVAN.

Study Hop Bitters Book, use the medicine, and you will be wise, healthy and happy.

ASIATIC BIRDS FOR AMERICA.

It gives us much pleasure to lay before the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM the suggestions embodied in the following letter, which we are kindly permitted to publish by its recipient, Capt. L. A. Beardslee. We commend the project of introducing these new game birds as one which is feasible and will well repay the effort:

U. S. S. SWATARA, Shanghai, May 28.

My Dear Captain:

An idea strikes me, by which, perhaps, we can render considerable service to the sportsmen at home and also add to our own resources for amusement when on shore duty.

Consul-General Denny, here at Shanghai, is very much interested in the importation into America of game birds and has already, at his own expense, sent over nearly a hundred brace of the Asiatic pheasant, which have been turned adrift in Oregon (his own State) and California. He is very anxious to continue this good work on a larger scale, but lacks the means to do it properly.

I believe there are some twenty odd varieties of the pheasant in China and most of them can be readily procured here in Shanghai. Of course the prices vary, the cheapest being the common ring-necked variety, costing perhaps one dollar per pair. Another beautiful game bird is the so-called Chefoo partridge, red-legged and red-billed, with black and white stripes on the sides. I have killed the same thing, minus the stripes, in Asia Minor. There is also the sand grouse, several varieties of snipe and woodcock, such as we never see at home, and, perhaps of less importance, large numbers of the waterfowl species. I think, though, the mandarin duck, which you doubtless remember, would be a valuable acquisition, if only for his beautiful plumage.

Mr. Denny says he can have birds shipped as far as San Francisco free of charge, at least he has succeeded in doing so to this time, the captains of trans-Pacific steamers being amiable and public-spirited; but I doubt if this will hold good for much future work. He also says a good-natured gentleman in San Francisco, connected with the U. S. Fish Commission, will undertake to have them forwarded East free of charge by the Pacific railways. There remains then to be paid for the birds themselves, their food and the cages for their long journey.

What I propose is that the sporting community in general be informed of these facts through the FOREST AND STREAM and some plan be devised by which Consul-General Denny's gratuitously-offered services may be utilized. I may assure you here that he is a thorough sportsman himself and is only actuated by a desire to increase our home production of sport.

The FOREST AND STREAM is probably read in every gun club in the country, and I believe a subscription started under its auspices for such a purpose would have a great success. Certainly all true sportsmen would respond, for we have very few varieties of game birds in America, comparatively speaking.

The Japanese game birds are also within Mr. Denny's reach, now that there is such constant intercourse with Nagasaki, and we might add to my list the green and copper pheasant, which, I believe, are only found there, and the so-styled giant woodcock. Of the latter I killed a specimen last fall near Tokio which weighed, undressed, 12½ ounces. I have also on board a stuffed copper cock, which I killed near Kobe in February last, the two tail feathers of which measure thirty-six inches. I assure you that these birds, in rising, give one an emotion such as our little quail or ruffed grouse utterly fail to produce, and it is merely a matter of association to secure for all time sport such as the fraternity wot not of in America.

The argument that these birds will not stand our climate is absurd. They are found in Japan from the Straits of Lafe-rouse to Kagoshima and in China from Tartary to Canton.

Stir the matter up, my dear Captain; show my letter to the editors if you like, or publish it if they care for it—but in any case stir it up.

Very truly yours,

W. W. FOLGER.

A SPORTSMAN'S STUDIO.

The following is a pen picture of the delightful room, whose interior is familiar to readers of that charming book, "Canoe and Camera." It is the sanctum of the author of that book; and our readers will agree with us that the collection of camp-life mementos gathered here may well incite others to preserve some tangible reminders of their sporting travels:

The apartment is light and airy, handsomely frescoed in Pompeiin red and brown, with a good reflecting ceiling of blue, and, forming a sort of bordering, is a series of inscriptions, recalling enjoyable hunting trips of the past—"Camp Life on the Indian River, Fla.," "Trout Tales from Maine," "Lake Superior Reminiscences," "Etchings from Florida," "The Rangeley Lake Regions." First to attract the attention of a sportsman is a full buckskin hunting suit, even to the boots, and with the short pistol and hunting knife in their belt. The hat, of cork, bears the mark of its Chinese maker. Of rifles, etc., there are several, including a trusty Sharps, a splendid London twist double-barrel fowling piece, and smaller rifles intended for target or sporting purposes alike. Revolvers, a half dozen or more, complete the armament, if we may except the cases of brass cartridges, and the polished tools for dismounting and cleaning the weapons. A leather case, five feet long, envelops fishing rods of that trustworthy material, split bamboo—lithe, slender things which the novice would discard as too weak to land a chub, but which, in the hand of a skillful angler, will bring a ten-pound trout to the net, and bear no mark of the strain. A fanciful little rod, jointed, of Japanese make, extends its taper over the middle of the apartment, and from a bit of line is suspended a snow-white dove, stuffed. Reels are at hand with silken or hemp lines, and portfolios filled with hooks fitted with flies of plain or startling hues which tempt or fail as that most captious of fish, the trout, may fancy the color of the meal. Thus have been named in brief some of the implements which the sportsman uses; now for some of their results. In this branch the object appears to have been to preserve only a few of the curiosities. Two pelican heads and a preserved skin of that bird, a white ibis skin, and a stuffed snake bird from Florida (a long lank fellow who swims with astonishing rapidity under water), are reminiscences of a Florida tour, and serve to illustrate the character of the collection which is but just begun. That the pursuit of those speckled beauties—trout—is a favorite pastime is apparent in several charmingly executed trout sketches, for the gentleman who captured the fish adds to the skill of the angler the infrequent ability of placing upon canvas the forms and colors of his captures. A six-pounder, life size, upon birch bark, attracts the attention, and upon an easel and elsewhere around the apartment are finished or unfinished oils picturing this handsomest of fish. At present, existing in contemplation only, is a series of pictures of Rangeley Lake (Maine) trout, from five to ten pounds in weight, to be placed in regular order upon a part of the wall now devoted to varied sketches.

Passing from matters of interest more particularly to sportsmen, may be noted some features and odds and ends which add to the varied attraction of the place. A desk in the centre of the room, over which is suspended a large gas light, has a shelf of the works of the best writers upon sporting topics, and just to the rear of this a window alcove is filled by a cushioned couch with elevated pillows, where, as the cooling evening breeze fans the cheek, a good Havana and its accompanying newspaper are calculated to secure a pleasant hour of rest after the heat and toils of the day. Close at hand lies a complete file of that best of sporting journals, the FOREST AND STREAM, on whose pages appear many sporting sketches from the pen of the gentleman whose resort is here described. Turning to the curiosities of the apartment, a corner with an easel in the foreground holds a strange and picturesque collection—a landing-net, a wicker fish-basket, surmounted by a trout picture, a framed copy of the rules of the Hartford Game Club, a rifle and cartridges, a national flag, portfolios filled with sketches, collars which suggest tramps with favorite hunting dogs, and a variety of minor articles pleasing to a sportsman's eye. Two flint lock muskets crossed against the wall near by suggest the arms of our ancestors, while beneath are a fine pair of deer's antlers from the Lake Superior region, and crossed sabres over a window are relics of the late French and Prussian contest. Dried palmetto leaves recall the sunny South, and a picture of the yacht Madge, a delightful voyage in company with the New York Yacht Club. Curiosities in pipes include one of Indian workmanship picked up in the woods of the Lake Superior region, and a black bogwood pipe bears upon it the shamrock and harp of Erin prettily cut. Foils and masks suggest the once popular fencing exercise, and a "Jack" (a kind of lantern) stealthy canoeing in night pursuit of deer, fascinated by its gleam. Three great ledgers converted into scrap books record the events of the late war, and last to mention, but none the less important, is a full chest of tools for light work on wood or metal, the convenience of which will be appreciated by every gentleman, in keeping in repair the implements of sporting life.

IT KEEPS HIM UNEASY—RUPERT, Vt., July 2.—The fact is your paper keeps me uneasy all the time. I have spent many seasons in the Adirondacks but am getting too old for camp life and hard tramping, and must give it up. I see your paper weekly and wish I was among your correspondents in camp. I have just returned from a two-weeks trip to the foot of St. Regis' sixteen-mile level. Stopped with Mr. Henry Phelps, who keeps a house that cannot be beat for the price ($5 per week). Fishing good and deer in abundance, which, I am sorry to say, are daily slaughtered on the level mostly by residents of Brushton, St. Regis Falls and along the road. J. H. G.

LOTS OF ANSWERS.—Brooklyn, N. Y., June 26.—I advertised some time since in the FOREST AND STREAM for greyhounds and "got 15" of letters; in fact, so many that I was enabled to make my own terms. I bought a brace for less than I intended to pay for one, and was suited in all respects.—H. W. H.

When life is a drug, and you have lost all hope, then trust in Hop Bitters.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEW YORK VS. MASSACHUSETTS.

THE commencement of a series of matches between the New York Rifle Club and the Massachusetts Rifle Association took place at Walnut Hill Range Wednesday, July 13. The New York team, comprising A. J. Bowlett, Dr. J. W. Wright, J. W. Mangam, G. J. Seabury, W. H. Dunlap, Dr. M. M. Maltby, A. McInness and Captain F. J. Donaldson, started on the Fall River boat Providence Tuesday evening. The boys felt confident of success, the majority of them saying they never felt better in their lives. This, together with some excellent scores having been made in practice, made them feel as though they might come out winners. They had for some time been looking over the scores of the Walnut Hill shots in the FOREST AND STREAM and had at soon the forty-eights and forty-sevens, with an occasional forty-nine and fifty, and knew it was no easy thing to beat those with whom they were about to contend. After a very pleasant trip, with the best of care and attention on the boat, they arrived in Boston Wednesday morning, and right here is where the trouble commenced. Dr. Wright, although an M. D., couldn't keep from getting sick; tapt. Donaldson was afraid the same way (said one said on account of the foggy dew), and after the range was reached Dr. Maltby and Geo. Seabury were also "sick men." Donaldson and Wright pulled through with very fair scores, but Seabury, with 63 at 200 yards (a score at least four points below what he is capable of doing), dropped still more at 300 yards, and on his third shot found the outer disc. Dr. Maltby had hard luck all day. On his tenth shot, 200 yards, while dropping the hammer of his rifle, he pulled it off and was in consequence given a miss. This and his shooting, however, did not affect his nerves in any way, as he made 22 out of 25 in his next five shots. His score at 300 yards is not what the Doctor can and ought to have done. Willy Dunlap was all "broke up," but we all know what he is capable of doing with the rifle, so his score in this match is simply unaccountable for its low average.

The match was called at 12 o'clock, sharp, Ralph Trautman helping the N. Y. C. on one target and Fred. Adler on the other. The shooting at this range was very good, with one or two exceptions, and at the finish the Massachusetts team were 16 points ahead, Fellows finishing with a good 70, Bennett 69, the others with 68 and 67, down to 61. A rest being called the N. Y. Club were entertained at luncheon by their hosts in a very hospitable manner.

The shooting at 800 yards was now started, with but little chance of the home team being beaten, their heavy lead at the shorter range seeming to shut out any possibility of the N. Y. Club winning. The heat at this time was something fearful and the wind what is termed tricky. McInness put on the first ten shots at this range, Bowlett had a good 44, Donaldson 44, Frye 44, Hubbard 43 and Rabbeth 42. This is fine work at this range and was continued by these gentlemen to the end. McInness finished with the lead at this range with an unrivaled 87 out of 75, making his total at the two ranges 135. Howlett also had 135 and Donaldson 129. The Massachusetts leading scores were Hubbard 132, Winship 130, Charles 129 and Fellows 129. Outside of these the scores were mediocre.

The Massachusetts team lead at 200 yards 6 points, this, with 16 points at the 200 yards, gave them the match by 22 points.

MASSACHUSETTS TEAM.

	200 yards.	300 yards.	
L L Hubbard	4544545545555544—67	5444444455544455—65	—132
G L Winship	4445555545655544—68	4444445444455443—62	—130
W Charles	5554455544545544—68	5334445544444353—61	—129
J B Fellows	4555455554545455—70	4444444444444444—59	—129
J N Frye	4535545444444444—62	4554445545514544—66	—128
A B Archer	4545545454545554—65	5344445445553334—60	—125
F J Rabbeth	5454543444445441—61	4454544443444441—61	—122
S S Bennett	4451545555515455—69	2244344543532343—47	—116—1011

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB.

A McInness	4455555544554554—68	4544455555544444—67	—135
A J Howlett	4455555145555545—70	4455544454514435—65	—135
F J Donaldson	5444545444455555—66	4444455535444444—63	—129
J W Wright	5555544554444544—66	4344454453444444—60	—126
J W Mangam	4344545145444544—63	5444445443455553—61	—124
G J Seabury	4445145454434444—63	4424434343444443—51	—117
M Maltby	4343444545044554—51	3344443335443436—56	—115
W H Dunlap	4343444344344441—61	3343444423123434—49	—110— 989

Team totals at the two ranges: 200 yards—Massachusetts, 830; New York, 814; 300 yards—Massachusetts, 181; New York, 175.

The last shot having been fired, Capt. Rockwell proposed three cheers for the N. Y. R. C., and they were given with a will. The Captain then in a short speech thanked the N. Y. C. for coming to Boston and expressed a desire to try conclusions with them at Creedmoor. Capt. Donaldson, in reply, thanked the Massachusetts Association for their kindness and gentlemanly hospitality, also saying that although defeat had come to his club a pleasanter day or competition they had never had. The trip home was very refreshing after the intense heat of the day, the majority of the boys were too fatigued to enjoy it and all were glad to reach home Thursday morning. The return match is to take place at Creedmoor about the middle of August, when, if possible, the New Yorkers will have Messrs. Sone, O'Donnell, Banks and Barker with them. This should strengthen their team considerably and they ought to give a good account of themselves VIDI.

In the regular weekly matches shot the same day the scores were:

Sharpshooters' Match.

G F Ellsworth	11 12 10 11 12 11 12 10 12 12		—113
G Lincoln	11 11 11 11 12 12 10 11 9 10		—109
G L Winship	9 12 9 12 11 10 11 12 12 10		—108
G B Curtis	11 11 11 9 10 10 12 12 8 12		—106
F P Jones	12 11 11 9 11 9 12 10 11 10		—106
F C Cornell	12 8 11 9 12 9 10 10 7 11		—99

Handicap Match.

J Frye	4454555545—46	A Lawrence	4455544445—44
A L Burt	4454555544—45	B L Adams	4444454545—43
W E Guerrier	4554554553—45	L A Barnes	4443444554—42

Badge Match No 4.

W Charles	4555554553—48	E F Richardson	5554455455—47

On Friday the long-range match will take place.

BOSTON, July 13.—That the Boston shooters are yet able to hold their own on the record sheet is shown by the work of the victory "long range" match, which was shot at Walnut Hill today, five competitors entering. For long-range shooting the wind proved troublesome, especially at 1,000 yards, blowing erratically from 5 to 8 o'clock "flatiail," necessitating very careful handling. The scores recorded below show magnificent results; in fact, about the best for five men ever made over the long distances on this range. The score:

J. F. Brown.

800 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5—74	
900	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—74	
1 00	5 4 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5—69	—217

H. Tyler.

800 yards	5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5—73	
900	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4—72	
1000	5 5 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5—71	—216

W. C. Gregory.

800 yards	4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5—71	
900	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—75	
1000	5 4 5 5 4 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4—69	—215

W. Gerrish.

800 yards	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5—74	
900	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4—73	
1000	3 5 5 5 3 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 3 5—63	—211

J. S. Sumner.

800 yards	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—74	
900	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 4—71	
1000	4 4 5 4 4 5 5 4 3 5 4 3 5 4 6—65	—210

July 16.—The attendance to-day at Walnut Hill was small during the morning shooting. The noon and later trains, however, brought out quite a good number and several spectators, among them several ladies. Among the spectators was Capt. G. H. Pierce, of the Portland, Me., Rifle Club. During the regular matches at the 200-yard range quite a large party were practicing at 300 yards. The day proved one of the best for the meet, a southwest wind 6 to 8 o'clock, rather oven in its velocity, with a cloudy atmosphere, producing a perfect light. In the later stages of the shooting a slight shower prevailed, which did not interrupt the rifle seekers. In the badge match Adams did brilliant shooting, securing 49 out of the 50; his "outer" was so close to the bull that the marker hesitated before throwing up the disc. Merrill followed for 47. Rabbeth took the lead on the Massachusetts target, and Warren was top man in the handicap match for 45. This match filled well. Only the best scores are appended:

Handicap Match.

G Warren	4554444555—45	G H Osborne	4544445444—42
J Borden	4444454555—44	J B Black	4444544444—42
A L Burt	5544454445—44	J Nichols	5454444444—42
C B Arthur	4454444554—44	D F Holden	4444455345—42
A C Stacy	5455444454—44	C O Potter	4554344544—42
S F Frank	4444455445—43	A B Appleton	5454544443—42

Sharpshooters' Match.

F J Rabbeth	11 10 10 11 12 12 8 9 11 11		—105
J C Francis	11 12 8 10 11 10 11 9 9 10		—101
L Warren	9 11 11 11 10 10 8 10 9 —100		

Badge Match No. 4.

H C Adams	5555555455—49	J Merrill	5555554445—47

A team of ten gentlemen, belonging to the Massachusetts Rifle Association, will meet the same number belonging to the Gardner Club at Hackmatack Range, Gardner, Mass., July 22.

ALBANY, July 14.—Early in June the representatives of the Third Division Rifle Association shot a match with the Riverside Club, of Pittsfield, Mass. A team of ten men from each club participated, and the match was won by the Albany people. This afternoon the return match was shot at Rensselaerwyck and, though the teams had been reduced to seven men, the Pittsfield club succeeded in winning the victory, as well as the honors. The club arrived on the morning train and were taken in charge of by the Albany people and taken to Rensselaerwick, where the morning was spent in practice, returning at noon to dinner at the Windsor. At 2 o'clock the two teams had arrived at Rensselaerwyck and the short range targets were opened for half an hour for such practice as the competitors desired to indulge in. The preliminary practice seemed to be satisfactory to both parties, and at precisely 2:30 P. M. the match was commenced. Neither team did anything remarkable. The leading scores on both side were only fair and for some reason the Albany people were away behind their average. Still, with the light scores that were being made, there was but little difference between the totals, and at the conclusion the Pittsfield men only led by four points. The Albany men took their reverses with good grace and several shots, which, if disputed, would have given them the victory, were allowed to go unchallenged. They showed their desire to win, and fairly, if at all, by the manner in which they accepted some of the markers' errors. The average of the Pittsfield men was forty-eight and a fraction. The average of the Albany forty and a fraction. The scores were as follows:

Riverside Club, Pittsfield, Mass.

R Gorham, Bal S	4 4 4 4 5 5 4 3 5 5—44	
J H Wood, Bal S	5 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 4—44	
R A Whipple, Bal S	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 3 4—42	
R E Burbank, R S	5 5 4 5 4 4 3 5 4 3—42	
A B Crandall, Bal S	4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4—39	
B Smith, May S	4 4 3 4 3 4 4 4 5 4—39	
W Henry, Bal S	5 3 5 4 4 3 3 2 5 4—39	
Total		190

Third Division Rifle Association, Albany, N. Y.

G H Charles, Bal S	4 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 4—44	
Wm E Fitch, Bal S	4 4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 5—43	
Wm J Schick, Bal S	5 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 4—43	
Theo Mosher, Bal S	5 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—40	
Jas I Mucs, Bal S	3 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 3—39	
B R Spelman, Jr, Bal S	4 3 2 5 4 4 4 4 5 4—39	
S Baldwin, Bal S	4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4—38	
Total		286

The members of the Pittsfield Club were warmly congratulated on their success and another match at Pittsfield, to finally settle the matter, will probably be arranged. There being considerable time left before the visitors were obliged to depart, a couple of subscription matches were arranged and shot, and here the Albany men, smarting somewhat over their defeat, shot as they might be expected to do. The visitors returned home on the early train and expressed themselves well pleased with the day's entertainment and the generous hospitality which had been extended to them by the Albany riflemen, who had scored the only defeat they have experienced this season.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The intense heat of yesterday afternoon had its effect upon the riflemen and they were slow in arriving at Rensselaerwyck. All the competitors were shooting in splendid form and getting more bullseyes than centres. Many good efforts for a full score were made at 200 yards, but none were successful. Capt. Fitch got a 34, which was the nearest recorded, and proved to be the winning score. The following are the scores:

Subscription Match—200 Yards.

W E Fitch, Bal S	5 4 5 5 5—24	W T Miles, Bal S	4 4 5 4 5—22
J J Miles, Bal S	4 5 5 4 5—23	T Wooster, R C	4 4 5 4 5—22
J G Webster, Bal S	5 4 5 4 5—23	B C Andrews, Bal S	4 5 5 4 4—22
S Baldwin, Bal S	5 4 5 4 5—23	R J Willis, Bal S	5 3 5 4 5—22
E Brown, Bal S	5 5 5 4—23	R I Green, Bal S	4 4 5 4—21
J H Schuyler, Bal S	4 4 4 5 5—22	W Jared, Wes S	4 4 4 3 5—20

Sixty-two duplicate entries were made.

In the 500 yard match three full scores were put up to the credit of the competitors. The scores were as follows:

Subscription Match—500 Yards.

W E Fitch, R C	5 5 5 5—25	T Webster, S C	5 5 5 4—24
J J Miles, R C	5 5 5 5—25	R I Green, Bal S	5 5 4 5—24
W T Miles, R K	5 5 5 5—25	R J Willis, Bal S	5 4 4 5—23
E Brown, Bal S	4 5 5 5—24	B D Jared, R C	5 5 4 0—18
J G Webster, Bal S	5 5 4 5—24		

Twenty-three duplicate entries were made.

MEDFORD, Mass., July 18.—Shooting at Bellevue Range. Membership Badge Match No. 2:

A J Green	5 4 4 4 5 4—31	A Jackson	4 4 5 4 4 4—29

Silver Dollar Match.

A W Webb	4 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5—69		
J R Teel	4 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 4 3 5—68		
J Richardson	4 5 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 5—68		
A Wilbur	5 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5—66		
A J Green	3 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 3—65		
A F Sortwell	4 5 5 3 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 4—65		
S F Allen	5 4 5 5 4 3 4 5 5 4 5 4 4 4—65		
R Sherman	5 5 5 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 5 5 5—62		
N P Ames	4 4 5 4 3 4 3 5 5 3 3 4 5 4—59		

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—In the Ballard rifle match the following are the best scores made up to date, 35 yards, 5 shots; open to all comers:

J M Mergenthaler	445	H Gunther	266
H Ohel	414	F Kobbl	295
Dr Toal	403	Mr Erhard	268
C Gibbs	385	W C Langdon	147

Weekly practice of the Knickerbocker Club, 30 yards, 10 shots blood: J J Brown 48, E Bennett 42, M Dorrier 47, W H Reed 46, W Overbaugh 45, T J Dolan 45, R H Hawthorn 55, J J Bushnell 48.

The Rifle Range of Mr. J. Langcake located between Hotel Brighton and Manhattan Beach is one of the features of Coney Island. He has a good building arranged for the purpose, also an adjoining structure for ladies. At the firing point there is ample room for a dozen or more friends and it is well equipped with rifles of the best makers. The grounds are decorated with flowers and the targets are so arranged as to avoid any delay in making scores or shooting.

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—The following are the leading scores in the Amateur rifle match:

G H Brown	44 44 44 44 45—221	H Stanley	41 41 43 43 45—213
M L Pratt	44 44 41 44 45—221	W M Norcross	46
S Fogg	43 44 44 44 45—220		

Amateur Pistol Match.

Wm H Eaton	62 62 62—186	J R Scott	51 52 53—156
Wm Sadler	48 52 59—159		

Experts' Pistol Match.

J Ames	72 75 73—221		

THE TRAP.

GENESEE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—Matches shot at glass balls, 15 yards, 6 balls each:

First Round.

Green	111111—6	Risinger	101111—5
Evershed	101110—4	Orange	011001—3
Buck	000001—2	Fleischer	011101—4
Ford	101111—5	Norton	110000—2
Richmond	101111—5		

In ties of 5 Ford broke 5 straight, and Richmond missed on the first ball. On ties of 4 Evershed won, breaking three; Fletcher missed the second ball. Second round:

Green	111111—6	Richmond	001111—4
Evershed	101111—5	Risenger	100001—2
Buck	101110—4	Fleischer	111010—4
Ford	111110—5	Norton	110100—3

Evershed and Ford divided. Fleischer and Norton divided, making 3 straight in ties of four. Third round:

Green	111011—5	Richmond	011011—4
Evershed	111101—5	Risenger	111111—6
Buck	111110—5	Fleischer	110101—4
Ford	111011—5	Norton	110011—4

In the ties of 5 Green broke 4, Buck 4, Evershed 3 and Ford 2. In the ties of 4 Fleischer won, breaking 2 balls, while Richmond and Norton missed the first ball. Fourth round:

Green	011111—5	Fleischer	111111—6
King	101101—4	Norton	001101—3
Breck	000010—1	Wiegel	011111—5
Richmond	111111—6	Orange	111111—6
Risenger	110011—4	Dr. Sumner	100011—3

In ties of 6 Richmond missed first, also Fleischer and Orange. Then Richmond made 2, Fleischer 1 and Orange 3. In ties of 5 Green made 2 and Weigel 1.

The regular match shot was then called, 10 balls, 18 yards:

Evershed	1111110111—9	Williams	1101111111—9
Ford	1111111110—9	Winchester	1011110—6
Rissenger	1101100110—6	Brown	1101111111—9
Green	1111111111—10	King	1111011111—9
Orange	1011111111—9	Dr. Sumner	1111111101—9
Richmond	1111110011—8	Weigel	1000001000—2

Evershed, Ford, Orange and Brown made 5 straight on their ties of nine, when, balls being exhausted, the contest was closed.

WESTBOROUGH, Mass., July 13.—In response to an invitation sent out by the Westborough Shoo ing Club there was a field day at Lake Chouny. There was a large number of guests present. Nines were picked from the several clubs. A Bolden trap was used, distance 18 yards; each team used 45 shots. The score was as follows:

First Marlborough Team.

R W Eager	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14	
T J Headdy	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—13	
J Clark	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—14	—43

Lynn Central Team.

E W Webster	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1—13	
F Griffin	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—14	
J Clark	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14	41

Grafton Team.

C Thompson	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—13	
W Keene	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—11	
W A Roberts	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1—13	—39

Second Worcester Team.

L G White	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—13	
J R Brown	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—12	
J B Goodale	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—14	—39

Third Marlborough Team.

T B Bush	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14	
W H Leighton	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—11	
N S Chamberlain	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14	—39

First Worcester Team.

C B Holden	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1—13	
G Rugg	1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1—10	
E T Smith	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—15	—38

First Westborough Team.

G N Smalley	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—11	
M Brigham	1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1—12	
G B Clark	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—15	—38

Ayer Sporting Club.

E D Stone	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1—12	
W B Haskell	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—14	
G Sampson	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—13	—38

Second Marlborough Team.

J G Howe	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—13	
A Johnson	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1—12	
D F Howe	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0—11	—36

Second Westborough Team.

W B Rice	1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—11	
Forest W Forbes	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0—9	
W B Clark	1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—13	—33

During the day a dinner was served. There were a number of sweepstakes shots after the team match. The day was generally enjoyed by all, and the record made was considered good.

HILL CITY GUN CLUB.—Rome, Ga., July 5.—Sweepstakes match:

W M Towers	1111111111—10	0*1*1*1*1*1—6—16
A J Little	0101111101—7	1111101010—8—15
M M Pepper	0011111011—7	1001101113—7—14
F H Leighton	1111111111—10	1011111101—9—19
Joe Veal	0110001111—5	0111111111—9—14
C W Smith	0111111101—8	1101110011—6—14
F P Robinson	1101111111—9	1111100000—5—14

Second match:

Sam Veal	1110111111—8	1111011110—8—16
C B Hargrove	1001011111—7	1110111101—8—15
L L Cohen	1100001101—5	1011111010—7—12
J J Baldwin	1000101111—7	1011111101—8—15

* Marked thus was ruled not broken, by referee.

CLAY PIGEON MATCH—Brooklyn, July 16.—Practice shoot of the Long Island Forester Club at the Ligowsky clay pigeons. It being the first time that any of the members ever shot at them this club that made the good scores feel very much elated. The score was as follows:

Thorpe	00010 00000—1	Edwards	11000 01111—6
Hawkes	11001 10110—5	Sabin	11111 10101—8
Backs	00000 00011—2		

NORTH PLATTE, Neb.—The Fourth of July celebration here included target and glass ball shooting. In the target shooting with the rifle, distance 80 feet, D. W. Baker won the first prize with a score of 25; Sam Geist took the 2d with a score of 23; and a score of 21 gave W. Conkling the third.

Breaking 6 as balls with shot gun at 18 yards rise, 30 balls each, resulted in the tie of each for L. Lamplugh, W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) and Wm. Thompson. The tie was shot off at 5 balls each and a score of 5 gave Mr Cody the first prize, a score of 4 entitled Mr. Lamplugh to the second; Wm Thompson the third. Then came the contest with the rifle at a target, 100 yards, 1 shot to each contestant. Dave Adamson got in nearest to the centre and won; D. W. Baker captured second, and the third went to "Buck" Taylor. In the contest at breaking glass balls with the rifle, 10 balls each, W. F. Cody broke 9; P. H. McEvoy 8, Frank Peak, jr., 3; 3 a tie. Ten balls each were then shot at to break the tie, which resulted in 7 balls broken by McEvoy; first prize, a chromo; 6 balls by Peal, second; 3 balls by Cody third. It should be stated right here that Mr. Cody used a rifle that he had never before shot. Target rifle: 600 yards; 1 shot each; F. H. McEvoy won the only prize. The ladies' contest at shooting was decided by lot as follows: 1st prize, fine gold ring, to Miss Kate Tuffe; 2d, 32 cal. revolver, Mrs. W. W. Conklin; 3d, silk handkerchief, Mrs. Coolidge. There were many athletic and other competitions, among the most amusing being a baby show, and an award of prizes for the prettiest women, in which last the committee discreetly gave so many awards to our wives and sisters that none were jealous.—TARGET.

MASSACHUSETTS.—West Medford vs. Middlesex.—The Middlesex Sportsmen's Club of Cambridge visited West Medford on the afternoon of July 16, and shot a match at glass balls with the West Medford team, whom they defeated July 4. The tables were turned, however, for the latter team defeated the "shooters" from the College City in a well-contested match. Balls were shot from a rotary and three stationary traps, each man to shoot ten of the former and five of the latter at 18 yards' rise. The following score was made:

West Medford.	R.	S.	Total.
W F Syms	10	5	15
W W Morse	10	4	14
J A Hockwood	9	4	13
C M Barrett	9	4	13
W F Brackett	9	4	13
H S Brookings	9	4	13
C F Jordan	9	4	13
J E Ober	8	4	12
A A Whittemore	8	3	11
E G Morse	9	2	11—126

Total rotary, 89; stationary, 37.

Middlesex.			
E C Gove	9	5	14
W D Gooch	9	5	14
E W Low	9	5	14
W H Martin	9	4	13
C Newcomb	8	4	12
Ira Taylor	8	3	12
W H Harrison	8	4	12
C H Farwell	9	2	11
J S Sawyer	8	4	10
W F Webster	4	1	5—117

Total rotary, 89; stationary, 37.

HOWELL TOURNAMENT.—The well-known Howell Gun Club, of Howell, Mich., announces a glass ball tournament for August 9, 10 and 11. The committee of arrangements are: C. G. Jewett, E. F. Mulliken and K. H. Dunsey. Eight matches are provided for with liberal purses and the club proposes to make the tournament an interesting one. There will be each day a no pro-rata purse, and in addition to the regular purses, a citizen's purse of $60 gold. We bespeak for the Howell Club a large meeting.

A CHALLENGE TO BOGARDUS—HAMMONTON, N. J., July 12—*Editor Forest and Stream*:—I will shoot Captain A. H. Bogardus at the Passaic Club Grounds, Philadelphia, at one hundred tame pigeons, five ground traps, thirty yards rise, 1⅛ ounce shot, 3½ drams powder, 7½ lb., 12-bore gun for $250 a side, any day he may name before August 10th.—JOHN L. BREWER

TENNESSEE.—On the Fourth of July three closely contested shooting matches took place at Thompson's Station, the first at pigeons the two others at glass balls. Burt Bray, of Bowling Green, killed fifteen straight birds, and finished by Tom Hardeman; they divided stakes. Felix Mitchell and Mr. Nichols tied in the glass ball match and divided.—J. D. H.

Kidney and urinary trouble is universal, and the only safe and sure cure is Hop Bitters—rely on it.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

July 30.—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S. Mayor's prize.
Aug. 2.—New York Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 3.—Quincy Y. C. Second championship regatta.
Aug. 6.—Beverly Y. C. Champion regatta, Nahant.
Aug. 8.—Pacific Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 6 to 20.—Quaker City Y. C. Annual cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
Aug. 6.—San Francisco Y. C. Annual regatta.
Aug. 10.—Columbia Y. C. President's Cup.

THE HERRESHOFF YACHTS.

WE have always believed that the Herreshoffs, of Bristol, have reached a solution of the question of high speeds in steam yachts by paying especial attention to a combination of lightness and strength both in hull and machinery, and that if we were ever to have fast launches and yachts capable of coping with the productions of the Thorneycrofts, Yarrows and others across the Atlantic, the Bristol builders were more likely to accomplish than others adhering to the old order of things. Sufficient, and, we think, well-founded reasons for our belief have already appeared in these columns, and we now refer to let others speak thereby removing the suspicion of prejudice in favor of our own builders and composite hulls. We quote the letter of Dr. J. G. Holland, written recently to the Brockville *Recorder*, Canada, upon trial of the new 60 ft. yacht, built for him at Bristol, and now attached to his summer residence on the St. Lawrence River:

BONNIE CASTLE, Alexander Bay, May 29, 1881.

To the Editor of the Recorder:

The average male human being takes a lively interest in all things that go, or go off—horses, yachts, balloons, guns and absconding cashiers. Five-a-pitters are fond of yachts, as I proved to you by owning the Camilla, and as you prove to me by your frequent mild notices of her. But let us be truthful about her. We must not sacrifice our own reputations to build up and bolster hers. Of course she did not run twenty-four miles an hour on her trial trip. That is a story that it will not do to "tell to mamma," as they happen to be the people who know better. Nor was she warranted to go eighteen miles an hour. She was warranted to go at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and actually went two measured miles in seven minutes and thirty-four seconds—at the rate of a fraction less than fifteen miles an hour, at nearly slack tide, against the wind, though there was probably tide enough in her favor to counteract the wind. But do you realize what a tremendous pace this is for a small yacht? It is at the rate of 360 miles a day—equal to the best time of the Arizona between New York and Queenstown.

It is a pleasure to be the possessor of a yacht that passes everything, but I hope I have a higher interest in her than that very selfish and childish one, and I hope she is a couple on the St. Lawrence will look upon her, not as my possession simply, but as an educator. I present her to their inspection as the ripe result of the best and most careful experiments by a skilful band of brothers, through a period of twenty-five years. There is not a part of her model, her boiler, her engine, her wheel, that has not been arrived at by experiment. Now, men who work as the Herreshoffs have worked, developing carefully and slowly their ideas, recording every step of progress, never repeating mistakes and never only on arriving at the best results possible, cannot fail to be capable of instructing the world. They are the only builders I know who have such an exact knowledge of their art, in every department that they can definitely promise to build a boat of any certain stipulated speed, and hit the mark every time. They are now building two "Vidette boats" for the British navy, both shorter than mine, which are to be delivered this summer in British waters on the other side, under the stipulation that they shall be able to run sixteen miles an hour. They are marvels of skilful work, and I have no question of their ability to fulfil their promise. If you will think for a moment of the way in which boats are built on the St. Lawrence you will realize something of the importance which I attach to the arrival of a Herreshoff boat in these waters. Every man is a theorist who undertakes to build a boat here, as a rule. He has his ideas about a model and his idea about a wheel. These two points are those on which theorists mainly exercise themselves. Perhaps they build two, three or five boats in a lifetime. They have no definite idea in advance of what they can accomplish, but great hope; and the results are the boats we have on the river—some with excellent points, undoubtedly, but all with mistakes easily detected and all of them in some way disappointments. I offer for their study, not my boat, but the work of the Herreshoff Company. It will save them any amount of trouble, for it is not the work of theorists and dreamers, but of men who know, and who have a right to know. If a man will build a watch exactly like the best Jurgensan repeater he will surely build a better watch than he will if he undertakes to carry out any wild theory of his own. If a man is sufficient to build a good yacht as it is a Jurgensan repeater and the Herreshoff yacht combines the best of all there is known about yacht building and is the result of lives of intelligent experiment.

1st. The hull is modeled with reference to seaworthiness and great speed. My boat came around Point Judith, on her way to New York, with a stiff breeze that would have swamped half the craft on the St. Lawrence, and did it without the slightest danger to anybody. Stiffness and lightness are combined and the three water-tight compartments which she possesses would keep her afloat if she were sawed in two in the middle.

2d. The engine is compound, thus utilizing all the expansive power of the steam. Every bark given on the St. Lawrence by a high-pressure engine is an announcement of power wasted. My old yacht, the Bonnie Castle, is the smartest creature of her inches that I have ever met on the river, yet with forty pounds of steam the Camilla can beat her easily with 150. A compound engine in the Bonnie Castle, with the immense power of her steel boiler, would well-nigh lift her out of the water. I believe that no yacht should be built in the future without the compound engine.

3d. The boiler is a patent of the Herreshoffs and is the distinguishing feature of their boats. In the ordinary yacht the more power that is carried the deeper the boat lies in the water and the more difficult she is of propulsion. The "patent safety coil boiler" in my boat only carries six or seven pulls of water at most and can be run with four. Water is heated in films, rather than in masses. Steam can be got up from cold water inside of ten minutes and the lightness of the boiler has a great deal to do with the speed of the boat. It is very economical in the use of fuel and seems to me to be far superior to the ordinary shell boiler in all respects. Mine was subjected to a water pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch before leaving the shop and is licensed to carry 160 pounds of steam. It might just as well be licensed to carry 300 pounds, as I shall never use all that I am permitted to use. A board of United States naval engineers, which spent three months last year in examining the tier eshoff boats, declares that the boiler is "practically inexplodable."

4th. A propeller is used in design for my boat, adapted to the size of the boat and the power. It is the result of experiments running through many years and boatmen will be interested to know that it has four blades.

Now you know all about her. You say, "She will have to come down this way to get scooped." If she finds herself in running order by the side of any Brockville boat she will justify the claim I have made for her builders and prove that absolute knowledge, arrived at by experiment, is better than inferior knowledge or ingenious dreaming.

Yours truly, J. G. HOLLAND.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sixty-first regatta of the B. Y. C. was sailed off Swampscott July 9. Course for first class round stake boat off S. W. Breaker, Fogg Buoy on Graves and back—4 miles.

Course for second and third classes round stake boat, 1½ miles, E. by S. of Egg Rock—stake boat off Little Nahant and back—6 miles.

Wind S. E.; light during the beat to windward, then rapidly freshening to a good strong breeze.

The Brenda, of the E. Y. C., was used as judges' yacht, and Messrs. David M. Little, G. A. Holden and F. E. Cabot served as judges. In the first class only the new cutta Moyer, just built for ex-commodore Edward Burgess put in an appearance. Nomad was anxiously expected, but did not turn up, so Moya had a walk over, taking prize and pennant. Her actual time being 2:37:31½. She looked exceedingly well, and seems to be a great success.

In second class Holden started first, closely followed by Perl, Mosquito, Josie and Lola.

Mosquito is a new keel cat, built for E. W. Codman, Esq., and Lola a new capsireak schooner, built for Mr. C. H. W. Virtor. Ida had entered, but for some reason did not start, and Holden doing badly drew out.

The following is the time made:

CENTREBOARDS.

	Length. FL In.	Actual Time. H. M. S.	Corrected Time. H. M. S.
Perl	21 1	2 8 26	1 18 20
Josie	20 21	33 36½	1 22 36½

KEELS.

Mosquito	22 1½	1 36 33	1 27 27
Lola (not measured)	.....	1 40 50½	.....

Perl takes pennant and 1st. R. prize; Josie second prize, and mosquito probably takes keel prize.

In third class the following is the result.

	Length. FL In.	Actual Time. H. M. S.	Corrected Time. H. M. S.
Psyche	19 7	1 31 48½	1 20 24½
Mirage	19 4	1 34 02½	1 22 29½
Sache (not measured)	....	1 35 31	.....
Josephine (not measured)	.....	.....	.....
Bluebell	18 6	1 41 22	1 29 04

Josephine was close behind Sadie, but her time was accidentally omitted in copying from the official papers.

The cause of so many boats not being measured is that this was the first race sailed under the new rule ⅔ length plus beam.

Psyche takes pennant and first prize. Mirage second prize.

X. Y. Z.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

DURING the cruise a race will be sailed by the club in New Bedford Harbor, probably on the 22d inst., for which the following rules have been issued:

1. Classification.—Class first, for schooners of seventy-two feet and over on the water line; class second, for schooners under seventy-two feet on the water line; class third, for cabin sloops of fifty feet and over on the water line; class fourth, for cabin sloops of fifty feet and under fifty feet on the water line; class fifth, for cabin sloops under forty feet on the water line.

2. Start.—The start will be a flying one for all classes.

The signals for starting will be given by gun from the yacht Tilton and by flag from her foremast head, and will be as follows:

At 10:20 A. M.—First gun and hoisting ensign on Triton, for yachts to approach starting line, marked by judges' boat and lighthouse on Clark's Point.

Three minutes more or less thereafter, according to wind.—Second gun and hauling down ensign on Triton, for all classes to start.

An interval of ten minutes will be allowed for yachts to cross the line, computed from the time the signal for start was given. Any yacht that does not cross the line within this time will be timed from the expiration of the ten minutes.

In either class at least two yachts must start; else no prize will be awarded.

There will be no deviation from the prescribed manner of signalling for start. Captains are requested to observe the same carefully, and thus avoid confusion and error. Captains are also requested to allow no delay in getting into position promptly at the hour named.

3. Signal.—All yachts will fly their private signal from the main peak throughout the regatta.

4. Course.—The course will be:—For classes first, second and third, from the place of start (which will be an imaginary line drawn from the judges' boat, anchored to midriver south of the outer beacon, to Clarke's Point Light; thence, leaving the Dumpling Light on the starboard hand, to and around the Hen and Chickens Lightship, keeping it on the port hand; thence, keeping to the northward of Penikese Island, to and around flagboat anchored in Kettle Cove (off the north shore of Naushon Island), keeping flagboat on the port hand; thence to the place of start.

For classes fourth and fifth, from the place of start to and around Wilkes' Ledge it. S. can buoy; thence to and around flagboat in Kettle Cove, keeping bull on the port hand; thence to the place of start.

Note.—The buoy on Wilkes' Ledge is a first-class can buoy, bearing south one half east from Dumpling Light.

The home time will be taken as the yachts cross the starting line.

5. Entries must be made in writing and filed with the chairman of the regatta committee—J. L. Marcellus—or the yacht Triton before 5 P. M. of Thursday, July 21, 1881, or they may be left for the committee, in care of Commodore John A. Hawes, at New Bedford Yacht Club House, at any time previous to that hour. They must contain the name and measurements of the yacht on deck and on water line.

Owner's measurement will be subject to verification by the measurer of the Atlantic Yacht Club.

6. Measurement.—The "on deck" measurement of the yacht shall be taken from a point on deck perpendicular with that point on the forward part of the stem or rabbet, wherever the waterline terminates, to the point of extreme length of the yacht on deck aft, irrespective of the rail.

7. Time of race.—No limit.

8. Allowance is based upon length only, to be ascertained by adding actual length on water line to length on deck, dividing by two—the result to be the length on which allowance is to be calculated.

9.—Distances of courses for which the allowance will be calculated will be as follows: first, second and third, 30 miles; classes fourth and fifth, twenty miles.

10. Sail.—Sail shall be restricted as follows:—For Schooners—Mainsail, maintopsail, maintopmast, staysail, foresail, foretopsail, foretopsail, jib, flyingjib and jibtopsail. No sail shall be set flying except maintopmaststaysail, nor shall any booming out poles be carried. For Sloops—Mainsail, maintopsail, foretopsail, jib, flyingjib, jibtopsail and spinaker. All head sails, excepting stormjibs, should be set on stays. This restriction does not apply to cutters and yachts that handle sails on their jibs flying. No two sails of the same name may be set at the same time, but there is no restriction as to the size of sails, except that no topsail shall be carried which shall extend in height above the topmasthead or in width beyond the end of the gaff.

This last restriction as to the size of topsail shall not apply to sloops of class fifth.

11. Trim.—All yachts shall sail in their usual cruising trim, with their boats on the davits or in their usual place, and shall also carry their anchors and chains in their usual place.

Yachts may come to an anchor during the regatta, but no means, except sails, are allowed to propel a yacht.

12. Penalties.—Violations of these special regulations, or the "R. and S. Regulations" of the club, by any yacht sailing in the regatta, may be considered sufficient cause for the judges to rule such yacht out of the regatta, or as not entitled to any claim as a competing yacht.

13. Prizes.—One for each class and of the following values:—Class first, $100; class second, $75; class third, $100; class fourth, $75; class fifth, $50.

14. Judges.—Judges will be named on arrival of the fleet at New Bedford.

J. L. MARCELLUS,
SIDNEY W. KNOWLES,
GEORGE B. MOFFAT,
} Regatta Committee.

TRANSPORTATION OF CANOES.—This is from the New York *Times*, in which the hand of a well-known Commodore presiding over the "fourth column" can easily be recognized:

"Now that canoes are becoming numerous in this country, canoe-owners are trying—as Englishmen have been trying for the last ten years—to convince railway and express companies that a canoe is not something else. Our express companies recognize but two kinds of boats—row-boats and racing shells—and they insist that canoes must be one or the other. The canoe-owner claims that to charge for a canoe fourteen feet long the same rate which is charged for a shell forty feet long is unfair; and that it is equally unfair to charge as much for carrying a canoe weighing sixty pounds as for carrying a row-boat weighing two hundred pounds. Occasionally an express company's agent is constrained to admit that a canoe is neither a row-boat nor a shell, but he is then usually unable to fix any price for carrying it, simply because it does not fall within any of the various classes of articles mentioned in his printed tariff of charges. One canoe-owner recently succeeded in convincing an express company that his canoe was a basket, and accordingly it was "billed" and charged for as a basket; but it requires an immense amount of argument to demonstrate the resemblance between baskets and canoes. Sooner or later, express and railroad companies will have to recognize the separate existence of canoes and to cease charging more than the first cost of a canoe for carrying it ten or fifteen miles."

OBITUARY.—In the death of Cornelius Poillon, July 11, New York loses another of its old-time ship builders, whose ranks are rapidly thinning and remain unfilled by the rising generation. As a builder of yachts in recent years, Poillon obtained a reputation for solid, honest work, and to him was entrusted most of the heavy yachting tonnage built in this port. The models for which he was responsible were distinguished by their ability rather than their speed or beauty. Dreadnaught, Sappho, Clio and others had to be radically altered before they exhibited speed, while the designs of his successful boats—the Peerless, Norna and Intrepid—were furnished by specialists not connected with the yard.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Canoeists who desire to attend the convention of the American Canoe Association, which is to take place at Lake George on Aug. 11, 12 and 13, can obtain certificates entitling them to free transportation of their canoes by applying to C. L. Norton, No. 853 Broad. This transportation covers the routes of the People's Line Steamers, and the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railway. The National Express Company has furthermore agreed to carry canoes from this city to Glenn's Falls at four dollars each. Canoes shipped under the above conditions are at owner's risk.—N.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.

THE annual regatta of this enterprising Lake club was to have been sailed July 4th, but was postponed to July 12th, owing to the attack upon the President at Washington. Commodore L. B. Fortier had kindly tendered his steam yacht Angelique to the judges, Brig. Gen. John C. Graves and Capt. Thomas Mayhew, accompanied by Mr. John B. Breene, referee, Mr. E. P. Field, time-keeper and Mr. T. P. Frank, measuror, the press and guests of the club. Eight yachts were got away to a *simultaneous* start at 2:28, the Fleetwing not turning up, having been sold, Phantom having withdrawn and Clara not fetching out in time. The wind was light from southwest, hardly enough to stem the tide. The fleet got off in the following order: Mignonette, Alarm, Curlew, Telephone, recently from Cleveland, Turk, Little R., Petrel and Arrow. Alarm took the lead to the first mark which was rounded by five only, Turk, Petrel and Telephone giving up. Clara, going over the course, fouled Arrow to the latter's detriment. The wind picked up a little and to the second mark Alarm spun out her lead, with Arrow in her wake. Later a fine wind sprang up, carrying the fleet home with the result as under:

	Sailing Time. H. M. S.	Corrected Time. H. M. S.
Arrow	3 13 03	3 13 05
Alarm	3 18 46	3 21 16.1
Petrel	3 39 00	3 41 27.3
Mignonette	3 44 20	3 44 57.20
Curlew	3 44 50	3 45 47.1

Arrow takes $55; Alarm $45; Petrel $35; Mignonette $25; Curlew $15 and $10 divided among the winners to-book. Time allowance on the "three dimension" rule as published previously in FOREST AND STREAM. Three yachts sailed the course a second time for a barometer, Arrow again winning in fine style. Vice-Commodore Cordell has offered a prize to be sailed for by Turk and Curlew, single-handed over a six-mile course; both yachts are over 30 ft., and may carry all the sail they can handle.

THE INTERSTATE REGATTA.

THE Southern yachtsmen are justly indignant over the articles appearing recently in the *Sun* instigated by the Mr. Miller who claims to have been the owner of the Silence, and who used skipper Ira Smith simply as a blind in the preliminaries. Those who know the referee, Mr. Emile J. O'Brien, need not be told that he is above the dirty business imputed to him by Mr. Miller. It is charity to the latter to assume that a mistaken vanity so warped his better sense that he gave vent to statements he would not care to reiterate in cooler moments. The Southern yachtsmen have substantiated their explanation of the matter by ample testimony, and it would have been more manly and creditable had the New York party known how to take their defeat instead of peevishly assailing the good characters of irreproachable gentlemen and sportsmen. The New Orleans *Democrat* wants to know whether Mr. Miller is a representative yachtsman of the North. He is not; has never been heard of in yachting circles, and probably scarcely knows one end of a boat from the other. The only fault to be found with the New Orleans yachtsmen is that they restored the purse won to an individual so unworthy of their sympathies and regards. The public here knows how to judge of the man who accepts the return of stakes lost in fair fight.

NEW YORK YACHT SQUADRON.

FLAGSHIP DAUNTLESS, July 15, 1881.

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 3.

The Squadron will rendezvous for the Annual Cruise off the Pequot House, New London, on Monday, August the first.

During the afternoon an hour will be appointed by signal for a meeting of the Captains on board the Flagship, after sunset, and it is requested that every Captain intending to join the cruise will be present.

The squadron will there be divided into starboard and port divisions, the former to be commanded by the Vice-Commodore, and the latter by the Rear Commodore, to which vessel will be assigned her place in line for all squadron evolutions.

A start will be made early Tuesday morning for New Bedford, where the Eastern Squadron will be met, and where an entertainment will be given them by the New York Yacht Club.

Yachts of the New York squadron will heave-to to westward of line drawn between the Dumplings, Wilke's Ledge and Bunker's Island, and form in single cond order of sailing to receive the Eastern Squadron. The latter will pass between two divis ons coming from the westward, his Commodore receiving a salute of one gun from each yacht as he passes. The Eastern squadron will then proceed to an anchorage in New Bedford Harbor, and upon signal from Flagship, the New York Squadron will follow in second order of sailing.

During the cruise, except upon special orders, guns will be fired only as follows:

First. By each yacht on joining or leaving the squadron, which will be answered by the Flagship only.

Second. When the Commodore or senior officer in command joins or leaves the Squadron, when each yacht will return his gun.

Attention is called to Chapter XVII. of By-Laws, and it is requested that Captains visiting the Flagship will appear in uniform, also that at called meetings of Captains on the Flagship they only will attend.

It is expected that all orders will be implicitly obeyed, that signals will be promptly acknowledged, and that especially in getting under way in squadron, no yacht will start before gun fire.

Several special prizes have been offered by members of the club to be competed for during the cruise, and the compliment should be acknowledged by a full entry of yachts for these races.

The Commodore is most desirous of extending the cruise beyond its usual limits. He has in a still stronger degree Cape Cod and through the waters of Massachusetts Bay would add novelty and interest to the cruise, and hopes the squadron will concur in his views.

In order to repay suitably the long due debt of hospitality to the Eastern Club, the Commodore earnestly requests that there shall be upon the cruise a full attendance of yachts, both sail and steam, and considering the necessity for extensive preparations, Captains should, without delay, notify the fleet Captain at Club House, No. 29 East 27th street, of their intentions.

By order.

ROBERT CENTER,
Fleet Captain.

We are glad to find the pop-gun nuisance stringently limited and the childish spectacle of promiscuous gun-firing abolished in the squadron, at least as long as Commodore Waller and his efficient Fleet Captain are on deck.

ALBANY YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to give you some idea what the yachtsmen are about in this old Dutch town 150 miles above your great city. The Albany Y. C. have almost completed their new club-house, situated opposite the city on the island between the R. R. bridge and base ball grounds. We are on the shore about seventy-five feet above high tide, the club-house is a frame building, slate roof with balcony on the front west and north sides; the building is two stories high; the first story, nine feet ceiling, to be used for locker, repairs, workshop, etc. Second story, billiard room (two tables), and meeting room; also a wash room and room for the janitor. The house is open the present week. Our janitor is always "on deck" in the house, and ready to attend to the wants of the members and receive the friends of the club. When the weather is such as to prevent sailing the members find lots of amusement with the billiard tables. The club membership numbers seventy-five active and ten honorary members and ten yachts as follows: Sloops—Cynthia, Artful Dodger, Albani, Coquette, Marbelle, Reckless, Cats—Breeze, Hi-Hi, Carrie, Good Luck.

The above fleet lies opposite the club house in very clear water and out of harm's way. We were very glad to get out of the dirty basin where we formerly lay. Many of the members thought it would be very inconvenient across the river, but we every day see the many advantages on the east side. The yachts need good luck and Marbelle are owned by Troy gentlemen, the rest of the fleet by Albany. At the last meeting of the club on the 11th inst. thirteen new members were elected, and as many more are expected at the next regular meeting. The yachting interest is "booming." Josiah Fuge, Esq., is one of the honorary members, and owner of the steam yacht Ella. We expect to have more yachts before the end of the season. The "watch string" of the A. Y. C. always hangs on the outside of the door, or, in other words, the club ever stands ready to receive any and all yachtsmen that come to Albany. "So say we all of us."

The following are the officers elected for the year: Commodore, William W. Grey; Vice-Commodore, Dan G. Shisby; Secretary, Albert Albers; Treasurer, R. D. Evans. Board of Stewards: F. E. Cooley, Geo. C. Hawley, W. W. Carman, Col. John D. Brooks, Henry Sann.

There has been some talk of a regatta early this fall, but cannot say what will be done about it. Will drop you a line occasionally.

JIB.

SEA ANCHORS.

WE have received several communications in regard to sea anchors and their practical value. From our own experience we can testify in their favor, having ridden out a steep sea in an open boat trailing the regulation sea anchor, without shipping and bucking, using nothing but some running gear to hold on with. Eastern yachtsmen who have tried the McManus sea anchor illustrated in this paper some time ago also report satisfactory results. We quote below a letter of a "Shell Back" in the London *Nautical Magazine* for July relating to the subject:

Lean ships do best head on to sea, and it requires very great attention both to speed and steerage to keep so with safety. A ship may break down. A friend of mine broke his shaft in a heavy S. W. gale, and came very near foundering, he could not keep his ship to. With great difficulty, from the sea breaking on board, he got out the best sea anchor he had the means of rigging out, it was not enough; as a last resource he paid out sixty fathoms of cable, the ship then rode the gale out very well. He considered that he saved the ship and all on board.

The Chinese junks all carry a sea anchor made like an umbrella of wicker work to which they ride out the heaviest gales.

I would suggest that all steamers should be fitted with a sea anchor, carried in a place where it could be let go easily, and one of Bullivant's steel wire ropes. In an owner's point of view it would save a lot of coal. I feel sure that many steamers that are now at the bottom would be afloat to-day. Fishing boats ride out very heavy weather to their nets, heavier than they could live in otherwise.

WHAT IS A KNOT?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you please inform me what is the number of feet in a nautical mile? There appears to be a great discrepancy among authorities on the subject. Bowditch gives, 6,120 ft.; Haswell gives, 6,139⅝ ft.; American Cyclopedia, 6,046 ft.; Webster's Dictionary, 6,075 ft.; Worcester's Dictionary, 6,075 ft.; Whitaker's Almanac, 6,082 ft.

BALTIMOREAN.

When so many authorities disagree we hardly care to decide. We were brought up in the belief that a knot or nautical mile is one-sixtieth of a degree of longitude measured on the equator, and that it amounted to 6,086.4 ft., which adds still another figure to the list. The above variations are accounted for by the different results of actual measurements made by a number of scientific men at various. For practical purposes in keeping the reckoning of ships at sea, these differences are immaterial. In the U. S. Navy, the knot is taken as 6,080 ft. and the British Admiralty uses the same figure. We believe the French do also, as the 6,086.4 ft. has been deduced from measurements undertaken by French engineers under the direction of the late Napoleon III., and carried out with all the nicety and refinement for which French engineers are famous. The number of feet in ordinary miles was originally also deduced from actual measurements of the same sort, but with such comparatively clumsy instruments that widely divergent figures have come into use. Thus the modern English mile is based upon a measurement taken by Ptolemy seventeen hundred years ago, only in adopting the latter's work an error of about one-sixth was made simply by confounding the Greek foot with the Phileterian foot, hence instead of being about 6,080 ft., the ordinary mile is only 5,280. This error had to be rectified for the purpose of calculating a ship's position by the chronometer and heavenly bodies, hence the knot was introduced among seamen.

THE ATLANTA.

THROUGH the kindness of Captain Cuthbert we have received some fine large photographs, showing the yachts in his yard at Belleville, among them being the new Atlanta in frame and planked down to the bilge. She looks like a very fair, easy-lined craft, quite up to the last ideas, and one which would not suffer by comarison with craft built in these latitudes. As far as we can judge from the photo, the Atlanta will be a going yacht, and, if well canvassed, it will need the best to beat her. Among the smaller yachts typical of lake customs we may mention the well-known Katie Gray and Dauntless, both deeper and abler models than the majority of small yachts in our own waters. Those interested can view the photos in our office.

WHO IS THIS?

THE London *Shipping Gazette* reports the arrival of the cutter Swift, ten tons, at Cowes, Isle of Wight, from Dundee, Scotland, to fit out preparatory to crossing the Atlantic to New York. We find no such yacht in Lloyd's or Hunt's, there being a Swift yawl of 57 tons and a swift steamer of 51 in Hunt's, though Lloyd's have a cutter Swift of 7 tons belonging to Weymouth. This does not seem to be the craft and we are puzzled to know how much truth there is in the report and what Swift our prospective visitor can be.

A. C. A. LAKE GEORGE REGATTA.

OAK BANK, Shandon Gareloch, N. B., July 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Through the kindness of the Secretary of this association I have had the pleasure of being able to hand to various canoeing friends copies of the circular announcing the fixture of the annual regatta of the A. C. A.

We are much struck with the admirable way in which all the arrangements and rules of your American Association have been organized and cannot help admiring the pluck of "our cousins" in assembling from far and near to hold three days' revelry on what is a most romantically-situated lake. The programme leaves nothing to be desired, the rules are perfect, the prizes are most lavish. When will canoe builders in this "old" country of ours offer prizes for canoe races? Never, I fear. "How to Get to Lake George" is quite intelligible, even to a stranger, and that "Come and its scenery" is the most (pardon the expression) laughable "*Je ne sais quoi*" I ever heard of.

Fancy canoeists camping out and purchasing their meals at thirty-seven cents each! Fancy straw being furnished at a reasonable price! Oh! Mr. Editor, is this a joke or is it one of the things that are managed better in the "new" than in the "old" country. Meals at thirty-seven cents! (Why not give the bill of fare at once?) And straw!

When we go a-camping in this country we manage things differently.

Each canoe is furnished with a water-proof cushion about 5 ft. long and 3 ft. wide, which is pinned to the well of the canoe, is doubled up at one end and, being about 2 in. thick and stuffed with hair, forms, when afloat, a most comfortable seat and backboard; at night it is our bed, for, being water-proof, it does not secrete the water, and any dampness soon dries up. Our meals would not be half so appetizing did we not fry our own bacon, boil eggs, coffee, infuse tea, fry the fish caught the night before, roast a rabbit or a fowl, concoct an omelet or make a stew. Half the fun of camping is in being one's own cook, scullery maid, boots, valet and "hookkeeper," all in one. But pardon me and don't think me rude, but some of us gentlemen hereabouts have had more amusement over the "thirty-seven cents" meal and the "straw for bedding" than we have had from many a joke in *Punch*. With kindest wishes for a large and merry meeting,

Yours, very truly,
Hon. Member A. C. A.,
Member " L. G. C. C.,
" " R. C. C.,
" " C. C. C.

Our correspondent from across the sea has caught the funny aspect of the thing, but there is the lesson of former experience on our side. Canoeists will come from all quarters, many after a paddle of hundreds of miles, and when they reach Lake George they want a rest and hotel accommodations *al fresco*, for racing is then the point in view, and for the nonce the canoeist is content to buy his meals to save time and labor and to shorten his limbs to their full extent. However, in spite of the attractions of the "bill of fare" our cousins have had so much fun over, a goodly number will camp and cook on their own resources and will gladly welcome such a well known authority as our correspondent to luscious bacon, game bagged with their own guns and fish fresh from the streams of the finny tribe, as well as stores from the depths of "water-tight compartments," all cooked and done to a turn in the bush or on the pebbly beach over a brushwood fire or the roaring flame of a "Russian lamp."

YACHTING NEWS.

DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.—The race open to cat boats was sailed July 16 off the club house, Harrison square. No distinction was made between keels and boards. Course, 7 miles, and the regular English start of one gun, the boats getting away simultaneously. Wind fresh from southwest, giving the smaller craft all the work they wanted, and right bravely were they put through. Zulu lost so much time in reefing that she gave up of Half Tide rock, and Curlew made her mark second, but made repairs and proceeded. Nattie capsized, the Firefly and Wideawake going to her rescue. Judges: O. C. Hamlet, H. Davenport and S. G. Kingsland, aboard the Endaville. A protest was lodged against Thisbe for not sailing the entire course. Summary as under:

FIRST CLASS.

Name and Owner.	Length. Ft.	In.	Actual time. H.	M.	S.	Corrected time. H.	M.	S.
Fanny, R. Bevan	24	4	1	15	51	0	52	53
Thisbe, F. Bullard	24	2	1	17	53	0	53	51
Amy, E. W. Baxter	23	0	1	18	38	0	54	36
Peri, T. H. Cabot	21	5	1	26	00	1	00	30
Rois, J. J. Souther	22	0	1	24	26	1	01	29
Shadow, G. Guild, jr	21	1	1	27	57	1	02	51
Sweerwater, W. M. Merrill	20	7	1	30	15	1	02	57
Wave Crest, Mr. Rogers	21	6	1	27	27	1	04	34
Joker, G. Coffin	22	5	1	30	32	1	04	51
Janee, W. L. Phinney	20	7	1	33	13	1	06	56

SECOND CLASS.

Nora, G. B. Dennie	18	5	1	32	42	1	04	05
Flirt, J. P. Bullard	18	1	1	26	56	1	05	23
Hecate, S. G. King	18	4	1	34	57	1	06	15
Idyl, R. Gibbs	18	10	1	35	34	1	07	26

COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB.—The open "regatta" was sailed July 12 and brought out a very fair list of starters. Course triangular, off the club-house, foot of Eighty-sixth street, North River, to be sailed twice over; distance, fifteen miles. The wind was unfortunately very light from the southward and the Cynthia could not get away with less than a 32 minutes handicap. After some rather tedious work, which gave no chance for a display of qualities, the first round was completed and the second hade fair to turn into a drift. Fortunately occasional catspaws and light airs sent most of them home as under, the Commodore's Cup to Three Brothers, the Una Cup to Abbie M. and the Members' Cup to Eldiva:

CLASS A.

Name.	Owner.	Length. Ft	In.	Cor. Time. H.	M.	S.
Lorelei	Jake Smith	32	06	—	—	—
Eldiva	W. J. Greacen	32	03	3	05	50
Eisie May	J. G. Northrup	31	03	3	07	57

CLASS B.

Cynthia	M. B. Brown	23	00	—	—
Ray Howland	To a Fearon	22	06	3	00 29
Three Brothers	Vic & Co	22	04	3	00 05
Geo. B. Deane	D. McGlynn	21	05	2	52 10

CLASS C.

Hoodoo	A. P. Curtis	20	00	3	00	15
Abbie M	G. W. Homens	19	11½	2	55	46
E. Goodwin	T. Muller	19	05	2	56	57
Anita	G. H. Clearman	19	03	—	—	—

RUNNING AMUCK.—An esteemed contemporary, trying very hard to ape FOREST AND STREAM, has got afoul of the measurement question in a moment of aberration and frees itself in solid chunks of this sort: "If depth and beam are advantages, why not avail yourself of them?" Indeed! Acres logic. Only pray is not length an advantage, and then "why not avail yourself of it?" But you tax length because an increase is presumed to mean an increase of size, and for exactly the same reason depth and beam should be taxed. A large boat loses proportionately in beating. To find her relative speed to the small one an allowance should be made for her increased size. Again, "why build a boat which is not much boat?" Simply because a "boat which is much boat" may be the fastest on a fairly measurement rule through overpowering others, but for all-round qualities, such as cruising with only moderate canvas or going to sea in, a "boat which is much boat" is by no means the best sort of boat and a fair rule should permit every one to build just as he pleases, but should compelling him to build "much boat" when it may suit his purposes for another to have "less boat." We do not propose to discuss so elementary a matter with a reporter guilelessly innocent of technical acquirements and whose logic presents such a gaping back door as to make our contemporary ridiculous even among schoolboys. It is sufficient to say that the canoe clubs have long abandoned "simple length" and the small clubs are following suit. Our contemporary is learning rapidly and we may overlook its crudities since it already admits deep boats to be the fastest, when but a few weeks ago it was careering madly inside the light draft frenzy. But if it must appropriate topics and ideas from these columns, better copy them whole and give credit like a man, not pirate them half way, only to make a botch in the transfer. Materializing "prominent members" does seem more within its scope. In essaying technical criticisms it only makes itself a laughing stock and the ingubrious effort to give counsel to yachtsmen with a hundred fold its experience and research is a ludicrous piece of assumption, certain to provoke merriment among those for whose especial benefit the ignorants mock sermons are concocted and delivered in print with owl-like gravity, interjected with the slang of the bar-room.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—The new club book for the current year has been issued. It shows this club to be the foremost in the country devoted to the interests of legitimate yachts of small tonnage. The list contains 8 schooners, 19 sloops, 47 cat-boats, 2 steamers, 1 hooker, 1 sharpy, 3 yawls and 4 cutters. Since publication 5 new yachts have been added, in King a fleet of 88 sail, something the club may justly be proud of. Its races are invariably sailed with fixed ballast, which accounts in no small degree for its prosperity. Some New York clubs might take a lesson from the Beverly in this respect. The increasing number of cutters and yawls is worthy of note and the success of the recent additions will no doubt induce others to be built. There are 167 members, showing the club to possess a larger number of yachts in proportion to membership than any other we know of—almost a yacht to every man. Like all progressive clubs this one has abolished length measurement and now allows time on "two thirds the length of water-line, plus beam." A praiseworthy feature of the club book consists of full details of both boats and their sails, a feature which should be incorporated in other similar publications. The smallest schooner in the fleet is the new Lola, 29 ft. long, 7 ft. beam and clinker built, owned by C. H. W. Foster.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—According to the orders issued the fleet rendezvoused off Whitestone, and sailed July 16, for Black Rock, where they arrived in the evening, the Triton making the run in four hours. The vessels making their numbers were: Schooners—Crusader, Mr. J. Roger Maxwell; Triton, Mr. George A. Boyer; Agnes, Commodore L. A. Fish; Lotus, Mr. William A. Cole; Sunshine, Mr. W. Peet. Sloops—Dolphin, Mr. J. W. Cooper; Fanita, Mr. J. G. Prague; Pirate, Rear Commodore T. A. Howell; Rover, Mr. W. E. Iselin; Clarita, Mr. H. W. Banks; Genia, Mr. T. P. Fiske; Dream, Messrs. J. R. and A. Gibbs; Nellie S., Rev. W. H. Thomas; Wayward, Marquita, and Annie. These will likely be increased in course of a day or two. Sunday, June 17, was passed at anchor, divine service being attended aboard the Crusader, the Rev. C. H. Hall, D. D., Trinity Church, Brooklyn, delivering an appropriate sermon. The squadron got under way on Monday, and reached New London during the afternoon, Triton leading in at 1 P. M.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—The well-known building firm of George Lawley & Son, of Boston, evidently does not propose to be caught asleep in the reform movement. They are not of the class who think loud talk of the spread-eagle order all that a yacht builder should know, but foreseeing the move in favor of cutters or deep flush decked yachts of able form and handy rigs, they propose to take the tide when it comes on full and may they have the success they deserve we say. The following is from the South Boston *Inquirer*, and shows how the good cause is gaining: "George Lawley, son of the well-known yacht builder, with his wife and daughter, sailed for England on the steamer Bulgarian last Tuesday. He will inform himself of all the improvements and latest ideas in regard to the English cutters, a class of boats which is coming into fashion to a very considerable extent in this vicinity more and more."

SCRUB RACE.—Ten cat-boats sailed a race off New Rochelle harbor June 13, for prizes offered by local merchants, over a ten-mile course, from Echo Bay to buoy off Executive Rock, to mark-boat off Horseshoe Harbor, opposite Larchmont.; thence to start, around a mark off Glen Island; thence to Gangway buoy and home. Time allowance, three minutes to the foot, the most excessive ever imposed and out of all proportion to the lessons of experience. The weather was squally and the little shavers had all they could do to keep right side up with care. Gertrude turned turtle after passing the finishing line, and her crew rescued from the water by boats from shore, while many of the fleet were scattered, having to cut and run for dear life. Of those which managed to reach the finish Truant, Mr. N. B. Lawton, 24 ft., showed up first, but lost first money, $40, to Anita of 19 ft., reaching home $20 and $10 going to Gertrude as third boat home. The rest came in straggling.

NELLIE-CON O'CONNER—In the match between these two schooners, sailed in San Francisco Bay July 2, the Nellie took the lead, kept it and won a fine race, beating the O'Conner 21m. over the regular course of 10 miles, winning the race by 4½m. The Nellie is a comparatively deep boat, while the O'Conner is on the scanting-dish principle. Here we have another proof that depth is not a hindrance to speed, as the old school loves to maintain. The Nellie also has two tons of outside lead, with a corresponding increase to her rig. It was a case of an honest boat against a light draft, and the deeper ship won and would have won upon a more rational measurement rule than length, though not by so wide a margin. This race will no doubt make the yachtsmen on the Pacific revise their system of measurement after the example of eastern clubs, for it will be patent to them that a portion of the 21m. is to be credited to the greater size of the Nellie and not necessarily to any virtues of model.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MATCH.—Concerning the Nellie O'Connor match, the able yachting correspondent of the San Francisco *Call*, gives the following: "The race [Nellie] took to keep showed itself at the finish. It seems the O'Connor people had prepared a placard on the expectation of winning, which they were to hang over the side. This bore the legend, 'What's the matter now?' This was all ready to be displayed. Some one told the Nellie people, and they secretly prepared an answer to it in case they won. When they crossed the line, they displayed the answer, knowing the question would not come to light. The Nellie's legend was: 'What's what's the matter.'"

HONEST OLD TIMERS.—It speaks well for the build of many of the older yachts to find among iron vessels the following have received the A class—viz.: Puilia, S., 66 tons, built 1857; Albion, S., 143 tons, built 1853; Wanderer, sch., 142 tons, 1854, and Mayflower, *nee* Circe, sch., 107 tons, 1862, while Circe, sch., 149 tons, 1862, is 100 A1, or highest class. Among wooden vessels we find the cutters Cygnet, 44 tons, built 1846; Neptune, 33 tons, 1848; Avalon, 40 tons, 1850; Surprise, 20 tons, 1856; and yawls Secret, 29 tons, 1857, and Undine, 31 tons, 1862, have all received Lloyd's class.—*London Yachting Record.*

AN OLD YACHTSMAN GONE.—In the death of Mr. Thos. Broadwood we have lost a yachtsman who was beloved by the whole yachting world. He was one of the greatest supporters of the sport of yachting of his time. Few gentlemen have built more vessels and few yachtsmen have gone in more heartily for racing; even when he owned the Dawn, a cruiser pure and simple, he twice put her into the R. T. Y. C. schooner match in order to insure a competition, the ruin being "three to start or no race."—*London Yachting Record.*

CRUISING AND YACHTING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fixtures of our club for the future as far as settled upon are: Annual regatta for championship of Lake Winnebago, July 29; special regatta, Aug. 11 and 12, open to all boats under 25 ft.; prize, $350. All entries should be made to the Secretary Oshkosh Y. C., Oshkosh, Wis.—C. C. M.

ATLANTA.—This schooner, Vice-Commodore Vermilye, H. Y. C., cleared from New York, July 14, for Halifax, N. S., bound on a cruise, and for fish in the gulf.

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been decided to sail the Corinthian race for open boats and catamarans Wednesday, July 27, matches open to yachts of the S. Y. C., Larchmont Y. C. and Atlantic Y. C. Course to be a triangular one, starting off new club house, Edgewater, Staten Island. The annual cruise of the club has been fixed for Thursday, August 25, rendezvous off Whitestone, 5 P. M.—X

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.—In the match for second-class sloops, sailed July 4, from off Fairhaven over a fourteen-mile course, three were the starters. Wind light from southwest, but an excellent race was made, the yachts being well bunched all around the course. Starting, G. W. Parker, won in 2h. 46m. 41s., beating Nixie, Arcelc, Kismet and Whistler.

CRUISING EAST.—Here are some more who are doing the right sort of thing: Steamer Yosemite, Wm. Belden, arrived at Quebec June 16. The White Cloud sloop is knocking about the coast of Maine, with Mr. John Lovejoy and friends aboard. The schooner Peerless is down East with her owner, Mr. L. J. Bird, and friends from Albany.

CRUISING EAST.—A very large fleet is cruising this year. The schooner Dreadnaught, A. W. Nickerson, Eastern Y. C., is off the coast of Maine, likewise sloop Lillie, Messrs. Dillingham and Bond, the schooner Aetna, Mr. David Sears, sloop Gem, Mr. Lincoln and the Teddy, Mr. George Bond.

SILENCE.—Capt. Ira Smith has sold this racing jib and mainsail to Mr. Alex. Brewster, of New Orleans, taking the Albertine and $750 in payment. The Silence, therefore, will hereafter hail from Lake Pontchartrain and the Albertine will reappear in New York waters, where she has figured before as the Susie S.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—Ex-Commodore Bennett has offered the club three $1,000 cups to be sailed for during the cruise by schooners, sloops and steamers.

NEW YACHTS.—Some signs of the times. Lines are to be got out for two new keel yachts about 50 ft., and a couple of big schooners.

ATLANTA.—Captain Cuthbert expects to finish planking this new sloop this week and will proceed finishing her at once,

LYNN YACHT REGATTA.—The races postponed from July 4 were sailed July 16, fresh entries being received. Wind fresh from southwest; course, 7 miles; prizes, $25 and $10; judges, G. W. Haines, E. G. Souther, and B. W. Howell. The Magic, E. C. Neal, 30 ft. 6 in., won in 5m. 14s., beating Jennie, Venus, Pearl, and Edith in the order named.

HONEST BOAT.—Mr. George W. Eaton, of this city, has bought the keel sloop Vision, and will sail her from Stonington during the season. Vision is 26 ft. on deck, 23 ft. on the line, 9½ ft. beam, and 4 ft. draft. Built in East Boston in 1874.

LILLIE'S CRUISE.—The sloop Lillie, which left Boston last Saturday evening on an Eastern cruise, arrived at Portland Sunday forenoon, left for Peak's Island Tuesday morning, and at last accounts was at West Hartwell, befogged.

DEATH-TRAPS.—Last Sunday the sloop Kittie S., with eight hands on board, struck a moderate puff off Governor's Island, and immediately rolled over, spilling her crew, who were rescued by boats from Whitehall.

POSTPONED.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In view of the President's condition, the Pacific Y. C. has decided to postpone the regular regatta to September 9, in order to secure as large a list of entries as possible.—C.

CRUISING WEST.—The fine little schooner Adrienne, Rear Commodore Jacob Pfaff, will visit the Sound ports and New York shortly, and proceed up the Hudson to the bridges at Troy.

A YAWL CRUISING.—The Ionian, yawl-rigged this year, is at Castine, Maine, with the artists John B. Johnston and J. L. Wasson on a sketching tour.

DEFERRED.—A number of book reviews are again deferred for want of space.

Sour stomach, bad breath, indigestion and headache easily cured by Hop Bitters.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

J. F. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—There is no law against the trap shooting of pigeons in your State.

J. Q., Newark, N. J.—You can procure the vaccine at either Mercer's or Garrigan's apothecary shops in Broad street, your city.

J. A. C., Jefferson, Ohio.—The dog will become worthless if permitted to run and hunt by himself. Keep him in a small inclosure, or, if that is impossible to do, he must be kept on the chain and exercised by a proper person morning and evening. Castrate the dog and you will ruin him forever for field purposes.

W. W., Philadelphia.—The Irish setter dog, Rufus II., was whelped August 14, 1878, and was bred by A. Burges. He was by Rufus (4,331 English Kennel C. S. B.) out of Friend (714 Nat. Am. K. C. S. B.), Leigh's Flash-Kavanagh's Stella). The late M. Von Culin, Delaware City, Del., exhibited Rufus II. at the Centennial Bench Show.

H. L. Z., New York City.—Vero Shaw's "Illustrated Book of the Dog" is a most excellent compilation. It treats of the various breeds of dogs now in existence. The serial will be completed in thirty parts; twenty-three numbers have already been issued. Price 40 cents per number. We can furnish the whole or any special number. Parts Nos. II. and III. treat of the mastiff.

SAGO, Maine.—The progeny of the cross between setters and pointers are called droppers. They often prove hardy and useful dogs, displaying the excellencies of both parents; but, although individual specimens turn out all that their owners wish, the cross is not a desirable one, resulting in the first generation in produce of the most varied types, nor can it be continued with advantages or any certainty.

A. A. M., Otsego, N. Y.—What is the best breed of dogs for birds of all kinds, and one that will retrieve from land or water? Ans. For game birds, such as grouse, quail, woodcock and English snipe, either the setter or pointer. For ducks, geese and other water birds an Irish water spaniel. If you only care for one dog, and intend to make him do retrieving from the water at all seasons in the year, the setter will be the most useful, but no field dog should be permitted to do much water work.

FLORIDA.—Can you give me the names of some of the good hotels in Jacksonville, St. Augustine, etc., or put me in the way of communication with them so as to arrange for prices for board during coming winter? Would October be good time to go by steamer? Ans. Hotels in Jacksonville are Windsor, Duval, Turner House is moderate. In St. Augustine there are the St. Augustine, Florida, Magnolia and Sunnyside. Send for copy of Jacksonville *Union* which will give names of hotels. October is a good month to go.

J. R. V., Rome, Ga.—In glass ball match the shooting was from three Card rotary traps, screened, and when the person at the score commanded "pull" the ball from some cause was very slow in appearing, and the shooters declared it "no ball" when it did appear after a pause of several seconds; but the referee decided that the plea of unfair pulling could not be considered, as the shooter having given command to pull must wait in readiness and take the ball when it does appear. Ans. The referee was right, unless a manifestly intentional delay could be proved against the puller. 2. It is the practice with some clubs to handicap guns according to their bores.

R. H. R., Jamestown, N. Y.—Six men, A, B, C, D, E, F, tie on a prize in a handicap match. The prize was put up to run six weeks, making six winnings, and each man making a winning to own one-sixth interest in the prize, the winners at the close of shooting to be permitted to buy out or shoot off ties as they may wish. A buys out B's and F's interest, but the others wish to shoot off ties. Shall A shoot one string against each of the other owners shooting one, and get the two parties he bought out to shoot his other two strings for him, or shall he shoot a string for each one of his interests against each of the other owners shooting one string? Or shall A shoot but one string for his one-half interest against the other three parties' one each? Ans. A, having bought ties of B and F, has the privilege of shooting them off against C, D and E, unless he defeats the latter on his own tie; but he is not compelled to shoot them off unless he wishes to do so. To make this plain, put it in another way: Suppose that in shooting off ties A defeats first C, then D, and then E. It remains for him to shoot with B and F, but instead of shooting off he buys them out. It is plain that he need not in that case again shoot with the others whom he has already defeated. On the other hand, supposing C, D or E to have defeated A, the former could not claim the prize until B and F had been defeated too, and A having bought those ties has the right to shoot them off.

W. E. F., Norwalk, O.—Respecting deer the Michigan game law (Sec. 1) provides: "That no person or persons shall pursue or hunt or kill any deer, save only in the Upper Peninsula, from the 15th day of August to the 15th day of November, and in the Lower Peninsula from the 1st day of October to the 1st day of December, inclusive, in each year, or kill at any time any deer when it is in its red coat, or any fawn when it is in its spotted coat, or have in his possession the skin of such deer or fawn in the red or spotted coat; and the having in possession of the skin of such deer or fawn shall be *prima facie* evidence of such illegal killing. No person shall at any time kill or capture any deer in the waters of any of the streams, ponds or lakes within the jurisdiction of this State, or kill or capture any deer by means of any pit, pit-fall or trap. No person shall kill or destroy, by any means whatever, or attempt to take or destroy, any wild turkey any time except in the months of October, November and December of each year, or kill or destroy by any means whatever any woodcock except between the first day of August, in each year, and the first day of January next following, or any partridge or ruffed grouse, or any wood duck, teal duck, mallard duck, or gray duck, save only from the first day of September in each year to the first day of January next following, or any wild water fowl or snipe between the first day of May and the first day of September of each year. The taking, carrying or sending, by any means whatever, into or through any county of this State, any of the game or animals which have been killed or captured contrary to the provisions of this section, or the hides of such animals, shall be illegal, and is declared to be an offense against the provisions of this act, in any county in or through which such game, animals or hides may be taken, and such offense may be punished as provided in Sec. 6 of the act hereby amended." The non-transportation law provides: "Sec. 1. That no person or corporation or company shall, at any time, kill or expose for sale, transport or have in his possession, any deer, ruffed grouse, colin or quail, pinnated grouse nor wild turkey, or any part of the carcass of the same, after the same has been killed, for any purpose except for consumption as food within this State. Sec. 2. No person, corporation or company, shall kill or expose for sale, or have in possession, except alive, at any time, any deer, ruffed grouse, colin or quail, pinnated grouse nor wild turkey, or any part of the carcass of the same, with the intention of sending or transporting, or having the same sent or transported beyond the limits of this State. Sec. 3. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall likewise be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offense, and shall, on conviction thereof, be committed to the common jail of the county until such penalty is paid, provided such imprisonment shall not exceed thirty days.

Miscellaneous

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c.
SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.
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Tents of all kinds for Sportsmen, Naturalists and Photographers, also for Camp Meetings. Fancy Tents for families made to order. Awnings of all kinds for Dwellings, Boats, etc.; also Yacht and Boat Sails. Flags and Banners of all kinds made to order. All work done in best manner and at very low figures. Send for illustrated circular. Address S. HEMMENWAY, over Wall street ferry-house, South street, New York.

New Model, Top Snap, CHAMPION



It has a **Patent Top Snap Action,** by means of which the gun can be opened by pressing the lever either to the right or left; an improvement found in no other gun. It has the **Rebounding Lock,** which ensures safety in loading beyond a doubt. The other improvements are the **Pistol Grip Stock,** and the **Patent Fore-End Fastening,** By means of the Patent Fore-End Fastening the barrels can be detached from the stock in an instant, and as quickly replaced. The shells used in this gun are the central fire, paper or brass. The brass shells can be reloaded many times. **Prices:** Plain Barrels, 12 bore, $13.00; Plain Barrels, 10 bore, $16.00; Twist Barrels, 12 bore, $18.00; Twist Barrels, 10 bore, $19.00. Address
JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS, Gun Dealers, Boston, Mass.
☞ Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,
48 Maiden Lane, New York.

SMALL ARTIFICIAL BAITS, MOUNTED, READY FOR USE.

HARD	Shrimp, red, each	.50	SOFT	Beetles	.25
	Shrimp, natural color	.50		Grasshoppers, winged, each	.50
	Very small fish	.30		Frogs, large	.50
	Grasshoppers	.25		Frogs, small	.35
	Grasshoppers, winged	.50		Helgamite, or Dobson, large	.60
	Potato Bug	.25		Helgamite, or Dobson, small	.55
	Bees, Hard Body	.20		Fluttering May Fly, large	.50
	Bees, Chenille Body	.30		Fluttering May Fly, small	.40
	Crickets	.35		Creepers	.30
	Beetles	.25		Worms (unmounted)	.10

ARTIFICIAL MINNOWS, MOUNTED, READY FOR USE.

METAL	Angel or Devon, burnished	60	75	85	95	1 00	1 10	..	1 20	..	..	..	..	..
	Angel or Devon, enameled	55	70	80	90	95	1 05	..	1 15	..	..	..	..	..
	Fancy, Solid, burnished	..	..	..	..	..	1 00	..	..	1 50	..	..	..	..
	Fancy, Hollow, burnished	..	..	..	90	..	1 00	..	1 25	1 40	1 50	..	..	..
	Fancy, Hollow, enameled	..	..	..	85	..	95	..	1 20	1 35	1 45	..	..	..
	Plain Jointed, burnished	..	..	..	90	..	..	..	1 40	..	1 75	..	..	..
	Plain Jointed, enameled	..	..	..	95	..	..	..	1 35	..	1 70	..	..	..
	Fancy Jointed, enameled	..	..	1 25	..	..	1 65	1 75	2 00	2 25	2 50	..	..	..
HARD RUBBER	Caledonian	..	..	50	60	60	..	65	75	90	1 00	1 10	1 25	1 50
	Grasshopper, extra quality	..	..	75	75	75	..	85	1 00	1 25	1 40	1 50	1 75	2 00
	Best Hard Rubber	..	75	80	80	85	..	95	1 10	1 35	1 50	1 65	..	..
SOFT	Protean	..	60	60	65	65	..	75	..	..	..	..	..	..
	Phantom	..	1 00	1 00	1 00	1 25	..	1 20	1 35	..	..	..	..	..
Length of minnow in inches		1	1¼	1¾	2	2¼	2¾	2¾	3	3¼	4	4½	5	6

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

Grand Prize Distribution,

Consisting of

THREE VALUABLE PRIZES.

200 CHANCES WANTED.

1ST PRIZE—A very handsome FLUTE (value, $45), nine silver keys; inclosed in a handsome case, with oil cup, pad and pad box, swab, etc.

2D PRIZE—A WM. MOORE BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN. Has been used two seasons. Rebounding locks, 12x30x3x13¾; side action; weight, 8 lbs.

3D PRIZE—A SMITH & WESSON REVOLVER. Full nickel-plated, five shot, .38 calibre. Has never been used.

The above drawing will take place on or about

AUGUST 15, 1881.

AT FIFTY CENTS A CHANCE, each ticket allowing the holder to draw one of the three prizes. Send in your names early to secure a chance in the drawing.

JOS. H. EVERARD,
Secretary Susquehanna Sport. Ass'n,
Northumberland, Penn.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Patented.

A rough, coated tongue is a sure sign of a deranged stomach. It is Nature's thermometer, showing how the system is working. In all such cases resort should be had at once to

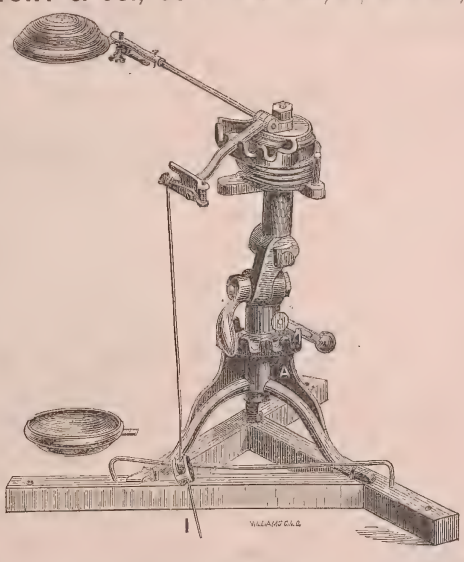
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

It will uncoat the tongue, by removing from the system the cause of the disturbance. It cures, as by a charm, all who use it.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Flying Clay Pigeon.

LIGOWSKY & CO., 33 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, $100; 2d, $25; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars see FOREST AND STREAM of July 28.

[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, page 448.]

" * * * This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting." * * *

Miscellaneous

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Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

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" " " "	245	466	716	1100 Chilled.

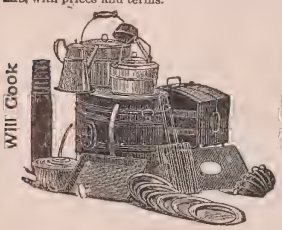
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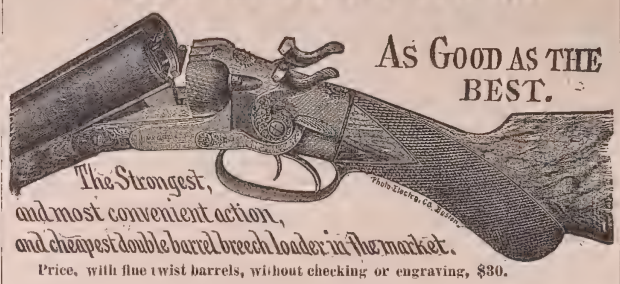
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Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

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Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

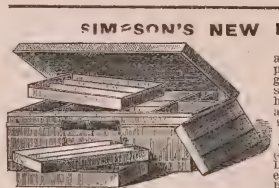
MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB ERNTZ, Secretary. P. O Box 274, New York City.
Special prices to follow others according to their value.

J. OTTO DONNELL, President.

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A want long felt for by Sportsmen. All Anglers will acknowledge that the most vexatious thing that can happen him is to have his Spoons, Hooks and Lines all tangled up. This case will prevent any such disaster, as is so arranged that the most careless fisherman can keep his Tackle in shape. They are made of the best material and handsomely ornamented and furnished with a lock and key. This case is approved of by the practical piscatorial professors who have investigated its perfections. Size—Box: Length 12, width 7½, depth 4½ inches; trays (2): Length 7½, width 4, depth 1 to 1¼ inches; top tray: Length 11½, width 7, depth 1½ inches. Three partitions in each small tray, eight in large tray, two compartments in box, making twenty-four places for lines, hooks, sinkers, spoons, reels, fly book, and each case packed in a neat box and sent on receipt of $4.50. To Clubs taking 6 at one time, $24.00. Send for Catalogue of FISHING-TACKLE AND SPORTSMAN'S GOODS.

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That stand unrivalled for **PURITY.** Warranted **Free from Drugs or Medication.**

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR.	THREE KINGS.	NEW VANITY FAIR.

Each having Distinguishing Merits.

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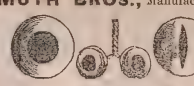
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DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



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HUNTING HATCHETS,

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THE ONLY ONE IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

A perfect protection to the edge of the hatchets. Send for new circular.

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July21 Waterville, Kennebec, Maine.

Wanted.

TO SPORTSMEN.—A gentleman who has the exclusive right of shooting over a large marsh on Lake St. Clair, abounding in wild ducks of all kinds, and over a large area of adjacent country well stocked with quail, partridge, woodcock, snipe, and a few wild turkeys, is anxious to find two or three gentlemen of means to join him in sharing the expenses of housekeeping and preserving. Commodious club house, good boat, horses and kennels. A resident keeper and wife capable of making guests comfortable. Splendid bass fishing to be had in the season. Apply to D. C., Box 101, Niagara, Ont. july 7,3t

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For Sale.

FOR SALE, shooting outfit of the late T. D. Gladstone: One Parker B. L., 30 in., No. 12, 8½ lbs.; very superior gun; leather gun cases, brass shells, etc., etc. Also, one superior pointer puppy, 8 mos. old; color, black and white ticked, out of Mr. Foster's (of Morristown, N. Y.) bitch Speck, by A. H. Moore's (of Philadelphia) Roderick—best stock in the U. S. Address N. J. DEMAREST, No. 1,455 Broadway, N. Y., or Newark, N. J. July14,2t

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FOR SALE, a fine Open Yacht, 21x8; at present cat-rigged; has sloop rigging for sloop; model of the best; able and fast; price reasonable. Address E. F. POWERS, Lansingburgh, N. Y. July 14,2t

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FOR SALE, one Bonehill B. L. Gun, Damascus barrels, top snap, extension rib, pistol grip; good gun, nearly new; canvas cover, 30 brass shells and loader. Price $40. Address H. A. BURLEY, Lock Box 14, New Britain, Conn. July 21-2t

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MOOSE, ELK, CARIBOU AND DEER HORNS FOR SALE.—Large and fine specimens of each. WM. H. TAIT, No. 92 Gold street, New York. j July7,eot

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The Kennel.

FOR SALE, a fine red Irish dog pup, 10 months old, Elcho-Plunkett stock. Price $20; a nice red Irish bitch, 6 months old, $15; and a pointer bitch, 2 yrs. old, $20. For full description, etc., address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. July 21-1t

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FOR SALE, the liver and white cocker spaniel dog Quito, one year old, very handsome and highly bred. Price $15. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. July 21-1t

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WANTED, a thoroughbred, well trained young setter. Setter must be willing to give trial. Address, with price, full description and name of sire and dam, F. MCO., FOREST AND STREAM office. July 21 1t

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LLEWELLYN SETTER DOG, by Dash III., 1½ years old, white, black, orange, perfect on quail, $150. Irish setter dog, by Elcho, 3 years, broken and a bench winner, $150.

Four pups by champion Emperor Fred, ex Minto (1st N. Y., 1879), $20 each. Apply to LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. July 21-1t

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FOR SALE, a well broken Irish setter dog, 3 years old. Good retriever and a first class dog in every respect. Address E. E. VENTRES, Moodus, Conn. July 21-1t

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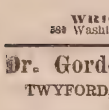
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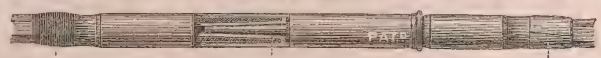
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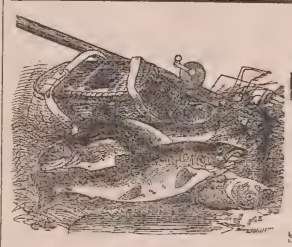
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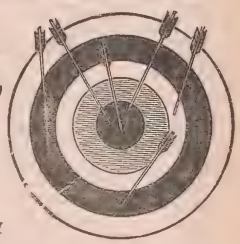
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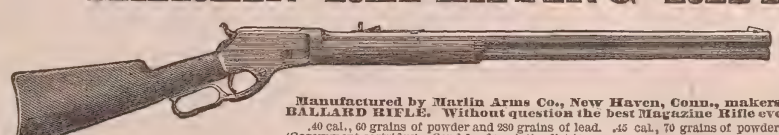


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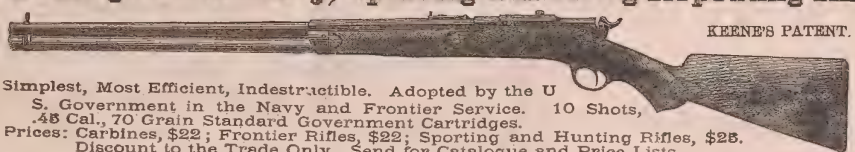
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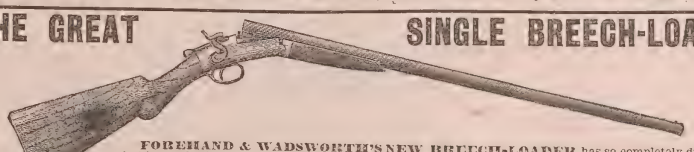


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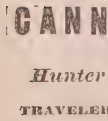
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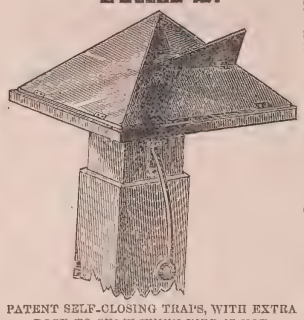
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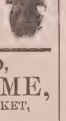
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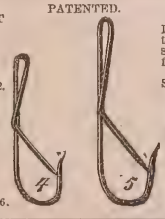
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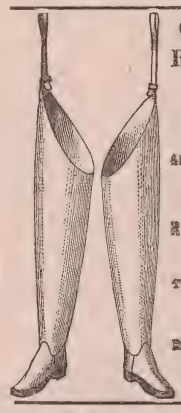
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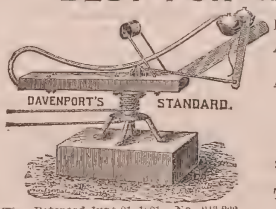
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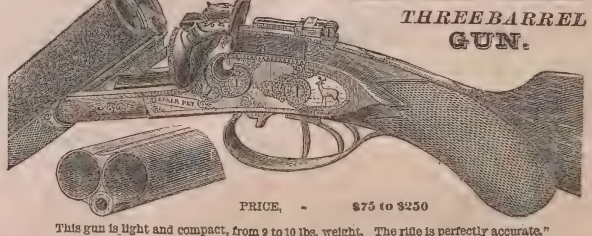
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address: **Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,**
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, July 28.

Specimen copies of this paper will be sent free upon application. We will esteem it a favor if our readers will call the attention of their friends to the merits of the FOREST AND STREAM.

THE TABLE OF OPEN SEASONS in our game bag and gun columns will be found a useful index to the opening days for shooting.

LARCENY OF ANIMALS is the subject of a very interesting paper which we copy from a legal contemporary supplementing it with other articles on kindred subjects which have been printed since.

AL FRESCO'S INVITATION to try the channel bass fishing in Florida is not so strange as it may at first appear. In the first place the fishing is good, we know that. And in the second place the sea coast of Florida is a much more enjoyable summering land than are the sizzling cities of this latitude. There is almost always a sea breeze, and that, with the afternoon showers, insures comfort.

WESTERN SHOOTING.—We are informed that the prospects for prairie chicken, duck, goose and brant shooting were never so fine as they are this year through Central Minnesota and Eastern Dakota, and especially along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad in that territory. Some of the best shooting grounds in the United States are reached direct by this line.

A SEA-FISHING PARTY.

ALMOST enjoyable trip, which brought health and fish in equal proportions, was recently made in the schooner "Van Name," Capt. Cubberly, by a party of gentlemen from New York, consisting of Mr. John Foord, editor of the *Times;* Messrs. Jules Turcas, Walter E. Colton, Max Wessendonck, Carl Scheffer, Mr. Ingalls, Barnet Phillips, Secretary of the American Fishcultural Association, Dr. Prout, and Mr. E. G. Blackford. The latter gentleman was landed at Montauk Point, and the party went on to Cape Cod.

They caught sharks at Nantucket, Mr. Phillips taking a large one, which fastened its teeth in the pedestal of his trousers and carried away so much that was necessary to a respectable appearance that the loan of an ulster was received with thanks. Returning they interviewed the cod at Block Island, where Mr. Colton, an experienced Adirondack and Maine angler, captured, with a 16-ounce rod and reel, several large cod, among which was a nine-pounder, drawn from fourteen fathoms of water. This was said to be sport, and the excited party stood around Mr. Colton offering odds that he never could land that fish with such tackle. The fight was undoubtedly terrific, for the cod is gamy when opportunity offers to show his powers of resistance, but science prevailed over brute force, and the little rod, bent like an ox-bow, did its work and brought the monster to gaff after a hard fight.

The party stopped at Wood's Holl to interview the United States Fish Commission, but the work had not fairly begun and few besides, Professor Baird were there. An artist accompanied the party, and it is said that "Harper's Magazine" will soon contain a full account of the trip, with illustrations.

TO THOSE WISHING EGGS OF CALIFORNIA SALMON.

THE season for eggs of the quinnat salmon approaches. The eggs taken next month and in September reach the Atlantic States from the 1st to the 15th of October, and those wishing eggs should apply now. This is important, as Prof. Baird is desirous of knowing how many eggs of this fish will be required by the different State Commissions and fishculturists generally, in order that he may give instructions to Mr. Stone, at the McCloud River fishery, in regard to the number of eggs to be taken. All applications for the same should therefore be made at once, stating the number desired, as it is the custom of the Fish Commission to take only the number requisite to fill the orders received, and a certain number to be hatched and turned into the river.

The eggs are collected and packed at the expense of the U. S. Fish Commission. The express charges on them, however, must be borne by the recipients. To those who have had no experience with these eggs we will say that this charge varies with the quantity sent East each year, the Commission getting the advantage of full car rates, when they have full cars, and dividing this pro-rata among the consignees. Every effort is made to deliver the eggs in perfect condition, and the chances are largely in favor of success, but the Commission does not hold itself responsible for any injury from unexpected detention or from any other cause.

Orders should be for at least 50,000, as this makes as small a package as it seems desirable to put up, and we would impress upon our readers who desire eggs this fall the necessity of immediate application.

A HINT TO SIR HENRY HALFORD.

A STUDY of the scores made at the recent Elcho Shield competition ought certainly to encourage our British friends to make another trial for the Palma and so secure for themselves the championship title at long-range team shooting. In 1876, it will be remembered, when the trophy was first shot for, five teams competed in a two days' contest. On the first day the Scotch team led with a score of 1,586, or an average of 198½ per man. On the second day the American team led with 1,549, or 193⅜ average. At that time Ireland had the best score on the Elcho shield record—1,506, or an average of 188¼. In 1877 Ireland improved her record by making 1,568, or 196, and this was the best Wimbledon record. When, in 1877, Sir Henry Halford brought over his picked team, and under our clearer skies rolled up the scores of 1,620 and 1,613 for the two days respectively, showing averages of 203⅜ and 201⅝, or a general average per man for the match of 202½, the figures of the Americans for those two days ran up to 1,655 and 1,679, or to the remarkable general average of 208¾. Since that time, however, the Elcho Shield figures have shown the effect of careful drill and practice on the part of the riflemen all over the kingdom. Last year 1,638 was the winning score, and during the past week the English team ran its score up to 1,642, or an average score of 205¼. Now, given the pick of the three teams, worked into a compact working squad of marksmen, under such an enthusiastic captain as Sir Henry Halford, and given too the advantages of shooting over an American range, where the targets are not cut off by the misty curtains of an English atmosphere, it would seem only fair to assume that an improvement could be shown which would force the American riflemen to some magnificent shooting in order to hold the trophy. If, we say, in 1877, the best Wimbledon record stood at 196, and a picked team could come to America and show more than 6 points better, with the Wimbledon record now standing at 205 and over, an improvement of much less than 6 points per man would leave the exceptional American record safely behind.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHCULTURIST.

IT MUST be a source of delight to Dr. Garlick to see the yearly growth of fishculture in these days. When he began it, in 1853, it was looked upon merely as a curious experiment by the public at large, and only a few thoughtful men saw any future for it. The Doctor and his partner, Prof. Ackley, were successful and bred trout, but it was a long time before others took it up; and this indifference to a subject which seemed of vital importance to these gentlemen was undoubtedly a great annoyance to them.

Dr. Garlick is now in his seventy-sixth year, and has been an invalid for several years past, suffering as only those who have passed through the agonies of paralysis of the pneumogastric nerve have suffered. Yet on his bed he reads with avidity all that relates to his favorite theme; and with a mind unimpaired as yet by age and suffering he follows each improvement and invention with the ardor of a young man. Carp culture attracted his attention, and he had a small pond made and stocked with this fish. In getting an additional supply four were killed, and he ate them. He writes us as follows:

BEDFORD, O., July 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Night before last my dear old friend, Judge Potter, came here and brought me sixty-one mirror carp. Four of them had died from asphyxia on the way, but that did not spoil them for eating, and yesterday morning I ate two *whole* carp for my breakfast—what you never have done. You may think it very strange when I tell you that I never in my life felt a greater interest in fishculture than I do to-day. I cannot while life lasts bring myself to the condition of doing nothing although some people seem happiest when they have nothing to do.

T. GARLICK.

BASSING IN GREENWOOD LAKE.

IN another column a correspondent gives his experience with the bass in this lake. We were there three weeks later and our experience was somewhat different. We reached there at noon and took three bass. Two of them would weigh half a pound each, and the other weighed a pound. We took two of them by still fishing with the "Dobson" or helgramite, and one by skittering with a live frog. The boatman promised great fishing on the morrow when we would go down the lake.

In the morning both the landlord and the boatman ridiculed the size of our creel, and declared it would not hold half our prospective catch. We relaxed our features at the prospect and started. Three of us, two editors and the boatman, fished from 7 A. M. till 5 P. M., with a result of twenty-one bass, all small mouth, none of which would exceed a pound in weight. The boatman said "we should have been here last week." Alas! that last week story is familiar to us. We have suffered from the voracity of last week's fish, and the veracity of guides for years. We never did go fishing "last week," it unfortunately being an ever present "now"

when we are on the water. And now our correspondent shows that we should have visited Greenwood Lake three weeks ago. We did not, hence these tears. If any one should ask why our correspondent claims that the lake needs restocking when it contains so many bass and such fine ones as he caught, we can only mournfully shake our brain case and say that we don't know.

We found the charges moderate, except for boats. We paid two dollars a day for a light twelve-foot row-boat, but we could not but admire the plan of counting out seventy-five dobsons, and charging two cents each for them, and then selling the remainder after the day's fishing to another party on the morrow. We used twelve of them, which cost us $1.50, or twelve and a half cents each instead of two. How many persons had paid for our dobsons before we bought them we probably will never know, but if we did not have a comfortable income from our editorial labors we would probably go into the dobson business as the surest road to fortune.

There may be times when the bassing is better at the lake than on the occasion of our visit, but the facts are given of a day and a half's fishing by three men whose catch was larger than that of any party on the lake during that time. We believe that brook trout would live in the cool springs of this lake, and hope that it will be tried.

A HANDSOME TROPHY.—We have received an artotype of the gold medal of the St. Louis Gun Club, which is offered by that club for annual competition by the members of the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association. The design is handsome and the execution all that could be desired. The medal is valued at $500, and its winner will take it under the following conditions: "This medal is to be shot for under the following conditions: The winner is to put it up for competition at each annual tournament of the Missouri State Association, at $7.50 entrance, not including birds, to be shot for at 10 single birds, 26 yards rise, under St. Louis Gun Club rules. The entrance money to go to the holder of the medal each year. The owner will be required to give satisfactory bond in the sum of $500 to the St. Louis Gun Club, for the safe custody and production of it at the next following annual tournament."

NUMEROUS TIMELY COMMUNICATIONS have been deferred. Our columns are rich in practical letters pointing out camping and sporting resorts. We trust that others of our readers who may have knowledge of such localities will favor us with brief and specific information respecting them.

BRYANT'S POEM ON THE ENGLISH SPARROW, was written at the time of the introduction of that bird into New York. We shall publish it next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CANOEING ON CANADIAN WATERS.

MUSKALLONGE FISHING IN SPARROW LAKE.

A GAME FISH is a silly bird. The wily trout rushes clear out of water in his intense eagerness to capture the so-called "fly," a feathery cheat formed in the resemblance of nothing under the sun and not even attempting to conceal the hook to which it is wound. The fierce muskallonge savagely snaps at the glittering "spoon," a revolving fraud, alluring the too curious fish, though not attempting to counterfeit anything whatever, nor to cover gangs of hooks dangling ominously behind. Those much despised fish, the bullhead and the sucker, are at least far more sensible. They require for a bait something which shall have at least the appearance of being good to eat.

Thus ran my thoughts after the excitement of catching my first large muskallonge had somewhat abated. We had pitched our tent on a fine promontory at Sparrow Lake late Friday evening, had gathered the hemlock boughs which serve us for "beds of Asphodel," had warmed ourselves by the glowing camp-fire, and enjoyed the delicious repose of the campaigner when undisturbed by any of the winged, creeping, crawling, wiggling, humming, buzzing, biting, stinging things which sometimes give variety to life and activity to sleep.

A good part of Saturday we spent in escaping the fury of thunderstorms, and had only got fish enough for the actual necessities of our sharpened appetites. Two fine lunges, which had struck at my brother George's spoon, had suffered themselves to be drawn only near enough to get a good look at the canoe, and then, with a toss of the head and a flap of the tail, had taken their departure without the formality of saying "Good-bye." Naturally we had been desirous of at least one handsome fish, large enough to be stuffed and baked for a Sunday dinner, and to furnish us also with food for conversation as well as to make good the reputation of this lake for the size and character of its fish. Yet, undeniably, the weather was unpropitious; and as the sun was setting we were still sadly trolling, fondly cherishing the last hopes of a delightful week which we had been anxious to end in triumph. For the last time we trolled across a little bay, and as we were touching the edges of the weeds the signal had been given to commence winding in our lines. Suddenly I felt a fierce strike, and then a jerking and hauling at the line as though the old Sea Serpent himself were at the end. After having felt the hooks set in his mouth I handled him as prudently as possible, that I might not lose this long-looked for treasure. George had at once drawn in his line, that there might be no possibility of the two becoming entangled, and the guide held the canoe with his paddle partly endwise to the fish that the line might be more perfectly free. After the first fight, and when the fish has found himself really hooked, he will generally consent to be drawn up until he sees the boat, and then, realizing his danger, he makes new and bolder dashes for life and liberty. But this one had no notion of succumbing so tamely. He rushed to the top of the water and threw himself out, and shook himself like a black bass, displaying to us his magnificent proportions, though at a distance of nearly a hundred feet. Then, finding this effort fruitless, he became quieter and I gradually worked him up within sight of the boat, and then he was off like a shot, taking out half the line I had drawn in. Again I brought him up toward the canoe, and again and again he was off. The next time he rose and shook himself to shake the hooks out of his mouth, but unsuccessfully. Finally he adopted a new manœuvre; suffering himself to be drawn in till near the canoe he darted under it, and then, coming to the surface on the other side, he shook himself again, striking his tail with all his force against the side of the canoe, and then dashing off again—a difficult, dangerous situation, the line being under the centre of the canoe, and he having thus every advantage which a hooked fish can obtain. Fortunately the hooks still held. I led him about until his strength was well nigh exhausted and he came to the side of the canoe passive.

This is a critical juncture. More fish are lost in landing than at any other time, their added weight as they come out of the water, and sudden jerks and struggles, frequently setting them free, especially if not judiciously handled. For so large a fish a landing net is worse than useless. To haul him in over the edge of the boat by the hooks alone would be in the highest degree dangerous. Three methods remain:

1st. To gaff him with a great hook set on a stout pole, which makes a terrible gash in his side and seems like butchery, besides not being always sure.

2d. The one ordinarily in use by the Indians, to hit him a quick, sharp stroke between the eyes with a short stick brought for that purpose, and then lift him with the hands, while thus stunned, into the boat. But the stroke with the stick is liable to loosen the hooks unless well set in his mouth, and then the fish is gone.

The third method is often the safer plan with a large fish. As with one hand leveling the line you draw the fish close to the side of the boat, pass the other along his back to see that he will remain quiet, and so up to his head, until the thumb and fore-finger are over his eyes, where the projecting bones give you firm hold, if you grasp him tightly, and thus with both hands you neatly and quickly draw him over the side and into safe quarters before he has time and consciousness to struggle. For his struggles when in the boat you must be prepared, though it is not advisable to do as one Doctor recently did on this lake with his first twelve pounder—got one hand into his gills and the other into his mouth, to be cut and sliced by the sharp teeth, and require two weeks' surgery.

As the beautiful fish, finally exhausted, came alongside, our guide, of course, wanted to knock him on the head, but warning him off and nerving myself for any struggle he might make on being subjected to the approved operation of lifting into the canoe, in a twinkling I had him safely landed. The flopping and floundering he did afterward it was astonishing to behold. Length, 3ft. 6in.; weight, 19lbs.; scales, small and closely set; flesh, white, firm and delicate; color, greenish, and feeling not slimy like the pickerel, which in some respects he so much resembles. His head, sunned on the rocks and dried by our camp fire, shows opened jaws through which I can easily pass my clenched fist without touching one of his shark-like teeth.

Moreover, a great advantage of catching such a fish just at evening is that you have a chance to catch him over again two or three times, with variations, during the night.

DOWN THE SEVERN.

When our days allotted for fishing were completed, we struck our tent again with a feeling which would have been of sadness had we not known that the trip down the Severn would be pleasant and interesting. Between Sparrow Lake and the mill at the mouth of the river there is not a single settler's cabin, and in the lumbermen's shanties it is still too early to expect any signs of life, unless possibly a man or two sent on as advance guard to patch up holes in the rough roof and see that the rooms are in order. The distance, expressed in Indian language, is as follows: Start at seven o'clock, get there next day about noon. Light canoe, two paddles, paddle hard. Heavy canoe take good deal longer.

The river, contracted frequently at the rapids to not over four rods in width, is generally from a quarter to half-a-mile in width, and frequently expands into broader bays, and once into a large and handsome lake, several miles in length. It must be a difficult and aggravating river for lumbering purposes. The bruised and battered ends of the logs in the booms give evidence of the character of the falls and rocks over which they have to come, while the frequent floating capstans at wide places in the river indicate the points where the current cannot be depended upon to float the logs, and where the lumbermen must, with infinite labor, raft and haul them down to a stronger current. Across the mouths of the deeper bays booms are stretched to restrain the logs in their tendency, like wayward children, to wander from the prescribed channel.

Along the few shallow spots and low shores grows the wild rice, the favorite feeding grounds of wild duck, but the prevailing characteristic of the river scenery is rock—primitive trap, with only occasionally a streak of quartz or a granite boulder. The timber is generally heavy, except where the pine has already been cut off. But though the timber is rapidly decreasing, it was a great satisfaction to us to learn from the Canadian Agricultural Commissioners that the rocks are *not* growing. The travels of these gentlemen through this section of country listening to the reports of the farmers as to what they could do, has created the greatest interest along their route, but to our inquiring minds not the least valuable of their conclusions is this—that the rocks in the Muskoka country *are not growing*.

SETTLER'S BREAD.

There is one point to which I fear the attention of these gentlemen was not directed—the quality of the bread made within their jurisdiction. At one point, which shall be nameless here, we wanted some fresh bread, and found no difficulty in getting, at settler's houses, three successive loaves, each of which seemed sourer than the other. At the second place they charged George five cents extra for the loaf because, forsooth, it was fully that much *heavier* than the bread he would get anywhere else. The loaf from the third place caused us to give up in despair. It was made up with saleratus and water, had not seen much time lost in kneading, was sour and bitter at night, and in the morning we found our Indian considering the propriety of chopping it with the axe. I used to pity the settlers' wives, now I pity the settlers themselves.

Early the second day, at the marshy outlet of a small stream, we saw

A FAMILY OF DEER FEEDING.

The two fawns were standing knee deep in the water at the edge of the river, nibbling among the grass and lily pods, and playfully moving about and tossing their heads. They were grown to good size, but paid no sort of attention to us, though they evidently saw us as we dropped down toward them. The doe was standing back four or five rods, her head only showing above the rushes, keeping watch and ward over her young. We had quickly gotten out of her sight, beyond a point of rock, and were able to keep behind it till about twenty rods off them, and the wind which, of course, had always been against us, and was so still, for once seemed disposed to do us a good turn in enabling us to keep to leeward of the vigilant mother. But the instant the rock could no longer shelter us from her eye, she gave a number of quick sniffs and snorts to alarm her children, but they only looked up inquiringly and hardly ceased their play among the lilies. Then she snorted again and again in wildest anxiety, and with great energy danced about, making toward the hills, and looking all the time at the fawns to excite their fears and draw them away from the danger she too plainly saw. This finally started them, though slowly, as though dimly conscious of something wrong with their mother, but which they could not fully comprehend, and only at the third attempt did she succeed in getting her family fairly together, and then we saw their three white tails disappearing over the rocks.

A JAM OF LOGS.

A jam of logs is no laughing matter for travelers in a canoe, and if it extends as far as you can see from the canoe, and then on climbing up the rocks you can see them extending nearly a mile to a bend in the river, there is prospect of rough work before you. At a regular portage there is a trail, but at a jam there may be a rock, a swamp, or heavy timber, or tangled underbrush, and there is quite a certainty of being fallen logs and pitfalls innumerable.

Just here our guide's knowledge of the river came into play. Returning from his "I must go see," he paddled the canoe back nearly a quarter of a mile, and said we must make a portage there. It seems that the river here makes a bend like the letter S, the upper part of which only could we see even from the highest attainable point, and the lower end of which terminated in a lake; so by making two comparatively short "carries" across the narrowest part of the bends, and choosing a point to cross the river where there was fortunately a short break in the jam, we had, in less than an hour, entirely passed what seemed at first sight an obstacle which it might require a day to surmount.

Two more jams we had to pass, though luckily they were shorter. The first we slipped around by sliding through the boom, and making our way through the timber in the overflow cautiously and slowly, for there were snags and covered stumps and logs, on any of which it would be easy to wreck the canoe which had for more than three weeks safely carried us.

The second was too solid to work through, and the overflow was not navigable, except for part of the distance. So we paddled along the edge of the boom as far as we could, then unchained two of the logs and worked inside, chaining the boom carefully behind us, as any but a heathen would do, and, when forced outside again by the pressure of the logs, some hard pushing and a little chopping out of fallen trees enabled us to get into the overflow again, and soon we saw in the distance the high shores of Georgian Bay and the point of one of its 23,000 islands.

Not till this last afternoon did Father Æolus, whose diversions in the winds necessarily so much interested us, show us anything but an ingracious face. Now at parting he put on his most winning smile, bore us steadily with a favoring breeze down lake and river to the Great Georgian Bay, where his attentions, if continued, would arrest us. Here he stays his hand till we cross the bay to Waubaushene in a dead calm; then, as we enter that rocky harbor, he sends us just enough of a breeze to warn us of the barely-covered rocks by the ripples washing over them; and lastly, *mirabile dictu*, as we pitch our tent for the last time, we see the smoke from the camp-fire quietly but constantly bending *away* from it, and as we sit down to supper in front of it not once is a puff of smoke driven into our rejoicing eyes.

Then on the morrow, as though to show that in this act of kindness and consideration he had not compromised his power, he poured on to the beach such waves as our frail birch would not have essayed to ride, and which, earlier sent, might have kept us from the steamer bound for that metropolis where each claims, like St. Paul, to be "a citizen of no mean city."

J. H. BISSELL.

Chicago, July, 1881.

RUNNING THE RAPIDS AT MIDNIGHT.

SUNSET! The last rays flirting with the tree-tops. A point jutting out into the Raquette, covered with tall spruces and hemlocks. A smudge, keeping at bay the thirsty midgets. Four figures reclining about the fire, their faces lighted by a comfortable, satisfied expression which tells the evening meal is over.

"Just venison enough for breakfast. Must hunt to-night. Pass the Lone Jack."

The Lone Jack went round the circle to all but the Professor. He smoke? Never! They do say that Mrs. Professor married him because he was not a smoker. He has been known to suffer in a swarm of flies without complaining when a few puffs of a pipe would have driven them away, and now he begins his usual sarcastic remonstrances with Ligourney.

"Nothing like giving a boy a pipe and a pound of tobacco to make a man of him."

"For charity's sake give the Professor all the tobacco we've got and see if it will have any effect on him," replied Ligourney. "Smoking, sir, has a nobler and higher mission than that of driving away flies. When I puff my after-dinner pipe and the fragrant odor of the weed fills the air around me, then it is that care and sorrow fly, content pervades the body, I am physically and morally happy; then it is that I make my good resolutions, live over my past life, revive old memories and build in the gracefully curling smoke my castles in the air. I have heard you say that the man who is ignorant of the classics misses one of the most refined pleasures of life. Well, sir, the man who never smokes is ignorant of the summit of human repose." And Lig. ended his eloquent appeal for tobacco with "'Twas off the blue Canaries."

The Professor was not convinced, but began his hunting preparations in silence. Twenty minutes after an object sat in the bow of the cedar, to classify which would have puzzled Darwin. Lig. proclaimed him a good specimen of "What-is-it?" A beaver hat, cut off and fitted with a low crown; a huge overcoat, buttoned tight up under the chin; kid gloves, with gauntlets which encased the arm far up; legs wrapped tightly in an old army blanket; head enveloped in a silk handkerchief, from which a face looked out—a face

so black with tar oil that his own wife would not have recognized in that bold hunter her darling Professor. Such were his defenses against cold and the mosquitoes. But the most wonderful of this equipments remain to be described—the rifle that shot and the jack that showed it where to shoot. The rifle, a Ballard, principally remarkable for its intricate sight, which Wren designated new-fangled and treacherous. But the jack—O Muse, inspire me that I may picture it! A little dark lantern with bullseye clear as glass—indeed, it was of that material; a very scientific chimney to carry off the smoke, but incapable of shedding light; a noiseless slide which went with a string, and a multitude of straps wherewith to attach the whole to the bearer in a way warranted not to make the head ache.

Hank swung lightly into his seat, and the companions on the shore waved a *bon voyage*. The paddle sped silently to and fro, and the canoe glided round the point. The mist was already rising from the river. No chance for a daylight shot, and the Professor began to light up and buckle on the jack.

"We'll try the mouth of Dead Creek," said Hank; and try it they did most unsuccessfully. Up and down the creek, and round and round the broad bay, where its cool waters mingle with the Raquette went the canoe, guided by the indefatigable paddler in the stern.

Hours passed away and not a sound of a deer. Not once had they heard the familiar splash! splash! among the lily-pads. The Professor's legs were cramped and painful, his back was lame, his head ached and that part of his body which sustained his weight had been padded with soft blankets in vain. Those who have never sat perfectly still four or five hours curled up in the bow of a canoe know little of the agony of a long night-hunt. The sweat boxes of our prisons are painful, but the torture is not to be compared to that which an Adirondack guide puts his man through on a single hunt. The guides themselves seem to be capable of remaining erect in one position all night. They evidently glory in it. But the Professor didn't. He always started with the intention of sitting as immovable as Hank. A few hours invariably destroyed his ambition. It had all departed on this particular occasion. He ached in every muscle. At last, in the agony of despair, he laid his rifle carefully over his knees, placed the palms of both hands on the boat and lifted himself noiselessly into the air. But, alas! one foot slipped against the boat with a whack, and a warning "Hush!" from Hank followed. Half an hour passed. Bang! from the Professor, who was endeavoring to relieve his cramped legs. "Hush!" from Hank. Fifteen minutes more. A smothered groan from the Professor. "Hush!" from the stern again. Ten minutes. Whack! whack! both feet this time.

"Are you tired?"

"Not very"—in a heroic tone.

"Shall we go back?"

"Not without a deer, Hank"—with the air of a martyr.

"Then I'll tell you what, Professor, we'll get nothing here to-night. Suppose we run the rapids an' try the still water below. There ain't been a camp there this season."

"I am ready."

A few strokes sent them out into the stream, and the canoe sped toward the rapids whose roar they had heard all the evening. They were soon reached, the jack was uncapped, and its light fell in a path upon the water, and just disclosed the outline of the forest. The sky was overcast and the night intensely dark. The thickets of balsams and spruces on the shore seemed to shed the darkness from their pitchy black foliage. For a moment the guide held the canoe motionless, as if searching for the right opening among the rocks which rose ahead. The two hunters sat there silent, alone. No sound but the rushing of the rapids before them. No human beings for many miles around, but the two sleeping in the camp far behind. Both were aware of the danger of their undertaking. Both were nerved by that excitement which is half of pleasure, half of fear. A moment only they rest. Then, swerving a little to one side, down they go. In an instant they are in the rapids; rocks rising all around them; the swiftly rushing water of the river, lashing itself into foam, whirling in eddies, and dashing over sunken rocks. The canoe is somewhat checked in its headlong course by the strong arm of him who holds the paddle. Accustomed to its use from boyhood, he now has need of his utmost skill. Straining his eyes forward where the light of the jack shows the way, he studies the eddies and rocks intently; then by swift turns of the paddle, he lets the boat safely down. The canoe, as if conscious of the need, obeys the slightest motion of her master. Safely she swings by the rocks. Gracefully she takes the leaps. Down, down they go. The spray is dashed into their faces. The light falls in silvery rays upon the black rocks and sparkles on the white foam of the waves. Now they reach the little fall at the bottom. For an instant the canoe quivers on the crest, then takes the leap. How the nerves of the hunters tingle as they seem poised almost in mid air.

The boat falls gracefully into the foam, tips a little, takes in a little water, and then darts out into the still pool. Lot's Island Rapids are passed in safety!

"We'll run in shore and empty out this water," said Hank.

The Professor was silent for some moments. As they neared the shore, however, he waxed eloquent over their exploit:

"It was immense. A grand experience, and all over with nothing worse than—"

Thump! That sentence was never finished.

The bow was on a rock. The Professor sprang to his feet in alarm in spite of Hank's frantic calls to sit still. The latter sprang overboard the moment the boat tipped, and stood a little above his knees in water. But the Professor, with wild movements of legs and arms, rolled clumsily in, head first, and began a fierce struggle to reach the boat again, interspersing the contortions of his body with splutters for help.

"O—Hank—help—drown—help!

"Stand up. You're on bottom. You're all right," cried Hank, as he assisted the exhausted Professor to gain his footing.

"Thank you. There—I can touch—I have cramp," gasped the wet man, as though he was still under water. And he was almost, for the water was streaming from his coat, running from arms and hands, dripping from his chin, his nose, his ears, from every hair. The beaver hat was floating slowly around, the jack still hanging on, but under water, and considerably put out. Hank fished up the rifle.

"It's pretty damp," said he. "I guess we won't hunt any more to-night."

A good fire was started, and the Professor, wrapped in Hank's coat, was soon steaming away like an apple pudding beside it.

"With a fire," said Hank, "a man never catches cold in the woods, no matter how wet he is."

It was two o'clock when they two stretched themselves beside the fire to sleep. It was six when the rain woke them. The fire was still smouldering. The Professor had evidently felt damp during the night, for he had lain close, and several large holes were burned in his blanket. Hank declares that he muttered something about being warm in his sleep.

It was nearly eight o'clock when they arrived in sight of camp, tired, wet, hungry and cold. The rain was pouring in torrents. "Hank," said the Professor, as they rounded the point, "don't say anything about it to the boys."

MIDSUMMER DREAMS.

HALF-WAY up the dark blue mountain side
A dell lies nestled, deep among the trees,
Where through the long, long days the summer breeze
Rustles the cones that in their branches hide
To sleep in dreamy self-forgetfulness.

Gray clouds sweep downward, casting on the hills
Their fleeting shadows. Through the distant rift
Across the valley, lazily, there drift
Their snow-white scarfs, flung out above the rills
With all the grace of some wild Nymph's caress.

And drifting, drifting still, so light and slow,
They float from peak to hill-side, as the notes
Of far away, faint cadence from the throats
Of Ocean's songsters flutter, soft and low,
To some sad dreamer by its mighty tide.

Strange shapes and shadows cast they on the moss—
From ruined walls to far-off village spires,
Etched by a Master-Hand that never tires;
Dragons, haunting an old castle foss,
And giants grim, with maidens side by side.

All there that dim antiquity hath told,
And more. A knight with lance and dazzling shield,
His eyes aflame, sweeps sternly o'er the field,
Fresh from his fortress, as in legend old,
While yonder face, so still, so fair, so cold.

Ah! visions of what ruin in thy train!
Oh, for another look! Was that a trace
Of recognition in that fateful face,
Chill and merciless as Winter rain?
Or is it all a dream—a hideous dream?

I know her! Hush! Oh, whisper—whisper soft,
Or she may hear and turn again those eyes—
Circe's eyes—and yet—a Paradise!
And yet again I once, and after, oft,
Have seen the wild rush of yon mountain stream

Outrivalled in its madness! Ah, 'tis gone!
It must have been a fancy. Memory plays
Strange freaks to us I fear, in later days.
Forget it, please, and look not so forlorn.
I'm often nervous now, at just the warn

Of night. Come, let us walk to greet
The sunset; thought forget and visions drown;
And watch unconsciously the darkness down
In lowest vales slow rising up to meet,
The sun's last smile with half-reluctant feet.

JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

SPORTING ATTRACTIONS OF NEW BERNE, N. C.

NEW BERNE, N. C., July 16.

YOUR invitation, extended in the last issue of your valuable paper, has decided me to do at once what I have long contemplated, but procrastinated doing—viz., giving your readers some information as to the advantages and attractiveness of Beaufort as a good place for camping, fishing and shooting. One of your correspondents last winter asked for the range of the thermometer at Beaufort and I intended giving the information asked for at that time but for above failing of mine.

Beaufort, as can be seen by reference to the map, is situated at the head of old Topsail Inlet, immediately fronting the ocean, one and a half miles from inlet and four miles from the outer bar. Although the weather has been extremely hot for past two weeks all over the country the highest point reached by the thermometer at Beaufort has been 87 deg. The almost continual breeze from the ocean is delightful and refreshing; and no more comfortable place can be found, as far as climate goes, summer and winter, than at Beaufort. A homelike and comfortable boarding-house is kept by Miss Sarah Davis. Ask any commercial traveler from New York or Baltimore the best place to stop for rest and pleasure in Eastern North Carolina, and he will answer without hesitation, Miss Sarah Davis' at Beaufort. Her terms for board are $1.50 per day; $8 per week, or $25 per month.

Now for the sport: Fishing and shooting are first class. Trolling for bluefish and Spanish mackerel is good from 1st of June to middle of October, but is best during August and September. A sail of ten minutes from Miss Davis' wharf will bring one to the fishing ground, and it is no unusual thing for a boat to take 300 or 400 blues in a day's fishing. As large a quantity as 700 have been taken by one boat. The bluefish are from one to four pounds in weight. My wife and I caught nearly 300 one afternoon last September in about two hours' fishing, and could have taken many more, but we stopped from being tired of pulling them. No more exciting or exhilarating sport can be had than trolling for these fish in Beaufort inlet. I have taken twenty-eight Spanish mackerel in one trip, and we often got them weighing from 6 to 10 lbs. each. In the fall of 1879 I caught a mackerel, or *Cero*, as I suppose it should be called, with trolling squid, which weighed 24 lbs., and measured three feet in length. This was the gamest and strongest fish I ever saw taken with a hook. The favorite boat for trolling is the sharpie, as they are easily worked in the strong tides and breakers, and will tack quickly among the fish, which are usually in schools. They are so light draft that they can go across the shoals of the inlet, where the fish are usually feeding. Besides bluefish and mackerel fishing sheepshead, sea-trout and many varieties of small fish can be taken by still-fishing.

The shooting at Beaufort during the fall season is all that the sportsman could wish. Large quantities of birds, such as curlew, willet, snipe and other species, abound on the shoals and marshes near Beaufort, and a few miles in the interior fine quail shooting can be found, and the woods are full of gray squirrels.

On the banks separating the ocean and Sound are large quantities of deer, also thousands of rabbits. I expect to be at Beaufort during the remainder of the summer and fall months, and hope to meet many of your readers at Miss Davis's, and shall be pleased to give any one such further information as may be wanted. G. N. I.

FROM MOOSEHEAD LAKE TO THE MAIN ST. JOHN.

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

THERE is no wilderness excursion out of doors—looked at from every point of view—more charming than the one above indicated; none, I opine, so little beset with trials and tribulations, long and fatiguing "carries," the *bete noir* of every sportsman, are scarcely frequent enough on this trip to give it proper zest. From the foot of Moosehead Lake to Grand Falls on the St. John, this route embraces about two hundred and sixty-one miles, and the aggregate of all its carries can be numbered in miles on the thumb and fingers of one hand.

For the greater part of the way, at the proper season, you have good water and a safe channel to an experienced canoeman. The best time to make the trip, so far as water is concerned, is shortly after the spring rains are over and before the water falls off too much, otherwise more or less dragging will be necessitated, although it can be made at any season without very great hardship.

Taking Portland as a starting point, your route skirts along the southern border of Maine till you gradually lose sight of the coast, and, working your way toward the interior, you reach Bangor, some sixty miles inland. Still clinging to the railroad as long as it holds out, you wend your way northerly, each moment plunging deeper and deeper into the heart of this great State, till villages disappear and scattered houses only remind you that you are still within the borders of civilization. Now patches of wood and green squares alternate, with occasional long stretches of forest, till finally you reach Blanchard, seventy-five miles northerly from Bangor, when you bid adieu to railroads and clamber aboard a spring-wagon, which takes you over a rough and hilly road twelve miles to Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake. This quiet village numbers some four hundred souls, who devote themselves to farming, logging, fishing, hunting and guiding.

Twenty miles up the lake is Mt. Kineo, on a point of land which stretches its way out into the lake. No village is here, but only a commodious hotel, with a few scattered log huts which guides inhabit during the sporting season. During the summer, however, Moosehead has become quite a resort of those who seek sport in the line of trout fishing, and this rural retreat is alive with pleasure seekers of all ages, from the venerable judge to the romping school-girl; but the latter spot is usually their haven of rest—few go further north to linger or penetrate the deeper wilderness. There are several small steamers and quite a navy of smaller boats on the lake, and one makes daily trips from Greenville to Kineo, and two or three times a week to the head of the lake, about eighteen miles from Kineo. This gives variety to Kineo guests, most of whom during the season find their way up the lake, and perhaps get off the steamer long enough to take a meal at Savage's Hotel, a small house a few rods from the wharf.

Leaving Moosehead, a portage of about two miles takes you to the right bank of the West Branch of the Penobscot, where river navigation begins, and now forms the principal part of your journey.

Twenty miles easterly takes you to Chesuncook Lake, which you strike near the north end. Now you abruptly turn the prow of your canoe due north, and until you reach the main St. John your course is northerly. At Chesuncook, as it is familiarly called, is a small settlement of some half-dozen log houses where comfortable quarters and a fair table may always be found. Between here and Chamberlain Farm, eighteen miles, not a solitary hut is to be seen, but at the farm one will find most inviting quarters, somewhat rude, but neat, with a table very satisfying to a hungry stomach. The farm is on the east shore, and numbers largely in acres of some of the finest land in the State. Leaving the farm you plunge still deeper into the wood, and for the next fifty miles nothing but a howling wilderness greets you on every side, save it be a desolate, tenantless hut of bark or logs, rudely constructed and long since abandoned, and which never was more than a temporary abode of loggers or sportsmen. Progressing, you come to Depot Farm at the lower end of Long Lake on the west bank. Here is a solitary log hut with two tenants, a man and a dog—and a small dog at that.

Years ago Depot Farm was headquarters for the loggers, and was then a rendezvous of much activity and note. A large house afforded accommodation for thirty to fifty men. The forest about was denuded of its trees, and many broad acres were subdued, and grass, grain, corn and potatoes yielded a bountiful supply. But after the loggers had done their work and gone, the broad farm went to waste, the house was accidently burned, and nothing was left but a large barn which still marks the site of former thrift. Following in the wake of the downfall came John Harvey, who squatted here with his wife, but she was drowned two years ago. Since then he has led a hermit's life, with no company but his dog, seing no human being for months at a time.

Now we have another stretch of about twenty-nine miles before we again see a human face but our own. This takes us to within three miles of the mouth of the Allegash, where it unites with the St. John. Now we have reached civilization, if indeed a few scattered log houses with from three to seven persons deep at the door, mostly children, proves it. From the mouth of the Allegash down the St. John huts thicken, hovels rise up, log houses appear, and then farm houses and pretty villages dot the landscape, and green fields, broad pastures and inviting table-lands gladden the eye on every hand.

The dense wilderness proper on this charming route is mostly comprised between the first intersection of the West Branch and the mouth of the Allegash, a distance of about 132 miles, while the whole distance from the foot of Moosehead to Grand Falls, N. B., is about 261 miles. Practically, however, the entire trip is a wilderness trip. Scattered farm houses and villages may afford you shelter and food, but there is the limit. Stores and furnishing depots are scarcely to be thought of till you reach Fort Kent on the St. John, fifty-nine miles from Grand Falls, while not a respectable physician is to be found till you reach Grand Falls, if you except a country practitioner at Fort Kent.

When you arrive at St. John, at the mouth of the Allegash, you turn your face eastward and follow the northern boundary of Maine till you nearly reach Grand Falls. The St. John—it will be noted by consulting the map—divides Maine from Canada, and the reader can readily trace the course we took by reference to a large map of Maine. The best small map on a large scale for this purpose is that contained in Hubbard's Summer Vacations at Moosehead, but that leaves you near the foot of Square Lake, so the writer hereof was obliged to produce one of his own drafting to make his observations intelligently. I am informed, however, that one is being prepared by the aid of guides at Moosehead, and others familiar with this route, which will soon be published.

I have now given a summary of the trip we took, and if the reader will bear with me I will give it more in detail. For several years the writer had contemplated this inviting excursion through the heart of Maine, but other trips had been given the preference, and not till this spring was it accomplished.

Our party consisted of ten—five sportsmen and five guides (and, by the way, it ought not to be attempted without one guide to each man, as in quick water it is both easier and safer), Geo. H. Wilcox, F. S. Stevenson, W. R. Mackay, N. A. Roberts and the writer constituted the sportsmen, while Captain Samuel Cole, John F. Hildreth, Ned. Leiney, Alf. Roncoe and Joe. Munroe were our guides. Capt. Cole and Hildreth are two of the best guides at Moosehead, thoroughly intelligent, experienced boatmen, sober, honest, industrious and faithful. There is no water they are not familiar with, and none so rough they cannot run it if any one can. The "set of water," "undertows" and actions of currents are to them familiar playthings.

Ned and Alfred also, are both skillful canoemen, understand thoroughly the set of water, and are faithful guides, but they lack discipline. They are willing and cheerful workers, without a lazy bone in their bodies, and will do all you in reason ask of them; both are French. Ned, by the way, is one of the best cooks I ever met in the wilderness, as his light and puffy biscuits attested at nearly every meal we took in the woods. At chowder he is hard to beat. Joe, also French, is a fair boatman, but is too generous to succeed well as a guide. He allowed the other guides to do most of the work, and yet he never complained. His eating qualities, too, I must not pass without remark. He was always first at the table and the last to leave it, until it grew a wonder how so small a body could contain so much. He never complained of the cooking, but ate right and left everything that came within his reach.

Our party left Boston at 7 P. M., May 22, by the Eastern Railroad. We procured comfortable berths in the sleeper, and at 5:45 A. M reached Bangor without event. A free coach took us to the Penobscot Exchange, about a mile and a half, where we got a comfortable breakfast for fifty cents.

At 7:30 the train left on the B. & P. R. R. for Blanchard, seventy-five miles distant, and the present terminus of the railroad, thus allowing an hour and three-quarters for breakfast.

On board was a noisy gang of loggers partially crazed with bad whisky. One cut up a "dido," when the plucky little brakeman appeared before the scene, and, quicker than I can write it, he jerked him from his seat and shot him into the baggage car. At this another made faces when he returned, but he, planting himself before him, with his arms folded, cowed him into silence. The act was heroic in the face of some twenty roughs and only some dozen passengers, hence I note it, as every passenger chimed approval. Without other event we reached Blanchard at 11:40 A. M., where we got a comfortable dinner for forty cents. No village is here, but only a few scattered houses. About 12:15 we resumed our journey by stage over a rough and hilly road, reaching Greenville, twelve miles distant, at 3:30 P. M.

We are now in the land of our dreams. Soft vespers whisper to us from over the lake. Stretching forty miles to the northward Moosehead is before us in its matchless beauty, dotted here and there with solitary islands, with sufficient soil to maintain a respectable growth of trees and lesser verdure. In its translucent waters both lake and spotted trout are very abundant, and sadly indifferent must that sportsman be who cannot raise many victims to his fly. At Greenville are two good hotels, the Eveleth House and Lake House. The former stands upon a little eminence overlooking the lake and presents the more desirable location, while its landlord is a thorough sportsman, very social, and attends thoroughly to the welfare of his guests. Terms, $2 per day; less by the week. The Lake House, a few rods below, sets a good table and affords satisfaction to its guests, but the writer, always having tied up to the former, had no reason to regret it, hence our party went there on this occasion.

At Greenville we met our guides. I grasped the honest palm of Capt. Cole, our chief, the leader of his craft and the owner of thirty boats, and it was not long before we were all busy making ready for the voyage. We chartered his big sailboat, the Challenge, secured Capt. Orlando G. Barrows as akipper and extra cook, patched our birches, and ere nightfall were in sailing order. A good supper, followed by a cheerful fire on the hearth, set our tongues a-wagging, and we spun our yarns over our pipes in the cheerful glow of the evening firelight.

On the morrow, May 24, we were up bright and early, and soon after breakfast we hoisted sail and headed up the lake. Two of our canoes were inverted upon deck and three were dragged behind. It was a beautiful day, and the wind soon fell off to a dead calm, and at noon we had only made

LEDGE ISLAND,

two and one-half miles up the lake, where we disembarked, and Orlando got us up a right good chowder. About two o'clock a light breeze sprang up and we set out again, but it was puffy all the afternoon, and it was not till six P. M. that we reached

WILSON'S OUTLET,

twelve miles from Greenville. While the cook was getting supper we took our canoes and paddled down to the dam for trout. A large boom of logs choked up the harbor, through which a narrow passage only was left. The water was very high and came through the partly open sluices with a mighty rush. Into the seething current we cast our flies, and, after about an hour's fishing, we bore away some dozen fine trout. The largest was taken by Stevenson on a fly and weighed 3¼lbs. Returning to our boat, we made a hearty supper off fried trout, hot biscuit with maple syrup, etc., and, after a jolly smoke around the camp fire, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and dropped off to sleep in the ship's cabin.

On the following morning, 25th, we awoke to find a stiff breeze blowing and a choppy sea. Soon after breakfast we were under way, but a stiff head wind checked our progress, and it was not until noon that we reached

SPENCER NARROWS,

at the head of Spencer Bay, on the east shore. In and about the bay is some of the best fishing on the lake. We made camp under the lee and indulged in another of those fine chowders of O's getting up. In the afternoon we took our birches and fished about the shores and in the narrows, and altogether made a good catch of fish. Toward night we made for the mouth of

LUCKY BROOK,

on the west shore of Spencer Bay, about two miles north from the narrows. Here is a comfortable log camp built by our chief, Capt. Sam, capable of accommodating five or six persons. After supper we whiled away the eve at a social game of "auction pitch," not forgetting our briar woods, to the music of the night wind, which blew sharply without and whistled through the crevices of our camp. As we had booked for all the spare rooms in the "Lucky Hotel," our guides sought accommodations in the boat's cabin at the hour of retiring, and thus ended our second day at sea.

The next morning we got under way right after breakfast, and before noon had recrossed the lake and moved our boat at the

WEST OUTLET,

seventeen miles up lake. At times fishing is very fine here, but we met with little success, and after dinner we again hoisted sail and made for

MOOSE RIVER,

on the west shore, twenty-two miles up the lake and nearly opposite Mt. Kineo, where we hoped to find good fishing, as it is favorite ground; but we found the river choked with logs and no fishing, so we again hoisted the main sheet, set our jib and steered for

MT. KINEO,

nearly due east from Moose River and half way up the lake.

Our guides (except Captain Coles) took two birches and paddled up to Baker Brook; we reached Kineo House towards night, and tied up there till morning. We found a gang of joiners busy about new premises, putting on an addition to the new hotel, and things somewhat confused, but we got along comfortably and received courteous attention.

The following morning we visited the storehouse, added somewhat to our stores of edibles, and at 8 A. M. were joined by our guides, and, bidding adieu to our host, headed for

DUCK COVE,

on the east shore twleve miles north of Kineo. A good breeze took us to this famous fishing ground in about two hours, and we moored our craft to the main land and went ashore. While skipper was preparing dinner we took our birches and went after trout; we visited the mouth of a small brook which empties into the east end of the cove and made a fine catch of brook trout, the largest weighing 2¾ pounds, being taken by the writer. After dinner we again crossed the lake and made

HILDRETH'S CAMP,

near the mouth of William's Stream, on the west shore, and about thirteen miles north of Kineo. Hildreth's Camp, named after our guide, is the neatest and most comfortable camp that ever fell to the lot of the writer. John built it, "for he himself hath said it." It is roomy, fixed up with bunks, has too good stoves, a large window and is perfectly tight. It will accommodate twelve or fifteen comfortably, and more on a pinch. We spent a very pleasant night here, and left it with regret in the morning.

It was May 28 when we bade adieu to Johnny's camp. Previous thereto we held a council of war, and decided to leave four of our birches at Moosehead, and take a *bateau* down river. So we sailed up to N. E. Carry, where we found one and succeeded in hiring it. Taking it in tow we made for N. W. Carry, some six or eight miles distant.

Here civilization fairly ends, and Nature is supreme. Not many linger here, even for a short stay, for there is nothing to tempt one to delay. No scenery, no fishing, no charming walks are here; no bays with sandy beaches, no pebbles, no shells, no—nothing. Into the dreary, forbidding wilderness, with its giant and wierd trunks, travelers look and shudder, saying, "Let's go back." Not so the true sportsman. To him they are whispering pines and hemlocks and fragrant balsams. Under their towering shadows abide the moose and the caribou, and leap the startled deer at the crack of the sportsman's rifle. In the waters beyond, tracking their sinuous ways beneath the overhanging branches, leaping boldly from ledge to rock, and plunging madly down their rocky beds, are the wary trout the sportsman would lure from the foaming cataract or eddying pool. But take thought. If you go hence, you must *rough it*. For the next two hundred or more miles there are no hotels or conveyances, not even a public highway. No doctors nor surgeons in case of sickness or accident, and, after the first forty miles are passed, not a loaf of bread to be had for love or money. You must go provided for, or trust to your rifle and rod.

But I stray from my text. I would indicate to the reader the route. Take a map of the State of Maine and you can readily trace it. Leaving Moosehead, a portage of two miles and twenty rods takes you to the

WEST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT

Upon the south bank (the river flows easterly) is a comfortable house kept by Joe Morris, where travelers will always find welcome. From Savages' across to Morris' is a good road and both Savage and Morris always have teams in readiness to take parties across with boats and luggage. We reached the Northwest Carry about noon and lunched, to save time. We saw our *bateau* safely tied to the wagon, our two birches securely loaded and smaller freight packed away in the remaining space, heartily grasped the hand of Orlando, our skipper, bade him a sorrowful good-bye and set out on foot for the river beyond.

Arriving there we met a Mr. Spencer, a river driver just in from a drive with a brand new *bateau*, which our hearts did covet, and ere we had unshipped the one hired we struck a bargain for its purchase at $37.50, sent the other back and quickly the new one was laden with our own cargo. Two of our guides, Ned and Joe, manned the birches, with two of our party for passengers and some light luggage, while the rest of us took passage aboard the *bateau* with the remainder of the luggage. Capt. Sam took the stern and acted as steersman, while John served as bowman.

About 4 P. M. we waived adieu to Morris' farm, lit our pipes and, throwing ourselves lazily upon our backs, with the soft side of a satchel for a pillow, glided merrily with the current to the measured strokes of our paddles.

Perhaps, as our boats are quietly gliding their way down the busy current, a description of a *bateau* may not be amiss. These crafts are of various sizes, but usually about thirty feet long by five to six feet breadth of beam and about three feet deep, sharp at both ends, the sides flare and the bottom is flat. They are used principally upon the rivers for driving logs, are strongly built and good sea boats on lake or river, will carry from eight to twelve men and stand hard knocks. They are usually manned by four oarsmen, sternman and bowman in log-driving and afford a safe retreat for the logger who finds a "jam" going out, and looks to some safe place to spring to. Believing it would afford us ease in shifting from a confined position in a birch, we determined upon trying the experiment. To those unfamiliar with a birch let me remark, that although one of the most enjoyable of crafts, it is at the same time "cranky" and will not tolerate hazing about. One must keep it trim or he is sure to get spilled.

Three miles from the Carry

LOBSTER BROOK

empties into West Branch from the south. We reached this point in about forty-five minutes, and pitched our tent for the night for the first time. At times fishing is good here, but we met with little success, and so drew upon our stores for supper, which consisted principally of canned baked beans, and which, by the way, are among the best things to take to the woods. The night was raw and chilly, and our blankets and heavy ulsters were brought into requisition and proved very desirable.

May 9.—The following morning we resumed our journey. An hour-and-a-half's sail took us to

MOOSEHORN,

six miles, which empties into the river on the south bank. Two miles further down and we came to

RAGMUFF

on the north bank. After leaving Moosehorn you encounter a long stretch of deadwater, which continues much of the way till you reach

ROCKY RIPS,

five miles below Ragmuff. Now you encounter the first quick water on your route. The pitch is some twenty rods long, and plunges rapidly down a rocky declivity, foaming and seething amid scattered boulders and sharp ledges which thrust their ugly noses above the quickening current. To a skillful boatman, however, the passage is perfectly safe, as there is plenty of water and several wide channels, any of which can be run without difficulty. Scarcely were we within the boiling rapids ere we were out again. Like an arrow from the bow you shoot the Rips, tingling with excitement, and recover your breath in calmer waters below. You are now within a mile of

PINE STREAM FALLS,

somewhat shorter, but more difficult of navigation usually, as being more thickly studded with sharp rocks, having a narrower bed and a sharper pitch of water. In low water the current plunges with a maddening rush through narrow channels, and woe be it to the boat that misses one and goes upon the rocks.

On the present occasion, however, the water in Suncook Lake, three miles below, was very high and set back as far as the falls, hence not a rock was visible, and nothing but a swift current at this point indicated the location of the falls. Upon the north bank of the river at the falls is a big ledge, above which we tied up for dinner.

Being out of fresh fish, some of the party rigged up their rods and cast their flies and bait from the ledge with great success. In a short time a large catch was made of a very superior quality of spotted trout, with meat like a salmon, which, fried brown in Indian meal, we found exceedingly palatable.

After dinner we again packed up, ran the falls and in less than an hour

OBESUNCOOK LAKE

gladdened our vision. A heavy wind was blowing from the east, so we did not visit the settlement which lies about a half a mile due south on the west shore, nor the farm on the opposite shore. We turned our *bateau* due north with one of the canoes, while Sam and John took the other and went to the farm for a few stores.

About 4 P. M. we reached the north end or head of the lake, and found our way up Caucogomoc River about three-quarters of a mile to

CAUCOGOMOC FALLS,

where we pitched our tent for the night. We found trout quite plenty, and took a fine mess for supper, averaging from 1 to 2 lbs. each.

An incident transpired while we were sitting upon the bank of the stream which seems worthy of note. The black flies were quite plenty, and somewhat annoying, and as we were engaged in brushing them away, a small bird, with red and gold feathers, alighted upon the shoulder of one of our party, and picked off the flies as fast as he could swallow them, showing not the least alarm as we moved about. After a few moments he would fly away, and again return, alighting this time upon some one else. This he did many times, until he had lighted upon every member of the party. He would run up and down our legs, arms and bodies, and thrust his little bill down our necks after flies. We noticed he could not shut his bill, as he kept it open all this while, so we caught him and examined it, but nothing seemed broken or out of place. We let him go again, and he returned several times after that, till finally he flew away and returned no more. None of the guides ever saw anything like this before, and I am sure our party never did. He was too far away from civilization to have once been a pet, one would suppose. What is the solution thinks the reader?

GEORGE A. FAY.

A MINNESOTA RESORT.

DETROIT, MINN., July 22, 1881.

For the benefit of those seeking a place in which to hunt and fish I will state that we challenge the world to produce fishing facilities that exceed ours. To catch all the fish one can carry is but an hour's work. Pike, black, rock and Oswego bass, pickerel, and sun-fish prevail. Hunting in the fall is immense. We have hundreds of small lakes and rice-beds within the radius of two or three miles. On the prairies and in the stubble in the fall geese and chickens swarm. Splendid places for camping and accommodations good. I would be pleased to give any directions to parties wishing to learn further of this country, situated in Northwestern Minnesota, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. H. P. HAMILTON.

WHY SHOULD IT NOT?—Chicago, July 2, 1881.—It is only justice to you that we should say that our advertisement in your paper pays us better than any medium we have yet tried.—Yours, very truly, THOS. KANE & Co.

CAMP "JIM WHITE."

SAVANNAH, Tenn., July 15, 1881.

THE Klaw Hammer Angling Association has just returned from its annual fishing and camping excursion. The club was better fixed than ever before, and "Camp Jim White," so named from one of the most energetic and assiduous of our members, will always be remembered as a model of comfort and convenience. The association reached home in time to attend the funeral of a former president, Mr. L. H. Broyles, a veteran angler and the best and most warm-hearted of associates. This gentleman had heretofore always accompanied the club, and his loss will be ever felt and his memory cherished by all of our members.

The bass did not bite well on account of the hot weather and low water. The writer captured the biggest one caught, estimated variously according to the temperament of the different anglers, at from 2½ to 4 lbs.

Although the weather was hot, and the fish off their feed, the party enjoyed themselves greatly. Plenty of fish and game were captured to supply the table, and our sable *chef de cuisine* excelled himself in catering to our appetites. Our bill of fare included bass, perch, cat-fish, squirrels, soft-shell turtle and frogs, to say nothing of fresh butter, comb-honey, new-laid eggs and spring chickens, drawn from the farmers around. Altogether the affair was a success, and except that the misfortune, detailed above, which saddened our home-coming, nothing occurred to detract from the pleasure of the trip. I hope at some early date to be able to chronicle the doings of the club at greater length. WILL.

A THIRTY-POUND RANGELEY TROUT.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* recalls the story of the big Kennebago fish:

"Resting upon hooks at Camp Kennebago is a very curious fishing rod, and that rod has a history. The rod is a stout maple tree, nearly as thick as one's wrist, and 15 or 20 feet long. The reel is a heavy wooden wheel as large as a dining plate, and the line is a stout bedcord, with a hook of iron to correspond, and a bob as big as a man's hat. Some years ago a novice, but would-be sportsman, stopped here, by invitation from the members of the association, and in the evening he told some fish stories designed to enlighten the members then in camp. He told of large trout caught with 8-ounce rods, and considerably embellished his powers as a sportsman. One of the members hit upon the idea of playing off a joke upon him. The novice was on his way to Kennebago Lake for a day or two of fishing, and the member offered to wager that on the day after the return of the novice he could land a bigger fish, and that, too, with a more wonderful rod and line than the novice had ever seen, or would be able to catch. The bet was quickly taken, the novice departed for the mountain lake, and preparations for catching the big fish began. The member making the wager sent to Portland for the largest fresh fish to be obtained, to be forwarded intact to Indian Rock. Three or four days after it came, an immense specimen of codfish, weighing some 30 pounds, in a very nice state of preservation.

"That night the novice returned from the upper lake, and it was arranged that the fishing tournament should take place next morning. The above-mentioned rod and reel had been constructed beforehand. Early in the morning the wagering member took his position in a canoe on the stream in front of the camp. The novel rod lay in the bottom of the canoe, with the 30-pound fish hooked to the line over the side in the water, so that neither would be noticed. The member went quietly to work casting his flies with another rod, while his guide kept the canoe in place. Soon the novice came down from the camp, clad in a sporting suit, and balancing his 8-ounce rod deftly in hand, with a cast of handsome flies at the end. He seemed considerably chagrined that his antagonist should have attempted to steal a march on him by getting ahead in the morning; but he soon took a position by the side of his guide in another canoe, a few rods from his rival. All the campers, the most of whom were in the secret, came down upon the shore to witness the contest. Both parties made a few casts, and each landed a few small trout. Soon the novice hooked a fair-sized fish, but he lost him by bad handling of his rod. All at once, at a given splash from his guide, the wagering member dropped his rod and seized the maple-tree with the bedcord, and drew up the fish so that the novice could see him, but quickly let him go again as though alive. The novice was nonplussed. He laid down his rod, sat down in his canoe, and gazed in blank astonishment while the huge dead fish was reeled in. He did not come to his senses and see that he had been badly sold till the laughter of the members on shore and the sight of the ungainly tackle brought him to his wits. He acknowledged the wager won without weighing the fish, and has never since allowed himself to bet against older heads."

PICKING THE 'POSSUM'S BONES.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., July 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading the various opinions advanced in your journal relative to the sportive 'possum and the question whether he should be eaten hot or cold. Now, I suppose you think it is quite a waste of ink to say anything more upon the subject after you have summed up the evidence and given your opinion. But did you never play the ace upon the odd trick and have some one cry out "Miss deal?" You see, in such a case the whole business is in doubt again. But your numerous readers need not be alarmed, for I have concluded at last to settle, once for all, the vexed question whether the 'possum should be eaten hot or cold. Of course I could have done this long ago and saved your readers much time and your paper much valuable space, but it is so gratifying to hear a question argued pro and con, listen to and admire the ingenuity and learning displayed on either side, feeling all the while that you are holding a reserve that can end the battle at any moment.

Did you ever play a game of poker (just to pass the time) and have the party raising the ante five, ten, twenty, etc., while you were quietly sitting behind four aces? Again, were you ever in court when it was of great importance to have a certain witness present, and every one, from the judge down, wondering at his absence, and after all kinds of conjectures and surmises you calmly arise and tell them the man is dead? How proud you feel as the eyes of the multitude are turned upon you; how happy to be able to impart such valuable information! But the pleasure of holding four aces, or reporting deaths in important cases is seldom vouchsafed to man. But it seems my turn has at last come to give valuable information to your readers, and, of course, receive thanks therefor, for I can certainly settle the 'possum question.

Last November I was in Camden County, N. C., having a right royal time shooting partridges. During the hunt I fell in with a native who kindly offered to show me where the birds were as thick (to use his words) as hair on a dog's back; and he knew his business, for I never found birds more plentiful. My companion, who, by the way, though a great 'possum hunter, had never before seen a setter range a field or stand a bird, became very much interested in the hunt, and was loud in his praise, especially of my doubles. In fact he forgot all about his dinner, and followed me around until nearly night, when I wound up on a covey in his orchard. I then, upon his pressing invitation, went in to dinner, although I was not hungry, having, before meeting him, done full justice to my lunch, but I soon found he had appetite enough for us both. He sat down to a fine roasted 'possum, bordered with yam potatoes, and after striking a 2.40 gait (oh, yes, I know this isn't much in these days of Maud S. and Rarus, but it will do, especially when you keep it up as he did for nearly an hour without break or skip) he finally weakened, and at last rested the handles of his knife and fork at angles of 90 deg. with the plane of the table, and looking across at



"HIS KNIFE AND FORK AT ANGLES OF 90 DEGREES."

his mother, with eyes beaming with intense satisfaction, and speaking slowly, feelingly and with great emphasis, he said, "Mammy, 'possum is mighty good, but possum, fat and taters—Great Shakes!"

Now, as this 'possum was cooked at the regular dinner hour, 12 M., and was eaten after sun-down, of course it was *cold*. C. F. J.

P.S.—If the native had dined at his regular hour he might have eaten his 'possum with the same gusto. In fact I think he would have done so, and in that case of course the 'possum would have been *hot*.

Natural History.

DO GARTER SNAKES EAT FISH?

IN your issue of July 21 I notice a query as to whether black and garter snakes habitually or occasionally eat fish. Of the habits of the black snake in this particular I know nothing, but am able to make some positive assertions about garter snakes. In the first place the congregation of garter snakes about pools and streams stocked with small fish is too habitual to be entirely devoid of significance. Wherever small fish abound, even on the borders of large lakes, there you may look for garter snakes with full assurance of success.

I have frequently found them watching with eager eyes the movements of their finny prey; have seen them dart upon, seize and swallow minnows, and finally have dissected minnows in various stages of digestion from their stomachs, and this in a number of widely separated localities, where, too, there was an abundance of other kinds of food, as insects, toads, etc. My observations lead me to believe that small fry constitute a very important, and, in places, the chief part of the bill of fare of the garter snake, including in the term all the many species in the United States.

In conclusion, I may add that I fully believe that black snakes are also fish eaters, though possibly not to the same extent. They, too, frequent water habitually, and it is reasonable to suppose not alone for the sake of the frogs and toads found there. H. W. HENSHAW.

Washington, D. C.

HABITAT OF THE BEAVER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondents discuss the range of the beaver, and have extended it to Texas.

I have seen on the Lower Colorado of the West in the low grounds between Fort Yuma and the head of the Gulf of California many signs of the beaver, and was informed that they were abundant.

I saw some skins, but was told that in that warm climate, north latitude, 32 deg. to 33 deg., the fur was not very good.

The last time I hunted north of Fort D. A. Russell, in November, 1873, I saw many beaver dams apparently well-stocked on headwaters of Horse Creek at the eastern base of the Black Hills. M. C. MEIGS.

We hope that the above note from General Meigs may call out memoranda of the observations of others.

NIGHT-HAWK, WHIP-POOR-WILL, CURLEW AND COYOTE—Pyramid Lake, Indian Reservation, Nevada.—Will you inform me: First, are the night-hawk and the whip-poor-will one and the same bird or a different species? Second, can you give me some description of the curlew and the section of the country most common in? Third, do coyotes live in holes in the ground? Is it natural? You will decide a camp-fire dispute, and greatly oblige—D. W.

1. The night-hawk, *Chordeiles virginianus*, and the whip-poor-will, *Antrostomus vociferus*, are of different genera, and of course different species, in the family *Caprimulgidæ*, or "goat suckers." The family also includes the "chuckwill's widow," *A. carolinensis*. 2. The curlews belong in the family *Scolopacidæ*, with the snipes. The bill is longer than the head and curved downward. The tarsus (bare part of leg) is scaled only in front. The long-billed curlew or sicle-bill, *Numenius longirostris*, is a large bird measuring about twenty-four inches from the tip of the bill along the back to the end of the tail feathers. Its bill is from five to nine inches; color, reddish gray, variegated. The jack-curlew, *N. hudsonicus*, is lighter in color and smaller. They are common in most parts of the United States where not exterminated. 3. Coyotes often burrow, and the females usually bring forth their young under ground. They are mainly nocturnal.

A TREE-CLIMBING SNAKE—Oconomowoc, Wis.—I don't like the subject. I would rather have 'possum in mine, but we all have to take something we don't like at times. Three years ago last April I was in Mobile, Ala., and was invited by friends to spend a few days with them at Point Clear where they were building and repairing their summer cottages. We took passage on the good little steamer Annie, and arrived there Saturday night. The next day we were inspecting the grounds, and, in our walks about the place, a large magnolia tree loaded with blossoms attracted our attention. The tree stood behind a fence, and about six feet from the top of the fence was a crotch in the tree. How to get some of the blossoms was the question, as we were none of us much on the climb. Just then our cook came along and says, "I can got you some, boss," and starts to climb. Standing on the top of the fence he puts his hand into the crotch to raise himself when, with a yell and a bound, down he comes followed by a snake at least three feet long, which had been lying coiled in the crotch, and dropped the other side of the fence, disappearing in the brush before we could kill him. We all swore it was a rattlesnake for we heard him rattle (but it might have been the nigger's teeth). How did the snake get there? I know I didn't put it there, and we all swore the same thing. If that snake wasn't a climber it made that nigger climb—and at a rattling, lively pace, too. —I. C. H.

BLACKSNAKES CLIMB TREES.—Stirling, Loudoun County, Va.—Several years ago, while fishing on the Potomac, I killed a large blacksnake which had climbed a large tree to rob a bird's nest. I was roused by a horrible screeching and angry chattering on the part of a choir of fifteen or twenty birds of different species. I stopped casting, and, upon examination, discovered the blacksnake, nearly five feet long, up a tree, near a nest about ten feet from the ground, and surrounded by an infuriated mob of small birds, which were fluttering and pecking, and cursing almost, by his snakeship's head. The tree was almost flat, though rough, on the side where the snake was, and he was in the shape of several copies of the letter S joined together, evidently incapable of rapid movement, the tree sloping toward his sliminess. The plates on his belly were raised, I think, so as to help him cling, and this, together with his winding position, kept him from falling.—T. W.

AN ANTELOPE'S REMARKABLE WOUND.—It is not a very remarkable thing for a man to carry in his flesh an ounce ball and still get along reasonably well in the world, after the bullet settles down to something like a quiet life, but the idea of an animal, of either human or brute kind, carrying for years a knife imbedded from the neck almost to the heart, is something extraordinary. The following letter shows how an antelope may get wounded and live to get fat: "Dos Cabezas, July 7, 1881—Editor *Bulletin:* I send by to-day's express a knife taken from an antelope killed yesterday near this place by a Mexican. The knife extended on the left side of the neck, just before the shoulder, passing about half an inch from the heart, the point sticking into a rib, holding it in place. It was entirely covered by the skin. The wood part of the handle fell in pieces as the knife was being taken out, showing that it had been confined for some time. The antelope was very fat, as I had some for breakfast this morning.—Respectfully, B. Corey." The knife, including the blade proper and the handle to which the wooden covering was fastened, is nine and a half inches long, and weighs a half-pound. Evidently the knife must have been in the flesh for years, as the wood had decayed and the skin of the animal had entirely covered the butt of the weapon. It is conjectured that the knife was thrown at the antelope, and the animal in brushing it against the ground or timber pushed it further into the body. The Academy of Sciences will be asked to give a theory of the wound.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

A WOODCOCK IN RESERVOIR SQUARE.—Two New York city correspondents send us this very interesting note of a woodcock observed in one of the city parks:

On crossing Reservoir square, Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, about noon, July 1, a woodcock, *Philohela minor*, was observed feeding with the sparrows. Upon approaching it it seemed quite tame, but would not allow us to go very near it. After picking around for some it flew into some bushes and disappeared, and we were unable to find it afterward.—E. W. L. and S. W. A.

Some months ago our readers will remember we chronicled the capture of a woodcock in a house in Brooklyn, the bird having flown in through a window.

SNAKES FOR THE SMITHSONIAN.—The New Haven *Palladium* says: "There arrived on board the schooner Thomas Terrell, which reached this port a few days ago, a number of snakes consigned to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. They were very closely packed in large stone jars, which were sealed and covered and consequently were not exposed to view. The jars were quite heavy and were directed to Prof. Baird, of the Institution. There were also directed to the same address and from the same party a portfolio containing drawings of primitive Indian weapons—stone hatchets, axes, etc. These articles were sent by M. Geusde, of Guadaloupe. They will be forwarded to Washington without delay."

NOTES ON THE STARFISHES OF MAINE.

BY F. A. MANSFIELD.

[Presented at the Annual Meeting of the Maine State College Scientific Society, April 20, 1881.]

IN this paper it is proposed to present a few notes on some of the starfishes found on the shores and in the waters of the Gulf of Maine, with brief remarks on distribution in space and time. Geographically the marine animals of this State are more nearly sub-Arctic than sub-tropical in character. Being to the north and west of the Gulf Stream, the amount of heat derived from that source is relatively small, and the effect on the fauna correspondingly slight. This is due in part to the cold Arctic current which flows southwestward along the coast of the States, inside of the gulf stream, and reduces the annual temperature of the Gulf of Maine to equal that of the North and Baltic seas in a latitude fifteen degrees higher.

Cape Cod separates the species to the north from those to the south sufficiently to give distinctive faunal characteristics to the two regions. Of asterids or starfishes there are about twenty-three north of Cape Cod, and four south, all of the latter number being also common to the norther fauna. Farlow remarks Cape Cod as the dividing line of the seaweeds, writing that none of the characteristic algæ of the north, with a solitary exception, are found south of Cape Cod.

The echinoderms, to which the asterids belong, is characterized in the Arctics by several starfishes and sea urchins, though there are few sea cucumbers, in temperate zones by a greater number of species and a more profuse ornamentation of the covering, together with higher complexity of structure and function. Of the less than three hundred sea urchins in the living world the larger number are tropic and sub-tropic species.

In geologic time protozoans were first created, and then followed the radiate animals, including the starfish. The starfish was prefigured by the flexible starlike rays of the cystid, an earlier and lower radiate which existed at the beginning of the lower silurian. The starfish may be considered as a specialized animal after the type of the pre-appearing crinoid, which had a greater range in structure. The asterids appeared in the lower silurian, increased to the close of the paleozoic, were common in the mesozoic, and have continued to present time. The radiates, as a whole, commencing with the silurian, have increased in numbers and development to the present, though some early groups have lost their pre-eminence. It is remarkable that while a few paleozoic genera of shells exist in present time, none of the genera of the early echinoderms now exist, although the latter is structurally the lower sub-kingdom. In Maine no starfishes have been found in the rocky strata. An undetermined species has been reported from the Champlain clays of the State.

Zoologically, as has been indicated, the starfish is a radiate animal, being placed as the class asteridea of the sub-kingdom echinodermata, and considered in structure above the crinoids and serpent stars and lower than the sea urchins and sea cucumbers. The root of the word asteridea is aster, a star, and the word means star-formed or in the form of a star. The central part or disk of the star-shaped animal is not distinct from the arms or rays, but merges into them. Usually the rays constitute the bulk of the animal, as in the common "five-finger," but there are cases where the disk assumes greater and the rays lesser proportions, as in Ctenodiscus.

The flexible covering consists of small plates of carbonate of lime united by a membrane, while in the sea urchin the plates unite to form a rigid case. On the under side of each ray is a groove running from the centre toward the tips. Through the plates in the centre of the groove extend the fleshy tentacles which enable the starfish to walk. These can be shortened or lengthened as occasion requires, and the sucker-disks which cap the tentacles, when applied to a stone or other object, hold fast while the animal draws itself along. The mouth is at the center below, the viscera extending into the rays. Eye specks are at the tips of the arms. Over the surface of the thick, calcareous skin are many little spines, and water tubes which pass inward in the spaces between these spinules. The largest spines are beneath, bordering the grooves.

The dental apparatus is simple, especially when compared with the beautiful and complex arrangement of the sea urchin. This arrangement is needed in the latter animal whose food is largely vegetable matter, chiefly sea weeds, while the starfish, subsisting principally on animal food, which is of easier solubility, needs no complex grinding organ. Their food is largely mussels and other shell fish. On securing a mussel which may be rather large for easy disposition, the starfish holds it with his tentacles, bends its rays around the shell, turns out the folds of an enormous stomach, surrounds the unlucky captive and consumes the soft parts. Then the stomach is packed away, the tentacles relax their hold, the rays assume their normal position and the empty mussel lies on the sea bottom.

The locomotion of the starfish appears easier of accomplishment than in the sea urchin, due to the flexibility of the rays of the former. Without tentacles the sea urchin would be wholly incapable of movement, and it may be doubted if the starfish would be much better off, unless by progressive development it should in time be able to use its rays more effectively than at present.

The only class of animals with which starfishes are likely to be confounded are the serpent stars. The latter have a star-shaped mouth, jointed arms sometimes forking, no inferior grooves, no terminal eye specks, the viscera does not pass into the rays, the disk is distinct, and the animal is more shy and difficult to find than are the starfishes. By observing these distinctions no confusion can ensue. Starfishes are found from between the tide marks to a depth of over one hundred fathoms, on the coast of Maine. The common *Asterias*, and more rarely, a few other species, may be found in tide pools, and over the sandy and rocky bottoms of harbors, or clinging to piles.

The growth and development of the starfish is in some respects like that of other radiates. The eggs of radiates as well as of mollusks produce, after segmentation and development of the embryo, free-swimming young. The little planula propels its way through or upon the surface of the water by means of fringes of cilia. The young starfish commences its development in this planula on the water tubes, finally absorbs the planula, and grows into the perfect young and thence into the adult state. The egg of *Cribrella sanguinolenta* develops a pear-shaped embryo which on escaping is oblong, and has a basal constriction. The constriction deepens, forming a three-lobed pedical. The disk becomes pentagonical, with five double rows of vesicles. The rays form in the pentagon, the pedical is absorbed, and the animal takes its final form. Starfishes together with crabs, mollusks, etc., form in part the food of the cod and other marine animals.

The relation of starfishes to man is by no means an unimportant one. As remarked above, they furnish food in some degree to animals useful to the human family. On the other hand they destroy beds of mussels, clams and oysters. As a whole they appear, economically considered, more injurious than beneficial. As ornaments to the kingdom of nature, forming one of the most beautiful and instructive of the lower classes of the animal world, they may certainly be considered of value to man, and their absence would be his loss.

In 1873 the United States Fish Commission obtained in the Gulf of Maine about fifteen hundred species of marine animals. Of about one-half this number determined at the time, there were thirty-four species of echinoderms including thirteen starfishes. The others were ten sea cucumbers, three sea urchins and eight serpent stars. The starfishes are the most numerous class of the sub-kingdom, as seen in the Gulf of Maine. A single haul of the dredge secured over a hundred species of animals, including twelve echinoderms of which five were asterids. This was on a hard bottom, in a depth of thirty-three fathoms, six miles east of Seguin Island. Dredging is the surest way of securing a variety of asterids, for the littoral or shore species are few in number. The shore species in Western Penobscot Bay are *Asterias vulgaris*, and rarely *Cribrella sanguinolenta*. But few species of asterids occur much inside of the outer islands of this bay. The *Solaster*, common off Eagle Island, does not occur at Camden, nor do the other species, except the two above mentioned, so far as is known. Following are given brief notes on a part of the Maine starfishes, which will include some further account of their distribution.

Asterias vulgaris, Stimpson, is our most common species, and is known in common with the next species as the common starfish, five-finger, or five-fingered Jack. It is reddish in color, varying from pink to purple, and hence is called the red starfish. It occurs from Connecticut to Labrador and possibly Greenland. Abundant everywhere in Maine, down to a depth of forty fathoms. South of Cape Cod it is not so common, being replaced by the next species. It is worthy of note that its range in fathoms increases to the northward and decreases to the southward. It prefers rocky or sandy shores and bottoms to those that are muddy, flourishing best in the clearer waters.

It is usually found in company with the sea urchin on our coast. It evidently does not object to the light as it is common on shallow, rocky bottoms. Whole beds of mussels are destroyed by this and the next species, and the two, but more especially the next, commit great havoc among the oyster beds of Rhode Island and Connecticut. The two are of very similar form, and as seen above have much in common. Starfishes are best preserved in alcohol, though with proper care they may be dried quickly in the shade, or if boiled and taken out when hot instead of allowing to soak in the cooling water, they will keep well. In alcohol the red starfish becomes nearly white. A dried specimen from Eagle Island is 175 mm. in diameter, disk diameter 40 mm., greatest width of ray 29 mm. The perfect form has five equal rays, but very commonly a young ray has been injured, and there is a "survival of the fittest," or strongest, so that three and four rayed animals are common. The undeveloped rays may usually be seen on examination. If rays are cut off or destroyed new ones will grow.

This species has two-pronged pedicellariæ, instead of three-pronged as in the sea urchin. (In references to our sea urchin as compared with the starfish, the common Maine species, *Strongylocentrotus drobachiensis*, A. Agassiz, is to be understood.) The convex madreporic body is light colored, its surface in radiating lines. Each ray bears four rows of tentacles in the groove beneath. The spines are not fluted. The longest spines, below, are about 2 mm. in length. The grooves mentioned, which bear the tentacles, are the ambulacral zones, and do not bear spines as in the sea urchin. There are nervous, muscular and digestive systems, though the latter has not the division into æsophagus and intestine. The nervous system sends filaments to the eye specks and other parts. The water-vessel system, commencing with the madreporic filter, carries water to the little sacs which form the inner end of the tentacles. By contracting the sacs water is forced into the tentacles which are thus extended to some desired object. The description here given of the organs and their uses is applicable in general to most of the following species:

Asterias Forbesii., Verrill, the Green Starfish, is a more Southern form, extending from Massachusetts Bay to Northern Florida and the northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico. It is rarely found northward in sheltered coves as at Quahog Bay, twenty-five or thirty miles northeast of Portland. This place has a special zoological interest, for it contains Southern species of marine animals that are found nowhere else in the State, and which belong to Southern New England and lower latitudes. Among these is the round clam, *Venus mercenaria*, not found elsewhere in Maine. This starfish abounds on the shelly bottoms of bays and sounds, and, though not fond of brackish water, will venture in it if oysters are obtainable, being especially fond of young ones when a year or two old. A case is related in which oyster beds, twenty acres in extent, were destroyed in a few weeks' time. The preventive is to sweep the beds with tangles and destroy the starfish that are brought up.

The power of reproducing the lost parts is wonderful. Verrill says each ray has the power of reproducing all the lost parts so that each fragment may become a perfect animal. The color of this starfish is dark or brownish green, with the madreporic body a bright yellow. A dried straw-colored specimen from South Norwalk, Conn., measures in diameter 160 mm.; diameter of disk, 35 mm.; greatest breadth of ray, 27 mm. The spines appear slightly larger and stouter than in the red starfish. Brownish bundles of water tubes show plainly between the spinules of the upper surface. Around the base of each spinule is a row of minute calcareous points—the pedicellariæ.

Solaster endeca, Forbes, is common in the Gulf of Maine and sometimes in Massachusetts Bay, though a more northern species. The young of this and the next species have been taken on a muddy bottom, in 50 or 60 fathoms, northwest of Stelwagen's Bank; also both species from the littoral zone, near Eastport, down to forty or more fathoms. Of nine specimens of this species which came up on lobster cages at Eagle Island three had nine rays, four had ten, one had eleven, and one had twelve, ten appearing to be the normal number. A specimen is 160 mm. in diameter, 65 mm. in diameter of disk, 15 mm. in greatest breadth of ray. The disk is relatively larger than in *asterias*, and the round, tapering rays are more serpentine. The color of the dried specimen is dull pink, and the grooves below are closed for nearly the whole length by the spines. The largest spines are next the mouth, on the tips between the grooves. Those next in size border the grooves, and minute spines lie in clusters of about ten or twelve on the under surface, while above the small spinules appear to be in close groups of perhaps a dozen points. This arrangement of spines is similar in *cribrella*.

Orossaster papposus, M. and T., is common, and usually found with the last. The colors of both species are somewhat variable. This also multiplies rays. The spines resemble somewhat those in species of *asterias*. The colors are red and purple, often arranged in concentric lines, and spotted with clusters of bright water tubes.

Cribrella sanguinolenta, Lutken, occur from Connecticut to the Arctic Ocean, on the northern coasts of Europe south to Great Britain and France. Very common in the Gulf of Maine, from low water to 100 fathoms. Not so common south of Cape Cod. This is a small and beautiful species. It has five round, tapering rays. The spinules are in minute clusters. The grooves are very narrow, and there are but two rows of tentacles to each groove, instead of four, as in *asterias*. The color is variable—cream, orange, purple, rose, vermilion, etc. One of the vermilion, when dried, faded to a yellowish brown. This specimen measures 55 mm. in diameter, 14 mm. in diameter of disk, 7 mm. in greatest breadth of ray.

Another point of difference from *asterias* and most other starfishes is that it has no free swimming young, the egg being held by the suckers about the mouth of the parent until they become little starfishes. The development of this species, as previously described, varies from the usual order. It is found in various situations, but is perhaps most at home on shelly or stony bottoms. The *Cribrella* was described as early as 1776, by Muller, and has had no less than nine different names. The rays like those of *Solaster endeca*, are not crowded one against the other as in the two species of *asterias* described.

Leptasterias compta, Verrill, has been found off New Jersey, in 32 fathoms; off Martha's Vineyard in 20 to 25 fathoms, rare; and off Casco Bay in 30 to 35 fathoms.

Stephanasterias ubbula, Verrill, occurs in the vicinity of Grand Menan, and has been taken east of Seguin Island in 33 fathoms.

Ctenodiscus crispatus, D. and K., occurs among other places in Massachusetts Bay, though its proper habitat is farther to the north. One haul of the tangle northwest of Stellwagen's Bank brought up ninety-five specimens of this species. It is the common pentagonal starfish of muddy bottoms and a deep water species. The tentacles have no sucking disks but are pointed. The diameter of one is 55 mm., diameter of disk 27 mm., greatest breadth of ray 15 mm.

Astrogonium phrygianum was found over a hard, gravelly bottom, in 50 to 80 fathoms, in company with *Asterias*, *Cribrella*, etc. It is a gorgeous, brilliant-red starfish, as great as 200 mm. in diameter. It has been taken in the Gulf of Maine, in the above depth of water, on Cashing's Ledge.

CROSSING ANTHROPOID APES.—There appears to be good evidence of crosses between the gorilla and the chimpanzee—a fact of great importance to naturalists who are given rather freely to announcing the discovery of new species of this group of animals.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 23, 1881.—One black fox, *Vulpes argentatus*, from Canada, presented by Mr. John S. Kennedy; two red foxes, *Vulpes fulvus*, presented by Mr. Samuel Norton, Conn.; two prairie dogs, *Cynomys ludovicianus*, presented by Mrs. F. Gotthold; one horned owl, *Bubo virginianus*, presented by Mr. Chas. B. Hall; one yellow-tailed curassow, *Crax alector*, presented by Miss Etta Staples, of big Alice; six young night herons, *Nycticorax gardeni*, presented by Miss Nina Prime, Long Island; one red and yellow macaw, *Ara chloroptera*, presented by Miss Mariquita Serrano; one bullfinch *Pyrrhula europea*, presented by Capt. A. Briand, S. S. France; one fallow deer, *Cervus dama*, bred in the Menagerie.—W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Boils, Pimples, Freckles, Rough Skin, eruptions, impure blood, Hop Bitters cure.

Game Bag and Gun.

IGNORANCE IN HIGH QUARTERS.

CHELSEA, Mass., July 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your article in last week's issue on the pistol used by the assassin Guiteau, and the general lack of information in regard to firearms by persons presumed to be well-informed, calls to mind what I noticed some time ago under the head of "Rifles," in the "American Cyclopedia," vol. xiv., p. 334, which I think will be of interest to long-range riflemen, and for the convenience of those who may not have the book at hand will briefly quote:

"It is claimed for the Russian rifle described above (Gorloff M. B. L.) that an expert will place every bullet within a space three feet by one and one-half feet broad at 1,000 yards distance."

The writer of the article quoted was, I believe, an eminent general in our late civil war, and is now or lately was superintendent of a large establishment manufacturing fire-arms.

He does not vouch for that part of his article which I have quoted, but I am surprised that he should introduce any statement of others in a work of this kind unless he believed it himself, and I presume he did or it would not have been given a place in his article.

I will further add for the delectation of the small bores that the rifle referred to has a calibre of .42, a powder charge of 77 grains and a bullet weighing 380 grains.

There must be economy of gunpowder and lead to say nothing of saving in wear and tear on the gun and man that must commend itself to riflemen generally, especially new beginners.

If the above quotation had emanated from a civilian I should not have given it a second thought, but as it was from one who ought to be an authority I consider it too good to keep.—W. G.

ILLINOIS SQUIRREL SHOOTING.—Charleston, Coles County, Ill., May 30.—On 23d inst. Charles Shriver bagged ten squirrels in a half a day, two and a half miles east of here, on the Embarras River. He reports squirrels more numerous than they have been for several years and very fat. Shannon Hart bagged eight squirrels on 29th. He is an excellent squirrel hunter, and reports the same as Mr. Shriver.—A SQUIRREL HUNTER.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table. Except the Minnesota pinnated grouse season, which closes Oct. 1, none of the seasons named close before Nov. 1, 1881:

States.	Deer.	Woodcock	Quail.	Ruffed Grouse.	Pinnated Grouse (Prairie Chicken).	Wild-fowl.	Wild Turkey.
Ala.*	Oct. 20.	.....	Sept. 15.	.....	.....	Oct. 1..	Oct. 20.
Cali.*..	July 1..	.....	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15.	.....	Sept. 15	.....
Col.....	Sept. 1..	.....	Prohibited.	Oct. 1..	Oct. 1..	.....	.....
Conn..	.....	Oct. 1....	Oct. 1....	Oct. 1....	.....	Sept. 1.	Prohibited
Dakota	.....	.....	Aug. 15..	Aug. 15..	Aug. 15	.....	.....
Del.*	.....	July 1....	Nov. 1....	Nov. 1....	.....	.....	.....
D. C.a	Aug. 15..	July 1....	Nov. 1....	Aug. 1....	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	.....
Ga.b	Oct. 1.	.....	Oct. 1	.....	.....	Oct. 1.	Oct. 1..
Idaho*.	Aug. 1..	.....	Sept. 1..	.....	Aug. 1.	Sept. 1.	.....
Ill.....	Sept. 1..	July 4...	Oct. 1....	Oct. 1....	Aug. 15	Aug. 16	Sept. 1.
Ind....	Oct. 1....	July 1....	Nov. 1....	Nov. 1....	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	Nov. 1.
Iowa...	Sept. 1..	July 10..	Oct. 1....	Oct. 1....	Aug. 15	Aug. 15	Oct. 1..
Kan.....	.....	.....	Nov. 1....	.....	Sept. 1.	.....	.....
Ky*.....	Sept. 1..	Aug. 15..	Oct. 20....	Oct. 20....	.....	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.
La.....	Aug. 1...	.....	Sept. 16..	Sept. 15..	.....	.....	Sept. 1.
Me.h....	Oct. 1...	Sept. 1..	1883	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	.....
Mass..	Nov. 1..	Aug. 1...	Oct. 15...	Sept. 1..	Prohd.	.....	.....
Miche..	Oct. 1....	Aug. 1...	Nov. 1....	Sept. 1..	1882	Sept. 1.	Oct. 1..
Minn..	Nov. 1....	July 4...	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	Aug. 15	Sept. 1.	.....
Miss..	Sept. 15.	.....	Sept. 16..	.....	.....	.....	Sept. 15
Mo.d...	Sept. 1..	July 1...	Oct. 15...	Oct. 15...	Aug.	.....	Sept. 15
Neb....	Oct. 1....	.....	Sept. 1..	Aug. 15..	Aug. 15	.....	Oct. 1..
Nev.*..	Aug. 1...	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	.....	Sept. 1.	.....
N. H.e..	Sept. 1..	Aug. 1...	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	.....	Aug. 1.	.....
N. J.f..	1884	Oct. 1...	Nov. 1....	Nov. 1....	Oct. 15.	.....	.....
N. Mex.	Sept. 1..	.....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	.....	.....	Sept. 1.
N. Y.g..	Aug. 1...	Aug. 1...	Nov. 1....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	.....
N. C.*..	Aug. 15	.....	Oct. 1....	Oct. 1....	.....	.....	Oct. 1
O.....	Oct. 15..	July 4...	Nov. 1....	Sept. 1..	Nov. 1	Sept. 1.	Nov. 1.
Or.....	July 1...	.....	Dec. 1....	June 15.	July 1	Aug. 1...	.....
Pa.....	Oct. 1....	July 4...	Oct. 15...	Oct. 1....	Oct. 1.	Sept. 1.	Oct. 15.
R. I....	.....	Sept. 1..	Nov. 1....	Sept. 1..	.....	Sept. 1.	.....
S. C....	Aug. 1...	Sept. 15.	Sept. 16..	Sept. 16..	Sept. 15.	.....	Sept. 15
Tenn.*.	Sept. 1..	Sept. 15.	Sept. 15..	Sept. 15..	.....	.....	Sept. 15
Texas.i	Aug. 1...	.....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	July 1	.....	.....
Utah....	Aug. 1...	.....	1883....	Sept. 15..	.....	Sept. 10	.....
Vt.....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	.....	Sept. 1..	.....	Sept. 1.	.....
Va.*....	Sept. 1..	July 1...	Nov. 1....	Aug. 1....	.....	Sept. 1.	Oct. 15
Wash*..	Aug. 1...	.....	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1..	Aug. 1.	Aug. 1.	.....
W. Va..	July 15..	.....	Oct. 15..	Sept. 1..	Sept. 1.	Sept. 1.	.....
Wis....	Sept. 15.	July 10..	Aug. 1...	Aug. 15..	Aug. 15	Aug. 16	.....
Wyo....	Aug. 15.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

Antelope.—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.

Buffalo.—Colo., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1.

Caribou.—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1.

Does.—Ala., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Ga., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 15; Mo., Aug. 1; N. C., Oct. 1; S. C., Oct. 15.

Elk.—Colo., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Minn., Nov. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Or., July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.

Moose.—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1 *e*; Ore., July 1.

Mountain Sheep.—Col., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.

Plover.—D. C., Sept. 1.... Me., Aug. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. H., Aug. 1; Pa., July 16; R. I., Aug. 1.

Rail.—Del., Sept. 5; N. J., Sept. ; Pa., Sept. 1.

Reedbird.—Del., Sept. 5; D. C., Sept. 1; N. J., Aug. 25; Pa., Sept. 1.

Snipe.—Dakota, Aug. 15; D. C., Sept. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.

In these States there are special county laws, or the deer law applies to sale or possession. *b* Wildfowl not protected on the coast. *c* In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. *d* California quail protected to 1883. *e* In Coos County deer season opens Aug. 1; moose and caribou, Sept. 1. *f* First open woodcock season began July 1; will close Aug. 1. *g* Quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1882, in counties of Montgomery, Schenectady, Saratoga and Albany. Wildfowl season in Long Island waters opens Oct. 1. Woodcock shooting in Dutchess County prohibited during August. *h* Deer law relates to female deer only.

LARCENY OF ANIMALS.

[From the Albany Law Journal, June 4, 1881.]

IN *Rex v. Mann*, Supreme Court of the Hawaiian Islands, April, 1881, the defendant had been convicted of stealing turkeys. Two questions arose: whether the turkeys in question were "wild animals," and thus not subject of larceny; and whether ownership had been proved. The court, Judd, J., said: "The essential facts are as follows: On the mountain range of this island, back of Waialua, called the Waianæ mountains are numbers of turkeys. These birds were brought to this country so long ago that there is no remembrance existing as to the exact time when or by whom they were imported. These birds are now in a wild state, afraid of man, breeding in the unfrequented parts of the mountain and bush country, and have been hunted down and caught by devices, precisely as if they were *ferœ naturæ*. They are not penned or fed, marked by the land-owner, nor does he exercise any actual control over them, except as he may be able to catch them and reduce them to his possession. It is well known that the domestic turkey is descended from the wild turkey, first found in America, modified by breeding and the care of man, and this perhaps accounts for the tendency to revert to the wild state which is so strongly manifested in them. These turkeys, although 'wild,' are not, properly speaking, 'wild animals.' Where the phrase 'wild animals' is used, the word 'wild' is used as a generic term to indicate that they are of a species not usually domesticated, and does not refer to their comparative docility or familiarity with men. We consider that these turkeys are not, properly speaking, *ferœ naturæ*, though partaking of their habits. The land on which the defendant is alleged to have taken the turkeys in question is the land of 'Mokulua,' in Waialua, the property of the prosecuting witness, Gaspar Silva, who claims the ownership of the turkeys by virtue of their being on his land and of value to him. Now to say that these turkeys are A.'s solely because they are on A.'s land, would lead to the absurdity that they would become B.'s when they went on to B.'s land. Suppose on a certain night A. goes into the woods on his own land and ensnares part of a flock of the so-called 'wild turkeys,' and the rest of the flock, being disturbed, cross over the boundary to the land of B., and the next night A. ensnares them on B.'s land. On the theory advanced, that the place of capture determines the ownership, the latter taking would be larceny. In the case before us, if the owner of the land where the alleged taking of the turkeys took place was able to trace them, as the undisputed descendants of birds owned by him or his grantors, he would thus show title to them. So far from this being the evidence in this case, it is more than probable that these turkeys are not the descendants of a parent stock introduced on this land by one person, but that these birds have received accessions at different times from the tame turkeys of many different individuals. In the absence, therefore, of proof of ownership of these turkeys by the prosecuting witness, aside from the fact that they were caught on his land, and it being proved that they cannot be distinguished from any other turkeys on contiguous lands, they are not the subjects of larceny." Conviction reversed, and prisoner discharged.

This is in harmony with State v. Mary Turner, 66 N. C. 618. Mary was indicted for stealing "one turkey of the value of five cents." Thus it seems that turkeys are cheap in North Carolina. The report does not disclose the date of the offense, but we infer that it was shortly before Thanksgiving. Mary having been convicted, a motion in arrest of judgment was made upon the ground "that the indictment was insufficient, for that it failed to state that the turkey stolen was a tame turkey. That the turkey was a native fowl of America, large numbers are found in every part of the State, wild and unreclaimed, and that the indictment should have negatived the presumption that the turkey in question was wild and unreclaimed." The motion was sustained, but this was reversed by the Supreme Court. The court said: "His honor was mistaken in this case, in supposing that our domestic turkey is a creature of *ferœ naturæ*. All the authorities cited by his honor are cases of creatures of *ferœ naturæ*, and we take the case to be clear, that where a creature, for the stealing of which a defendant is indicted, is *ferœ naturæ*, it will not be sufficient to allege that the property was of the goods and chattels of one A. B., the owner; in such case the indictment must further allege that the creature was dead, tamed, confined or reclaimed. 2 Russ. on Crimes, 152. But surely this cannot be the case, when the defendant is indicted for stealing one of our domesticated turkeys. In 2 Bish. Crim. Law, §§ 787, 788, speaking of animals, *ferœ naturæ*, and of which larceny may be committed when reclaimed, the author says, 'domestic animals and fowls, such as horses, oxen, sheep, hens, peafowls, turkeys and the like, which being tame in their nature, are the subject of larceny on precisely the same grounds as other personal property.'"

The following animals have been held "wild:" Deer, rabbits, hares, conies, fish, rooks, doves, pigeons, martens, bees. Whart. Crim. L., § 869. In Warren v. State, 1 Green (Iowa), 106, it is said: "As this principle applies, by common law, to monkeys, bears, foxes, etc., it will evidently apply to 'coons.'"

But such animals as are reclaimed and confined, and may serve for food or use, are subject of larceny. Thus, young pheasants hatched and reared by a hen. R. v. Shickle, L. R., 1 C. C. 158. Marked swans, even on a public river. Dalt. Just. 156. Pea-hens. Com. v. Beaman, 8 Gray, 497. Pigeons in a cote. R. v. Cheaford, 5 Cox's C. C. 367. In this case Lord Campbell said: "The pigeons were the subject of larceny, although they had the opportunity of getting out and enjoying themselves." This is probably because of the *animus revertendi* in the birds.

In Swan v. Saunders, Q. B. Div., 44 L. T. (N. S.) 424, it was held that freshly imported parrots were not "domestic animals," within the statute of cruelty to animals. The court said: "I do not say that a parrot might not become a domesticated animal, when thoroughly tamed and accustomed to the society of human beings, but these were young unacclimatized birds freshly imported into England. They are clearly different from fowls and other poultry, and the evidence goes to prove that they were not tamed and domesticated."

In regard to fish it is not so clear. All the books agree that if fish are confined in a tank or otherwise, so that they may be taken at the pleasure of him who has thus appropriated them, then they are the subject of larceny. "Fish confined in a net or tank are sufficiently secured; but how, in a pond, is a question of doubt, which seems to admit of different answers, as the circumstances of particular cases differ." 2 Bish. Cr. L., § 685; 1 Hale's P. C. 511; Fost. Cr. L. 366. An English statute made it indictable to steal fish from a river in any inclosed park. In a case "where the defendant had taken fish in a river that ran through an inclosed park, but it appeared that no means had been taken to keep the fish within that part of the river that ran through the park, that they could pass down or up the river beyond the limits of the park at their pleasure, the Judges held that this was not within the statute." Rex v. Corrodice, 2 Russ. 1,199.

Oysters planted and staked out where they do not naturally grow come within this rule. State v. Taylor, 3 Dutch. 117. They seem, however, barely to come within the description of animals. In the last case the court said: "The principle, as applied to animals *ferœ naturæ*, is not questioned. But oysters, though usually included in that description of animals, do not come within the reason or operation of the rule. The owner has the same absolute property in them that he has in inanimate things or in domestic animals. Like domestic animals they continue perpetually in his occupation, and will not stray from his home or person. Unlike animals *ferœ naturæ* they do not require to be reclaimed or made tame by art, industry, or education, nor to be confined in order to be within the immediate power of the owner. If at liberty, they have neither the inclination nor the power to escape. For the purposes of the present inquiry they are obviously more nearly assimilated to tame animals than to wild ones, and perhaps more nearly to inanimate objects than to animals of either description. The indictment could not aver that the oysters were dead, for then they would be of no value; nor that they were reclaimed or tamed, for in this sense they were never wild, and were not capable of domestication; nor that they were confined, for that would be absurd." In Fleet v. Hegeman, 14 Wend. 42, the court said: "Oysters have not the power of locomotion any more than inanimate things, and when property has once been acquired in them no reason is perceived why they should not be governed by the rules of law applicable to inanimate things." "They have been reclaimed, and are as entirely within his possession and control as his swans or other water fowl that may float habitually in the bay." But in Caswell v. Johnson, 58 Me. 104, oysters were held to be fish.

At common law the rule of property in reclaimed wild animals excluded many which were called "base," principally because they are not fit for food. But in this country the rule seems to be more flexible. Thus, in State v. House, 65 N. C. 744; S. C., 6 Am. Rep. 744, a conviction of larceny of an otter from a trap was sustained. The court said: "All the distinctions as to animals *ferœ naturæ*, and as to their generous or base natures, which we find in the English books, will not hold good in this country. The English system of game laws seems to have been established more for princely diversion than for use or profit, and is not at all suited to the wants of our enterprising trappers. We take the true criterion to be the *value* of the animal, whether for the food of man, for its fur, or otherwise. We know that the otter is an animal very valuable for its fur, and we know also that the fur trade is a very important one in America, and even in some parts of North Carolina. If we are bound absolutely by the English authorities, without regard to their adaptation to this country, we should be obliged to hold that most of the animals, so valuable for their fur, are not the subject of larceny, on account of the baseness of their nature, while at the same time we should be obliged to hold that hawks and falcons, when reclaimed, are the subject of larceny in respect of their generous nature and courage."

Dogs are generally held not the subject of larceny, being "base." State v. Holder, 81 N. C. 527; S. C., 31 Am. Rep. 517; State v. Lymus, 26 Ohio St. 400; S. C., 20 Am. Rep. 722: Ward v. State, 48 Ala. 161; S. C., 17 Am. Rep. 31. But otherwise, when they are taxed. People v. Maloney, 1 Park. 593; Mayor v. Meigs, 1 McA. 53; S. C., 29 Am. Rep. 578; Ex-parte Cooper, 3 Tex. Ct. App. 489; S. C., 30 Am. Rep. 152; Harrington v. Miles, 11 Kans. 480; S. C., 15 Am. Rep. 355.

It has always been held that any dead animal, whose carcass is fit for food, or use, is subject of larceny; but the query arises whether a dead and stuffed dog is subject of larceny in those States where a live dog is not. Probably the expense of the stuffing would bring it within the rule. So a dead dog may be better than a live lion.

From the Albany Law Journal, June 18, 1881.

In connection with our recent article on Larceny of Animals should be read a case decided in the Birmingham (Eng.) County Court, May 9, a report of which is given in the *Law Times* of May 28. The title of the case is not given. The question was of property in carrier pigeons under training. The Court thus stated the case: "The plaintiff, who is a dealer in pigeons of this description, was training the bird, and it was for this purpose that on the day in question he had taken it from its home at Aston to Castle Bromwich, a distance of between five and six miles, and there turned it loose, in the expectation that the pigeon would find its way back to its home at Aston. In returning, as was believed, to its home, and while flying in that direction over land which the defendant occupied at Castle Bromwich, the defendant shot at and killed the pigeon. The questions for consideration are: First, whether the plaintiff can be said to have a property in the pigeon, which was admittedly tame and reclaimed; and if so, then, secondly, whether by the act of taking the pigeon away from its home for the purpose of training it, and there releasing it, the plaintiff lost his property in the bird and thereby his right to bring this action to recover damages for the killing of it by the defendant. Whether, in fact, by releasing it in the manner stated he abandoned the property he otherwise would have had in it while in his possession; in short, whether the pigeon, in consequence of plaintiff's action, lost its character of a tame pigeon and became *ferœ naturæ*." After referring to and commenting on Dewell v. Saunders, Cro. Jac. 490; Reg. v. Cory, 10 Cox's C. C. 23; Reg. v. Thickle, L. R., 1 C. C. 158; Child v. Greenhill, Cro. Cas. 553; Reg. v. Brooks, 4 C. & P. 131; Reg. v. Cheafer, 21 L. J. 43, M. C.; Taylor v. Newman, 4 B. & S. 89, the court thus concluded: "There appears to be a connection between the soil and animals *ferœ naturæ*, so far as the ownership in both is concerned. In an ordinary case, if the owner of a reclaimed pigeon chooses to take it from its home, and set it free on soil that does not belong to him, having no further care or thought about it, or if the bird escapes, and betakes itself to its natural liberty, this would, I think, amount to an abandonment of the previous reclamation, and it would again become *ferœ naturæ*; but I cannot think that what the plaintiff has done in this case, the taking away of the bird and releasing him for the purpose of training, teaching it its lesson in short, can amount to an abandonment of his property in the pigeon. This temporary release from the plaintiff's custody for the purpose indicated could never be intended by the plaintiff to be an abandonment of the valuable property he possessed in the pigeon. The plaintiff was merely following the ordinary method of teaching the bird so as to cause it to become more useful and of greater value. After the best consideration I can give to the matter I have arrived at the conclusion that the property, which the English law, following the Roman in this respect, allows individuals to possess in pigeons is a special possessory property, a right to have them protected while on the owner's property or under his control. No case that I have found goes so far as to say that the owner of pigeons can have an absolute property in them at all times and in all places. Dewell v. Saunders, if correct, decides there can be no such absolute property. If I thought that the plaintiff by his act had lost the possession or *custodia* of the pigeon, his property in the pigeon, in my opinion, would have been gone, and I should have been obliged to decide that this action could not have been maintained; but in the present case, for the reasons already stated, I think the reclaimed character of the pigeon ought not to be considered as abandoned, but that it continued notwithstanding the act of the plaintiff, and that being so I hold, for the reasons given, that the property in the pigeon continued in the owner, and that the plaintiff is entitled to the verdict. I have not arrived at this decision without much hesitation and some doubt." "In ancient times the question was by no means of the importance it has in recent times become. A vast amount of capital, indeed, is now invested in these birds; a very extensive traffic in them is carried on both at home and abroad. It is much to be desired that this important question, on which so much property depends, should not remain doubtful, but should be decided by the high court." The *Law Times* thinks "a somewhat dangerous principle is admitted" here.

From the Albany Law Journal, June 25, 1881.

The Vermont statute permits any one to kill a dog "running at large off the premises of the owner or keeper," without a collar with the owner's name on it. In Wright v. Clark, 50 Vt. 130; S. C., 28 Am. Rep. 496, a fox hound, kept for the chase, and chained when not in pursuit of game, was chasing a fox with his owner and one Stone, and while at some distance from his owner, but near and in full view of Stone, was killed by defendant in shooting at the fox. It was held that the shooting was wrongful, although, as claimed by the defendant, accidental, and that the defendant was liable for the value of the dog. The court spoke thus in praise of dogs: "The dog is the most tractable of animals, and yields most readily to restraint other than physical. The voice and look of his master are often more potent to restrain him than cord or chain. He is often trained so that at his master's command he will remain by and guard his property for a whole day in the absence of his master, or go out of sight, miles away, and gather in his flocks and herds. Different species have special instincts which render them particularly susceptible to training and restraint in certain directions. The trained hound, when pursuing the fox or deer with or at his master's bidding, is no more 'strolling without restraint,' or 'wandering, roving, or rambling at

will,' than a boy while going on an errand at his master's command. Either, when out of sight and hearing of the master, have it in their power to 'stroll without restraint,' or rove at will; but neither do so, so long as they continuously and vigorously pursue the thing commanded. Hence the fact that the dog when shot was out of sight and hearing of his master, is not determinative of whether he was 'running at large.' If the plaintiff's testimony gained credit, when shot the dog was in hot pursuit of the fox in obedience to the command of the plaintiff, with all his instincts urging him thereto, as each bound brought him nearer and nearer the coveted prize. We do not think such a dog, thus running, is, within the meaning of the statute, running at large."

THE ANTI-PIGEON SHOOTING BILL.—At a special meeting of the Onondaga Co. Sportsmen's Club, held in this city last evening, it was unanimously resolved to petition the Governor and remonstrate against the bill of Mr. Bergh, now before the Executive, becoming a law by his signature. Mr. William E. McMaster, representing the sportsmen of New York city, was requested to draft the following letter expressive of the sentiments of the sportsmen of Onondaga, which will be presented to the Governor at once:

"The Bergh bill now before you is a usurpation of our chartered rights as sportsmen. The sixty sportsmen's clubs of this State, embracing thousands of our most excellent citizens, whose characters place them above the suspicion of any cruelty to animals, are the natural and most zealous defenders of our game laws. This Bergh bill seeks to overthrow the legislative laws which govern our clubs and our annual State Association contests of skill. Therefore, we pray you to protect our associations, formed for the humane and real purpose of protection to animals, fish and game, against any and all fanatical sentiments or measures which seek to interfere with our authorized rights or destroy our usefulness as defenders of our game laws."

Mr. McMaster, who has the matter in charge, with ex-President Abel Cook, of New York, and Mr. Murray, of Niagara, President of the New York State Association, with others equally prominent, are concerting measures to put the matter in its proper light before the Governor, and they have no doubt that they will be able to show him that they are the true protectors of game, and that this bill is a direct blow at the life of their organization, which, without these contests of skill, could hardly exist.—*Syracuse Herald.*

MINNESOTA PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING.—Mankato, Minn.—There was the usual migration of prairie chickens south last fall; still, very large numbers stopped with us all winter, notwithstanding its unusual rigor, length and great depth of snow, which we all attribute to its early advent and the many cornfields which remained unharvested. All the livelong winter, as we took sleighrides out among the prairie farmers, it was a noticeable fact, as well as a most pleasing sight, to observe the large flocks of chickens gathering their provant from the pendant ears of corn in almost every unharvested field, waddling through the snow up to their waists. Tough birds, these fully developed chickens, but when only two-thirds grown how lovingly they go down to the exasperated heart with plenty of newly-made butter and snowflake 'taters. Oh, oh! for the 15th of September, when by the new law it is not a sin to take the field with dog and gun in law-abiding Minnesota; albeit we have many sinners here on the sly.—F. B. H.

AN Austin, Minn., correspondent says: "You can report prairie chickens in this section more abundant than for many years past, which seems strange after so severe a winter, but I will vouch for the statement."

ILLINOIS QUAIL.—The Lebanon, Ill., *Journal* says that quail are plentiful in the surrounding fields, and adds: "It is a well-known fact to observing agriculturalists that the quail is of incalculable benefit in destroying many varieties of ravaging insects. On this account we should expect that, instead of exterminating them during the winter by means of traps, the farmers would insure protection when most needed. We learn this spring has brought an increase to this vicinity of these birds over last year, and, with favorable weather and no shooting out of season, we hope when the cool breezes of autumn invite the honest sportsman to the field for a day's recreation that his expectations may be realized."

WANTS TO GO DUCK SHOOTING.—New York, July 9.—Having read from time to time about the nice duck shooting that some of your correspondents have written about in the FOREST AND STREAM, I would like to enjoy some of it, and as I have never been West I have come to you to aid me with whatever information you can give me on the subject. I would like you to refer me to, or get some of your readers or correspondents to do so, some one who is a duck shooter—one who has all the appurtenances of a professional—where I can get some good duck shooting out of a boat among the wild rice fields in some of the streams this side, if possible, or near Chicago. I would like to be in a comfortable house or hotel, I do not care which so long as I can be near the grounds. My vacation is limited to two weeks, and I can take it either in September or October.—J. W. B.

THE KITTY HAWK BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB have secured 240,000 acres of land in North Carolina, with 170 miles of water front, to be used for hunting and fishing purposes. The twenty-five charter members are: John H. Reed, Bayard Dominick, Thomas J. Barbour, Norman Peck, W. G. Dominick, C. R. Purdy, R. V. R. Schuyler, of Schulyer & Duane; J. T. Harper, W. H. De Forest, Jr., E. Everett Pray, B. F. Hunting, Henry Sampson, George Bird Grinnell, D. G. Elliot, A. N. Beadleston, E. W. Corlies, J. A. Hewlitt, Charles T. Barney, Charles P. Frame, Frederick W. Leggett, John B. Lawrence, Jr., R. H. Robertson, G. G. Munger, Emile Dorler and E. Pope Sampson.

CHASING BRUIN.—Messrs. C. Belknow, G. M. Robinson, M. W. Stackpole, F. Urban, Charles Dressel and J. A. Bauer, of San Francisco, Cal., have recently returned from a bear hunt in Mendorino County, where they hunted with Mr. T. E. Rawle's pack of bear-hounds. These dogs, like those of Mr. Bauer, are black and tan, and some of them spotted. The party had a rough-and-tumble time of it, and finally brought a 300-pounder down from an oak tree, and afterward a sheep-killing ursus fell before their rifles. Besides the bears the party killed a dozen fine bucks, from a spike up to a sevenender.

NEBRASKA SHOOTING PROSPECTS.—Omaha, July, 1881.—The prospects for prairie chickens in this State are very fair. The lateness of last spring retarded breeding, and young chickens are smaller than usually at this time in July—23d. I hear favorable reports of broods, especially south of the Platte River. The season opens August 15. Quails had a hard winter and will be comparatively scarce in certain localities.—BOB WHITE.

A SALE OF 500 RIFLES is what Messrs. W. Read and Sons report to us as the result of their Wesson rifle advertisement in the FOREST AND STREAM. Moral: If you have a good thing tell people about it in a good paper, and there will be no difficulty in disposing of it. Scores of advertisers here had the same experience with this paper; and still there is room for more.

SPORT FOR NEW ORLEANS SPORTSMEN.—New Orleans, July 18.—There is pretty good shooting now with "summer ducks." They are very fat and of excellent flavor, feeding in rice fields. There will be plenty of quail (or patridges, as we call them,) all along the Jackson Railroad, a rolling, piney-wood country.—S.

DUTCHESS COUNTY—WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—The local law in Dutchess County, New York, prohibits woodcock shooting during the month of August.

THE WEDD decoys are an excellent pattern of wooden decoys. They are well made and have been used for years with growing favor.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.	
Salmon, *Salmo salar.*	*Stizostethium americanum, S. griseum,* etc.
Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*	Yellow Perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo iridea.*	Striped Bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma.*	White Bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus.*	Rock Bass, *Anoplolites.* (Two species).
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus.*	War-mouth, *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Mascalonge, *Esox nobilior.*	Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius.*	Chub, *Semotilis corporalis.*
Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike)	Shad, *Alosa sapidissima.*

SALT WATER.	
Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarius,*	Weakfish or Squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Roccus lineatus.*	La Fayette or Spot, *Liostomus obliquus.*
White Perch, *Morone americana.*	Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciænops ocellatus.*
Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*	Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*	Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Pollock, *Pollachius carbonarius.*	
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*	

But when once you have hooked your fish the light rod is surely to be preferred, after becoming accustomed to handle it, whatever and wherever be the water. For the principle of the rod is in reality only this, that it is the home end of the line, stiffened and made springy, so that you can guide it and manage it, cast and draw it, keep a gentle pressure with it on the hook so that the fish shall not rid himself of it, and finally lift him to the landing net. Let the young angler always remember that his rod is only a part of the line. The control which a properly constructed rod gives to the angler over his line and over a large fish on it is wonderful. For ordinary lake fishing American anglers are accustomed to cast from thirty to sixty feet of line from the end of the rod. I have seen an angler, under favorable circumstances, cast from a seven-ounce Norris rod a straight cast of ninety-four feet from the end of the rod, or, including the rod, a hundred and five feet of line from the hand, and repeat the cast again and again without varying the drop of the tail fly more than three feet. This is a tremendous cast, and few will be able to get out much over seventy feet.—W. C. PRIME.

CHANNEL BASS FISHING.

IN the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM I find the following: "If you know of a good place to camp and fish this summer, report it for the benefit of others."

In reply I can "report" regarding a good place in Florida to "fish," and where fishermen can enjoy unequalled sport—I refer to the capture of channel bass, *Sciænops occelatus.* Near the mouth of the St. John's River, twenty-five miles below Jacksonville, will be found two hamlets known as Mayport and Pilot Town. At Pilot Town fair accommodations can be obtained at $8 per week. At Mayport, Burroughs furnishes a good bed and fair table at $1 per day, or $6 per week. At Lorner's hotel the charge is $2 per day, or $8 to $10 per week.

Visitors will not suffer from the heat unless the wind happens to blow from the southwest, which is an infrequent occurrence. When it is calm, which is seldom, mosquitoes and sand flies prove troublesome. The wind is usually from the northeast, and the climate is enjoyable. Surf or still bathing can be utilized at any and at all times. Sickness need not be dreaded by visitors.

A sportsman can leave New York by express train and reach Jacksonville in about forty-four hours. By taking the Savannah steamer on Saturday from New York he will reach Savannah in the morning of Tuesday, and Jacksonville the same night at 8:40. If time is no object the fisherman could take one of the Mallory steamers on Friday, and reach Jacksonville about the next Wednesday, stopping at Port Royal and Brunswick. Reaching this city, steamer is taken for Mayport at 4 P. M., and the dock is reached at 6 P. M.—fare fifty cents. A boat and boatman can be hired at $2 50 per day, but if the piscator wishes to paddle his own canoe, he can hire a Whitehall boat in this city at Jones' boat yard, and transport the boat on steamer's deck to Mayport—freight for boat, fifty cents.

The principal points for fishing are the Surf on Pelican Island, two miles from Mayport, Shell Branch three-quarters of a mile east of same, and Mile Point one mile west. Time for fishing, the last hour of the ebb, slack water and first hour of the flood. But an occasional fish can be caught at other times. By referring to the almanac the fisherman could so arrange his visit as to secure the morning and evening tides, and escape midday fishing. The best time for fishing is from August 15 to September 15. In the surf on Pelican Island the fish range from twenty to thirty pounds, and at Shell Bank and Mile Point from twenty to sixty pounds. The fish are good biters, and fight equal to a striped bass. To a Cuttyhunker I am convinced that channel bass fishing in Florida would prove more than gratifying.

To illustrate what can be done, I will give a few figures. My friend Gen. Ledwith has fished for bass for years at Mayport, and his average catch has been ten fish. Two years since, in company with Augustine Gonzales, they caught thirty-nine bass in two hours, averaging thirty pounds. An old fisherman and friend, Daniel Smith, who has fished each summer for years at Mayport, says that in 1878, in company with Gen. Ledwith, in two hours 29 bass were caught, weighing 900 lbs. Mr. Smith gives his average at 8 fish. On Sept. 10, 1879, Mr. Gill and your correspondent, "Al Fresco," caught a basket of hard-backs (crabs). At "day-crack" on the 11th they left the hotel, rowed one mile, anchored and captured bass until fingers failed. We rowed back to the hotel and arranged our catch on the dock; washed and dressed, and were ready for breakfast at 8 A. M. After breakfast we examined the result of the morning's catch, and ascertained that G. had caught 7 and "Al Fresco" 11—average weight, 40 lbs. Your readers may say that this was unusual luck; but such was not the case. With a stout cotton line of seventy-two threads, and serviceable hooks, the piscator who can enjoy piscatorial labor can find it. I use a hook made by Job Johnson, of Brooklyn; shank 6 inches long; width of hook from point to shank, 1¼ inches. Owing to the rapidity of tide, a sinker weighing from 14 to 20 ozs. is a necessity. Some of your artistic fishermen will call this mode of fishing "slaughter and unprofessional." I admit the mild impeachment, but I am of the opinion that the Cuttyhunker would abandon his rod and reel and engage in the "barbarous sport." Those who wish to engage in rod and reel fishing can find ample opportunity.

In addition to channel bass, tarpon ranging from 80 to 150 lbs. are hooked almost daily; but owing to the shortness of the lines and the tender mouths of the fish, they either part the line or tear out. The tarpon is the most active and the gamest of all fish, and if a Cuttyhunker should be so fortunate as to hook one, he would conclude that he was fastened to a streak of greased lightning. When hooked they often make a run of 100 yards, and then indulge in a series of leaps from the water that would astonish some of your Northern fishermen. The lines used by fishermen seldom exceed 100 feet in length, and, owing to the weight of the sinker, when these fish indulge in a jump of six to eight feet the hook tears out. To capture them a float should be used, as they generally feed near the surface, and the line should be at least 600 feet long.

When bass cease biting, the ardent fisherman can proceed to one of the channels bounding Pelican Island, and can capture sharks until hands and shoulders cry *peccavi.* At many points near Mayport excellent sheep-heading, sea trout and whiting fishing can be obtained; but our fishermen seldom engage in the capture of such small fry.

The expense attending a fishing trip to Florida would be moderate. Excursion ticket from New York to Jacksonville, say $40; fare to Mayport and return, $1; two weeks' board, $16; boat per day, without boatman, $1, or $12; for bait, $2; or a total of $71 for a pleasant voyage on a palatial steamer and two weeks' fishing that cannot be excelled on the Eastern coast. Time occupied, 21 days, at an expense of about $3.40 per day. If any of your readers should conclude to test our bass fishing, and call on me, I will endeavor to smooth the way for them. AL FRESCO.

Jacksonville, Fla., July 19.

TROUT NOTES FROM VIRGINIA.

"FISHED OUT!" is the cry that meets the angler upon almost every stream that flows down the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge. The verdict of "fished out, however, as all of us know who are in the habit of resorting to the mountains for our sport—in the mouth of a native more frequently than not—requires considerable qualification, and should be taken always with a good allowance of salt. From the Blue Ridge to the Alleghanies, through the counties of Rockbridge, Bath and Augusta, the same tale, with more truth, perhaps, is told of the few trout-holding streams that have at one time been good.

On the Piedmont slopes, as far as I can learn from my own experience and that of friends, embracing all the best trout streams in that section, the supply of trout is fully up to the average; but that they get smaller and smaller every year there is no question. "All the big 'uns are caught out!" is another and certainly a more just cry of the riverside inhabitant. I caught two or three good baskets in May as to numbers, but the size was little to boast of. That "oldest inhabitant" has had, indeed, a great time in this part of the world since last summer—the driest fall, the earliest, coldest and longest winter on record, and the most unfortunate spring and summer for farmers, gardeners, anglers, and everybody in general that has ever been known. Little streams and springs are dry that have never before been known to fail. No rain, but a very occasional and almost useless thunder shower, has fallen since the winter broke up in the district from which I write, which for a mountain country, it will I think be admitted, is carrying the thing to a sensation point. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. If it is not a frivolous remark to say that a very plentiful supply of birds may be a partial consolation to some people for a most appalling failure in the crops.

A party of friends from the Old World dropped in about the middle of May and demanded to be taken instantly to those famous trout streams that I had been "blowing" about so. They were all novices at the gentle art, and I knew the verdict that a novice would pass after a day or two's staggering about in the precipitous, bushy and overfished streams that flowed toward East Virginia. I had had a notice of their coming, and had inserted a query in FOREST AND STREAM as to the best fishing in the two Virginias, but found them a fortnight before their time at my house on my return from one of the fishing trips above mentioned. It was too early for FOREST AND STREAM to come to my assistance. Neither I nor my angling friends knew anything about the western country, and I was a trifle staggered with only two days in which to choose a route. I might relate how my agitated slumbers were broken by the vision of the famous Indian princess pointing westward with outstretched arm, and how the name of Pocahontas flashed instantly across my thoughts, but that would be improving somewhat too heavily on an inspiration that was in reality the result of the half-remembered words of an old cattle dealer whom I had come across some two or three years ago.

However that may be our forces were marshalled without delay, a carriage, a baggage wagon, with tents, etc., and

and three servants, a formidable assortment of rods, flies, and landing nets, and very many of the good things of this life. On to Pocahontas! was the word.

I shall not enlarge much at this time upon our trip. It was a glorious one, though, in every respect. As for fishing it almost ceased to be sport. For my own part for the first time in my life I was satiated in a few hours. One of our party, a youth who had fished occasionally in a Scottish burn, killed 120 trout on Elk in one day, many of them being over a pound in weight and from 12½ to 14 inches long—splendid silvery fellows. I took 65 in the first four hours, killing in one pool four fish in two consecutive casts, aggregating 2½ pounds. We were in camp four days, and, if there had been any way of sending off our fish we might have easily killed two or three times the number we did. As it was we put at least half we caught back into the water, and still had more than seven hungry beings could eat, and the best of trout, too—as pink and firm as salmon. The Englishmen were delighted, not only with the sport, but with the scenery, the climate, and the kindness and civility they met with everywhere on the route; a pleasing contrast to the surliness and extortion of the average hotel-keepers and travel-mongers in general along the beaten tracks of Europe.

Seventy miles from a railroad is a long way in these days, and fishing in such seclusion should be good. The constant disappearance under ground of these lime-stone rivers only to come up again as cold and fresh as spring water after their subterranean course, is thought the real secret of their trout-holding capacities. It is strange to find in these old States such a perfect wilderness as runs through a great part of the counties of Nicholas, Webster, Randolph and Pocohontas; unpeopled, without roads, and almost if not quite untouched by the axe. The entire extent of forest-covered mountains west of the Forks of Elk seems entirely given over to deer, bear and panther. Excellent and good-hearted people, too, are the small graziers that for the most part occupy the settled portions of the county, they themselves with quaint vandalism, speak of the country as "Pokey." Some ill feeling was caused there by gentlemen from some of the Eastern cities salting up in barrels great numbers of trout and carrying them part of the way home, when they were found to be all spoiled. That is the kind of thing that is apt to make the mountaineer ugly. He has certain prejudices which I think may be called reasonable. He rather enjoys strangers coming for sport—but despoil his stream for the purpose (as it is any rate to him) of feeding low country folks or city men—once go into the shipping business, even to friends, on a large scale, and you destroy those feelings of harmony which otherwise would exist, and pave the way for future difficulties such as the owners of streams, it must always be remembered, have a right to raise. Keeping on the soft side of the mountaineers is an art that it is necessary for the Southern trout fisherman to acquire, or the trout fisherman that visits Southern streams. It comes partly from experience and partly is dependent on innate gentlemanly feeling. It is no use objecting or ridiculing the prejudices of people who live far removed from the world. As they own the fishing, and are becoming each year more perfectly alive to the fact, it is as well to knock under to them, as they are not by any means exacting.

I consider the mountaineers of the South (the very lowest class, perhaps, excepted) the best people of their kind for a stranger sportsman, if he treats them properly, to be thrown among that could be found anywhere in the world.

The constant work upon the Richmond and Alleghany R. R. has doubtless caused many thousands of bass and other fish in James River to fall victims before the negro's hook and pole. Great numbers of bears have been driven out of the mountains through which the new railroad runs, and have been hovering round in the near neighborhood even of towns and villages. I do not think the partridges were much damaged by the severity of last winter, in spite of your last winter correspondent's assertion that the Piedmont counties were almost denuded. I think there are, if anything, more than usual, the breeding season having been specially favorable.

Squirrels are unusually plentiful. I have also seen great numbers of young hares. RINGWOOD.

BASSING IN GREENWOOD LAKE.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1881.

On June 30 my friend Lloyd and self took our passage for Greenwood Lake, with rods and gun. On Friday morning, July 1, at 8 A. M. we were out; in a few moments we struck an "Owego" of 3½ lbs. We returned for breakfast at 7:30, and had ten fine "Oswegos." We started again, directly breakfast was finished, and cast with live bait and took 13 black and Owegos, going up to 4 lbs—not under 2 lbs.

A storm came down the lake; we made all snug and trolled; took 23. Boat half full of water; blowing a gale; and such sport as we never before experienced. Jim Ryerson, our boatman, was pulled apart.

We made our harbor, took on board a good supply of cold toast and turned in, but not until we had done one-and-a-half miles up the railroad to learn if we might get at some woodcock in Manning. We did get at them; took 17 to the ice house. We went again on the lake and worked the remainder of the day, and put 18 bass in the "well." Sunday, the fish did not rise well. We tried all our arts on them, and only took 13. We think they felt as we did, awful gloomy, because of the sad news from Washington.

By the way, why don't the Fish Commission of New York and New Jersey restock Greenwood? It needs it sadly. Croton Lake should also abound with the game bass.—J. T. LYNCH.

A PLEASANT FISHING RESORT.

KINGSTON, Ont.

A FEW days since business called a friend and the writer out to the little village of Battersea, which is situated on Loborough Lake, about 16 miles from Kingston. This beautiful sheet of water is of very respectable proportions, being 21 miles in length and from one-half to three wide, and is one of the prettiest of our numerous inland lakes. Scores of islands of all shapes and sizes dot its surface, giving it a beautiful appearance.

After putting up at the Granite House (which, by the way, is built upon a huge granite rock) the proprietor, Mr. Vanalstine, very kindly invited us out for a row. Not having our tackle with us we borrowed a troll, and started out. A short pull of less than one-quarter of a mile up a small stream, which serves as the outlet of the lake, and we entered the lake proper. The view that met our gaze was beautiful in the extreme. In every direction gorgeous islands loomed up; in the distance the opposite shores appear bluffy and irregular. Throwing out the troll we were soon convinced that its reputation for good fishing was no libel. The black bass are abundant and gamey and of good size; five pounds are not infrequently caught. Some very large pike are taken also; large-mouthed bass are also plenty.

Our time being limited we were reluctantly compelled to wind up and start for home. Mr. Vanalstine keeps a very nice, clean little hotel, where the sportsman will find good country accommodations. His charges are very moderate, being only $1 per day. Boats can be had right at the door; and men to row and point out the best fishing grounds will accommodate the lover of the rod at a very low figure. A stage runs to and from Kingston daily, charging the passenger the modest sum of 50 cents for the round trip. Mr. V. is attentive and jolly, and will make the sportsman's stay pleasant and comfortable. Altogether a few days could be spent on Loborough Lake very pleasantly. Any further information will be cheerfully furnished by Mr. V. or the writer. A. C.

NEW YORKERS AT THE DOUTY PONDS.

MONSON, Me., July 18.

Messrs. Broadhead, Carter and others from the city of New York, making a party of six gentlemen, have been for a few weeks past camping between the two Douty ponds in this town, and on Friday, the 15th inst., Major C. J. House and myself accepted an invitation to visit them.

These ponds are about three and a half miles from this village. We drive with a team to the farm-house of "Uncle" John Douty, on the top of "Douty Hill," which is the highest eminence in this town, and from thence we walk a distance of half a mile to the first pond, which is in the midst of a dense forest, and is a beautiful sheet of water, covering an area of about thirty acres. After crossing that we are about one-eighth of a mile from the other pond, which is also surrounded by woods, and larger in size than the first one.

The camp is by the side of Cold Brook, which runs from a large spring of excellent water and empties into the farther pond. It is one of the most delightful spots for a sportsman's camp that I ever saw—good water within a few feet of their door, an abundance of fire-wood, close at hand, etc.

The only fish in these ponds is a beautiful spotted trout, resembling the common brook trout in outward appearance, with red meat. We fished in the farther pond with angle worms for bait, and secured about thirty in a few hours. They weigh from one-quarter pound to one and a half pounds, averaging perhaps three-quarters of a pound in weight. They will rise to a fly, as I have seen many handsome strings of these trout from both ponds which were taken in this way.

The prospect for grouse shooting when the season opens is splendid in this vicinity. Those who enjoy this sport will do well to try the great forests a few miles to the north of this place. More anon. PISCATOR.

TROUT FLIES FOR COLORADO.

PAGOSA SPRINGS, Col., July, 1881.

I HAVE noticed in your columns but few remarks on the best flies for game fish. I think that much profit and pleasure might be derived by anglers giving their experience and interchanging their ideas as to flies, etc. So, to start the ball a-rolling, I hereby send a list of flies with which I have recently caught ninety-nine Rocky Mountain trout (*Salmo pleuriticus* or *S. spilurus*). As soon each day as I had caught all the trout I could use I stopped, though many more could have been taken, as they are very abundant here, but I do not care to imitate the practices of the "Great American Trout Hogs," so well written about in recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Here is the list of flies:

Fly Used.	No. of Trout Caught.
White coachman	46
Black fly	23
Black hackle	15
Brown "	14
Red "	1
Total	99

Two flies were used: About two-thirds of the trout were caught on the stretcher and one-third on the dropper fly.

The Rocky Mountain trout here did not seem to care for red flies. The gray professor, a fly celebrated for these same trout in Wyoming Territory and with which I have had good sport there eight years ago, does not seem to be a good fly on this river. I have never been able to get a rise at the fascinator, a fly well spoken of for the Eastern brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*).

The white coachman is *par excellence* the fly for this river, in all weathers and at all times. The fishing was done in the Upper San Juan River, Colorado. The Rocky Mountain trout is not as handsome a fish as the brook trout, as it has black spots instead of the red and golden spots of *Salmo fontinalis*. They seem to love more the deep pools than the brook trout. They are a very gamey fish, afford splendid sport, and are delicious on the table.

Can you inform me of the best fly for taking the striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*) in the fresh water at the South, in such rivers as the White and Ouachita of Arkansas? They are generally caught with a minnow, but with the fly they ought to give even better sport than the black bass. How far up the Mississippi do they run? I have seen fine ones taken from the Ouachita, but not as large as the striped bass when taken in the salt water of the Atlantic coast.

Do they return to the Gulf each year? PERCIDÆ.

THE RED MAN AS A DIPLOMAT.

THAT our red brother, ichthyologically considered, is not a sardine, is a fact known so thoroughly by ethnologists as to be unworthy of argument to prove. Ichthyologists also know that he cannot be classed with the *catostomi*, or, in other words, is no sucker. The C. & C. Railroad probably are aware of these facts as thoroughly as the highest zoological authority. The Nevada *Enterprise* tells the following: "The Indians of the Walker Lake Reservation feel very happy since their victory over Mr. Yerlington and the Carson and Colorado Railroad. It appears that when the railroad company treated for the right of way through the reservation the Indians agreed to receive in full pay $700 and the right to ship free over the road forever any fish or other produce which they might wish to bring to market between Hawthorne and the Mound House.

"Walker Lake is swarming with live trout, but the Indians did not find the trade very profitable when the item of transportation began to be figured on. The catch, therefore, was limited by the slim facilities for finding a market before the fish spoiled. When the new road reaches Walker Lake the Indians will be the bosses of the fish market of the State. The Indians say that if Mr. Yerington had known how many fish they could catch in a day he would never have entered into such a contract. The Indians laid their wires for this thing long ago, and when Mr. Yerington visited Walker Lake they put up a job on him. They invited him to spend the day fishing, which he did, and they gave him a bait which fish absolutely avoid.

"Several of the bucks also fished with him, some of them using no bait at all. The result of the day's toil was a small whitefish and a half-pound trout. The savages pretended that the day's sport had been very fine, and got up a big dance in honor of the catch, remarking that the fishing had never been so good for years. In an unguarded moment he signed the fish contract, and now they say they will be able to keep the Carson and Colorado cars loaded down with fish all summer long, but not wishing to be too hard on the road, will allow it to carry pay freight and passengers during the winter months."

CARP AND BASS IN VIRGINIA.—Stirling, Loudoun County, Va., July 23.—About three weeks ago I was invited to Mr. Arthur Chichester's to see his carp pond drawn. He had received from Washington 52 carp in January, '81, and the water having, by accident, been cut off from his pond, he thought the fish were all dead; but, upon drawing off the water, he saved 47 carp, and put them in a temporary dam to refix his pond. Five killed themselves by jumping out of the pail. I helped to transfer them, and they weighed from ¾ lb. to 1½ lbs.—in my opinion nearly all over a pound—I am sure. When he put them in his pond they measured about a finger's length.

I took two weeks ago at this place, on Goose Creek, about 12 lbs. of black bass with the fly and spoon, with rod and reel. Since I have been here three bass have jumped in our boat and been secured, one a *two*-pounder.—T. W.

"HALIBUT" FRAUDS.—"A recent visit to Port Huron," says a writer in the Chicago *Tribune*, "let us into the secret of cheap "halibut." The river there teems with sturgeon and these are caught in great numbers and confined in a large pen by the river-side. Once a week is "slaughter day," when thousands upon thousands of these mammoth fish are driven in and cut up. A friend gained us admittance on one of these slaughter days and it was a sight to see. The fish are hung up to smoke in long rooms, like the hogs at market. They are then dried, cut up and shipped abroad as first-class halibut. A dealer told me that fully nine-tenths of the meat sold in our inland markets is simply smoked sturgeon. Carload after car-load is weekly shipped away."

MAINE NOTES.—The Fairfield *Journal* says that two fishermen caught about twenty-four pounds of black bass in East Pond the other day. Nine of the bass weighed fourteen pounds. These fish were placed in the pond six years ago and are now caught in large numbers..... A fine salmon was taken in a weir at Vinalhaven July 2—the first ever taken there.

HORSEBACK RIDING IN DENVER has become a craze. The *Tribune* of that city asserts that "one can with a reasonable degree of certainty say that nine out of ten of the men who have lived here for six months know how to sit a horse. St. Louis or New Orleans in their palmest days never furnished the equestrian spectacle that may be seen any fine evening in Denver, and it is an indubitable fact that the Queen City of the Plains is entitled to first place as the greatest horseback riding city in the United States." The approved step is the single-foot gait. "You see, this single-foot is altogether a cultivated gait. You have to break the horse to it. It is a peculiar step and a distinct one, having none of the characteristics of either a trot or a lope. Each foot moves without any influence from the other three—much as a man would move if he were to get down on his hands and feet and crawl.

MOSQUITO PREVENTIVE.—Mixture of sweet oil, one part; tar, two parts.

Fish Culture.

QUEER HABIT OF THE RAINBOW TROUT.

THE newly imported trout from California, *Salmo iridea*, seems to be addicted to singular habits in Minnesota, according to the letters written to Professor Baird, which we give below. They have been sent to us for publication in the hope to stimulate those who may have these fish in ponds or streams to watch them and see if this habit is common to them. We will be glad to receive communications on this subject, and hope that those having facilities for observation will watch them during the coming winter, and report. The letters say:

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 15.

Hon. S. F. Baird,

U. S. Comm. Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR: In reply to yours of June 11, and accompanying blank, beg to state it is our intention to keep our California trout for breeders, since we were not fortunate enough to get any living eggs this year. Those hatched from eggs we hope to receive from you hereafter we will distribute as soon as they are advanced enough. Our superintendent, Watkins, has also written you about these trout, telling of their hiding and hybernating for three months. I should like to know if the same behavior has been noticed elsewhere, and anything you may tell me of their habits will be very appreciatingly received.—Very respectfully, R. O. SWEENY (Chairman Minn. Fish Com.)

WILLOWBROOK HATCHERY, NEAR St. Paul, Minn., June 15.

Spencer F. Baird,

U. S. Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 7th inst. is received. In reply I would say that none of the California brook trout have been distributed. We only had 2,000 eggs, and we now have 1,900 yearling trout. The Commissioners thought best to keep them for breeders as it was uncertain about their getting more eggs. We received 5,000 eggs this spring, but there was not a good egg among them when they were received on the 7th day of Jan. ult. All of the California trout disappeared and we could not find one of them in the ponds for several days. I could discover no place for them to get out. After about one week I was examining the ponds in the night with a lantern, and by holding the light near the water I could see the fish coming out of the mud or sand in the bottom and did not trouble myself any more about them. About the middle of March they all made their appearance again, and are all in nice condition.—Respectfully, S. S. WATKINS (Supt.).

THE FISH COMMISSION OF MAINE.

The work done in the spring of 1881 was as follows (Sea salmon eggs hatched and distributed):

Broad Street Hatchery, Bangor, Sea salmon, 300,0000; 225,000 put in Penobscot River and branches at Danforth and Bancroft; 50,000 in Sacu River, at Bartlett, N. H.; 25,000 in Maranock and Auburn Lake.

100,000 eggs hatched at Norway for the Presumpscot River; turned into Crooked River at Norway and Bear Brook, Harrison's.

100,000 eggs hatched at Rangely, for the Androscoggin, turned in at Upper Dam and Kennebago Stream.

100,000 eggs hatched and turned in at Moosehead for the Kennebec River.

50,000 eggs at Machias for the Machias River.

Landlocked Salmon—50,000 eggs for Rangely, at Rangely Lake; 50,000 eggs for Moosehead, at Mooschead Lake; 20,000 eggs for Middybemps Lake; 40,000 at Bangor Hatchery, put in Cold Stream Pond, Enfield, Lake Monacook, and Lake Auburn.

Whitefish (from Michigan)—2,000,000, Rangely Lake.

Young Shad from Professor Baird—1,000,000 for Kennebec River; 1,000,000 for Penobscot River.

E. M. STILLWELL, } *Commissioners.*
HENRY O. STANLEY, }

THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION AND NUTRITIVE VALUE OF FISH.

BY PROF. W. O. ATWATER, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

[Read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

[This paper gave an account of the progress during the past year and the results of the work upon the composition and economic values of our food fishes, of which an account was given in the last meeting of the association and reported in this journal. A full report of the investigation up to the present time is to appear in the next report of the United States Fish Commission. In view of these facts and expectation that the work will in the near future have progressed so far as to permit more satisfactory generalization, the paper was confined to a very brief statement of some of the more simple and practical results.]

The research, a brief abstract of some of the more interesting practical results of which is given below, has been going on for two or three years at Wesleyan University, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and the United States Fish Commission, and now includes chemical analyses of fifty-three samples of American food fishes. Some forty-one samples have been previously analyzed in Europe. An idea of the extent of the work may be had from the fact that in the manuscript of the report prepared for publication in the next report of the U. S. Fish Commission the figures, by which the main results of the analyses are expressed in tabular form, fill some seven or eight large folio sheets.

The samples analyzed were procured in part from fish markets in Middletown, Conn., where the analyses were made, but mostly from New York through the courtesy of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Treasurer of the American Fishcultural Association, to whose help, in numerous ways, especial thanks are due.

MATERIALS OF WHICH FISH ARE COMPOSED.

Considered from the standpoint of the food value, fish, as we buy them in the markets, consist of—

1. Flesh or edible portion.
2. Waste—bones, skin, entrails, etc.

The proportions of waste matter in different kinds of fish and in different samples of the same kind in different condition vary widely. Thus a sample of flounder contained 68 per cent. of waste matter and only 32 per cent. of flesh, while one of halibut steak had only 18 per cent. of waste and 82 per cent. of edible materials. Among those with the most waste and least edible flesh are the porgy, bass, perch, lobster and oyster. Among those with the least waste are fat mackerel and dried and salt fish.

Coming to the edible portion, the flesh, we find this to consist of—

1. Water.
2. Solids—actual nutritive substances.

The proportions of water and solids in the flesh of various kinds of fish are much more variable than most people would suppose. Thus the flesh of flounder had 81 per cent. of water and only 15 per cent. of solids, while that of salmon 36½ per cent. of solids and 63½ per cent. of water, and the flesh of dried, smoked and salt fish have still less water. Among the more watery kinds of fish are the flounder, cod, striped bass and blue fish. Among those with less water and more solids are mackerel, shad, salmon and salt and dried fish. In brief, as compared with ordinary meats, the flesh of fish generally, though not always, contains more water.

To get the actual nutritive substance in a sample of fish we must subtract first the waste—the entrails, bones, skins, etc.—which leaves the flesh. Then we must allow for the water in the flesh. What remains will be the total edible solid or actual nutritive substance in the sample.

The percentages of total edible solids in the different samples analyzed were more varied than those of waste and of water. Thus 100 lbs. of flounder, as found in the markets, contained only 5 lbs. of solids; 100 lbs. of lobster, 8 lbs.; haddock, 9 lbs.; blue-fish, 11 lbs.; cod, 12 lbs.; salt cod, 20 lbs.; salt mackerel, 15 lbs.; shad, 16 lbs.; salmon, 27 lbs.; smoked herring, 28 lbs.

THE NUTRITIVE VALUE OF FISH.

The value of the flesh of fish as food, like that of other meats, is decided, not only by the total amount of nutritive materials, but also by the ingredients, of which the most important are the albuminoids and fats.

The albuminoids, such as wheat-gluten, white of eggs, lean meat, curd, etc., are the nitrogenous constituents of foods, which make the lean flesh of the human body, the muscle, the connective tissues, skin, etc., and are the most important of the nutrients. Next in importance are the fats, such as oil, lard, butter, etc.; and last in importance are the carbohydrates, such as sugar, starch and the like. With the albuminoids alone we might maintain life a good while; but with the fats and carbohydrates alone starvation would soon follow. Now the flesh of fish, like other animal foods, consists mainly of albuminoids, with more or less fats and very little of the carbohydrates. With this preliminary statement the following table of analyses of some of our most common food-fishes will be easily understood.

As was explained in the article on this subject in the last report of the association, chemical and physiological investigation have carried us so far as to enable us, when we know the chemical composition of different kinds of food, to determine approximately their relative values for supplying the wants of the body. Thus in Germany, where the most accurate and thorough investigation of these subjects has been made, it has become customary to compute the relative nutritive values of foods of similar kinds. We may, for instance, take as a standard four different kinds of flesh. Some are ordinary kind, as beef of medium quality. If we attribute a certain value to each pound of albuminoids and fats in this, and the same value to the same ingredients in other kinds of animal food, we may get at a valuation of each which will enable us to compare them with each other.

In the table which follows the albuminoids are estimated as worth three times as much as the fats, weight for weight. That is, a pound of albuminoids is assumed to be equal in food value to three pounds of fats. A pound of carbohydrates (extractive matters in the table) is assumed to be equal to three-fifths of a pound of fats. The nutritive valuations of a number of different kinds of animal food, as computed in this way, are given in the table below.

THE TABLE.

For the sake of comparison the composition and valuations of several other sorts of animal food are given with those of the fish. The figures for meats, game, fowl, milk, eggs, etc., are from European sources, few or no analyses having been made in this country. As will be noticed the first column gives the percentages of edible solids in the fish as received for analysis, some being whole, others dressed, *i. e*, with head, entrails, etc., removed. The remaining columns refer to the flesh, free from entrails, bone, skin, and other matters:

COMPOSITION AND VALUATION OF ANIMAL FOOD.	In Whole Sample.	In Flesh. Free from Bone and other Waste.					
	Total per cent. Edible Solids. (Actual Nutritive Materials in Sample).	Solids. Actual Nutritive Materials.				Metal Ingredients.	Nutritive Valuation. Medium Beef =100.
		Water.	Albuminoids.	Protein.	Fats.	Extractive Matters.	
Meat.							
Beef, lean	.....	76.71	20 61	1.50	.....	1.18	91 3
" medium	.....	72.25	21.39	6.79	.....	1.17	103.0
" fat	.....	54.76	16.39	27.23	.....	1.62	142.0
Veal, "	.....	72.57	18.88	7.41	0.07	1.83	92.4
Mutton, medium	.....	75.99	18.21	5.77	.....	1.83	86.6
Pork, fat	.....	47.40	14.54	37.34	.....	0.72	146.0
Smoked Beef	.....	57.68	32.10	15.35	.....	30.59	146.0
" Ham	.....	37.08	23.97	36.48	1.50	10.01	167.0
Game, Fowl, Etc.							
Venison	.....	75.76	19.77	1.92	1.42	1.13	88.8
Hen	.....	76.06	18.49	9.24	1.99	0.21	93.9
Duck	.....	70.82	22.65	3.11	2.33	1.09	104.0
Milk, Eggs, Etc.							
Cow's Milk	.....	87.41	3.41	3.66	4.82	0.70	23.8
" " skimmed	.....	90.63	3.06	0.79	4.77	0.75	18.5
" " cream	.....	66.41	3.70	25.72	3.54	0.63	56.1
Butter	.....	14.14	0.66	83.11	0.70	1.79	124.0
Cheese, skimmed milk	.....	48.02	32.65	8.41	6.80	4.12	159.0
" fat	.....	46.82	27.62	20.54	1.97	3.05	151.0
" very fat	.....	31.15	27.16	30.43	2.58	4.13	163.0
Hens' Eggs	.....	73.67	12.55	12.11	0.55	1.12	72.2
Fish (fresh).							
Halibut	21.45	74.31	18.20	6.35	.....	1.14	87.9
Flounder	5.97	83.85	14 91	0.70	.....	1.25	62.4
Cod	11.45	82.76	15.65	0.34	.....	1.25	68.2
Haddock	8.88	81.22	17.26	0.16	.....	1.36	74.9
Alewives	11.95	78.84	18.75	3.24	.....	1.43	86.8
Bass (salt water)	22.50	70.48	18.83	9.77	.....	0.90	95.6
Shad	16.29	66.17	18.83	11.66	.....	1.36	98.2
Striped Bass	8.94	78.85	17.86	2.15	.....	1 14	80.4
Yellow Pike Perch	8.46	79.62	18.54	0.47	.....	1.37	80.9
Black Bass	9.57	77.84	19.66	1.01	.....	1.49	86.5
Mackerel	15.48	76.02	18.50	3.16	.....	1.33	90.9
Bluefish	10.96	78.16	19.32	1.25	.....	1.27	85.4
Salmon	32.99	63.52	19.73	15.61	.....	1.68	105.9
" Trout	14.38	66.80	17.22	14.69	.....	1.29	93.7
Brook "	19 71	67.00	18.83	13.08	.....	1.41	94.2
Whitefish	13.69	70.08	22.10	6.39	.....	1.62	104.5
Porgy	9.16	75.81	18.15	4.65	.....	1.86	85.2
Blackfish	10.72	76.16	20.78	2.19	.....	1.27	93.9
Red Snapper	10 10	77.24	20.55	1.51	.....	1.42	90.7
Smelt	12.51	79.75	16.43	1.92	.....	1.90	75.8
Spanish Mackerel	20.65	67.78	21.33	9.40	.....	1.50	105.9
White Perch	9.41	75.63	19.28	4.40	.....	1.19	89.2
Maskalonge	12.52	77.08	19.46	2.37	.....	1.55	91.8
Herring	11.52	67.70	19.42	11.40	.....	1.48	100.4
Sheepshead	11.99	71.63	20.69	6.65	.....	1.10	96.9
Turcot	15.61	70.14	14.47	14.13	.....	1.26	84.4
Oysters (fresh).							
Salmon (male)	14.57	75.13	19.52	4.55	.....	0 80	91.0
" (female)	12.17	78.34	17.65	2.84	.....	1.17	80 4
" land-locked (m)	10.97	78.37	16.33	4.03	.....	1.27	76.4
" " (female)	10.74	79.83	17.32	1.25	.....	1.20	77.7
Prepared Fish.							
Boned Cod	30.91	52.60	24.68	0.39	.....	5.94	106.9
Salt "	20.45	58.67	23.50	0.58	.....	3.45	102.5
Smoked Halibut	31.63	50.83	18.44	15.58	.....	5.00	102.2
" Herring	28.66	35.75	31.52	18.60	.....	2.15	163.2
Canned Salmon	29.95	65.86	21.09	11.10	.....	1.85	107.2
Salt Mackerel	30.97	44.69	17.74	23.87	.....	1.25	111.1
Invertebrates.							
Lobster	7.98	84.79	11.69	1.53	.....	1.69	50.3
Scallops	17.47	82.53	15.90	0.03	.....	1.54	68.6
Oysters (European)		89.70	4.90	0 40	2.60	2.40	21.8

Three things should be said with reference to the table: First—The figures represent general averages. Sometimes different samples of the same kind of flesh will show widely varying percentages of constituents. This is particularly true of the fats, and to a less degree of the water.

Second—The figures for some of the kinds of food are based upon few analyses. More are needed to show the actual range of variation and the averages.

Third—The nutritive valuations are of necessity crude, and to be relied upon rather as approximations than as accurate quantitative statements. Much more chemical and physiological investigation is needed to make our knowledge of these as complete and and satisfactory as it should be.

Looking down the figures in the table we note that the actual nutritive value is decided not only by the total amount of nutritive material and by ingredients of the same, the most valuable being the albuminoids or protein substances, the fats having less value.

Taking medium beef (flesh free from bone) at 100, the flesh of the different samples of fish varied from 62 to 163. Among those that excelled medium beef are smoked herring, 163; salt mackerel, 111; salmon, 108; canned salmon, 107; boned cod, 107; Spanish mackerel, 106; whitefish, 105; salt cod, and smoked halibut, 102; herring, 100; shad, mackerel and eels vary between 90 and 100; turbot, white perch, alewives, between 80 and 100; haddock stood at 75, cod at 68 and flounder at only 62. In general, the fatter fish are more valuable than the leaner.

Some very interesting results are found in comparing the foul or spent fish with the same in good condition. As it becomes lean the fish loses nutritive value in three ways: first, in decrease of weight; second, in relative increase of waste and decrease of flesh and, third, in the deterioration of the quality of the flesh which, in the lean fish, is more watery and considerably less valuable pound for pound than the flesh of the same fish in good condition. Thus the flesh of spent salmon was rated at 85, while that of fat salmon came up to 108. There is in this a strong argument in favor of legislation against the capture of fish out of season.

The practical application of these facts is of the utmost value. The same nutritive substances in the different samples of fish were found to vary from 40 cents to $3 per pound. It makes little difference to the man with $5,000 a year whether he pays 40 cents or $4 a pound for the albuminoids of his food, provided it suits his palate, but to the housewife whose family must be supported on $500 a year it is a matter of great importance.

As regards the value of fish as brain food, continued investigations confirm the statements of a year ago, that fish are no richer in phosphorous than other animal foods and are worth no more in nourishing the brain.

NEED OF POPULAR INFORMATION CONCERNING THESE MATTERS.

In Germany, whither we have to look for the best of our definite knowledge of these matters, information like that given above is widely and generally diffused among the people. Tables like those above are published in pocket diaries [a sample of one of these diaries was shown to the audience] and used for constant reference by hundreds of thousands of people, in all ranks and conditions of life.

We want statements of this sort concerning our own foods, and in such form that the people can make use of them.

As has been said, the investigations in this department of science have hitherto been confined to Europe. It is time that they be taken up on this side of the Atlantic. We are recognized as the first fishculturists of the world. Why should we not have a thorough investigation into the economic values as well as the methods of propagation of our fish?

RELATION OF FISH TO THE LIME IN WATER.—In a recent paper by Herr Weith, entitled "Chemical Investigation of Swiss Waters with Reference to their Fauna," he gives a large number of quantitative analyses of the water of Swiss lakes, rivers streams with regard to the proportion of lime and earthly substances generally contained in them. In this research a very interesting relation appeared between the quantity of fish and the amount of lime contained in the water. The result arrived at was that, in general, of the various bodies of waters under otherwise similar conditions, those which contain the most dissolved carbonate of lime also contain the most fish. The explanation of this fact is also given by the author. The simple carbonate of lime is found largely distributed on the bottom and banks of lakes, etc., but if is insoluble, and therefore cannot be taken up by the water. If, however, the water contains carbonate acid in abundance (which of course is produced by the respiration of animals), this transforms the carbonate into the bicarbonate, which is readily soluble in the water. The correctness of this view was proved by the author by experiment. By a sure chemical analysis, then, one may with considerable probability form a prognosis as to the quantity of fish in a body of water, to say what its chemical composition was, and to find his estimate remarkably verified. An important practical consequence would be deducible from these facts, if further experiments should confirm the supposition that not only do fishes increase the proportion of lime in water, but that, conversely, an abundance of lime in water might have a stimulating effect on fishes. The latter, for their part, produce this carbonate acid which, with lime present in the water, does not escape into the atmosphere, but remains dissolved in the water, and so stimulates plant life. Water plants, however, serve aquatic animals as food, and render possible their existence; and thus vegetable and animal life, whose mutual dependence is well known, is maintained by the mediating action of lime in continuous and intimate connection. Experiments on a large scale would decide whether it is possible to transform a body of water on ground which is without lime, and therefore poor in organic life, by suitable addition of carbonate of lime into such as would afford proper condition of life for animals and plants.

OYSTER CULTURE IN TASMANIA.—The experiment of oyster culture in Tasmania has been thus far very successful, and it is expected that in four years the new industry will yield a large profit, after making all due allowance for the failure of most of the "spat" to attain maturity.

NOT TOO BIG BUT JUST BIG ENOUGH.—A specimen of the great leather turtle, *Spargis coriacea*, was taken off Fire Island on the 21st. These turtles often grow to 1,200 lbs. and upward. This specimen was 7 feet long, 4 feet wide, and weighed about 800 lbs. It was caught in a net by menhaden fishermen and was taken inside the bay and made fast to the wharf. Many persons flocked to see it. The oldest fishermen there have never seen anything like it, and pronounce it a regular sea monster.

Hop Bitters does not exhaust and destroy, but restores, cures, and makes new.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of entries Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 9. Elbridge McConkey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Franklin, Pa. Franklin Sportsmen's Club first Annual Protective Society Field Trials. Entries close September 15. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent; P. D. Boxell, Franklin, Pa.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries close September 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 24, New York City.

October 4, 5, 6 and 7, at St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis Kennel Club Third Annual Bench Show. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

November 25, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November —, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

LONDON, ONTARIO, DOG SHOW.

THIS show will be held on September 27, 28, 29 and 30, and the entries will close on the 12th of September.

The show will be held in the Drill Shed, a very appropriate place for it, plenty of light and good ventilation, also an excellent place to exercise the dogs. The Provincial Fair is held during the same week.

The rules and regulations are similar to those of other shows, and the prize list as follows:

Champion medals will be given to champion English setter dogs; same to bitches. Prizes of $15 and $5 will be awarded to English setter dogs, bitches; Gordon setter dogs, bitches; Irish setter dogs, bitches; puppies in these classes, $10. Pointers, heavy and light weight, same prizes as setter classes. Water spaniels, $10 and $5. Field spaniels large size, dogs over 28 lbs., bitches over 25 lbs., $10 and $5. Cocker dogs under 28 lbs., $10 and $5; bitches under 25 lbs., $10 and $5. Cocker or field spaniel puppies, $5. Fox hounds, dogs or bitches, $10 and $5. Beagles, dogs, $10 and $5; bitches the same. Champion fox terrier dogs, champion medal; bitches the same. Fox terrier dogs, $10 and $5; bitches the same; dog puppies, $5; bitch puppies, $5. Greyhounds, $10 and $5; collies, $5 and $5; mastiffs, $5 and $3; St. Bernards, $5 and $3; Newfoundlands, $7 and $3; bull dogs, $7 and $3; bull terriers, $7 and $3; Skye terriers, $7 and $3; Dandie Dinmont terriers, $7 and $3; Irish terriers, $7 and $3; Scotch terriers, $7 and $3; Yorkshire or other silk haired terriers, $7 and $3; black and tan terriers, $7 and $3; toy terriers, any breed under 5 lbs., $7 and $3; pugs, $7 and $3, miscellaneous, 3 prizes, $5 each. Special Prizes—Medal for (A) best kennel—not less than 5—of English setters, (B) Gordon setters, (C) Irish setters, (D) pointers. Prizes of $25 each for (E) best English setter dog or bitch, (F) Gordon, (G) Irish, (H) pointer. (I) for best collection of sporting dogs a silver cup; (J) for largest and best do. of dogs a silver cup; (K) for best English setter stud dog, with two of his get, English game-bag (large size) and dog whistle; (L) for best English setter brood bitch, with two of her progeny, waterproof gun-bag and flask; (M) for best English setter puppy under 12 months silver cake basket.

Yours truly, CHAS. LINCOLN, Superintendent.
J. PUDDICOMBE, Secretary.

LONDON, ONT., BENCH SHOW.—A

meeting of sportsmen favorable to the organization of a bench show during the Provincial Exhibition week was held at the Tecumseh House, London, Ont., on July 11, the attendance being large, and the interest manifested an excellent augury for a successful show. Dr. J. S. Niven, the well-known authority on canines, was voted Chairman, and Mr. A. O. Graydon Secretary *pro tem*. The Chairman briefly explained the object for which the meeting had been called, and said he was glad to notice that sufficient interest had been awakened in the matter of a bench show during exhibition week to draw out such a large representation of citizens. The success of a bench show in that city was assured if those present would give it their countenance and support. He asked that steps be taken to perfect an organization. Mr. Wm. Lind moved, and Mr. Robert Wallace seconded, a resolution declaring it expedient to hold a bench show in London during the week of the Provincial Fair. Carried. The following officers were elected: President, Lieut.-Col. John Walker; Vice-President, Mr. Chas. Murray, Manager Federal Bank; Secretary, Mr. John Puddicombe; Treasurer, Mr. David Skirving. Executive Committee—Messrs. A. O. Graydon,

Chas. A. Stone, T. W. Davey, Thos. H. Smallman, George Macbeth, Lachlan Macdonald, Wm. Lind, Bailey Harrison, Tilsonburg, and Richard Gibson, Ilderton. On motion the Executive Committee were empowered to make arrangements with Mr. Chas. Lincoln to officiate as superintendent of the show. A subscription and guarantee list was drawn up, and over $100 subscribed by the gentlemen present toward the support of the movement. It is intended to offer at least $500 in prizes, and some of the best canine stock in America will be represented, arrangements having been already entered into with leading breeders to place their kennels on exhibition. Everything points to the best bench show ever held in the Dominion.—*Toronto Mail.*

FRANKLIN, PENN., DOG SHOW.

THIS bench show of dogs will be held at Franklin, Penn., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 21, 22 and 23, under the auspices of the Franklin Sportsmen's Club and Game Protective Society. It will be given in a building on the grounds of the Venango County Agricultural Society at the same time as their second annual fair. The management of the show will be in the hands of the following named gentlemen: Mr. C. D. Elliott, president; Mr. Alex. Vincent, secretary and treasurer; Messrs. R. G. Lamberton, J. G. Alexander, Charles Bowman, Jas. L. Hindman and W. A. May, and the Board of Appeals will consist of Hon. C. E. Taylor, P. R. Gray, L. T. Wilt, Hon. J. H. Osmer, Hon. J. W. Lee, Hon. C. W. Gibbian and Dr. I. St. Clair. Mr. Thos. D. Adams has been appointed superintendent, his address being P. O. box 61, Franklin, Pa., and the following gentlemen have consented to act as judges in the classes named: Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa., for pointers and setters; Mr. Charles H. Duncan, Oil City, Pa., for sporting classes other than pointers and setters; Mr. Harry Peirson, Meadville, Pa., for non-sporting classes; Mr. John Dickson, Waterloo, Pa., and Mr. Emil Uhler, Titusville, Pa., for fox chase. Referee, Mr. E. W. Echols, Franklin, Pa., Mr. S. R. St. Clair, Aledo, Ill., and Mr. S. M. Lupher, Hannaville, Pa., for collie trials. Referee, Mr. S. S. De Arman, Franklin, Pa. The printed premium list contains the rules and regulations under which the exhibition is to be held. A fox chase is to be given each day at 3 o'clock, P. M., in the forty-acre enclosure. A sheep drive is to come off at 10 A. M. on the second day. Some trick dogs are to perform on the third day. The express companies charge full rates on all dogs going to the show, but return them free. The premium list contains forty-five classes. First and second prizes will vary from $6 to $1, but diplomas are expected to beat the score of all third best animals. One hundred dollars has been offered as a special sweepstake for the best dog or bitch exhibited. In addition to the above, thirty-eight special premiums have been donated, the prizes ranging from a Remington breech-loading rifle down to a dog collar and chain and Hallock's Sportsman's Gazetteer. All the variety of sporting dogs will have a chance to win something, and the best churn dog will not be left alone in his glory. A handsome silver cup, valued at $10, will be donated to the ugliest dog or bitch on exhibition, and the show promises to be well managed, lacking not of variety, which is said to be the spice of life.

NEBRASKA FIELD TRIALS—1881.—The second field trials for pointers and setters will be held at Norfolk, Nebraska, commencing August 30, 1881, and continuing four days on prairie chickens.

The first races will be by puppies under twelve months old, pointers and setters native and imported. Entrance fee, $5.00. First prize, fifty per cent.; second, thirty per cent.; third, twenty per cent. of entrance money.

The second races will be limited to pointers and setters of any age owned in Nebraska. Entrance fee and prizes same as above.

The third races will be open for all native and imported. Entrance fee and prizes same as above.

The races will be conducted under the National American Kennel Club Rules.

For details address J. F. McCartney, Secretary, Neligh, Neb., or B. E. B. Kennedy, Omaha. Entries will be received up to the time of drawing for places.

LOUISIANA STATE FIELD TRIALS—NEW ORLEANS, July 23.—From present indications there will be a large number of entries, and our first attempt at field trials will surely be a success. The matter of judges has not been yet decided upon; but thorough sportsmen will be selected, who will render just and honest divisions. The prospect for game, deer, turkey and quail, was never better and the exceeding dry weather is very favorable for "Bob White." Northern sportsmen can, in Louisiana, find in the space of a mile, deer, chicken, quail and snipe shooting, and to get a number one bag, only good aim and the assistance of a dog is required. Along Morgan & the Louisiana Texas R. R. fine shooting is to be had, and in any of the country houses there is ample accommodations. I should be glad to locate brother sportsmen in fine game sections—should any wish to visit Louisiana.

EDWARD ODELL.

BREEDING AND REARING.

[From Vero Shaw's Book of the Dog.]

A GREAT deal of a breeder's success depends upon the state of health in which the stud dog is when he begets offspring; for a delicate or unhealthy dog is more than likely to transmit his defects to his puppies, who are in consequence more difficult to rear, and of less value when they attain maturity. Considerable attention should therefore be paid to the comfort of a dog who is in the habit of receiving a large number of stud visits. He should, if possible, be well exercised morning and evening, either by a country walk, or a run round his owner's yard; and his diet must be wholesome and liberal. A plunge in cold water materially assists in keeping a dog in vigorous condition, and in warm weather may be taken daily. It should be borne in mind, too, that it is always well to have your stud dogs look clean and tidy, both when out of doors and when in the kennels. Much depends upon the first impressions formed by the owner of a bitch who contemplates breeding from him, and many a dog is passed over whose services, had he been in better fettle, might have been resorted to. Care should be taken not to overtax the energies of a young sire by allowing him to receive too many stud visits; the result of excesses in this way being both sickly offspring and his own ultimate failure at the stud. Fifteen or twenty bitches a year are quite enough for a dog not in his prime, and about twice the number for a dog in the full vigor of his strength. As a rule, dogs under eighteen months old are not likely to do themselves or their owners much good if bred from; and availing one's self of the services of a very old dog is always risky. It is extremely hard to state an age at which a dog can be said to be "old;" some retain the vigor of their youth up to ten years and more, while others get decrepit and break up at six or seven. So much depends upon constitution and careful attendance that it is impossible to advise upon the age at which a stud dog ceases to be of use; but breeders should see the dog for themselves, if they do not know him, and judge, from his appearance and condition, whether he is likely to suit their visitors.

A sire should be looked upon with suspicion if his services are in too great request, and the number of his receptions unlimited, as it is only reasonable to expect sickly offspring from a dog whose stud experiences are practically unrestricted. A very old dog, unless mated to a young and vigorous bitch, is more than likely to fail to beget stock at all; and if he succeeds in doing so, the puppies are very frequently of bad constitution and delicate in their earlier days. It is often the case that the services of a successful show dog are most eagerly sought after by breeders, and the merits of his *father* entirely overlooked; and this is certainly a fact which must puzzle all practical men when they reflect upon it. A sire of good pedigree, who can produce stock of superior quality to himself, is better worth patronizing at a low fee than his successful son who has yet to prove himself the success at the stud which he is on the bench or in the field; especially as in the latter instance the sum charged for his services is sure to be a considerable one. Many of champion dogs have turned out complete failures from a breeder's point of view; while their plainer-looking fathers or brothers have begotten offspring of a far better stamp, though with only half the chances of success. A golden rule in dog-breeding is, for the owner to satisfy himself that his bitch *really does* visit the dog he has selected for her. In many instances we know tricks to have been played upon owners who have sent their bitches to dogs at a distance; and we have ourselves been applied to for the services of a dog, standing at a low fee, by an owner of a stud dog, for a bitch sent up to the latter. Unfortunately, in ignorance of the fact, we granted his request, and only afterward discovered what had occurred, and that the bitch, the name of whose owner we never ascertained, had been sent up to this gentleman's dog, and was not one of his own. The difference between the fees of the two dogs were three guineas; and as it was impossible for us to *prove* that the owner was not informed of what took place we were unable to take steps in the matter, and our acquaintance still walks the streets an honest man. If the distance is too far to accompany the bitch or send one's man, it is a very good plan to get a friend in the neighborhood of the stud dog's kennel to accompany her when she visits him, especially in dealing with strangers. Of course, in the case of owners whose characters are above suspicion, these precautions are unnecessary; but it will always be a satisfaction to the proprietor of a stud dog to know that the bitch's visit has been witnessed by her owner or his nominee, especially if she should fail to be in pup. In event of the latter being the case, the usual practice is that the same bitch may visit the dog a second time gratuitously, or another of the same owner's at half price; but here again caution must be exercised on the part of the proprietor of the stud dog, for instances have occurred when puppies have been born dead, and he has been told there was no result from the union of the parents. Owners of stud dogs often do, and always should, provide the owners of bitches which have visited them with formal certificates of service; such documents are particularly useful in event of disputed pedigrees.

THE BROOD BITCH.

Young bitches often exhibit symptoms of an inclination to breed at the age of eight or nine months, but it is undesirable to place them at the stud until they have reached the age of at least eighteen months. The remarks we made above against the advisability of resorting to the services of too young a sire, apply with even greater force when a youthful bitch is under consideration. Stunted and puny puppies are almost sure to be produced from a young mother; and the injury they are likely to do her constitution is incalculable. It must be borne in mind that for weeks before birth her system is sorely taxed to provide them with nourishment, and after the shock of labor is gone through there is a further strain upon her until they are weaned.

The first symptom afforded by a bitch that she is likely to be soon ready for breeding purposes, is a desire on her part to romp and play with any dog she meets. This may possibly arise from merely exuberance of spirits, but it is always well to keep a close eye upon her as soon as any undue levity is observed in her conduct. It is most desirable to use every endeavor to keep the animal away from all risk of being got at by strange dogs; and when the matter is placed beyond doubt all former precautions should be doubled if possible. It will be remembered that there is not only a great risk of dogs getting into the place where the bitch is confined, but that she will probably be equally anxious to escape from her kennel, and some bitches have performed almost incredible feats in their endeavors to do so.

She should, if at a distance, be sent off to the kennels where the dog is standing a day or two after the earlier symptoms appear, so as to be on the safe side. If dispatched by railway, a hamper is preferable to a box or basket from which escape is impossible. The transit of dogs has been more fully treated in the chapter of exhibiting, and need not be further alluded to here; but all breeders should be impressed with the absolute necessity of exercising the greatest vigilance when they have bitches by them under such circumstances. For at least a week after the bitch has visited the dog, the precautions for isolating her must not be relaxed, or all her owner's hopes may be marred by her forming a connection with a stranger.

The influence of a previous sire on a subsequent litter of puppies is a subject of the keenest discussion and interest among breeders, and a most interesting correspondence has taken place in the columns of the *Live Stock Journal* relating thereto. Some of the statements which have appeared from time to time in that journal upon this subject, and which have been substantiated by the names of writers whose positions are guarantees of various varieties of live stock is assured, are invested with a peculiar importance. But having carefully read and considered the matter, we and ourselves driven back on the supposition that although such occurrences undoubtedly have arisen, they are not by any means the matter-of-course events some of the correspondents of the *Live Stock Journal* consider them, and in more than one instance we have failed to satisfy ourselves that the influences imputed have regulated the course of events. In making this statement we attribute to the writers no desire to impose on public credulity, but we think they have too often forgotten the influence which surrounding objects exercise over the mind of a pregnant female. This opinion is shared by many breeders of live stock, and it is notorious that a celebrated breeder of black polled cattle had his premises and fences tarred, with the express object of assisting Nature in keeping the color of his stock as deep as possible. It is, however, quite impossible for us to go at length into the subject, and it must therefore be dismissed with the remark that as many breeders firmly believe, from personal experience, that such a thing as past influence is possible, especially in the case of maiden bitches, due vigilance should be exercised in the thorough isolation of bitches when in season, or more than a temporary evil and disappointment may occur.

NOTES FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.—"Senex," in the *Live Stock Journal*, says:

I have just had the pleasure of shaking hands with the Rev. J. Cumming Macdona on his return to old England from South America. Mr. Macdona's many friends will be glad to hear that he has been entirely cured of his attack of bronchitis, as it was to get relieved of this affection the journey was undertaken. During his travels Mr. Macdona crossed the Pampas on wild horses. Then he went over the Andes on mules to Santiago, which journey occupied eight days, being thirteen hours in the saddle each day. From there he traveled to Valparaiso, and along the coast as far as Lima, visiting numerous battle-fields on the way. At Lima Mr. Macdona was laid low with an attack of malaria fever, from which he has slowly recovered; but I can hardly say he looks so well as his friends would like to see him yet. When sufficiently convalescent Mr. Macdona turned his eyes homeward, and came by way of the Isthmus of Panama, calling in Jamaica and St. Thomas *en route*. I believe that Mr. Macdona's parish church at Cheadle, which has been restored at a cost of £10,000, is to be opened on Sunday next, and hence his anxiety to get back.

I hear that three young black-and-tan Dachshunds of the royal Wurtemburg breed have just left Miss Bell's kennel in Kensington for New York, U. S. A., having been purchased by a gentleman of that city. Their registered names are Graf, Gretel II., and Ludwig, and are descendants of the well-known old dog Dessauer.

Mr. George S. Sedgwick, who was recently in England and has now returned to New York, took out with him a handsome rough-coated St. Bernard puppy, bred by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The puppy, which was presented to Mr. Sedgwick by Lord Dunmore, is by Hercules, out of Abbess, by Actor, granddam by Champion Hector 4,476. Dunmore (as Mr. Sedgwick delights to call him) is nicely marked, and a remarkably large and promising puppy. He was whelped last December, and a fortnight ago he weighed ninety pounds.

The national exhibition of sporting and other dogs at Birmingham will, we are informed by Mr. Beech, the secretary, be held in the Curzon Hall, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, November 28, 29, 30, and December 1, 1881, being on the same days as the Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition. The entries close November 1.

"JACK," THE RAILWAY DOG.—*The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* gives a portrait of Jack, whom they introduced to public notice some time ago, and who has since grown famous. The last piece of information received about Jack is that a lady has presented him with a silver-mounted collar, with which he seems much pleased. On it is inscribed:

"I am Jack, the L. B. and S. C. Railway Dog. Please give me a drink, and I will then go home to Lewes." This collar was presented by Mrs. J. P. Knight, Brockley."

On the day Jack sat for his portrait he left Lewes by the first train for Brighton, and then found that he had business in Portsmouth, whither he traveled. Leaving that town by the 1.30 P. M. train, which arrives at Fort Junction at 2:25, he proceeded to Littlehampton. He and the guard then determined to take a run in the town, and Mr. White, the photographer, of 32 High street, kindly invited Jack to stop and have his photograph taken. Jack found that he had no engagement before 5:5, when he wanted to leave for Horsham, and we give an engraving of the result of his visit to Mr. White. Jack's headquarters are at Lewes, but he does not always go home, and frequently passes his nights in the waste-paper baskets at different booking-offices.

THE DOG'S AFFECTION.—We know ourselves to be such lamentably imperfect characters that we long for an affection altogether ignorant of our faults. Heaven has accorded this to us in the uncritical canine attachment. We mean love as their own exalted ideals, and to live up to the ideal standard is sometimes rather more than we are altogether able to manage; children in their teens find out how clumsy and ignorant we are, and do not quite unreservedly respect us; but our dogs adore us without a suspicion of our shortcomings.—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

SLIPS.—Mr. Charles E. Scott, of Schenectady, N. Y., writes us that his Gordon setter bitch, Daisy, and Mr. G. S. Thompson's Scott are without doubt the smallest brace of setters in existence. We have sent Mr. Scott a couple of our measurement blanks and will publish the result if the owners see fit to send the measurements to us....Dr. J. S. Niven, of London, Ont., has sent us an artotype of his Irish terrier Norah (Spring-Nettle) from a painting by Mr. J. M. Tracy, of St. Louis, Mo. The picture is said to be as life-like as are all those from the brush of that accomplished artist.

KENNEL NOTES.

*** *Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.*

NAMES CLAIMED.

American Dan.—Mr. Jos. H. Dew, Montview Kennel Club, Columbia, Tenn., claims the name of American Dan for white, black and tan setter dog puppy, whelped April 2, 1881, by Lincoln out of Daisy Dean.

Old Walt.—Mr. Jos. H. Dew, Montview Kennel Club, Columbia, Tenn., claims the name of Old Walt for white and orange setter dog puppy, whelped April 2, 1881, by Lincoln out of Daisy Dean.

Claret.—Mr. Geo. B. Walker, Chicago, Ill., claims the name of Claret for his red Irish setter dog puppy, whelped June 25, 1881, by imported Max out of Fannie.

Peter Black.—Mr. D. W. C. Parker, Springfield, Mass., claims the name of Peter Black for black pointer dog bred by Mr. G. A. Strong, Meriden, Conn., by his Champion Pete out of his Meta.

Crum.—Mr. J. R. McKinley, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Crum for red Irish setter bitch puppy, whelped April 1, 1881, by Lock out of Mr. Cleaver's Nell.

Rory O'More, Jr., (from Jerry D.—Capt. M. L. Norton, Greenbush, N. Y., claims the name of Rory O'More, Jr. (formerly Mr. J. J. Donovan's Jerry D.), for red Irish setter puppy by Champion Rory O'More out of Nora O'More.

Nelly E.—Dr. C. U. Ely, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Nelly E. for black and tan setter bitch, fourteen months old, by Sam out of Mr. Fred. Freudenthal's Nelly F.

BRED.

Psyche II.—Peter Black.—Mr. J. Coughlin's pointer bitch Psyche II. to Mr. D. W. C. Parker's (Springfield, Mass.,) Peter Black.

Scout-Wildfire.—Mr. E. S. Bird's all liver cocker bitch Scout (Snipe-Flora) to Mr. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.,) black cocker dog Wildfire.

Nettie-Jersey.—The Silver Lake Kennel's (River Edge, Bergen Co., N. J.,) red and white English setter bitch Nettie (Dr. M. S. Moore's Floss by O. Moore's Ned out of Mr. F. P. Gaultier's Jersey City, N. J., all red Irish setter Jerry, Pat-Biddy, Pat by imported Pat-Biddy, Biddy by imported Dog-Bitch).

Daisy Dean-Lincoln.—The Montview Kennel Club's Daisy Dean to Lincoln.

Dashing Plover-Lincoln.—The Montview Kennel Club's Dashing Plover to Lincoln.

Zita-Rock, Jr.—Mr. Carl Flocke's (Pittsburgh, Pa.,) white, orange and tan setter bitch Zita to Mr. J. M. Hunter's Rock Jr. (Carlowitz-Queen Bess) July 20, 1881.

Belle II.—Mr. F. H. London, Rock Hill, S. C., has bred his Gordon setter bitch Belle II. (Dr. Atea's Glen-Imported Belle) to Mr. T. Forman Taylor's King, v h o at last New York show.

SALES.

Bobb III.—Black Bess whelps.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., has sold to Mr. W. Gibson, of same place, a cocker spaniel dog puppy, whelped May 23, 1881, by Bobb III. out of Black Bess.

Bobb III.—Black Bess whelps.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., has sold to Mr. J. L. Inglehart, Petrolia, Ont., a cocker spaniel dog puppy, whelped May 23, 1881, by Bobb III. out of Black Bess.

Bobb III.—Black Bess whelps.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., has sold to Mr. George Macbeth, of same place, two cocker spaniel dog puppies, whelped May 23, 1881, by Bobb III. out of black Bess.

Bobb III.—Black Bess whelps.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., has sold to Mr. Charles Lincoln, Detroit, Mich., a cocker spaniel dog puppy, whelped May 23, 1881, by Bobb III. out of Black Bess.

Joe.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., has sold to Mr. W. I. O'Hear, Downsville, Ont., the Gordon setter dog puppy Joe, whelped July 8, 1880, by Blossom out of Moll III.

Pride of Delaware.—Dr. R. F. Hall, Elkton, Md., has purchased of Mrs. M. E. Von Culin, Delaware City, Del., the white, black and tan setter bitch Pride of Delaware (Dan-Vic).

Duke.—Mr. J. A. Crevelling, Washington, N. J., has purchased the Gordon setter Duke of Mr. C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass.

Larry.—Mr. A. R. Heyward, Rock Hill, S. C., has sold to Mr. W. H. Pierce, Perkskill, N. Y., his red Irish setter Larry (Echo-Rose).

Don-Nelly whelps.—Mr. J. Otis Fellows has sold to Mr. F. E. Fenston, Anawan, Ill., two solid liver cockers, by Don out of Nelly.

WHELPS.

Rose.—Mr. C. Du Bois Wagstaff's (Babylon, L. I.,) Rose (Ranger-Rose) whelped, July 14, eleven puppies, five dogs and six bitches, by Champion Berkley.

Sara Bernhardt.—Mr. J. Otis Fellows' spaniel bitch Sara Bernhardt whelped, July 1st, five puppies, three dogs and two bitches, by cocker spaniel dog Brag (first and special N. Y., 1881).

Daisey.—Mr. C. E. Scott's (Schenectady, N. Y.,) Gordon setter bitch Daisey whelped, July 18, six puppies, one dog and five bitches, by Mr. G. S. Thompson's (Foxboro, Mass.,) Gordon setter Scott. Scott and Daisey out of Thompson's Queen Bess II, by Bailey's Tom.

Minto.—The Lachine Kennel Club's black, white and tan English setter bitch Minto (1st New York, 1879,) whelped, July 12, nine pups, four lemon belton dogs, two black, white and tan dogs, and three black, white and tan bitches by E. A. Herzberg's imported Champion Emperor Fred.

Topsy.—The Lachine Kennel Club's imported black spaniel Topsey whelped, July 16, six puppies, all bitches, five black and one liver colored, by their imported black spaniel Benedict (1st and special, New York, 1881).

Madcap.—The Lachine Kennel Club's black spaniel bitch Madcap (2d Montreal, 2d Toronto, 1880,) whelped, July 16, five puppies, three dogs, four blacks and one liver colored without a white hair, by their imported black spaniel Benedict (1st and special, New York, 1881).

Moll III.—Dr. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.,) Gordon setter Moll III. has whelped six puppies by Blossom.

Norah.—Dr. J. S. Niven's Irish terrier Norah has whelped six puppies by Rome Ruler.

Charlotte Queen.—Mr. L. W. Perdue's (Charlotte, N. C.,) setter bitch Charlotte Queen, by Scout (Rock-Kirby) out of Anne Boleyn (Leicester-Kirby), whelped, on the 16th inst., three black, white and tan dog puppies by Bergundthal's Rake.

Puss.—Mr. L. F. Martin's (New York City) bull terrier bitch Puss whelped, July 24, four puppies, by owner's Pegasus (first New York, 1881).

DEATHS.

Aileen.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., lost by an accident his Irish terrier bitch Aileen. She was driven over in the street.

Brag-Currier whelps.—Mr. J. Otis Fellows has lost five puppies, all of Currier's litter by Brag.

Grouse Dale-Blanche whelps.—Mr C. Du Bois Wagstaff, Babylon, L. I., has had the bad luck to lose by distemper the brace of puppies, dog and bitch by Grouse Dale out of Blanche, purchased of Mr. W. Tallman at the late New York show.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

170. C. M. S., Dunbarton, N. H.—Dew claws should be removed when the animal is very young. Their excision then being easily accomplished with a sharp pair of scissors, first dividing the skin and the dew claw being drawn to one side before it is detached, in order that the skin may afterward cover the wound. We cannot advise you to attempt the removal of dew claws on old dogs.

171. C. G. H., Montreal, Canada.—From your description your terrier is afflicted with mange. We suggest the following treatment: Mix together four ounces of sublimed sulphur, two ounces of oil of tar and one pint of olive oil. Dress dog all over with this every day for six days. Wash off with carbolic soap on seventh day, next day repeat dressing as before for three days. Take care the dressing is rubbed into the skin. Give two-and-a-half drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice a day; gradually increase dose to four drops. Be sure to give the solution in food. It must be continued for some time to be beneficial. Avoid feeding meat.

172. JOHN BULL.—In our issue of July 14, we stated that the mastiff bitch Leah was owned by Mr. Rathbun, of this city. We should have remembered that she was recently presented by Mr. Rathburn to Messrs. L. C. and H. L. Zayers, also of this city.

173. H. T. W., Woodstown, N. J.—Your dog has the mange, but as you fail to state his breed or age we are obliged to answer in a general way. Rub him with the following mixture twice a day, and see that it is worked into the skin: Powdered bi-carbonate of potash, one ounce; powdered white vitriol, one-quarter ounce: sub-sulphur, two ounces; lard, eight ounces. Continue with the Fowler's solution of arsenic twice a day in food. Avoid feeding meat.

Ague, biliousness, drowsiness, jaundice and rheumatism, Hop Bitters removes easily.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

WIMBLEDON, July 23.

THE shooting on the old common opened on the 11th and we have had a pretty hot time of it ever since. On the day before the opening, while the majority of the marksmen were already in camp, a slight mishap occurred owing to the furze having been ignited from a fire at which some Scotch riflemen were cooking. An order was accordingly issued that henceforward no small camp fires were to be used beyond the boundaries of the tents, but only the regulation cooking stoves. The Scotchmen were very wroth in consequence, and have been swearing in choice Gaelic because they cannot toast their own inexpensive bacon nor have the national hot toddy at night.

The alterations in the rules for the guidance of markers, register keepers and range and butt officers have been extensive, and they apparently make cheating of any kind impossible and render the conditions of shooting as equal as possible for all competitors.

There are few American shooters here, Frank Hyde being about the only one. Particular attention has been paid the Canadian riflemen, who have come on in very good form. The Duke of Cambridge and Sir John Macdonald paid visits to the Canadian camp and were received with full honors. The team is considered the best ever sent from the Dominion. They had several prize winners in the Alexandra match, and had two men in the sixty, who are to make the final competition for the Queen's prize—Sergeant Mitchell with ninety and Sergeant Walker with eighty-nine. This is the first time for four years that the Canadians have won a place on the sixty. Twenty-eight men were selected, out of whom eight were chosen to compete with the Canadian eight for the Kalapore prize. The Canadians felt a little annoyed at their being twenty-eight men nominated instead of twenty, according to the rule, but their captain was asked to allow it, and he consented.

The Queen's prize shooting in the first stage closed on the 14th, and notwithstanding the thermometers marked 137 deg. in the sun at the firing points and sent a number of the shooters to the hospital, the firing was fine. The highest scores made by two of the contestants were 96 out of the possible 105. When the shooting at the second stage opened, for some time it seemed highly probable that one of the Canadian team, Sergeant Walker, would carry off the gold medal and £250 presented by Her Majesty. He was among six others who had an aggregate of fifty-six over the two first ranges, 800 and 900 yards, that being the highest on the register. He rather fell off at 1,000 yards. Though his chances of success were brilliant at the first two or three shots he finished with seventy-five, in the possible 105, which falls into the tenth place, being eleven less than the winner, who made three points more than was ever known in the history of the competition and twelve more than was made last year. The name of the winner is Private Beck. He belongs to the third regiment of Devon Volunteers. His score was eighty-six, with a Martini rifle at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.

On the afternoon of the 19th, the Kolapore Cup was competed for by the Canadian and Mother Country teams. They could hardly have had better weather. Until that day the heat had been oppressive, making shooting difficult. During the night, however, there was a slight fall of rain, followed by more at an early hour in the morning. This had the effect of lowering the temperature considerably and making the camp deliciously cool. There was

A VARIABLE WIND,

which made steady shooting rather trying. Otherwise the conditions were very favorable. The competition began shortly before three o'clock, at 200 yards, at which distance the British succeeded in making 235 and Canadians 227, giving an advantage of eight to the British. At 500 yards, the British made 205, and the Canadians 200, leaving the British with thirteen to the good. On beginning the 600 yards the English team thought the match was in their own hands, for this was their favorite distance. The general opinion, too, seemed to favor this aspect of things. The Canadians felt justified in their confidence. When the first four had finished, the Canadian shad made up the thirteen they were behind, and put themselves sixteen ahead of their antagonists. The hooting of the next foue members of the team showed some wild firing, but resulted in tre Canadians finishing with twenty of a lead. The result was reehved with much applause. The English, through Major Waller, of the English team, congratulated Col. Gibson, of the Canadians, on the success of his team.

The Kolapore Cup is a challenge cup, valued at £110 sterling, presented by the late Rajah of Kolappore, India, for annual competition between teams of eight men from England, India and the Colonies. In addition to the cup, the sum of £80 is also given to the winners by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, so that there is something substantial accompanying the honor.

The full score stood:

Canada.		Great Briton.	
Private Morris, Thirteenth Canada.		Lieut Mitchell, Cambridge.	
200 yds.....4 4 3 5 4 4 5—29		200 yds.....5 5 4 4 4 4—30	
500 " .....3 5 5 3 5 2 2—25		500 " .....2 2 2 5 3 4 4—22	
600 " .....2 4 5 3 5 4 5—28—82	804	600 " .....5 2 5 5 2 4 5—28—80	810
Cor C M Mitchell, Tenth Canada.		Q M Curtis, Second Sussex.	
200 yds.....5 5 5 3 3 2 3—29		200 yds.....3 4 5 5 4 5 5—31	
500 " .....5 3 3 5 3 4 2—25		500 " .....4 5 3 5 5 4 3—29	
600 " .....5 5 5 4 0 4 4—27—81	835	600 " .....5 2 2 5 4 0 2—20—80	840
Sergt T Mitchell, Tenth Canada.		Priv R McVittie, First Dumfries.	
200 yds.....4 4 4 3 4 5 5—29		200 yds.....3 4 5 5 2 4 5—28	
500 " .....5 4 5 4 5 4 3—30		500 " .....5 2 5 3 3 2 3—24	
600 " .....2 2 3 2 5 3 3—22—81	804	600 " .....2 4 4 5 3 5 2—25—77	829
Capt Balfour, Eighth Canada.		Sergt Brooking, 13th Middlesex.	
200 yds.....5 5 4 4 4 4 5—29		200 yds.....5 3 5 4 5 4 4—30	
500 " .....3 4 2 5 4 5 5—27		500 " .....5 2 2 5 3 5 2—27	
600 " .....0 2 5 4 5 3 2—24—80	836	600 " .....3 0 2 4 5 4 2—20—76	836
Priv W Mitchell, 23d Canada.		Sergt McAuslan, 1st Dumbarton.	
200 yds.....4 5 4 3 4 5 4—29		200 yds.....5 5 4 4 5 4 4—30	
500 " .....4 5 3 0 4 5 4—25		500 " .....3 3 5 5 4 3—25	
600 " .....3 4 5 4 3 2 2—22—76	830	600 " .....3 4 2 3 0 4 2—18—73	830
Staff-Sergt Walker, 2d Canada.		Priv J Goodlear, 6th Lancashire.	
200 yds.....4 5 5 4 3 5 4—30		200 yds.....4 5 5 4 5 5—28	
500 " .....3 2 4 0 4 5 5—23		500 " .....5 5 3 5 4 3—25	
600 " .....2 2 4 5 5 2—25—78	831	600 " .....0 2 4 2 5 2 0—15—73	826
Capt Thomas, 5th Canada.		Lieut McIsaac, 1st Renfrew.	
200 yds.....3 4 4 3 4 5 3—28		200 yds.....3 2 5 4 5 5—28	
500 " .....3 4 4 3 2 2 5—23		500 " .....5 0 5 5 3 4 5—27	
600 " .....0 4 4 3 0 2 3—16—69	820	600 " .....0 2 4 4 3 2 0—15—70	835
Wheeler Ogg, Canada Artillery.		Sergt Hargreaves, 16th Lancers.	
200 yds.....4 4 4 4 4 4—27		200 yds.....3 4 3 5 5 5—28	
500 " .....3 4 2 3 2 3—20		500 " .....4 3 4 4 3 4—26	
600 " .....4 0 3 2 2 4—18—65	812	600 " .....2 0 0 2 0 2 2—8—62	816
Totals at 200 yds.....227		Totals at 200 yds.....235	
Totals at 500 yds.....200		Totals at 500 yds.....205	
Totals at 600 yds.....182		Totals at 600 yds.....199	
Grand total.....609		Grand total.....639	

The Albert prize, which is considered the best of the individual small-bore long-range trophies, has again been carried off by an American marksman, this being the third year in which it has gone across the water. Mr. Frank Hyde was the winner. He tied with Lieutenant Godsal with seventy points. In shooting off the tie Lieutenant Godsal made too inners and a bull. Mr. Hyde made three bulls.

The shooting for the Elcho shield took place on the 21st, and resulted in a signal victory for the English team. The scores standing:

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.	Average.
England.....	558	538	546	1,642	205½
Ireland.....	512	510	527	1,549	193⅝
Scotland.....	516	505	479	1,501	187½

The teams were of eight men each, shooting fifteen shots each at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, making the team range possible 600 and the aggregate 1,800. The strength of the British teams which competed this year for the Elcho shield, may be ascertained from the following table of the scores made by competitors for the Elcho shield since the contest was first held under the present conditions:

Year.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1874.....	1,505	**1,437**	1,378
1875.....	1,502	1,503	**1,506**
1876.....	**1,463**	1,458	1,382
1877.....	1,504	1,429	**1,508**
1878.....	1,500	1,429	**1,501**
1879.....	1,482	**1,505**	1,494
1880.....	1,502	1,506	**1,522**
1881.....	**1,642**	1,501	1,549

Growing out of the fact that the Canadians had small bore rifles with them came a challenge for a match of six Canadians against six picked men from the three Elcho Shield teams, and it took place the last day of the meeting. The British were represented by Mr. Martin Smith, Wimbledon; Lieutenant Baker, London Rifle Brigade; Mr. Humphrey, Cambridge University; Mr. Murphy, Dublin; Lieutenant McKerral, London and Scottish, and Sergeant Gilder, of Harrow. The Canadian team was composed of Sergeant T. Mitchell, Corporal Mitchell, Sergeant J. Mitchell, Private W. Mitchell (all four of whom are brothers), Sergeant Pain and Private Muson. The weather was all that could be wished for for long range shooting, the light being dull and gray and the wind steady. The ranges were 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. At 800 yards the British made a total score of 424 points out of a possible 450. The Canadian total at 800 yards was 406—eighteen behind the home team. At 900 yards the Canadians shot very wildly, while the English increased their lead, finishing this range with an addition of 63 to their lead. The scores were: Home team, 445; Canadians, 352. At 1,000 yards the Canadians were a little steadier, but here again they dropped 36 behind their adversaries, ending with a difference of 117 points.

The totals were:

British.		Canadian.	
Baker.....	212	T Mitchell.....	193
Gilder.....	209	W Mitchell.....	191
Smith.....	208	Muson.....	190
Humphrey.....	302	D Mitchell.....	182
Murphy.....	201	C Mitchell.....	177
McKerrall.....	190—1,222	Pain.....	172—1,105

CONSOLATORY.

The Canadians were much surprised, and their captain was greatly annoyed at the bad beating. Earl Brownlow, captain of the English team, in announcing the numbers, congratulated the Canadians on having fought an uphill fight pluckily, and hoped they needed no assurance that the United Kingdom marksmen would always be glad to see them competing on the ground. Colonel Gibson, captain of the Candian team, replied that he was not surprised at their being beaten, but much disappointed at being beaten so badly. They were not, however, sent over to fight a small-bore match with the crack shots of the mother country. Small-bore shooting was practiced by very few in the Dominion. Still, as it was known that some of their best small-bore men were coming over, and as Sir Henry Halford suggested a friendly long range match, he thought that whatever might be the result it could not but be very pleasant to fight side by side with the home country team. Although beaten, and beaten badly, he must say that the victory represented fairly enough what the mother country could do when pitted against Canadian long range shots, and hoped that another time the latter would give a better account of themselves. The meeting was brought to a close by the presentation of prizes by the Princess of Wales, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the young princesses. An immense throng of spectators was present. Altogether the Canadians have carried off £250 in money prizes, two badges of the Queen's, 1st stage, sixty-two of the St. George's, three grand aggregate badges and the Kolapore Cup.

BOSTON, Mass., July 20.—The long-range shooters kept up their fire to-day at Walnut Hill under favorable conditions. The scores stood:

F. J. Rabbeth.

800 yards.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—15
900 "	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	—13
1000 "	4	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	—72—220

H. Tyler.

800 yards.....	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	—73
900 "	5	4	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	—10
1000 "	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	3	—69—212

W Howard.

800 yards.....	5	5	5	5	3	5	5	5	5	—73
900 "	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	—71
1000 "	4	2	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	—68—212

W. C. Gregory.

800 yards.....	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	—73
900 "	5	4	5	5	3	5	5	5	4	—70
1000 "	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—73—216

J. F. Brown

800 yards.....	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	—73
900 "	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—73
1000 "	5	6	3	5	5	4	5	4	3	—63—209

July 23.—The best day of the season for rifle shooting presented itself to-day, yet only a small number were present when the matches were called. The day was cloudy, with a perfect light, the wind steady and perfectly reliable during the entire shooting. There is no way to account for the small attendance unless the defeat at Gardner the previous day had produced a demoralizing effect upon several members who are usually present at the regular Saturday meets, in and becomes the owner of the badge on the elegant score of two 48's and one 42. Bent also did good work yesterday before the butts, making 47 off the shoulder at 200 yards. Subjoined are the scores:

Sharp-shooters' Match.

A C Adams.....	12	11	11	11	12	11	12	11	10	10—110	
O M Jewel.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	10	12	11	12—109	
G F Stetson.....	11	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	12—109	
C H Hildreth.....	12	10	11	9	10	10	10	10	11	11—106	
C A Bent.....	8	11	12	11	12	12	10	12	10	8—106	
E D Emerson.....	9	11	10	11	12	10	12	8	11	8—102	
S P Stanton.....	11	7	12	10	10	10	10	12	10	7—99	
B A Curtis.....	10	10	10	9	9	11	11	11	8	9—98	

Handicap Match.

G Warren.....	4551545545—46	B A Curtis.....	4544444454—43
C A Bent.....	4445545544—44	B D Emerson.....	5444355445—42
J Borden.....	4454545444—44		

Badge Match No. 4.

C A Adams.....	5545554555—48	B A Curtis.....	5454554545—46
C A Bent.....	5535454554—47		

BOSTON MAMMOTH GALLERY.—There has been a good attendance at the Mammoth gallery all the week, particularly during the evening. The two pistol matches now on the programme have attracted a large number of shooters who wish to become more familiar with this little arm. Only the best are given below:

Amateur Rifle Match.

M L Pratt.....	45 45 46 47 47—230	G H Brown.....	44 44 44 44 45—221
W M Norcross.....	45 45 46 47 47—230	S Fogg.....	44 44 44 44 45—221
L M Marshall.....	44 44 45 45 45—223	N S James.....	43 44 45

Experts' Rifle Match.

J H Smith.....	45 46 46 46 47—230	J B Tyne.....	45 45 46 46 46—228

Amateur Pistol Match.

William B Eaton.....	79 75 65—219	J Ames.....	72 73 73—218

Amateur Pistol Match.

William B Eaton.....	67 68 70—205	J R Scott.....	51 52 53—156
William Sadler.....	52 53 59—154	S Chase.....	69 58

GARDNER, Mass., July 22.—The Gardner Rifle Club at their last weekly practice made the following record:

Chester Hinds.....	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
	87	47	85	43	172—92
G F Ellsworth.....	86	47	87	43	173—93
G R Pratt.....	84	45	82	46	161—91
F H Knowlton.....	88	41	76	38	144—84
G C Goodall.....	79	43	65	37	141—83
A Mathews.....	63	42	68	41	131—84
F E Nichols.....	85	43	75	44	160—87
C Shumway.....	74	43	59	40	133—83
C Merritt.....	51	40	80	46	131—86
C K Henry.....	69	44	53	41	122—85

The distance was 200 yards inch ring and Creedmoor target combined.

To-day the club have as guests for a friendly contest members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. The visitors were first served with a dinner, then drove over to the Hackmack Range. The light was fair and spectators numerous. The conditions of the match were nine men on a side, three rounds to each man, inch ring and Creedmoor target combined; distance 200 yards, off-hand. The work of each is told by the following score:

Gardner Team.

	R.	C.	R.	C.	R.	C.	
A Mathews.....	80	43	85	45	81	46	256—180
C Hinds.....	88	46	80	44	85	45	263—135
G F Ellsworth.....	78	42	91	46	81	43	250—131
C B Hildreth.....	70	44	82	43	97	48	249—135
F E Nichols.....	71	45	84	41	90	45	265—130
J E Newton.....	72	45	46	32	74	45	203—133
C O Bent.....	55	42	73	41	61	42	289—125
H C Knowlton.....	59	41	49	41	80	44	188—126
G R Pratt.....	69	44	52	41	62	41	183—126—1976—1180

Massachusetts Team.

	R.	C.	R.	C.	R.	C.	
L L Hubbard.....	79	44	85	45	85	46	249—135
W Charles.....	79	41	96	48	79	43	244—132
G L Winship.....	77	43	84	45	81	44	236—132
S J Rabbeth.....	57	41	79	45	66	42	201—128
J S Beaneth.....	63	42	70	43	67	42	200—127
J N Frye.....	43	41	55	44	53	45	105—130
A B Archer.....	56	42	56	40	70	44	182—126
T Harrison.....	29	40	56	43	61	42	146—125
C H Miller.....	48	39	22	37	53	41	123—117—1466—1142

Gardner Team victorious by ring count, 210 points; Creedmoor count, 28 points.

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—

Amateur Rifle Match.

M. L. Pratt.....	45 45 46 47 47—230	G. H. Brown.....	44 44 44 44 45—221
W. M. Norcross.....	44 45 46 47 47—228	S. Fogg.....	44 44 44 44 45—221
L. M. Marshall.....	44 44 45 45 45—223	N. S. James.....	43 44 45

Experts' Rifle Match.

J. H. Smith.....	45 46 46 46 47—230	J. B. Tyne.....	45 45 46 46 46—228

Experts' Pistol Match.

Wm. B. Eaton.....	79 75 65—219	J. Ames.....	72 73 73—218

Amateur Pistol Match.

Wm B Eaton.....	67 68 70—205	Wm Sadler.....	52 53 59—164
J R Scott.....	51 52 53—156	S Chase.....	69 58

CREEDMOOR—July 20.—The short range match, open to everybody, 200 yards, standing, seven shots, any rifle, military weapons to receive one point allowance:

T J Dolan.....	4 5 4 4 5 5 5—32	W H Dunlap.....	4 4 4 4 5 4 5—30
A J Howlett.....	5 4 5 4 5 5 4—32	Geo Lewis.....	5 4 5 4 4 4 4—30
A Sevenoaks.....	4 4 5 4 4 5 5—31	E E Lewis.....	5 4 5 5 4 4 3—30

W H Beadle and A McInness 29 each.

July 23—The "Boylan" and "Baker & McKenney" match, 2d com petition.—Open to everybody, 100 and 800 yards, 7 rounds at each; standing at 100, kneeling at 200 yards; any military rifle; 65 entries. The leading scores were as follows: Capt J C Ballard, 1st M W Model; P J Meagher, 41; S Warneck, 41; H C Titus, 40; J James, 40; D A Miller, 40; J H Stockbury, 40; J McNevin, 40; E W Costel, 39; J F Jennings, 39; G S Barrington, 39; G A Turnbull 39; J M Fee, 38; J Guerra, 37; J G Barr, 36; J Holland, 36; C D Doubleday, 36; J F Franklin, 36; H C Brown, 35. Capt W H Murphy was the executive officer in charge of this match.

The "Champion Marksman's Badge" Match, 2d competition.—Open to all members of the U. S. G. A. Any rifle. Rifle, however, not being eligible to win the principal prize; 200 and 500 yards, five shots at each distance; Remington little N. Y. State Model; standing at 200 yards, any position with head to the target at 500 yards. The first prize is a gold badge, to be given at the close of the season to the man who shall have won the greatest number of competitions. Ten other prizes (silver medals) are presented to the best competitors by the National Rifle Association. There were 205 entries.

The winners of the medals and their scores were: Messrs. P J Dolan, 47; F Alder, 39; H F Lockwood, 39; J L Price, 38; J B Deweson, 38; P G Meagher, 37; G W Munson, 37; E Willard, 37; J Holland, 37; J T Jennings, 36; H T Farrell, 35; G S Barrington, 35; T Guerra, 35. Colonel Leonard Weyperthwaite was in charge of the match.

Messrs. T J Dolan and J L Price, who tied a week ago in the Ladies' match, shot off. The prize was a sewing machine. Mr Dolan won on the shoot off, putting up 51 to Mr Price's 49 points.

At the long range butts some of the veterans of the small bore matches were industriously engaged during the greater part of the day in cutting out their initials with bullet marks on the bull's-eye. Some new hands who for the first time faced the target at 1,000 yards did pretty well.

NEW YORK RIFLE GALLERY.—The scores of the Knickerbocker Club for the past week, 20 yards, 10 shots, stand: J H Brown, 50; E Bennett, 46; W H Fairew, 47; H Gehl, 47; J L Riggs, 47; T S Dolan, 46; Mag Shorkley, 46; W Herrington, 43; J J Bushnell, 42; H H Nelson, 39. In the Ballard match the best scores up to date at 35 yards, 5 shots, ring target, are:

G Jolliffe.....113 110 118 114—452 C Gibbs.....103 104 93 89—385
Mergenthaler.118 112 114 108—447 H Gunther.....87 95 96 101—379
Dr. Toni.....91 101 108 86—403 Mr. Erhard.....89 81 84 86—340
F Kobbi.....102 98 94 93—387

BRISTON, N. J., July 23.—In the Sharps match to-day, 200 yards, ten shots, with military rifles, the following scores were made:

W V Oberbaugh....4534554545—44 J Thomas.....4554445445—44
G Joiner.....4544445554—44 Captain B Wilson...3545453444—42
Colonel Howard....5454545544—44 R Bonnett.....5444434444—40

On the 21st the Champion Marksman's match was shot, with the following result: Col. Howard, 200 yards, 23; 500 yards, 22; total, 45. P Bonnett, 200 yards, 21; 500 yards, 23; total, 43. Maj. Denman, 200 yards, 19; 500 yards, 21; total, 40. W S Righter, 200 yards, 20; 500 yards, 20; total, 40.

ALBANY, July 20.—The eighth competition of the F. E. Griswold mid-range match resulted as follows:

T Wooster.....4 4 5 5 5 5 5—33 R J Willis.....5 5 5 4 5 4 3—31
W E Fitch.....5 5 5 4 4 5—33 H E Morse.....5 5 5 4 5 2 5—31
J G Webster.....5 4 4 5 5 5 4—32 G H Charles.....4 3 5 5 4 5 4—30
R I Green.....5 4 5 5 5 3 5—32 A Lyre.....5 5 5 2 5 4 3—27

Time Match, 200 yards.

T Wooster..3 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4—40 J Reenan..5 0 4 5 5 0 4 4 5 4—36
J I Miles ..3 4 3 4 2 4 5 4 4—33 R I Green..3 4 4 0 4 5 4 3 5—36
Webster...3 4 4 5 4 3 3 4 5 4—39 W E Fitch..0 2 4 5 4 4 3 4 3 4—33
G Charles..4 4 4 4 4 5 5 0 4—39 S Baldwin..4 4 5 4 4 2 0 4 2—31

THE TRAP.

CLAY PIGEON PRIZE CONTEST.

The Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Co., of 33 Vine street, Cincinnati, O., offer three prizes; (1) $100; (2) $25; (3) a trap and 1,000 pigeons respectively for the best scores made with their traps and pigeons. The prizes will be awarded under the following conditions:

Open to any club in the United States or Canadas. Five contestants each club; ten single clay pigeons each man; twelve matches, not to exceed one for any two consecutive weeks. Time limited to July 15, 1882. Each match must be recorded, as shot, on blanks furnished for the purpose; the score certified to by the secretary and president of the club, and sent for publication to the FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Co., No. 39 Park Row, New York. In awarding the prizes no score will be accepted unless on record in the FOREST AND STREAM. The rules adopted are subjoined. Score blanks and copy of these rules may be had on application to the company at the above address.

RULES FOR CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING.

Rule I. Traps and Rise.—All matches shall be shot from screened traps. Rise for single and double birds to be 10 yards. In double bird shooting the traps shall be placed 4 to 6 feet apart. The horizontal direction of the flight of bird shall be varied for each consecutive shot.

Rule II. Scoring.—When a person is at the score and ready to shoot he shall call "Pull;" and should the trap be sprung without his having given the word, or, in single bird shooting, should more than one bird raise at a time, he may take the bird or birds, or not; but if he shoots, the bird or birds shall be charged to him. The party at the score must not leave it to shoot, and must hold the butt of his gun below his elbow until the bird or birds rise; and in case of infraction of this provision the bird or birds shall be scored as missed.

Rule III. Rising of Birds.—The shooter, when he is at his mark ready to shoot, shall give the caution "Are you ready?" to the puller, and then call "Pull." Should the trap be pulled without the word being given, the shooter may take the bird or not; but if he fires the bird must be deemed to be taken. If, on the trap being pulled, the bird does not rise three feet high and 10 yards distance, it is at the option of the shooter to take it or not; if not, he must declare it by saying "No bird;" but should he fire after declaring, it is not to be scored for or against him.

Rule IV. All birds must be broken in the air to count; that is, the shot must knock an easily perceptible piece out of the clay bird while in the air; otherwise it shall be scored a lost bird.

Rule V. There shall be no restriction as to the size of shot used (6 and 7 are recommended), or charge of powder (3½ to 4½ drams recommended), but the charge of shot shall not exceed 1⅛ oz. Dixon measure. Any one using larger quantity of shot shall forfeit all rights in the matches. After a gun is loaded and challenged, and the shooter discharges his gun, the penalty will be the same as for overloading.

Rule VI. Flight of Birds.—In single shooting, if more than one bird is liberated, the shooter may call "No bird," and claim another shot; but if he shoots he must abide the consequences. In double shooting both birds shall be on the wing when the first is shot at. If but one bird flies, and but one barrel is fired or snapped, the birds shall in no wise be scored, whether hit or missed, but the party shooting shall have two more birds; or if both birds fly and are broken with one barrel, he must shoot at two other birds.

Rule VII. Ties.—In case of a tie at single birds the distance shall be increased five yards, and shall be shot off at five birds. In case of a second tie the distance shall again be increased five yards, and this distance shall be maintained till the match is decided. The ties in double bird shooting shall be shot off at five double rises. Ties shot off at 15 yards rise, at three pair birds each, and in case of second ties, three more pairs each at 20 yards rise, and so on until decided. In all cases both traps must be sprung at the same time.

VIII. Time at the score.—A participant in a match shall hold himself in readiness to come to the score when his name is called by the scorer. If he is longer than five minutes, it shall be discretionary with the referee whether he shall allow him to proceed further in the match or not.

Rule IX. Miss-fire.—Should gun miss-fire or fail to discharge, from any cause, it shall score as a lost bird, unless the referee finds, upon examination, that the gun was properly loaded, and the miss-fire unavoidable, in which case he shall allow another bird.

Rule X.—Loading Guns.—In case of breech-loaders the party called to the score shall not place his cartridge in the gun until he arrives at the score. In case of muzzle-loaders the party called to the score shall not place the cap on his gun until he arrives at the score.

No one but a contestant has a right to challenge.

Rule XI.—Judges and Referee.—A referee shall be appointed before the shooting commences. The referee's decision shall be final. He shall have power to call "No bird" in case any bird fails to fly, and may allow a contestant another bird in case the latter shall have been interfered with, or may, for any reason satisfactory to the referee, be entitled to it. If a bird shall fly toward parties within the bounds in such a manner that to shoot at it would endanger any person, another bird may be allowed; and if a bird is shot at by any person besides the party at the score, the referee shall decide how it shall be scored, whether a new bird shall be allowed.

WHITESTONE GUN CLUB.—WHITESTONE, L. I., July 23.—The inaugural shoot of the Whitestone Gun Club, at glass balls, with seven men at the score, and a fair attendance of spectators. The first prize was a Championship Gold Medal, to be contested for regularly once a month during the remainder of the year, and to become the property of the member who wins it the greatest number of times. Second prize, ten pounds of chilled shot. The second prize is chosen by the Executive Committee, is something different for each event, and is to be contested for only once, when it becomes the property of the second man. Appended is the score:

Ten glass balls, 15 yards rise, Bogardus' Trap and rules.

A C Wilmerding.....1111111101—9	C D Macdougall.....0100010110—4
James Watson.....1111110111—9	S A Henry.....0000000001—1
Frank Henry.....1011011100—6	D B Wilmerding.....0001000?0—1
C H Simonds.....0111000111—6	

Ties on nine decided at three balls: A C Wilmerding, 1 1—2; James Watson, 0 0—0. A. C. Wilmerding took the medal and James Watson the shot. A. C. W.

FALL RIVER GUN CLUB—Fall River, Mass., July 21.—Regular semi-monthly shoot for gold badge, 20 balls. Card rotary trap, handicap rise:

E W Bullinton, 23 yds.....19	J Borden Jr, 18 yds.....16
W H Sheldon, 23 yds.....18	T S Hall, 24 yds.....13
S Allen, 21 yds.....18	J B Valentine, 22 yds.....11
W Braley, 21 yds.....16	J M Wood, 21 yds.....9

Bullinton wins badge.

24 Match, 5 balls, 18 yds—Valentine 5, Hall 5, Sheldon 5, Allen 5, W Braley 4, Bullinton 4, Wood 4, Borden 4.

Ties on 5: Valentine 5, Hall 19, Allen 17, Sheldon 18. Ties on 4: Braley 1, Wood 3, Bullinton 6. Sheldon wins 1st, Bullinton 2d.

3d Match, 10 balls, 18 yds, 3 prizes—Sheldon 10, Hall 10, Bullinton 10, Allen 9, Valentine 8, Braley 7.

Ties on 10: Hall 6, Bullinton 8, Sheldon 8. Bullinton and Sheldon divide 1st, Allen 2d, Valentine 3d.

Arrangements are being made for a grand glass ball tournament about the middle of August, to continue two days, which, from reports already received from a number of clubs, promises to be very successful. Programmes will be furnished on application to the Sec. of the F. R. Gun Club. T. S. H.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 21.—At Lakeside Park this afternoon a very well contested series of glass ball shooting matches were participated in by some of the best marksmen in the State. An interested crowd of spectators watched the contests from the commencement to the finish and a goodly gathering of ladies graced the grand stand. The first shoot was at 10 single rises, entrance fee $2.

Sibley.....5	Eastman.....7
Ross.....9	J H.....9
G Garnard.....6	W H.....6
Walters.....6	Luther.....8
Earll.....10	Sanderson.....6
Drury.....9	

Mr. Earll took first, Messrs. Drury and J H divided the second and George Luther took the third.

The second shoot was for a purse of $50. There were 20 single rises. Twenty one men contended in this match and the scores were:

Luther.....17	Lefever.....12
Davis.....11	J H.....14
Grayson.....3	W Hall.....15
W Greenway.....6	Stahlbaum.....11
Jackson.....4	Mann.....16
W H.....16	Gale.....17
Sibley.....16	Dilmar.....16
Drury.....15	G Garnard.....13
Cruttenden.....17	Eastman.....16
Ross.....11	Walters.....19
Earll.....11	

Mr. Walters was awarded the first. The second was divided by Messrs. Drury and Luther. Mr. Gale carried off the third. Mr. Mann carried off the fourth. W. Henry took the fifth.

The Third event was for a purse of $50, 15 single rises.

Lefever.....13	Ross.....6
Eastman.....12	W H.....13
Gale.....12	Mann.....14
Stahlbaum.....13	Clarke.....8
Ayling.....12	Carroll.....11
Enwright.....6	Dilmar.....12
Luther.....11	G Garnard.....13
Jackson.....8	Sibley.....10
W Greenway.....11	J N.....12
Drury.....11	Walters.....10
Earll.....13	

The first prize was divided by Gale and Mann. Second was won by Luther after a shoot-off with Lefever. W H carried off fourth money, Parker carried off the fifth and Ross and Enwright divided the sixth prize.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS CLUB.—This organization met on the 14th inst. on their new grounds near Marion, N. J. The grounds, midway between Marion and West Side, are on the dats just beyond the Jersey City Heights. As the club shoot, which allowed both barrels to be used, a new departure was made, a kill with the first barrel counting one, but a kill with the second barrel counting a hait only (designated by the letter h). The birds were a fine lot. Several were the occasion of bounds, and in many instances the second barrel was used to secure a hard hit bird. The following is the score:

Halcomb, 23 yds..1 1 1 1 1 h 1—6h	Demarest, 24 yds..0 1 1 0 1 1 h—4h
Hall, 25 yds.....1 1 1 1 1 1—6	Quinby, 25 yds....1 1 0 h 1 0—4h
McCool, 24 yds.....1 1 1 0 1 1—6	Eaton, 24 yds.....1 1 0 1 0 1 h—4h
Bullinton, 24 yds.....1 1 1 1 1 1—6	Palmer, 24 yds.....1 h 0 1 1 0 1—4h
Townsend, 25 yds..h 1 1 1 1 0—5h	Dr Burdett, 24 yds.h 1 1 h 1 0 h—4h
Hughes, 27 yds.....h h h 1 1 1—5h	"Jersey," 25 yds..h 1 0 1 h 1 0—4
J von Lengerke, 25..1 1 h 1 1 1 0—5h	Hearn, 25 yds.....1 0 0 1 1 0 1—4
Dr Bird, 24 yds.....1 0 h 1 1 1 1—5h	H Herringe, 21 yds.h 1 h 1 h 0 1—5h
Tuffey, 23 yds.....1 h h 1 1 0 1—5	Fisher, 22 yds.....0 0 1 0 0 1 0—2
Powers, 24 yds.....1 1 0 1 1 1 0—5	

Ties on 6 shot off—Hall 2, McCool 1, Baier h.

Ties on 5h shot off—Townsend 2, J von Lengerke 2, Hughes 1h, Dr Bird h.

VINCENTOWN, N. J., July 18.—The Coaxen Glass Ball Club of this place held their semi-monthly contest here, to-day, for gold badge. Shooting, 15 yds.; Bogardus' rules, ten balls each:

W. S. Hilliard.....1101111100—7	R. H. Irick.....0000101010—3
W. D. Haines.....0100110111—6	W. J. Irick.....1111111101—9
William Doran.....0010000000—1	E. G. Haines.....1110101011—6
Wm. Vincentown.....1100000000—2	P. S. Hilliard.....1111111111—10
J. E. Butterworth...0101010011—5	
F. S. Hilliard won the badge.	

SHELDRAKE.

NEWARK, N. J., July 23.—A pigeon match for $500 a side at fifty birds each took place at Erb's grounds this afternoon, between Mr. J. C. Sawyer, of the Yonkers Gun Club, and Mr. Colt, of the Narragansett Club, of Rhode Island, which resulted in Mr. Sawyer killing thirty-eight, and four dead out of bounds, and Mr. Colt twenty-five.

CATAWISSA SHOOTING PARK—July 23.—A weekly score of Catawissa Glass Ball Club:

Adrich ...1111111111111111111—20	Stadler.....1000001101001010110—10
Eyer.....1111101011111101111—17	Sharpless..0111111000111101101—14
Yetter....1111010110111011011—15	P Waters..11000000000010010111— 7
Fox.....1101010011111001101—13	Drinker...0000011110111110111—13
	H. B. A.

NEW ORLEANS BAY SHOOTERS.—New Orleans, July 18.—Enclosed find scores of the New Orleans and Louisiana gun clubs at bats, which are very numerous about our old warehouses and in the upper part of the Parish Prison. The match was shot at Frogmoor for the championship; eight double rises at 26 yards:

New Orleans Gun Club Team.

Cousin.....1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14	
Le Breton.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0—8	
Ranlett.....1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1— 7	
Tunstall.....1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—14	
Stumpf.....1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1— 7	
Jumel.....1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—12	
Myles.....0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1— 7	
Renaud.....0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—11—78	

Louisiana Gun Club.

De Buys.....1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—12	
Claudet.....1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—13	
Leflo.....1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—14	
De Blanc.....1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1—11	
Aucoin.....1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0—12	
Tabary.....0 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0— 6	
Cucullu.....1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0— 9	
Drouet.....0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0— 9—83	

There was a match at three double bats, open to all, for the benefit of the New Orleans Gun Club, field trials. This match was given under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club. There were thirty entries. The following are the winners of the four handsome prizes offered: First, Tunstall; second, Cousin, Myles and Vass divided; third, Claudet; fourth, Levie.

DU QUOIN, Ill., July 6.—The glass ball tournament held on Monday and Tuesday last, under the auspices of the Du Quoin Gun Club, was well attended, and by some of the best wing shots in the State.

The weather was a little too warm for real comfort in such amusement as glass ball shooting.

The grand shoot for the gold medal was reserved for the second day, in order that some from neighboring towns who could not be here on the 4th might have an equal chance with the others to contest for this elegant trophy.

Seventeen shooters entered the contest for this prize, which was at 20 balls each, at 18 yds. rise; first ties to be shot off at 3 balls each, at 21 yds., and all after the first at 26 yds. rise. Messrs. Onstott, of Du Quoin, C. H. St. Clair, of Benton, and W. S. Maxey, of Mt. Vernon, each broke 19 balls out of a possible 20, and in the shoot off at 21 yds. Mr. Onstott broke three balls straight to his contestant's two, thus winning the medal and bearing off the honors of the day.

On the evening of the first day of the tournament a meeting was held and a Southern Illinois Sportsmen's Association organized, with a membership of twenty-five, which is expected will be doubled before another year rolls around.

Upon going into permanent organization Dr Jennelle was chosen President; John Forsyth, of Centralia, and R G Sylvester, of Carbondale, Vice-Presidents; C P Richards, Secretary; and Don Onstott, Treasurer. Board of Directors: C P Richards, Mt. Vernon; H Mondit, Centralia; C H St Clair, Benton; Sam Hewett, Carbondale, and Dr H D Parker, Cairo.

By unanimous vote of the Association, it was decided to hold the next tournament, or the first under the auspices of the association proper, at Centralia, about the middle of September, at which time the medal will again be contested for.

TOPEKA, Kas., July 15.—The 100 Glass Ball Match between Messrs N R Baker and W T Irwin came off at three o'clock this afternoon at the Fair Grounds. Match shot at 100 balls each, the scores by fives being as follows: Irwin—3 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 3 3 4 5 5 5 5; total, 92. Baker—4 5 5 4 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 5; total, 90.

Inaction of the Kidneys and Urinary organs cause the worst of diseases which Hop Bitters cures.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

July 30.—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S. Mayor's prize.
Aug. 2.—New York Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 2.—Quincy Y. C. Second championship regatta.
Aug. 6.—Beverly Y. C. Champion regatta, Naliant.
Aug. 6.—Pacific Y. C. Annual cruise.
Aug. 6 to 20.—Quaker City Y. C. Annual cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
Aug. 6.—San Francisco Y. C. Annual regatta.
Aug. 10.—Columbia Y. C. President's Cup.

CRUISE OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

ON the run from Black Rock to New London a northwest wind took the fleet along at a moderate rate, hitching up with a squall before reaching the Thames to which all hands clewed down topsails and swung in quarter boats. Fanita had led nearly all day, but with the puffs toward the close size told its tale and the schooners Triton and Agnes went to the fore showing the way into harbor with Mr. Teague's deep-bodied sloop a good third and Loms close aboard, the rest following at intervals for three hours. Pirate carried away her gaff and Clarita had her upper stick taken charge of by a gust. The fleet brought up off the Pequot House during the afternoon. Next day, July 19, Commodore Fish gave the signal to go from the Agnes at 10 A. M., when anchors were weighed and the squadron filled away for Greenport in a puffy northwester, Fanita, as usual, showing her heels to the whole lot. The way this deep sloop sailed will open the eyes of her faithful who may still "believe" in light draft for speed. The wind soon fell and casting for luck was the order for some time. Finally the wind came along steady from the southward only to peg out once more and spring up from the old quarter, northwest. Lower sail was enough and the best seamen in the fleet even housed topmasts, though many had not yet got rove off mastropes and the fids of others were so rusty that a lot of useless tophamper was left aloft, a rather poor compliment to the drill of the crews and the sailorizing of the skippers. The wind came down hard and social, except the saw for forestopmast go by the board, goaded to and fro and secured the wreck. Little gull flight was passed with Fanita still leading, by a long piece, big Crusader even unable to catch her, Triton third, the Commodore next, Loms and Sunshine not far astern. They drew in a good bit as each to the Peninsular gale and dropped anchor in shoal water off the steamboat wharf at Greenpoint, Fanita scoring another day in a way which must have been an eye-opener to the light draft hobbyists. A large number of yachts were found in port and the spectacle during the early part of the afternoon was an animated one. The next run was to Newport and for this the fleet of eighteen sail hove up next morning at 7 A. M., getting off to a light southwest wind with a favoring ebb. The wind proved fitful and soon degenerated into a series of luffings and bafflings, the sloops and catspans slowly lifted everybody along, but anything like racing was out of question. Harbor was made at about 5 P. M., the yachts sailing inside the breakwater in pretty close order, the usual horrible din of promiscuous popguns announcing a hot watch every one with eyes open to see. Sunshine here left the fleet, and Loms sailed over for a new foretopmast. Next morning, July 21, anchors were lifted for a run to New Bedford, where a race was one of the features before "breaking up." The wind was again light and fitful, varied with occasional showers. Magic had to be towed clear of the rocks in going out. Black clouds overhead portended a storm, the worst thing we fear in America, for unless prepared in time, the fate of the Mohawks and Sophias clearly and disagreeably shows the possible results of being caught napping. Hence every man in the fleet had "an eye out" for the nasty-looking sky, and "that squall coming up" was the theme on every one's lips. In due course of time it broke; halliards had been kept clear, and everything was set and away on a reach through the New Bedford ledge caught the first, and they were soon on their course again to a southerly breeze, the night in the meantime having settled down upon them. The wind backed to the northwest and necessitated a beat up New Bedford harbor against a foul tide, so all hands were glad enough to turn in after chalking their way through the lights and hove the snug anchorage the old whale city affords. Fanita had of course led in, which Peerless and Triton following in a few minutes, the rest bringing up at all hours of the night and morning. The "regatta," whatever that may mean, was postponed for next day, the 22d, the rules to be observed having been published in our last issue.

Course for first and second classes from line drawn from the judges' boat anchored in mid-river, south of the outer beacon, to Clark's Point light; thence, leaving the Dumpling light and Palmer's Island well on hand, to and around the Hen and Chickens lightship, keeping on the port hand; thence keeping to the northward of Penikese Island to and around a flagboat anchored in Kettle Cove, off the north shore of Naushon Island, keeping the flagboat on the port hand, and thence to the place of start. For classes third and fourth, from the place of start to and around Wilkes' Ledge can buoy; thence to and around a flagboat in Kettle Cove, keeping both on the port hand, and thence to the starting place. The buoy on Wilkes' Ledge is a first-class can buoy, three-fourth one-half feet from Dumpling light. Distance thirty miles and twenty miles. The first class included schooners under 72 ft.; second class cabin sloops of 55 ft. and over; third class, cabin sloops of 40 ft. and under 50 ft., and the fourth class, cabin sloops under 40 ft., and measured on the water line. Prizes, $150, $100, $75 and $50, respectively. The Regatta Committee were J. L. Marcellus, George B. Moffatt and George Abbott. The steamboat Monahasett took a large excursion party of New Bedford citizens, and the sloop Dolphin was placed at the disposal of the club for a judges' boat.

A very fine lot were sent off to a flying start, some interesting racing being in prospect in each class. Among the schooners were the well known Peerless, improved with head on to-day, deep Clio, and Triton, Agnes, and Loms, too well known to New York waters to need specific mention. Among the big sloops Fanita was to meet Thistle, of Boston origin, and Mr. Willard's new ship Eclipse, a boat of exceeding beauty and promise. In third class there was the light draft Anita, a regular skimming dish, Pirate, improved, and last, but not least the narrow-beamed deep Hesper, a most successful design of Mr. A. Cary Smith. Hesper has obtained an enviable reputation as a goer, a safe, honest, easy and very dry seaboat. Barring a small board, Hesper is the representative of the "moderate draft" having but three beams to her length, and drawing, we believe, about 6 ft., without a keel on a length of only 45 ft. Her exact dimensions are now of great interest in view of the manner in which she polished off such fast vessels of the light-draft class as Anita, Pirate, Anacreria, and her performances in Eastern waters. Surely her owner cannot regret having gone to a nominal expense in securing a well-balanced design from a "scientific" source, that is, from one who does not grope in the dark, but works with definite data. The Hesper is a cutter with small 12 ft. board. Length on deck, 53.4 ft., water line, 45.6 ft.; beam, 15.6 ft. and depth, 6.7 ft.

The light draft heresy would have dictated about 4½ or 5ft., but Hesper has no reason to be ashamed of her honest depth and lead keel as a racer, while as a cruiser she is infinitely to be preferred to the death trap variety of sailing machines now happily passin

under a cloud of popular disfavor in consequence of the teachings of this journal. The entries were as follows:

Yacht.	Name.	Club.
First Class.		
Peerless	Francis Hathaway	New Bedford.
Clio	Horatio Hathaway	New Bedford.
Princess	Metcalf and Owen	New Bedford.
Azalea	J M Forbes	New Bedford.
Triton	George A Thayer	Atlantic.
Lotus	Joseph Cole	Atlantic.
Agnes	L A Fish	Atlantic.
Second Class.		
Eclipse	E A Willard	Atlantic.
Fanita	J G Prague	Atlantic.
Thistle	E G Palmer	Atlantic.
Henry Butler	C H Blinn	New Bedford.
Third Class.		
Hesper	W H Forbes	New Bedford.
Annie	G S Boice	Atlantic.
Viola	C N Wayland	Atlantic.
Imperia	J L Stackpole	New Bedford.
Pirate	T A Howell	Atlantic.
Fourth Class.		
Kismet	W A Abbe	New Bedford.
Metric	E R Sisson	New Bedford.
Ariel	Wm Hanson	New Bedford.
Nixie	N H Emmons	New Bedford.

Wind southwest, the schooners "splitting open" and sloops going away with booms to starboard, afterward jibing over to a shift as they cleared the harbor. The wind, however, died out and for half an hour prospects were gloomy. Then it came out strong from south-southwest, and things were once more lovely. Kites were handed and the flyers settled down to windward work with the sails as wash boand for the Hen and Chickens mark. After several boards in common, racks were split, Fanita weathered on Thistle and had her class well in hand. Peerless and Clio, knowing the lay of things in their home waters, stood across for the Hen and Chickens more and got more wind and a better tide, but not enough to head Fanita around the Hen and Chickens lightship, which was made as follows, Lotus withdrawing: Fanita, 3h 55m 0s; Peerless, 3h 4m 12s; Thistle, 3h 6m 16s; Eclipse, 3h 11m 45s; Clio, 3h 16m 1s; Triton, 3h 16m 46s; Azalea, 3h 18m 15s; Agnes, 3h 23m 30s; Princess, 3h 29m 40s. To Kettle Cove it was a slide down the wind with kites in requisition. Around this mark they jibed as follows: Fanita, 4h 13m 2s; Peerless, 4h 21m 29s; Thistle, 4h 24m 7s; Eclipse, 4h 30m 10s; Clio, 4h 35m 8s; Triton, 4h 35m 58s; Azalea, 4h 39m 20s; Agnes, 4h 44m 6s; Princess, 4h 49m. The stretch home was accomplished in Indian file without change of note, the windward work down having virtually decided the race. The finish was made as under:

Yacht.	Start. H.	M.	S.	Finish. H.	M.	S.	Elapsed Time. H.	M.	S.	Corrected Time. H.	M.	S.
Peerless	11	46	54	5	16	17	5	29	23	5	27	21
Clio	11	45	38	5	15	38	5	29	56	5	29	15
Triton	11	42	22	5	12	05	5	29	43	5	29	43
Azalea	11	46	31	5	45	13	5	58	42	5	52	59
Agnes	11	44	30	5	49	38	6	04	48	5	53	41
Princess	11	43	50	5	50	22	6	06	32	6	04	32
Lotus	11	45	45	Did not go the course.								
Fanita	11	46	50	5	15	11	5	34	21	5	27	32
Eclipse	11	44	20	5	51	50	5	47	30	5	45	29
Thistle	11	43	11	5	25	43	5	42	32	5	39	43
Henry Butler	11	46	36	Did not go the course.								
Hesper	11	46	08	3	25	02	3	58	54	3	38	54
Viola	11	47	13	3	32	27	4	44	54	3	43	20
Pirate	11	45	37	3	33	41	3	48	04	3	44	59
Annie	11	47	21	3	41	07	3	53	46	3	53	29
Imperia	11	44	48	3	43	55	3	59	07	3	54	54
Nixie	11	48	55	3	49	11	4	00	56	3	56	22
Kismet	11	45	20	3	49	08	4	03	48	4	00	10
Ariel	11	48	35	3	53	36	4	05	01	4	01	01
Metric	11	43	58	4	01	58	4	18	00	4	10	26

Peerless therefor wins in schooner class, Fanita among the large sloops, Hesper in second class sloops and Nixie in third class sloops. Deep boats taking the prizes in every class, and the light drafts failing to show the superior speed erroneously claimed for them by those wont to prate of "skimming on the water" and wisely proposed theories about "the deeper you go down the more resistance you find," something refuted by accurate experiments by Froude and by so many races in our waters of late that we trust we have heard the last of such vagary again. A reception at the Hotel Islands of the hospitable New Bedford Y. C. was enjoyed by the visitors during the evening, and the squadron disbanded next day.

UNSINKABLE YACHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had some time since concluded to have nothing further to say, in print, on the question of light versus heavy displacement for yachts, but in your comments on the swamping of the Sophia you plainly condemn everything in the shape of a yacht that does not include a very deep section and consequent excessive draught of water. Now, as your paper claims to be a sportsman's paper, and as its circulation is extensive, you should not object to hearing and publishing the views and experiences of "both sides."

As a designer and builder of boats of all types, and in view of the fact that I have repeatedly called your columns to witness that boats of light draft, flat floor and load rate beam can as readily be made non-capsizable as the lead loaded cutter, at one-third less expense, I wish to put in one more protest against the attempt to cure the evils of one extreme by blindly rushing into another.

I grew up with the big old cruising days, and have sailed a number of contests against her. We never considered her a yacht in the true sense. She was built for racing purposes, was a mere machine. In her races she was sailed with shifting ballast, and in short, the sailing of her involved a performance well likened to tight-rope dancing. In your comments on her swamping the statement is made that "she carried four tons of ballast," yet when the squall struck her "she was tilted bodily into the air" and that is the point where ends. Now, will any intelligent reader of your paper credit such a thing as being possible? If the Sophia *had* four tons of ballast on her floor she did not capsize under bare poles, and surely was not "tilted out of the water." The little boys who, you truly say, tack lead on their top levels, may be much nearer the truth than those who assume themselves in the same fashion may do likewise, but boatmen and sailors will pass the tale on to the marines.

The Sophia swamped because she was an unseaworthy racing machine, and she sank because she had too much weight in her. If she had carried less weight of ballast probably every one of her passengers would be alive to-day.

No yacht should ever go to sea unless so ballasted that, no matter what happens, she will float. Any craft is liable to be run into when cruising, therefore all yachts should be made unsinkable as well as unsinkable.

The expensive and ungraceful cutter must be loaded with lead, inside and outside, for she has not any natural stability, is wholly dependent upon weight for stability and has buoyancy given her just where it is not needed—far below the water's surface.

There are other and better ways than wasting lead to make your ship stand up. Reduce the weight of spars, sails and rigging, give your boat a moderate beam, plenty of freeboard, which will wonderfully add to her stability, and so that if she should get a knock down she will neither sink edgewise nor turn bottom over. Boats capsize because they are heavier aloft than below, therefore reduce the weight where it is undesirable, instead of adding to it all around, thus making a first-class diving-bell.

There is not the slightest difficulty in producing an uncapsizable light draft yacht that will equal or surpass the cutter in seaworthiness and speed, yet be absolutely unsinkable. Why not, you should respond to England and borrow a foggy, slow and unhandy model, when at our own water's edge we have something better, at far less cost?

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

Not having been present upon the occasion we cannot vouch for the manner in which the wretched Sophia capsized and sank. It is, however, quite immaterial how she capsized; that is enough. And if she is only a racing machine it is safe to say that seventy-five per cent. of our yacht fleet consists of machines of the same sort, some less dangerous, perhaps, and some a little more so. We do not see that our correspondent's case takes the force of our remarks upon the treacherous nature of the beamy light drafts. If he can substitute a new type of boat, as he intimates—safe, cheap, fast, weatherly, roomy and seaworthy—he will have his hands full of work, and will count his customers by the thousands as soon as the public can be convinced of the truth of his proposition. They are now looking for just that kind of a boat; but they must have something more definite than any one's "opinion." If our correspondent will calculate the dynamical or even the statical stability of the type he has in view, we will be happy to publish the "curve," and if it shows his yachts to be safer than the beamy machines of the day there can be no better way to secure a vast popularity for the new type than by making their safety known through these columns, and we will hail their advent with delight, whether known as cutter, nonpareil or dugout. But it need not be expected that the public will take anything on faith; they have been deceived too badly by the beamy faith of the old school, and now they ask for curves and figures, for scientific proof, not opinion or assertion. We may add that the radical fault with the Sophia and all of her tribe is their high centre of gravity. Bring it down by keel or more depth of hold and the first and most glaring fault of their type would be pounded considerably. Our correspondent's apparent fear that both sides to the question would not be given fair play in these columns is groundless, though the matter has already been discussed at such length in its general bearings that we can only insert new and instructive facts bearing directly upon the issue.

THE LIVADIA.

From Forest and Stream, Nov. 18, 1880.

GO SLOW ON THE LIVADIA.—Some contemporaries are again going off half-cocked. The first reports of the Czar's new yacht Livadia are accepted with childlike faith, though emanating from interested sources and exhibiting *colour de rose* in unstinted profusion. Upon the strength of one flighty cable dispatch our contemporaries are once more "creating a revolution" in naval architecture. The lesson of the Admiralty should ere this have made them a little more guarded in their haste to "create the revolution" before the facts are in their possession. That revolution has ended in smoke, and the new one meant the Livadia will fare no better. The "Popoffkas," which many years ago Cochrane, "only a little more so," were hailed with the same delight when they first appeared, but have since joined the grotesque failures. The Livadia is a terrific pounder in a sea, and for that reason alone cannot be fast or manageable in rough water, whatever project may say to the contrary. Moored permanently in the Neva, she may supply a grand floating palace, and under such circumstances obviate the terrible *mal-de-mer* to the imperial gastronomic machinery, but as a seagoing ship she will prove a lamentable failure and a huge white elephant. The supposition that she is fast is an error. For the power applied, she is very slow. The idea that such a form can be made to pay commercially is a hallucination; freight cannot be carried cheaply at an enormous expenditure of power, nor will passenger traffic of the high-priced kind be large enough for many years to come to support a line such an extravagant vessel as the Livadia, even supposing her to be of very great speed.

Enterprising contemporaries engaged in "creating revolutions" are too much in the habit of overlooking very ordinary logic, and to it we invite their attention. The settled naval design is the result of many years of observation, thousands of experiments and in the main solid amount of patient and accurate investigation. Is it likely that the hobbies of a haphazard admiral, a prince, or even an occasional genius for many years to come to support, can upset all the knowledge the world has developed and collected during fifty years? A single false line from their fingers? And unless they can the Livadia is destined to be a failure, and will become known as such just as soon as the bottom facts leak out.

In the case of the Anthracite, the garrulous and entirely unsubstantiated stories of an illiterate engine driver were accepted as reason enough for a summersault "revolution" in steam engineering; and now we have an anonymous cable dispatch, evidently dictated by the same original personage, as the basis for another great "revolution," this time in the hulls or vessels, and as likely to play the prophets false, as did the Anthracite quackery.

From the London Engineer, July, 1881.

According to a Russian paper, the Livadia is to be broken up forthwith, her machinery being transferred to other vessels yet to be built, we suppose. It is by no means impossible that this rumor is true. Whatever may be urged to the contrary, the ship has in one sense, and that most important, been a failure. She is structurally very weak. Sir E. J. Reed admitted this in his defence of the vessel at the last meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, and no one can say what the effect of the combined action of the seas on her flat bottom would be; and Russia does not at present possess a dock in the Black Sea in which she could be repaired.

RACINE CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I make the following quotation from a letter from your correspondent, "Nessmuk," in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 14. Speaking of our Racine boats, he says: "They are extremely stiff and solid, seeming more like metal than wood. I judge that the sides would warp if exposed much to hot sun, and I am not sure they would sink so too, as they advertise that they do not wish to sell a boat to any one who will not take care of and shelter it." In reply to this I beg leave to say that builders do not "probably think so too," but have not the slightest fear of the sides warping. Our reasons for insisting that our boats shall be taken care of is that we make a much handsomer boat than is possible by any other method, they are highly finished and varnished, showing the natural grain of the wood, and we reserve the same treatment that any other article, as well finished, should have. There would be no need of our giving any directions for the treatment of our boats if we sold only cano-s, as canoeists, as a rule, are in love with their craft and give them the best of care, but a large proportion of our sales are of family boats, and are made to parties whose only experience has been with the ordinary cheap clinker-built boats, which are kept in the water from year to year, and left exposed to all kinds of weather with impunity. I am sure it is natural for your correspondents kindly mention or our system of manufacture, as, with the exception above noted, it is certainly very complimentary. Very truly yours, THOS. KANE.

Chicago, Ill., July 19.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

THE San Francisco yachtsmen have just had a chance to witness a race between two flyers—the Nellie and O'Conner. The boats were representative models of rival builders and belonged to rival clubs. The O'Conner had twice defeated the fast yacht Consuelo and once the faster yacht Chispa, both of turner models. The Nellie was built to beat her. The Nellie is an oak keel yacht with lead keel and, as she is the latest among the large California yachts, we shall soon have a complete description of her. The race was over the San Francisco Yacht Club course, twenty-nine miles on straight lines, starting from Mission Bay they go to Harbor View, thence to Alcatraz and then again with free wind to Oakland Bar stake-boat; thence dead to windward to the Fort Point stake-boat at the Golden Gate; thence dead to leeward back to Oakland Bar; then with a beam wind back to Hunter's Point cross-bay stakes, and thence home. These fair breezes winds on San Francisco Bay blow with great regularity and always in the same direction it is always known where vessels will be on and off the wind, so all races are alike.

A curious coincidence occurred on the start. The Nellie had to give the O'Conner twenty-five seconds time allowance, and, strange to say, the O'Conner crossed the line exactly twenty-five seconds ahead of the Nellie, thus making them start exactly even. By no possibility could this have been accomplished if he had been ob-structed by signals. There was a rail-to breeze for the flyers on the start. The Nellie gained from the beginning, white running. When they hauled their wind the Nellie, with her big Bermudean mainsail, lead keel, iron centreboard and big-bonnered jib, with double suit of sails, went to windward so much better than the O'Conner, also a weatherly craft, that the race was practically decided at this point From the leeward to the windward stake-boat at the Golden Gate the Nellie gained fifteen minutes, seven seconds, being seventeen minutes and seven seconds ahead. The beat to windward along shore, close in out of the flood tide, was very pretty, though the wind was unusually light, but no light sails were carried. There were fully 15,000 looking on from the wharves, Telegraph Hill, Russian Hill, the steamers, tugs, yachts, ferry boats, pounding, tailing manufactured, every water craft, sails, etc., were set on both yachts, but the race was now a procession. The Nellie beat her opponent very badly, being twenty-one minutes seven seconds ahead at finish, or, with time allowance off, 20m. 42s.

Among the yachts looking on were the yawls Frolic, Startled Fawn, Emerald, Lolita, Ariel, Enid, Fleetwing, Violet and Chiquita; schooners Casco, Chispa, White Wing, Lady Mine; sloops Annie, Clara, Elia, Magic, Molly, Theses, Lily, Hannah, etc. The S. F. Y. C. fleet started on a three-day cruise "up the straits" at the conclusion of the race.

The result of the contest was a vindication of the Turner model over the San Francisco Yacht Club model. Capt. Turner, the modeler, being manager of that club. The Nellie belongs to Hyde R. Bowie, Esq., who formerly owned the sloop Nellie, and has also a steam yacht. He has done a great deal for yachting on San Francisco Bay in many ways. He has now not only the finest completely equipped yacht afloat on Pacific waters, but, as this race proves, the fastest one also. A curious feature of the race was that it was thought by many the O'Conner would beat her rival in the first breeze to windward, because the Nellie heeled so much. The Nellie is deep and has considerable rise. She, however, sailed best at the point she was supposed to sail poorest in.

The race was for a prize valued at $1,000. The O'Conner has challenged again and there will now probably be a three-cornered race between the three fastest yachts on Pacific waters—the Nellie, Chispa and O'Conner.

John D. Spreckels, Esq., Vice-Commodore of the San Francisco Yacht Club, has sold his yacht Consuelo and will build a large ocean yacht, in which he can visit his sugar estates at the Sandwich Islands. He has now ten vessels in the trade there and will increase the fleet as soon as the new million-dollar refinery there being built in San Francisco, is completed. He will then make his summer cruises to sea in a large yacht of his own. The Consuelo is going pearl fishing in the Gulf of California, where very fast vessels are wanted. The little Chiquita is the latest addition to the fleet of yawls in San Francisco. She was built by an editor of one of the daily newspapers during leisure hours of two years time She looks and sails well, we are told. The San Francisco Yacht Club have a Corinthian regatta on Sept. 11, a new works dinner, and shortly a annual regatta. George Farmer, the boat-builder in Oakland Creek, San Francisco Bay, has in frame a 40 ft. yacht.

White Wing is the name of a new 50 ft. schooner yacht on San Francisco Bay.

John Pavors has his new 40 ft. yacht planked and ceiled with decks and cabin trunk on and centreboard in place. No joiner work has yet been done on her interior and it will be some little time before she is launched.

Cruises to Monterey Bay, about seventy miles south of San Francisco Bay, have been indulged in by the yachtsmen with large yachts. Outside work off San Francisco is very rough, however, in summer. The 60 ft. keel centre-board schooner yacht Casco, S. F. Y. C., had her flying-jibboom broken off in the seas the other day in beating up the coast to San Francisco from Monterey. SAUSALITO.

A QUESTION OF INTEREST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We, the undersigned judges, submit the following case for your decision. On June 28 the Southern Yacht Club started its Challenge Cup race (open \$1,000). The entries were: yachts Cydnus, Albertine, Pluck and Luck, Gipsy, Daisy and Mephisto. The Daisy and Mephisto were not ready to go, and the race started with the first four mentioned yachts. Night coming on before the race was completed, according to Article 7 of Sailing Rules of S. Y. C., it was postponed two hours to be run again on July 9. Mr. Brewster, the owner of the Albertine, having in the interim exchanged his yacht for the N. Y. sloop Silence, claims that under Article 16 of said sailing rules that he has a right to substitute the Silence for the Albertine. The owners of the Daisy and Mephisto (as well as Mr. Brewster) regard the postponement to be virtually a new race, and that all boats are eligible starters; and furthermore say that they have a right to run for the cup on the ground that the prize was not in jeopardy, as the race was not finished off, to be run again on July 9. The gentlemen representing the Cydnus and Pluck and Luck (the Gipsy withdrawn) put in a contrary claim, to the effect that as the race started, the entries were consequently closed, and base their protest on Rule 23. The owners of the Challenge Cup have the right of using it for a fixed event, once being started must be completed; that there cannot be two challenge cup races during the year, and that all boats that did not start are debarred from participating in said regatta. On July 9 the postponed race was started. The yachts Cydnus and Pluck and Luck taking the same positions as in former start (the Gipsy was withdrawn). The Silence took leeward position, making protest to judges as to their right to rule her out, and gained the consent of the other two boats to start in this race, as former race was unfinished for same cause, and declared off, to be sailed again on July 21.

We would be very much obliged if you would let us know your decision as to whether the race is confined to the Cydnus and Pluck and Luck or was a new race for all boats. We inclose our address and copy of rules, and would be thankful if you would answer by mail, as the race comes off on the 21st prox. We omitted to state that Mr. Brewster is the present holder of the cup, having won it last year with the Albertine. Hoping an early answer, we remain very respectfully,

CHAS. MCNEILL,
WALTER B. PARKER,
HUGH P. HOPKINS, } Judges.

New Orleans, July 1.

To the communication the following reply was mailed July 16:

In answer to question as to right to enter another yacht under your Article 16, Sailing Rules, in a race for Challenge Cup declared postponed and to be resailed, would say that: First—It is commonly accepted in races of all kinds that if declared without result and to be repeated, only the same starters can be admitted to the competition which took part in original attempt to make the race. Second—Art. 16 of Sailing Rules of your club does not contemplate the substitution of a fresh boat for a resail, but is intended only to permit the winner of the Challenge Cup to enter a different yacht from the one in which the cup had been previously won. Art. 16 has really no bearing upon the question. The Albertine, having been sailed in the first attempt alluded to in your letter cannot be replaced by another yacht, but the race in question will be resailed, having been brought to some final result or is declared off altogether—in other words, null and void and the entries again thrown open to all. Art. 16 does not convey rights of entry to the holder of the Challenge Cup not previously enjoyed by all other competitors in the same race. A race is always declared "on" or still in progress when ordered to be repeated, and no change in the starters can be permitted unless by consent of all other competing clubs. Any one may, however, withdraw from the resail without vitiating the result thereof.

YACHTING NEWS.

RIVERSIDE PARK REGATTA—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to an invitation sent to rowing clubs on the Passaic River by the proprietors of the Riverside Park Hotel for their aquatics to meet on the 23d inst., and consult in regard to a regatta, delegates from clubs were represented: Triton, Eureka, Ariel, Institute, Boiling Spring, Lennehaha, Acquackanonk, Mystic and Nereid. Mr. Wallace Ogden (Triton) was elected Chairman, and Mr. J. W. Higbie (Acquackanonk) Secretary. The clubs represented decided that a regatta be held on the Riverside Park Hotel (West Rutherford Park Course), on Saturday, Aug. 6, 1881, open to all amateur rowing clubs in the State of New Jersey. Six events were selected, as follows: 1, junior singles; 2, senior singles; 3, double-scull gigs; 4, double-scull shells; 5, four-oared shells; 6, six-oared gigs. Distance, one mile straightaway. Races to commence at 3 o'clock P. M., with half an hour intervals. Trial heats, if necessary, at 10 A. M. An entrance fee of $3 per man (including coxswain) will be charged, to be refunded to all starters. A badge of elegant design to be given individual winners and to each m mber of winning crew. Races to be rowed according to rules of the Passaic River Rowing Association. All entries must be addressed to J. W. Higbie, Riverside Park Rowing Club, Passaic, New Jersey. Entries close August 1, 1881. The following appointments were made: Mr. John R. Eastwood (Triton), Referee; Mr. Charles White (Acquackanonk) and Mr. R. W. Le Clear (Lennehaha), Judges at finish; Mr. M. A. Mullin (Institute), Judge at Judges' Stakeboat; Mr. Charles Ahrens, Starter. After the race an address by the Messrs Genin and the guests at the hotel propose giving a full dress hop to the participating clubs and their ladies.

J. W. HIGBIE, Secretary. WALLACE OGDEN, Chairman.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—Quite a good number of starters came to the line for the races off the club house, Staten Island, July 23, but the wind being light, the sailing match came to naught, as the two-mile course had to be made inside an hour, by the rules. In the paddling race, over a three-quarter mile course, open to paddling and sailing canoes, the Lulu, C. B. Pratt, was the first to lead and won with ease, beating Kill You Kull, Mr. W. F. Stephens, and Ritualist, Mr. J. D. Hussey. In the tandem race of one mile ten started, the Lulu again winning, paddled by F. Hussey and C. Pratt, the following boats, Kitty Wake and Ellin. In the race for "Shadows," C. K. Monroe won in his Psyche by a length in 6m. 12s., over a three-quarter mile course, beating Wraith, Dot, Pilot and Ellin. The upset race was full of interest and amusement, and proved paddling and sailing boats of the canoe class such an easy matter. The entries were: Natalie, M. G. Foster; Dot, C. B. Vaux; Kill You Kull, W. F. Stephens; Lulu, F. Hussey; Wraith, W. Whitlock. At the signal, M. G. Foster took a header and was first aboard and paddled to the line; Natalie, with Dot, Kill You Kull and Wraith following. The Regatta Committee consisted of C. P. Monroe, W. P. Stephens, L. F. d'Oremieulx, C. P. Oudin and C. B. Vaux. How little canoeing is understood as yet by the average newspaper reporter, is shown by the report in the New York *Herald*, in which that superficially versed scribe ridicules work with the paddle and gets canoes and yachts badly mixed up. A daily, paying especial attention to aquatic sports, should send a representative to the canoe races next time who is better able to give an opinion. Canoeists have had a good light at his verdancy.

NEW YACHTS.—Dr. T. O. Loveland, of Boston intends to sell his well-known sloop Sea Bird, and will have a large craft on the stocks this fall. Hutchins & Prior are getting out the frame for a twin screw steamer 40 ft. long, and the new steam launch for Commodore Bush, of the N. Y. Yacht Club Squadron is being fitted out. In Chicago W. W. Bates has just completed a steam yacht 94 ft. 9 in. long, 89 ft. on water line, 13 ft. beam, 4 ft. hold, 4½ ft. draft aft and 1 ft. forward. She has a 14 ft. deck to cover engine and engine room. The cabin has a hurricane deck to cover engine and engine room. The cabin has 13 in. passageway alongside, and about 9 ft. of room for lashing, etc., aft. The frames are of single timbers, white oak bent, 16 in. from centre keel to rail sided 2½ in., moulded 2½ in. at keel and 2 in. at plankSheer. The floors are sided 2½ in. and 8 ft. long amidships. The planking is of white pine 1½ in. thick, and there is no ceiling. The inside of plank and frame are painted. The deck is of pine 1½ in. The Dora can run 15 miles an hour without creating a wave of displacement visible to the eye. She is pronounced a beauty by all who have seen her at Geneva Lake, Wis.

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.—The race for small boats yesterday was the first sailed off the new club house, Staten Island. Crews limited to Corinthians, measurement by mean length. Open to first-class 25 ft. and over; second class, less than 25; third class, catamarans. Lines of winners to be taken off and deposited with the club; no prize to be delivered until this has been complied with. One hand for every 5ft. on deck and fraction thereof. Plain lower sails only were allowed. Start flying, with five minutes grace. The times should all be the same, taken from the first signal to "Go," leaving each yacht to get away as fast as possible, unless the number of starters is so great as to invite collision. The Dorchester Y. C. has introduced the genuine flying start, and we hope to see the Corinthians of New York follow suit, thereby setting an example to professional crews. Course was: Regatta Committee; Jas. H. Elliot, Louis P. Bayard, G. Foster, C. Wilkes Betts and Robt. Center.

A RAY OF LIGHT.—The daily press, which has done much to popularize yachting by devoting much space to races and cruisings, is certainly improving. Here we take a few lines from the *Herald*, which shows that at last even unprofessional men are learning the value of size, no doubt by a diligent study of these columns. Of the run of the Atlantic fleet from Greenport to New London, the New York *Herald* says: "The Clio passed the Agnes, her *size and weight* proving too much for her competitor." For this much, thanks. The *Herald* reporter will soon be able to write quite an intelligible and sensible account of a race. May the *World* and *Spirit of the Times* scribes follow his good example; it is sorely needed in those journals.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB—Inclined to lend a hand in a proposed municipal regatta, San Francisco, July 4, on the ground that the club could take care of its own interests. The city should have organized a public regatta open to all yachts, as the authorities of Boston and other Eastern cities are in the habit of doing. New club course is 28 miles, only one mile shorter than the old one, but will take an hour more to sail, as there is so much windward work. Geo. Farm-r has got out the frame for a new 40 ft. boat up Oakland Creek. Chispa, Nellie and O'Conner are likely soon to meet in a match, all of them hankering after the champion whip now in Nellie's possession. Commodore Harrison is cruising a great deal in the yawl Frolic, as is his wont.

KATIE GRAY.—In the Kingston regatta, Dominion Day, this well-known Belleville yacht was beaten by the Emma. The latter, however, shifted ballast while the Belleville yacht's sail with theirs fixed. Sailing rules appear to be very lax in Kingston waters, and we hope that when more thoroughly organized the abominable and dangerous custom of shifting ballast will be turned out of existence. It exerts a very bad influence upon the model and qualities of yachts, and makes racing doubly as expensive without any compensating results. The practice of shifting ballast has had much to do with the preservation of death trap features in large yachts. Katie Gray will be glad to meet Emma in Belleville waters and sail her under the recognized rules applicable to legitimate sport. We hope our Canadian cousins, in following the customs on this side the St. Lawrence, will pick the wheat from the chaff and not acquire a fleet of machines after the Monarch and Sophia pattern.

ANOTHER DEATH TRAP.—A sloop yacht, with six young men of South Boston aboard, was capsiz d in Squantum Cut, July 21, and every one of them drowned. Their names had not been ascertained. Thus six more promising lives have been sacrificed to the cheapness ignorance which seeks safety in beam instead of in low weights. The yacht was of course staunch (she would hang together probably in fair weather). She was also seaworthy, a fine sea-boat of course (on a mill pond). She was also thoroughly fitted and well supplied (had a mast, block or two, and a few fathoms time-worn rope). How many more such traps are sent out daily with crews in utter ignorance concerning the machine's treacherous qualities?

BUYING IN THE EAST.—Quite a number of Eastern keel yachts have this year been bought by New Yorkers, who are learning to appreciate their safety and room below. The latest purchase is that of Mr. Thomas L. Watts, of this city, who has become owner of the keel schooner Elfin. She is 54 ft. on deck, 45 ft. on water line, 15 ft. beam, 7 ft. draft—a fine, who.esome cruiser to knock about the coast in.

ANOTHER CUTTER.—The Alga is the name of a new cutter building in roston for C. A. Longfellow. She is 32 ft. 6 in. on deck, 23 ft. water line, 8ft. beam, 5½ ft. deep, and draws about 6 ft. Two tons iron on keel.

INTER-STATE MATCH.—If the article recently appearing in the New York *Sun* as an interview with the Mr. Miller who "backed" the Silence in the New Orleans Inter-State match is made out of whole cloth, as Mr. Miller alleges in letters sent to the South, he owes it to himself to disclaim the reported interview in the *Sun* by sending a denial to that journal, so that the reporter who is now said to have drawn upon his imagination may be properly taken to task. Until Mr. Miller does so he will remain under a cloud, justifying the lashings of the New Orleans press.

KNICKERBOCKER CANOE CLUB—Has published a club pamphlet, giving constitution, by-laws, list of officers and members and a fleet of sixteen canoes. John Macgregor, of London, England, "father" of the sport, is an honorary member, and N. H. Bishop, A. M. Sigfried, F. H. Seymour, Rev. C. H. Cressy and W. Baden Powell are corresponding members. Colors, a red swallow-tail with blue diamond in centre. Commodore's pennant is blue field, two white paddles crossed with four white stars encircling them; Vice-Commodore, same, on red field. Club house foot of Eighty-sixth street, Hudson River.

FLUSHSTREAK CANOES.—Mr. W. P. Stephens, of Rahway, N. J., has introduced a new style of canoe in which a flush outside surface is obtained. The sheer strakes are set edge to edge, giving the frames a good bearing from keel to rail. The seams are covered on the inside by a narrow strip riveted through with copper. In this manner a very strong, durable and fair structure is obtained, which presents a very attractive appearance besides. We call attention to his advertisement elsewhere.

BLOCK ISLAND MODEL.—Mr. H. R. Stanfield has arrived in Boston in a yacht modeled and rigged on the Block Island whaleboat plan. She was built by Youmans, of Newport. Said to be roomy below and give satisfaction. Rigged as a "double cat" without head booms or sail. She is bound to the Bay of Fundy cruising. Length over all, 28 ft.; beam, 13½ ft.; draft, 7 ft.

CANOE CRUISE.—Orange Frazer, of Columbus, Ohio, has just completed a canoe voyage at Wheeling, W. Va., having started in at Salamanca, New York, and descended the Allegheny and Upper Ohio rivers in a Racine "S. S. Paul No. 1." Left Salamanca July 7 and arrived at Wheeling July 22.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB—Has tendered thanks to the New Bedford Y. C. in a beautifully engrossed set of resolutions to be forwarded at the close of the season. The committee having in charge the arranging of a system of measurement and time allowance reported sail-factory progress in their negotiations with the Eastern Y. C.

GUINEVERES CRUISE.—This eight-ton cutter arrived at Charlotte July 18 from Port Dalhousie. She met strong northwesterly gales and heavy sea, necessitating reefs, housed topmast and bowsprit run in. Bound for Oswego and other lake ports.

RULES WANTED.—Kingston, Ont., sailed a race recently with six entries. No rules. Bearing down on each other was in order until half the lot were laid up with broken bones and the slowest got away with the prizes. No protests entertained; fouls flourishing.

CABIN TRUNKS IN A SEAWAY.—This from the Belleville *Intelligencer*: The Gorilla was on July 18 driven into Sodus with cabin windows smashed by the seas. She had a rough experience for several hours. Three feet of water in the cabin.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—Major E. Leigh, member of the Toronto C. C., recently recently rescued with his canoe two persons from drowning in consequence of their capsizing in sail boats in Toronto harbor.

VEGA.—This schooner from Philadelphia was at Halifax July 16 bound for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with her owner, H. C. Lea, Dr. Webster and Dr. Ingham on board. the schooner hoists the Eastern Y. C. burgee.

NEW FOUR-TONNER.—McCorkill, of Kingston, Ont., has launched a new four-ton yacht, smooth built up to water line and lap streak above, 24 ft. on deck, 20 ft. water line, 8 ft. beam and 3 ft. 6 in. deep.

NORAH.—This fine sloop, now owned by Mr. Bell, of Belleville Ont., has been completely fitted and probably can show a better out-fit than any other yacht on the lakes.

YOSEMITE.—Mr. Belden's steam yacht passed Father Point, St. Lawrence River, July 23, P. M., bound for the Labrador coast.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS

RACQUET CLUB, City.—See table of game seasons elsewhere.

L. W. N.—We cannot advise you where you can obtain the birds.

M. W., New York.—See open game seasons in our Game Bag and Gun columns.

W. F. H, City.—Go down to Good Ground, Long Island, or to Barnegat, New Jersey.

W. R. S., Sharon, Mass.—There is no law against exportation of game killed in season in Maine.

E. M. A., Troy, N. Y.—We cannot learn that we are wrong on the Minnesota chicken shooting season.

Mr. L. H. Boughton, of Caseville, Wis., acted as referee during the last two days, and Frank Engels, of St. Paul, the first day. Their decisions gave universal satisfaction.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 21.—The Glass Ball Tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, which has been in progress here for three days and closed to-day, was a complete success.

J. E. T., Fitchburg, Mass.—Stoddard's map of the Adirondacks is the best published. Paper, fold-d for pocket, $1; on roller, $1.50. We can furnish it to you. Was published in 1859.

J. D. R.—At the Thousand Islands you will find in their season woodcock, wood duck, wild fowl. See game seasons elsewhere. The fish are black bass, maskalonge, pike and pickerel.

I. C. C., Mass.—1. Moore's book on orange growing is good. Can be procured of Drew, bookseller in Jacksonville, Fla. 2. You will find deer all over the State, but you must go away from the routes of travel to find them.

H. C. H., Newburg, N. Y.—You can procure wild rice of Richard Valentine, James ville, Wis., or of Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ontario. See note from latter in last issue. Should be sown in the fall. Will submit your other inquiry to experts.

G. W. S., Caro, Mich.—We can give you no information about the town. From those who have been there we have not received a favorable impression of it. By writing to the postmaster there, if there to be, you can doubtless obtain more or less reliable advice.

W. S., Waterbury, Conn.—What kind of flies will be best for me to take in the Adirondacks next month, for trout? Ans.—Take red ibis, coachman, professor, blue dun, green and gray drake. Take a few hackles also, red and brown, and a yellow sally or a white miller for evening.

I. B. J., Peake's Island, Me.—There is no authoritative definition of a professional trap shooter. In each particular case a club may exercise its discretion and bar out certain individuals. None of the ordinary definitions of amateurs in other forms of sport are sufficient to cover this point.

W. V. W.—At Nantucket Island you will find bluefish, cod and shark fishing. We advise you, if you are going to Nantucket, to procure a little book entitled "Sconset Cottage Life," published by Baker, Pratt & Co., Bond street, New York. Price 50 cents. If you read the book you will in all probability go there.

L. V. A., Great Falls.—The National Amateur's definition of an amateur athlete is: "An amateur is any person who has never competed in an open competition, or for a stake, or for public money, or for gate money, or under a false name; or with a professional for a prize, or where gate money is charged, nor has ever, at any period of his life, taught or pursued athletic exercises as a means of livelihood."

SUBSCRIBER, Northampton, Mass.—Can you tell me me of any way by which I can bleach the shells of the crustacean known as "Horse foot," found on the Long Island coast? I have tried chloride of lime, and it has no effect whatever. Ans.—Put them on the roof or other place in the sun until free from smell. They might be made lighter in color, if that is what you desire, by exposing them to the fumes of sulphur.

W. O. J., Natchez, Miss.—Are not the following works rare and difficult to obtain, and for what price could they be bought, second hand, in good condition? 1. Audubon and Bachman, Quadrupeds of North America, 3 vols., plates. 2. McKenny, Indian Tribes of North America, 3 vols. illust'd. 3. Boydell's Shakespeare, 2 vols. 4. Observations on the Nomenclature of Wilson's Ornithology, by Lucien Bonaparte, 1826. Ans.—1. Audubon and Bachman's Quadrupeds of N. A. worth about $40 and is very scarce. 2. McKenny's Indian Tribes of N. A., 3 vols., 8vo, illustrated, worth about $16; folio edition, about $100. 3. Boydell's Shakespeare, 2 vols., atlas folio, is worth from $75 to $100. 4. Observations on the Nomenclature of Wilson's Ornithology is hard to find and we cannot quote a price. All the above are difficult to find.

INFORMATION WANTED.

SHARON wants to know of good locality for plover shooting near Portland, Me.

M. W. wants a starting point for deer and bear hunting in Potter County, Pa., or in the Adirondacks.

CAMELS IN TEXAS.—It seems that the attempt to naturalize camels in Texas and New Mexico was not after all an utter failure. The camels used for carrying freight across the California desert did not, for some reason, prove profitable, and they were turned loose on the Gila and Salt River bottoms. There they lived and bred until now it is said they roam the lower Gila plains in large numbers, giving the *Louisiana Citizen* ground for the belief that they "will continue to increase in numbers until a drove of wild camels will become as common on the western plains of Arizona as buffalo now are on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains."

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

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Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished.
KEEP'S KID GLOVES; none better, $1 per pair.
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KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.
Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

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FINE HAND-MADE REELS.

All these reels are made with best quality screws, so that they can be taken apart if necessary. Any of these reels may have either clicks or drags added, or be nickeled at 75 cents for each addition:

	20 YARDS.	25 YARDS.	30 YARDS.	40 YARDS.	60 YARDS.	80 YARDS.	100 YARDS.	150 YARDS.
Capacity of reel.....								
Polished brass plain handle with stop.....	.65	.70	.75	.80	.85	.95	—	—
" " balance " no "	—	.75	—	.90	1.00	1.15	—	—
" " with bushed bearings, click.....	—	1.35	1.45	1.55	1.65	1.95	—	—
" hard rubber, bushed bearings, click..	—	—	—	2.75	3.00	3.25	—	—
" " best q'y, (Abbey pattern)	—	—	8.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	—
" brass, plain handle, multip'g with stop.	—	1.30	1.40	1.50	1.60	1.75	—	—
" balance " " better q'ty..	—	2.20	—	2.40	2.60	2.75	3.25	3.75
" " " " best " ..	—	3.00	—	3.25	3.50	3.75	4.25	4.75
" G. S. balance handle, " " " ..	—	4.50	—	5.00	5.75	6.50	7.25	9.00
" hard rubber balance handle, multiplying, best quality, steel pivot, with adjustable click (Imbrie patent).....	—	—	—	—	11.00	12.00	14.00	16.00

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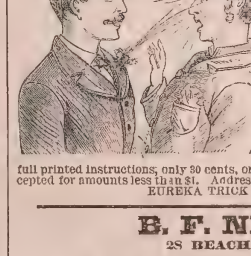
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Chronic Looseness of the Bowels results from imperfect digestion, and this again from stomachic irregularities and interruptions. Remove the cause, and of course Nature, unless overborne by drastics, will resume her work, reinforcing the bowels, and making them in their turn act properly.

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is just the thing for this work. Its mission is to cleanse and fortify. It never fails!

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This beautiful Buttonhole Bouquet is made of Artificial Flowers and Leaves, which so closely resembles natural flowers that not one person in a thousand would detect the difference. After placing the Bouquet in your buttonhole you call the attention of a friend to its beauty and fragrance. He will very naturally step forward and smell of it, when, to his utter astonishment, a fine stream of water will be thrown into his face. Where the water comes from is a mystery, as you can have your hands at your side or behind you, and not touch the Bouquet in any manner. You can give one dozen or more persons a shower bath without removing the bouquet from your buttonhole, and after the water is exhausted it can be immediately refilled without removing it from your coat. Cologne can be used in place of water when desired. We have many funny things in our stock, but nothing that equals this. Price, all complete in a beautiful box, with full printed instructions, only 30 cents, or four Bouquets for $1, by mail, post paid. Postage stamps accepted for amounts less than $1. Address

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B. F. NICHOLS & CO.,
28 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of the

BEST HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS,

As was proved at the Fly-Casting Tournament at Coney Island, June 23.

First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 10 ft., 9 oz. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 8 oz. Fly Rods; length of cast, 67½ ft. The Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 11½ ft. 10 oz. General Rods; length of cast, 75 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

Miscellaneous

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Selected Standard

Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

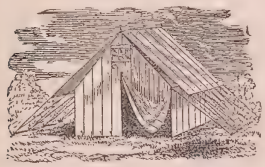
No. of pellets to oz.,	538	473	681	1054 Soft.
" " " "	845	495	716	1100 Chilled.

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TENTS, AWNINGS & FLAGS.



Tents of all kinds for Sportsmen, Naturalists and Photographers, also for Camp Meetings. Fancy Tents for families made to order. Awnings of all kinds for Dwellings, Boats, etc.; also Yacht and Boat Sails. Flags and Banners of all kinds made to order. All work done in best manner and at very low figures. Send for illustrated circular. Address S. HEMMENWAY, over Wall street ferry-house, South street, New York.

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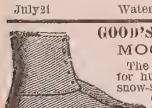
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A perfect protection to the edge of the hatchets. Send for new circular.

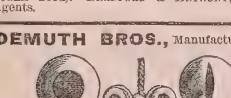
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The best thing in the market for hunting, fishing, canoeing, snow-shoeing, etc. They are easy to the feet, and very durable. Made to order in a variety of styles, and warranted the *genuine article*. Send for price list. MARTIN S. HUTCHINGS, P. O. BOX 365, Dover, N. H., (Successor to Frank Good). BRADFORD & ANTHONY, Boston Agents.

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Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,

Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, $150; second, $100, and third, $50. Forfeit, $5; $10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PECONIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES,

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. Forfeit, $5; with $20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of $100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

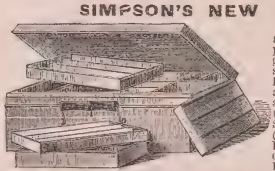
MEMBERS' STAKES,

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of $100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City. J. OTTO DONNER, President.

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THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, $100; 2d, $25; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars see "Rifle and Trap Shooting" in FOREST AND STREAM of this week.

[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, page 448.]

" " " " This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits." " " "

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FOR SALE, one Bonehill B. L. Gun, Damascus barrels, top snap, extension rib, pistol grip; good gun, nearly new; canvas cover, 20 brass shells and loader. Price $40. Address H. A. BAILEY, Lock Box 14, New Britain, Conn. July 21-2t

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The Kennel.

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FOR SALE CHEAP—Handsome English setter dog Dash. Partially broken. Cost $85 to import; color, liver. Also field spaniel Ned by Mallard, first prize winner at Baltimore and Philadelphia; out of imported Daisy; color, liver. Address FRANK L. CLARK, 43 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J. July 21-4t

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COCKER SPANIEL PUPPIES FOR SALE, out of Mignon by Wildair. These puppies are bred nearly the same as Brag, first at New York Bench Show, 1881, the sire being the same. Also Mignon from Earl of Wilton's strain. Address EUGENE POWERS, Cortland, N. Y. July 21-tf

FOR SALE, lemon and white setter bitch, 2½ yrs. old, by Fawcett's imported Nell. Staunch on all game. Price $25. Also lemon and white pointer bitch, 18 months, $20. Address Box 90, Apollo, Armstrong Co., Penn. July 21,2t

MR. C. H. MASON'S STUD DOGS.—Salisbury (mastiff), fee $30; Mayor of Bingley (Newfoundland, $50; Don (pointer), $25; Moskeva II. (fox terrier), $25; Noble (bull dog), $25; Young Bill (bull terrier), $25; Romeo II. (Italian greyhound), $15. Address C. H. MASON, 132 West Twentieth street, City. July21-tf

WANTED.—A number of Fox Hounds. State age, height and color. Price must be low. Address H. M., P. O. Box 773, N. Y. July 28,1t

FOR SALE.—Fine-bred liver and white Setter Bitch, thoroughly broken. Call between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. J. W. BUDD, 254 W. 14th street, N. Y. July 28,1t

FOR SALE.—A pair of Dachshunde Pups, two months old, out of "Zanke," by "Dackerl." Inquire of WM. H. GOETTING, 406 Third avenue, New York City. July 28,1t

FOR SALE.—A fine brace of native English Setter Dog Pups, three months old. Both sire and dam are nicely-broken field dogs, from excellent stock, and full pedigrees. Price, $8 each, or $15 the brace—no price for them. For pedigrees and particulars, address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. July 28,1t

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The Kennel.

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Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs.
A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and effectious.

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Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs.
A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail.

Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

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TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND,
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"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c.
exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for
"PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."
Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.



Imperial Kennel.

Setters and Pointers thoroughly Field Broken.
Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment.
Dogs have daily access to salt water.

N. B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs for sale; full pedigrees. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE CURE.
A positive remedy for all SKIN DISEASES, may be had of druggists and dealers in sportsmen's goods.
PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

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For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. F. LOTZ, 3,912 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSEY & SERRACH, Chicago Field Kennels, Calumet, Cassaic County, Ill.
June2,4mos

Pointers For Sale.

One Brace Pups by Rocket ex Rhona.
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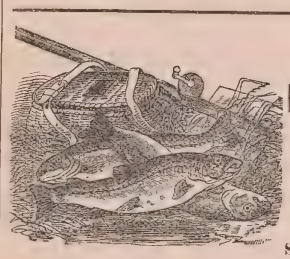
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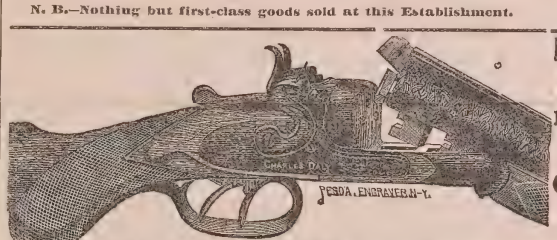
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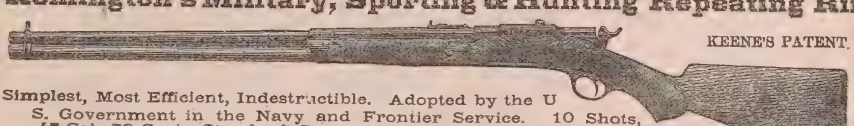
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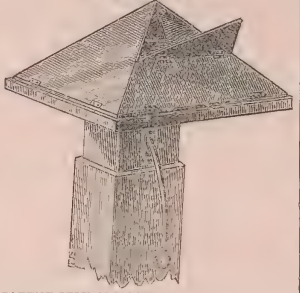
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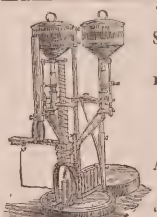
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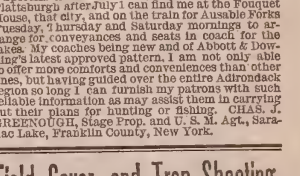
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